

MORNING STAR.

PUBLISHED AT LIMERICK, MAINE; BY HOBBS, WOODMAN AND COMPANY.—EDITED BY J. BUZZELL, AND S. BURBANK.

VOL. I.

LIMERICK; THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1826.

NO. 32.

William Burr, PRINTER.

TERMS OF THE STAR.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance, or within three months from the date of the first paper received; otherwise, ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS per year; exclusive of postage. All those who have purchased, or may hereafter procure ten subscribers, and continue to act as Agents for the publishers, in collecting and making payment for the same, will be gratuitously entitled to their paper. It should be understood that one year is the shortest term of subscription.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Sometimes since we received several communications from Eld. ARTHUR CAVERNO, of Episcopi, N. H. It was judged expedient, as the subject embraced in these communications, was considered to be of a critical nature, to defer their publication, until we could have opportunity of consulting with others of experience and wisdom, with regard to the expediency of placing them before our readers. It will be perceived that the writer possesses a spirit of candor, with which we wish all our columns, upon every subject, to be marked. We have given these communications several very careful and attentive readings; and, although the writer treats upon the support of civil ministers, yet, if we have rightly scanned up his views, he would endeavor to avoid, (and in so doing others to the same,) the two great extremes which are extant. On one hand, he would not have those, who are called of God to preach the gospel of the Son, and minister in holy things, to be necessitated to come down from the work of God, and serve vainly, to supply the daily wants of the churches and families. On the other hand, he would not have sheepishly take the oversight of clocks for the sake of alms, and make mere merchandise of the gospel. But he would have ministers and people respectively to do their duty. Our readers, however, can judge of the writer's views and motives for themselves. It is well believed that if these essays are read with a reader with which they appear to be written, none will be injured in their feelings, but that some will be edified. They are not published as a subject of controversy, but as the candid opinion of an individual. Eld. CAVERNO, if we have not been misinformed, is a preacher of respectability in easy circumstances, and has been distinguished for his humility and usefulness. It is presumed that our patrons will candidly read our writings and those of our correspondents, and gather what they may judge to be good into vessels, and cast that which in their opinion is bad away.

OF THE SUPPORT OF CIVIL MINISTERS.

NO. 1.

Before I proceed to my first argument, I shall ask the liberty to define the term, or show what is meant by the phrase, the support of civil ministers.

By this expression, the author of the arguments would convey the idea, that *they, that preach the gospel should live of the gospel*, or, in other words, that men who are scripturally qualified and recommended as regular ministers of the gospel, should be comfortably supported by those who enjoy the fruits of their ministrations; so that ministers may be exempted from the labor of the common concerns of life and give themselves wholly to prayer, the study of the Scriptures, and ministry of the word; and, thereby, to wait upon *Lord* in their own calling, free from that distraction, which necessarily arises from the complicated attempt to serve more than one master.

Having now laid my foundation, I proceed to the erection of the superstructure. I shall take up each argument distinctly and separately.

Argument First. As we are told that "whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning," and the law having a shadow of good things to come, and as many parts of the Old are adduced as illustrations of the New Testament, I shall commence my first argument with the ancient manner of supporting the ministry, before the introduction of the gospel dispensation.

It is said in Heb. xii. 1, 2, that *M. J. Caldwell was a priest of the Most High God, and Abraham gave to him a tenth part of all*, i. e. a tenth part of all his revenue; which, probably, including the spoil which Abraham took at the signal conquest and slaughter of the wicked kings, was no small or inconsiderable sum given to a minister.

That Abraham's income was considerable, may be thought probable, if we take into consideration his circumstances at that time. He dwelt in the plain of Mamre, this plain was in Canaan and was a part of Hebron, which, as the final settlement of the tribes of Israel, was the portion of Caleb. (See Josh. 14, 13, 14.)

This country was very fertile; on account of which, it was called the land that

flowed with milk and honey; that is, it produced every variety and luxury that could be desirable; and though now under the management of the lazy Turks, yet it is represented by modern travellers, as being the "garden of the world," not on account of its present improvement, but on account of the richness of its soil, and the spontaneous productions which it yields.

