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POETRY.

The Dove.

O, tell me where the dove has flown
To build her downy nest,
And I would search the world around
To win her to my breast.

I've sought her in the rosy bowers,
Where pleasure holds her reign,
And fancy flies from flower to flower;
But there I've sought in vain.

I've sought her in the grove of love;
I know her tender heart;
But she has flown, the peaceful dove,
And felt the traitor's dart.

Upon ambition's craggy hill,
I thought this night might stray;
I sought her there, but vainly still,
She never flew that way.

Faith then smiled, shed its tender tear;
To see no search the world around;
Then whispered, "I can tell thee where
This bird may yet be found."

"By meek religion's humble cot
Sho's built her downy nest;
O, seek that sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast."

RELIGIOUS.

[For the Star.]

PHILANTHROPY AND BENEVOLENCE.

These social, moral, and heavenly propensities appertain to the same happy characters, as faith, hope, and charity, on which useful, and delightful subject, the author indulged his pen in several former numbers of the Star, to recommend them to public notice, with a view to practical influence. No selfish views, no animosities of party or sect, mingle with the writers feelings, and stimulate his passions: the object is of a more pleasing character, to elevate and purify our affections, for it is full of charity and mercy; to unite and enlarge our hearts; for it is the common course of humanity; to command the reader's approbation and respect, for it has the sanction both of reason and religion. But what, my friends, are the genuine characteristics of these essential principles of all personal and social happiness. Here the writer needs no abstruse metaphysical disquisitions, to disclose the nature of these heavenly principles. Could he peradventure, unfold all its propensities, and display all its glories, it would still be unintelligible to the understanding, without the interpretation of the heart. Certain modern theorists, who are falsely called philosophers, have subjected benevolence to the torture of their cold-blooded speculations, and have presented us with an image, lifeless and disfigured, bearing no trace of the divine original, and foreign to the heart. Benevolence, say they, exists only in idea, and self-love absorbs all our affections, guides all our thoughts, and governs all our actions. Others are of opinion, that it is a kind of intellectual quality, seated in the brain, studying abstract notions of the general good; a purely, philosophical benevolence, which divides alliance with the heart, feels it above the weakness of affection, and exhausts so much of its energies in speculation, that it has none left for action.

But waving these degrading, uncharitable sentiments, let us open the volume

of inspiration, and look into our own hearts, if it was ever felt and cherished there, for the true philosophy of benevolence. There we shall happily find that it is a real action, god-like principle, emanating from the exhaustless source of all good, ennobling and warming the heart of man, giving life to his virtues, and purity to his joys. This is that genuine benevolence, which supports all charitable humane associations, to alleviate the miseries of human life; which glows in the breast of the truly good and great in all countries, giving ardor to the patriot, the friend and philanthropist; which dawned in the moral systems of the best ancient ages, and beams forth with most resplendent glory in the gospel of Jesus Christ. This benevolence, restraining the selfish, and unocial passions, and elevating our views above sordid pursuits of time and sense; by directing the mind to noble objects, and exercising its best feelings, leads to the perfection, and constitutes the distinguishing excellence of our nature. What then is there of beauty, of dignity, of real estimation, the heart, or life of man, which derives not its value and its charm from benevolence and philanthropy. Is there a single sentiment or affection, in no degree allied to these heaven-born grace - virtues, which we should not blush to cherish and avow? Are there any pleasures or amusements, not partaking of this spirit which would be to us, as rational beings, to enjoy? Do any of the honors or possessions of life, or any endowments, or acquisitions of the mind, unadorned by benevolence, add lustre to the human character? So far from it, they serve to strengthen the arm of villany, and make meanness more conspicuous, and more disgraceful. Without benevolence, what is wealth, what is power, what is even wisdom, or religion? Wealth is insolence, power is oppression, wisdom degenerates into cunning, and religion becomes hypocrisy.

No less essential is the cultivation of this genuine benevolence to social, and real happiness, than to true dignity and honor. Very justly was it said, by the celebrated Lord Bacon, that "faces are but a gallery of pictures, and conversation but a tinkling cymbal, unless the heart be no charity." Destroy the diffusive influence of benevolence, and what remains to sweeten and adorn the intercourse of human beings? Where is the benignant look, the kind greeting, the prompt and delicate attention, and assistance? Where are the thousand nameless kindnesses, which fly from heart to heart, enriching alike the giver and receiver? Where are the sweet, social and friendly converse, the joys of the domestic fireside, and all the charities of father, son and brother? Where shall misery recline its head, or sorrow find a sympathizing tear? The heart of man is naturally cold and relentless; no tenderness endears, no sympathy softens, no misery moves it. The human pilgrim, in his progress through it, finds no escape, and like the dove, which went out of the ark, finds no sure resting place, till he finds it in the ark of the Saviour from the "slough of despond," and "the Giant, despair." Thanks to the Father of mercies, this is not our deplorable condition. The cheering, vivifying sun of the moral world, however its rays may be hid, reach the frigid realm of some souls, cannot be extinguished. In spite of the subtlety of philosophy, or the depravity of avarice, benevolence exists, to elevate and enliven the mind, and to give a vivid richness of coloring, to the whole scenery of human life. The highest glory of benevolence is, that whereas man is beset with many wants, and is borne down with many sorrows, it is able to relieve these wants, and soothe all his manifold sorrows; to enlighten ignorance, reclaim error, give eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; but also to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and imprisoned, illumine the gloom of the dungeon, and "save him that was ready to perish," and hereby it excites in his own breast, as well as the bosom of gratitude, the sublimest joy. What emotions did the benevolent Jew, who experienced when he appeared as a guardian angel to save the poor wretch, whom he found chained to the walls of a dreary, damp dungeon, perishing in anguish and misery! And what were the feelings of this miserable object, when he received strength to behold and bless his preserver! What exquisite sensations delight did Ruman enjoy, when he raised himself from the depth of misery and vice, and filled their hearts, with sublime joy and gratitude!

Shallow, as well as impious, is that philosophy, which would arraign the goodness and wisdom of our heavenly Father,

for shading with misery the happiness of our present state. Nature's poet has truly said,

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Look to those men, who possess like Howard, the gifts of fortune, but have learnt no lessons in the school of adversity and benevolence: what is their virtue, or their happiness? Such persons are incommode by no feelings of compassion, no compunctions of conscience, but plod on, without charity for suffering virtue, in the ways and means of filthy lucre, and if they can creep through life, and elude the halter, their ambition is fully satisfied.

Does the reader find any thing in the sordid enjoyments of such men, that approaches to his idea of happiness? Is there any thing in their characters, which bears a resemblance to the pure lustre of Christian virtue? Four into their coffers the treasures of the Indies; decorate them in baubles, and surround them with all the splendor of equipage and pomp: you will only make them more distinguished slaves of avarice and vice, and they never can attain to the rectitude of true purposes, nor ever feel the sublime consciousness of virtue. "They live, and are despised; they die, and no more are named."

