CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE;

EMBRACING

PERSONAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES OF AUTHORS,

AND SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT DAY:

WITH

PORTRAITS, AUTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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"WHILE PASSING DOWN THE SERIES OF SUCCEEDING YEARS, AS THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF SOME ANCIENT TEMPLE, WHICH DISPLAYS ON EITHER HAND THE STATUES OF DISTINGUISHED FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS, WE SHOULD STAY FOR A MOMENT IN THE PRESENCE OF EACH, DOING JUSTICE TO THE HUMBLE, ILLUSTRATING THE OBSCURE, PLACING IN A TRUE LIGHT THE MODEST, AND NOTING RAPIDLY THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL TRAITS, WHICH TIME HAS SPARED; TO THE END THAT INGRATITUDE, THE PROVERBIAL SIN OF REPUBLICS, MAY NOT ATTACH TO THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS; AND THAT WHOEVER FEEDS THE LAMP OF SCIENCE, HOWEVER OBSCURELY, HOWEVER SCANTILY, MAY KNOW, THAT SOONER OR LATER, HIS NAME AND VIRTUES SHALL BE MADE CONSPICUOUS BY ITS LIGHT, AND THROUGHOUT ALL TIME ACCOMPANY ITS LUSTRE."

JOSIAH QUINCY'S *History of Harvard University*, I. 6.

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the close of the period in 1799, Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose mental activity had assisted in promoting the result, wrote: "From a strict attention to the state of mind in this country, before the year 1774, and at the present time, I am satisfied the ratio of intellect is as twenty to one, and of knowledge as one hundred to one, in these states, compared with what they were before the American Revolution."

The third period exhibited the results of this increased capacity. It gave a new range to divinity and moral science, in writers like Channing; Calhoun and Webster illustrated the principles of political science; Marshall, Kent, and Story interpreted law; Paulding, Irving, Cooper, Simms, Emerson, opened new provinces in fiction and polite literature; Hillhouse, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Longfellow, sang their profound and sweet melodies; the national life at the earliest moment found its historian in Bancroft; oratory gained new triumphs in the halls of Congress, and a genial race of writers filled the various departments of letters, in turn thoughtful, sentimental, or humorous, as the occasion or theme required. To enumerate them here, would be to repeat the index of these volumes.

In another light, this literature may be looked at in its relations to the several portions of the country—the kind and extent of the productiveness varying with the character and opportunities of each region. When the different elements of the question have been duly considered, it will be found that mental activity has been uniformly developed. The early settlements of the North; its possession of the main seats of learning, drawing together numerous professors; its commercial centres, calling forth the powers of the press; its great cities, have given it the advantage in the number of authors: but without these important stimuli, the South and West have been vigorous producers in the fields of literature. Virginia and South Carolina, whose long settlement and Atlantic relations fairly bring them into view for competition here, have yielded their fair proportion of authors; their literature naturally assuming a political character. It is not a just test in the comparison to take the results of colleges and great cities, where literary men are drawn together, and contrast their numbers with the isolated cultivation of an agricultural region, where letters are solely pursued for their own sake, as the ornament or solace of life, seldom as a means of support, and where that book-generating person, the author by profession, is almost wholly unknown. We are rather to look for the social literary cultivation. Tested in this way, by their political representatives, their orators, their citizens who travel abroad; the men who are to be met at home, on the plantations, and in large rural districts, there is a literary cultivation in the South and West proportionate with any other part of the country. In the number of books on the list of American bibliography, their quota is neither slight nor unimportant.

It has been an object in this work to exhibit fairly and amply all portions of the country. The literature of the South is here more fully displayed than ever before. The notices might readily have been extended, but in this, as in other cases, the work has been governed by necessary limitations. It is very evident to any one who has looked at the statistics of the subject, that it would not be practicable, even on the generous scale of these volumes, to introduce all the writers of the country. With great labor and patience such a work might be undertaken, but its extent would soon place it beyond the reach of ordinary purchasers. For that remote end, a complete American bibliography would be required; and it is probable that at some future time it will be executed. But the plan of the present Cyclopædia is different. It required selection. On consultation with the publishers, it was found that two royal octavos of the present liberal size could be afforded at a moderate price, which would place the work within the reach of the entire class of purchasers; that any extension beyond this would involve an increase in cost unfavorable to its circulation. This was the material limit. On the other side the space seemed sufficient for the display of the comparatively brief period of American authorship, when the whole vast range of English literature was, successfully for the purpose, included by Messrs. Chambers in about the same compass.

