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MAN FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Extract from the Introductory Lecture of Professor Godman, of the Rutgers Medical College, N. Y.

"Man, who eventually becomes 'Lord of the Creation,' by his superiority of intellectual endowment, enters upon the field of his future greatness the most feeble and helpless of all living beings. He is too delicate to sustain the changes of the air he is to breathe; his hands, those admirable instruments, the makers of all other instruments, are useless and unmanageable. The capacious head, the future throne of his intellect, is too heavy to be supported by his feeble neck, and his expressive eyes are incapable of being advantageously directed towards any object. Without the loving and unwearied assiduity of his tender mother, death would speedily silence his feeble wailings; for the flower of the field, which blossom-but for an hour, and then withers away, is not more delicate or susceptible of destruction than is the life of the human infant. But, clasped by maternal arms in the fountain of existence, and nurtured not justly be termed sacred from its constituting the first and most endearing link in parental and social feeling, man drinks in life and warmth; his eyes soon learn to distinguish objects, his strength is increased, his senses begin to demand his attention, and that education commences, which is to fit him for assuming his rank among rational and intellectual beings.

"The successive changes very gradually ensue—his strength increases, and assistance long after he has ceased to nestle in the bosom of his mother. At this period his senses are all susceptible and vigorous; his mind begins to exist; it is capable of receiving knowledge, but is not yet an active instrument.—Memory is now relative and predominates over the other faculties. It is the season when the mind requires the most judicious direction, in order that things may be learned by the right means, and in the right place. It is the period when the dawning intellect demands the most scrupulous superintendance, that the earliest indications of peculiar bias may be directed, and encouraged or repressed, as circumstances may require. It is the time, of all others, when the most sacred regard to truth should be observed by those who have intercourse with the youth, but not only in relation to great truths, or as opposed to direct falsehood, but that truth which states so improbabilities, no fictions, no mysteries—in short, the truth of correct example, in action, word and look.

"The condition of childhood or adolescence, is the spring time of our existence. All sensations are new, all scenes are invigorating, every object is a source of gratification to curiosity. The number and rapidity of our sensations keep up a continual succession of images in the mind; and one so immediately displaces the other, that whether painful or pleasurable, they soon disappear; the hours fleet away with winged swiftness, not counted—though deeply felt—not individually productive of remarkable consequences but for ever after treasured in the memory, as the times of peculiar happiness; as the days gone by—as the golden age of life, for ever blest.

"To this period succeeds that of beginning maturity, when the body acquires its full growth; and the slender and weakly boy, imperceptibly changes to the vigorous and graceful man. His piping and treble voice, passing through various irregularities, assumes that sonorous strength of intonation, so well befitting his condition. The cavities of his skull, previously unmarked by external prominences, now expand. His brow becomes elevated. His eyes more deeply seated in their sockets; his cheeks are broader and higher, and the passions and workings of the mind become imprinted upon his countenance.

The rosy, unmeaning and frolic expressions of his visage are gone; his air is thoughtful and serious. Those who were familiar with him as a child, experience an admirable restraint in addressing him; his parents are conscious of his change, without being able to define it. His very mother, who nursed and cherished him through all his infantile troubles, learns to listen to him with respect, and look upon him with reverence. Henceforth he assumes his station as a member of the great human family, responsible for his actions solely to his country and his God.

The approach of his sister to the same period of existence, is marked by analogous changes in external appearance, not striking for their magnitude, as from their peculiar character. The whole expression is wonderfully altered; there is a singular addition of loveliness to features which may have previously been considered uninteresting and even repulsive. The step, the voice and gestures all declare, that 'nature's last best work' has assumed all her charms, and is no longer to be approached, except with that homage which her loveliness and innocence never fail to excite. Her mind, and her natural power is augmented by that cultivation of mind which imparts vigor to intelligence, and tenfold attractions to beauty.

"We now consider our race in their maturity of summer. The faculties of the mind are advancing to their perfect state; judgment or the power of deducing conclusions and principles from observation, predominates over the intense application to any pursuit. This is the season for exertion; the time for providing future subsistence, for attending to the education of our offspring, as well as for fixing our own habits of thinking and acting. It is the season for conferring benefits on our fellow creatures by the employment of our leisure, winning that influence which is necessary to the more effectual discharge of the debts we owe to society. At this period the body, which has ceased to grow in height, acquires a greater degree of breadth and fullness. The soft and delicate texture of the solids gives place to a greater rigidity of fibre, and the strength of the limbs is in full vigor. This period endures for a variable lapse of time, modified by temperance, exercise, climate and occupation.

"Next, autumn comes, the season of the decline and yellow leaf. The suppleness and nobility of the limbs diminish; the senses are less acute, and the impressions of external objects are less remarkable. The fibres of the body grow more rigid; the emotions of the mind are more calm and uniform; the eye loses its lustrous keenness of expression; the skin hangs loosely; the teeth generally begin to fail, if they have not previously, and the digestion proportionally declines. The mind no longer roams abroad with its original exuberance, though it still retains a degree of intense and advantageous application to particular studies. The power of imagination is in a great degree lost. Sad experience has robbed external objects of their illuiveness; the thoughts come home: it is the age of reflection! The flight of time is also marked by the change of the firm tone of manhood for an occasional jarring and discordant note, and the head either exhibits the venerable signs of age, or the hair falls out from the place it has long protected and adorned. At this season we reap the full fruit of our early labors, and live, over again in the persons of descendants. It is the period in which we receive the just tribute of veneration and confidence from our fellow men, if we have lived to deserve it, and are entitled to the respect and confidence of the younger part of mankind, in exact proportion to the manner in which our own youth has been spent, and our maturity improved.