2. Hence, I say, we may reasonably conclude that Abraham's patrimony and income were not small or inconsiderable. He also "was rich in cattle, in silver and in gold;" Gen. 13: 2.

Having these great advantages and sources of distribution, he felt no contracted disposition to impart even a tenth part, to the maintenance of this worthy minister of God, and gave him a tenth part. He was not compelled to pay this sum by the compulsion of an unjustifiable edict or law, nor was it exacted by the power of arbitrary threats of imprisonment, intolerable sufferings, or excruciating pains, inflicted by a court of Inquisition; which, without a parallel, has so long disgraced Christendom. This faithful, God-fearing, and charitable-hearted man, gave willingly and cheerfully even a tenth part (the same proportion of revenue which the Jews afterwards observed to do, even of their garden herbs, such as rue, and cummin and anise and mint, &c.) when our Saviour justified in connection with keeping God's commands, which related to their moral duty; Luke 11: 42, of all he possessed. It was a temporal donation of his property, and not a more than balanced with a moral addition; not only because the minister blessed him, but because *God* took a cheerful gift.

3. But though Abraham was so liberal in his gifts, he was not without occasion to exhibit acts of generosity. Should the reader ask, wherein? I would answer, he gave Melchizedek a tenth part of all he possessed. This was not a mere act of liberality of the venerable patriarch, but of returning back from the battle, full of wounds, and shame of defeat; he returns with the triumphs of conquest—the kings are slain. Lot, a beloved nephew, and goods are retaken, and also all the property and persons that were carried off by the despotic king. But, to add a laurel of victory to his conquest, he meets the priest of God with a blessing designed for him. Here we, at once, perceive that Melchizedek was justly entitled to the gift which the Hebrew saw fit to bestow.

For further illustration of the character of Melchizedek, the reader is referred to *Typical Person*, No. 3, published in the sixth number of the Star. To conclude this number, and bring our argument to bear, is it not reasonable that the people, who are blessed with the good things of this life, and good preaching of a humble minister of Christ, should freely give as they freely receive, according as the Lord hath prospered them? Abraham gave a portion of his substance to a civil minister, and was blessed. If the reader would have Abraham's grace, faith and blessing, I would advise him to go and do likewise.

ARTHUR CAVERNO.

RETIREMENT AND MEDITATION.

Meditation is a peculiar gift of Heaven, and exactly fitted to sweeten the hours of retirement. When a person has become weary of the "din of business," and what is more bothersome, contentions among those who were designed to dwell together in one country, and render assistance to each other; he can retire into those solitary retreats, and resume some silent retreat, where nought is heard but a gentle howl from the half-quitted zephyr through the towering trees,—save the well-tuned music from the wild wood-note. Here the mind is composed amid the works of nature; and here he can give utterance to silent and devoted feelings. Here he can recount the past incidents of his life, and contemplate on the future.

Here he can take a survey of the mysterious works of God, and view from afar the sublime, yet incomparable works of man. Here the whole soul is locked in meditation: the heart becomes softened, and the sentiments refined. Devout meditation has many sovereign advantages—it employs our best beauties—inspires with charitable feelings—furnishes food for the intellect—creates a regard for our own fellow beings, and prompts us to the discharge of our duty towards God and man. It inculcates a principle of benevolence—teaches us to "love our neighbors as ourselves"—expands the mind—improves the manners, and is the surest preventive against evil habits. It gives rise to humility—urges the necessity of

prayer, and stores our minds with useful instructions. It strengthens the feeble child—mitigates the pangs of sorrow, and is not less beneficial in giving energy to the winter of age.

Though retired meditation may lack in dazzling and external appearances, yet, perhaps, in the internal feelings it produces as many salutary effects as any human employment.

I do not wish to be understood that the whole time should be engaged in retirement. But when the feelings become implicated by secular concerns, and the intellectual powers deranged by the multiplicity of business, retired and devout meditation becomes necessary, to give energy to the enlanguished and exhausted functions of the mind.

Man is the only being qualified to fill this office. He alone can commiserate the case of the bereaved widow and helpless orphan—in his meditative hours, he alone can devise the best means to "alleviate the cares" of those who are the proper objects of charity, and thus discharge his duty, he ascribes the noble purpose for which he was created.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

(From the H. L. Religious Messenger.)
"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL."