PHILANTHROPOS.

[From the Christian Magazine.]

"THE OUTCASTS OF ISRAEL."

If the "outcasts of Israel" are not to be found in America, where, suffer me to ask, are they to be found? Between two and three thousand years ago, they disappeared from the civilized world, and went somewhere—where we believe they now exist a distinct people. Where then did they go? And where are they at present? They are not in Africa—they are not in Asia. The habitable world has been to a very great extent explored, and unless we place them in the wilds of America, they are no where to be found.

The natives of this continent, if we except the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, are manifestly one people. This is proved, from the similarity of their personal appearance, of their customs, of their religious worship and belief, and especially of their language. They are said, indeed, to speak in different tongues; but it is now agreed, by the best judges, that these are little more than different dialects of the same tongue. The natives of both Americas, and of every part of the country, bear evident marks of a common origin, and of having descended from one common branch of the human family. And not only are they of the same origin and race; they have preserved themselves in a great measure distinct from all other people. They are as distinct, at this day, almost, as the Jews are. In this view, they correspond exactly with what we might expect of the children of Israel. That they are the descendants of Israel, is rendered probable by their traditions, respecting the coming and settlement of their forefathers in this country.—We have seen already, from the apocryphal history, that when the tribes of Israel left Media, they journeyed in a northeasterly direction, "a year and a half"—This might carry them to the mouth of the Behring's Straits, into the limits of America. 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man to "Remember his Creator in the days of his youth." We find this admonition in the concluding chapter of the works of Solomon, and it seems to have served it as a maxim of the utmost importance, and selects it as a final effort to persuade the tender minds of the young. It may justly be regarded as his dying advice, his last legacy to the rising generation. To him who is in the sweet morning of life, it is more precious than rubies. If he would be happy here or hereafter, he would grow in grace as he grows in life, and find favor both of God and man, let him handle the words of this wise king; let him bind them about his neck; and write them on the tablet of his heart.

"The virgin innocence of his mind," says a fine writer, "is a sacrifice, more acceptable to the Almighty, than if we should come before him with the rattle upon a thousand bells, and the clashing of the chains of all." Yet your young friends! it must be so; and let it animate your noblest exertions. Most assuredly, if on this lower world of weakness and imperfection, there be one object worthy of the joy of angels, and on which the Deity himself looks down with a smile of complacency, it must be that of a young man resisting the urgent solicitations of passion, and flying from the charms of the senses, pleasure, struggling to preserve the narrow path of rectitude; yielding to religion, a heart unswayed by the world, and glowing with all the generous feelings of truth and honor; and presenting both his soul and body, a lovely and blameless offering at the altar of his God.

(From the New York Enquirer.)

EDUCATION A PREVENTIVE OF CRIME.
We have referred with the most painful sensations to the recent murders and assassinations which have stained the annals of our country, in our new and rising western States. We have heard of an eminent attorney who was stabbed in court; our columns to-day exhibit another assassination by a most respectable man, and account exhibiting the latest instance of murder and suicide. In the name of heaven, is this state of things to continue? Human laws, however well devised, can never be faithfully executed unless the community intended to be governed are alive to moral and religious impressions. If the vengeance of the Almighty on the first murderer is appalling; if the awful command delivered from Mount Sinai, "Thou shalt not kill," is disregarded, what safety can man find from the effects of ferocious and ungovernable passions? We are not surprised at the view which foreign journalists take of our country; we do not deserve it as a nation, yet we must admit there is cause for the reflections cast upon us. What is the cause and what is the remedy? We shall state them frankly—for reasons of moral and religious instruction is the root of the evil. Let parents pay attention to children in their infancy and in their youth. At these periods their ductile minds are capable of receiving and will receive "just impressions." See that they walk in the right path—correct them severely for crimes and positive faults—do not discipline for obstinacy—for resistance, for perverse and ungovernable tempers.—More perseverance on the part of parents in correcting early and bad impressions, will make good children, good citizens and good men. We shall hear nothing of crime, of rage—of bad principles—of murder and suicide. Do we see such things in the eastern States? Not so—and why? Look at their early instructions, and their good example.

Win. Penn's account of the death of his oldest son, who died in the 21st year of his age.

For more than a half year before it pleased the Lord to visit him with weakness, he grew more retired, and much disengaged from youthful delights, showing a remarkable tenderness in meetings, even when they were silent; but when he saw himself doubtful as to his recovery, he turned his mind and meditations more apparently towards the future, secretly, as also when his attendants were in the room, praying often with great fervency to him, and uttering very many thankful expressions and praises to him, in a very deep and sensible manner. One day he said to us, "I am resigned to what God pleases. He knows what is best.—I would live if it pleased him, that I might serve him; but O Lord, not my will, but thine be done." A person speaking to him of the things of this world, and what might please him when recovered, he answered, "My eye looks another way, where the truest pleasure is." When he told me he had rested well, and I said it was a mercy to him, he quickly replied upon me with a serious yet sweet look, "All is mercy, O father; every thing is merciful." Another time when I went to meeting, at parting he said, "Remember me, my dear father, before the Lord. Though I cannot go to meetings, yet I have many good meetings. The Lord comes upon my spirit. I have heavenly meetings with him by myself."

Not many days before he died, the Lord appearing by his holy spirit to him, when alone, he said to me, "Return, asking him how he did, he told me, 'O, I have had a sweet time, a blessed time! great enjoy-

ments! The power of the Lord overcame my soul, and I am blessed.' And telling him how some of the company, who had been to visit him, were gone to their games and sports and pleasures, and how little consideration the children of men had of God and their latter end, and how much happier he was in this weakness to have been otherwise educated and preserved from those temptations to vanity, he answered, "It is all still, my dear father; it is sad to me, O that I might live to tell them so!" "Well, my dear child," I replied, "let this be the time of thy entering into secret covenant with God; that, if he raise thee, thou wilt dedicate thy youth, strength, and life to him and his people and service." He returned, "Father, that is not now to do, it is not now to do; with great tenderness upon his spirit."

"I have never, ever almost near him, and doing any thing for him he wanted or desired, he broke out with much sense and love, 'My dear father, if I live, I will make thee my friend.' And speaking to him of divine enjoyments, that the eye of man saw not, but the soul made alive by the spirit of Christ plainly felt, he, in a lively remembrance, cried out, 'O, I had a sweet time with myself! The Lord hath preserved me to this day. Blessed be his name! My soul praises him for his mercy. O father, it is the goodness of the Lord that I am so well as I am.' Fixing his eyes upon his sister, he took her by the hand, saying, 'Poor Tishe, look to good things! Poor child, there is no comfort without it! One drop of the love of God is worth more than all the world. I know it. I have tasted it. I have felt as much or more of the love of God in this weakness than in all my life before.' At another time as I stood by him, he looked up upon me, and said, 'Dear father, sit by me. I love thy company, and I know thou lovest mine; and if it be the Lord's will that we must part, be not troubled, for that will be something to me.'"