The next question respected the distribution of the space. It was considered that,

under any principle of selection, the story should be as briefly told as possible; being confined to the facts of the case, with no more comment than was required to put the reader in ready communication with the author, while matters of digression and essay-writing should be carefully avoided. The lives of the authors were to be narrated, and their best works exhibited in appropriate extracts.

To the early periods, the preference was to be given in fulness of display. Many of the lives required much curious investigation, in regions not readily accessible to the general reader. The sympathy shown in this portion of the subject by various eminent scholars and successful prosecutors of literature themselves, who were occasionally consulted in its preparation, and who readily gave the most important assistance, seemed additional warrant to devote considerable space to this research.

The Revolutionary matter presented similar claims. It was novel, much of it not generally attainable, and it was full of picturesque life. The rapid multiplication of the literary and scientific institutions of the country has permitted us to speak at length only of those long established. An account of the early colleges has afforded much interesting detail, while it has given the opportunity of commemorating many worthies of the past, whose literary labors were chiefly entitled to notice from this connexion.

The passages to be selected for quotation, in a work of this kind, must frequently be chosen for their minor qualities. The brief essay, the pertinent oration, the short poem, the song or squib of the wit may be given, where it would be absurd to mutilate the entire line of argument of a work on philosophy, or where it would be irreverent to violate the sanctity of a treatise of divinity, by parading its themes, plucked from the sacred inclosure of the volume.

The lighter passages of song and jest were numerous in the days of the Revolution, and may be worth exhibiting, as a relief to graver incidents of the struggle, and as a proof of the good heart with which our fathers entered into it.

The reader may trace a full exhibition of the admirable productions, both witty and serious, which grew out of the argument for the Federal Constitution, in the passages from Hopkinson, Belknap, Hamilton, and others.

It has been further an object in the extracts, to preserve the utmost possible completeness: to present a subject as nearly as practicable in its entire form. The ample page of the work has allowed us, in numerous instances, to carry this out even with such productions of length as an entire canto of McFingal, a reprint of the whole of Barlow's Hasty Pudding, of the Buccaneer of Dana, complete papers by Fisher Ames, Gouverneur Morris, and others; while the number of shorter articles has been occasionally extended to embrace most, if not all, that is of interest in the literary remains of minor authors.

A reference to the index will show, we trust, a worthy design in the selection of passages from the various authors. We have kept in view the idea, that a work of the opportunities of the present, should aid in the formation of taste and the discipline of character, as well as in the gratification of curiosity and the amusement of the hour. The many noble sentiments, just thoughts, the eloquent orations, the tasteful poems, the various refinements of literary expression, drawn together in these volumes, are indeed the noblest appeal and best apology for the work. The voice of two centuries of American literature may well be worth listening to.

Avoiding, however, further enlargement on this theme, which might run into an unseemly critical analysis of the book, we have left to us the safer and more agreeable duty of acknowledging the friendly aid which has encouraged and assisted us in a laborious undertaking. Many a letter of sympathy and counsel has warmed us to renewed effort in the progress of the work. It has been our care to indicate on its appropriate page the obligations due to others, and, if we may adopt the words of that good old divine and poet, Dr. Donne, "to thank not him only that hath digg'd out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place."

To our predecessors in these labors, ample acknowledgments are due, from the first

collections of American verse, in the last century, by Elihu H. Smith and Mathew Carey, to the excellent labors at the present day of Kettell, Everest, Griswold, and others. To their works we may appropriately add the numerous collections of local literature, as the Boston, New Hampshire, and Charleston books. In the earlier departments, special recognition should be made of the valuable biographical dictionaries of Eliot and Allen; in the later, of the industrious biographical labors of Mr. J. S. Loring, in the several editions of his "Boston Orators."

We have been under great obligations to several of the public libraries, and the efficient acts of courtesy of their librarians. Of these institutions, we may particularly mention the rare collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of the Boston Athenæum, of the library at Harvard, of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, of the Library Company and the Library of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, of the Historical Society, of the Society, Mercantile, and Astor Libraries of New York. We never left one of these institutions without a new sense of the magnitude of the subject before us. In this connexion, we cheerfully express our thanks, not merely as an aid, but as an honor to our enterprise, for the cordial coöperation of the Rev. John L. Sibley of Harvard, George Folsom of Boston, Mr. S. F. Haven of Worcester, Mr. E. C. Herrick of Yale, Messrs. J. J. and Lloyd P. Smith of Philadelphia, Mr. Philip J. Forbes, Mr. George H. Moore, Mr. S. Hastings Grant, and Mr. J. G. Cogswell of New York.