The useful living nature of human pleasures has long since passed into a proverb, and on a subject which has so often been set forth, with all that is sparkling in wit, acute in discernment, and affecting in narration, little that is new can be advanced. But we find the world has become none the wiser for all the grave lectures it has received on this topic. What is admitted in theory, is denied in practice. On the very heels of death, many are ready to jump only to know in what they shall live, and amid the wreck of all their worldly goods, how many continue to break away from the present and lose themselves in visionary scenes of prosperity! But what does all this incessant toil and bustle amount to?—Where is the resting place of man beneath the skies?

Go ask the king, though seated upon a throne, and surrounded by all the trappings of royalty, if he is happy, and he will answer no. Fear for his personal safety, or schemes of future aggrandizement disturb or distract his mind, and drug peace and repose far from him. View the man panting up the steep of ambition; the marks of uneasiness depicted on his visage too plainly tell us he is not satisfied. Follow the hero to the field of battle where he stands appalled at the clashing of arms, the clangor of trumpets, the roaring of cannon, the shrieks of agony, and the groans of death, and amid such tumultuous scenes can he rest here? Are those who are immersed in the pleasures of the world, happy and contented? Alas! the emaciated limbs and dejected looks, which they are compelled at times to wear, will give us an answer.

Where then is rest to be found? In what does true happiness consist? It does not depend upon a material circumstance; but its seat is in the heart. How much more happy the poor inmate of the cottage, in possession of that peace of spirit recommended in the gospel, than the proud tenant of the palace, who thoughtless in the lap of luxury and reposing upon a bed of down! While his soul exults in the hope of the future glory of God he may feel contentedly upon a bear skin, for he is strengthened by that bread which endureth to eternal life. To him being durable riches, those of which death cannot dispossess him, nor eternity exhaust. Though despised of men, he is honored of God; and he alone is in possession of true pleasure; for "in his presence there is joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

A DEATHBED SCENE.

The person, whose sick-bed I was called professionally to attend, had indulged freely in what are called the enjoyments of the world; and if ever a serious or useful thought obtruded itself, it was immediately stifled. In this mad career he proceeded, and, before he arrived at the middle age of man, he was verging fast to the brink of eternity. A doctor, sent forth in a distant country, brought with him a threat of a speedy dissolution of life; and in this state I saw him for the first time for several years; and I shall never forget the painful feelings I endured through-out this interview. It is impossible to give even a faint idea of the horror, the agony, the heart-rending terror that harrowed up his soul, whenever the thought of death threatened his mind. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "you have come too late, for I am lost; every way lost."

I immediately perceived that life was ebbing fast, and being convinced that nothing short of divine interposition could retard his death, I endeavored to draw his attention to the mercies of God, and the saving mediation of a gracious Redeemer. To which he replied withasperity and violence, "If you have any friendship left for a degraded, self-polluted wretch, torture not his last moments. My life has been spent in iniquity—foolishly spent; because it never yielded one hour of solid happiness. I have lived without thinking of God; and why should he now think of me, unless it be to judge me—in condemn me? O, God! how can I be so distracted?" A fainting fit stopped him; but his senses soon returned, and with them fresh feelings of gloomy despondency.—He stared wildly and exclaimed, "I have broken from him; but he is coming again; there—there—Death! O save me! save me!"

After nearly an hour passed in this dreadful state, he became rather more calm, and said, "I have been so had that God can never forgive me. I have blasphemed his holy name a hundred times, while my heart inwardly smote me. I have ridiculed and denied his existence that my companions in error might think well of me; but I never was sincere in my wickedness." His mind became so agitated, that all reasoning was lost, the thought of death rent his very soul. In this perturbed state he languished about four hours from the time of my first seeing him; till at length overwhelmed by despair, a paroxysm of fever closed the painful scene.

O, my friends, could I convey to you any idea of the awful feelings which the death of this wretched man produced upon my mind, it would I think, deter the most thoughtless of you from those practices which ruin both soul and body. Would to God that you had been present! My description may not penetrate beyond the ear; but had you witnessed the dreadful scene, it would have pierced your very hearts.