"Telling something one night in bed just before his going to rest, he sat up and fervently prayed thus; 'O Lord God! Thou whose Son said to his disciples, whatever ye ask in my name ye shall receive, I pray thee in his name bless this to me this night, and give me rest, if it be thy blessed will.' And accordingly he had a very comfortable night, of which he took a thankful notice before his next day."

A few nights before his end, he said to me, "My dear mother, I have heard that Thou art good and innocent. It may be the Lord may hear thy prayers for me, for I desire my strength again, that I may live and employ it more in his service."

Two or three days before his departure he called his brother to him, and, looking awfully upon him, said, "Be a good boy, and know that there is a God, a great and mighty God, who is a rewarder of the righteous, and so he is of the wicked, but their reward is the same. Have a care of idle people and idle company, and love good company and good Friends, and the Lord will bless thee. I have seen good things for thee since my sickness, if thou dost but fear the Lord; and if I should not live (though the Lord is all-sufficient), remember what I say to thee, when I am dead and gone. Poor child, the Lord bless thee! Come and kiss me!" which words he said with great tenderness, but his brother more particularly.

Many good exhortations he gave to some of the servants and others that came to see him, who were not of our communion, as well as those who were, which drew tears from their eyes.

The day but one before he died he went to take a short coach, but said at his return, "I really, father, I am exceedingly weak. Thou canst not think how weak I am." "My dear child," I replied, "thou art weak, but God is strong, who is the strength of life." "Aye, that is it," said he, "which upholdeth me." And the day before he departed, being alone with him, he desired me to fasten the door, and, looking earnestly upon me, said, "Dear father, I love thee and I kiss thy Father. Come, let us two have a little meeting, a private ejaculation together, now nobody else is here. O, my soul is sensible of the love of God!" And, indeed, a sweet time we had. It was like to precious ointment for his burial.

He desired, if he were not to live, that he might go home and die there; and we returned, "I really, father, I am exceedingly weak. Thou canst not think how weak I am." "My dear child," I replied, "thou art weak, but God is strong, who is the strength of life." "Aye, that is it," said he, "which upholdeth me." And the day before he departed, being alone with him, he desired me to fasten the door, and, looking earnestly upon me, said, "Dear father, I love thee and I kiss thy Father. Come, let us two have a little meeting, a private ejaculation together, now nobody else is here. O, my soul is sensible of the love of God!" And, indeed, a sweet time we had. It was like to precious ointment for his burial.

"His time drawing on apace, he said to me, 'My dear father, kiss me!' 'Thou art a dear father. I desire to prize it. How can I make thee amends.'"

He also called his sister, and said, "Poor child, come and kiss me!" between whom seemed a tender and long parting. I sent for his brother, that he might kiss him too; which he did. All went home, and I said to him, "I am exceedingly weak, but I will tell them so!" "Well, my dear child," I replied, "let this be the time of thy entering into secret covenant with God; that, if he raise thee, thou wilt dedicate thy youth, strength, and life to him and his people and service." He returned, "Father, that is not now to do, it is not now to do; with great tenderness upon his spirit."

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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

POLAND, ME. SEPT. 26, 1826.

Brother Burbank.—Since I left you my health has been as good as usual; I have enjoyed my travels, and have seen the work of God in a number of places.

I have been acquainted in Poland more than two years, and visit the inhabitants of this town, generally speaking, to be as civil a people as I find any where. Many who do not profess religion, are as willing to assist the people of God in things temporal, as the true disciples of Christ. There are few in this town who openly oppose religion. There are four Methodist classes in this place; some of them were formed a number of years ago; one about a year ago. Their whole number of members is about one hundred. The Lord has been, and still is blessing them with revivals. They have had preaching constantly, as usual.

Two years ago this season, there was a reformation in this town, and a Presbyterian Baptist church formed. They have continued their meetings, until now, and have had preaching from time to time. There has been some addition to the church, and their present number is twenty or more.

About two years ago I visited this town the second time, and, as before, there was a reformation here. It began just before Br. Samuel Meguire was killed with lightning; although not very visible till after his death. Soon after his death the work began gradually to spread in that part of the town, and has been increasing ever since. In February, 1825, I again visited this place, and organized a church consisting of eleven members. Since that time there has been a gradual increase of strength and members to this church. Some, that have lately experienced religion, have been seekers for months, and others for years. Since this reformation began, Eld. Z. Leach has preached here a number of times, and baptised one. Eld. Z. Jordan has likewise preached here considerably, and baptised four. A number of other preachers have also preached here to the great satisfaction of the people. I have preached in this town a number of times where there have been from three to five hundred people collected. I have baptised here in all, since the work began, twenty-four—one who is over sixty years of age. The church at present consists of 46 members in general union and harmony. The work has spread into Thompson's Pond place, to Elder and Raymond. The Gorham Freewill Baptist Q. M. was held in this town on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday of last month. The meeting was opened by singing and prayer. The reports of the various churches were called for, and heard with satisfaction. The Q. M. was found to be rising and increasing. There was a large number of preachers who were present, including Sermons delivered by Eld. Joseph Hutchinson, Eld. Samuel Robbins, and Eld. Andrew Hobson. A number

spoke in exhortations to general satisfaction. Many were inquiring their condition, some of whom publicly manifested a desire to seek religion. The meetings in the evening were attended with a blessing.

A revival commenced in one part of this town about a year ago, and a Congregational church was formed. They have about 30 members. This church consists of about 30 members.

Your brother in tribulation,
HUBBARD CHANDLER.

EXETER, ME. SEPT. 19, 1826.

Well beloved brother—I devote a few of my fleeting moments to inform you of the state of Zion within the limits of the Exeter Q. M. We have had some most solemn and glorious revivals in these regions, since last December. In the town of Sebect the work of God has been so convincing, that the enemies of the cross have acknowledged the good hand of a loving God, that has raised a song of praise to his name in the aged, middle aged and youth. The good work has progressed greatly. Elders Asa Burnham and Josiah Farrell, have been laboring among them. I visited Sebect in company with Eld. David Swift in June, and found the converts strong and persevering; also the hand of the Lord has been stretched over the inhabitants of Milo, and many have sorrowed for their sins, and God has heard their cries, and come down for their deliverance, and they have sung the song of praise to the Most High God. The Lord has likewise favored Atkinson and given the brethren in that place new encouragement. The church in Garland has also shared in the blessing, and some have been added to it.

