

Christ, that you love your neighbor and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them; my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me a lover of God and man; and men full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the service of truth, the patience of hope, the labor of love. I desire to be like the Christians whosoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of—whosoever doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

OBITUARY.

MISS FANNY MOORE,

The subject of the following memoir, was the daughter of Mr. J. J. Moore and Mrs. Lois Moore of Sutton. She was born at Walpole, N. H. 1800. From her earliest childhood she possessed, as was known to all her acquaintance, a very amiable disposition, which was particularly manifest in her conduct toward her parents. But these natural qualities, without a change of heart, could never have afforded that composure, that unspeakable happiness, which she enjoyed in her last distressing sickness. No, it was a hope arising from a view of the boundless mercy of God, that enabled her to triumph over death, the king of terrors. She and her brother were brought in the morning of life to see that nothing short of an interest in the dear Redeemer could secure to them an inheritance incorruptible. After they obtained a hope in the Saviour, they manifested to all around her that she was a true continuing city, for they were strangers and pilgrims here, who desired a better country, that is an heavenly. They accordingly followed the Saviour together down into the watery grave, and united with the Free Will Baptist church in Sutton. Soon after this, her brother's health evidently began to fail. The disorder, which was a consumption, plainly indicated its surrounding friends that his earthly earth would be few. But he manifested an entire reconciliation to the will of Providence with regard to him, which was very comforting to the afflicted family; and although he was called in early life to pass through the dark shadow and valley of death, yet he left an evidence to all that he had gained a happy peaceful shore. Fanny, who was then apparently in good health, was a great comfort to the parents in this time of extreme distress, so it was evident that God had not deprived them of all the blessings of life. For she was a staff to their declining years. But God for some wise end, perhaps to wear their affections from earthly objects, was about to take this lovely youth out of this world of sin, and we doubt not of its being to her happy exchange. She was soon attacked with the same disorder, which terminated her brother's existence here below. For a season she appeared to possess a strong desire to regain her former health; but did not at any time appear melancholy or dejected, but exhibited her former cheerfulness, which rendered her society truly pleasing. The disorder at length precluded all hopes of recovery, and indicated a speedy end. In the spring of 1835 she was considered by all to be very near the borders of the grave, the home appointed for all the living. It was evident that she was fast ripening for a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. She cheerfully gave up all hopes of recovery, and of enjoyments in earthly things, and acquiesced in the will of God, often saying she did not feel to mourn, as it was not so important to enjoy life as to be prepared to die a happy death. From this time until she was called away from all terrestrial things, she enjoyed almost an uninterrupted communion with God. She was not, however, wholly without some seasons of darkness; but in general exercised with very few doubts respecting her interest in the Redeemer's righteousness, and appeared to cheer her depending on His loving-kindness, salvation, realizing that it is by grace we are saved, through faith, and that gift of ourselves, it is the gift of God. She was visited frequently by her pious and Christian friends, who accounted it their greatest privilege to retire from the busy scene of life, and converse with one whose affections were set on things above. She, at times, seemed to be in a state of joy, but with Christ; yet entirely willing to wait until God saw fit to remove her from earth. When in the most extreme distress of body, she would address those around her in a manner the most moving, exhorting them to live a life devoted to the cause of Christ, that when death should summon them from all earthly enjoyments, they might realize that unspeakable happiness which she then enjoyed, in view of entering an eternal heaven of rest, far away from all earthly communion. She was not heard to murmur, or repine; and seemed to possess an unwillingness to hear her sufferings enumerated by those around, and would often check them by saying it was all right, she should soon get better, and might yet partake of the full assurance that when death should close the scene, she would

enter through the gates into a City which hath no need of the light of the sun or any other orb to adorn and beautify it, yet the ties of natural affection, which bound her to them, were so strong that they fain would have kept this heir of glory a little longer in this earthly home. But she would entreat them with a smile of heavenly serenity not to hold her here. She was often to be swallowed up in ecstasies of joy, as to raise her voice in songs of praise to the Lamb, who had enabled her to triumph over the king of terrors, and to look forward to the morning of the resurrection, when this corruption shall put off incorruption, and this mortal immortality. She cheerfully gave directions concerning her funeral, and selected the hymns, together with the text; and for a number of days previous to her death, she declared to all around, that she had no remaining fears of death, and not the least desire to stay longer on earth. In this happy frame she continued until February 27, 1836, when the spirit was permitted to leave the clay, and mingle with the seraphic millions around the shining throne of God, on the boundless sea of immortality.