"Last comes the lean and slippery pantaloon. The marks of decline and decrepitude become more perceptible. The teeth are gone—the jaws approach each other—the face is sunk—the eye unequalled in rheum—the voice feeble, unequal, and whistling—the muscles wasted—the gait tottering—the sight and hearing rapidly fail—and the other senses are almost totally obliterated. The mind lives not in the present, the memory acts not upon things of to-day.

"The green hills, the joyous gambols, the pure friendships of childhood, all thrill through the heart. The ancient man sits in the midst of a generation thrice removed from his own; he appears insensible to those around him; he is deaf, and participates not in their joys; he beholds their sorrows with a cold, unfeeling eye.—But why does he, at times convulsively grasp his staff—and why does an unheeded tear

occasionally trickle down his furrowed cheek? He is looking back—beyond the existence of the present generation—perhaps the image of her who hath slept in dust for half a century—she in whom his youthful heart was 'garmented up,' appears before his memory as once she formerly perched on the mother's knee, watched or wept over his cradle, and enhanced the joyousness of his early life, in breathing in his ear—the bosom friend and companion of his youthful wanderings smiles upon him, with the truth and ardor he has so long been a stranger to. Where are they? Another people has grown to maturity since their graves were first sodded. Their memory has perished, except in the aged man, whose long dried fountains of sensibility gush forth almost as such recollections rise within his mind.

"The approach of death from slow coming decline and infirmity of nature, is marked by the eventual obliteration of all the faculties of mind and body. The breathing becomes slower, and slower; the heart intermits its pulsations; the blood loiters along the veins; the extremities grow cold, and the feeble flame of life lessens until it ceases to be perceptible except at the centre, where it flickers for a time, and then is gently extinguished without sigh or groan—without a trace of emotion or pain."

[This is a faithful description of human life drawn by a master's hand, and alas! as melancholy as faithful. Had time and place permitted, we would have been better pleased to have seen the decreed old man thus brought to the brink of the grave, and left there a pitiable, helpless, hopeless spectacle, carried one step beyond it, and introduced to those regions of endless bliss to which every pious Christian is taught to look forward with unshaken and unwavering confidence.—N. Y. E. Post.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

POVERTY A BLESSING.

If all the world were rich, then poverty, of course, would not be known, her meagre looks would not be seen, nor her pinching necessities be ever felt.—But the Almighty has otherwise determined the state of mankind: "for the poor shall never cease out of the land;" consequently, poverty will ever be felt by many of the human family, so long as the earth remaineth. Riches, it is well known, have been and still are, a great curse to many; while poverty is a great blessing to others. The rich are seldom very pious, nor are they very benevolent, generally speaking. They give their good things in this life, and strive to enjoy them; but of real happiness they have none here, and it is to be feared they will have less hereafter. The poor have their evil things in this life; and it respects earthly comforts, such as wealth and the luxuries of life, they have their lot. Nevertheless, they are the pious part of them; happy in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness; and in the world to come they will be comforted, while many of the rich will be tormented. "The Lord hath respect for the poor." In a city like New-York, we have presented before us subjects which ought to excite our commiseration and sympathy. We frequently see objects of poverty in our streets, and many other places, and we bear all their privations, and with what fortitude they stem every difficulty before them. They appear to be happy with their lot, without a single cent in advance of their present necessities. They live by the day, and with their unwearied diligence and labor, and with the smiles of an indulgent Providence they seek for support amid all the trials and afflictions of life. Nor do the faithful Christian with every necessary blessing. We may see poverty in its true state, if we will visit their isolated habitations. Go to that thatched hovel, located by the base of yonder mountain, whose towering cliffs hang rudely over the poor man's hut; the blasts of winter shake his tottering tenement, and the piercing snow storm howls around his lonely dwelling. Enter his cottage, and what do you behold? A couch of straw; under covering, except of the same coarse material. There lies the lonely widow of a faithful and uxorious companion, who but yesterday was borne to the silent tomb. There she is, with her innocent little babes, left to an uncharitable world, and exposed to the pitiless storms, without the comforts of life, and without one earthly friend to confide in, her, or to administer one cordial to her drooping spirits. The helpless mother is clinging around a mother's fondness, waiting (but in vain), for the return of the absent fa-

ther. There, in their sleepless hours, they can count the twinkling stars which shed a glimmering ray through the frail tented, during the vesper shades of a dreary winter. Is she happy? With streaming eyes and a grateful heart, she says, "Alas! and in these afflictions I feel Christ within. He who feeds the ravens when they cry, will not let his people suffer lack. A holy God will trust in him, and Elijah was miraculously fed in olden times. The God I serve is the same unchangeable Being. I doubt not but I shall be sustained with all my little progeny." These trials are but momentary, and I can rejoice in them, because I know that God is too good to be unkind. This affliction is a powerful ordeal, and will purify my soul, and fit it for a higher seat in heaven. I remember reading in the good Book, of a Lazarus, who, while on earth, was poor indeed—but oh! how rich in glory!—so deep in poverty as only to desire the crumbs falling from a rich man's table. So humble was he, and so deeply afflicted, that even the dogs had compassion on him, and licked his sores. He died, it is true, and no mention is made of his burial. But did his God forsake him in his earthly moments? No! certainly not; for as soon as life departed, a bevy of angels carried his soul to Abram's bosom. My faith is firm in the blood of Jesus, and I anticipate the happy moment when your poor body shall mingle with the dust, and my immortal spirit shall arise to the paradise of the blessed.—Chr. Adv. FLAVELAS.

JOHN KNOX.