The elders and brethren assembled in Harmony in Q. M. on the 16th and 17th days of Sept. Meeting commenced by solemn prayer to the great Shepherd, and then proceeded to hear the reports from the several churches, and found them in union, striving for the faith that was delivered to the saints. The elders and brethren are glad to thank God and the citizens, for the liberal reception and Christian care that was taken for the strangers. We have reason to expect that the Q. M. will prove a lasting blessing to the people of that town. One act Q. M. is appointed at Atkinson, on the third Saturday of January next.

EZEKIEL HAYES, Clerk.

Eld. Marcus Kilborn closes a letter, dated at Hamilton township, Warren County, Ohio, Sept. 3, 1826, as follows, viz:

"Religion in many places in this country, is in a flattering condition. I have lately travelled through the Scioto country, and found the brethren there well engaged. Several have recently experienced religion in that vicinity. The brethren in those parts, generally appear steadfast, and determined to persevere. Our yearly meeting will be held here on the second Friday in October next. We shall then forward a particular account of our situation to be published. I have no more to write at present, only would wish our brethren in the ministry to remember that we greatly need help in this country."

MARCUS KILBORN.

MORNING STAR.

LIMBICK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1826.

The degrading vice of intemperance has rapidly increased in our country, since the close of the last war. Many, while beholding the advancement of this great evil, have wept, and some have attempted to arrest the progress of this dreadful calamity. Many philanthropic individuals, with tears in their eyes, have entreated, (and occasionally with success), the debauchee to desist from his pernicious course. Societies in some places have been formed for the suppression of drunkenness, and for the encouragement of sober and virtuous habits. Most of the religious journals devote a portion of their columns in accordance with other means to do away this life-destroying practice. Much remains to be done, and we hope that every Christian community will use their utmost exertions, to arrest the progress of a vice, and its kindred evils, which is so detrimental to industry, morality and religion.

In addition to what we have already observed, we would remark that we have had the privilege of perusing several numbers of the NATIONAL PHILANTHROPIST, a weekly paper, published in Boston, by WILLIAM COLLIER. The publication of this paper and that of our own, commenced nearly at the same time. It is professedly "devoted to the suppression of intemperance and its kindred vices, and to the encouragement of general morality." The motto is suitable to be painted upon the door post of every citizen of America,

and to be bound about the neck of every youth of our land: "Moderate drinking is the downhill road to intemperance and drunkenness." The general appearance of the paper is respectable, and indicates that it is conducted with ability. We wish the publisher success in an undertaking so laudable.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

MASSACHUSETTS CLAIM.
AS TO ITS CONSTITUTIONAL RELATIONS.
Under the above head, a writer in the last *Oxford Observer*, who is understood to be the Hon. Enock Lincoln, occupies nearly fourteen columns of that paper. The subject of this claim is one of great interest to Maine, as well as Massachusetts, in a pecuniary point of view, as it will place in the hands of the State of Maine an interest be allowed, \$40,000—a pretty sum wherewith to construct canals and roads, and endow literary institutions. We cannot but consider this document, therefore, as one of the most important to the people of this State of any ever presented to our view: important, considered as indicating the course of policy, in regard to the claim, which will be pursued by our next chief magistrate.—*Gardner Chron.*

(From the Savannah Georgian.)
Boundary Line.—The Mason Messenger, in stating its information on this subject, says:—"After the Georgia Commissioners commenced running the true line, they were written to by the Commissioners on the part of Alabama, that a satisfactory understanding could probably be effected. The line is likely to progress under the joint superintendence of the two States."

The Sparta Recorder, in regard to the same, says:—"We learn, verbally, that the conferences have been renewed at the instance of the Alabama Commissioners, but that the surveyor continued on his course to Miller's bend."

(From the Cincinnati Com. Rep. Sept. 11.)
Daring Outrage and Riot.—A riot of a very serious nature took place on Friday evening last, on the canal line, in the vicinity of this place, among the laborers employed on the canal. One of them is so much injured, that it is accounted unlikely he will recover, if he be not dead already. Messrs. Harrison and Glen, of this place, immediately repaired to the scene of action, and arrested some of the ringleaders; before quitting the place, a strong party of these misguided men rose upon the officers with the design of rescuing their companions. In the affray we are sorry to say, both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Glen were much hurt. The arrival, however, of sufficient aid, enabled them to carry their point; and 18 of the rioters were lodged in jail. Their examination comes on this day, at eleven o'clock, before E. Hotchkiss.

There is a new resurrection of Isaac B. Deha. The newspapers have probably killed and brought him to life at least a half a dozen times. After the last account which we republished, (from a Cincinnati paper) we presumed he would never "visit again life again in the human way," but we were mistaken. He is yet in this breathing world. The Louisville Advertiser says, "that on the 31st August he was boarding in a tavern in Cynthia, and was apparently in tolerable health. His windpipe which was severed by the attempt to cut his throat, still remained asunder, and there was no connection between the mouth and the throat. He breathes through a silver tube inserted in the throat—eats and drinks without difficulty, but can only articulate, in whispers, a few words at a time. His wife has again joined him, and remains with him."

N. Y. Statesman.

We learn from Alexandria, that a free man of color was killed by a constable of that county on Saturday night, under such circumstances as have produced great excitement. The man was arrested by a constable at a place of public amusement, for a debt of one dollar. After leaving the place, the man attempted to escape, was followed and killed by the constable, by a stab which pierced the vitals. The line of the district is in the suburbs of Alexandria, and a question has arisen whether the man was killed within this district, or within the jurisdiction of Virginia. The magistrates of this district, however, have taken cognizance of it, and the constable is committed for trial. The Herald of yesterday says, that a Virginia magistrate, who has measured the ground, says that the murder was actually committed 30 feet within the territory of Virginia. This is close measuring.—*Nat. Intell.*

It appears from a North Carolina paper, that the alarm respecting bread stuffs in North Carolina, had subsided.—Notwithstanding the drought, the crops appear to have proved as good as usual, and according to the information of a gentleman who has been travelling in several counties, if prices warrant it, the necessity of purchasing, from 15 to 20,000 barrels of surplus corn could be exported from Edgecomb county alone. Old Corn was selling for ninety cents a bushel.

A most melancholy and affecting accident occurred in this harbor on the night of Friday last. A youth of about fourteen years of age, the son of Mr. Samuel Laing of this city, had been spending a day by way of amusement, on board of a vessel, and had his attention arrested in the course of the day by a shark playing about the vessel; he retired to bed in the evening—and when the morning was dawning, a mutilated part of the body has since been found. It is supposed that his youthful mind having been engrossed by the idea of the shark, he had thereby been induced to get up in the night to watch it, and in so doing had lost his balance and fallen overboard, upon which the rapacious animal turned upon him and tore him to pieces.—*Kingston (Ja.) pap.*

At Norfolk, Conn. a young man was bitten by a rattlesnake, to which he foolishly exposed himself. A letter from thence, says:

"Though the wound was little more than the prick of a needle, the venom was inserted, and the man was soon in perfect agony, from head to foot; the whole arm is swollen prodigiously, and the question of life and death, in spite of medical aid, is still doubtfully pending."

