

# MORNING STAR.

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## BIBLE GEOGRAPHY.

No. 10.

### SYRIA.

Having given some account of the ancient inhabitants of the Land of Canaan, we shall introduce a brief notice of several adjacent nations who are frequently mentioned or alluded to by the sacred writers. This may assist in the prosecution of our principal object, the illustration of scripture.

On the north and north-east of Canaan, was situated a pleasant and fertile region, well known in sacred and profane history, under the appellation of SYRIA: a name indeed which, in most of the heathen writers, comprehended Canaan in general, this country had several distinct, in the times treated of in the Old Testament, independent states. *Rehob* or *Beh-Rehob*, a small state in the north of Canaan, though given to the tribe of Asher, maintained its independence, and became an ally to the Syrians. *Judg. i. 31. 2 Sam. x. 6. Geshur*, which lay near Mount Hermon was under its own king with whom David formed an alliance, by marrying his daughter *Maseb*. *Abshalon*, the fruit of this union, when he had fallen into disgrace with his father, retired to the court of his grandfather at Geshur. *2 Sam. iii. 3.—xiii. 37.—xv. 8. The Maachathites*, who are generally mentioned with the Geshurites, were probably a small neighboring tribe, governed by its own chief. *2 Sam. x. 6. Their country* was given by Joshua to the descendants of Manasseh, but was never subdued by them. *Josh. xiii. 13. They were indeed reduced to a temporary subjection by him; but seem soon to have recovered their liberty. 1 Chron. ii. 23. Eastward of these*, probably lay the Land of *Tob*, to which Jephthah retired when driven from his father's house. *Judg. xi. 3. Though all these states lay within the borders of the country assigned to the Israelites, yet we find their inhabitants called Syrians. 2 Sam. x. 6.*

But the most celebrated district in this part of Syria, lay beyond the mountains on the north-east of Canaan and extended eastward to the river Euphrates; of which *Damascus* was, for many centuries, the metropolis. The Syrians of Zobah formerly occupied this country; and in the days of David were a numerous and warlike people. The king of Zobah appears then to have had many of the neighboring states dependant on him. His subjects must have been numerous, as on one occasion, David captured from his army a thousand chariots, seven hundred horsemen, and twenty thousand footmen. *2 Sam. viii. 9.—13. David* however completely subdued this state, and secured his conquests by placing garrisons in the principal towns. But these conquests were retained only a short time: for an adventurer, of the name of *Rezon*, collected a number of followers, seized Damascus, assumed the royal authority, and was an adversary to Israel all the days of Solomon. *1 Kings ii. 23.—25. During the succeeding reigns, the Syrians of Damascus, which from the elevation of Rezon became the capital city, were often at war with Israel. They were subdued by Jeroboam II. but soon recovered their liberty, and league with Israel against Judah. This induced Judah to purchase the assistance of the Assyrian monarch; who besieged Damascus and reduced it; put its king to death, and transported the inhabitants to distant settlements. 2 Kings xix. 28.—xvi. 5.—9. This country continued subject to the Assyrians, till it was wrested from them by the Persians; from whom it was seized by the Grecians, under Alexander the Great. After his death a powerful kingdom was erected in Syria by Seleucus, one of his generals, of*

which Antioch was the capital. This, after existing two hundred and fifty years, was overthrown by the Romans and reduced to a province of the empire.

*Damascus* was an ancient town, situated about one hundred and sixty miles north-east of Jerusalem. It existed in the days of Abraham, whose steward *Eliezer* was a native of this place. *Gen. xv. 2. Tradition reports* that it was built in the age preceding that of *Abraham*; and that it reigned *el*, it before he settled in Canaan: a report hardly consistent with the accounts in scripture. It is placed in a very pleasant and fertile plain; well watered by a river, which modern travellers call *Barra*. It rises in the northern declivity of Mount Hermon, and running eastward, is divided into three streams. These entering the town in different places, not only supply the dwellings with water, but plentifully irrigate the gardens and pleasure grounds, with which they are every where interspersed. Probably in the days of *Elisha*, there were only two of these streams; which were then called *Abana* and *Parphar*; and *Naaman* the Syrian could not conjecture, why the Jordan, which rose on the south side of Lebanon, should be more efficacious in curing the leprosy, than these rivers of Damascus, which issued from the north side of the same mountain. *2 Kings v. 12.*

The Philistines inhabiting the south-west corner of the Land of Israel, and the Syrians being situated to the north-east, when the Hebrews were at war with both these nations, at the same time, they were placed in imminent danger. To this the prophet alludes, when he says, "The Syrians before and the Philistines behind; and they shall devour Israel with open mouth." *Isa. ix. 12.*

The eastern boundary of this part of Syria is the *Euphrates*, a celebrated river often alluded to by the sacred writers, rising in the mountains of Armenia; and, after a long course to the westward, turns to the south, and passing through Syria, Arabia and Chabla, joins the Tigris, probably the *Hiddekel* of Moses, and soon after falls into the Persian Gulf. This river watered the terrestrial Paradise. *Gen. ii. 14: and was the utmost eastern boundary of the territories which the Lord promised to put under the dominion of the posterity of Abraham. Gen. x. 10. Their way was to extend* from the river of Egypt to the great river, the river *Euphrates*. This promise was often renewed to the Israelites. *Exod. xxiii. 31. Deut. xi. 24. Josh. i. 3. 4. The extent of this grant far exceeded the limits of the Land of Canaan, which the Almighty had previously promised to the seed of Abraham for "an everlasting possession." Gen. xiii. 14.—17. Indeed, it was but for a short time, that the dominion of the Israelites reached this extent: but the promise was literally accomplished under David and Solomon his son. The former "put garrisons in Syria of Damascus; and the Syrians became his servants and brought gifts." and the latter "reigned over all kingdoms from the river even to the land of the Philistines." *2 Sam. viii. 6. 1 Kings iv. 21. To this extended empire David alludes, when, speaking of Solomon, he says, "He shall have done more than I, for he shall extend his river to the ends of the earth." *Psa. lxxii. 8; that is from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and from the Euphrates to the desert of Egypt. Compare Exod. xxiii. 31. For this being a noted river in those parts, it is frequently called by the sacred writers "The river," by way of eminence. It was over the Euphrates that Jacob passed, when he withdrew from the service of Laban. *Gen. xxxi. 21: and it is this river that so frequently occurs in the narrative of Gen. ix. 10.—x. 3, &c. This also is probably the "river of Assyria." *Jer. ii. 18, and "the river of the wilderness." *Amos. iv. 14. And, as this stream watered the most populous and celebrated parts of western Asia, from which the Sarmatians and Turks sprang who spread such havoc among the professors of christianity, the Holy Spirit, in the Apocalypse, employs it to represent the country of these warriors. *Rev. ix. 14.—xv. 12.*******