The narrative here given deserves to be attentively considered and remembered by all who are tempted to turn aside to the darkness of infidelity, or the polluted paths of profligacy.—*Lord, Tract Mag.*

AN EXTRACT.

Conceive a man to be standing on the margin of this green world; and that, when he looked towards it, he saw abundance smiling upon every field, and all the blessings which the earth can afford, scattered in profusion throughout every family, and the light of the sun sweetly resting upon all the pleasant habitations, and the joys of human companionship brightening many a happy circle of society—conceive this to be the general character of the scene upon one side of his contemplation; and that on the other he beheld the verge of the cloudy planet on which he was situated, he could discern nothing but a dark and fatiguesome unknown. Think you that he would bid a voluntary adieu to all the brightness and all the beauty that were before him upon earth, and commit himself to the faithful solitude away from it; would he leave its people, dwellings, places, and become a solitary wanderer through the fields of "society"? If space offered him nothing but a wilderness, would he for it abandon the homestead scenes of life and of cheerfulness that lay so near, and exerted such a power of urgency to detain him? Would not he cling to the regions of sense, and of life, and of society?—and shrinking away from the desolation that was beyond it, would not he be glad to keep his feet footing on the territory of this world, and to take shelter under the silver canopy that was stretched over it?

But if, during the time of his contemplation, some happy island of the blest had floated by; and there had burst upon his senses the light of its surpassing glory, and its sounds of sweet melody; and he clearly saw, that there, a pure beauty rested upon every field, and a more heart-felt joy spread itself among all the families; and he could discern there, a peace, and a piety, and a benevolence, which put a mortal gladness into every bosom, and united the whole society in one rejoicing sympathy with each other, and with the beneficent Father of them all; and he further saw, that pain and mortality were there unknown; and above all, that signals of welcome were hung out, and an avenue of communication was made for him—perceive you not, that what was before the wilderness, would become the land of invitation; and that now the world would be the wilderness? What unprophetic speech could not do, can be done here, and in the midst of such scenes, and heavenly society. And let the existing tendencies of the heart be what they may to the scene that is near and visible around us, still if another stood revealed to the prospect of man,

1990

POETRY.

THE FLOWER, WHICH BUDDED AND BLOSSOMED ON CALVARY'S SACRED TREE.

"Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never fades;
On earth among the ruins it grows,
And ripen's in the skies.

Pure glowing red, and spotless white,
Its perfect colors are;
In Jesus all its sweets unite,
And look divinely free.

The finest flower that ever bloomed,
Open'd on Calvary's tree,
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd
For love of worthless me!

Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal sense can bear;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell,
How bright the colors are.

Earth could not hold no such a flower,
Nor half its beauty show;
Nor could the world and Satan's power,
Confine its sweets below.

On Calvary's banks, supremely fair,
This flower of wonders bloom'd;
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfume'd.

But not to Calvary's shores confin'd,
The seeds from which it grew,
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the Church below.

And soon on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here,
Breathe a full ripe perfume of love,
Like him, transplanted there."

Selected, and respectfully submitted by
PHILANTHROPOS.

FROM THE NEW-POETRY FETTERED.

Night wanes, the vapors round the midnight
Yolk into morn, and light awakes the world:
Byron's Lara.

Day Is Dawning.

