

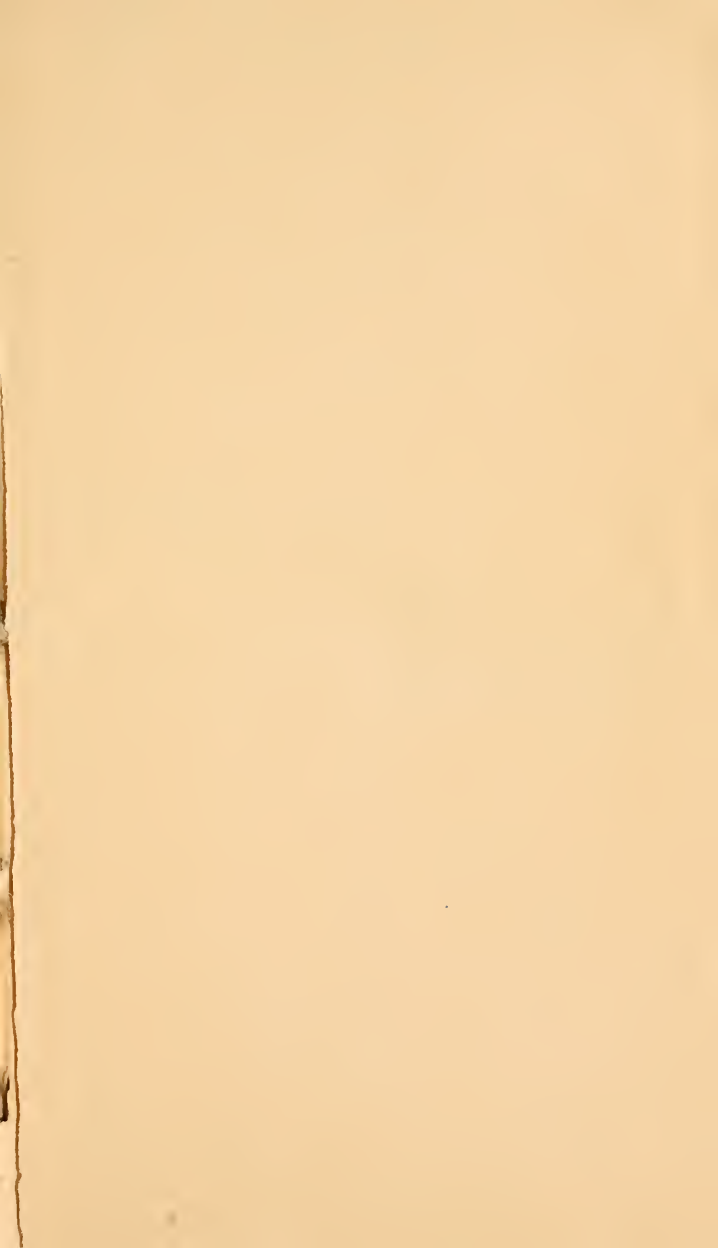
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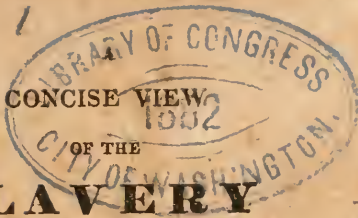




C George Lake



The Infant whipped to death.



225
1964

SLAVERY

OF THE

PEOPLE OF COLOUR

IN THE UNITED STATES;

EXHIBITING SOME OF THE MOST AFFECTING

CASES OF

CRUEL AND BARBAROUS TREATMENT

OF THE SLAVES

BY THEIR MOST INHUMAN AND BRUTAL MASTERS;

NOT HERETOFORE PUBLISHED :

And also showing the absolute necessity for the most speedy Abolition of Slavery, with an endeavour to point out the best Means of effecting it.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SHORT ADDRESS

TO

THE FREE PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

With a Selection of Hymns, &c. &c.

BY E. THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA.

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY E. THOMAS.

1834.

E. 140
T. 45

ENTERED, according to the Act of Congress, in the year
1834, by E. THOMAS, in the District Court for the Eastern
District of Pennsylvania.



PREFACE.

HAVING long been impressed with a deep sense of the oppressed condition of the slaves in the southern states, by hearing of many dreadful accounts of their being barbarously treated, I now consider it a duty incumbent on me to publish to the world, the result of my gleanings and observations on this subject, that I may, if possible, create in the public mind a disposition to relieve the distressed condition of this degraded and unhappy people: but, to enter into a particular detail of all the cruelties and barbarities inflicted on the slaves, by their inhuman masters since the commencement of slavery, is not the design of the present work, neither would it be necessary, as it has already been done in a greater or less degree,

by men of known abilities and distinguished philanthropy. But my principal design at present, is, to record some striking cases of cruelty of more recent date, not heretofore published, and which have been related to me during my travels through the different states, for three years past: in order to excite in the mind of every individual a love of liberty, and an inveterate abhorrence of slavery, that each may endeavour by throwing in his mite, to contribute towards its total abolition; and that the best means of emancipation consistent with benevolence and humanity, may be more generally considered.

Those facts or accounts of cruelty have been communicated to me by different persons of undoubted veracity, and in whom I place the most entire confidence. But at the times of receiving those accounts, I had no idea of publishing them, and, therefore, was not careful to note down the precise time and place in which each event happened; but, as I do not consider precision in this respect absolutely necessary, I therefore hope to be excused, not only for this, but for other imperfections which may

be found in the work. I have also omitted giving the full names of the slave-holders mentioned in this work, through regard to their posterity, on whom it might possibly, in some measure, entail a disgrace.

E. THOMAS,

May 12th, 1834.



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A

CONCISE VIEW, &c.

CATHERINE COLLINS.

THIS unhappy woman was a slave in the state of Delaware, and as nearly as I can recollect, resided at no great distance from the town of Dover. She informed me that her inhuman master often sent her out into the woods to split rails when there was a deep snow on the ground, entirely bare-foot, and destitute of any other clothing but a shift and petticoat. That she had her daily task assigned her, which consisted of from ninety to one hundred rails per day to split; that the tears would sometimes freeze on her cheeks; and, that her feet were frozen in such a manner that they burst open.—But at length having received her freedom, (which if I remember rightly, was through the death of her

master,) she came to Philadelphia, but her feet were so much injured by the frost, that it took a considerable length of time before the cracks were entirely healed.

AN INFANT WHIPPED TO DEATH WITH A COW-SKIN.

This happened about ten miles from the city of Baltimore, at Hampton, on the plantation of R., by a man named G., who was an overseer.—The case was as follows:—The infant was crawling on the floor, being yet too young to walk, but happening to cry very loud, (as young children frequently do,) the unmerciful tyrant came out of the adjacent room with a cow-skin in his hand, and being wrought up into a violent passion at the noise which the child made, he immediately struck it over the head with all his might! just as the cruel carters some-

times whip their horses.—The child instantly curled up into a heap, was seized with convulsions, and in a short time expired!!*

THE AGED WOMAN STARVED TO DEATH.

The following tragical event also happened at Hampton, on the plantation of R., by the same person already mentioned, and in the same house. This slave-holder had a female slave, who was upwards of one hundred years old; but, on account of extreme old age, had become totally blind and bald-headed, and, of course, was rendered unfit for any farther service; in consequence of

* A man, for running away, was whipped at the same place, and by the same person, in the following manner, namely: The first week, once every day; the second week, every other day; and, the third week, once every two days; but, at length, the skin came off his back like a glove from the hand.

which the overseer put her in the ash-house, and fastened her in, in order that she might there starve to death! having strictly forbidden every person to give her any thing to eat or drink; but some of the slaves secretly contrived to give her some nourishment a few times, and thus caused her to live a little longer; but, fearing the dreadful consequences of their master's resentment, if the thing should be discovered, they soon desisted from giving her any thing, and thus the wretched old woman was suffered to perish by herself in the dismal ash-house, unpitied and unmoved, by any except those who had no power to relieve her. For a considerable length of time, her incessant cries and groans were sufficient to pierce the hardest heart that possessed the least feeling of sympathy or humanity. She scratched the window with her nails and continually begged for a little water, almost until the moment she expired!

THE MAN THAT HAD HIS TEETH KNOCKED
OUT.

I am not certain in which of the states this extreme act of cruelty happened, but I think it was in Georgia, and was nearly as follows:

It was on a Sabbath day, and it appears that the master of the family, with his wife and children, went to church together in a carriage; but for what purpose he went there, I will not pretend to say; perhaps he went because it was fashionable, or rather more probably for some kind of speculation or other; for it was not likely that he went for any good purpose, as his actions on his return from church clearly indicated. He generally, on such occasions, intrusted the care of the house to two of his female slaves; the rest of the slaves were usually at work in the fields, though sometimes they were allowed a little leisure on Sabbath days for recreation, or to amuse themselves as

they pleased. It is well known that many of the slaves seldom eat any thing but corn all the year round, and of this they sometimes have but a scanty proportion; they are allowed to cook it any way they choose; but the general method is by pounding it and then boiling it, thus making a kind of mush or hominy.

But one of the slaves named Cato happened to come to the house to get some drink, and finding no person within, (for the females above mentioned had gone into the orchard to pick some apples,) and being very hungry, he was tempted to search the pantry, the door of which by chance was left unlocked, and there he espied a nice fat turkey which had been previously cooked and intended for the family dinner; Cato had never tasted a morsel of turkey in his life, and the sight was so inviting, that he could not withstand the temptation; so he fell to and made a hearty meal, eating nearly one half of it: but he afterwards paid very dear for his temerity; for the master on coming home from church and being informed of what had been done,

flew into a most violent passion, which made Cato tremble in every limb! and seeing his impending danger, fell down on his knees and begged in the most piteous manner of his master, not to hurt him.

“Oh! massa! massa!” says he, “don’t hurt poor Cato!—Oh! massa! massa! for God’s sake don’t hurt poor Cato, he’ll never do so again.”

But his master, deaf to any thing he could say in his own defence, was determined to punish him; so he ordered them to bring him a hammer, and grasping the top of poor Cato’s head with one hand, bade him open his d—d mouth, as he called it, and with the other hand knocked out nearly all his fore teeth! mashing his lips at the same time in the most shocking manner, and uttering the most vulgar and profane language.

It may easily be imagined what poor Cato suffered, from the intense pain occasioned by such an operation; his mouth was so sore and swelled, that it almost deprived him of speech for a considerable length of time.

THE RASH OVERSEER.

This occurrence happened on the premises of Dr. H—n of Mecklenburgh, state of Virginia, and was related to me by Mrs. H—r of Philadelphia. She was, I believe, at the time on a visit, at the house of said Doctor, who was considered a very humane man, and remarkably kind to his slaves, and would not suffer them to be abused by any person whatever; and if he happened to employ an overseer, who treated them roughly, he would immediately discharge him and employ another. And thus it happened on the present occasion; the overseer proved to be a man of a most ungovernable temper and savage disposition, and who delighted in cruelty, and loved to exercise his authority with the utmost rigour, he would knock down the slaves with a club, for the most trifling offence, and kick them about shamefully, merely to gratify his violent passions. He was

also a profane swearer, and a very vulgar man: but in consequence of this ill treatment of the slaves, as soon as the Doctor was apprized of it, he discharged him instantly.

However, it so happened, that in a short time afterwards this same overseer came again on the premises on horseback, on a Sabbath day, but for what purpose he came, I cannot tell, whether it was with an intention to quarrel with the Doctor for discharging him, or to wreak his vengeance on some of the slaves, I will not venture to say, but just as he was going away he swore he would ride into hell!—And it seems that judgment soon overtook him; for he ran his horse so violently, that in a few seconds, he was thrown off and had his brains dashed out against the root of a tree.

THE MASTER AND SLAVE STRUCK BY
LIGHTNING.

It once happened in some part of the state of Virginia, (but I do not recollect the place precisely,) that during a violent thunder storm that came on suddenly, as some slaves were working in a field not very far from the dwelling-house, one of them was struck down by the lightning, and to all appearance was dead; but the storm abating in a few minutes, the mistress of the slaves looking through the window soon perceived what had been done, for some of the slaves were bearing their lifeless companion towards the house; the mistress observed that every means should be resorted to, in order, if possible, to restore him to life; not that she had any particular regard for him, but only wished to preserve his life on account of his services, for she considered that his death would be a great loss; just in the same manner

as she would a valuable horse or ox on account of his work. She, therefore, used her best endeavours: she ordered them to strip him immediately and plunge him in the cold bath; but some say it was the affusion of cold water, and this method appears the more likely, for I have several times heard of its being attended with success. But whatever method she had recourse to, it appears that it had the desired effect; for he recovered in a few minutes and was restored to perfect health, to the great joy of all present.

They were all at the time of the storm very much shocked and frightened at the lightning which flashed through the windows with the most terrific glare! and it seemed to them as if the house had actually been struck. But during all this time in consequence of the alarm and confusion, they did not observe that the master of the house was absent, and at this discovery the wife was very uneasy, and much troubled in her mind, fearing that some accident had befallen him; and it appears that she was not left

long in suspense before her fears were realized; for, on searching the house, they found him in an upper chamber, struck dead by the lightning! The same means were resorted to that had just before been practised upon the slave, but it was too late, the vital spark had fled! and he fell to rise no more! The great anxiety and distress which this event occasioned, particularly to the wife and children, may be better felt than described. But I shall conclude with making one remark; namely: that as the master was known to be a most unrelenting and cruel tyrant to his slaves, perhaps it was a judgment on him, that his life should be taken away in this most sudden and awful manner, whilst that of his slave was preserved.

THE SLAVE SHOT BY HER MASTER.

A gentleman and his lady, a few years ago, went from the city of New York, on

a visit to an acquaintance of theirs, living in the city of Charlestown, South Carolina: they had been there for some time, and all things went on tolerably well, until on a certain day, at dinner, one of the female slaves, by accident, happened to spill some sauce, or gravy, out of a dish she was carrying from the table, on the silk frock of the lady above mentioned. The poor girl immediately fell down on her knees, and begged the lady's pardon for her unintentional offence; for, knowing the ferocious temper of her master, she had reason to dread the terrible consequence. The lady very politely forgave her, made several apologies for her, and entreated the master not to inflict any punishment upon the girl on her account, as she was not in the least offended at what had happened, seeing it was an accident. The gentleman (her husband) also apologized for her, but all to no purpose; for, as soon as the slave went into the yard, her master, who was watching for an opportunity to catch her alone, took a gun and shot her dead on the spot! The whole family were dreadfully alarmed

at this conduct, and the gentleman, who saw what was done, was greatly agitated and hurt in his feelings; and, after reprimanding the master severely, told him, plainly, that he never wished to see his face any more, and that he intended to report him on his arrival at New York. He and his lady then immediately set out on their journey to their native city, and bade adieu to the monster for ever.

THE SLAVE THAT WAS SHOT FOR GOING OUT TO PREACH.

This slave's name was John Grooms, and his owner lived, at the time this event happened, in Yorktown, Pennsylvania. He was said to be a humane man; but, as the keeping of slaves is prohibited in this state, by law, he concluded to hire Grooms out, in a slave state, and, accordingly, he took him to the state of Delaware, where he had a number of ac-

quaintances, and told him to choose his master, which he did, and chose one of the name of G. who lived near Sandtown, not far from the line that divides this state from Maryland.—Grooms, it appears was a very pious man, and was in the habit of going out in the evenings to preach to his coloured brethren, and this favour he was permitted to enjoy for some time unmolested; but, at length, he happened one evening to stay away longer than usual, his master became enraged, and ordered the overseer, a man named W., to load the gun, but with powder only, and discharge it at Grooms, with a view to frighten him; but the overseer charged the gun with shot, also; and when Grooms arrived, chased him in doors, and out, and through muddy places, until at last coming near him, shot him, but not quite dead, he then dragged him into the mill, where he lay for a length of time weltering in his blood till he expired!

It is said, that as the master and his daughter were one day riding out in a carriage, the latter—suddenly screamed

out to her father, and said, she saw Grooms catching hold of the reins of the horses! but, whether this was real, or imaginary, I will let the reader judge for himself; but it appears that the master never prospered afterwards, but had his mill burnt down and was reduced to poverty.

The real owner of the slave, on hearing what had happened, was greatly enraged, and declared that if he had the monsters in Yorktown, he would have them both hanged.

But the overseer was certainly more culpable than the master, for having loaded the gun with shot.



THE SLAVE WHIPPED FOR HARD RIDING.

A man living near Leesburg, Virginia, named M., had a slave of the name of Isaac Diggs, who it appears, rode a mare belonging to his master so hard,

that it caused her to cast an untimely foal; for which Diggs was flogged so severely, that he was under the necessity of walking with crutches ever afterwards.

George J. Cooke

SLAVES EATING OUT OF A HOG-TROUGH.

This likewise took place in Virginia. The master, it seems, in this case was more condescending than many others who generally feed their slaves with raw Indian corn, or suffer them to cook it in what manner they choose. But this rather more humane slave-holder, ordered regular meals to be made of a sort of hominy, and put it in a large hog-trough, in which the hounds also were fed. If the slaves behaved well, they were permitted as a favour to eat before the hounds; but for the least offence, the hounds ate their hominy first.

THE SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH FOR
KILLING A SHEEP.

This also happened near Leesburg, on the plantation of one J. L., who had a slave named Anthony Tony. This poor fellow one evening being very hungry, (for like the generality of slaves in many of the states, having nothing but raw corn for his daily allowance,) longed to taste a piece of mutton. He, therefore, was determined at the risk of all consequences to kill one of his master's sheep. But perhaps through extreme hunger, (for hunger is a powerful persuader,) he did not think of his master's resentment; however, he killed a sheep and cooked a part, of which he made a hearty meal, but it cost him his life; for as soon as the master became acquainted with the circumstance, he ordered the overseer to have no compassion on him, but to flog him in the most severe manner. The overseer immediately obeyed his com-

mands, and after compelling Anthony's fellow slaves to strip him entirely naked and tie him, he then began the infernal work in which his soul delighted. He whipped him so unmercifully with a cow-skin, that the blood gushed out in streams, and continued the operation so long, that he actually expired.