The pure, heart-searching doctrines which were preached by the Scotch Apostle, were then as they are now, offensive to the carnal heart; and he was commanded by the voluptuous court of Mary to desist. Knox, who knew no master, and obeyed no man, was in opposition to his God and his Bible; paid no attention to the command of the palace. Hearing from the enemies of the cross, who were the favorites and friends of the palace, that her orders were disobeyed; the haughty Mary summoned the Scottish reformer into her presence. When Knox arrived, he was ushered into a room in which were the Queen and her attendant Lords. On being questioned concerning his contumacy, he answered plainly that he preached nothing but truth, and that he dared not preach less. "But (answered one of the lords) our commands must be obeyed, on pain of death—silence or the gallows is the alternative." The spirit of Knox was roused by the dastardly insinuation that any human punishment could make him desert the banner of his Saviour; and with that fearless, indescribable courage, which disdains the pomp of language or of action, he firmly replied—"My Lords, you are mistaken if you think you can intimidate me to do by threats, what conscience and God tell me I never shall do; for be it known unto you, that it is a matter of no importance to me, when I have finished my work, whether my bones shall bleach in the winds of heaven, or rot in the bosom of the earth." Knox having retired, one of the lords said to the Queen, "We regret that man alone; for we cannot punish him." Well, therefore, might it be said by a nobleman at the grave of John Knox, "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

DR. HOADLEY.

Dr. Hoadley, who had the fortune to produce more controversy by his sermons from the pulpit, than almost any divine that ever lived, was at the same time far from being a popular preacher. His first preferment was to the lectureship of St. Mildred in the Poultry, London, which he held for ten years; and as he informs us himself, preached down to 30, a year, when he thought it high time to resign it. When made bishop of Bangor, in 1715, he still remained in the metropolitan, preaching against what he considered a certain inevitable, errors in the clergy. Among other discourses which he made at this period, was one upon these words, "My kingdom is not of this world," which, producing the famous Bangorian controversy, as it was called, employed the press for many years. The manner in which Hoadley explained the text was, that the clergy had no pretensions to any temporal jurisdiction; but in the course of the debate, the argument was considerably changed from the rights of the clergy, to that of princes in the government of the church.

When I see a man enter the temple of God with an air of lightness and vanity, and in the midst of divine worship, stand gazing round upon the audience, to notice their features and their dress; if not to sneer at their devotion; the thought strikes me that there is a temple, which will never defile a worshipping assembly, which

expected to unite on the following Sabbath. The Methodists appear to have had about the same increase in numbers, and the Baptists and Episcopalians have also shared in the work. The excitement for about one fortnight was most intense; and for a much longer period the time seemed like the continual Sabbath. The work was somewhat declined; but convictions and conversions are still witnessed among them, and a few of the church are still agonizing prayer at the throne of mercy.—*W. Rec.*

Great Bend.—We made mention some time ago, that a revival had commenced in this place; principally through the instrumentality of Mr. Frederick, a licentiate from the Baptist Seminary at Hamilton, N. Y. We rejoice to add that the work has been powerful. About forty give evidence of a change of heart.—Five have lately been baptized by Eld. Curtis.—*N. Y. Rep. Rec.*

We learn that there is a precious revival in Westbrook, a parish in Sackbrook Coon. Between 40 and 60 are rejoicing in hope. And in Guilford, we understand, Christians are admonished to gird themselves, for "behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea." We hope they will not lose sight of it until the heavens are "black with clouds and wind, and there is abundance of rain."—*Rel. Intel.*

Nidmham-West, N. H.—Rev. William K. Talbot, in a letter to the Editor of the Farmer's Cabinet, of Jan. 24, states, that the work of grace in that town assumes an interesting aspect.—Meetings are crowded; a general solemnity rests on the people; convictions are multiplying, and young converts come forth in multitudes; and the heavenly labor of calling the attention to the great concerns of the soul and eternity.

Hoburn, Mass.—We learn that a very interesting and powerful work of grace, has lately commenced in this place in the society of Rev. Mr. Bennett. 150, it was estimated, were under powerful conviction of sin. How many are supposed to have been brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, we have not learned.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

County of Waldo.—The following appointments have been made by the Executive of this State to the several offices in the new County of WALDO.

Joseph Hall, Camden, Sheriff—Alfred Johnson, Jr. Belfast, Justice of Probate—Nathaniel M. Lowney, Frankfort, Register of Probate—Joseph Williamson, Belfast, County Attorney—Hugh J. Anderson, Belfast, Clerk of the Judicial Courts.

Justices of the Court of Sessions.

Bohan P. Field, Belfast, Chief Justice—Joseph Shaw, Thorndike, and Thomas Eastman, Palermo, Assistant Justices.

Committee to view and lay out Roads.

Paul H. Stevens, Lincolnville—Stephen Ide, Frankfort—Philip Groely, Knox.

Freedom of the Press.—In the memoirs of the Life, Character and Writings of Thomas Jefferson, recently delivered before the Columbian Institute, by S. H. Smith, Esq. we notice the following anecdote.—*Col. Star.*

It was my good fortune to be in his company when Baron Humboldt was having before him his splendid and most remarkable objects seen in his travels in Mexico and South America. While the company were assembling, the Baron took up a newspaper lying on the table, and having read a slanderous paragraph, handed it to Mr. Jefferson with this exclamation, "Why do you not hang the man?"—"A Baron," replied Mr. Jefferson, with a smile, "put the paper in your pocket, and on your return to your country, if any one doubts the freedom of the press here, show it to them."

Extraordinary Escape.—The following are what we understand to be the facts of an event which occurred in Surry a few days since.