Syria is also frequently used, by the sacred writers, in a sense that includes all the country which extends from the east of the Euphrates to the Tigris; and from its lying between these two rivers is called *Mesopotamia*: Moses calls it *Padan-Aram*. In this country Abraham resided for some time, in his younger years; and here his brother *Nahor* and his nephew *Bethuel* continued to reside. Abraham therefore sent his servant to obtain a wife for Isaac, to "Mesopotamia, unto the city of *Nahor*." *Gen. xxiv. 10.* Thus, though Moses repeatedly calls the country, to which Jacob retired from the anger of *Rams*, *Padan-Aram*; yet he styles *Bethuel*

el whose grand-daughters he married, a "Syrian." *Gen. xxviii. 6, 7: and the prophet Hosea asserts that "Jacob fled into the country of Syria, and Israel served for a wife." (xii. 12.) The Israelites likewise were directed, in their public confessions, to say "A Syrian ready to perish was my father." *Deut. xvi. 8. "The Syrian beyond the river" who assisted Haddadzezer against David were Mesopotamians. 2 Sam. x. 16. And Cushan Rishathim, the first oppressor of the Israelites after they had taken possession of the Land of Promise, under whose yoke they groaned for eight years, was king of Mesopotamia. *Judg. iii. 8.—10.***

## MISCELLANY.

### "A WORLD OF CHANGES."

The other day I was conversing with a friend, lately returned from the southern hemisphere, on the mutability of human circumstances. In illustration he mentioned a pleasant excursion which he and three young friends made from Cape Town to the Moravian settlement at Groene Kloof, in South Africa, thirty miles from the Cape. They were all in good health and highly gratified during the trip, which took place in January, 1825, about the middle of the summer in that part of the world.

Before the succeeding January (1826) a great alteration had taken place with respect to that little party. Only one remained in Africa, one was in Asia, another in Europe, and the fourth had reached that world from whence there is no return.

In January this year (1827) two of the party were dead, and the other two were in London.

When my friend retired, I silently surveyed the instructive scene in my mind. While thus sitting pensive, other instances of the changeableness of human circumstances seemed to pass before me.

I travelled some years ago from Portsmouth to London, with an officer who was returning from the Peninsular war. He had served in a German Legion in Portugal and Spain and the last time he had been in Portsmouth, a few years before, twenty officers of his corps, including himself, had dined together before they went on board the transports. All of these excepting himself, had been killed, or wounded and left behind; but the greater part had fallen in battle, in the prime of life, and he had arrived at Portsmouth a solitary individual. A tear came into his eye while relating the mournful tale.

After musing a while on the fate of the Portsmouth military assemblage, my mind was directed to a circumstance which happened during the Caffree war, in South Africa. Nearly opposite a ford across the Fish river, which separated Caffraia from the colony of the cape, was a small fort defended by an officer and twenty soldiers. After breakfast, one beautiful morning, lieutenant M—, a corporal and seven men, went to patrol the skirts of a neighboring wood, looking out for the Caffrees. While walking leisurely along the river bank, a party of Caffrees, rushed unobserved from a thicket, and instantly killed the seven soldiers, who were walking behind the officer and corporal and also slew two other soldiers who were guarding some cattle.—The officer and corporal fled, and leaped from a low cliff into a thicket of underwood, and were unexpectedly delivered by the following means. The officer's lady, who was unacquainted about her husband, desired the man to discharge one of the guns. The report being heard at the very time that the Caffrees had slain the soldiers, diverted their attention from searching for the officer and his companion. Contemplating this painful event, I fancied that I saw the nine men cheerfully enjoying their breakfast that morning, possibly passing their joke and talking of former wars on their last hour. Well did the Great Master say "What I say unto one I say unto all.—*Mat. xxiii.*"

Equally affecting was the case of a country tradesman in the North of England some years ago: while standing behind his counter selling his goods to a lady he felt an extraordinary sensation, and ran out in the street, calling out, "Mine hour is come!" and instantly expired! Thus, in a single minute, a man, apparently in health, became a corpse, his wife a widow, and his children orphans! While breakfasting together that morning, they little thought that so important an alteration as to his life would take place before the next meal! But whether we live in times of tranquillity or calamity, in city or country, we are still liable to receive a

sudden summons to appear before God. What urgent need is there then to live a life of constant dependence on the Son of God, of constant looking out for the coming of the Son of Man!

*Lon. Tract Mag. for July.*

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S EXPECTATIONS, AND THE OLD BELIEVER'S EXPERIENCE.