THE SLAVE SLOWLY DISSECTED AND
BURNED.

A slave in the state of Georgia, on account of ill usage, ran away from his master, but was retaken and brought back again to stand his trial. The master was determined to make an example of him; with a view not only to deter the other slaves from running away, but also to gratify his savage and revengeful disposition. He ordered a large fire to be made in the kitchen, and the slave to be stripped and tied before the fire, that he

might dissect him by degrees. The poor wretch, who saw what was going to be done, begged of his master to begin at his head first, in order that he might be despatched the sooner, and thereby prevent his suffering so much; but the savage master, deaf to any thing having even the appearance of mercy, began at his feet first, by chopping off his toes and throwing them in the fire; he then cut off his hands and threw them in, then tore out his entrails and threw them in; after which he tore out his heart also and and threw it in; and lastly he cut off his head and threw it with the rest of the body in the fire. He then cautioned all the slaves to keep these things a secret upon the peril of their lives; but the news soon spread abroad, and, consequently, he was arrested and went through a sort of sham trial: but, finally, was cleared, as is the case generally in the slave states.

N. B.—The above statement may be relied upon as a real fact, for the information was received through various channels, although I have forgotten the name of the master and the precise place where it happened.

THE SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH FOR
TELLING HIS VISION.

A slave named Ajax (belonging to one General D., who lived not far from Leesburg, Virginia,) had a very remarkable dream or vision, which of the two I will not pretend to determine, though it was stated to me to be the latter; the substance of which was as follows: he conceived himself transported into the midst of the infernal regions, where he beheld the torments of those who were consigned to everlasting punishment, and among the rest saw his master and overseer, (the latter being already dead,) suspended by their tongues, and hanging in the midst of hell!! This awful sight made such an impression on his mind, that he was exceedingly terrified, and immediately communicated what he saw to most of his acquaintances, and among the rest to his master, who was determined from this moment to make an example of him, and

have him chastised severely for his rashness, as he called it; for, like Joseph's brethren of old, he hated him the more for his dream or vision, to which he bade defiance. He ordered him to be stripped entirely naked, and then tied fast and lashed with a cow-skin, in such a most unmerciful manner, that every stroke made the blood fly in every direction! The poor slave bore it all with patience, and at the same time telling them that they might take away his life, as soon as they pleased; but that they could not destroy his soul, which he foresaw would soon wing its flight to those celestial abodes, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." And this belief was no doubt quickly verified, for, being sick at the time, the operation was greater than he could bear, and he expired in a few minutes.

This slave-holder had a very violent temper, and sometimes made use of very rash expressions; and when at Bladensburg, where he had the command of the army, (during the late war with Great Britain,) some of the soldiers, at the time

they were encamped, came to him to ask for a furlough, in order that they might visit their families or friends; but he swore that he would give them none, and that if even Jesus Christ should come and ask for a furlough, he would not grant him any.

But it appears that he never afterwards seemed to prosper, but was reduced to poverty, and in a few months terminated his existence.

THE MAN AND WIFE YOKED LIKE OXEN.

A man and his wife were once yoked like oxen and brought from West River, (in the state of Maryland,) to Baltimore to be sold to the highest bidder, and it is said that one Philip Rogers, a methodist minister, out of humanity, purchased them with his own money, and after having brought them to Philadelphia, set them free.

THE UNGODLY MAN CONVERTED.

This happened in the state of Virginia, and was nearly as follows:—A slave living in the above-mentioned state, was said to be industrious and attentive to his master's business, and more careful to perform his work well, than most slaves generally are: in consequence of which, he was more esteemed by the family than the rest of the slaves; and even his cruel master was inclined to indulge him more than the rest on account of his fidelity. But this slave, it appears, was in the habit of attending the church on Sabbath day evenings, and this for a length of time was permitted by his master; but the latter wanting his services at home sometimes on those occasions, when he was absent, at length forbade him going any more; but the slave still persisted in going, notwithstanding the master's injunctions to the contrary. At last the master finding his commands still disobeyed,

told him plainly, that if he went once more, he would whip him to death. But the slave disregarded his threats and went again to church; the master then flew into a most violent passion, and as soon as the slave came home, he commanded him to stand before him and strip off his shirt: he did so, and the master began to lash him most furiously, when the slave at this critical moment instantly kneeled down on his knees and prayed for his master; but this enraged him still more, and he swore most bitterly, and told the slave that if he did not desist from praying, he would kill him dead on the spot! but the slave, being determined, still continued praying, until at length, the master fell down in a state of insensibility, and to all appearance, lifeless, and lay in that condition many hours before he uttered a word, for it seems that the judgment of the Lord was heavy upon him, and from the time of his recovery, (which was effected with some difficulty,) he became an altered man, took a serious turn, prayed most fervently, and became a true Christian. He soon gave all the

slaves their freedom; and in a short time afterwards became a preacher of righteousness, and a travelling minister of the methodist denomination; and many times he related the above circumstance in the pulpit with tears in his eyes, to the great comfort and benefit of the audience. .

RECENT CASE IN NEW ORLEANS.

The occurrence of a fire in New Orleans, on the tenth ultimo, has led to a disclosure of circumstances of a horrifying character. The Courier of that day has the annexed particulars:

“ A fire broke out this morning in the kitchen of Madame Lalaurie, corner of Royal and Bayou streets, which was soon wrapped in flames. It was known to some of the neighbours, that the upper part of this building was used as a prison, and that it was then tenanted by several unfortunate slaves loaded with chains. In-

formation of this fact was communicated to Judge Canonge, who instantly waited on Mr. Lalaurie, and asked permission of that gentleman, in a polite manner, to have the slaves removed to a place of safety; when the latter, with much rudeness, replied, that "there were those who would be better employed if they would attend to their own affairs, instead of officiously intermeddling with the concerns of other people." The flames gaining rapidly on the building, orders were given to break open the doors, which being promptly obeyed, a most appalling sight was presented, in the shape of several wretched negroes emerging from the fire, their bodies covered with scars and loaded with chains! Amongst them was a female slave, upwards of 60 years of age, who could not move. Some young men carried her to the city guard house, where the others, six in number, were also conducted, to be protected from the cruelty of their owner. We saw one of these miserable beings. The sight was so horrible that we could scarce look upon it. The most savage heart

could not have witnessed the spectacle unmoved. He had a large hole in his head, his body from head to foot was covered with scars and filled with worms!! The sight inspired us with so much horror, that even at the moment of writing this article we shudder from its effects. Those who have seen the others represent them to be in a similar condition.

We forbear a farther description of this revolting spectacle, as it can hardly be agreeable to the feelings of our readers. We hope the grand jury will take cognizance of this unparalleled outrage, and bring the perpetrators of it to the punishment they so richly deserve.

The Louisiana Advertiser remarks— We are sorry to be obliged to copy the above article, which may give a colouring to the bad opinion expressed and sought to be disseminated against us in the north. But as proof that our population are not generally composed of such monsters as Madame Lalaurie, we have, however much we may be opposed to mobs, the pleasure as citizens of New Orleans, of stating that last night the in-

furiated populace, assaulted, and, in their just indignation sought the wretch; but not finding her, demolished her dwelling and destroyed her property.

But we leave the subject to judicial investigation, assured that justice will be done, and the guilty be brought to punishment.

The Bee of the 11th *ult.*, says—"The populace have repaired to the house of this woman, and have demolished and destroyed every thing upon which they could lay their hands. At the time of inditing this, the fury of the mob remained still unabated, and threatens the demolition of the entire edifice."

The Bee of the 12th says—"The popular fury, which we briefly adverted to in our paper of yesterday, as consequent upon the discovery of the barbarous and fiendish atrocities committed by the woman Lalaurie, upon the persons of her slaves, continued unabated the whole of the evening before last, and part of yesterday morning. It was found necessary, for the purpose of restoring order, for the sheriff and his officers to repair to the

place of riot, and to interpose the authority of the state, which we are pleased to notice proved effectual without the occurrence of any of those acts of violence which are common upon similar occasions. We regret, however, to state, that previously some indignities had been shown to Judge Canonge, who ventured to expostulate with the assailants upon the propriety of ceasing their operations, and that during the same, deadly weapons were in the hands of many persons, a resort to which at one time was seriously apprehended. Nothing of the kind, happily, however, transpired.

Nearly the whole of the edifice is demolished, and scarcely any thing remains but the walls, which the popular vengeance have ornamented with various writings expressive of their indignation and the justness of their punishment.

The loss of property sustained, is estimated by some at \$40,000; but others think this calculation exaggerated. It must, however, have been very great, indeed, as the furniture alone was of the most costly kind, consisting of pianos,

armoires, buffets, &c., which were removed to the garret and thrown from thence into the street, for the purpose of rendering them of no possible value whatever.

This is the first act of the kind that our populace have ever engaged in; and although the provocation pleads much in favour of the excesses committed, yet we dread the precedent. To say the least of it, it may be excused, but cannot be justified. Summary punishments, the results of popular excitement in a government of laws, can never admit of justification, let the circumstances be ever so aggravating.

The whole of yesterday and the preceding day, the police jail was crowded by persons pressing forward to witness the unfortunate wretches who had escaped cruelties that would compare with those of a Domitian, a Nero, or a Caligula! Four thousand persons at least, it is computed, have already visited these victims to convince themselves of their sufferings.

The following accounts were given me by a very intelligent coloured man of this city, named J. C. M., who was an eye witness of the facts, which were as follow:

THE SLAVE WHIPPED FOR GOING TO SEE
HIS WIFE.

In North Carolina, near Edenton, and on the plantation of A. C., Esq., lived a slave of the name of Stephen, (who had formerly lost a leg;) merely for going to see his wife, (who resided on a neighbouring plantation,) although he had his young master's permission, and was back in time for his work next morning, yet he was tied and flogged with a cowskin! then his head was cut with an angular stick loaded with lead, and notched on the edges; at every stroke of which the blood flowed.

George J. Carter

THE SLAVE FLOGGED AND ROBBED.

In 1829, one R—, who keeps a tavern in Conti street, New Orleans, had a slave named Joe, who ran away from his master, but when brought back he offered to purchase his time, and had tendered 1000 dollars* down, but this was refused: he was then flogged severely with the long cart whip, till his back was cut in scores! then washed with pickle and placed in the stocks. But as soon as the welts were a little healed, he was flogged again, and this was repeated for some time; when at last, his master, after having fully gratified his revenge by making an example of him, robbed him of all his money, and sold him to the owner of a sugar plantation.

* This money he collected from a great many well disposed people, who gave it to him through compassion, in order that he might purchase his freedom.

THE PREGNANT WOMAN WHIPPED.

Mrs. C., a widow woman in Wilmington, North Carolina, had a slave named Mary, far advanced in a state of pregnancy, flogged in the market place for a most trifling offence, until nature caused her to bring forth the fruit of her womb on the naked earth! She was taken insensible to the prison, but whether she lived or died, I cannot say.

Many more terrible cases of cruelty of a similar nature might be added, but perhaps those already mentioned will be sufficient for the present purpose. I shall now proceed to give an extract from the admirable speech of Mr. Moore, (on the subject of slavery,) who has shown in the plainest manner, independently of the crime attached to it, the great impolicy of holding slaves.



Pregnant Woman + Man,



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*Extracts from the Speech of Mr. Moore,
in the House of Delegates of Virginia,
on the subject of Negro Slavery.*

It is utterly impossible for us to avoid the consideration of this subject, which forces itself upon our view in such a manner, that we cannot avoid it. As well might the apostle have attempted to close his eyes against the light which shone upon him from heaven, or to have turned a deaf ear to the name which reached him from on high, as for this assembly to try to stifle the spirit of inquiry which is abroad in this land, as to the best means of freeing the state from the curse of slavery. The monstrous consequences which arise from the existence of slavery, have become exposed to open day; the dangers arising from it stare us in the face, and it becomes us as men, as freemen, and the representatives of freemen, to meet and overcome them, rather than to attempt to escape by evading them. Permit me

now, sir, to direct your attention to some of the evil consequences of slavery, by way of argument, in favour of our maturely deliberating on the whole subject, and adopting some efficient measures to remove the cause from which those evils spring. In the first place, I shall confine my remarks to such of those evils as affect the white population exclusively. And even in that point of view, I think that slavery as it exists among us, may be regarded as the heaviest calamity which has ever befallen any portion of the human race. If we look back through the long course of time which has elapsed from the creation to the present moment, we shall scarcely be able to point out a people whose situation was not, in many respects, preferable to our own; and that of the other states in which negro slavery exists. True, sir, we shall see nations which have groaned under the yoke of despotism for hundreds and thousands of years, but the individuals composing those nations have enjoyed a degree of happiness, peace, and freedom from oppression, which the holders of slaves, in this country, can

never know. True it is, that slavery has existed almost from the time of the deluge, in some form or other, in different parts of the world; but always, and every where, under less disadvantageous circumstances than in this country.

The Greeks and Romans had many slaves, but, fortunately for them, there was no difference in complexion, which placed an impassable barrier between the freeman and the slave, and prevented them from liberating the latter, or raising him to an equality with the former. They exercised an unlimited power over even the lives of their slaves, and being under but little restraint from principles of humanity, they could guard against danger by putting a part of their slaves to death. We appear destined to see the evil constantly increasing upon us, whilst we are restrained upon the one hand, from raising them to the condition of freemen, by unconquerable prejudices against their complexion; and on the other, from destroying them, by feelings of humanity, which, thank God, are equally invincible. But, sir, I must proceed to point out some of the most

prominent evils arising from the existence of slavery among us. And among these, the first I shall mention, is the irresistible tendency which it has to undermine and destroy every thing like virtue and morality in the community. I think I may safely assert, that ignorance is the inseparable companion of slavery, and that the desire of freedom is the inevitable consequence of implanting in the human mind any useful degree of intelligence; it is, therefore, the policy of the master, that the ignorance of his slaves shall be as profound as possible; and such a state of ignorance is wholly incompatible with the existence of any moral principle, or exalted feeling in the breast of the slave. It renders him incapable of deciding between right and wrong, of judging of the enormity of crime, or of estimating the high satisfaction which the performance of an honourable act affords to more intelligent beings. He is never actuated by those noble and inspiring motives which prompt the free to the performance of creditable and praiseworthy deeds; on the contrary, his early habits, pursuits, and associations, are

such as to bring into action all his most vicious propensities.

He is habituated, from his infancy, to sacrifice truth without remorse, as the only means of escaping punishment, which is too apt to be inflicted whether merited or not. The candid avowal of the fault, which a kind parent is disposed to regard in his child as the evidence of merit, is sure to be considered by the master as insolence in a slave; and to furnish additional reason for inflicting punishment upon him. The slave perceives that he can never attain to the least distinction in society, however fair and unexceptionable his conduct may be, or even to an equality with the lowest class of freemen; and that, however innocent he may be, he is often liable to the severest punishment, at the will of hireling overseers, without even the form of a trial. The impulses of passion are never restrained in him by that dread of infamy and disgrace, which operates so powerfully in deterring freemen from the commission of acts criminal or dishonourable; and he is ever ready to indulge

with avidity in the most beastly intemperance, conscious that nothing can disgrace him in the estimation of the world. His reason, beclouded as it is, tells him that to hold him in slavery is a violation of his natural rights; and, considering himself as entitled to full remuneration for his labour, he does not regard it as a fault, to appropriate any part of his master's property to his own use. He looks upon the whole white population as participating in the wrongs he endures; and never scruples to revenge himself by destroying their property; and is never deterred from the commission of theft, except by fear of the punishment consequent on detection. The demoralizing influence of the indiscriminate intercourse of the sexes, among our slave population, needs only to be hinted at, to be understood. Can it be expected, sir, or will it be contended, that when so large a mass of the population of the country is corrupt, that the other classes can entirely escape the contagion? Sir, it is impossible: and the dissolute habits of a large number of our citizens, especially

of the very poorest class, is too notorious to be denied; and the cause of it is too obvious to be disputed. Far be it from me, Mr. Speaker, to assert that virtue and morality cannot at all exist among the free, where slavery is allowed, or that there are not many high-minded, honourable, virtuous, and patriotic individuals even in those parts of the state, where the slaves are most numerous. I know there are many such. I only contend, that it is impossible in the nature of things, that slaves can be virtuous and moral; and that their vices must have, to some extent, an influence upon the morals of the free. There is another, and, perhaps, a less questionable evil, growing out of the existence of slavery in this country, which cannot have escaped the observation, nor failed to have elicited the profound regrets of every patriotic and reflecting individual in the assembly. I allude, sir, to the prevalent and almost universal indisposition of the free population, to engage in the cultivation of the soil, that species of labour, upon which the prosperity of every country chiefly

depends. That being the species of labour in which slaves are usually employed, it is generally regarded as a mark of servitude, and, consequently, as degrading and disreputable. It follows, of course, that the entire population of the state must be supported by the labour of that half which is in slavery: and it will hardly be denied, that it is to this circumstance, principally, if not solely, that we are to ascribe the astonishing contrast between the prosperity of the non-slave-holding, and slave-holding states of this Union. How many cases do we see around us, of men in moderate circumstances, who, too proud to till the earth with their own hands, are gradually wasting away their small patrimonial estates, and raising their families in habits of idleness and extravagance? How many young men, who, were it not for the prevailing prejudices of the country, might gain an honourable and honest subsistence by cultivating the soil, instead of attempting to force themselves into professions already crowded to excess, in order to obtain a precarious subsistence?