Tool, and pain, and suffering o'er,
She gained a happy peaceful shore;
And with the shining hosts above,
Has joined in singing redeeming love.

Although her parents and friends are left to pass through adversity and trying scenes, yet the sweet satisfaction they see that a hope that the spirit is encircled in the pavilion of God, supports their sinking spirits, and encourages their hearts to run with patience the christian race. For they have seen truly in the pious life and happy death of this lovely youth, that God is able to support them in the time of trouble, and give them a strong faith in the Mighty God of Jacob, and a hope like an anchor to the soul, which enters to that within the veil, where the weary enjoy an everlasting repose, and are made welcome to the hidden manna which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

VERMONT YEARLY MEETING.

Corinth, October 7, 1836.—The elders and brethren from different parts assembled for yearly meeting. After solemn supplication to God, for the divine presence, proceeded to business.

1. Eld. E. N. Jackson, moderator, and Br. John Hilliard, clerk.
2. Read and accepted the minutes of the last Y. M. with some small alterations.
3. Called for reports from the quarterly meetings, and received the following, viz. From Stratford Q. M. Eld. King, stated that it was a good time, and that many have been converted in that region within the time of trouble, and added that the church of Christ in Stratford—that many others have within the same time experienced emancipating grace. He also mentioned revivals in other parts of the Q. M.

From Thetford Q. M. Elders Jackson and Perry, stated that rising of 200 souls had been hopelessly converted in the town of Cabot, and that 30 have been baptized. Also, 21 in the town of Woodbury, and mentioned some smaller additions in other places. They also mentioned that Nathaniel Perry of Cabot had been recently ordained; and that William and Abiel Moulton of Stanstead, L. C. have been licensed to preach the word, &c.

From Osgo Q. M. Eld. Dodge stated that it was rather a trying time with them. Also Eld. Daniel Jones, Amos Daniels, and licensed Hiram Jones; and withdrew the hand of fellowship from Peter Sanderson.

From Huntington Q. M. Received the solemn tidings of the death of Eld. Samuel Webster.

From Sandwich Q. M. Eld. Quinby stated that they had a good time at their last session; but that nothing extraordinary took place. In Landaff, a good work has recently taken place, 4 have been baptized; and brother David Cowin, of Lisbon, N. H. has been set apart to the work of the ministry.

4. Heard an account of a good work of God, in the conversion and conversion of souls, and two churches lately organized in Bakersfield and Dunham.

5. Brother Hunt of Tisbury, stated that 150 souls had been hopelessly converted in Rochester, N. Y. since last April.

6. Joseph Levitt stated that 150 had been recently brought out of darkness into light in Bow and Dunbarton.

7. Read a request from the church in Stratford in respect to the ordination of Br. John Hilliard.

8. Voted that the next Y. M. be held at Waterford—Elders' Conference at Deer-Hills.

9. Adjourned till after meeting of worship.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. met for worship. After prayer, a good discourse was delivered by Eld. E. Dodge, which was followed by solemn exhortations.

Sunday, October 8.—A singing for worship, and ordination of Br. John Hilliard. A sermon was delivered on the occasion

by Eld. T. M. Jackson—ordinating prayer, by Eld. Ziba Pope—charge, by Eld. Nathaniel King—first band of fellowship, by Eld. Thomas Moxley—concluding prayer, by Eld. Joshua Quinby. The power and spirit of the Lord attended the whole exercise.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. a discourse was delivered by Eld. Nathaniel King, to the great satisfaction of the congregation.