"At my first setting out," says a pious writer, "I thought to be better, from year to year, as I progressed by degrees to attain every thing which I then comprised in my idea of a saint. I thought my grain of grace, by much diligence and careful improvement, would in time, amount to a pound, and that pound in a further space of time, to a talent; and then I hoped to increase from one talent to many: so that, supposing the Lord should spare me a competent number of years, I pleased myself with the thought of dying rich. But alas! these my golden expectations have been like South Sea dreams. I have lived hitherto a poor sinner, and I believe I shall die one. Have I then gained nothing by waiting upon the Lord? Yes, I have gained that which I once would rather have been without, such accumulated proofs of the deceitfulness, and desperate wickedness of my heart, as I hope by the Lord's blessing, has in some measure taught me to know what I am when I say, Behold I am vile. And in connection with this I have gained such experience of the wisdom, power, and compassion of my Redeemer; the need, the worth of his blood, righteousness, attention, and intercession; the glory that he displays in pardoning iniquity and sin, and passing by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage, that my soul cannot but cry out, Who is a God like unto thee? Thus I have any number of thoughts of myself. (*Exod. xv. 63.*) And my higher thoughts of him than I had twenty years ago, I have reason to be thankful; every grain of this experience is worth mountains of gold. And by his mercy, I shall sink yet more in my own esteem, while he rises more glorious to my eyes, and more precious to my heart, I expect it will be much in the same way. I was ashamed when I began to seek him, I am more ashamed now; and I expect to be more of all ashamed—when he shall appear to destroy my last enemy. But O! I may rejoice in him to think that he will not be ashamed of me."—*Phil. Rec.*

### SUPERIORITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

This religion, if true, is the greatest of all truths, deserving and demanding our reverent attention, and fervent gratitude. This religion must never be confounded with our common blessings. It is a revelation of pardon, which as sinners, we all need. Still more, it is a revelation of human immortality; a doctrine which however undervalued amidst the bright anticipations of inexperienced youth, is found to be our strength and consolation, and the only effectual spring of persevering and victorious virtue, when the realities of life have scattered our visionary hopes; when pain, disappointment, and temptation press upon us; when this world's enjoyment is found unable to quench that deep thirst of happiness which burns in every breast; when friends, whom we love as our souls, die; and our own graves open before us.—To all who hear me, and especially to my young hearers, I would say, let the truth of this religion be the strongest conviction of your understandings; let its motives and precepts sway, with an absolute power, your characters and lives."—*(Canning.)*

SUSAN SMITH,  
OF THE COUNTRY SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL.

During the last summer, I had an opportunity of retiring from town to a distant part of the country, and whilst I was there I generally arose very soon in the morning, and walked out to enjoy the beauties of nature, to admire the goodness of God. One Sabbath morning I was taking a walk with a Bible as my only companion, and was employed alternately in beholding the dawning sun, and in contemplating the superior glories of him who is called the "Sun of Righteousness." Thus engaged, I wandered to a considerable distance, beguiled by the beauties of the scene and the interesting subject of my thoughts, till my attention was aroused by the sound of a female voice sweetly singing. I then, which I thought I had heard before. Upon looking over a fence which separated me from the person who was singing, I was surprised to see a girl who seemed about twelve years old, walking with a little book in one hand and a bag in the other; her rosy cheek, her lively eye, and her sweet voice, so pleased me, that I walked along until we came to a gate, where she suddenly met each other,

She seemed very much confused at this unexpected meeting, and blushing, hung down her head and curtsied.

There was something very interesting in the appearance of this little girl, that resolved to go across the field, and to enter into conversation with her. As we became more acquainted, she was less timid, and told me of several little circumstances respecting herself, which afforded me pleasure, and some of which I shall relate. I asked her to let me look at the book she had in her hand, thinking it might be a song book or something of the kind; but how much was I surprised and delighted to read the following words written on the cover, in a beautiful hand:—

"This little book is given to Susan Smith, for regular attendance, constant good behavior, and great improvement in the Sunday school, by her affectionate teacher, MARTHA FIELD."

I said to her, "My dear, I am glad to see you have had this good book given you as a reward, that you are fond of singing its hymns, and that you love your teacher." "Ohyes, sir, I do, (replied she) Miss Field is so kind; you don't know how good, sir; she taught me to read, and to sing, and gave me this nice book with all its sweet, sweet hymns. Once I used to spend my Sundays in running about the common and playing; till Mr. Field set up the Sunday school; but now I like to rise early on the Sabbath, to give praises to God Almighty, along with the larks and the birds who sing so prettily as the sun rises behind the hill, and shines upon our house between the trees yonder." "What! do you live so far off as that?" said I. "and how far are you going to your school?" "About two miles farther, sir, and this field is about half way; but I don't mind the distance, for I can't sleep on the Sunday morning, for thinking of my teacher, and longing to be at school. Having my clothes all ready on Saturday, I get up about five o'clock on the sabbath, and then read a chapter, say my prayers, and look over my catechism, hymns, and lessons. Then I have my breakfast, and having put some bread and cheese into this bag for dinner, I set off for school soon after six o'clock; and I often please, and I hope, do myself good by singing as I go. Or, if I am silent, I pray with my heart, that our Father who is in heaven would bless our dear teachers for being so good to the poor children, and Miss Field tells us, that God will hear the prayers of little children, and the little hymn in this little book says—

"Th' eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing."

Isn't this true, sir?" "Yes, my dear, and I am very glad that you love to pray and to praise; for no child can be truly good who does not delight in prayer, nor can any one expect to join in the songs of heaven, who dislikes to praise God on earth. But how do you spend your time at school?" "You must know, sir, that our school is held in a large school house; I generally get there a little before eight, where I meet many school fellows about my own age, and we are all very glad to see each other again in health and happiness. For one of the girls in our class caught cold and died last winter. At eight o'clock the three Misses Fields and their three brothers come into the school; then we sing a hymn, and one of the young gentlemen prays with us. After this, the children go to their dear teachers, till the time comes for church, when we march out, and often sing as we are going across the field.