And how many of these do we see resort to intemperance to drown reflection, when want of success has driven them to despair? We learn from those who have had ample means of deciding, that the situation of the yeomanry of the middle and northern states, is, in every respect, different from that of the same class of people in the slave-holding states. There the farmer cultivates his land with his own hands, which produces all the necessaries, and many of the comforts of life in abundance. He rears up his children in habits of industry, unexposed to the allurements of vice, and, instead of being a burden, they assist him in his labours. If, sir, we compare the face of the country in Virginia, with that of the northern states, we shall find the result greatly to the disadvantage of the former. We shall see the old dominion, though blessed by nature, with all the advantages of climate, a fruitful soil, and fine navigable bays and rivers, gradually declining in all that constitutes national wealth. In that part of the state below tide-water, the whole face of the country

wears an appearance of almost utter desolation, distressing to the beholder. Tall and thick forests or pines are every where to be seen encroaching upon the once cultivated fields, and casting a deep gloom over the land, which looks as if nature mourned over the misfortunes of men. The very spot on which our ancestors landed, a little more than two hundred years ago, appears to be on the eve of again becoming the haunt of wild animals. No man can doubt, sir, that the deterioration in the appearance of the country, is owing mainly to the careless manner in which the soil is cultivated by slaves, and the indolence of the white population: nor can we hesitate to ascribe the flourishing condition of the non-slave-holding states, which are every where covered with highly cultivated farms, thriving villages, and an industrious white population, to the absence of slavery.

A third consequence of slavery is, that it detracts from the ability of a country to defend itself against foreign aggression. Every slave occupies the place of a free-

man, and if we regard them merely as neutrals, they impair the force of the state in full proportion to their numbers. But we cannot rationally regard them as neutrals, for the desire of freedom is so deeply implanted in the human breast, that no time or treatment can entirely eradicate it, and they will always be disposed to avail themselves of a favourable opportunity of asserting their natural rights. It will, consequently, be necessary to employ a certain proportion of the efficient force of the whites to keep them in subjection. What that proportion will be, I will not undertake exactly to determine; but it may be safely assumed, that, wherever the slaves are as numerous as the whites, it will require one-half of the effective force of the latter to keep them quiet; and such is the fact as to the whole of eastern Virginia. And in those counties, such as Amelia, Nottoway, Greensville, Charles City, King William, and some others, in which the slaves are more than double as numerous as the whites, the force of the latter, as to defence against an invading army, may be consi-

dered as wholly inefficient. And, for the same reasons, the counties of Brunswick, Charlotte, Mecklenburg, and many others, in which the slaves are nearly twice as numerous as the whites, could spare no part of their forces to contend against an invasion of the state. I hope, sir, that my mentioning the counties I have enumerated, and the proportions of their different kinds of inhabitants, will not be attributed to any disposition in me to show the slightest disrespect either to the people of those counties, or their representatives, on this floor. I am contending that where the proportion of slaves to the freemen, is as great as it is in those counties, (and I can satisfactorily show that it will be so throughout the states in less than thirty years, unless we do something to get clear of the former,) that it wholly incapacitates a country for defence against a foreign enemy, and I mention those counties by way of illustrating my argument. And, Mr. Speaker, I think it can hardly be contended, that I have estimated the force necessary for keeping the slaves in sub-

jection too high, when it is recollected that they are intimately acquainted with all the secret passes, strong holds, and fastnesses, of the country; and being restrained by no moral or patriotic considerations, will ever be ready to act as guides to an invading foe, and to flock to his standard whenever he may be disposed to tempt them to it, by holding out the strongest temptation which can ever be presented to the human mind—namely, the possession of liberty.

It must be remembered, too, that we may often have enemies who will not be too magnanimous to avail themselves of advantages which cost them nothing. If our enemies should be of that description of men, who are but little disposed to perform their engagements in good faith, they will be tempted to seduce our slaves from our possession, not only for the purpose of injuring us, and adding to their own strength, but for the more criminal object of making a profitable speculation, by disposing them in the West India market. The conduct of the British armies and their commanders during the last

war, and that of the revolution, proves that the latter motive, disgraceful as it is, has not failed to have its full operation.

I will now briefly advert to another consequence of slavery, which is highly detrimental to the commonwealth, which is, that it retards and prevents the increase of the white population of the state. As a proof of this, I may direct your attention to the simple fact; that, in the whole district of country lying on the east of the Blue Ridge, the white population has increased but 61,332 in forty years, much less than either of the cities of New York and Philadelphia has increased in the same length of time. The great effect of slavery in retarding the growth of population will be made manifest by comparing the number of inhabitants in Virginia with the number in New York at different periods. In 1790, the population of Virginia was, at least, from two to three times as great as that of New York. In 1830, the whole population of Virginia was 1,216,299; that of New York was 1,934,409. From which it appears, that the inhabitants of New York have

increased at least five or six times as rapidly as the inhabitants of Virginia; and the former has one-third more inhabitants than the latter at this time, notwithstanding the territorial extent of the former is one-third less than that of the latter. If we compare the population of the other slave-holding with that of the non-slave-holding states, we shall find similar results arising from the same cause; and if we institute the same sort of comparison between some of our oldest and thickest settled counties and some of the counties in the eastern states, we shall find that the inhabitants of the former never exceed thirty-nine, whilst those of the latter amount to from one to two hundred to the square mile. These facts are within the knowledge, or reach, of every member of this house; and those who have attended to the facts I have stated, as to the carelessness of the slaves in cultivating the soil, and the indolence of the whites, in all slave-holding countries, can readily account for the difference which exists as to population, between the slave-holding and non-slave-holding states.

Having now, sir, (in a most imperfect manner, I admit,) attempted to depict some of the many evils of slavery which we already experience, let us inquire what must be the ultimate consequence of retaining them among us. To my mind, the answer to this inquiry must be both obvious and appalling. It is, sir, that the time will come, and at no distant day, when we shall be involved in all the horrors of a servile war, which will not end until both sides have suffered much; until the land shall every where be red with human blood, and until the slaves or the whites be totally exterminated. Shall I be told, sir, that these are unfounded apprehensions? that they are nothing but the exaggerations of a heated imagination? Such a reply will not convince me that I am in error, nor satisfy that numerous class of our fellow-citizens who concur in the opinions I have expressed. Let not gentlemen "put the flattering unction to their souls," that it is the voice of fear, not of reason, which is calling on them, from every quarter of this commonwealth, to remove from the land the hea-

vy curse of slavery. If, sir, gentlemen will listen to the remark I am about to make on this branch of the subject, I humbly hope that I shall succeed in satisfying them, if there be any truth in history, and if the time have not arrived when causes cease to produce their legitimate results, that the dreadful catastrophe in which our slave system must result, if persisted in, is as inevitable as any event which has not already transpired.

I lay it down as a maxim not to be disputed, that our slaves, like all the rest of the human race, are now, and will ever continue to be, actuated by the desire of liberty, and it is equally certain, that whenever the proportion of slaves in this state, to our white population, shall have become so great as to inspire them with the hope of being able to throw off the yoke, that then an effort will be made by them to effect that object. What the proportion between the slaves and the freemen must be which will imbolden the former to make such an attempt, it is not material for me to inquire; for if it be admitted that any disproportion, however great, will have that effect, it is sus-

ceptible of the clearest demonstration, that it must be made within a period so short, that many of us may expect to witness it. . And I need not go into an inquiry whether or not such an attempt can, at any time, or under any circumstances, be attended with success; for it is certain, that whenever it is made, it will be the beginning of a servile war; and from what we know of human nature generally, and from what we hear of the spirit manifested by both parties in the late Southampton rebellion, it is very evident that such a war must be one of extermination, happen when it will.

Taking it for granted that the position I have taken cannot be shaken or controverted, I proceed to make a statement of facts, and to submit a table I have made out, containing several calculations, showing the relative increase of the white and coloured population in eastern Virginia, and in the counties of Brunswick and Halifax in the last forty years, to the consideration of the house; and from which I expect to be able to prove very satisfactorily, 1st., that the coloured population are rapidly gaining on the whites; 2dly,

that this gain must be more rapid in time to come than it has been in times past; and, 3dly, that in a short period the proportion of the slaves to the whites, must become so great that the consequences which I have predicted, and which are so much to be deprecated, must ensue.

In 1790, the population of eastern Virginia	
was of whites	314,523
coloured	289,425
In 1830, it was whites	375,855
coloured	457,013
Increase in 40 years of whites	61,332
coloured	167,588
Majority of whites in 1790	25,098
coloured, 1830	81,078
Gain of coloured in 40 years	106,176

If both kinds of population continue to increase in the same ratio for the next 40 years, the population of East Virginia

will be in 1870, whites	449,147
coloured	722,080
Majority of coloured	272,933
The population of Brunswick county was in 1790	
whites	5,919
coloured	6,908
In 1830, it was of whites	5,397
coloured	10,370
Decrease of whites in 40 years	522
nearly equal to 9 per cent.	
Increase of coloured	3,464

equal to 50 per cent.

Gain of coloured in 40 years 3,986

Should the whites decrease, and the coloured increase, for 40 years to come, in the same ratio, the population will then stand thus:

Whites	:	:	:	:	:	:	4,912
Coloured	:	:	:	:	:	:	15,558

The coloured being, at that time, more than three times as numerous as the whites.

In 1790, Halifax had, whites	8,931
coloured	5,791
In 1830, whites	12,915
coloured	15,117
Increase in 40 years, of whites	3,984
equal to 44 per cent.	
of coloured	9,326
equal to 161 per cent.	
Gain of coloured in 40 years	5,344

If both increase in the same ratio, to the year 1870, the population will stand thus:

Whites	:	:	:	:	:	:	18,597
Coloured	:	:	:	:	:	:	39,455

or two coloured to one white.

A part of the table I have just read, Mr. Speaker, is extracted from the petition referred to your select committee, from the county of Hanover. I have already stated that there are several coun-

ties in the state, in which the slaves are twice, and many others in which they are thrice as numerous as the whites; and it would be very easy to show, that if the two kinds of population increase in the same ratio for the next that they have done for the last forty years, the slaves will, at the end of that time, be from three to five times as numerous as the whites, in those counties.

But, sir, having said enough to satisfy any reasonable man, that the slaves are rapidly gaining on the whites, I shall now endeavour to show, beyond controversy, that they must gain upon them much more rapidly in time to come, than they have done in time past. The population of every country, must, of necessity, be limited to the means of subsistence which it affords, and, of course, there can be no increase of population in countries in which the inhabitants are so numerous as to consume all the means of subsistence which it can be made to produce. The population of China has long been stationary, not being greater now than it was a thousand or two thousand

years ago. In other old settled countries, such as Holland, France, and many parts of Germany and Italy, the increase of population is scarcely perceptible. In new countries, in which provisions are abundant, like the states of Ohio, Indiana, and some others, population doubles itself in from ten to twelve years; and in the whole United States it doubles itself in about twenty-five or thirty years, as has been ascertained from actual enumeration, independent of emigration from abroad.

The means of subsistence in every country, consists almost exclusively of the products of the soil, and the quantity of those products depends very much upon the manner in which the soil is cultivated. England, for example, sustains three times as many inhabitants, owing to its high state of cultivation as it would do, if cultivated as lands are in Virginia. And every country in which all the inhabitants are free, will sustain double as great a population as one in which slavery exists. In attempting, then, to ascertain what number of inhabitants Virginia will

maintain, we are not to be governed by the number of inhabitants to the square mile, in countries in which agriculture is carried to the highest perfection, but by the amount of the necessaries of life which can be drawn from the soil by our mode of cultivation. Estimating the population which Virginia, or rather that part of it lying east of the Blue Ridge, will support, upon that principle, it is perfectly apparent it can never sustain more than one-third in addition to its present population. The whole number of inhabitants in eastern Virginia, according to the census of 1830, is 832,868: by adding one-third to this number, I ascertain the whole number of inhabitants which eastern Virginia can support, 1,110,490. That this estimate is sufficiently high, is proved by the fact, that there are seventeen counties in that part of the state, which have a smaller population now than they had forty years ago, that there are as many others which have scarcely increased at all in that period, and probably many more which have decreased in the last ten or twenty years. And

the additional fact furnished by the statement made out by the auditor for the convention, that in the two great eastern divisions of the state, from the Blue Ridge to the ocean, the ratio of increase has been but a very small fraction of one per cent. per annum, for many years past. Again, sir, it has been ascertained with great certainty, that the whole slave population in the United States, increases at the rate of two and a half per cent. a year, and doubles itself in about twenty-eight years. Supposing the whole coloured population of eastern Virginia doubles itself in that period, it will in the year 1851 amount to 914,026, or more than the entire population of that part of the state at present, and within 196,474 of as many as it can ever contain: consequently, there will then be but one white to every five coloured inhabitants in that portion of the commonwealth.

But I may be asked why I assume that the coloured population is to continue to increase as heretofore, and that the white will decrease as the coloured advances.

To such a question I should reply, Because the checks upon the increase of population growing out of the want of the means of subsistence, operate exclusively upon the white people. One of the immediate effects of the want of means of subsistence in all thickly settled countries, is that it so limits the number of marriages, that the number of children born scarcely ever exceeds the number of deaths in any given period. How far this cause operates in eastern Virginia, we may judge from the past, that, notwithstanding the entire white population of that part of the state, was greater by 96,600, in 1820, than that of western Virginia, yet the number of whites under five years old was two thousand greater in 1830, in western than in eastern Virginia. I will mention another fact, which proves conclusively that this cause does not at all retard the growth of our coloured population, and will show its effects as to both kinds of population in a very striking point of view: it is, that, according to the census of 1830, the whole number of the coloured population in

eastern Virginia, under ten years of age, was upwards of 155,000, whilst the number of whites, of a corresponding age, was but little over 110,000, making a difference in favour of the former of nearly 45,000. Another of the immediate checks upon the increase of population in densely inhabited countries, arising from the want of means of subsistence, is the number of poor persons who perish, in times of great scarcity, from hunger. If there ever be any of the inhabitants of this state who perish from want, they must belong to the poorer classes of white people, who have no person, able to relieve them, interested in preserving their lives. The slave is always secure from this danger; the master being always prompted by motives of interest to sell, if not able to support him. Another, and a principal check upon the increase of the population of this state, is the immense emigration from it. This check has hitherto operated pretty equally upon all classes of our inhabitants, and the gain of the blacks has not been greater than can readily be accounted for upon other prin-

principles which I have mentioned already. But, sir, the time has come when the emigration must be confined almost exclusively to the white population. All the states of the Union will ever continue open to such of our white people as may choose to enter them. On the other hand, many of these states have been long closed against our coloured population; and even the southern states, to which, in times past so many thousands of slaves have been carried have at length become alarmed at the immense number of slaves among them, and are taking decisive measures for preventing any more of them being carried there in future. The legislature of Louisiana has recently passed an act to exclude slaves from that state, under very severe penalties. The gentleman from Mecklenburg (Mr. Goode) attributed the passage of that act to the action of this assembly, at its present session, upon the subject of slaves; but, unfortunately for that idea, the act of the legislature of Louisiana was passed a short time before this legislature convened. I also learn from the newspapers, that the legislatures

of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, and the rest of the slave-holding states, are about to adopt the same policy with Louisiana. The market for slaves may be considered, then, as closed for ever, and the inevitable consequence will be, that the blacks will continue to increase without any check whatsoever; the slave-holders will be compelled, in order to find them employment, to drive off their poor white tenants from their lands; the small slaveholders will be compelled to sell out and remove, until, in the course of some twenty or thirty years, the disproportion between the blacks and the whites, will become so great, that the slaves will attempt to recover their liberty, and then the consequences which I have predicted, and which are so much to be deprecated, will inevitably ensue.

GENERAL REFLECTIONS ON WHAT HAS
BEEN ADVANCED.

From what has been said in the foregoing speech of Mr. Moore, and from the cases of cruelty already enumerated, it is plainly to be seen in what great difficulties our country is involved; and, that the holding of slaves is not only sinful, unjust, inhuman, and immoral, but impolitic in the highest degree. It is a heavy curse that hangs over our country; a shame and disgrace to a Republican Government; a blot or foul stain on the fair face of our boasted land of liberty. All orations on liberty should cease, while two millions of our fellow beings are groaning in slavery under more than Egyptian bondage. The accursed thing is in the land, though not hidden in the camp, as it was in the days of Joshua; and if something be not speedily done to deliver us from the evil, it will, ere long, be the downfall of our Republic. The

Israelites were greatly oppressed, when in Egypt, by the imposition of heavy tasks; but we do not read of their being shot, whipped, burnt, or starved to death, as the slaves have been in this country—but the Israelites cried unto God in their afflictions, and he relieved them. Just so it will probably be in our country, the hand of the Lord is not slackened, neither will he turn a deaf ear to the groans of the afflicted. The cries of the poor distressed slaves have no doubt ascended up unto God, and he will, in his appointed time, enable them, like the Israelites, to march with a high hand, and “spoil the Egyptian.” Besides the cruelties mentioned in the beginning of this work,—we read in different authors on this subject, that in some places it is customary for the owners to brand their names, with a red hot iron, on the foreheads of the slaves, and, also, make them work, chained constantly to a heavy weight, to prevent them from running away,—that some have been muzzled like the ox, to prevent them from eating the fruit,

or drinking the juice of the cane, &c.—that some masters have tied their slaves to a tree or post, and compelled their fellow slaves to flog them.—And that some have been tied fast to the tails of horses, and thus dragged along violently, and flogged until they have expired. In short, every kind of cruelty has been exercised upon them that the most brutal tyranny could desire, or savage barbarity invent. And what is the reason of all this? why, because, (as Cowper ironically observes,) “they are guilty of being born with a coloured skin,”—and hence many conclude, that they are intended by nature to be made subservient to those who have the good fortune to be born white. But this kind of absurd reasoning is a reproach on the great Creator, who has made all mankind equal in every respect whatever; although he has been pleased to give a variety of colours to the human species, just in like manner, as he has given different colours to the various tribes of animals, &c. Thus we find one horse black, and another white, &c.; but we have never yet discovered,

that the white horse has better blood in his veins than the black one, or is preferable to him in any respect whatever: or that a white cow is more valuable than a black one, &c. We have also every kind of colour among the various kinds of insects, vegetables, &c. &c.—for variety is the beauty of nature; but as for one colour being more beautiful than another, it is altogether in fancy; for what one person calls beauty, another calls deformity; but custom, which makes most things agreeable, generally establishes a sort of standard of beauty. This was strikingly exemplified in the travels of Mungo Park, in the interior of Africa, (where black being the common colour of the human species, is therefore thought to be the most handsome:) he was generally viewed with astonishment, by all classes of people. At one place, in particular, the women having assembled around him, (it being the first time they had ever beheld a white man,) looked at him with surprise and wonder, and considered him a very odd, ill-looking man, having colour and features so very different from

their own; one woman said, he was so ugly that it almost made her sick to look at him! Thus we see that beauty exists, only in idea, or fancy; and this often changes by custom or fashion. We have a variety of shades in the colour of the human species, from what is termed white, to the deepest black; and it is only the Europeans, and their descendants in America, that are considered perfectly fair in complexion; for the inhabitants of all the other parts of the globe are more or less coloured. Thus the inhabitants of the polar regions, comprehending the Laplanders, Greenlanders, the people of Kamtschatka, the northern Tartars, &c., are of a dark gray colour; the Ethiopians are tawny; the Egyptians, Chinese, Turks, and Arabians, as also the inhabitants of the islands in the South Seas, &c., are more or less swarthy, but the negroes of Africa, together with the Gentoos, or natives of India, are of a deep black colour. This great variety that we observe in the colour and features of the human race, is said to be occasioned by the different climates, toge-

ther with the different manners, customs, &c., peculiar to each: at least, this is, perhaps, the most rational conclusion on the subject that has yet been given, although it has been discussed by the greatest philosophers of all ages and countries!—and there is no doubt of this, for we may easily perceive that those coloured people who are born here, have lighter complexions, and are of finer features than those who come immediately from Africa; the climate, food, customs, &c., producing this difference: and hence it follows, that, in a great length of time, they would become entirely white!