SANDWICH QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Sandwich quarterly meeting, convened at Eaton, N. H. October 21st and 22d. Opened by prayer. Eld. Thomas Perkins was appointed moderator, and Moses Quinby clerk. The accounts from the churches were remarkably refreshing. Great revivals in a number of places, especially in Lisbon and Landaff, N. H. and in a number of places around the White Mountains. Souls are wonderfully flocking to Christ in Milford, Shelburne, and Bethel. Eld. Pettengill has recently baptized quite a number in that region. Zion travels and brings forth her children—Jesus gathers the Lambs with his arms, and carries them in his bosom.

On the 21st P. M. Eld. Perkins preached, from 1 Pet. i. 29, to good satisfaction. The meetings in the evening were very profitable. On the Sabbath, Oct. 22, A. M. a sermon was delivered by Eld. T. M. Jackson from 1 Pet. ii. 21. P. M. another by Eld. Perkins from Rom. iv. 6, which was delivered with much clearness, and followed, we trust, by divine energy, to the hearts of the hearers. The assembly was large and devout, and trust that much good was done in the name of Jesus.

ASHUT, MASS. OCTOBER 13, 1836.

Dear Brother,—I now improve a few moments to write to inform you of the prosperity of Zion in this place. It has been a time of rejoicing with us, and yet very solemn. Our meetings generally the past summer have been crowded. We have baptized four converts that have been added to the church. There has been a number more we trust converted to God that have not yet come forward.

Our Q. M. was held in this town the last Wednesday and Thursday in August. On account of the great rain there were but a few elders present, but we had a time refreshing from the Lord.

At this Q. M. the first introduction was made from a people who called themselves Free Baptists. They belong mostly in the State of Vermont, on the west side of Connecticut river; though some of them belong on the east side, in New Hampshire. These brethren, as I understood, came out, when few in number, from the close communion Baptists, and formed a church, and the good people here wonderfully; so that their number of churches is now seven. The above mentioned committee came in order to see if we could unite and be one people with them. We had not been much acquainted with us; though some of our elders had, in a few instances, visited and preached with them. We appointed a committee to meet with them, their yearly meeting on the 23d and 24th of September 1836. The committee attended to that duty, and found nothing to hinder our uniting with them, and they with us. They appeared to be a people well engaged; and their rules and regulations according to gospel order; consequently we received them, which made an addition of seven churches to the Free Will Baptist Connection. There have been since last June, in the town of Dover, N. H. upon the 20th people hopelessly converted to God among these brethren.

These brethren came out and determined to be free, about six years ago. They have several ordained ministers among them, viz. elders Thayer, Mountague, Gates, Leonard and Mann. There was one other whose name we did not ascertain.

There are several more churches which we expect will join the Free Will Baptist Connection soon—Yours in the bonds of the gospel. BENJAMIN TOLMAN.

MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK.—THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1836.

Answer to the Queries suggested by 'Inquirer' in a late number of the Star, viz. "How did Moses know that God made the world, and all things that therein are in six days?" &c.

Moses was born in the year of the world, 2433. That period of time, consequently, had elapsed previous to his coming upon the stage of action; during which term many important and remarkable events took place, of which Moses gives an interesting account. He informs us, that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and all things that in them are—that God, for certain causes, destroyed man from the face of the earth, except Noah and his family, who being warned of God moved with fear—prepared an ark to the saving of his house—that Sodom was destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven—that Joseph was preserved in a wonderful manner to be a blessing to his

family, and the people in general—and many other events, recorded in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, which five books were written by him. Of these events and circumstances Moses speaks with as much confidence and assurance, as though he had been an eyewitness to each of them.

Concerning the manner or means by which Moses obtained a knowledge of these things, two general ideas may be advanced—the one highly probable; the other absolutely certain.

First, by tradition, handed from one to another, and thus conveyed from Adam to Moses.

So much of the work of creation, as was completed in the five first days, previous to the formation of Adam, must have been a subject of faith, not of knowledge; because Adam could give no account of what was done and how it was done; before he was created, no more than any man can give an account of what transpired before he was born.