Mutilated Floor.—A family in Temple Bar, London, were lately very near being poisoned by eating pie-crust, a portion of the floor of which was analyzed. It was made up as follows: One fourth part pipe clay and chalk, the rest bean flour, mixed with some other stuff not poisonous.

Not a grain of wheaten flour was contained in the infamous compound.

Death for Perjury.—John Brower has been convicted in Missouri of the crime of perjury, committed in the case of the State vs. Patrick Soye, and sentenced to be hung.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 11.
Burning of Horses.—On Friday night last, at the burning of a stable in the neighborhood of Green and Sixth-streets, between 11 and 12 o'clock, four horses were burnt to death.—The flames had enveloped the building before they were discovered. The by-standers succeeded in getting several horses out, but although the stable door was open, such was the intensity of the heat inside, that all attempts to release the other animals from their fastenings were fruitless. One horse, a noble creature, although surrounded with fire, stood perfectly still while a person attempted to get him loose. The halter could neither be untied, broken, or slipped off; there was no knife to cut it, and the flames raged with increased violence.

When the man sprang out of the stable, the horse, as if aware that he was abandoned to his fate, uttered most horrid screams. The terrific and almost unearthly cries which horses will give in their agony are well known. This poor animal struggled madly for his deliverance, and in his violence, tore open his breast by gnawing against his trough. He then laid down for a space of several minutes perfectly quiet, but as the fire began to play around his nostrils, he arose again, and after a few struggles, with a yet wilder scream and his eyes bursting from his head, made one furious effort, and fell dead.

Letters from New Orleans, dated Aug. 27th state that the "Cold Plague" is prevailing to an alarming extent, and that several citizens and planters in the neighborhood are dying victims to it.

In New-Orleans five challenges are said to have been given in one week—four of the parties had been arrested and bound to keep the peace. In the other case, powder was used, and a man was shot dead, and his antagonist badly wounded.

Boston, Sept. 26.
Accidental Death.—A Coroner's Inquest was held yesterday forenoon, upon the body of a young man, taken out of the water from a mountain—accidental death. A Verdict of the Jury—accidental death. A watch, and a pocket book containing papers and money were found upon his person. His name, we understand, is Edmund Hatch, and he belongs to Bangor, Me. He left his lodgings, about eight o'clock on Sunday evening for the packet in which he was to return home, and was night being dark—is supposed to have walked overboard.

In the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a tunnel is to be made through a mountain ridge at the depth of 351 feet from its summit; the tunnel is to be 32 feet in breadth and 23 1-2 in height; and its length is rising 4 miles. The whole expense of the canal is estimated to exceed \$8,000,000.

On the 20th ult. CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton, the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence completed his 90th year.

The U. S. Literary Gazette says 1-70th part (7,000) of the population of Massachusetts is supported by public charity—at an expense of at least \$360,000 per annum, and about \$1000 a day—and that one half the paupers are made so by intemperance.

A meeting to prevent Sabbath Breaking and Intemperance, has been held in Providence, R. I.

At the circuit court in Grisons county last week, Miss Mary Miller recovered \$400 of C. R. Benham, for breach of the marriage promise.—N. Y. Statesman.

One hundred and forty-five persons have been put in nomination for Congress from N. Jersey, out of which six only are to be selected.

The wheat, oats and corn, in the western counties of this state, are spoken of as promising. The potatoe also yields abundantly.—*Trenton Enq.*

The editor of the Liverpool Mercury states that they have upwards of 500 steam boats plying between Liverpool and other places,—that the number of persons frequenting the sea wall, repairing to or from those boats, exceed on some days twenty thousand,—that in the space of one hour he has seen twenty steam boats arrive with an average each of two hundred passengers,—and that during the summer months, more than one hundred thousand persons cross first Mersey in steam-boats in a single week.

Effects of Lightning.—The Albany Observer mentions, that the Covenantal church in Duaneburgh was recently struck by lightning. The electrical fluid ran down a stove pipe. From whence it passed off among the congregation, when in the act of divine worship, stripped the bonnet from the head of an elderly lady sitting near the pipe, shocked sensibly, but not severely, several of the ladies; prostrated to the floor the son of the Rev. Mr. M^{rs} Masters, then ascended by one of the pillars of the pc pit, and actually played upon the cheek of Mr. M^{rs} Masters himself, who was officiating in the pulpit, and scorched one or both of his whiskers. From the face of the reverend gentleman it passed off without being further noticed.

Mr. Lemuel Thompson, of Battleborough, 76 years of age, while walking by the road side on Monday before last, was run over by a single horse and wagon, and so severely wounded that he expired on the following day. He had been advanced in years, and said to be intoxicated, was attempting to run by other wagons, which were retreating from the military parade of the day.

Dreadful Death.—A farmer of Thousant in Flanders, was following a swarm of bees in the heat of the day; at length seeing the bees hanging on a branch of an ash, he presented the hive to them, but unfortunately the queen bee took her station on his face, and in a moment the whole of the bees followed their sovereign, and the unfortunate man was overwhelmed by this cruel species of attack. In a quarter of an hour he expired. A person who was with him, to assist him in the operation ran away from him.

A Singular Case.—There is now living in the town of Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, a woman by the name of Lucy Allen, who went to bed at the age of 16, slightly indisposed, and has remained in it to the present time, being a period of 32 years. Her friends at first were apprehensive of the approach of a fever, and sent for a physician, but, as it proved, she had no thing more than a cold, the doctor gave her a little medicine, and advised her to keep her bed that day. She did so; and moreover, declared she would never rise from it again. On one or two of the succeeding days, however, she was prevailed upon to sit up for a short time; but never afterwards. She appears highly offended if the thing is ever mentioned. Notwithstanding, she evidently enjoys good health, and the exercise of her mental faculties. Whenever she wishes her bed made, she transfers herself to another standing near, without assistance. Who else can say they have lain a-bed 32 years without rising?—N. Y. Observer.

Boston, Sept. 25, 1836.
Capture of an English Brig.—Captain Brown of the brig Galaxy, arrived here on Saturday, 41 days from Bilboa, states that six Colombian privateers were cruising between Corunna and Bayonne, which effectually embargoes Spanish Commerce in the Bay of Biscay. A brig from England with a cargo of dry goods valued at \$100,000, was taken off the bar of Bilboa, the day before he sailed, by a schooner, privateer of two guns only, manned, and sent to South America; the officers and crew were put on board a brig in ballast, also captured by the privateer, and sent into Bilboa, with the admonition that they had better remain in port, for if caught out again every man would be hanged at the yard arm.