"In the afternoon we meet again, and before we part, one of the young gentlemen speaks a few words to us, and when he tells us about Jesus Christ, I find the tears come into my eyes almost without knowing it, to think that he should show such love to those who deserved his anger. Then we sing a hymn, and always end the service by prayer.

"When this is done, I go home, and I am sure I have plenty to think myself, as I am walking; and when I am at my father's house, I tell my parents, and brothers, and sisters, of all the good things I have heard, and go to bed blessing God for all his mercies, and rejoicing in the sabbath as the happiest day of the week."

"Well, Susan Smith, and what do you work at in the week?" "Why, sir, I mow my little field, and take care of my two young brothers, and mend their clothes; I feed our chickens and work in the garden."

"But how, Susan, do you find time to learn, having so many things to do, and so much work in the week?" "Why, sir, I got up early in the morning, and generally keep my book in my pocket, that when I have a few spare minutes, I may learn a little, a verse, or an answer of catechism; and when I am mowing my little sister, I say these over to myself, or sing a verse or two, and this keeps them fresh in my mind. I also try to teach my brothers, and this fixes these good things in my memory."

"There are many good plans, my little girl, and I often find in my Sunday school, that those good children who work hardest, learn the most; while lazy children, who have a great deal of spare time, learn hardly any thing." "Tis a mercy, that God

Almighty has given us so much work to do, that he might keep us from being idle and wicked, and if all the people would improve to the utmost the advantages they now have, instead of grumbling at their present situation, it would be a great deal better for them and for others. Godliness, with contentment, is great gain."

On looking at my watch, I perceived the time was fast advancing, and having rambled to a considerable distance, I was obliged to part with Susan Smith. I then gave her a few little books which I had in my pocket, and promised that I would send her some more when I returned to town.

## MORNING STAR.

LIMERICK:  
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1827.

### EDITORIAL TOUR.

On Wednesday the 3d ult., notwithstanding it was very rainy, our journey to Vermont was commenced under an impression, that "he who regardeth the clouds shall not reap;" and that "he who will not plough by reason of the cold, shall beg in harvest and have nothing." We passed (Dea. Joseph Drew of Newfield was in company) through Parsonsfield, Effingham, Eaton and Conway to the upper part of Bartlet, a distance of about 47 miles, where we put up the first night.

Friday, with the opening day, we vigorously renewed our journey, passing along a very singular defile, situated between two huge mountains, which seem to glare upon the "way-worn traveller," with astonishing magnificence for a distance of about 15 miles, at the end of which is the celebrated Notch of the noted White Mountains. About 10 of the clock, A. M. we arrived at the fatal spot, where the lamented Mr. Willey, and his endeared family suffered a miserable death on a night, by a tremendous Avalanche, which was occasioned by an unusually heavy rain, that fell upon and undermined a portion of the mountain, which was in the immediate vicinity, and almost contiguous to the dwelling of Mr. W. Which event has been registered in various public journals, as a scene without a parallel in United America, if not in the World; inasmuch as the whole family (none in all) were destroyed in an awfully gloomy night, and probably, in a very short portion of that night. Not so much as one solitary individual was left to tell the news. A monumental board nailed to a tree, points out the spot where six of the unfortunate sufferers were found. Three have never yet been seen. While we were examining the premises, and witnessing what a vast alteration the slips or slides from the mountain, as they are called by the people of that vicinity, had made, (the writer travelled the same way about two years before,) we reflected that these bodies which had not been found, were as liable to be under the very way in which we travelled, as elsewhere. Curiosity prompted us minutely to survey the desolate house, which seemingly remains a monument of God's singular favor, while the barn, sheds, &c. were removed from their original places, and blended with the general mass of ruins.

It appears that there were three grand Avalanches, in the course of the same night, besides several others of less magnitude. The order in which these happened, or whether all at the same time, is not known. Neither is it known which of them proved the destruction of Mr. W. and his family. Some conjecture one, and some another. We shall notice them in the order that they were passed by us. The first is situated perhaps 80 or 100 rods from the house. The direction of each of the slides was such as to cross the road nearly at a right angle. The first slide passed through a heavy growth of wood, clearing every thing out of the way, tearing by the roots the largest trees, and conveying them into the bed of the Saco, as though they were but straws; and also rolling vast stones down its impetuous and unopposed course, in common with trees, logs, bushes and earth, forming an irregular and promiscuous heap, to give a complete description of which our feeble pen must fail. The magnitude of this slide, (we speak according to our best judgment) which apparently began nearly at the top

of the mountain, after it assumed a regular course, was from three to six rods wide, and from twenty to forty feet deep. The length, width and depth of the three did not much vary. The second was nearly midway betwixt the first and the house. The course of the third was directly toward the house; but as if the God, by whom "the hills were made," and who "sendeth rain," designed to save the family, the slide divided about 10 or 12 rods west of the house. One part passing to the south, the other to the north. Each of which only left the house uninjured. That which passed to the north was the part which washed away the barn, out-houses, &c. It is really astonishing to witness the manner in which logs, stones and earth, were jammed together eye-high, (the house is one story) the bottom of which is only about 10 feet from the house, which constituted the only barrier to turn the all-powerful torrent from the house. On a tempestuous occasion, the apostle Paul told his companions in tribulation, that unless they abode in the ship they could not be saved. Had Mr. W. continued in the house, all would have been well. Probably all is now well. The Judge of all the earth does right. Perhaps there is not a person on the earth, if placed in a situation similar to that in which Mr. W. was, but what, while hearing the mountains tumbling down over his head, would attempt to fly from the impending ruin, as he did. It is believed that no person, not in a situation exactly similar, can possibly enter into the feelings of that man, and those of his wife and children on that awful night, the event of which constitutes an item in history, probably never again to be equalled.

For a distance of about two miles from the Notch southward, there are many places which appear to have been grooved from time to time on both sides of the way, very probably by violent rains, though generally of smaller dimensions, than those above described; and such is the situation of these mountains, and such is their composition, that similar eruptions will continue occasionally to happen "for the time to come."