Capt. Wormwood of that town took his wife and child into a sleigh attempted to cross Patten's Bay upon the ice, but before reaching the other side, the ice broke, and they were all plunged into the congealed element, with the sleigh turned directly over them. He came up in one direction and the wife and child in another. Mrs. Wormwood disappeared several times but every time she rose, it was with extended hands endeavoring to throw her infant out of danger; and by her persevering efforts and the aid of a wise Providence she kept herself and the little sufferer above the water, until Capt. W. swam to her relief, threw the babe on to the ice, and finally succeeded in saving the lives of all three, but the horse was lost. We understand that the personal indifference, paternal solicitude, and extraordinary efforts of this woman while in the perilous situation were described, were of the most interesting character.—*Ind. Cour.*

Another shocking occurrence.—On the evening of the 20th, the dwelling house of Curtis Thompson, of Ticonderoga, N. Y. was consumed by fire, and three children perished in the flames. Mrs. Thompson had passed the day abroad. At night Mr. Thompson returned home from the labors

of the day, and after giving his four children their suppers put them to bed in the chamber, built a large fire, the night being severely cold, and then went about a half a mile to a neighbor's in order to attend his wife home. Between nine and ten o'clock his attention was arrested by the cry of fire, when he looked and saw his own habitation in flames. The oldest boy, about ten years of age, had just time to get up to the window, his sister, aged seven, was following him, when the chamber door gave away, and she with two younger brothers, sunk into the flames. It was a log house with a thatch chimney, and whether it took fire by a spark from the hearth, or from a large kettle of coals that had been put down clear that evening, is uncertain.—*Id.*

Singular circumstance.—One or two days previous to the great fall of snow, which commenced on the 21st of January, Mr. W. Seymour, of New Haven, turned five logs into the woods to feed on next day. After the storm abated, and finding the snow to be so deep as to render it difficult for them to procure their subsistence, he went in search of them, and after spending several days without discovering any traces of them, he concluded that they were buried in the snow and frozen to death. On the 11th of February they were accidentally discovered by one of his neighbors, who saw about forty rods from his house, after having lain in snow forty-one days without moving six feet, and having no subsistence during the time except what they derived from the ground, which they had dug but a few inches deep, when a rock opposed their progress, and from one of their number, which they had partly devoured. They were in good order for store hogs when turned out; but when found they were very much emaciated. The four survivors had no dried horse manure now in a thriving condition.—*Nat. Stand.*

An Affair of Honor.—Two blacks, the domestic servants of Thomas H. Carnegie, of Waccamaw, Ga.) settled "an affair of honor" by single combat a few weeks since.—They had a rifle and pistol between them, and tossed up for the choice. The negro to whom the rifle fell, was wounded by his antagonist, and in spite of his wound, after discharging his rifle, walked up and beat out the brains of the other with the butt end. He has since been committed to goal, and will probably be hanged.

Thursday, April 5, has been appointed a day of fast in Massachusetts.

The expenses of the county of York during the past year were \$10,169 82, and receipts \$10,187 89.

The state of New York employs in banks, in the State, manufacturing companies, \$39,116,388; and the tax collected on them amount to \$182,152.

The inhabitants of North Hampton, L. I. have collected \$210 for the Greeks. The legislature of Massachusetts have authorized the appointment of three commissioners, to constitute a board of internal improvement, to survey such routes for canals and railways as the legislature may direct.

Greek Fund.—We understand that the fund in the hands of the Greek Committee in this city amounts to 10,000, and it is calculated, will be increased to 15,000 dollars. A vessel will shortly be dispatched with flour and provisions, and another sent on after as convenient. The Committee intend making application to the Legislature for a bill to have the Greek Fund established, has consented to go to Albany to promote the application, by his feeling and forcible representation of the state of things, as viewed by himself, in Greece. Mr. H. has just returned from the country, has written to the Committee with a request that he will go as agent in charge of the remittance.—*N. Y. St. R.*

The Greek Cruise.—On Monday evening a sermon was delivered in St. Paul's in aid of the Greek fund. The collection amounted to three hundred and seventy two dollars.—*Phil.*

The cure for Drunkenness, invented by F. Loiseux, is spoken of by an eminent physician, David C. Nor, as having effected much. Dr. Ker testifies, that "the person whom he recommended to the care of Mr. Loiseux, had been perfectly cured by the use of his remedy." Dr. Ker advised Mr. Loiseux to visit Boston, which the latter said he intended to do in the Spring.—*W. Rec.*

Atelachely.—On the morning of the 19th ult. between the hours of one and two the dwelling house of Alfred Gates, Esq. of Mattanawook, was destroyed by fire, and dreadful to tell, two of his little daughters, aged 13, and Pamela aged about 5, were instantaneously translated from time to eternity. To paint fully this distressing calamity is not within the scope of this investigation. Greatly to be stilled from the slumber of the night by the screams of four children spring in torture—to fly from the bed of rest, on which they lay their weary limbs on humble beds, to be hurled by the conflagration, that berate around us—these are circumstances, the realities of which no imagination can paint, and none but him who has experienced them can realize.—*Bangor Rep.*

Atelachely Occurrence.—On Thursday the 23d ult. the dwelling house of Stephen Rathbone, of Salisbury, was destroyed by fire, and two of his children; aged 3 and 6 years, were consumed in the flames. The building was supposed to have been destroyed by lightning to destroy the family, and Henry Hawker, the supposed incendiary, was on Wednesday last committed to prison in this town, to await a trial in Aug. next.—*Litchfield Post.*

Harold Occurrence.—Mr. Jonathan Brooks, of Richmond county, Ky. was murdered by one of his negro men on the 30th ult. The wretch killed his

master with a hand-saw, and then hoisted logs and brush upon him, in which he set fire, and his body was entirely consumed, excepting a few bones. The murderer has been arrested.