From Lisbon.—Captain Weston arrived at Boston; and who sailed from Lisbon on the 18th of August, and who states that the station was generally well liked by the people; but that between 200 and 300 persons, who were opposed to it, were confined in the castle, and additions to the number were daily made of those who even spoke unfavorably of it. Still, however, it was quiet at Lisbon when he sailed.

In Greensburg, Penn. a gentleman has made a mill which is to be put in operation by a Vertical Wheel 55 ft in diameter, to be kept in motion by an Oz-belt how the power is applied is not said—whether inside or out.

A public meeting has been held at Portland, at which measures were adopted, to remove the obstructions and repair the road over the Notch of the White Hills occasioned by the late frost.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the packet ship Leeds, Capt. Stoddard, and Florida, Capt. Thinhum, which arrived yesterday, London papers to the 25d, and Liverpool to the 25th ult. have been received.—N. Y. Statesman.

England.—The papers state that there is a gradual improvement in the business of the manufacturing districts, yet it has not been sufficient to afford any substantial and general relief to the distresses of the people. Indeed, the accounts from every quarter of the United Kingdom are melancholy in the extreme. Human endurance has, in many parts, been tried to the uttermost extremity, and a speedy change is necessary to save hundreds from starvation. In Ireland, the condition of the poor, always miserable enough, has become really intolerable. Private subscriptions are wholly inadequate to mitigate the public evils. The Dublin Evening Post says:—"There is making the most rapid progress through the city; the dysentery has set in, and hunger is stalking about the streets, assuming, in several instances, the tone of menace and desperation. There should be again a general meeting called, for a petition to convene parliament forthwith, for the purpose of considering and devising the best means of relieving the most dreadful scourge that ever visited a nation."

Below will be found an Order in Council, by which the intercourse of the United States with the British colonial possessions is shortly to be suspended. In speaking on this subject, the London Courier says:—"The interruption of this trade with the United States, which is thus forced upon us by the continued refusal of the American government to place our ships, engaged in that trade, upon the footing of the most favored nation, in the ports of the United States, is, we conceive, a fortunate event for British shipping, which cannot but receive encouragement from the interruption of the trade now carried on in American waters, and with regard to the United States."

"To Europe," which possesses, in common with our North American provinces, the means of supplying the wants of our West India colonies, in flour, staves and lumber, and which are willing to trade with these colonies upon terms which the United States decline, this intelligence cannot fail to be highly interesting and important."

Greece.—There is nothing from this quarter which may be relied on. Some accounts state that the arrival of Lord Cochrane was looked for with intense anxiety, and others mention that he had arrived and had even "gained a complete victory in his first attack on the Egyptian fleet at Navaria." This is not generally credited.

Russia.—Great preparations are making for the Emperor's coronation. Strangers were flocking in from all quarters.

DIED.

In Limerick, Elliot Clark, son of Mr. Ephraim Clark, aged 21. In the same town, on the 27th ult. Cyrus Miller.

In Newfield, a child of Mr. William Ricker. Also a child of Mrs. Mary Rose, Limerick, Louisa, a child of Mr. Joseph Drow, 2d, aged 18 months, she died four hours after the death of her sister Mary, which was noticed in our last.

They were buried at the same time and grave.

In Staplehorn, on Friday last, Mr. John Murray, aged 77. In the same town, Mr. Trafon has recently lost all his children, three in number.

JOHN McDONALD,
ADMINISTRATOR of the goods and estate which were of JOHN McDONALD, Esq. late of Limerick, deceased, gives notice to all the debtors to said estate, who have failed to pay their accounts and notes in August last as requested, that if said demands are not paid by the last of October next, they will most certainly be put to suit.

Limerick, September 7, 1836.

AUCTION SALE.
WILL be sold at public auction on Saturday the 28th of October next, at the store of Dea. Benjamin Haley, in Limerick, at two of the clock in the afternoon, unless previously disposed of at private sale, A Gravel pit, with two runs of stones and a bolt, with the privilege belonging to the same, together with fifty acres of land, upon which the mill is situated, with a decent barn and good orchard thereon. Conditions made known at the time and place of sale. Said privilege, generally has a plentiful supply of water, and is situated one mile and a half from Limerick Corner.

JOSIAH S. HODGSON.

Sept. 7.

NOTICE.
The Subscribers have taken the shop lately occupied by NORMAN & BLAISDELL, and made arrangements for transacting the business of Hattings in its several branches in Limerick village. They will keep constantly on hand HATS and FUR BONNETS, of the first quality and latest fashions, upon the most reasonable terms for purchasers.

JOHN SANBORN.
GREENLEAF BLAISDELL.
Sept. 3d.

DOCTOR.

EXTRACT FROM THE "MAID OF ATHENS."

Alas! that woman's heart divine,
Should e'er be made affliction's shrine:
A dreary waste, without a sun,
For cold despair to feed upon!
Alas! that she should ever know
The work of sorrow, and forego
Her little hour of happiness,
With all its food of desolations;
For anguish, and the dreary feeling,
For disappointment's sad revealing,
Man worships at a thousand shrines;
Where'er the ray of pleasure shines;
And where the heart is broken,
His faithless heart with rapture hails
The wine cup, sparkling to the brain:
And oh, in beauty's moonlight bow,
He whistles love, but soon to him
Tis as he can wander, like the bee,
From flower to flower, from tree to tree;
And for each bud and bloom and dew,
Can find another as he flies.
But woman's heart can faithless be,
She has one sole idolatry—
One that stings for such is nearer,
By her beloved, by her revered,
And there she feeds her cherished flame
With fond soul's tribute; but when
It is dim of such is the same
Can never be illumined again.
Here's a mild and gentle power,
That prosper in action's hour:
And when the heart is broken,
Falls, like a pestilence, and brings
To hope's own fair imaginings
His withering breath, then woman lends
Her words of solace and balm,
Like moon beams on a ruined pile,
Come, with an influence to bless,
Where all seem'd drear and comfortless;
And sheds around such holy light,
As make's a calm desolation bright,
And on her love's brow of pain,
Her tears fall like the summer rain
Upon the scorched and withering flower,
Too long deserted by the shower;
And bring again to life and bloom,
The heart that sorrow would consume.

MISCELLANY.

(From The Brief Remarker.)

OF THE SALUTARY EFFECTS OF THE NECESSITY LAID UPON MAN TO LABOR.

Necessity is the main spring of industry, and the mother of useful arts. The earth was given to the children of men in a rude and forlorn condition. And why? Assuredly, no man was out of the power, or beyond the benevolence of the Creator to have rendered the whole face of it "like blooming Eden fair,"—and so fertile every where, as to yield a plentiful abundance for human sustenance—without any human labor, care or forethought. This did not however consist with the plan of Divine wisdom.