Numerous private collections have been freely opened to us. We have been favored with the use of many rare volumes from the choice and costly libraries of Mr. J. Carter Brown of Providence, Mr. George Ticknor of Boston, the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mr. George Bancroft, Mr. James Lenox, Mr. E. B. Corwin of New York; while important incidental aid in this way has been rendered us by Mr. J. Pennington, Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll, Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, Mr. J. T. Fisher, Mr. C. B. Trego, Mr. W. B. Reed, Mr. H. C. Baird of Philadelphia; Professor Gammell of Brown University, Mr. Joseph Johnson and Mr. John Russell of Charleston, South Carolina; Mr. Samuel Colman, Mr. George B. Rapelye, Mr. John Allen, and Mr. W. J. Davis of New York. To both the library and valuable counsel of Dr. John W. Francis of New York we have been under repeated obligations.

To Mr. Washington Irving we are indebted for a special act of courtesy, in his contribution to the notice of Allston of an interesting series of personal reminiscences. We are under like obligations to Dr. Francis, for a similar recollection of Philip Freneau. One of the last letters written by the late Col. D. J. McCord of Columbia, South Carolina, was a communication printed in its place, on Dr. Thomas Cooper. The privilege of friendly consultation with the Rev. Dr. Osgood of New York has introduced us to much of the abundant literature of his religious denomination. We have also received cordial aid from Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, whose published writings afford many illustrations of the topics of these volumes. Other acknowledgments appear on various pages of the book.

In the department of Southern literature, where information rests largely in the hands of individuals, we have been greatly strengthened by correspondence with Mr. W. Gilmore Simms of South Carolina, bringing with it a train of kindly assistance from others; and with Mr. John Esten Cooke of Richmond, which opened to us frequent avenues to information in Virginia. To Mr. Harrison Hall of Philadelphia, and his brother Judge James Hall of Cincinnati, we are under similar obligations in other regions of the country. From Professor Porcher of the Charleston College, President Swain of the University of North Carolina, Professor Totten of William and Mary, Mr. Gessner Harrison of the University of Virginia, Professor North of Hamilton College, Mr. Wm. W. Turner of the National Institute, we have received assistance in the notices of the several seats of learning with which they are connected. It may not be amiss here, for the prevention of possible comparisons in future, to state, that in some instances—to the extent, perhaps, of three or four pages of the book—we are under a debt to ourselves, having drawn upon a few critical papers heretofore printed in the *Literary World*.

Not the least difficult portion of the work has been the preparation of the numerous portraits. They have been frequently obtained from original sources, and are now engraved for the first time, from old paintings, or recent daguerreotypes and photographs. If they prove of interest to the purchasers of the book, proportioned to the care often expended upon them, the publisher and editors may be well satisfied. A few choice daguerreotypes are from the hands of Messrs. Southworth and Hayes of Boston, and Mr. Richards of Philadelphia, while a large number have been taken by Mr. M. B. Brady of New York,—a sufficient guarantee of this stage of the work. The drawings from them have been made by Mr. W. Momberger of this city. The engravings are by Mr. W. Roberts. For several of the vignettes we are indebted to the Homes of American Authors, at present published by the Messrs. Appleton.

A large number of the autograph illustrations were kindly placed at our disposal by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Sprague, of Albany, New York. Valuable aid of this kind has been freely given by others.

The accuracy of the work has been greatly promoted by the coöperation of Mr. W. H. Smith, who has been long known to many of the scholars of the country as proof-reader in the office of Mr. Robert Craighead, where the Cyclopædia was put in type.

In conclusion, we may, we trust, ask a generous and kindly consideration for a work of much difficulty. Inequalities and short-comings may, doubtless, be discovered in it. "Errors Excepted," the usual phrase appended to a merchant's account, the gloss upon all things human, may with propriety be added at the termination of an undertaking of this nature.