The physicians of Boston, have agreed to have a "medical conversation," regularly once a month, for the purpose of cultivating feelings of friendship among the profession. To communicate any important facts which may have come to the knowledge of any one of them, and generally to promote the extension of medical knowledge.—*Id.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From Europe.—There have been several arrivals at this port during the week past. London and Liverpool papers to the 1st of February, have been received.—*N. Y. P.*

The Duke of Wellington succeeds the Duke of York in the command of the British army, and has announced his intention of retaining the whole of the Duke's official establishment.

The cause of the Greeks is brightening. The Greek frigate *Nowa*, now called the "Decatur Mihino," which sailed from this port in October last, arrived at Napoli on the 6th of December. She was received with great enthusiasm. Mihalis took command of her, and the Lausanne Gazette writes, that he sailed with 1000 men, accompanied by the rest of the flotilla, attacked the Egyptian fleet, and captured several vessels laden with ammunition.

The same paper states, that M. Eynard has received, by way of Ancona, a letter from Spezia, of December 24th, which confirms the complete defeat of Ledeschin, and the deliverance of all Upper Greece, from the Greek Thessaly. Karaiskaki and the other Greek commanders, at the head of a numerous army, are in pursuit of the barbarians.

The London Courier of January 26th, says, "Positive information has been received, this morning, of the defeat of the Portuguese rebels, on the 9th inst., at Coruchos de Beira, with much loss. Many of the fugitives had arrived on the Spanish frontier. The same intelligence had reached Paris, by telegraphic despatches. Spain appears still to pursue an equivocal course with regard to the war."

Under the date of Lisbon, 13th January, it is announced, that the British troops were to take the field in a few days, and that Lord Beresford was to sail for England in the Ocean about the 20th of that month.

The British troops in Portugal amount to 6000. They will probably remain some time longer, as they must supply the provisions of their own contracting firm in London. About thirty sail of British ships of war were in port. The Cortes were arranging the securities for negotiating a loan of twelve millions sterling.

England and the United States.—A Liverpool paper of the 9th of January, acknowledges the receipt of a communication from London, relating to some points in dispute between England and America. The communication says, "As some notice has been drawn to these matters in the American President's Message to Congress, which relate to certain points in dispute between the two countries, it may be desirable that the public should know the grounds on which the adjustment of the disputes of these two, for some weeks, been sitting in London. Its members are Mr. Gillman and Mr. Huskisson, with Mr. Ambruscourt, jr. as Secretary; and the whole matter, it is confidently hoped, has nearly arrived at a conclusion, likely to be thought satisfactory by both countries."

It is stated that Sir Walter Scott is to receive eleven thousand pounds sterling for eight thousand copies of the *Life of Burns*, and the copyright is to refer to the author after the sale of the first edition of 8000 copies.

Origin of the Royal Society in London.—The Hon. Charles Blount recommended that country persons in different countries should associate, and communicate with each other upon the results of their various researches, for "the advancement of learning." This society was first founded A. D. 1662, and was soon succeeded by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris.

The King of Netherlands has given a donation of 1000 francs, to wards the building of a Protestant place of worship at Ferner, famous for having been long the residence of the Voltairians. It is a flourishing Bible Society in that place, and the gospel is faithfully proclaimed.

A new periodical work has been commenced in Paris, and is destined for America, which is devoted entirely to the affairs of America.—The first number only appeared two months ago.

In all the German States there are 22 universities, with 1,055 professors and 157,748 students. The greatest number belonging to any one university, is at Yena, where there are 101, at Rostock. The population of Germany is 38,000,000; Catholic Germany has 19,000,000, and only 6 universities; the Protestant States contain 17,000,000, and have 16 universities.

Letter from Liberia.—Letters from Liberia to the 6th of December, have been received by the Faculty of the American Colonization, and it affording authentic intelligence of the prosperous state of the Colony, its increasing extension and usefulness, and of the pacific disposition of the natives.—Factory Island, and a large settlement (situated on one side) of the Grand Bassa country, has been attached to the Colony. A large public house has been built on Factory Island, by the former proprietors, and the American Colonization Society, of that Island, by establishing two respectable families there. The Agent had also obtained the grant (rent free) of an immense tract of land, 35 or 40 miles long, and 2 or 3 miles wide, situated between the two islands, and the third settlement began on the creek. To the leeward of the Gallinas river all the country authorities have entered into a solemn engagement, neither to dispose of any part

of their territory to any other foreigners, nor to erect their establishments among them.

Twelve public establishments, including three new fortifications, were looked forward to; and additional emigrants were going forth with great activity; buildings for whose reception were expected to be ready in the middle of January. Tomatoes and books are much wanted; trade was prosperous, and rapidly increasing.—*Nat. Int.*

MARRIED.

In Waterbury, Mr. Joseph Sanborn to Miss Elizabeth Gray.

In New-York, on the 9th ult. Mr. Moses Drew to Miss Joanna White.

DIED.

In Newfield, Miss Susan Parsons, aged 18.

In Gospee, N. H. Mr. Oliver Allen.

In Norwood, very suddenly, Mr. John Parker.

In Mt. Vernon, Mr. Seth Barden, aged 78.

In Danville, Vt. Mrs. David Eaton, consort of the senior officer of the North Star, aged 60 years.

ZIMMERICK ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term of this Academy will commence on the third day of May next. Tuition, three dollars. Board for scholars, from one dollar to one dollar thirty four cents.

Limerick, March 15.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having formed a new connection in trade with SAMUEL EASTMAN, respectfully requests all persons indebted to him, previous to this date, either by Note or Account, to make immediate payment, otherwise strict attention will be paid to make up additional sums of cost. WEARE D. PARSONS.