Man is a being compounded of mind and matter, and a great part of his necessary equipment is such as tends to evince the superiority of the former, over the latter. The stubborn glebe, he meliorates, softens, and fructifies. Regions of forest he subdues, and turns them into fruitful fields and blooming gardens. The droughty soil he irrigates, and the fenny he drains. Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, are all laid by him under contribution, and he compels them, as it were, to minister, not only to the necessities and comfort, but to the embellishments of life. In ten thousand ways, by skillful contrivance and the dint of industry, he overcomes the resistance of stubborn matter, and forces it to yield to his use—to his comfort—to his adornment. And by all this busy round of contrivance and of labor, the faculties of his mind are so greatly exercised, that the more strong and healthy, his morals the more virtuous or the less corrupted, and his life unspeakably more contented and happy. For he rejoices in the work of his hands, nor feels he the burden of time, which hangs so heavily upon the sons and daughters of sloth.

Man is no where found more degraded, than in climates where the necessities of life are so simple, that he can procure the abundant supply of his wants. It is there that his faculties are torpid, his mind and his heart most deeply corrupted, and his existence superlatively wretched. If we may credit the accounts of voyagers, some of the south-sea islands are earthly paradises in regard to climate and soil, and border upon the infernal regions as to customs, morals and manners, both the men and the women being so deeply corrupted, that their abominable vices alone, not to mention any increase of population, but threaten even to extirpate them entirely from the face of the earth. Nor would it perhaps be much better with the human race over the world, if the whole world were in a condition that superseded all necessity for labor.

If it seemed meet to the all-wise Creator, that man, in his primal state, should be subject to labor—that he should be made to *dress the garden and to keep it*—much greater is the urgency for industrious habits, in his lapsed state, in which illness is sure to be prolific of vice. And, accordingly, upon the moral change of human nature, the thorn and the thistle grow up in place of the fragrant flower and the nourishing plant. The heat consumed by day, and the frost by night. The inert matter he had to deal with became doubly intractable. Obstacles to sloth, and imperious calls to industry, multiplied.

So that man was compelled to eat his bread in the sweat of his face.

Happy necessity! the necessity, that prevents a frightful mass of moral evil, and produces an immensity of good. Without it the wickedness of man would be doubly great upon the earth; and so far from enjoyment—feeling the fulness of satiety and the intolerable burthen of time—like Milton's fiend in paradise, he would "see undelighted all delight."

Among the vain sons and daughters of men, there are those who despise labor, even though their circumstances urgently need it. As if the point of honor lay in being useless, improvident, and helpless. This is *Folly's* pride. Whoso despiseth labor, despiseth an ordinance of heaven. Not only is labor made necessary by the law of our general nature, but it is enjoyed as a positive law from above—*Six days shall thou labor, and do all thy work.* The truly wise, so far from despising labor, ever hold it an honor. To honor useful labor—to encourage the industrious—to bring up children to early habits of industry and frugality—and, on the other hand, to discountenance and hold in reproach a life of sloth, of improvidence, and of dissipation, are indispensable, that ought to be engrained in the public mind. They are truly republican sentiments and habits; and, as far as they prevail and become fashionable, so far will there be order and thrift in any free republic, and especially in this free country, in which there is such an unbounded scope for industry.

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(From Zion's Holy Hill.)

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

Passing rapidly along the current of time, we are again almost imperceptibly surrounded with the fading beauties of the past summer, and discover, at once, the triumphant return of Autumn. The voice of nature is heard proclaiming to man that she has again nearly accomplished the work of a bounteous providence, in the abundant harvests which fill the valleys, and crown the summits of the hills, and returning blessings which always make the return of Autumn a season of peculiar gratitude, as well as serious meditation.

There is a striking analogy between the changing seasons of the year, and the changing events of human life. In no season of the year are we more forcibly reminded of these, than in Autumn, when we behold, lying thick around us, the faded leaves of departed Summer. Nature seems to pause and mourn, while she views, from her lofty throne, the great and mighty change in this, her universal empire. How short the period since, Spring was with us in all its youthful loveliness, filling our bosoms with hope and expectation, and making our hearts glad and joyful! But Spring has fled, and with it all its promises of departed Summer. Yes, too, has passed. Yes, although it came to us, with all the candor and seriousness of manhood, and bade us fix our hopes and affections on the enchanting objects around us, and led us by the hand through those regions where fancy delights to rove and imagination soars with her outstretched wings; yet, the very moment our hopes were strongest, our fancy most delighted, and our imagination towering on high, Summer left us to grope our way back again to the sad reality of human life.

I hail thee, Autumn, as a sympathizing sister to the disappointments and short-lived glories of frail man. It is at thy approach, pale and emaciated as thou art, that man loves to retire, enwrap in the folds of thy faded mantle, to the shades of Solitude, and within thy sacred portals, take a retrospective view over all the past.

I mark in thy pale, melancholy, yet lovely visage, the reflection of her image I so lately saw on the bed of sickness, whose Spring of life passed full of hope and future anticipation, whose years of childhood went by serene and happy—the dearest object of maternal affection—the faithful and devoted sister. Thus promising we saw her, in her Summer of life. Virtue had marked her for her own, and friendship, pure, unselfish friendship, sat by her side, admiring the dignity and purity of her character, the simplicity and unaffected ease of her deportment, and amidst rapturous delight to the contemplation of her mind highly gifted in all those estimable and refined sentiments which go to cherish the affections of virtuous hearts. But suddenly we beheld her in the Autumn of life. That form we so lately viewed with pleasure was now languishing on the bed of disease—on the bed of death. The brilliancy of that eye was changed for the wild, frightened look of a possessing nature—the sweetness of that voice was changed for the deep hollow groan, the low muttered accent, the hoarse shrill tone; the effects of a disordered mind, and of the mighty conflict which was raging between life and death. How affecting such a scene! All the tender feelings of our nature rise to their highest pitch; while we stand around the bed of a dying friend, sad spectators of the inefficiency of human aid, or human sympathy. While thus we stand, and gazing with bursting hearts at the last lingering rays of the departed Autumn of life—the scene again changes. The Winter of death up-

probes in all its majesty, and closes the scene for ever from our view. D. F.

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THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE PAST IS SWEET.

It throws us back upon our early life, when the world first opened upon our youthful gaze with all its charming variety of fancy, coloring, and romantic imagery. Then our hearts beat high with hope and danced with joy. The prospects around us bloomed and every touch of nature's pencil charmed. With what indescribable emotion we glance at these golden days, now gone, forever gone. Memory bodies them out in shadowy forms, they pass before us "firmless and void," and we gaze upon them with feelings of awe and reverence, as at things of unearthly mould. The hopes that beguile the morning of our existence and have perished, seem now as though they had never been. There is a solitude about them not unlike what broods over the ruins of ancient temples. The world was then young to us, and every thing in it seemed new and sparkling, and fruitful of pleasures that knew no bound, and that could never satiate or disgust. The friends of our youth now no more, appear as if suddenly starting from their long sleep. They had been stricken out of our arms, but the past gives them back to us again, and for a brief space, we in fancy live, and move, and have our being in their society. Past scenes in which we figured are also retouched, and hustle before us in all their dim discerned shadowings. The little span that intervenes between the cradle and the grave is made up of present things embracing us unwillingly and then hastily bidding us adieu. They pass away with the rapidity of lightning, scarcely leaving the marks of their flight behind them, except on the beings they have touched, or the beings they have thrown to bow of peace. Till at last we find ourselves hastening to the great deposit of all present things, and see rising up before us on the further shores of immortality, the spectred visions of the past.