After laboriously examining the tremendous inundation about the premises of the late Mr. W. we proceeded on our journey and passed the Notch three fourths of an hour before the bright shining sun arrived at the meridian. We would here remark that the mountains so celebrated for their stupendous height and white appearance to the far distant eye, generally termed the White Mountains, cannot be seen by the traveller journeying northward, for a distance of more than 20 miles, until after he passes through the Notch, by reason of other intervening magnificent mountains which overlook the way faring man.

The White mountains, as understood by the inhabitants of the vicinity, consist of three grand piles, nearly in direct order, which majestically elevate their towering heads far above the other high mountains in their neighborhood. They are now designated, we understand, by the venerated names of Washington, Adams and Jefferson.

The way in which we travelled in, as we were told, about five miles from the foot of these mountains. The Notch is a sublime curiosity—the greatest undoubtedly that can be found in New-England. We are sensible that we must fail were we to attempt a description of it. We shall pass by simply observing that it is an extensively deep aperture cut through the mountain by the same unsparring Hand that fixed the mountain's highest top and laid the ocean's lowest bed, scarcely sufficiently wide for an ordinary pass-way. The overlooking crags and projecting rocks far above the traveller's head, serve to quicken his pace along the lane; unless eager curiosity prompts him to survey the romantic scene. Our journey was pursued through Heart's and Sawyer's locations and Britain Woods, in which place were but three occupied houses for a distance of 24 miles. It proved considerably rainy before we completed our day's journey. We however arrived at Bethlehem of New-Hampshire, and put up with Dea. Sweat a little before the setting sun.

Friday morning we sat out at an early

hour, and arrived at Waterford, Vt. sufficiently seasonable to attend the Elders' Conference; which was held in that town in the afternoon of the same day.

NEW-DURHAM QUARTERLY MEETING. We have already noticed that we had the privilege of attending this meeting, which was held at Eld. Clark's meeting-house in Gilmanton. After prayer by Eld. Berry, it was organized by appointing Eld. A. Caveno moderator. Eld. E. Place is the standing clerk. The business of the meeting, as usual, was attended with despatch, in which much satisfaction was realized.

In the afternoon of the first day, a discourse was delivered by Eld. Samuel Robbins, to general edification. Three discourses were delivered in the course of the second day. Requests for the ordination of two candidates for the ministry were made to the Elders' Conference. It was concluded, we believe, to grant them. We can state with propriety that at this meeting we enjoyed a good degree of satisfaction. This is the first privilege that we ever improved to attend the Q. M. in which the Connexion took its rise. We had personal interviews with several Elders belonging to this meeting, whom we esteem not only able ministers of the New Testament, but pillars in the church.

We understand by the Post-Master in Phillips that the package directed to that place does not regularly arrive. Our subscribers in that town are informed that their papers are carefully and promptly mailed every week. No efforts are withheld that we can make to effect a seasonable arrival of all our papers to the place of destination. The package before mentioned lingers, we presume, at some place or places after it leaves Hallowell, as we have had no other recent complaint from the east. We hope that Post-Master will be exceedingly careful to forward papers in all cases, especially when they are transferred from one mail route to another.

FRAS. CLEMENTS, Esq. of Monroe, and LEVI W. MERRILL of Green, are appointed agents for the Star.

The following persons are supplied with the FREEMILL BAPTIST REGISTER to sell, viz. CHARLES MOORE, WILTON, LEVI W. MERRILL, GREEN, ELM. JOHN FOSTER, JAY, STEPHEN BICKFORD, NEWBURGH, and ELD. HERBERT CHANDLER.

Our brethren and friends of the Exeter Q. M. will be furnished in season. It is too expensive to send by mail. We shall improve the first suitable opportunity.

### THE FREEMILL BAPTIST CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

An error was accidentally occasioned in our notice of the meeting of this Society last week. Instead of Friday the seventh, it should have been the second day of November, viz. to-morrow, at one of the clock in the afternoon. Written notices of the proper time have been posted up at different places. We hope that all the members, those at least, who live in the vicinity, will be careful to attend in season.

The following epistle was addressed to the Gorham Q. M. by sister Betsey Cushman, wife of Samuel Cushman of New-Gloucester, who, if living, is supposed to be in the last stages of a consumption. Deeming it worthy of a more public notice, we obtained it of the moderator, and hope the writer will excuse the liberty we take in publishing her communication.

Dear beloved Brethren and Sisters,—I feel very diffident about having this communication before the quarterly meeting, lest it should take up time that might be more profitably improved. But when I inform my brethren of the lingering complaint with which I have been attended, and the many privations I have suffered on account of sickness, for more than five months past, I presume you will bear with me in my weakness, and gratify one who will never again have the privilege of meeting with you. I have had many privileges of meeting with you in yearly and quarterly meetings (as doubtless, some of you will recollect) within seventeen years that are past, and the strong union which I have ever felt with you, has often caused me to delight to meet with you, "to sit under the droppings of the sanctuary of the Lord, and I have found his fruit sweet to my taste."

**JUST PUBLISHED**  
AND for sale at this Office, THE FREEWILL  
BAPTIST REGISTER for 1828. x

## POETRY.

### THE WORLD TO COME. BY BOWRING.

If all our hopes and all our fears  
Are prisoned in life's narrow bound;  
If travellers through this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond:  
Oh what would cheer the ranging sigh?  
Oh what earthly thing could please the eye?  
Oh who could venture then to live?  
Oh who would venture thence to die?

Were life a dark and desert moor,  
Where mists and clouds eternal spread  
Their gloomy veil behind, before,  
And tempests thunder overhead;  
When no sunbeams gleam'd through the gloom,  
And not a flower's smile beneath;  
Who could exist in such a tomb—  
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray  
From our divine religion given;  
"To this that makes our darkness day."  
"To this that makes our earth a heaven"  
Bright is the golden sun above,  
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,  
And all is joy, and all is love,  
Reflected from the world to come.