Parsonsfield, March 15.

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE Subscribers have formed a connection in trade under the firm of EASTMAN & PARSONS, and respectfully request all the former customers of said Parsons, to call on said firm.

WEARE D. PARSONS. SAMUEL EASTMAN.

Parsonsfield, March 15.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber requests all those who have unsettled accounts with him of more than three months standing, to call immediately, and adjust the same.

ISAAC STAPLE.

Newfield, March 15, 1827.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

FOR sale, a Farm, situated in the town of Harrison, consisting of 68 acres of land, about an equal proportion pasturing, mowing and tillage; 15 acres of woodland; a good well of water; and a new house and barn. The farm is about 35 miles from Portland, and will be sold on reasonable terms.

CLEMENT PHINNEY.

March 1.

NOTICE.

ADNER LIBBY informs the public and customers of the late firm of LIBBY & COLE, that he has taken the stand which they occupied, and intends carrying on the Blacksmiting business as it has formerly been conducted, and hopes to give that satisfaction which will secure their good will and patronage.

March 1.

NEW GOODS.

ELIAS LIBBY has just received a new assortment of almost every kind of Goods now used in the country, which he offers for sale on liberal terms. He has on hand, a few barrels of Flour; Hards-grass, Clover and Garden Seeds. Also, a number of Chaises, Gigs, Wagons and Ploughs. All of which he will sell on liberal terms.

Limerick, March 1.

THE Subscriber has on hand some of THE first quality of new CHAISES, and one second hand do. Also, new and second hand Wagons, with good Harnesses. A reasonable credit, if desired, will be given.

ROBERT COLE.

July 27.

SALT RHEUM.

THIS insidious disease which has long baffled the art of the most experienced Physicians, has at length found a sovereign remedy in

Dr. La Granges' genuine

OINTMENT.

Five cutaneous diseases are met with more frequently by the Physician, and none in which he is so universally unsuccessful.

This Ointment has stood the test of experience and justly obtained the most resplendent celebrity. It immediately removes the scabs, gives a healthy action to the vessels of the skin, and its original color and smoothness.

Numerous recommendations might be obtained of its superior efficacy, but the Proprietor chose that a fair trial should be its only commensurator. It has in three or four weeks cured cases of 16 and 20 years standing, and has resisted the power of every other remedy that could be devised.

It is not only at once gives immediate relief in Salt Rheum, but cures *Tinea Capitis*, commonly called Scald Head, and all scabby eruptions peculiar to unhealthy children.

There is nothing of a mercurial nature contained in it, and it may be used on infants or others under any circumstances without the least objection.

The above Ointment is for sale at the Morgue, by Dr. G. STAFFORD, Limerick. And by DATTY GIFFORD, Portland. GLAZIER & Co. Hallowell. PUTNAM & BLAKE, SACO. JAMES K. RESTATE, Kennebunk.

POETRY.

FOR THE STAR.

On seeing the corpse of Thirza Ayer.

Ah this is death! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears!
Too cold to let the gaze emble,
But far too beautiful for tears.

The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red;
And yet it is with strange delight,
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the athen hair,
That never look'd so fair as now
When life and health were smiling there;

I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel,
That need not, cannot be suppress.

I wonder not that parents' eyes
In gazing thus grow cold and dim;
That falling tears and aching hearts
Are blended with the funeral hymn;

The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps where earthly pleasure flies;
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart,
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that dead repose
Shall never more be broke by pain;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those eyes shall never weep again.

For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the church-yard sod,
'Twas made to gild an angel's bow
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and sorrow fall
The clouds of death and woe and far,
I see thee like a new-born star
Move up thy pathway in the sky:

The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compar'd with thine;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unending and divine.

Then let the burden'd heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauties of the dead;

Thrice happy—that their infant bears
To lessen no dark'ning stains of sin;
And only breath'd life's morning airs
Before the evening storm begins.

Farewell!—I shall not soon forget!—
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet.

But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes the withering word—Farewell.
PHILOMATHES.

MISCELLANY.

[For the Star.]
OLD AGE.

Old age is a state to which all aspire,
though so few attain it. It is that stage
of human life in which the mind acquires
strength, though the body grows weaker;
a stage in which the former gains respect,
while the latter loses it.

Nothing can be more agreeable to good
sense than to respect those, who, by their
experience, must be wiser than the
generality of mankind; nor can any thing
be more consonant to politeness and human-
ity, than to alleviate the miseries of
those, who, by their age, are more help-
less and less happy than the rest of the
world.

Age has ever been held in veneration
by the greatest and wisest of nations;
and those who despised it, have been look-
ed upon as deficient in good breeding and
humanity. The ancient Greeks and Ro-
mans, were remarkable for the respect
they had for old age; and the Jews and
Christians, the people who have been fa-
vored with divine revelation, are a thou-
sand times admonished in the Sacred Scrip-
tures to honor old age.

Age, therefore, has certain privileges
which afford it a certain degree of happi-
ness suitable to the latter stage of human
life. Age is naturally the teacher and
counselor of youth, and is attended with
the pleasure and satisfaction such a superi-
ority necessarily brings along with it. It
is exempted from many of those trials to
which youth is exposed, and in which so
many fall a sacrifice.

These advantages, however, are only
the companions of a virtuous old age; for
when the latter part of life is still accom-
panied by the vices of the former, it must
be as miserable as it is despicable. When
this is the case, age must be much more
unhappy than youth, as it wants many of
those satisfactions, which are attendant
on the former stages of life, and is often
accompanied by such infirmities as render
life a burden;—infirmities which nothing
but religion and virtue can support, and
which nothing but death can entirely cure.
AMIGUS.