Here I shall take the liberty to observe, that language is not an innate principle of nature; it, of course, implies ideas which are received by or through the outer senses, or communicated by inspiration to the inward feeling of the mind, or else by the moral perception are digested and arranged in a judicious way; and the communication of those ideas, through or by speech, requires and involves the art of man.

The first man was an adult when he emanated from the hand of his Maker. There was a Law given him, fitted to his capacity; which circumstance involves the idea of language; and it follows as a consequence that the Maker of man learnt man to talk.

The idea is then suggested, that during the period which elapsed from the creation of man to his fall, Adam was a social being, and had communion and conversation with his Creator, from whom he received information of what had transpired during the five days which passed before he was created, and thus he obtained a knowledge of the facts. Adam was so intimate with his Maker, who knoweth all things, and such were his advantages before his fall, that he was rendered remarkably present and equally intelligent. This is exemplified in the expression which he made when he received the woman from the hand of the Creator. Although Adam was in a deep sleep, which God caused to fall upon him, when the rib was taken from his side, of which the woman was made, yet when she was given him; he observed, "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh."

That which is obvious is a subject of knowledge. Of what a man knows, he is able to give a rational account. And what Adam passed through, subsequent to his creation, must have been experimental. He, of course, would be able to give an account of that, in relation to the circumstances of the fall, &c. This being admitted, (which may be done with propriety,) how easy could the tradition have been handed down to the time of Moses, when letters appeared to furnish a record.

Adam lived, according to the Mosaic account 930 years; and Methuselah, 969, and died in the year of the flood. The flood happened 1656 years from the Creation. Methuselah, consequently, was contemporary with Adam for the space of 243 years.

Shem, as will be seen by the same account, was contemporary with Methuselah 98 years, with Abraham 130, and with Isaac 50 years. Thus only two intermediate persons were necessary to connect the chain of tradition from Adam to Isaac, a period of more than 2000 years.

Leri was the great grandfather of Moses, and contemporary with his own grandfather Isaac, a number of years. God himself, as a confirmation of the tradition of the Work of Creation being not merely ideal and fabulous, but as a truth founded on fact, proclaimed from the top of Mount Sinai, in the hearing of 600,000 men, besides their women and children, so as to put it beyond all doubt that it was no imposition on the mind, but Jehovah himself must have been the Author. If then delivered two tables of stone, containing the proclamation of the ten commandments,

As an apprentice to the printing business, a lad about 15 or 16 years of age. Inquire at this office.
Oct. 12.

POETRY.

TO THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

Look up—O taste, taste not the bowl
Agin, nor dream of pleasure there,
Which while it kills, destroys the soul,
And deeper sinks it in despair.

To but to paint a blacker sky,
To add to cloudy darkness, night,
To give another agony
To the fresh it wounds of crushed delight.

When from the world's mad revelry,
When from the oblivion of an hour,
Thou wak'st, the cup of misery
To thine, and men's? a crazing power.

Then turn again, and feel for thee
Who have long felt and feel for thee;
Nor take away that precious gem,
Thy soul's best light that used to be.

The smile of happiness from one,
Whose heart with thine is so entwined,
That what disturbs thy soul alone
Can give an anguish to her mind.

Art thou a husband, and canst look
Back on the past nor feel a sting!
Have heaven and fondness there forgot,
That thou canst feel no sorrowing?

Canst thou forget the heart that turned
To thee in all its woe or bliss;
And which still burns, as then it burn'd,
With all its young, warm faithfulness?

O turn again! and in those eyes,
Perchance, where his sign thou met,
The light of better days will rise,
And her last bloom may flourish yet!

Yes, in that cheek where nature first
In her earliest witch thy share,
The rosy tints may glow again,
And life and bliss be all thy own.

N. Y. Statesman.

MISCELLANY.

P.—N. H. OCTOBER 16, 1838.