But to return to the subject of slavery: if all who are coloured, either partially, or totally, throughout the whole world, were to be made slaves to the white population, then more than two-thirds of the whole human race would be subjected to servitude; which would be considered not only sinful or unjust, but also entirely impracticable; and if it be so in the whole, it is also in part.

Many persons, for want of information

on this subject, and not knowing in what manner the slaves have been treated, have concluded that they are an ignorant and indolent people, and, therefore, incapable of acting and providing for themselves; and, consequently, that they are more happy when under subjection, than when they enjoy freedom. But this absurd reasoning, in justification of slavery, is not worth a refutation; for although we were to suppose for a moment, that all the slaves in the different states were used well in every respect, and treated in the most friendly manner by their masters, yet no kindness whatever, no favours they could possibly bestow, would compensate for the loss of liberty. In a state of servitude, they never could become a people of any consequence, and never could make any proficiency in the arts and sciences; but their minds would lie dormant, like marble in the quarry, for want of cultivation; neither would an education be of much advantage to them, even if they had an opportunity of acquiring it, as it would show them more plainly the wretched

state they are in; and by that means render them more discontented with their condition. It is said that the women who are confined in the harem or Turkish seraglio, although they are treated kindly, and enjoy most of the necessaries of life, having slaves to attend them, and being exempt from every kind of labour, yet languish after freedom and ease, and pine away in secret. And Addison very justly observes, that "a day, or even an hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage."

Now, let us reverse the condition of the slaves for a moment, and suppose that we were the slaves and they our masters! how would that relish! we would no doubt consider it the greatest evil that could possibly be inflicted upon us by man; yet if we were willing to go according to the gospel rule, of doing as we would be done by, we must acknowledge that there is as much justice in the one case as in the other. Therefore every wise and good man, every philanthropist, every man who has the least claim to sympathy or humanity, every

true republican, or well-wisher to his country, and particularly every minister of the gospel, should set his face against slavery, and hold it in the utmost abhorrence. Why, then, do not those who profess to be preachers of the gospel in the southern states, address their congregations on the subject of slavery, and endeavour to convince them of the great impropriety of holding slaves? Are they afraid of losing their salaries or being driven out of the pulpit? or stoned by the people? if this be the case, and they suffer themselves to “wear the mark of the beast, in order that they may buy and sell,” they are not fit to preach at all. A truly righteous man, who puts his whole trust in God, does not fear what men can do, for he “need not fear them that kill the body,” but will always strive to do his duty in all things, let the consequences be what they may.

I now proceed to the important question or subject of emancipation.

EMANCIPATION.

Supposing all the slave-holders in the southern states, were ready and willing to give up their slaves, or to set them free, then the great question arises what is to be done with them, or in what manner, or how are they to be supported: several plans have already been devised for that purpose, but they all seem to be very objectionable. The first was to colonize them in Liberia, in Africa: but this plan has proved so very unsuccessful, that it is unnecessary to dwell long on it; for it is well known that Mr. Garrison, (in a work written expressly on the subject,) and Mr. David Paul Brown, in an eloquent speech delivered at the Musical Fund Hall, have both proved to the satisfaction of every reasonable person, that this plan is not only unjust and inhuman, but entirely impracticable, or totally insufficient to produce the desired effect; that the colonization society have been

at a vast expense, and at the end of 14 years from its commencement, the colony consists only of about 2000 inhabitants, and that the society are involved in a debt amounting to upwards of 40,000 dollars; that it would take 100 ships 20 years at the enormous expense of 2,000,000 dollars per annum, to ship off the free people of colour only; and that the increase during this time, would probably be equal to the present amount, which is said to be about 500,000.

But the climate of Liberia is extremely unhealthy, and it is said that about one-half of the colonists, (since the commencement of the settlement,) have perished by the diseases peculiar to the country, and this alone, independent of all others, is a sufficient objection to the plan. A second plan was projected some few years since—of sending the coloured people to the Island of Hayti; but this experiment, like the first, being liable to nearly all the same objections, soon failed, also.—By a law, enacted not long since, in the state of Ohio, the coloured people were sent out of that state; in consequence

of which, many of them emigrated to the British dominions in Upper Canada, to which place they were invited by the British:—But the adoption of this plan cannot be recommended, on account of its impolicy, both to the white and coloured population of these states. First, to the latter, the coldness of the climate would be a material objection, as the greater part of the southern people would be unable to endure it, besides many other inconveniencies that might be mentioned. 2ndly, with regard to the former, it would be very impolitic, to send the coloured people to Upper Canada, where they might, in time, increase and become still more numerous, and, in case of a war between the United States and Great Britain, the evils that would result would soon be made manifest.

The fourth plan, and the only remaining one that I have yet heard mentioned, is, to set the slaves all free, and let them hire with their former masters, or go where they choose; and this plan, at first sight, might seem a very pleasing one,

but a little reflection on the subject, would soon show the great impropriety of it;—first, with regard to hiring with their masters, it cannot be expected that those masters, who were so cruel while they had the slaves under them, would suddenly, on setting their slaves free, become altered men, and be kind and humane. No; it is not to be expected. But there is no doubt that many slaves who have been kindly treated by their masters, would, on being set free, remain and hire with them.

But, supposing all the masters should agree to hire all their men, and use them well, (which is not very likely to happen,) and as there are about two millions of slaves altogether; and it is, also, known that one free man will do as much work as two slaves, because animated by the spirit of liberty, and the hope of reward, hence it follows that only one million of them would be wanted, and, of course, the other million would be without employment, and what would be the consequence? we would soon have them spread over all the northern states; and,

perhaps, have at least a hundred thousand of them in Philadelphia, and how would they be supported? there is not work enough for those who are here already; therefore, the government must either make provision for them, (and a heavy tax it would be to support a million of people,) or they would be under the necessity of plundering, or starving; so that this method would be no better than those already considered.

But there yet remains one plan which I have not yet heard spoken of, and which I consider the only one, consistent with good policy, benevolence, and humanity; and that is, (provided all the slave states would consent to give their slaves free,) let the general government make provision for them and colonize them in the west: there is plenty of land between the Mississippi and Pacific Ocean, and the climate is generally healthy, and the soil productive; let all such as choose to remain with their masters, do so; and let all those who are now free in the different states, remain as they are, if they choose; but let the colony be a place of refuge,

a retreat, an independent home, for all those who are out of employment, or wish to emigrate there. And there they may become a great nation; a free and independent people; a sister Republic; and in process of time a great trade may be opened between them and the United States: we will then possess their confidence, and in case of a war with any foreign nation, they would be our friends, and we might mutually assist each other. They would then have great cause to rejoice in the Lord, (who makes all things work in the end for good, to those who trust in him,) and be glad that they were brought from the unhealthy climate of Africa, and placed in this land of liberty, where they might have a full opportunity of hearing the gospel, cultivating the arts and sciences, and of becoming an enlightened people.

*A short Address to the free People of
Colour in the United States.*

Sons and daughters of Africa, I have long sympathized with you in your afflictions (and still more with your brethren in slavery) under your present state of degradation; and have most fervently desired that all good and benevolent men would unite in their most earnest endeavours in order to better your condition, and promote your general interest and lasting welfare. I have travelled much amongst you for several years past, in the different states, and by that means have been divested of those prejudices that I formerly (in common with many more of the white people) have entertained against you. I have always observed, that in all places, where freedom has smiled upon you, that you have evinced strong powers of mind, and which only

requires proper cultivation to enable you to excel in all the arts and sciences, and rival in profound erudition any other nation in the world. I have now in my possession, a printed copy of a letter, which was written and sent to Thomas Jefferson, by the late famous Benjamin Bannaker, who was a resident of the state of Maryland, near Ellicott's Mills. He was a self-taught astronomer, and made a number of almanacs, one of which was sent, in manuscript, as a present, in the said letter to Thomas Jefferson. The letter is clothed in beautiful language, and contains a most spirited address in behalf of his distressed brethren in slavery. Mr. Jefferson was pleased with the letter, wrote him a polite answer, and sent the almanac to the secretary of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, as a specimen of the great talents of a self-taught coloured man. Jefferson, in this case, did justice, though upon another occasion he has asserted that the people of colour are destitute of common sense, and compares them to the ourang outang!—but whether this was said in justification of

slavery or not I cannot tell, but, through respect to his talents, I would doubt his sincerity on this head, though he has made as great a mistake in his project and recommendation of the gun-boat fleet that was constructed to guard our coasts from foreign depredations. It has likewise been observed, that you possess an uncommon taste and ear for music—this I consider one of the most useful, pleasing, and agreeable of all the sciences, when rightly employed, as its powers have been known to cure many diseases of the mind, and gives a savage breast the feelings of humanity. It also exalts the soul into rapture, and gives us the most exalted ideas of the Deity, who has created all mankind equal in all respects, and has given no particular nation a superiority over the rest, in the natural endowments of wisdom and knowledge. But notwithstanding these natural advantages, which we acknowledge you possess in common with all the rest of mankind, yet there is one vice or failing amongst you, that predominates throughout the country, but more particularly among the lower class-

es.—I mean the destructive vice of envy. This I know to be a fact, by experience, and my opinion has been still more confirmed by respectable people of colour, who have assured me, that many of their colour, would much sooner encourage an Irishman, who keeps a dram shop, grocery, or store of any kind, than one of their own people,—and, farther, that when several families were living together in one house, and one happening to have better furniture than the rest, they have earnestly wished that the constable might come and seize on that neighbour's furniture, (which they considered better than their own,) and reduce him to poverty.—And I have seen the constable in the street, bribe some of your colour with money to kidnap their own brethren!—I also know an old woman in Shippen Street, of the name of Gundy, who declared to me that she had been struck on the head with a brick-bat, (by a worthless drunken girl of her own colour,) which had nearly deprived her of life, and confined her to her bed for three months. This girl was arrested and put

in confinement, but previously, on being asked by the magistrate the reason of such conduct, or why she did so, she said she had no ill-will against the old woman, but that she was hired to do it by the promise of a quart of whiskey, by some wicked coloured people, who were jealous of the old woman, because she sold more pepperpot than they did.— Now these are all facts. Jealousy and envy seem predominant passions; they operate much against you; they are the principal cause of your misery and distress; they prevent you from becoming a prosperous people, and from being respected in the eyes of the world, “for a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand: they were the principal cause of your being first brought into slavery; for it is well known, that the princes of the different states of Africa, frequently wage war with each other, and those who conquer, through envy, jealousy, and the spirit of revenge, sell their prisoners to those kidnapping companies (of the different nations) who are base enough to purchase them, and thus they are brought into captivity. You must endeavour to

be more united, for it is an old saying, and a true one that God helps those who help themselves; but whilst you are at variance with each other, you must not expect assistance from any.

The native Indians are true to each other, and it would be extremely difficult to enslave them. The passion of envy arises from ignorance and superstition, which can only be extirpated or banished, by the substitution of knowledge, learning, and virtue. A good education, is, therefore, of the utmost consequence to your physical and moral welfare, not only in this life, but it lays the foundation of your happiness in the world to come. You should frequently read the scriptures, and make the divine law the particular rule of all your actions, for it is the basis on which all human laws should be founded. Train up your children to habits of industry, and give them religious knowledge early in life: this will save them from numerous snares and temptations that will hereafter beset them; teach them benevolence and humanity; cultivate in their minds the love

of truth, and impress them with the duty of "doing as they would be done by," in all respects; teach them to obey their parents, and to be kind and affectionate to each other. Improve their minds by an extensive reading of good books, and books of general information, let them read the history of all nations, voyages, travels, and the biographies of wise and good men: let them study geography, chymistry, and the science of medicine; give them a just idea of liberty and the rights of man. In short, enlarge their minds with every kind of useful knowledge, and they shall become honourable and useful members of society, instruct them in the whole duties of religion, and their deaths shall be happy.

Some of your white friends have endeavoured to impress upon your minds, the great utility of learning the dead languages, and several meetings were held at Bethel church for the purpose of raising a class of pupils to study the Latin and Greek; but I beg leave to differ in opinion from my white brethren in regard to the propriety of such an in-

stitution, for I believe there are other kinds of learning much more useful. A certain judicious writer (supposed to be Benjamin Franklin) has observed, that the “dead languages are no longer of much use, but that their best days are over, like old continental money; that there was a time, (when all learning was wrapped up in those languages,) which made the knowledge of them indispensable, but now the case is quite different: we have the best works of all languages translated into English.” Therefore, it would be the height of folly, and also mispent time, for people of moderate circumstances, to waste 4 or 5 years (and of course neglecting more useful learning,) in the attainment of Latin and Greek, which, after all their expense and labour, will avail but little. But it may be argued that the dead languages are particularly useful to those who are intended to become public speakers; such as lawyers, divines, &c.; that they give them a better knowledge of the English language, &c. I acknowledge that there is some truth in this; but it is asserted,

that a more perfect knowledge of the English language can be acquired in half the time, by giving the whole attention to that alone. Nevertheless, I would not wish the dead languages entirely neglected, but let such only as have plenty of leisure and ample fortunes still study them if they choose. The French and German languages are useful to the merchant and traveller; the former, in particular, is a polite, beautiful language, and becoming very popular.

But I would direct your attention, more particularly to a study which I consider far more useful in every point of view; and that is, the science of mathematics. It is the universal key to all human knowledge. And is acknowledged, by men of the greatest talents, to be the best logic in the world; it strengthens the mind, gives a habit of reflection, and qualifies us for pursuing with advantage every other kind of study.

Pure or abstract mathematics is the science of number and measure, and is usually divided into three parts; namely,

arithmetic, (which includes algebra,) geometry and Fluxions; and the practical branches are the application of these to practical purposes, such as mensuration, conic sections, surveying, navigation, astronomy, dialing, &c.

The mathematics, are useful in drawing in perspective and architecture, and most mechanical trades, such as the carpenter, wheel-wright, mill-wright, &c. And even the tailor cuts out his garments, upon mathematical principles. The cells of a honey-comb are, also, formed upon principles of pure geometry, and they have been found, by actual mensuration, to be regular hexagons, being equilateral and equiangular. This construction of the cells is the most convenient that it is possible to make, in order to save time and materials, and the angles at the base have been determined, by that part of fluxions, called the maxima and minima of quantities. “ This geometry is not in the bee, but in the great Geometrician that made the bee, just as a child can make good music, by turning a hand-organ, without

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any knowledge of music. Mathematics is the soul of geography and astronomy, and an eminent writer has observed, that, “the noblest employment of the mind of man, is the study of the works of his Creator:” astronomy is, therefore, the most useful and grand of all the sciences; for besides being so very serviceable in geography, navigation, &c., it also opens to our minds the most enlarged views of the Creation, and fills us with the most sublime conceptions of its Author; it enlarges our very faculties, and raises us “above the low contracted prejudices of the vulgar, and our understandings are clearly convinced, and affected with the power, wisdom, and superintendency of the Supreme Being.”

But I shall conclude, with remarking, that as Rochefaucault’s little book of maxims, was said to reform the French nation, (and that what I have written is done through sincerity and friendship,) who knows, but that I may be made the humble instrument through this short address, of contributing in part to your lasting welfare and happiness.

A SELECTION OF HYMNS, &c.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

FATHER of earth and heaven!
Whose arm upholds creation!
To thee we raise the voice of praise
And bend in adoration.

We praise the power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses;
While every day that rolls away,
Thy gracious care confesses.

Life is from thee, bless'd Father,
From thee our breathing spirits;
And thou dost give to all that live,
The bliss that each inherits.

Day and night, and rolling seasons,
And all that life embraces;
With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
And claim our thankful praises.

Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,

Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow,
Of life on all before us.

That love has smil'd from heaven,
To cheer our path of sadness;
And lead the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.

That light of love and glory,
Has shown through Christ, the Saviour,
The holy guide, who lived and died,
That we might live for ever.

And since thy great compassion
Thus brings thy children near thee;
May we to praise, devote our days,
And love as well as fear thee.

And when death's final summons,
From earth's dear scenes shall move us;
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us.

Oh! then let hope attend us!
Thy peace to us be given!
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven.

HYMN FOR THE MORNING.

On thee, each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;

Gray's Elegy
(97)

In whom are founded all my hopes,
And all my wishes end.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares,
Her sacrifice of praise.

'Thou lead'st me thro' the maze of sleep,
And bring'st me safe to light;
And with the same paternal care,
Conduct'st my steps till night.

When ev'ning slumbers press mine eyes,
With thy protection blest;
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

My spirit, in thy hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord! art with me still.

What fit return can I, weak flesh,
Make to Almighty pow'r!
For so much goodness, so much love!
Such mercies every hour.

I'll daily, to th' astonish'd world,
His wondrous acts proclaim;
Whilst all with me shall praises sing,
With me shall bless his name.