[From the Antiquary Inquirer.]

ART OF THINKING.

Perhaps most of the errors and absurdities, into which mankind have at various periods been drawn, may be traced to a want of mental discipline in individuals. How many false notions of religion—how many political blunders—might have been, and still may be avoided, by a timely application of intellectual reflection? The history of past ages, with a very slight interpretation, present a record of human follies and iniquities, arising primarily from want of thought. The world seems not yet to have shaken off its estimation of the physical over the mental properties of our nature—mind, comparatively speaking, is still in a state of degradation—and, whenever its powers have been cultivated, much time has been squandered in senseless studies, or on themes that can never be understood. The talents that have been wasted, and the brains that have evaporated over such dry and incomprehensible subjects, as the substance of the soul, the liberty of the will, and a thousand other chimerical and inexplicable speculations, might, if otherwise employed, have greatly contributed to increase the aggregate of human knowledge, and to augment the enjoyments of life. In the political world, what evils have been entailed upon whole nations—what miseries have been inflicted upon vast numbers of the family of man, the causes of which may be found in the ignorance or incapacity of princes and rulers, who have never troubled themselves with thinking!

The mind, like the body, requires exercise: inaction produces similar effects on both.—That individual who indulges in habits of sloth and indolence—who, hour after hour, lolls in listless slumber upon his easy chair, or lounges all day upon the couch of laziness, must inevitably become enervated and enfeebled. The laborer creeps reluctantly through his wonted channels, and the fountains of life, powerless and without excitement, seem to "Creep and mantle as a standing pool." So with the mind: its latent energies must be aroused, its resources explored, and its faculties brought into active operation. Without these efforts, the human intellect lies utterly torpid—a prey to ignorance and weakness—and, like some bed-ridden hypochondriac, a fit subject to be wrought upon by knaves and impostors.

Like all other habits, that of thinking may be acquired and regulated. A certain course of discipline is necessary in its formation, and its direction must be determined by the various influences or impulses, which predominate from time to time over our peculiar feelings or condition. It is a fact to be deplored, that so great a proportion of our race evince a strong repugnance to the employment of the mind. There seems to be a sort of natural aversion to the labor of thinking, among many individuals of otherwise active and industrious habits. The species of apathy or listlessness is calculated to produce innumerable mischiefs in society. Men, who will not enjoin upon themselves the duty of thinking, must expect to be priest-ridden, to become the dupes of all sorts of quackery, and to abandon their dearest privileges, both political and religious, to the control of those diligent hypocrites, who assume to themselves the possession of superior mental endowments.

It is a matter of some surprise, when we reflect upon the ability with which every sane mind is endued, that the race of man has, for so long a period, quietly submitted to be governed by knaves and tyrants in the shape of bigots and despots. In all ages there have been numerous impostors of this description, who have studded to acquire a medium of metaphysics, or a smatter of politics, the better to operate upon the credulity of the common people of business minds. Evidential history will furnish hundreds of instances in confirmation of one branch of our position; and it is not necessary to recede far from our own times, for examples in proof of the other. As it regards spiritual empirics, we need only cite the reader to the *Beehive of the Romish Church*, 1500; to the history of John Leyden; and to the various accounts of such enthusiasts as William Hackett, Dr. Richard Haidcock, Simon the Frenchman, Amos, and multitudes of similar fanatics, of both sexes—whose objects were to exalt themselves at the expense of reason, and to establish the most ridiculous doctrines upon the ruins of the human intellect.

Of those political maniacs, who have at various periods set whole nations at loggerheads, we shall forbear to particularize: examples: the world has sufficiently suffered from the effects of their experiments upon popular credulity—to preserve their memories in fresh and durable recollection. And we would here inquire in conclusion, whether mankind have so profited from such lessons, as to render their recurrence impossible? Are not the faiths of thousands pinned upon the sleeves of political as well as ecclesiastical pretenders? Is there not many a shallowpate in public office, raised thither by intrigue and deception, whose knowledge of the science of government may be sifted through a sieve, and whose qualifications as a public agent may be compared to the art of pouring forth a mass of frothy declamation

before an audience, nine-tenths of whom will not take the trouble to analyze its ingredients? If this be the case, and if such consequences result from want of thought among the common mass of men, it is time to seek a remedy. Learn then, O reader! to reflect, to examine, to compare, and to judge. Learn to think—and to think for thyself.

CHARACTER AND FORTUNE.

Some men, as if Character was a thing of small consequence in this world, as well as the next. Indeed it is a doctrine very commonly taught and received, that the sole concern of a wise man should be to make money—to acquire a Fortune—and that if he succeeds in this, his character will shine bright enough. But it is a mistake. Base metal is base metal still, however it may be gilded over—it won't pass at last for more than its intrinsic worth.

When I was a little fellow, my grandfather promised to buy me a watch—and I had the good fortune to meet with a pedlar at the end of the lane, who, on opening his pack, displayed several beautiful articles of the kind, which so captivated me, that I led him forthwith to the parlor, and begged the old gentleman to procure the one which pleased me, in fulfillment of his promise—My grandfather examined it—"It's a very pretty article," said he, gravely—"but 'tis gilt only gilt—worth not half the price that is asked for it." I felt contempt for the watch and the man who wanted thus to impose upon my inexperience, at once—for my watch was to be a gold one.

Just so with character—it may have the gold wash—but may be ornamented with the tinsel of Fortune—but if this is its only merit, depend upon it, it will always be a cheap thing in the market. People will never heartily respect it—never fearlessly trust it—never privately entertain a good opinion of it.