READER, I am the number of the Star, the idea presented itself, that many of your readers would be gratified by the occasional perusal of "Narrative Essays," founded upon fact; the sentiments of which, should be calculated to inculcate moral principles; while they should present to the mind, Tales of Pict. art. If the suggestion should meet the approbation of the Editors; and should be agreeable to you—please insert in the Star, the following communication; it being one of many letters, written by a "Traveler" to his friend, who will occasionally contribute something for your columns, as time and talent may allow.

J. E. K.

Respected Friend,
As you, as a fulfillment of former engagements, I address this epistle; feeling confident that the perusal of it will awaken reflections upon past scenes.

I lately visited C—d. Having a desire again to take a prospect of the pleasant scenery of the place, I rambled out upon the banks of the Merrimack. Recalling again an elm that overshadowed the pleasant prospect around me. On the left, the majestic Merrimack, meandering along the vale, with gentle murmers, rolled its transparent waters between its ivy banks. While on the right, the tall spires of C—d, towered to the clouds of heaven. On one side, was the island where the tawny savage suffered the punishment due his barbarity, by the hands of a Dutton; and on the other, a monument of granite, that marked the spot where the tomahawk and scalping-knife were once used with savage ferocity. C—d is the place of our nativity. The place to which my imagination will fondly speed its way, whether I may recline amid the shady bowers of Rio-Grande; walk in the flowery vales of Ctsmire; or dwell among the bleak hills of a "Neo-Hant;" the place at which we have spent the morning, perhaps noon-day of life; the place where every new prospect revives pleasing sensations. There scenes have occurred, on the thought of which, "when far removed from kindred, friends, and home," I shall dwell with rapturous delight. Nothing is more pleasant to me, than to retreat the haunts of "gone by days." Frequently there is a brightening of the past; I have at times, seemingly, grown younger by half a score of years; when retracing the scenes of earliest youth.

One scene connected with this place, is impressed on my mind. The impression is lasting; and will continue, as long as this heart of mine continues its vibrations. The scene, the hour, and the company, are doubtless well known to you. I have attempted to describe the scenery; but it would require the descriptive fidelity of a Hogarth, to do it justice.

We were seated on the rising ground beside the lake. The cottages of the village, seemingly were embosomed in greenness. We were surrounded on either side of the water, by a mass of shrubbery, changing

"Neo-Hant," the name of a stream, dipping into the Merrimack.

able with all the varieties of purple, white, and green. Far below lay a sheet of water; shaded on one shore, by a circular range of alders; giving the very depths a cast of green; while on the other, the waves were rippling under the effulgent rays of the sun. From the distant shore was to be seen a boat, gently gliding along the pellucid waters; and all nature seemed gayly sportive. But ah! quickly how changed the scene. A thunder shower arose; the north wind appeared to pour its concentrated forces on the waters of the lake. The waters were troubled. The waves rolling and foaming capped with white, baffled every effort of the boatman, to keep the balance of the boat, or reach the opposite shore. All their hopes were lost! A mighty wave impelled on by the overwhelming tornado, spent its force against the boat, and precipitated its passengers into the foaming waters! One sunk, never again to behold the light; and the other arose, but to encounter new dangers. Image to your view, this wretched being clinging to the boat with the grasp of desperation, under the apprehension of immediate dissolution; calling aloud for assistance, but with the expectation of being overwhelmed by the waves before assistance could reach him. Imagine his feelings, when he saw that assistance was near; and that every wave that came, had as yet, favored his escape. His joy, when half exhausted, he was cast upon a rock from which, no wave could tear him. The impression is lasting! So distinctly is the scene impressed on my faculties; that I can now hear, as it were, the thunder peal, as it did on that dismal hour. The shower passed off, and there was a pellucidity in the green foliage around, surpassing all that I had ever beheld. The green leafy groves, looked as if they were returning thanks to Him who had purified the air. A brook and a rivulet, now glad to be seen, shining with vivid splendor, and terminating in fading colors on the waters of the lake. The feathered songsters were warbling their notes of praise, and adoration, in honor of that Almighty Being who had made to appear the sign of his covenant of mercy in the clouds; and all nature seemed clothed in gaiety, as if it were, unmindful of the past scene. I scene, samples of which almost daily occur, to remind heedless, unthinking man that he is mortal; that grim death, the scourge of nature, animate and inanimate, will come, sooner or later, how soon he knows not; cut the thread of life, and open the curtain between him and an endless eternity. What a scene of horror and wretchedness is then presented to the unprepared beholder. Yet in spite of all such warnings, and all such impressions, to another, thoughtless ease and security, till death unexpectedly comes, and hastens him, unprepared as he may be, before the tribunal of the Omnipotent, Omiscient, and Omnipotent Judge of the Universe. CYCLOPEDIA.

REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

Did young people consider the important change which marriage must necessarily produce in their situation, how much more cautious would make them in their choice of a companion for life. Alas! what avail the graces of the finest figure, the most captivating address, or the assemblage of all that is ensnaring, if the heart is depraved, or the conduct imprudent! The gayest associate of the convivial hour may be the dulllest, the most unfit company for the domestic circle; and he who is never satisfied but in a crowd, or when engaged in continual scenes of pleasure, is very unlikely to make a tender and prudent husband. Should sickness or distress draw near, depend upon it he would fly from the approach. If beauty alone excited his passion, it would cease to exist when you are deprived of those attractions on which it was founded. If fortune was his inducement, that will likewise lose its value in his sober mind, and the very person who brought him the wealth for which he sighed will be considered as the grand obstacle to his enjoyment. Too often is this unpleasant picture to be seen in many discontented families, which a little serious reflection might have prevented being so unfortunately realized. Never be prevailed upon to yield your heart to any one, who cannot shine in the circles of the world, if you are convinced that he has no relish for the retired life. The man who likes every house better than his own, will scarcely take the trouble of making his home agreeable to others whilst it is disgusting to himself. It will be the only place in which he will give way to his discontent and ill humor. Such people are ever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and all the real comforts of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home, is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.—Mrs. Bonholte.

A WORD TO A WIFE.

In the matrimonial character, gentle lady, no longer let your fancy wander to scenes of dissipation and disappointment. Let home be now your empire, your seat of life. Let home be now the sole scene of your wishes, your thoughts, your plans, your exertions. Let home be now the stage

on which is the varied character of wife, of mother, and of mistress, you strive to act and shine with splendor. In its sober, quiet scenes, let your heart, cast its anchor, let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. And beyond the spreading clouds that shadow and shelter your dwelling, gentle lady, let not your fancy wander. Leave to your husband to distinguish himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home! and let the applause of your God, of your children, and your servants, weave for your brow a never-fading chaplet.

An ingenious writer says, "If a painter wished to draw the very finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with eyes expressing the serenity of her mind, and countenance beaming with benevolence; one hand lulling to rest her bosom a lovely infant, the other employed in presenting a moral page to a second sweet baby, who stands at her knee—listening to the word of truth and wisdom from its incomparable mother."

I think there is something very lovely in seeing a woman overcome those little domestic disquiets, which every mistress of a family has to contend with, sitting down to her breakfast-table in the morning with a cheerful and smiling countenance, and endeavoring to promote innocent and pleasant conversation among her little circle.—But vain will be her anxious efforts at cheerfulness, if she be not less teased by her husband and other members around her; and truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a family when collected together, instead of enlivening the quiet scenes with a little good humored chat, sitting like so many statues, as if each was unworthy the attention of the other. And then, when a stranger comes in, O dear, such smiles, and animation, and loquacity! "Let my lot be to please my home!" "I cannot help feeling a contemptible opinion of those persons, young or old, male or female, who lavish their good humor and pleasantry in company, and hoard up sullenness and silence for the sincere and loving group which compose their fire-side."

DISCRETION.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is in indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit is weakness; the best man only qualify a man to be more brightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into peculiar accomplishments and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation and gives measure to the society.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of obtaining them; cunning has only private, selfish views, and stilling such means may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well formed eye commands the whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short sightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are at hand, but it is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it; cunning, when it is once detected, loses its value, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is a perfection of reason, and a guide to us all in the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding; cunning is often to be met with in brotes themselves, and in persons who are but a few removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

VEGETABLE LIFE.