At morn, at noon, at night, I'll still
The growing work pursue;

And him alone will praise, to whom
Alone all praise is due.

EVENING HYMN.

Indulgent God, whose bounteous care,
O'er all thy works is shown,
Oh! let my grateful praise and pray'r
Ascend before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestow'd,
How largely hast thou blest,
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
And with content my breast.

Safe, 'midst a thousand latent snares,
Thy careful hand has led,
And now, exempt from anxious cares,
I press the downy bed.

I fall this night into thy arms,
Which I have prov'd so kind;
Oh! keep my body from all harms,
And from all sins my mind.

Let balmy slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking fancy rise,
To meditate on thee.

So bless each future day and night,
'Till life's fond scene be o'er;
And then, to realms of endless light,
O! aid my soul to soar.

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Awake from silence every voice,
Each cheerful pipe and sounding string;
Let ev'ry grateful heart rejoice,
And every tongue in rapture sing.

On this distinguish'd day of grace,
Th' eternal Prince of glory came,
To purge the guilt of human race,
And save them by his pow'rful name.

Bow down your heads, ye lofty pines,
Ye mountains crown'd with cedars tall;
Be still, ye rude, imperious winds,
Throughout the wide terrestrial ball.

Let naught but harmony and love
O'er all th' expanded surface reign;
And let the sacred choir above,
Approve, and join the heav'nly strain.

When we in bondage were exil'd,
And rebels to th' eternal God,
Our souls, with blackest guilt defiled,
Obnoxious to th' impending rod.

That from his seat of perfect bliss,
The Son of glory should descend;
To offer man the terms of peace,
And his unbounded grace extend.

Such goodness, such stupendous grace!
Nor men, nor angels, can explore;
Then let us, what we cannot trace,
With awful reverence adore.

Ye wing'd inhabitants of air,
All ye that graze the verdant plain;
Ye herds, that to the wilds repair,
And ye that skim the surging main,

Some signs of exultation show,
While grateful minds your voices raise;
'Tis all that mortals can below,
To hail the day in songs of praise.

While skilful hands the chorus join,
And tune the rapture raising lyre,
While grateful strains of love divine,
Serene extatic joys inspire.

Thus sacred be the happy day,
While sun, and moon, and stars endure,
Till nature feels her last decay,
And time itself shall be no more.

A HYMN.—Psalm VIIIth.

Lord, how illustrious is thy name!
Whose pow'r both heav'n and earth proclaim;
When I the heav'ns, thy fabric, see,
The moon and stars, dispos'd by thee;
O! what is man, or his frail race,
That thou should'st such a shadow grace?

Next to thy angels most renown'd,
 With majesty and glory crown'd!
 All that on dales and mountains feed,
 All that the woods and deserts breed,
 Whate'er through airy regions flees,
 Or swims in deep and stormy seas,
 Thou all beneath his feet hast laid,
 King of thy whole creation made;
 Lord! how illustrious is thy name,
 Whose pow'r both heav'n and earth proclaim!

ON RETIREMENT.

While here sequester'd from the busy throng,
 Let calm reflection animate my song;
 May sweet retirement, with its soothing
 pow'rs
 Compose each thought, and gild the passing
 hours;
 And meek-eyed peace, in whitest robes be
 seen,
 To cheer the heart and make the mind serene;
 'Then while the world in busy scenes engage,
 I'll shun the follies of a vicious age;
 Freed from the dull impertinence of strife,
 Serenely pass in solitude my life:
 And when Aurora ushers in the dawn;
 And tuneful songsters hail the rising morn,
 With grateful heart perform the ardent pray'r,
 And thank kind Heav'n for its protecting
 care.

Then while the sun in radiant splendour
 reigns,
 And with its lustre decks the hills and plains,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy vale,
 And breathe sweet fragrance from the passing
 gale;
 Or, led by fancy, frequent let me rove,
 To some th'ck forest or some shady grove,
 Where peaceful-silence reigns throughout the
 scene,
 And painted daisies deck the lovely green;
 While gentle zephyrs, with their silken
 wings,
 Display their beauties o'er the crystal springs,
 Or on the margin of a purling stream,
 (Indulge my mind on friendship's pleasing
 theme)
 Whose gentle murmurs calm the troubled
 breast,
 And sooth each sorrow when the mind's dis-
 tress'd.
 Then when the sun, obedient to command,
 Shall take his flight, and visit foreign land;
 May pale-eyed Cynthia, empress of the
 night,
 With mildest lustre, shed her solemn light;
 While twinkling stars dispense a friendly ray,
 And gently guide the trav'ler on his way:
 At this lone hour, when solemn silence reigns,
 And mournful Philomel renews her strains,
 May no sad thought my peaceful mind molest,

Each murmur stifled, and each sigh suppress'd,
 Save when compassion at another's wo
 Shall cause the tears of tenderness to flow;
 Freely I'll bear a sympathetic part,
 And share the sorrows of the drooping heart;
 With fervent pray'rs implore kind Heav'n to
 bless,
 And fondly strive to make their sorrows less.
 Thus may my time in rural shades be spent,
 Far from the world, enrich'd with calm con-
 tent,
 'Till death's cold hand shall close these languid
 eyes,
 And hope conduct me to yon blissful skies.

A contemplation of the works of nature should lead us to love and adore their Author.

The following lines are taken from a description of Hawkstone, an elegant seat in Shropshire. The author of that description tells us, they were composed by the owner of the above-mentioned seat, when he was contemplating the astonishing scenes around him in his own park, where the verses are to be seen in a natural cavern of a vast rock, from the top of which you command a very diversified and romantic prospect.

Whilst all thy glories, O my God!
 Thro' the creation shine,
 Whilst rocks and hills, and fertile vales,
 Proclaim the hand divine—

O! may I view with humble heart,
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Display'd alike in wilder scenes,
As in each blade and flower.

But whilst I taste thy blessings, Lord!
And sip the streams below,
O may my soul be led to thee,
From whom all blessings flow.

And if such footsteps of thy love,
Thro' this lost world we trace,
How far transcendent are thy works
Throughout the world of grace!

Just as before yon noon-tide sun,
The brightest stars are small;
So earthly comforts are but snares,
'Till grace has crowned them all.

A THOUGHT, ON FIRST WAKING.

To God, who guards me all the night,
Be honour, love, and praise;
To God, who sheds the morning light,
And gives me length of days.

His pow'r first call'd us forth from naught,
Inspir'd the vital flame,
And with amazing wisdom wrought,
The whole material frame.

He gave the soul its heav'nly birth,
He by his word divine
Prepar'd the fit enclosing earth,
And bade them both combine.

Strange; that a pure, immortal mind,
A bright celestial ray,
Should be with frailest nature join'd,
And mixed with common clay.

O! wondrous union, so compos'd,
That none can understand,
'Tis such as evidently shows
'Th' Almighty Maker's hand.

REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE OF THE
YEAR.

The year expires, and this its latest hour—
Ah! think, my soul, how swift the moment
flies,
Nor idly waste it while it's in thy pow'r;
Attend time's awful call, and be thou wise.

Twelve months ago, what numbers, blithe and
gay,
Thoughtful plan'd schemes for the succeed-
ing year;
How vain were all their hopes, to death a prey,
Nor wealth they ask, nor poverty they fear.

I've follow'd worth and merit to the grave,
The last sad duties to their ashes paid;
How soon may I the same kind office crave,
The pitying tear, sad sigh, and friendly aid?

Almighty Lord! be pleased to extend
Thy wonted kindness; still thy blessings
pour—

Oh! may thy grace into my breast descend,
Teach me to work thy will, and thee adore.

HYMN, OCCASIONED BY A RECOVERY FROM
A TEDIOUS ILLNESS.

Father Divine, Eternal One!

While heav'n pure homage pays,
From this dark point beneath the sun,
Accept a mortal's praise.

Yet what's the praise my breath can give;
What's all that I can say,
But that the God in whom I live
Has given me health to-day?

The theme my voice in vain assays,
Then let my life pursue;
Let what I am record thy praise,
Express'd in what I do.

Thee more than all—and as myself,
Oh, teach me man to love:

Be this my fame, my glory, wealth,
My bliss below—above!

Nor let my love to man be vain,
My love to God be blind;
Of thee some knowledge let me gain,
Some blessing give mankind.

Thro' ev'ry change my life may know,
My ebbing, flowing tides,
Firm by my faith, that all below,
Love, join'd with wisdom, guides.

That e'en thy justice tends to bless,
Tho' little understood;
That partial evils love express,
And work the gen'ral good.

But frail, alas! this mortal clay,
This reasoning mind how frail!
Let strength be equal to my day,
Nor height nor depth prevail.

When o'er my roof affliction low'rs
Sustain my sinking heart;
In all my gay, unguarded hours,
Oh, keep my better part!

And when this tott'ring fabric falls,
Assist my soul to soar,
Where full possession never palls,
To know and love thee more.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

The pleasing gales that gentle summer yields,
 Amid the gay profusion of his store;
 The smiles of nature and of verdant fields,
 Are all, alas! but blessings of an hour.

How vast the beauties they around display,
 Till dreary winter reassume his reign,
 And sternly bid them vanish and decay,
 And leave no traces on the pensive plain.

The golden cowslip on th' enamell'd mead,
 Displays his youthful glories to the view,
 But soon he droops his solitary head,
 And yields his virtue to the evening's dew.

Alas! how transient is the dream of life,
 And every heart-felt comfort we enjoy
 And fraught with care, solicitude, and strife,
 Each hour attempts our blessings to destroy.

All human scenes are subject to decay,
 And time asserts an all-prevailing pow'r;
 Expanding beauties to the morning's ray,
 We bloom to wither, as the tender flow'r.

Not so the soul—its views sublime and pure,
 Where faith, and hope and charity unite,
 Shall rise and dwell eternally secure,
 In heaven's unfading mansions of delight.

A DREAM.

Tortur'd with pain, as late I sleepless lay,
 Oppress'd with care, impatient for the day,
 Just at the dawn a gentle slumber came,
 And to my wand'ring fancy brought this
 dream.

Methought my pains were hush'd, and I
 was laid

In earth's cold lap, among the silent dead;
 Propp'd on my arm, I viewed, with vast
 surprise,

This last retreat of all the great and wise;
 Where fool, and knave, in friendly consort
 lies.

Whilst thus I gaz'd, behold a wretch appear'd,
 In beggar's garb, with loathsome filth be-
 smear'd,

His carcass, Lazar like, was crusted o'er
 With odious leprosy, one horrid sore;

This wretch approach'd, and laid him by my
 side,

Good heaven!—how great a shock to mortal
 pride;

Enrag'd I cried—“Friend, keep the distance
 due

To us of rank, from beggars such as you;
 Observe some manners, and do me the grace,
 To move far off, and quit your betters' place.”

“And what art thou?” audacious (he replied!)

“That thus dost show such relics of thy pride?
What though in life the harder lot was mine,
Of ease and plenty every blessing thine,
Yet here, distinctions cease; a beggar’s dust
Shall rise with kings—more happy if more
just;
Till then we both one common mass shall join,
And spite of scorn, my ashes mix with thine.”

*The love of Christ weans us from the love
of the world.*

Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford,
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

As by the light of op’ning day,
The stars are all conceal’d;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal’d.

Now, Lord! I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;

But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

Yes—though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou had not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

The high and mighty King of kings,
Whose praise the whole creation sings,
Hath fixed, in love to human kind,
His blessed image in our mind.—
The lines are strong, the picture fair,
No need of anxious search and care;
Look but within, and straight appears,
The signature all nature wears!

Where'er I am, howe'er opprest,
This heav'nly portrait in my breast
Inspires with confidence divine,
And comfort flows from ev'ry line!
Through dangers numberless I go,
Yet weather all the storms that blow,
To lead me to the peaceful shore,
My God and guide is still before!

At night, before I close my eyes,
And in the morning, when I rise,
I pray for safety, health, and grace,
And still the Lord before me place!

He sheds his odours round my head,
 And makes me sleep secure in bed;
 In all the labours of the day
 He goes before and points the way!

Soon as my passions wild prevail,
 And faith and reason both assail;
 When strong temptations spread their net.
 Before me still the Lord I set;
 His presence can the passions lay,
 And teach them reason to obey;
 Temptation's charms soon disappear,
 And truth succeeds when God is near.

When sorrows upon sorrows roll,
 And sharpest arrows pierce my soul;
 When deepest sunk in black despair,
 I lift my eyes and heart in pray'r;
 Just when all human help had fail'd,
 And friend and neighbour naught avail'd,
 This best of friends, in constant view,
 Shows what himself alone can do.

Through all the future ills of life,
 Amidst contempt, reproach, and strife,
 I'll set the Lord before me still,
 And live obedient to his will.
 So when through death's dark vale I move,
 He will a light before me prove;
 Conduct me safe to endless joy,
 And mark me out some blest employ.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Now down the steep of heav'n, the source of
 day
 Pursues, unwearied, his diurnal way;
 Mild shine his rays, his beams serene descend,
 And o'er the earth a sweet effulgence send.
 The blust'ring winds a pleasing silence keep,
 And in their caves, with folded pinions, sleep.
 No longer from the clouds descends the rain,
 But a clear azure spreads th' etherial plain;
 A solemn, pleasing silence, hovers round,
 And peace, with downy wing, o'erspreads the
 ground,
 While silver Cynthia sheds her milder light,
 And ushers in the awful reign of night.
 So when the lamp of life shall dimly burn,
 And this frail frame to kindred dust return,
 May the rude strife of earth-born passions cease,
 And life's short journey terminate in peace.
 May then no cares terrestrial break my rest,
 Or keen reflections discompose my breast.
 May then no fears, no dread of ills to come,
 Make me shrink back with terror from the
 tomb;
 But when the awful mandate from on high
 The sentence shall proclaim, that bids me die,
 Resign'd and peaceful let me bow my head,
 And heav'n enjoy, when number'd with the
 dead.

Love to God gives peace of mind.

Love the great God with all thy might,
 And know, whatever is, is right.
 To his disposal always yield,
 Who clothes the lilies of the field,
 And trust his ever watchful care,
 Which numbers ev'ry single hair.
 Each day the sacred pages view,
 For these give pleasures ever new.

The truths that there conspicuous shine,
 Proclaim their author all divine—
 See here thy great Redeemer's love,
 Who left the radiant realms above,
 To perfect all the gospel plan,
 Then died, to save degen'rate man.
 To him prefer thy ardent pray'r,
 For such things as expedient are.

And if thy breast a mansion be,
 Fit to receive the Heav'nly Three,
 The Comforter shall soon be sent,
 To fill the mind with sweet content;
 And though the world, as all confess,
 Can neither satisfy nor bless,
 Hence mayst thou draw that liquid store,
 Which he who drinks of thirsts no more.

HUMANITY.

Ah me! how little knows the human heart,
 The pleasing task of soft'ning other's wo;
 Strangers to joys, that pity can impart,
 And tears sweet sympathy can teach to flow.
 If e'er I've mourn'd my humble, lowly state;
 If e'er I've bow'd my knee at fortune's
 shrine;
 If e'er a wish escap'd me, to be great,
 The fervent pray'r, humanity, was thine,
 Pity the man, who hears the moving tale
 Unmov'd, to whom the heart-felt glows
 unknown;
 On whom the widow's plaints could ne'er
 prevail,
 Nor made the injur'd wretch's cause his
 own.

How little knows he th' extatic joy,
 The thrilling bliss of cheering wan despair;
 How little knows the pleasing, warm employ,
 That calls the grateful tribute of a tear.
 The splendid dome, the vaulted roof to rear,
 The glare of pride and pomp, be grandeur
 thine;
 To wipe from mis'ry's eye the wailing tear,
 And sooth th' oppressed orphan's woes, be
 mine.

Be mine the blush of modest worth to spare,
 To change to smiles affliction's rising sigh;
 The kindred warmth of charity to share,
 Till joy shall sparkle from the tear-fill'd eye.
 Can the loud laugh, the mirth inspiring bowl,
 The dance, or choral song, or jocund glee,
 Affect the glowing, sympathizing soul,
 Or warm the breast, humanity, like thee?

From the Book of Wisdom:—"Hearken unto thy father—despise not thy mother when she is old." Extract.

'Tis wisdom speaks—her voice divine
 Attend, my son, and life is thine.
 Thine, taught to shun the devious way,
 Where folly leads the blind astray:
 Let virtue's lamp thy footsteps guide,
 And shun the dangerous heights of pride;
 The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
 The path of life pursue serene.
 From infancy what suff'rings spring—
 While yet a naked, helpless thing.
 Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring cast,
 To shield thee from the inclement blast?
 Thy mother—honour her—her arms
 Secur'd thee from a thousand harms;
 When helpless, hanging on her breast,
 She sooth'd thy sobbing heart to rest;

For thee her peace, her health destroyed,
 For thee, her ev'ry pow'r employ'd;
 Thoughtful of thee, before the day
 Shot through the dark its rising ray;
 Thoughtful of thee, when sable night
 Again had quench'd the beams of light;
 To Heav'n, in ceaseless pray'r for thee,
 She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
 Despise her not, now feeble grown—
 Oh! make her wants and woes thy own;
 Let not thy lips rebel; nor eyes,
 Her weakness, frailty, years, despise;
 From youthful insolence defend,
 Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
 'Thus shalt thou sooth, in life's decline,
 The mis'ries that may once be thine.

The latter Part of the third chapter of Habakkuk imitated.

Although the blooming plants forget to shoot,
 The fig-tree fade, and vines deny their fruit;
 No tasteful olives finish our repast,
 Nor op'ning buds survive the wintry blast;
 The barren fields their wonted blades withhold,
 And lambs no longer fill the scanty fold;
 Nor flocks, nor herds, around the vale be seen,
 But one stern famine sweep th' impov'rish'd
 green—

Yet shall the God of nature claim my praise,
 Wake my first songs, and share my latest lays,
 Each night and morn shall string the duteous
 lyre,
 And all my nerves retouch with sacred fire ;
 Hills, vales, and groves, the sounding anthem
 own,
 And the sweet echoes reach th' unshaken
 throne,
 Where reigns for ever, in unclouded day,
 My guide, that leads at once and lights my
 way.
 He from my path will turn the opposing wind,
 And give my feet the swiftness of the hind ;
 Life's rugged tracts make like the pleasant
 plains,
 On whose smooth ground the trav'ler soothes
 his pains.