## HYMN.

BY THE REV. H. B. MILLMAN.

The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,  
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire:  
Self-moving it drives on its path-way of cloud,  
And the heavens with the burden of goodness are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are pour'd,  
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord,  
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,  
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead hear all hail;  
Lo! the depths of the stone-cold channel are stir'd:  
From the sea, from the land; from the south,  
From the north,

The vast generations of man are come forth.  
The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,  
Where the Lamb and the white-robed elders are met!

All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,  
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word:  
O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,  
Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!

When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,  
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in Heaven!

## MISCELLANY.

### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT. "I have seen an end of all perfection."

I have seen a man in the glory of his days  
And the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedars that lift their  
heads above the forest trees; like the  
strong oak that strikes its deep root deep-  
ly into the earth. He feared no danger—  
he felt no sickness. His mind was vigor-  
ous like his body, he was perplexed at no  
intricacy, he was daunted at no difficulty;  
into hidden things he searched, and what  
was crooked he made plain. He went  
forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty  
deep; he surveyed the nations of the  
earth; he measured the distances of the  
stars, and called them by their names; he  
gleaned in the extent of his knowledge, in  
the vigor of his understanding, and strove  
to reach even into what the Almighty had  
concealed. And when I looked on him, I  
said, "What a piece of work is man: how  
noble in reason! how infinite in faculties!  
in form and moving how express and ami-  
able! in action how like an angel! in ap-  
prehension how like a god?"

Returned—his look was no more lofty  
pois't proud; his broken frame was  
like some ruined tower; his hairs were  
white and scattered; and his eyes gazed  
vacantly upon what was passing around  
him. The vigor of his intellect was wasted,  
and of all that he had gained by study  
nothing remained. He feared when there  
was no danger, and when there was no sor-  
row he wept. His memory was decayed  
and treacherous, and showed him only  
broken images of the glory that was de-  
parted. His house was to him like a  
stronghold, and his friends were counted  
strongholds; and he thought himself  
strong and healthy while his foot tottered  
on the verge of the grave. He said of  
his son—he is my brother; of his daugh-  
ter—I know her not; and he inquired  
what was his own name. And one who  
supported his own steps, and ministered  
to his many wants, said to me, as I looked  
on the melancholy scene—"Let thine  
heart receive instruction, for thou hast  
seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female, tread-  
ing the stages of youth, and entering joy-  
fully into the pleasures of life. The glance  
of her eye was variable and sweet, and  
her cheek trembled something like the first  
blush of the morning; her lips moved, and  
there was harmony; and when she floated  
in the dance, her light form like the aspen  
seemed to move with every breeze. I re-  
turned—but she was not in the dance. I  
sought her in the gay circle of her com-  
panions, but I found her not. Her eye  
sparkled not there—the music of her voice  
was silent—she was no more. I saw a  
train sail and the music of her voice,  
who bore sadly to an open grave what once  
was animated and beautiful. They paused  
as they approached, and a voice broke  
the awful silence—"Mingle ashes with  
ashes, and dust with its original dust. To

the earth, whence she was first taken,  
consign we the body of our sister." They  
covered her with the damp soil, and the  
solid clouds of the valley; and the worms  
crowded into her silent abode. Yet one  
damp mourner lingered, to cast himself upon  
the grave, and as he wept he said—There  
is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness that  
continues in man: for this is the end of  
all glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow,  
and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs  
were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and  
again it wept; but whether its glowing  
cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye  
was brilliant with tears, still I said to my  
heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the  
first pure blossom which springs from the  
plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled  
with the dew, and whose head reclines  
upon its parent stem.

Laying saw this child when the lamp  
of reason first dawned in its mind. Its  
soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye  
sparkled with joy, as it looked round on  
this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly  
in the ways of knowledge—it bowed its  
ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb  
before its teachers. (It was not proud, or  
envious, or stubborn, and it had never  
heard of the rivalry and vanities of the  
world.) And when I looked upon it, I re-  
membered that our Savior had said, "Ex-  
cept ye become as little children, ye can-  
not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw  
a man whom the world called honorable  
and many waited for his smile. They  
pointed out the fields that were his, and  
talked of the silver and gold that he had  
gathered; they admired the stateliness of  
his domes, and extolled the honor of his  
family, and his heart answered secretly,  
"By my wisdom have I gotten all this," so  
he returned no thanks to God, neither did  
he fear or serve him. And as I passed  
along I heard the complaints of the labor-  
ers who had reaped down the fields, and  
the cries of the poor whose covering he  
had taken away; but the sound of feast-  
ing and revelry was in his apartments, and  
the unfed beggar came tottering from his  
door. But he considered not that the  
cries of the oppressed were continually en-  
tering in the ears of the most High. And  
when I knew that this man was once the  
teachable child that I had loved—the  
beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with  
delight—I said in my bitterness, "I have  
seen an end of all perfection," and I laid  
my mouth in the dust.

From Zion's Herald.

My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook;  
and as the stream of brooks they pass  
away. Job vi. 15.

This is truly the language of many a  
disappointed and sighing heart. We are  
prone to place dependence on creatures.  
The youthful and inexperienced mind ex-  
pects much from friendship. Dependence  
is made on every promise; and every ef-  
ficiency and every smile is regarded as the  
sure pledge of future bliss. From the  
buds of spring and the early blossoms,  
the most delicious fruits are eagerly antici-  
pated—from the trickling rills of early friend-  
ship the swelling brooks and broadened riv-  
ers of delight are expected. Like the eager  
and thirsty traveller they press to the  
wondered stream and behold it is vanished.  
They trace its channel but it has fled  
away.