Day is dawning, mortal! wake,
Think upon the day that's past:
And on that which yet shall break;
To thee the dawning, and the last:
Think on thy departed years,
On thy lost, abused time;
Ponder with repentant tears,
On faded youth, and blasted prime;
Why art thou here!—for what intent,
Art thou existing in the world?
Is it that thou mayst be a sinner,
To misery—on oblivion bound?
Mortal! not so—thy heart is pure!
Await the good and just on high;
Where angels gaze this virtuous morn;
And rest, from toil and agony;
Listen to the morning
Of birds, that sing in nature's ear;
And let it make thy heart rejoice,
And soothe thy weary, aching tear—
And gaze thou on the verdant trees
In all the blooming spring of youth;
And ponder on life's vanities,
That fade like flowers in Beauty's truth;
Then look thou on the golden sun,
Wheeling in glory through the air;
And tell me, when the day is done,
Has come that light and brightness there?
And let thou to the panther's skin,
And the goat's woolly ravenous roar;
And to the hawk's long yell, that seek
To grasp their prey, and drink his gore;
Go to the mountains where sleep the brave,
And think if glory pleases you,
How many heroes found a grave,
In unremembered Calvary!
And if thy love's one here, be there,
Remember, Love was born in heaven,
And if thy heart be virtuous here,
To thee she may be given in care,
And listen to the howling winds,
That oft the borders of earth defile;
And woe is the blue knowledge finds,
The secret of their life and place:
Then mark the blue arrow of death, hung
Away—away—above thy reach;
And tell me whence the rainbow springs,
And tell me what the rainbow teach.
List to the thunder in the sky:
Call'd by the Hand that holds thy breath;
And mark the swift but lightning light,
When stars, direct and set, in death,
List to the voice of clatter:
Hailing the dawn with cheerful cry;
And think how saved the Apostles' fear,
When voices he to men was high,
And gave them on the distant cross
That glitters on yon spire on high;
And think thou what will be thy loss,
If thou forgettest Calvary!
Think on thy nature—passions strong;
Emotions wild—then train thy mind,
Choose thou between the right and wrong,
And do thy duty to mankind and God:
Day is dawning, mortal! wake,
Ponder on the day that's past;
And on that which soon shall break,
To thee, to all, the dread, the LAST!"

Peter.

MISCELLANY.

EDUCATION.

If any man desire to possess himself of the most powerful engine that can be applied to the purpose of education, if he would find the ground upon which he must stand, to enable himself to move the substance of the mind, he will probably find it in sympathy.—Great power is not necessarily a subject of awe. A wise preceptor should probably desire to be in possession of great power over the mind of his pupil, though he would use it with economy and diffidence. He would therefore seek by all honest arts to be admitted into his confidence, that so the points of contact between them may be more extensively multiplied, that he may not be regarded by the pupil as a stranger of the outer court of the temple, but that his image may mix itself with his pleasures, and

be made the companion of his recreations. The road that a sound understanding would point out to us, as leading most directly to the confidence of another, is, that we should make ourselves as much as possible like equal to that other person. Towards him should display itself in the most unambiguous colors, that we should discover a genuine sympathy in his joys and in his sorrows, that we should not play the part of the harsh monitor and austere censor, that we should assume no artificial manners, that we should talk in no solemn, prolix, and unfeeling jargon, that our words should be spontaneous, our actions simple, and our countenance the mirror to our hearts. Thus conducting ourselves, thus bland and insinuating, with no treacherous design, we shall not probably meet a repulse in our well chosen endeavors to be admitted the confidants of youth. Habit will tend to establish us in the post we have obtained: our ascendancy will every day become more secure, and is it probable that we shall lose this most distinguishing badge of friendship, unless through our own misconduct and folly.

The whole, however of this branch of education is a point of the extreme delicacy. There is no medium so difficult to fit, as that between a distempered vigilance and an unsuspecting security. By falling into the latter it continually happens that parents, and those who undertake the guidance of youth, remain satisfied that the persons under their care, have no reserves with them, at the very time that they invent a thousand stratagems to elude their observation. Nothing can exceed the ludicrous effect of this arrogant confidence on the part of the educator, who except the baseness and degradation, which are the result of his neglect, perpetually inculcated upon and inducted in the minds of youth.

In the mean time, it is so apparent that to obtain the voluntary confidence of a young person is a point of the greatest difficulty, that the preceptor ought probably to prepare his mind for the event of a failure, and to ascertain to himself the benefits that may be derived from the other branches of education, when this is denied. So frail is man, so imperfect are his wisest designs, and so easily are we made the dupes of a love of power, that the most skillful instructor may often be expected to fail, in this most arduous of problems, this opprobrium of the art of education. It were better that he should attempt to do than that he should attempt it by illiberal and forbidden modes. If he cannot be the chosen confidant, he may, at least, refrain from acting the spy or inquisitor over his pupil. Let him not extort, what he cannot frankly and generously win. Let him not lie in wait to surprise from the pupil what the pupil will not consent to give. Let him not so far forget the integrity of man, as to play the thief, and the covetous dropper. One of the most sacred principles in social life is honor, the forbearance that man is entitled to claim from man, that a man of worth would as soon steal my purse or forge a deed to my estate, as read the letter he sees lying upon my table. One of the greatest errors of education is, that children are not so treated equal to men, that they are not supported with sufficient care in the empire of their little peculiarity, that they are not made to feel their importance and to venerate themselves.