THOUGHTS ON THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.—
 BY A FATHER.

Here, here she lies! oh! could I once more
 view
 Those dear remains; take one more fond
 adieu;
 Weep o'er that face of innocence, or save
 One darling feature, from the noisome grave!
 Vain wish!—now low in earth that form of
 love
 Decays, unseen, yet not forgot above.

In angel light array'd, beyond the stars,
 Some more exalted form her spirit wears.
 The work of God, that beauteous clay, which
 here

In infant charms so lovely could appear;
 As though in nature's nicest model cast,
 Exactly polish'd, wrought too fine to last—
 By the same pow'rful hand again shall rise,
 To bloom more gay, more lovely in the skies.
 No sickness there can the pure frame annoy,
 Nor death presume God's image to destroy.
 Those seats of pleasure, not a tear shall stain,
 In them not e'en a wish shall glow in vain.

That active mind, intent on trifles here,
 Enlarges now to objects worth its care;
 Looks down with scorn upon the toys below,
 And burns, with transport, better worlds to
 know,

Where scenes of glory open to her sight,
 And new improvements furnish new delight;
 Where friendly angels, for her guidance giv'n,
 Lead her, admiring, thro' the courts of heav'n.

No wonder then her course so swiftly run,
 Like the young eaglet tow'ring to the sun;
 Wing'd for eternal bliss, and plum'd for day,
 Her soul, enraptur'd made such haste away,
 Impatient to regain its native shore,
 Just smil'd at folly, and, look'd back no more.

That winning nature, and obliging mien,
 Pleas'd to see all, by all with pleasure seen.
 Smiling and sweet as vernal flow'rs new blown,
 Associates now with tempers like her own.

Her love to me (how artless and sincere!)
 Rises from earth to heav'n, and centres there,
 So pure a flame, heav'n's gracious Sire will
 own,
 And with paternal love indulgent crown.

Cease, then, frail nature, to lament in vain,
 Reason forbids to wish her back again;
 Rather congratulate her happier fate,
 And new advancement to a better state;
 This blessing quick recall'd, can Heav'n be-
 stow,

No more in pity to a father's wo?
 Know the same God, who gave, hath tak'n
 away,

He orders her to go, and thee to stay,
 Though in this vale of misery, alone, }
 Deserted, weary, thou should'st travel on, }
 Still be resign'd, my soul! his will be done. }

Escap'd from life, and all its train of ills,
 Which, ah! too sure, the hoary pilgrim feels,
 To shorter trial doom'd, and lighter toil,
 Ere sin could tempt her, or the world defile.
 She, favour'd innocent, retires to rest,
 Tastes but the cup of sorrow, and is blest.

Such the mild Saviour to his arms receives,
 And the full blessings of his kingdom gives.
 There angels wait, submissive, round his
 throne,
 To praise his goodness in these infants shown.
 Amid that gentle throng, how heav'nly
 bright.

Distinguish'd Lucy shines, fair star of light.

Short, yet how pleasing, was her visit here,
She's now remov'd to grace a nobler sphere;
There, while thy much lov'd parents mourn
below,

Thou, happy child, shall not our sorrows know,
Eternal joys be thine, full anthems raise,
And glad all heav'n with thy Creator's praise.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD—ON HEARING A
PASSING BELL.

Hark, my gay friend, that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul.

'Tis gone that's all we know, not where,
Or how th' unbody'd soul does fare.

In that mysterious world none knows,
But God alone to whom it goes;
To whom departed souls return
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.
Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view,
The unknown world we are hastening to:
Swift flies the soul—perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,
Though dead, may be so far remov'd,
Only this vail of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us, though unseen.

Whilst we their loss lamenting say,
 They're out of hearing far away,
 Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
 Conceal'd in vehicles of air.
 And yet no notices they give,
 Nor tell us how or where they live.
 Though conscious, while with us below,
 How much themselves desir'd to know,
 As if bound up by solemn fate,
 To keep this secret of their state;
 To tell their joys or pains to none,
 That man might live by faith alone.
 Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,
 Lock up his marvellous decrees;
 Why should I wish him to reveal
 What he thinks proper to conceal?
 It is enough that I believe
 Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive;
 And he that makes it all his care
 To serve God here, shall see him there.
 But oh! what worlds shall I survey,
 The moment that I leave this clay;
 How sudden the surprise—how new—
 Let it, my God! be happy too!

THE WIFE'S CONSOLATION TO HER HUSBAND
 UNDER AFFLICTION.

No more, lov'd partner of my soul,
 At disappointment grieve;

Can flowing tears our fate control,
Or sighs our woes relieve ?

Adversity is virtue's school,
To those who right discern;
Let us observe each painful rule,
And each hard lesson learn.

When wintry clouds obscure the sky,
And heav'n and earth deform,
If fix'd the strong foundations lie,
The castle braves the storm.

Thus, fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
Let us endure awhile,
Misfortune's rude impetuous shock,
And glory in our toil.

Ill fortune cannot always last;
Or, though it should remain,
Yet we each painful moment haste,
A better world to gain—

Where calumny no more shall wound,
Nor faithless friends destroy;
Where innocence and truth are crown'd
With never-fading joy.

HOLY-DAYS.

Some Christians to the Lord observe a day,
While others to the Lord observe it not;
And, tho' these seem to choose a diff'rent way,
Yet both at last to the same point are brought.

Who for th' observance pleads may reason thus:

“As on this day our Saviour and our King
Perform'd some glorious act of love for us,
We keep the time in mem'ry of the thing.”

Hence he to Jesus points his good intent,
With pray'rs and praises celebrates his name;
And as to Christ alone his love is meant,
The Lord accepts it; and who dares to blame?

For though the shell indeed is not the meat,
'Tis not rejected when the meat's within;
Though superstition is a vain conceit,
Commemoration surely is no sin.

He, likewise, that to days has no regard,
The shadow only for the substance quits;
Towards his Saviour's presence presses hard,
And, that preferring, outward things omits;

For thus within he seriously reflects:
“My Lord alone I count my only good;
All empty forms for him my soul rejects,
And only seek the riches of his blood.

All days, in Jesus is my sole delight,
The first and worthiest object of my care;
For whose dear sake all outward shows I slight,
Lest aught but him should my devotion
share.”

Let not the observer therefore entertain
Against his brother any secret grudge;

And let the non-observer, too, refrain
From censuring others, whom he should not
judge.

Thus, both, their motives bringing to the test,
Our condescending Lord may both approve,
While each pursues the way he deems the best,
For none can walk amiss who walk in love.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

Whether amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of
night,
And strikes the distant hills with eastern light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties
glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show.
The barren cliffs, with chalky fronts, arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all nature mourns;
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep, in dewy tears, their beauty lost.
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.

Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the
land,

We view the traces of the Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless
sphere.

The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre
send,

Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.

But this we know, that heav'n's eternal King,
Who bid this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful word shall
hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise.
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil;
While we, in sleep's embraces, waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light.
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us, again, the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known;
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his
 flame,
 But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD NATURAL TO
 MAN.

That gracious Pow'r, who, from his kindred
 clay,
 Bids man arise to tread the realms of day,
 Implants a guide, that tells what will fulfil
 His word, or what's repugnant to his will;
 The Author of our being marks so clear,
 That none, but those who will be blind, can err;
 Or wheresoe'er we turn the attentive eyes,
 Proofs of a God on ev'ry side arise;
 Nature, a faithful mirror, stands to show
 God, in his works, disclos'd to human view;
 Whate'er exists beneath the crystal floods,
 Or cuts the liquid air, or haunts the woods;
 The various flow'rs, that spread the enamel'd
 mead,
 Each plant, each herb, or ev'n the grass we
 tread,
 Displays Omnipotence: None else could form
 The vilest weed, or animate a worm.
 Or view the livid wonders of the sky,

What hand suspends those pond'rous orbs on
high?

The comet's flight, the planet's mystic dance!
Are these the works of Providence or chance?
'Themselves declare that universal Cause
Who fram'd the system, and impos'd their
laws.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Mark how the stately tree disdainful rears
His tow'ring head, and mingles with the clouds!
But by his fatal height the more expos'd
To all the fury of the raging storm;
His honours fly, the sport of angry winds,
'Till the loud blast, with direful stroke, de-
scends:

Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
So pride with haughty port, defies in vain
The force of rough adversity, which rends
With double violence, the stubborn heart.

But like a tender plant, humility
Bends low before the threat'ning blast, unhurt
Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

Pride is the liv'ry of the prince of darkness,
Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame;
A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent, and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of Heav'n.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
Bestow'd by Heav'n upon its fav'rite sons;
The robe which God approves, and angels
wear;

Fair semblance of the glorious prince of light,
Who stoop'd to dwell (divine humility!)
With sinful worms, and poverty, and scorn.
Pride is the source of discord, strife, and war,
And all the endless train of heavy woes
Which wait on wretched man! the direful sting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
And gloomy discontent, and black despair.

But sweet humility, the source of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy;
Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait,
To gild our lives and form a heaven below.

Pride leads her wretched vot'ries to con-
tempt,
To certain ruin, infamy, and death.

But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

Humility, how glorious! how divine!
Thus cloth'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I
shine!

Be mine, this treasure, this celestial robe,
And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

RESIGNATION.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, by whose command I
 live,
 The grateful tribute of my praise receive;
 To thy indulgence, I my being owe,
 And all the joys which from that being flow.
 Scarce eighteen suns have form'd the rolling
 year,
 And run their destin'd courses round the
 sphere,
 Since thou my undistinguish'd form survey'd,
 Among the lifeless heaps of matter laid;
 Thy skill my elemental clay refin'd,
 The straggling parts in beauteous order join'd;
 With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
 And stamp'd thy sacred image on my soul;
 A soul, susceptible of endless joy!
 Whose frame, nor force, nor time, can e'er de-
 stroy,
 But shall subsist, when nature claims my
 breath,
 And bid defiance to the power of death;
 To realms of bliss with active freedom soar,
 And live when earth and hell shall be no more.
 Indulgent God, in vain my tongue assays,
 For this immortal gift, to speak thy praise.
 How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal,
 When all the energy of words must fail?
 Oh ! may its influence on my life appear,
 And every action, prove my thanks sincere.

Grant me, great God! a heart to thee inclin'd,
 Increase my faith, and rectify my mind;
 Teach me betimes to tread thy sacred ways,
 And to thy service consecrate my days;
 Still as thro' life's uncertain maze I stray,
 Be thou the guiding-star to mark my way;
 Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
 And point their motions to the paths of truth;
 Protect me by thy providential care,
 And teach my soul t' avoid the tempter's snare;
 Through all the various scenes of human life,
 In calms of ease, or blustering storms of strife,
 Through every turn of this inconstant state,
 Preserve my temper, equal and sedate;
 Give me a mind that bravely does despise
 The low designs of artifice and lies;
 Be my religion such as taught by thee,
 Alike from pride and superstition free;
 Inform my judgment, rectify my will,
 Confirm my reason, and my passions still.
 To gain thy favour be my only end,
 And to that scope my every action tend;
 Amidst the pleasures of a prosp'rous state,
 Whose flatt'ring charms the mind too oft elate,
 Still may I think to whom those joys I owe,
 And bless the bounteous hand from whence
 they flow;
 Or, if an adverse fortune be my share,
 Let not its terrors tempt me to despair,
 But bravely arm'd, a steady faith maintain,
 And own all best which thy decrees ordain;

On thy Almighty Providence depend,
 The best protector and the surest friend:
 Thus, on life's stage may I my part maintain,
 And at my exit thy applauses gain;
 When thy pale herald summons me away,
 Support me in that great catastrophe;
 In that last conflict guard me from alarms,
 And take my soul, expiring, to thy arms.

MIDDLE STATE.

The middle state of life is best,
 Exalted stations find no rest;
 Storms shake th' aspiring pine and tow'r,
 And mountains feel the thunder's pow'r.
 The mind, prepared for each event,
 In ev'ry state maintains content;
 She hopes the best when storms prevail,
 Nor trusts too far the prosp'rous gale;
 Should time returning winters bring,
 Returning winter yields to spring;
 Should darkness shroud the present skies,
 Hereafter brighter suns shall rise.

SOLITUDE.

In solitude I'll spend the day;
 The sultry hours I'll pass away,
 In calm retirement's seat;
 Enraptur'd snatch her peaceful joys,
 While others court ambition's toys,
 And study to be great.

AN EVENING REFLECTION.

While night in solemn shade invests the pole,
 And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul;
 While reason undisturbed, asserts her sway,
 And life's deceitful colours fade away,
 To thee, all-conscious presence! I devote
 This peaceful interval of sober thought.
 Here all my better faculties confine,
 And be this hour of sacred silence thine.
 If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
 My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd,
 Snar'd by example or by passion warm'd,
 Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
 My calmer thoughts the wretched choice re-
 prove,
 And my best hopes are centred in thy love.
 Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford?
 Its utmost boast, a vain, unmeaning word.
 But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
 And break those awful precepts I approve!
 Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
 And violate the virtue I adore.
 Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care,
 Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting
 snare,
 My stubborn will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising goodness in my breast;
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false de-
 sires,

Still'd his soft voice and quench'd his sacred
fires,

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own the sentence
just.

But, oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by mercy's gentle name—
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horror of despair;
From rig'rous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
All-pow'rful grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey,
Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile, inconstant heart;
Shall ev'ry high resolve, devotion frames,
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Oh! rather while thy hopes and fears control,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb;
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
'Till the last morn its orient beam disclose;
Then when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo through creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy sur-
vey

The op'ning splendours of eternal day.

SEARCHING AFTER HAPPINESS.

Oh! happiness, thou pleasing dream,
Where is thy substance found?
Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.

The charms of grandeur, pomp, and show,
Are naught but gilded snares;
Ambition's painful steep ascent,
Thick set with thorny cares.

The busy town, the crowded street,
Where noise and discord reign,
We gladly leave, and tir'd retreat,
To breathe and think again.

Yet, if retirement's pleasing charms
Detain the captive mind,
The soft enchantment soon dissolves,
'Tis empty all as wind.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines,
With unpolled ray.

To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies,
Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys,
In endless prospect rise.

LIFE IS SHORT.

Man's life, like any weaver's shuttle flies,
Or like a tender flowret, fades and dies;
Or like a race, it ends without delay,
Or like a vapour, vanishes away ;
Or like a candle, which each moment wastes,
Or like a vessel, under sail it hastes ;
Or like a post, it gallops very fast,
Or like the shadow of a cloud, 'tis past.
Our castle is but weak, and strong the foe,
Our breath is short, our death is certain too:
But as his coming is a secret still,
Let us be ready, come death when he will.

Concluding Stanzas of a Piece written on Recovery
from Sickness.

Father of life! whose arm with equal power,
And equal goodness, can depress or raise;
Complete the blessings thou hast deign'd to
show'r,
And grant increasing worth to length of
days.
Oh! grant me still to trust thy tender care,
In humble praise to use this added breath,
In health, the innocence of sickness wear,
And keep, through life, the sober thoughts of
death.

The Blind and Weak led and supported,

Isa. xlii. 16.

Praise to the radiant source of bliss,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wond'ring eyes,
A flood of sacred light.

In paths unknown he leads them on,
To his divine abode,
And shows new miracles of grace,
Through all our heav'nly road.

The ways all rugged and perplex'd,
He renders smooth and straight,
And strengthens ev'ry feeble knee,
To march to Zion's gate.

Through all the path I'll sing his name,
Till I the mount ascend,
Where toils and storms are known no more,
And anthems never end.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang;
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he,
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
 Songs of praise shall crown that day:
 God will make new heavens and earth,
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come;
 No:—the church delights to raise
 Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.
 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice;
 Learning here by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death;
 Then amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMN.

There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-fading flowers;
 Death like a narrow sea divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

Bright fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dress'd in lively green;

So to the Jews' fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumin'd eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view'd the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

A THOUGHT ON WAKING.

Sleep by night, and cares by day,
Bear my fleeting life away:
Lo! in yonder eastern skies,
Sol appears, and bids me rise:
Tells me, "Life is on the wing,
And has no returning spring;
Death comes on with steady pace,
And life's the only day of grace."
Shining preacher! happy morning!
Let me take th' important warning;
Rouse, then, all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours;

Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our hearts betray.)
Virtue, science, knowledge, truth,
Guide th' inquiries of my youth.
Wisdom, and experience sage,
Then shall sooth the cares of age;
Those with time shall never die,
Those will lead to joys on high;
Those the path of life display,
Shining with celestial day;
Blissful path! with safety trod,
As it leads the soul to God.

ON HAPPINESS:

Long have I sought the wish of all,
True happiness to find,
Which some will wealth, some pleasure call,
And some a virtuous mind.

Sufficient wealth, to keep away
Of want the doleful scene,
And joy enough to gild the day,
And make life's course serene.

Virtue enough to ask my heart,
Art thou secure within?
Hast thou perform'd an honest part?
Hast thou no private sin?

This to perform, these things possess,
Must raise a noble joy,

Must constitute that happiness,
Which nothing can destroy.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER.

Fast by the margin of her native flood,
Whose fertile waters are well known to fame,
Fair as the bord'ring flow'rs the princess stood,
And rich in bounty as the gen'rous stream.

When, lo! a tender cry afflicts her ear,
The tender cry declares an infant's grief;
Soon she, who melted at each mortal's care,
With tend'rest pity sought the babe's relief.

The babe, adorn'd in beauty's early bloom,
But to the last distress expos'd, appears,
His infant softness pleads a milder doom,
And speaks with all the eloquence of tears.

The kind Egyptian gaz'd upon his charms,
And with compassion view'd the weeping child;
She snatch'd the little Hebrew to her arms,
And kiss'd the infant—the sweet infant smil'd.