Job doubtless alludes to those land tor-  
rents which make a sudden appearance,  
and as suddenly vanish. They present  
every appearance of lasting and refresh-  
ing stream; but when most needed they  
fail—How fit an emblem of the friend-  
ships of this world! The holy patriarch  
might have justly expected much pity,  
consoling sympathy and relief from his  
friends; but his hopes were frustrated—  
his disappointments increased his calamities,  
and he was constrained to utter the  
language of deceived hope. My brethren  
have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the  
stream of brooks they pass away; which are  
blackened by reason of the filth which they  
saw is hid. What time they wax warm they  
vanish; when it is not they are consumed out  
of their place. The paths of their way are  
turned aside; they go to nothing and perish.

This is a beautiful simile to describe  
the promising appearances of early and  
glowing friendship. It is a swelling stream.  
The great expectations which elate the  
minds of youth in views of future pros-  
pects, and the failure of all such sources  
of expectation. Such the streams are now  
derided blackish and offensive by foreign  
mixtures. The frost chills and seals them  
in ice. If the heat liquifies them it also  
evaporates and dissipates them. In their  
rapid flow they strike out into new paths  
and spread their friendship. Unseen and  
numbered pauses operate to produce them.  
Many have dropped away by death—many  
have forgotten you among the multitude  
of other objects and other pursuits—many  
have fallen a prey to vice and would be  
glad to forget you. You think of you more  
poorly and want than when you first  
saw them seeking their lives in distant climes  
others, by rising a little in life, can scarcely  
look so low as to recognize the friend of  
their former days. The defects in the  
principles of real friendship have ap-  
peared in so many, that the heart sickens

with painful regret. How small the num-  
ber of valuable friends who live and show  
themselves friendly toward all the scenes  
of human life. There is a friend that  
sticketh closer than a brother—seek his  
FRIENDSHIP.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a  
false woman which is without discretion.—Prov. xi.  
22.

The fair female who has a chaste taste,  
correct judgment, and fixed principles to  
guide her conduct, will not be offended  
with the sentiment expressed in our text;  
nor with the simile used to illustrate it.  
Such as have not a just idea of the figures  
of oriental language may think the lan-  
guage coarse and improper; but those  
who have, will view it as one of the beau-  
ties of composition, calculated to give the  
sentiment a more striking effect.

How can we picture to our imaginations  
a greater contrast than that which pre-  
sents itself to our views in a beautiful wo-  
man, whom the Lord has made to be the  
ornament of her sex, and the fairest jew-  
el of creation, destitute of discretion in  
her conduct. Her beautiful countenance  
and lovely form, will, like a jewel set in  
diamonds, attract attention; but when she  
is discovered to be destitute of good breed-  
ing and a most careless and dissipated  
life, she is noticed, the more she is despised. As  
the ornament changes not the animal that  
wears it, the nature, the habits, and the  
appetites will but appear the more disgust-  
ing. A— is beautiful, but indiscreet.  
Her person is calculated to attract notice  
—to please and charm a stranger at first  
sight; but her indiscretion causes her  
friends to feel incessant anxiety, and often  
painful regret. They often wish she had  
been less fair and more discreet. She gives  
frequent occasion of gratification to her  
enemies, and causes a blush on the  
cheek of modesty. She forgets that the  
ornament of a meek and quiet spirit would  
heighten her natural charms. Her atten-  
tion seems to be exclusively devoted to  
dress and fashion, while she neglects the  
cultivation of her mind in useful knowl-  
edge and piety. She ought to be grate-  
ful for the influence Heaven has given her,  
and to be more careful to direct all her  
steps into the paths of duty. The joy of  
all her friends, and an ornament to her sex.

The following extract is taken from  
a masterly oration, pronounced by Samuel  
L. Knapp, Esq. at Dartmouth college, be-  
fore the society of Phi Beta Kappa, Au-  
gust, 19, 1824:

"Our rational blessings and honors  
have a moral security at the present time,  
which was hardly known to former ages.  
The sun of science, which, in earlier days,  
only illumined the visions of seer and  
sage, now beams effulgently on the faithful  
steps, and lights the buoyant and faithful  
mind of the rising generation of females  
to an elevation with man. There was  
once a doubt of equality in intellectual  
powers; this doubt has been removed;  
and, now, those, who once were the sturdy  
adherents to the doctrine of masculine  
superiority, are ready to lend their aid  
to the advancement of female instruction.  
The revolution of wisdom, which now  
pours its rays upon us, has changed the  
laws of Eden by the consent of its Cre-  
ator. The woman may now partake of the  
tree of knowledge, and give it to her hus-  
band and children to eat, and it will prove  
to them the fruit of the tree of life. When  
the infant is well instructed, the full grown  
man should be ignorant; what a mother  
knows, she easily communicates to her  
child; nature and affection make teachers  
beyond all that the schools can boast—  
Never then, oh, never let us grow ardent  
in our exertions to cultivate the principles  
of learning in the female mind. The harvest  
will repay the toil of the sower. The  
philosophy of the heart and heart in union,  
will, in all future time, hail female educa-  
tion as the bow set in our hemisphere  
of knowledge, as the token of a covenant,  
that God will never suffer the torrent of  
ignorance to deluge the human mind, nor  
the dark ages of superstition to return  
upon man."

There is nothing more superlatively  
cowardly than slander, which shelters it-  
self behind an anonymous shield. Where  
a man assumes the responsibility of his  
actions and his words he exhibits courage,  
at least, however he may fail in justice,  
courage or good sense. It is if the craven  
alone who stands in the dark, who insults  
and abuses under a fictitious name, and  
who shrinks in fear from the discovery of  
the person. As in the natural world the  
smallest insects are generally the most  
venomous, and the smallest puppies the  
most snarling and ill-natured, so in the in-  
tellectual world, the smallest souls are the  
most envenomed. The attempt at amend-  
ment, were useless and unprofitable. Na-  
ture has given such minds corresponding  
hearts, and sent them upon the earth to  
be heightened by contrast the worth of the  
magnanimous, the generous and the great.