The perfection of such a work is the result of time and experience. The present volumes may perhaps fall into the hands of some who are able and willing to afford additional information; and this may be employed in the supplements to future editions, if indeed the book shall attain such desirable repetitions. We need not say, that any suggestions, looking fairly to the design of the work, will be welcome. In the delicate duty to contemporaries, every hour adds to the opportunities of such an undertaking: but the authors of the day are well able, in their own writings, to speak for themselves. We may be allowed to insert a caveat against the pretension that we have not omitted some of the true worthies of America—though the reader will perhaps be reminded, on the other hand, of the story told by Sir Walter Scott, of the laird on a visit to his friend in the country. He was about taking his departure homewards, when he thought of interrogating his servant, who had been engaged in packing his portmanteau. "Have you put in everything that belongs to me?" "*At least*, your honor," was the candid reply.

There is an old passage in the dedication of the venerable Cotton Mather's *Decennium Luctuosum*, which is perhaps a good sequel to the anecdote in this relation. "Should any *Petit Monsieur*," says he, "complain (as the captain that found not himself in the *tapestry hangings*, which exhibited the story of the Spanish invasion in 1588), that he don't find himself mentioned in this history, the author has this apology: he has done as *well* and as *much* as he could, that whatever was worthy of a mention, might have it; and if this collection of matters be not complete, yet he supposes it may be more complete than any one else hath made; and now he hath done, he hath not pulled up the ladder after him: *others* may go on as they please with a completer composure."

New York, *August* 16, 1858.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

GEORGE SANDYS.

The first English literary production penned in America, at least which has any rank or name in the general history of literature, is the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, by George Sandys, printed in folio in London in 1626. The writer was the distinguished traveller, whose book on the countries of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land, is still perused with interest by curious readers. It was some time after his return from the East, that he was employed in the government of the Colony in Virginia, where he held the post of treasurer of the company. There, on the banks of James river, he translated Ovid, under circumstances of which he has left a memorial in his dedication of the work to King Charles I., as he informs that monarch his poem was "limned by that imperfect light, which was snatched from the hours of night and repose. For the day was not his own, but dedicated to the service of his father and himself; and had that service proved as fortunate, as it was faithful in him, as well as others more worthy, they had hoped, before the revolution of many years, to have presented his majesty with a rich and well peopled kingdom. But, as things had turned, he had only been able to bring from thence himself and that composition, which needed more than a single denization. For it was doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the New World, of the rudeness whereof it could not but participate; especially as it was produced among wars and tumults; instead of under the kindly and peaceful influences of the muses."*

Sandys was a gentleman of a good stock, his father being the Archbishop of York, and the friend of Hooker, by whom his brother Edwin was educated. His piety is expressed in his "Review of God's Mercies to him in his travels," an eloquent poem which he wrote in welcoming his beloved England, and in which he does not forget the perils of the American wilderness in

> That new-found-out-world, where sober night
> Takes from the Antipodes her silent flight,

and where he had been preserved

> From the bloody massacres
> Of faithless Indians; from their treacherous wars.

As a poet he has gained the respect of Dryden, who pronounced him the best versifier of his age, and of Pope, who commended his verses, in his notes to the Iliad.* We may quote a few lines of his Ovid, as a pleasing memorial of this classic theme pursued amidst the perils and trials of the early colonial settlement. We may fancy him looking round him, as he wrote, upon the rough materials of the Golden Age of Virginia, testing Ovid's poetical dreams by the realities.

METAMORPHOSIS, BOOK I.

> The Golden Age was first; which uncompeld,
> And without rule, in faith and truth exceld,
> As then, there was nor punishment nor fear;
> Nor threatning laws in brass prescribed were;
> Nor suppliant crouching prisoners shook to see
> Their angrie judge. * * * *
> In firm content
> And harmless ease, their happy days were spent,
> The yet-free Earth did of her own accord
> (Untorn with ploughs) all sorts of fruit afford.
> Content with nature's unenforced food,
> They gather wildings, straw'bries of the wood,
> Sour cornels, what upon the bramble grows,
> And acorns which Jove's spreading oak bestowes.
> 'Twas always Spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly
> blew
> On smiling flowers, which without setting grew.

* Stith, Hist. of Va., Bk. v. He has slightly adapted the language of Sandys's preface to Ovid.

* Holmes, Am. Annals, i. 184. Egerton Brydges, Censura Literaria, vi. 186. Bancroft, History United States, i. 284. There is a copy of the Ovid *as done Thomas Hollis* in the Harvard Library.