Again she clasp'd him with a fond embrace,
Yet more she pities the young stranger's wo;
She wip'd the tears that hung upon his face,
Her own the while in pious plenty flow.

Now, cruel father, thy harsh law I see,
And feel that rigour which the Hebrews
mourn;

O! that I could reverse the dire decree,
Which dooms the babe a wretch as soon as
born.

But that, alas! exceeds my slender pow'r—
And must this tender innocent be slain?
Poor harmless babe! born in a luckless hour,
Yet sweet as ever sooth'd a mother's pain.

Must thou, poor undeserving infant, die?
No! in my bosom every danger shun;
A princess shall thy parents' loss supply,
And thou art worthy to be call'd her son.

A PRAYER.

Father of light and life, thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice;
From every low pursuit, and fill my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.

DEATH.

————— Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in
vain:

'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain—
At once to shun and meditate his end.
The thought of death will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave.

————— Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the
grave,

The deep damp vaults, the darkness, and the
worm;

These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

YOUNG.

STAR IN THE EAST.

Hail the blest morn, when the great Mediator,
Down from the mansions of glory descends;

Shepherds go worship the Babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

*Kindest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
aid,
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was
laid.*

Cold on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall;

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour and *all*.
Kindest and best, &c.

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, or offering divine;
Gems from the mountains and pearls from the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine.

Kindest and best, &c.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
All those can never his favour secure;
Richer by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearest to God are the prayers of the poor.
Kindest and best, &c.

TO PEACE.

Come, lovely, gentle peace of mind,
With all thy smiling nymphs around,
Content and innocence combin'd,
With wreaths of sacred olive crown'd.

Come, thou that lov'st the walk at eve,
The banks of murm'ring streams along,
That lov'st the crowded court to leave,
And hear the milk-maid's simple song:

That lov'st, with contemplation's eye,
The headlong cataract to view,
That foams and thunders from on high,
While echoes oft the sound renew;

That lov'st the dark sequester'd wood,
Where silence spreads her brooding wings,
Nor less the lake's translucent flood,
The mossy grotts and bubbling springs.

With thee, the lamp of wisdom burns,
The guiding light to realms above;
With thee, the raptur'd mortal learns
The wonders of celestial love.

With thee, the poor have endless wealth,
And sacred freedom glads the slave;
With thee, the sick rejoice in health,
The weak are strong, the fearful brave.

O, lovely, gentle peace of mind,
Be thou on earth my constant guest;
With thee, whate'er in life I find,
This pledge of heav'n shall make me blest.

EXTRACT FROM "A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT."

While active thought unseals my eye,
And midnight darkness shades the sky,
Be hush'd, my soul, ye moments stay
While I rejudge the guilty day.

See conscience glares, more dreadful made
By silence and the awful shade!
She points her poniard to my breast,
And bids my justice speak the rest.

Then think, my soul, while Heav'n gives
breath,
And antedate the stroke of death!
Reflect how swift the moments fly,
Nor linger, unprepared to die!

Pensive revolve, ere yet too late,
The scenes of an eternal state.
A series of unnumber'd years
Are crown'd with joys, or lost in tears.

What awful hints these thoughts inspire,
They chill the blood, they pall desire;
They teach the soul her heav'nly birth,
And banish all the pomp of earth.

Here, as in air, a bubble tost,
Her worth unknown, her genius lost;
At pleasure's fancy has she drove,
Forgetful of her seat above!

Oh! what such folly can atone,
Reason ejected from her throne;
Let humble penitence restore,
And bid my soul to err no more.

All clement thou, oh God! all just,
The good man's rock, the sinner's trust;
Accept the blood my Saviour shed,
To save from wo this guilty head.

Oh! send thy life-restoring grace,
Effuse the lustre of thy face;
From guilt and sorrow set me free,
And guide me, till I come to thee.

SELECT PIECES IN PROSE.

ALL have their frailties: whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he seeks; we love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friend in like manner.

Imprint this maxim deeply in your mind, that there is nothing certain in this human and mortal state; by which means you avoid being transported with prosperity, and being dejected in adversity.

There is not any thing more contemptible, or more to be pitied, than that turn of mind, which, finding no entertainment in itself, none at home, none in books, none in rational conversation, nor in the intercourses of real friendship, nor in ingenious works of any kind, is continually seeking to stifle reflection in a tumult of pleasures, and to divert weariness in a crowd.

Death, to a good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another, that is fair and large, lightsome, glorious, and divinely entertaining.

By reading, we enjoy the dead; by conversation, the living; and by contemplation, ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment.

An idle body is a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him. How wretched it is to hear people complain that the day hangs heavily upon them; that they do not know what to do with themselves. How absurd are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before.

If every person would consider that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent,

this single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

“ The Lord will provide.”

A Christian lady in Yorkshire, England, sitting down to breakfast, was very forcibly impressed, that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor man who lived about half a mile from her house.—Her husband wished her either to postpone taking the loaf until after breakfast, or to send it by a servant; but she chose to take it herself instantly. As she approached the hut, she heard the sound of a human voice: wishing to hear what it was, she stepped softly and unperceived to the door, when she heard the poor man praying; and among other things he said, “ O Lord, help me; Lord, thou wilt help me; thy promise cannot fail; and though my wife, self, and children, have no bread to eat, and it is now a whole day since we had any, I know that thou wilt supply me, though thou shouldst rain down manna from heaven.” The lady could wait no longer; she opened the door: “ Yes, she replied, God has sent you relief. Take this loaf, and be encouraged to cast your care upon him who careth for you; and when you ever want a loaf of bread, come to my house.”

If you desire to live in peace and honour, in favour with God and man, and to die in the glorious hope of rising from the grave to a life of endless happiness—if these things appear worthy your ambition, you must set out in earnest in the pursuit of them. Virtue and happiness, are not attainable by chance, nor by a cold and languid approbation: they must be sought with ardour, attended to with diligence, and every assistance must be eagerly embraced that may enable you to obtain them.

How very different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly. The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarcely cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”—Thus our blessed Saviour opened his sermon on the mount; and from his example we may be assured, that humility is the richest garment that the soul can

wear. By this word is to be understood, not an abject poorness of spirit that would stoop to do a mean thing; but such an humble sense of human nature, as sets the heart and affections right towards God, and gives us every temper that is tender and affectionate towards our fellow creatures. This is the soil of all virtues, where every thing that is good and lovely grows.

Despise not labour; if you do not want it for food, you may for physic. It strengthens the body, invigorates the mind, and prevents the ill consequences of idleness.

Upon whatsoever foundation happiness be built, when that foundation fails, happiness must be destroyed; for which reason, it is wisdom to choose such a foundation for it as is not liable to destructive accidents. If happiness be founded upon riches, it lies at the mercy of theft, deceit, oppression, war, and tyranny; if upon fine houses and costly furniture, one spark of fire is able to consume it; if upon wife, children, friends, health, or life, a thousand diseases, and ten thousand accidents, have power to destroy it; but, if it be founded upon the infinite bounty and goodness of God, and upon those virtues that entitle to his favour, its foundation is unmoveable, and its duration eternal.

The time of life is the only time wherein we can prepare for another world; and, oh! how short and uncertain is this time! How frail and uncertain is the life of man! what multitudes does death surprise in an hour, when they think nothing of it! How silently and insensibly does time slide away; with what a winged swiftness does it fly, and we cannot stay its progress, stop its course, nor retard its its hasty motion.

In the morning say to thyself, what shall I do this day, which God has given me? How shall I employ it to his glory? In the evening consider within thyself, and recollect, what have I done this day, and how have I spent it?

Epitaph on Epictetus, the Stoic Philosopher.

“Epictetus, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple; poor as the beggar in the parable, and the favourite of Heaven.”

In this distich are comprised the noblest panegyric, and the most important instruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since Epictetus could recommend himself to the regard of Heaven, amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery. Slavery has been found so destructive to virtue, that, in some languages, a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may

be admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real virtue, since Epictetus, the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of Heaven.

TO THE POOR.

The Providence of Almighty God, has placed you under difficult circumstances of life, and daily reads you a lesson in a more particular manner to depend upon him. This you may be assured of for your comfort, that you are under God's constant and immediate care; and one advantage you enjoy above the rich, in your journey to heaven, is, that you are not clogged and hindered in your course thither, by those manifold encumbrances which lie on them; of whom our Saviour has said, "That it is very hard for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Their temptations are proportioned to their abundance; their cares are more, and their distractions greater; so that you have no reason to envy them, nor repine at your own condition; and these are chiefly your temptations, and against these you must be more particularly watchful. Certainly, if you consider things aright, you will find that your store-house is the most sure, your supply

most certain; for you are immediately in the hands of God, of him who feedeth the ravens, and clotheth the grass of the field; so that you may be much more assured that he will clothe you. Endeavour to be humble, holy, heavenly minded; always remembering, that he is the poorest man, who is poor in grace. Your Saviour had not where to lay his head; let his example serve to reconcile your low condition to you; and let your religious behaviour under it, be the means to sanctify it.

PRAYER.

There is such a thing as converse with God in prayer, and it is the life and pleasure of a pious soul; without we are not Christians, and he that practises it most, is the best follower of Christ; for our Lord spent much time in converse with his Heavenly Father. This is balm that eases the most raging pains of the mind, when the wounded conscience comes to the mercy-seat, and finds pardon and peace there. This is the cordial that revives and exalts our natures, when the spirit, broken with sorrows, and almost fainting to death, draws near to the Almighty Physician, and is healed and refreshed.

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments envy by doing good.

It is in vain for him to pretend to love either God or man, who loves his money so much better, that he will see his poor brother (who is a man, and bears the image of God) suffer all extremities, rather than part with any thing to relieve him.

“He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord”—and that too on a solemn promise of repayment. “That which he hath given, will he pay him again.” It is, amongst men, thought a great disparagement, when we refuse to trust them: it shows we either think them not sufficient, or not honest. How great an affront is it then to God, thus to distrust him?

Innumerable accidents there are, which may in an instant, bring a rich man to beggary; And, therefore, what course so prudent can we take for our wealth, as to put it out of the reach of those accidents, by lending it to God, where we may be sure to find it ready at our greatest need, and that, too, with improvement and increase!

Among the ancient Romans, it was not the house which honoured the master, but the master the house. A cottage with them became

as august as a temple, when justice, generosity, probity, sincerity, and honour, were lodged in it; and how can a house be called small, which contains so many, and such great virtues?

The nobility arising from birth, is by far inferior to that which proceeds from merit.

Marcus Aurelius was averse to every thing that had the air of pomp and luxury. He lay upon the bare ground; at twelve years old, he took the habit of a philosopher; he forbore the use of guards, the imperial ornaments, and the ensigns of honour, which were carried before the Cæsars and the Augusti. Nor was this conduct owing to his ignorance of what was grand and beautiful, but to the juster and purer taste he had of both, and to an intimate persuasion, that the greatest glory, and principal duty of man, especially if in power, and eminently conspicuous, is so far to imitate the Deity, as to throw himself into a condition of wanting as little as may be for himself, and doing all the good to others he is capable of.

If it show a greatness of soul to overlook our own nobility, and not to suffer it to gain the ascendent over our actions, we may likewise observe, that it is no less great in such as have raised themselves by merit, not to forget

the meanness of their extraction, nor be ashamed of it.

We read in the Scriptures, that Boaz, in the midst of riches, was laborious, diligent in husbandry, plain without luxury, delicacy, sloth, or pride. How affable, how obliging and kind to his servants! "The Lord be with you," says he to his reapers; and they answered him, "The Lord bless thee." This was the beautiful language of religious antiquity; but how little known in our days.

An extraordinary merit may lie hidden under a mean habit, as a rich garment may cover enormous vices.

Death seems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miseries of human life; but into the courts and the seats of grandeur, with insult and terror. To languish under a gilded canopy, to expire on soft and downy pillows, and give up the ghost in state, has a more gloomy aspect, than at the call of nature, to expire on a grassy turf, and resign the breathless clay back to its proper element. What does a crowd of friends or flatterers signify in that important hour, to the most glorious mortal? Which of his numerous attendants would stand the arrest of death, descend into the si-

lent prison of the grave for him, or answer the summons of the supreme tribunal?

Beauty is a short-lived flower, which is easily withered: A cultivated mind is a treasure, which increases every moment; it is a rich soil, which brings forth a hundred fold.

What impressions can treasure and great possessions make upon the mind that is contemplating, seriously, the kingdom of heaven, and a crown of glory that never fades away? What are the pomp and majesty of an earthly court; the magnificence of palaces and crowded theatres, to one who has in view the glories of heaven; the triumphs of the saints; and the ineffable splendour of the angelic order? What are feasts, sports, plays, and all the varieties of sensual pleasures and delights, to him who steadfastly fixes his eye on celestial bliss, and everlasting transports of joy?

He that would pass the latter part of life with honour and decency, must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old, and lay up knowledge for his support when his powers of acting shall forsake him; and remember when he is old, that he has once been young, and forbear to animadvert, with unnecessary rigour, on faults which experience only can correct.

It is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for awhile by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out, and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

The sleep of the labouring man is sweet; and if he toil hard for the bread that perisheth, he has, in the midst of every want, if a follower of Christ, bread to eat that the world knows nothing of. It is not said, happy are they who possess abundance; but happy is the man who findeth wisdom, which is Christ, the pearl of great price. In him are hid those durable riches and righteousness, the merchandize of which is better than that of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

None but the Almighty author of our being, who knows our inmost thoughts and desires, and from whom no secrets are hid, can see into futurity; and he only knows what is best, and most proper for us. If we cheerfully rely on his all wise Providence, and confidently trust in his powerful protection, we may rest ourselves assured, that he, who is our truest friend,

George Washington
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will guard and secure us from the many evils and dangers which every where surround us. He will guide and direct the future events of our lives in such a manner, as will prove, by happy experience, to be the most conducive to our own good, and the most consistent with the scheme of our own happiness, both here and hereafter.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

Abuh Hanifah, a most celebrated doctor among the orthodox mussulmen, having causelessly received a malicious and violent blow on the face, spoke thus to him who struck him: "I could return you injury for the injury you have done me; but I will not. I could also inform against you to the Kalif; but I will not be an informer. I could in my prayers and addresses to God, represent the outrage done me; but I will forbear that—In fine, I could, at the day of judgment, desire God to revenge it; but far be it from me; and could my intercession then prevail, I would not desire to enter paradise without you!" How noble an instance of a calm, serene, and forgiving mind! How happy would it be for all Christians, and how honourable to the name of Jesus, were there more frequent exercises of this grace of forgiveness, like this wise and

virtuous Mahometan; and more especially like Him, who, upon the cross, prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

A man who entertains a high opinion of himself, is naturally ungrateful. He has too great an esteem of his own merit, to be thankful for any favours received.

When tired and sick of all mortal vanities, the religious mind reposes itself in the firm expectation of drinking at the fountain of life, and of bathing in rivers of immortal pleasure; even death (which to the guilty is the gloomy period of all their joys, and the entrance to a gulf of undying wretchedness,) brightens into a smile, and, in an angel's form, invites the religious soul to endless rest from labour, and to endless scenes of joy.

Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them." Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said, "I am sure he would not do it, if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest, as well as the noblest way, of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and

only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

No trees bear fruit in autumn, unless they blossom in the spring. To the end that our age may be profitable, and laden with ripe fruit, let all endeavour, that our youth may be studious, and flowered with the blossoms of learning and observation.

A wise heathen, with great justice, compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to her child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise father, who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment, and pains, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude. Sometimes, too, a misfortune may happen to a good man, to preserve him from a much greater one. Thus, sickness may be a very great mercy to him, if it keep him from embarking in a vessel which will be lost in its passage. Thus, poverty may screen him from a great many evils which would be brought upon him by riches, and the like. We are so short-sighted, that we know not how to distinguish, and often take the greatest blessings for misfortunes, and the heaviest curses for blessings. We are like mariners, who by fair winds might run into the way of pirates; but by those contrary to their wishes, reach their port in safety.

The mercy-seat in heaven is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness upon earth: this is our daily support and relief, while we are passing through a world of temptations and hardships, in the way to the promised land. "It is good to draw near to God."

To look upon the soul as going on "from strength to strength," to consider that she is to "shine for ever" with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Why are we commanded to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," if not to teach us, among other things, our daily dependance upon God as the dispenser of all our temporal blessings? Our various wants return with the morning; and to whom should we look, but to him who is able to supply them? We need his direction through the perplexities and difficulties of every day; and without his blessing and support, we can effect nothing to any

valuable purpose. In the evening, we seek rest in vain, unless he give slumber to the eyelids, and sleep to the eyes. And, as there are wants common to every family, and what all its members constantly experience, they ought certainly to unite in supplicating the same divine goodness, and also in returning thanks for the mercies of which they have all been joint partakers.

Humility is a virtue which highly adorns the character in which it resides, and sets off every other virtue: it is an admirable ingredient of a contented mind, and an excellent security against many of those ills in life, which are most sensibly felt by people of a delicate nature.

That man is most blessed, who receives his daily bread with gratitude and thankfulness from the hand of God; and he who does, experiences a pleasure that exceeds description. It is this that gives a relish to every repast; it is this that makes the coarsest morsel delicious to the taste; and it is the want of this that makes affluence a burden, instead of a blessing to the rich.

Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature.

Of all the calamities to which the condition of mortality exposes mankind, the loss of reason appears, to those who have the least spark of humanity, by far the most dreadful; and they behold that last stage of human wretchedness with deeper commiseration than any other.

The forgiving of injuries, is a virtue which not only Christianity, but morality enforces. The Heathens practised it to admiration; the primitive Christians exceeded them: But what a glorious example have we in the Lord and Master of our salvation, who prayed for his crucifiers—"Father, forgive them," &c. Luke xxiii. 34.

RELIGION.

Religion is a secure refuge, in seasons of deepest distress; it smooths the chagrin of life, makes us easy in all circumstances, and fills our souls with the greatest peace that our natures are capable of. The contemplation of the life and sufferings of our divine leader, must administer comfort in the severest affliction; while the sense of his power and omnipotence gives us humility in prosperity. Religion naturally tends to all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and noble; and the true spirit of it, not only composes, but cheers the soul. Though it banishes all levity of be-

haviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, yet in exchange, it fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, and uninterrupted pleasure. The contemplation of divine mercy and power, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are the principal and constant sources of it.