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SOUTHERN FRONTIER OF THIBET.

There is a singular difference, which has not as yet been remarked, between the places where the great rivers of Europe, take their rise, in the Alps, and those where the Asiatic rivers have their origin in the Himalaya mountains. The Rhone and the Rhine rush from glaciers resembling the waves of the ocean, surprised by the Polar Frosts. The Ganges, the Jumna, the Sutlej, of which some of our adventurous countrymen have recently explored the sources, issue from beneath vast masses of snow, piled up by successive accumulations between the lofty summits of the Himalaya mountains to the height of many thousand feet. The upper part of the last mentioned of these mighty streams, has been visited by two French officers of the names of Herbert and Gerard. The mountains whence it springs have an elevation of from 19,183 to 21,312 feet above the level of the sea; they skirt the country of the Sikhi and Chinese Tartary: one of the ridges by which the channel of the river is formed, rises to the height of 13,755 feet above the sea level. The snow covered, only to the height of 11,723 feet, around with junipers and heaiza pines. At Shippi, where the river is 71 feet broad, it is at an elevation of 2,245 feet above the Indian Ocean; its fall is 55 feet per mile. The apples in this part of the higher Asia are excellent; the turpins are very good, and the red and black mulberry is found. The inhabitants are tall, their features handsome and expressive; the generality of the people are Hindoos, with Brahmin priests, but in some villages the religion of Thibet is followed. The name which in Europe is bestowed upon this country is altogether unknown, and its proper denomination, Bhoutia, does not in the least resemble it. Lieut. Gerard speaks in the very highest terms of the Tartars who inhabit this snowy and wild region. Greediness, falsehood, and robbery are unknown among them; no apprehension need be felt when reliance is placed upon them; they entertain the nicest sense of honor, and for the property of others have the most inviolable respect. We much doubt if this patriarchal character were preserved among those of their countrymen who visited France under the Russian banner, still less could there be any suspicion that they had been corrupted by an excess of civilization.

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CURIOUS RELIC.

A Greenock newspaper mentions the discovery of a curious piece of antiquity in a quarry, which is wrought in that part of Scotland. It is described to be a silver or mixed metallic horse-shoe, connected with a petrification of wood, and both imbedded five feet and a half deep in the solid rock. This situation refers it to a period so remote, that even an antediluvian origin is attributed to it.

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Almanachs are said to have originated with the Germans, who formerly used to engrave, or cut upon sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the moon, and other astronomical events; as also their festival days; and this stick they called an *Almonstich*, that is to say, *All must* stick.

CONNETT.—An English paper has published a sketch of the life of Connet, which makes his birth place at Farnham in Surrey. He was a ploughboy till eleven years of age, at which age he left his natal village to seek his fortune. His first engagement appears to have been at Kent, where he was employed in the King's gardens to sweep the walk. He then appeared in London, where he obtained employment with a solicitor at one of the Courts of Court. He next became a soldier, and was sent with his regiment to Nova Scotia, where he obtained the rank of Sergeant Major. At the end of six years he obtained his discharge, came to the United States and conducted a political paper opposed to American Independence. He afterwards went to England and established a paper called the *Political Register*, and became the advocate of Parliamentary Reform, which he still continues.

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VACCINATION.

In several countries of Europe, general vaccination is ordered by government. No one who has not had the cow-pox or small-pox, can be put to school, apprenticed, or married; in some countries vaccination is prohibited; if it appears in any house, the house is put under quarantine. By such means, the mortality from small-pox in 1818, had been prodigiously lessened. In Copenhagen, it was reduced from 5,500 during twelve years, to 158 during sixteen years. In Prussia, it was reduced from 40,000 annually, to less than 3,000; and in Berlin, in 1819, only twenty five persons died of the disease. In Bavaria, only five persons died of small-pox in eleven years, and in the principality of Anspach, it was completely exterminated. In England, on the contrary, crowds of the poor go unvaccinated; they are permitted not only to imbib the small-pox themselves, but to go abroad and scatter the venom among those they meet. A few years ago, it broke out in Norwich, and carried off more persons in one year, than had ever been destroyed in that city by any one disease except the plague. A similar epidemic raged at Edinburgh; and last year it destroyed 1,299 in London.

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ELEGANT SIMILITUDE FROM WOODSTOCK.

"There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the *Queen of Night*, when she is wading, as the expression is, among the vapors which she has not power to dispel—and which, on their side, are unable to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of the patient suffering from her path through good report and bad report: having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but be dimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny."

CHEMICAL EMBROCATION, OR, WHITWELL'S ORIGINAL OPPODELDOC, Treble the strength of the hard kind.

(BeWARE OF IMITATIONS.)

THIS article is now, beyond all dispute considered by every physician of extensive practice in the U. S. as the best known external remedy in all cases of Bruises, Sprains, Gout, Rheumatism, Cramp, Numbness, Stiffness of the Neck or Limbs, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Stings of Insects, Vegetable Poisons, &c. The use of this celebrated remedy is not confined to the American States. Orders for it are constantly received from South America, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, Lower Canada, and in one instance orders were received from England and Russia. In a late letter, to the Proprietor from St. Salvador, the writer observes, "Your Oppodeldoc begins to be well known and fully appreciated, &c."

Certificates have been received, sufficient to fill a column of a paper. A few only, of the first respectability, are attached to the directions—among which is one from a Physician of the highest grade in Europe.

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BeWARE before you purchase. No one circumstance can more fully prove the value and great demand for this Medicine, than the numerous servile and contemptible imitations in existence, some have so closely imitated the stamp and type of the outside wrapper, as to be difficult to detect, by the careless eye of the consumer of the NAME. Therefore, as you value Life or Limb, be sure to ask for and receive WHITWELL'S Oppodeldoc only, or you may be most wretchedly imposed upon.

At the same place may be had, the AROMATIC SNUFF, celebrated throughout the American Continent, in cases of Catarrh and Headache, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirit, Vapors, Dimness of Eye Sight, and all disorders of the head. From its most fragrant and grateful quality, it completely counteracts the effects of a bad night's repose, and being greatly antipretense is indispensable for all who watch with Opistiv the sick.

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ALSO Jarvis' Billious Pills, Detergent Bitters and Cough Drops. The above are for sale at all of JOHN SARGENT, Esq. Liverpool.