A rather uncommon instance of the tenacity of vegetable life, occurred some time since in the Royal Park of Bushey. A small portion of the park being broken up for the purpose of ornamental culture, several of the old trees sprang up of the kinds which are ordinarily cultivated in gardens; this led to an investigation, and it was ascertained, that this identical

plot had been used as a garden not later than the time of Oliver Cromwell, more than one hundred and fifty years before.

PLANTS IN TRENCHES.

A gentleman of Portsmouth, England, who had some strawberry vines growing in an excavation in his grounds, finding that they produced very abundantly, made several other excavations with inclined sides, in which he planted various sorts of pulk, and obtained uncommonly large crops. These effects were attributed to the elevated and regular temperature, produced by the reflection of the solar rays, and to the shelter afforded to the plants from the winds. The trenches must be pretty deep, and conveniently situated to receive the rays of the sun.

OMNIGRAPHY.

A new art, to which the name of omniography has been given, has been invented by M. Aguehelle, of Paris, which is said to afford an extraordinary facility in executing, not only all that has been hitherto done by engraving and lithography, but also the effects of the pencil and stamp; which neither the graver nor the crayon has yet been able to accomplish.

Springfield, Sept. 27.

A SKECH. We witnessed a spectacle last week, which we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers. It may be the means of exciting reflection, if not effort. There came along the street, a lean, dirty, haggard horse, with scarce substance enough to make a shadow. He was fastened by traces, and led, to an old horse cart that looked as if it was blown together by the wind. In the cart was a man, apparently about fifty years old, ragged, lame and blind, attended by his son about fourteen. The son alighted—took a stone quart jug from the cart, and assisted his father to get out. The father took the son's arm, and thus they passed from store to store, inquiring for RUM! On the sightless eyes-balls of this creature, old man—on his trembling limbs—on his tattered garments—on his cart and horse and harness—and (worst of all), on the boy, the son that led him—was written RUM! He was made blind by intemperance.—Journal.

MEMOIR FOR STAMMERS.

- We are inclined to think (says the N. H. Spectator) that in many cases, relief may be obtained by observing the following directions, viz:
 1. Commence speaking while *respiring*, or, in other words, when the breath is going out, and speak slowly. [The stammerer always attempts to speak whilst drawing in the breath, but seldom succeeds in uttering a single or sentence, until he has taken a full inspiration, and begins to respire, when he speaks fluently until he begins again to draw in his breath.]
 2. Place the tongue flat on the bottom of the mouth, before attempting to speak. [The stammerer's tongue always cleaves to the roof, and is there kept by striving to speak whilst inspiring.]
 3. Begin by speaking short sentences and short words. [The Lord's prayer is a good exercise, as it commences with a word which places the tongue in a good position.]
 4. Speak sentences with easy words at the beginning and terminating with hard words. [In the recipe before us, direction is given, that the patient, whilst speaking, should "place his hand on the pit of the stomach, and press it hard." This, our informant says, is useless.]

Adventures of a Cent.—A lad who was an apprentice to a goldsmith in this town in 1800, hammered a cent into an octagon, marked the initials of his name, and the date Sept. 7, that being the day on which he was fourteen years old, and sent it abroad among his fellow apprentices as a month since the cent found its way into the hands of the same lad, now an old gentleman of 40, after traversing the world for the period of 24 years.—Portsmouth C. Advertiser.

(From the Baltimore Patriot.)

AN IMPORTANT LOTTERY.

It has been computed that among 10,000 people the average deaths will be one a day. If this computation be accurate, a person in common health has a daily risk of dying, which, compared with the chances of a lottery, is a trifling probability. As it has been computed that among 10,000 people, there is one who will die in a month since the cent found its way into the hands of the same lad, now an old gentleman of 40, after traversing the world for the period of 24 years.—Portsmouth C. Advertiser.