A good Fortune is in many respects, a good thing—often a better thing for the body than it is for the soul; it will shelter from the common sufferings of life—and smooth the rugged path over which we travel to the grave. But a good character will stand by us if we should fall down by the way; and we all know that wealth cannot guard against mistakes in business—against providential accidents—against the strong current which may be called the run of things, which sometimes sets against us—it will stand by us too in sickness—when the heart turns from luxury with disgust, and the pleasures of the world pall upon our senses. It will stand by us, and prove a better comforter, in many a hour of trouble, than Fortune ever can be.

A good character is really then, when viewed aright, more valuable than wealth itself. Yet look at the world of mankind—how they run away with the idea that money is every thing—how lightly they sometimes esteem even common honesty when it interferes with a bargain—Why all this?—Simply because the great mass of mankind are not governed by sound reason—are not wise.

Providence, which mark her dealings closely, you will find has so ordered events as to set a peculiar value on a good character. She has not placed Fortune within the reach of every one, nor has she decreed that character shall follow its possession like effect from cause—But reverse the order—a good character is placed within the reach of every one—and a competent portion of wealth is its almost invariable follower.—The best men are commonly the most comfortable in this life—if they have not the most money, they have the best consciences—the greatest share of contentment—the least trouble. "I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," was the voice of age and experience.

In two respects Character and Fortune are sometimes alike—they may both be counterfeits—and in that case they are of about equal value. If a man conforms to the laws of his country, or so vigilantly keeps his opinion as to his duty, that his duty is unnoticed—if he pays his debts without being sued—if he attempts no trickery above board—and lives according to the fashionable morals of the day—he is commonly considered a man of good character. But this is not the genuine coin—a man may do all that—and yet every day transgress the golden rule—"do as you would be done by"—the only test of true honesty—the plumb line by which we ought to square our morals. And just as it is rare to see a man as to our fortune—keep up credit—live in style—purchase largely—and talk more largely still—all this may be done by an ingenious beggar, who has wit instead of principle.—Trenton Emporium.

A MONARCH'S DYING ADVICE. When Alfred the Great perceived his end approaching, he ordered his son to be called to him; and addressed him in these impressive words. "Thus worldly wealth at last cometh to the worms, and all the glory of it to the dust, and our life is soon gone. And though one had the rule of all this middle

world and of the wealth in it, yet should he keep his life but a short while. All thy happiness will not work thy misery, unless thou couldst purchase the Christ. Therefore when we load our lives as God hath taught us, we then best serve ourselves. For then be assured that he will support us: for so said Solomon, that wise man, 'Well is it that a good in this world, for a bad in the next.' What is now beside me; and my dear son, sit thee down beside me; and I will deliver thee my now instructions. My son, I feel that my hour is coming; my countenance is wan. My days are almost done. 'We must now part. I shall go to another world; and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee for thou art my dear child, strive to be a father and a lord to thy people: be thou the children's father, and the widow's friend: comfort thou the poor, and soothe the weaver and the tanner, might right that which is wrong. And, son, govern thyself by law, then shall the Lord love thee, and God above all things shall be thy reward. Call upon him to advise thee in all thy need; and so he shall help thee the better to compass that which thou wouldst."

AWFUL NARRATIVE. The following interesting account is given by the late Dr. Currie of Liverpool in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, when editor several years ago of the *Ministry of the Scottish Border*. "It has hardly a parallel in its kind:—'I once in my early days,' says Dr. Currie, 'heard for it was night, I could not see) a traveller drowning, not in the Annan itself, but in the frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands of Cumberland, and he was laid on a tomb-stone, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three feet abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and amidst the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance, no one knew who he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose,—the tide had ebbed,—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind.'—It is hardly conceivable that any incident ever occurred better calculated to excite the strongest sympathies in human beings; and it is told in a manner and with a brevity and feeling that could not be improved."

South of France.—Carter, in one of his late letters from the South of France, says, a physician in the United States cannot adopt a greater error, than by recommending to his patient a trip to the South of France. A patient, after trying all the climates of this portion of Europe, if he lives to go through the experience, will have seen the most of the sea breeze from obvious objections, and that it requires the strength of a man in full health, to endure the fatigues of a ride from place to place, to resist the changes of weather, and to sleep in chambers with plastered walls, naked brick or stone floors, and an apology for a fire. The truth is that the climate of the South of France is only relatively good—good in comparison with the winter fogs of England, and hence the principal priests rose up and said, "It is by no means expedient to teach women to read the word of God. It is better for them to remain in ignorance than to know how to read and write. They are quite bad enough with what little they now know. Teach them to read and write and there would be no living with them."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—About the beginning of 1825, Mr King, the Missionary, spent about six months in Tyre, in Syria, and made some efforts to establish a school there for the instruction of Syrian females. He was very near succeeding, when one of the principal priests rose up and said, "It is by no means expedient to teach women to read the word of God. It is better for them to remain in ignorance than to know how to read and write. They are quite bad enough with what little they now know. Teach them to read and write and there would be no living with them."

THESE arguments were sufficient to convince all the Greek and Catholic population of the impropriety of female education.

BOYARSKY'S RELIGION.—The following little anecdote records the sentiments of this extraordinary man on a most important subject, at a season when he had learnt by experience, the uncertainty of all worldly greatness. "It is given in the words of the surgeon who attended him at St. Helena. "I saw Napoleon in his bath. He was reading a little book, which I perceived to be a French New Testament. I could not help saying to myself, 'What a strange people would not believe that he would read such a book as it had been asserted and credited by some, that he was an unbeliever.' Napoleon smiled and replied, 'That is not however, true; I am far from being an atheist. Religion is a great consolation and resource to those who possess it, and no man can pronounce what he will do in his last moments.'"