EXTRACTS.

Manhood.—Do you wish to aspire to celebrity? There exist many apparent and deceitful semblances, which only one true greatness; honors, reputation, and riches, may make you brilliant, and cause you to be courted; but if real merit does not accompany them, or if an insolent vanity mars them, the homage paid in your presence becomes contempt in your absence. A man, raised by society without virtue, and honored without having merit, is pointed at as a false diamond, magnificent by set. And Calo used to say, "I would rather be asked why Calo's statue has not been set up, than wherefore they have raised him one." As for virtues, they form a chain, of which egotism is the first link. By keeping our eyes constantly fixed upon ourselves we distort the mind, wither the soul, delude the sight, and lead frame is contrived, and our whole frame is contrived, and our whole frame is contrived into a colossal size before us, as in the case when we turn our backs to the sun.

Let us turn to other conditions of life: looking on every side, see into how many vices and errors this wretched selfishness leads men.

The greater number, occupied with the sole desire of ease and comfort, make a sacrifice of their duty to their security, and even to obtain the slightest advantage, permit with docility their consciences to be directed by the helm of authority—humble sun-flovers, they daily watch for the rising of the god of day, in order to bend respectfully before him; and if power were to desire it, almost all of them would rise to the shell of ostracism. If a happy marriage has given and ensures to him peace at home, let there be no dread of the caprices of chance; his

happiness is sheltered from the strokes of fortune. A wife, gentle, affectionate, sensible, and virtuous, will fill his whole heart, and leave no room for sadness. What will he care for the want of property when he possesses this treasure? Is not his house sufficiently magnificent as long as she commands respect to it?—splendid enough as long as her presence adorns it? a cottage where virtue dwells is far superior to a palace, it becomes a temple.

If he were deprived of a high and valuable office, he would scarcely notice it, for he occupies the first and best place in the heart of his loved ones. If he were banished from her, banishment itself cannot become to him an entire exile; for in her person he views an image of his country.

Through her exertions, order reigns in the household, as with peace in his soul. Injustice or ingratitude irritate or grieve him, her caresses will appease, and her smiles console him.

Her countenance is his glory; she too is his conscience; he thinks himself good when he raises her affections and great when she admires him. He sees in her reason personified, and wisdom in action, for she feels all that the philosophers of every age have only thought.

As modest as the violet, she shuns display, and diffuses, in the shade around her the perfume of virtue and happiness.

Segur's Four Ages.

INTERESTING FACT.

The following interesting fact of a young Indian Chief, of the Pawnee nation, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, who was on a visit to Washington in 1824, is related from a letter of the Rev. Richard Reese, to the editor of the London Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

"This young warrior, of fine size, figure, and countenance, is now about 25 years old. At the age of 21 his heroic deeds had acquired for him in his nation the rank of 'Brave of the Brave.' The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners, existed in this nation. An unfortunate female taken in war, of the Pawnee nation, and destined to this horrible death. The fatal hour had arrived, the trembling victim, far from her home and her friends was fastened to the stake; the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plains to witness the awful scene. Just when the fire was about to be kindled, and the spectators on the tip of expectation, this young warrior, who sat composed among the chiefs, having before prepared thy fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, placed the victim, seized her in his arms, leaped her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb, and nerveless with amazement at this daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as an act of the Great Spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly returned to their village. The released captive was accompanied through the wilderness towards her home, till she was out of danger. He gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of her journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was the respect entertained for him, that no inquiry was made into his conduct; no censure was passed on it, and since this transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or any of the Pawnee tribes. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause!"