## THE PARABLE SON.

How many fine youths might be saved  
from ruin, would they but often read,  
and seriously reflect upon the Parable of the

Prodigal Son, as related in the New Testa-  
ment. (It is a parable-replete with in-  
struction both to children and to parents.  
It inculcates, with wonderful force, for-  
bearance, and parental tenderness, on the  
one hand; and filial piety, and penitence,  
and reformation on the other. Parents,  
who wish to impress upon their children  
the danger of vice, should often read to  
them this parable, and teach them to read;  
and instructive and affecting narrative; and  
should accompany their reading with suit-  
able explanations, such as are fitted to the  
young and tender mind. It is by such dis-  
cipline, carefully and prudently improved,  
that children may be nurtured to virtue,  
impressed with the truths of religion, and  
made not only pure and useful subjects of  
morality, but glorious heirs of immortal  
life.—Childs.)

The Mole.—Of all animals, the mole is,  
probably, the most advantageously gifted  
by nature. With the exception of sight,  
which is the weakest of all its senses, be-  
cause it is the least exercised, its other  
organs possess very great sensibility. Its  
hearing is remarkably fine, its touch deli-  
cate, and its sense of smelling most ex-  
quisite. Its skin is fine, and it always  
maintains its "embonpoint." Its fore-  
limbs are terminated by hands rather than  
by feet. Its strength is very considerable  
in proportion to the volume of its body;  
and it possesses an address, in addition to  
its vigor, that accurately directs the em-  
ployment of all its faculties. There is no  
animal more accustomed to labor than the  
mole. Its means of subsistence are dis-  
persed through every bosom of the earth,  
and it is continually occupied searching  
them out. Long alleys, usually parallel  
to the surface of the soil, and in depth  
from four to six inches, constitute the evi-  
dence of its laborious life. A delicate mi-  
nor, it forms its galleries with equal art  
and activity. Sometimes it only raises  
the superficies of the soil, and sometimes  
it digs deeper, according to circumstances  
and temperature. All the roads which it  
opens have channels of inter-communication.  
According as it digs, it throws out  
the earth which it detaches, which pro-  
duces those little domes of ejected earth,  
called mole-hills. If, while engaged in its  
excavations, it should happen to be dis-  
turbed, it does not choose to fly, by issu-  
ing from its galleries, but buries itself in  
the earth, by means of a perpendicular  
tunnel, to the depth of nearly two feet.  
If its channels of communication be dis-  
arranged, or the heaps of earth which it  
has formed, it comes instantly to repair  
them. It has been observed, that the  
hours of labor with the mole are—sunrise  
and sunset, noon, nine in the morning, and  
nine at night.—Currier's Animal Kingdom.

## WOOL FLANNELS.

WANTED by the Subscriber, a large quantity  
of COUNTRY FLANNELS (in the raw  
state); Also, FINE and PRIMA CLOTHS, for  
which GOODS will be given in return. For  
further particulars apply to  
HENRY POOR,  
Portland, Oct. 11. S.W.

## FRESH FALL GOODS,

(At Wholesale & Retail.)  
**HENRY POOR,**  
At No. 3, Union Row, Middle Street,  
PORTLAND.

HAS just received for sale, a choice and ex-  
tensive stock of SILK, LINEN, COTTON  
AND WOOLEN GOODS; Consisting in part of  
PRINTS, PATCHES, LEVANTINES—STRIPE  
AND PLAIN SILKS, GRACIAN STRIPES and DRESS-  
ES, &c.—CAMPBELL STRIPES, rich Goods for  
Falls and Hosiery. Also, a large stock of  
MUSLINS, TAFETAS, Gros de Naples, Damasks,  
Lace Veils, Double Ground Silk Laces, for work-  
ing Veils, &c. &c.

—ALSO—  
50 Pieces Blue, Black, Olive, Claret, Drab, rich  
Brown, Seal, Oxford, and Gold mixed.

## BROADCLOTHS.

(Which will be offered very Cheap.)  
15 Pieces CASSIMERES.  
25 do SATINETTES.

Real and Imitation Goats Hair Camlets, Plaid-  
Bookings, Flannels, Bombazettes—Sheetings and  
Shirtings, Sea Island Sheetings and Shirtings—  
Tickings, Yarns, Threads, &c.

—ALSO—just received from the present year  
growth, and prime quality!  
1 Ton Best LIFE GESE FEATHERS.  
Do.  
The 15 Sacks Russia  
10 Common  
With a great variety of other articles which will  
be sold low.  
N. B. Ready made Ticks, and Beds filled at  
short notice. Prompt and particular attention  
given to all orders. Buyers will not find it a waste  
to call before they purchase. S.W.  
Portland, Oct. 11.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

YORK ss. Taken on Execution, at the right  
of JOHN MOULTON and DEVI  
MOULTON, Jr. of Newfield, in said County of  
York, yeomen, have in redeeming a certain tract or  
parcel of land lying in said Newfield, containing  
about forty acres, more or less, with buildings there-  
on, being the farm on which the said LEVI  
MOULTON now lives, bounded by the road lead-  
ing by said Moulton's to a Shapleigh, thence by Gam-  
mael E. Smith's land to the line of said Moulton's  
land, and thence by the road that leads to Balch  
Mills, so called; and the same is under the im-  
burement of a Mortgage Dued to ATTY STRONG  
for about one hundred and sixty dollars, and  
right of said Moulton will be sold at public ven-  
ue on Saturday the third day of November  
next, at the store of John Adams & Co. in New-  
field, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Con-  
ditions at the moment of the sale.  
JONATHAN HAYES, Dep. Sheriff.  
Sept. 26, 1827.