A PRAYER OF PRINCE EUGENE.

I believe in thee, oh! my God! do thou strengthen my faith; I hope in thee, confirm my hope; I love thee, inflame my love more and more; I repent of all my sins, but do thou increase my repentance. As my first beginning, I worship thee; as my last end, I long for thee; as my eternal benefactor, I praise thee; and as my supreme protector, I pray unto thee; that it may please thee, O Lord! to guide and lead me by thy providence; to keep me in obedience to thy justice; to comfort me by thy mercy; and to protect me by thy almighty power. I submit unto thee all my thoughts, words and deeds, as well as my afflictions, pains, and sufferings; and I desire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for thy sake to bear all adversity with patience. I will nothing, but what thou willest, O God! because it is agreeable unto thee. O give me grace, that I may be atten-

tive in my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and immoveable in all good purposes. Grant, most merciful Lord! that I may be true and faithful to those who have intrusted me with their secrets; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men; and that both in my words and actions I may show unto them a good example. Dispose my heart to praise and admire thy goodness; to hate all errors and evil works; to love my neighbour; and to despise the world. Assist me, good God! in subduing lust by mortification; covetousness by liberality; anger by mildness; and lukewarmness by zeal and fervency. Enable me to conduct myself with prudence in all my transactions; and to show courage in danger; patience in adversity; and in prosperity an humble mind. Let thy grace illuminate my understanding; direct my will; sanctify my body; and bless my soul. Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections; zealous in imploring thy grace; careful in keeping thy commandments; and constant in working out my own salvation. Finally, O God! make me sensible, how little is the world; how great thy heavens; how short time; and how long will be the blessed eternity. O! that I may well prepare myself for death; that I may dread thy judgments; that I may avoid the torments of hell; and obtain of thee, O God! eternal life, though the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

[*From the Columbian Magazine.*]

ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS SERMON.

“And Rachel said unto Jacob, Give me children, or else I die; and Jacob’s anger was kindled against Rachel.”
Genesis xxx. Part of the 1st and 2d verses.

From these words, my brethren, I shall beg leave to make a few observations, which may tend to unfold some new ideas of the female character.

The first remark that occurs, is the unreasonableness and folly of Rachel’s request to her husband. She asks for children, as the condition of her life. “Give me children,” says she, or else I die.” Ah! weak and inconsiderate woman!—Little didst thou know the dreadful connexion that was established in the book of fate, between thy death and the birth of children. But Heaven often curses human folly, by answering its prayers. Rachel’s desires for an increase of her family are gratified; but, alas! Rachel knows only a short-lived joy from this event. She dies in child-bed with her second son. Her lovely boy drops from her breast. His smiling infancy, and prattling childhood afford her no pleasure; for Rachel’s remains have descended into the grave, and mixed with the clods of the valley.

A second remark that is suggested by the words of my text, is, that upon certain occasions, anger is a necessary passion, and that it may be exercised, with peculiar propriety, by husbands, when the folly of their wives requires it. Jacob was a man of uncommon dignity of character. He was wise, prudent, and religious—and yet Jacob was *angry*. He was a fond and indulgent husband—and yet he was angry at *his wife*. For we read, that the anger of Jacob was kindled against Rachel. But let us examine a little farther, and inquire in what manner Jacob discovers and gives vent to his anger. Does he stamp upon the floor, and call his wife by any improper names?—No. Does he drag her across the floor by the hair of her head, or threaten to throw her behind the fire?—No. Does he pinch her—or kick her—or beat her with his fist?—No—for Jacob was a brave man, and never disgraced his character as a soldier by striking a woman. He rebukes his wife by reasoning with her. “Am I,” says he, “in God’s stead, who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the womb?”

Learn hence, ye husbands, from the example of Jacob, to treat your wives as reasonable creatures. In this way alone, you will not only reform them, but secure their perpetual esteem and affection for you.

We have beheld the end of Rachel, the wife

of Jacob; but, unhappily for mankind, her posterity did not die with her. There are Rachels still alive in every part of the world. While one cries out, "Give me children, or else I die," there are hundreds of her descendants, who cry out, "Give me *no more* children, or else I die." Nor is this all—how many wives do we find, who urge their requests to their husbands with the same powerful, and, as they suppose, distressing argument. "Give me," says one, "a new house, or else I die;"—"Give me," says a second, "another house-wench, or else I die;"—"Give me," says a third, "a weekly rout, or else I die;"—"Give me," says a fourth, "a trip to the Virginia springs, or else I die;"—"Give me," says a fifth, "a winter in New York or Philadelphia, or else I die;"—"Give me," says a sixth, "a service of plate, or else I die;"—"Give me," says a seventh, "a set of china, or else I die;"—"Give me," says an eighth, "a new silk gown, or else I die;"—"Give me," says a ninth—But I forbear, for the day would fail me, should I attempt to enumerate all the instances of female folly and extravagance which display themselves in conjugal and domestic life.

I shall conclude with one remark, which, I hope, will be profitable to the ladies, who compose a part of my audience—and that is, that this kind of petulance never fails to cool the

affections of husbands. Of this we have a striking proof in the conduct of Jacob: we read, that his wife died on her journey with him to Ephrath. But we read of no marks of respect paid to her memory, by a splendid or even a decent funeral. We do not find that Jacob secludes himself, even for a single day, from his ordinary pursuits, in order to mourn over her. We only read that he placed a pillar of stone over her grave—probably to prevent her rising from her grave to teaze him with her ill-humour—and hence, probably, may be derived the origin of TOMBSTONES.

AN ACCOUNT OF A DREADFUL STORM IN
THE DELAWARE BAY, ON THE 26TH OF SEPT.
1831.

I had travelled from Wilmington to Lewistown (situated near the mouth of the Bay of Cape Henlopen, in a stage-coach, about the middle of September. I spent a few days very agreeably in walking on the shore and bathing in the sea; but the wind changing from the south-west to the north-east, and the weather becoming cold and rainy, the sudden transition threw me into a fever, and I became very unwell, and (the town being destitute of the things I wanted,) I was therefore resolved to return to Philadelphia as soon as pos-

sible; but I had to wait with great anxiety and impatience several days more, before an opportunity offered, on account of contrary winds. At length, however, the wind proving favourable, we set sail in a sloop called the Plough-Boy, commanded by Captain Rodney. There were a great many passengers on board, but chiefly women and children, (the greater part of whom had been at the camp-meeting;) we started at about ten o'clock in the morning; the wind being south-south-west, but blowing so very gently, that it took us about two hours in going down the creek—a distance of only three miles. This slow movement being rather tiresome, I was desirous that a brisk breeze might spring up, so that our voyage home might soon be accomplished.

I had previously considered it best (at the time I left Wilmington,) to travel by land to Lewistown, and return home by water, in order that, if any storm should arise, we might clear the bay by day-light, or in time enough to be out of danger; but I was sadly disappointed in my views at last; for the sun had crossed the line just three days before, and the equinoctial storm was yet to come.

We sailed gently on till about nine o'clock at night, when the wind suddenly shifted from south-south-west to north-north-east, and one of the most dreadful storms arose, perhaps, that ever visited our bay. We were now near the

widest part of the bay, being but a few miles above the mouth of Morris's River. The sails were immediately lashed, and the vessel left to run before the storm at the mercy of the wind and waves;—but the violence of the wind was such, that the jib was blown into tatters before it could be secured; the rain poured down in torrents, being accompanied with the most awful thunder and lightning! These, together with the appearance of sparkling fire around the vessel, (a phenomenon which always occurs when the sea is greatly agitated at night,) presented to the view the most sublime, though dreadful scenery! and filled the mind with an apprehension of death in one of its most terrible forms! The captain had given up the vessel as lost for some time, although he did not mention it to any of the passengers till afterwards; but we were not left long in this anxious suspense before the vessel received a most violent shock, just as if it had been crushed to pieces. It appeared to the cabin passengers as if the stern, or part of it, were blown in, and we were immediately left in total darkness! the candles being all out, and the water gushing in, the cabin was half leg deep in a moment! so that death seemed to stare us full in the face: by every appearance, it seemed that the vessel would sink in two or three minutes. A most dreadful scene ensued! each soul calling loudly upon God for preser-

vation; and perhaps more sincere prayers were scarcely ever offered up to the throne of grace, than at this time. But even at this critical moment, when death seemed inevitable, I still had a small degree of faith that I should be preserved, (but how or in what manner I did not perceive,) as I had previously to my setting out on this journey, according to my usual practice, offered up secret prayers to the Almighty for my protection and preservation.

I endeavoured to get on the deck, in order to climb up the mast, so as to preserve life as long as possible, in case the vessel should strike where the water was not very deep; but the hatchway was fast, and being in total darkness, I could do nothing. But while we were in this dreadful situation, engaged in the most fervent prayer, the captain, (who, since the commencement of the storm, had been constantly at the helm,) on hearing a terrible cry below deck, came down immediately with a lantern, and assured us that the danger was not so great as we imagined; and told us not to be alarmed, for it appeared that the water was gushing in only at the apertures of the privy and the cabin windows, which last were not provided with dead lights, and had blown in; and, upon those places being secured, the water ceased to flow into the cabin. This was joyful news to us all; and we had reason to believe that our prayers were heard, for di-

rectly after this the wind shifted to the north-north-west, and the storm instantly subsided, although the wind still blew a hard gale, and the water continued greatly agitated for some time: nor did my apprehensions entirely leave me, until the violent rocking of the vessel had nearly ceased.

I have already mentioned that each soul was engaged in prayer, but it appears there was one exception: this was a middle-aged lady, who afterwards told me that she did not pray during the storm; that she considered herself fit to die; and, if it were the Almighty's will that she should die, she was perfectly resigned. But I thought differently. Even if she were fully convinced that she was prepared, still she might well think that some of the passengers were not; and, in that case, she ought to have prayed for their safety, if not for her own: I therefore thought I had reason to doubt the truth of her assertion, and considered it a species of boasting. I think proper also to mention in this place, that among the passengers, on their first coming on board the sloop, I observed a young lady of a prepossessing appearance, and most graceful form; but, as I thought, rather proud and affected in her manners. When standing at the door of the cabin, she asked one of the men the way down into it, which she pretended not to know. But at the time of the storm, she was

seriously engaged in prayer, and seemed much affected at the awful situation we were in. Seeing that I was greatly alarmed, as well as herself, she came to me, and spoke of the great propriety of putting our whole trust in that Being, who can control the storm, and hath power over the wind and waves. I agreed with her in opinion, that it is our only security in time of danger.

A short time previously to the storm I had just fixed myself in a birth with a view to spend the night, but being in a high fever, as before mentioned, it was very difficult to sleep. However, I scarcely had time to give it a fair trial, before I was roused from my situation, on account of the impending danger. I jumped out of my birth at the critical moment above mentioned, when my shoes immediately filled with water, and fear dispersed the fever entirely, until the storm abated, when it returned in full force; and my birth being now occupied by some other person, I sat up the greater part of the night with wet feet, in great misery. At last, a respectable coloured woman, of the name of Mrs. Durham, who had some knowledge of me, had compassion on me, and offered me her birth, which I gladly accepted: but I was unable to sleep; and, after a short time, I got up again, and sat with patience until morning.

We were all the next day and night in

coming to Philadelphia, and were all very thankful for the danger we had escaped. The captain observed, that it was the greatest storm he had ever known to happen on the Delaware bay; that he expected, every minute, the boom would go up the mast; and that if it had lasted only a few minutes longer, the sloop must either have sunk or struck,—the ship channel being only a mile wide. Mr. Norman, the sailing-master, also informed us, that though he had followed the seas many years, he never before experienced so violent a storm. The impression it made on my mind was so great, that it never can be erased.

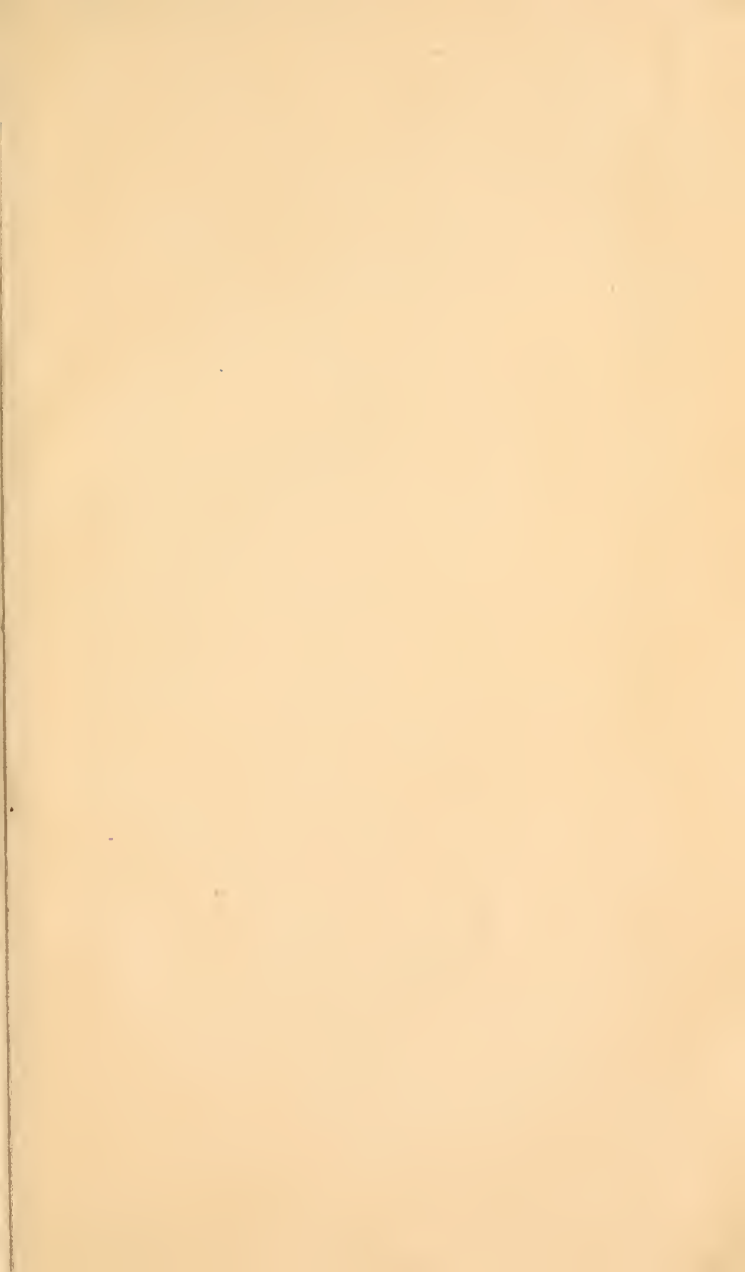
I shall conclude by calling to mind the observation of the royal psalmist on this subject; namely: “They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the mighty waters; these men see the greatness of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.”

THE END.

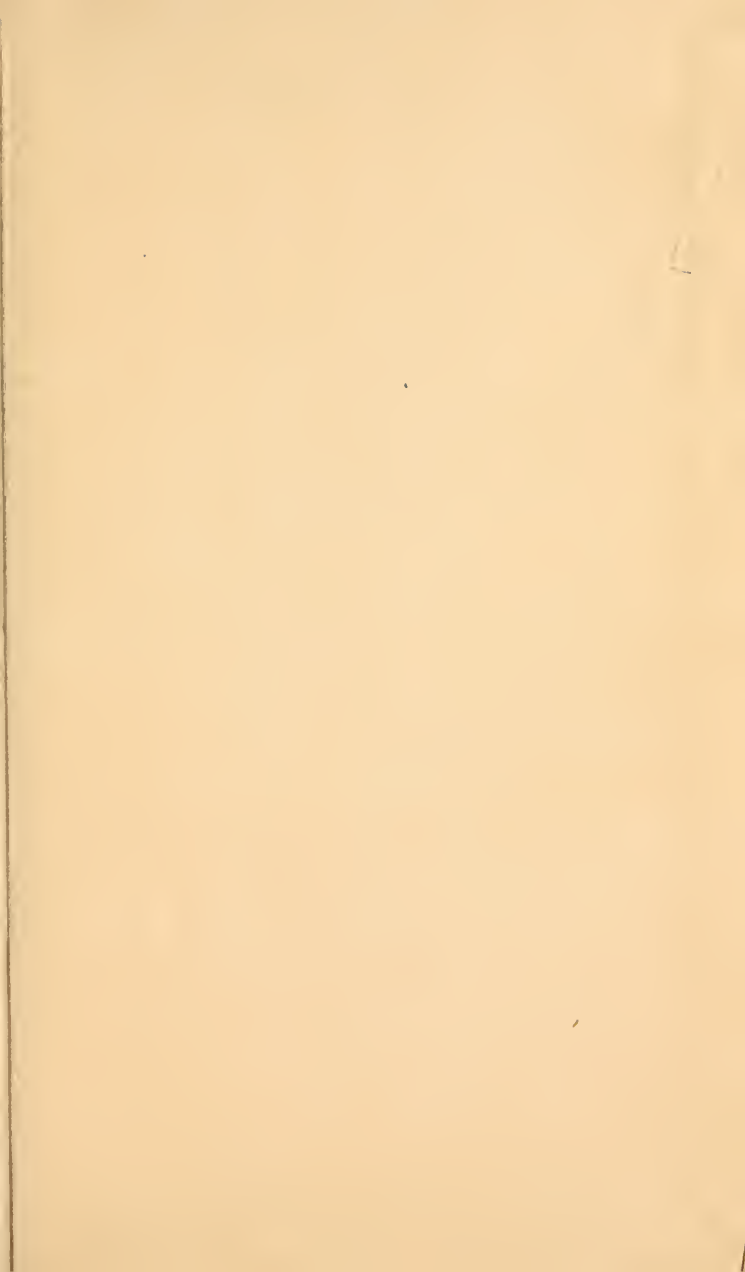
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