On the publication of this anecdote at Washington, the young ladies of Miss White's Seminary, in that city, presented that brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, on which was engraved an appropriate inscription, accompanied by an address, of which the following is the close:—"Brother, accept this as a token of our esteem; always wear it for our sake; and when you again have the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this, and of us, and fly to her rescue."

TRUTH.

What is better than life's dark dangerous way,
If Truth directs you cannot go astray.

Of all the qualities that adorn the human mind, Truth is the most respectable. It is rich, it is pure, it is ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and qualities be what they may, will be forever despicable in the sight of the good and wise.

It is reported of Cyrus, when young, that being asked what was the first thing he learned, he answered, it was "to tell the truth," which was indeed,

"though no science fairly worth the seven."

When the wise men were commanded by the king to declare what was the strongest power on earth, such as exceeded even that of the monarch himself, they were all at a loss to answer; at length one said Woman, another declared for Wine; but neither of those answers proving satisfactory, the prophet Daniel was consulted, who being endowed with wisdom from on high, answered that Truth was the strongest; and supported his assertions with such weighty arguments, that nobody could controvert them: thus his understanding

was approved by the King and all the sages were humbled in his presence.

There is nothing can render a man more respectable in this world, or more acceptable to Heaven, than a strict adherence to Truth, and an unalloyed regard for sincerity. We are naturally led to think those who are sincere, because we know ourselves to be safe in their hands. They will be either friends, or open enemies; and even if through human frailty, they are sometimes led into error, yet their generous acknowledgment of them makes them in a great degree, and is a good token for their avoiding it in future. To conclude, Truth is one of the attributes of the Almighty, who will certainly punish sinners as they deviate from it, either in this world or in the next.

"LOVE WORKS NO LAW TO HIS NEIGHBOR."

This is a most beautiful evangelical maxim. It exhibits in a summary form, the salutary restraints which Christian love imposes. What should we have to fear were this principle to hold the reins of universal dominion in the moral world? Wars would cease. Men would no longer hate and devour each other. Every human heart would beat with kindness and every individual feel a reciprocal interest in each other's welfare. No longer would chasing pursuits, discrepancy of views, or the working of malignant passions disturb the tranquility and harmony of society. There would be no fears of misapprehension; no evils arising from breaches of fidelity; no envying; no supplanting; no intrigues. All men would feel a consciousness that their persons, reputation and property were in perfect security. When may we expect the arrival of that happy day? Not until the triumph of the gospel extended to every land, and mankind are universally subjected to the divine government. Human legislation and philosophical principles may do something, but it will require a divine influence to make our world a world of peace.

LAND FOR SALE.

IN DEMAND, within one hundred rods of the county road leading from Baldwin to Bridgeton; about 200 acres of good land, well calculated to make two farms, 50 acres of which is under improvement. There is a small house and barn and a young orchard on the land. Said land is well wooded and fertile, and the whole or part, as well best suit the purchaser or small sheep. A good title will be given and credit from one to four years, if desired, but good security will be required. The land is bounded on the new county road leading to Fryburgh. For further particulars inquire of ARTHUR MEEDS, living on the premises, or of the Subscriber in Livingston.

FRANCIS MEEDS.

NO. 2.

CHEMICAL EMBROCATION,
OR, WHITWELL'S ORIGINAL OPODELDOC,
To relieve the strength of the weak hand.

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, Chills, Chapped Hands, Stings, &c. &c. The 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 Opoodeloc begins to be well known and fully appreciated, &c."

Circulars 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 or America.

60¢ Passes before you purchase. 60¢ No one circumstance can more fully prove the value and great demand for this Medicine, than the numerous, fertile and contemptible imitations in existence, some have so closely imitated the stamp and type of the outside wrapper, as to be difficult of detection, except by the omission of the Name.—Therefore, as you value Life or Limb, be sure to ask for and receive WHITWELL'S Opoodeloc 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 Spirits, Yawns, 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 atmosphere, and being greatly antipretentious is indispensable for all who walk with or visit the sick.

ALSO

Jarvis' Billious Pills, Detergent Bitters and Cough Drops.

The above are for sale at the store of JONAS SANBORN, Esq. Hincinree.
May 11