Forthwith the earth, corn unmanured bears;
And every year renews her golden ears:
With milk and nectar were the rivers fill'd;
And yellow honey from green elms distilled.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN.

At about the same time with Sandys in Virginia, William Vaughan, a poet and physician from Wales, took up his residence on a district of land which he had purchased in Newfoundland. Here he established a plantation, which he called Cambriol, and to invite settlers from England, sent home and published his *Golden Fleece*,* a quaint tract in prose and verse, intended through the medium of satire and fancy to set forth the discouragements of England and the encouragements of America. In his dedication of the work to King Charles, the author, who wrote also several other poems in Latin and English, calls himself Orpheus Jr. "Were it not," says Oldmixon, "a trouble one might remark, that neither the vicar's lion, nor the pilot's mermaid, is more a prodigy, than an Orpheus in Newfoundland, though there was one actually there, if the poet Vaughan was so."†

The Golden Fleece, which is now a very rare book, is a curious composition of the puritan way of thinking engrafted on the old classic machinery of Apollo and his court. It has sense, shrewdness, some poetry, and much downright railing,—the last in a school, the satirical objurgatory, which was brought to perfection, or carried to excess, in Ward's Simple Cobler of Agawam. Vaughan vents his humors in a depreciation of the times, in a kind of parody of the Litany, which he puts into the mouth of Florio, the Italian novelist, then in vogue.

From blaspheming of God's name,
From recanting words with shame,
From damnation eternal,
From a rich soul internal,
From a sinner will not mend,
From a friend, that will not lend,
From all modern abuses,
From much things to no uses,
From Ignatian's cursed swords,
From an Alchymist's fair words,
From those Friars which cloaks use,
As from such that haunt the stews,
From such sins as do delight us,
As from dreams which do affright us,
From parasites that stroke us,
From morsels that will choke us,
From false sycophants, that soothe us,
As from these in sin do smooth us,
From all profane discourses,
From all ungodly courses
Sweet angel free
deliver me.

Some of Vaughan's descriptions, as in his account of the fairer sex, smack strongly of old Burton, whose Anatomy of Melancholy was then in its first popularity. In the third part of the Golden Fleece there is a commendation of Newfoundland and its bounteous fishery, with many allusions to historical incidents of the period.

Vaughan's *Church Militant* published many years subsequently, in 1640, is one of those long labored historical deductions in crabbed verse, which Puritan writers loved heavily to trudge through. When the weary journey is accomplished, the muse, as if exulting at the termination, rises to a somewhat clearer note, in good strong Saxon, in view of the English reformation.

The spouse of Christ shone in her prime,
When she liv'd near th' Apostles' time,
But afterwards eclips'd of light,
She lay obscure from most men's sight;
For while her watch hugg'd carnal ease,
And loath'd the cross, she felt disease.
Because they did God's rays contemn,
And maumets* served, Grace fled from them.
Then stars fell down, fiends blackt the air,
And mongrels held the Church's chair,
But now dispelling error's night,
By Christ his might, our new-man's light,
She may compare for faith alike
With famous Rome's first Catholic,
And paragons for virtue bright
The royal scribe's sweet Sulamite,
Who train'd to zeal, yet without traps,
Her poor young sister wanting paps;
Without traditions she train'd her,
Or quillets, which make souls to err.

So feeds our Church her tender brood
With milk, the strong with stronger food.
She doth contend in grace to thrive,
Reproved like the primitive.
She hates the dark, yet walks the round,
And joys to hear the Gospel's sound.
She hates their mind in judgment blind,
Who swell with merits out of kind.
In Christ alone lies all her hope,
Not craving help of saint or Pope.
Poor saints, to show her faith by deeds,
She fills their souls, their bodies feeds.
She grants no weapons for offence,
Save vows and fasting for defence;
And yet she strikes. But with what sword?
The spirit's sword, God's lightning word.
Indiff'rent toys and childish slips
She slights, but checks gross sins with stripes.
Yet soon the strays her favor win,
When they repent them of the sin,
So mild is she, still loathing ill,
And yet most loathe the soul to kill.

Such is the Lady, whom I serve;
Her goodness such, whom I observe,
And for whose love I beg'd these lays
Borne from the spheres with flaming rays.

WILLIAM MORELL.

William Morell, an English clergyman of the Established Church, came to America in 1623, with the company sent out by the Plymouth council, under the command of Captain Robert, son of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. Morell bore a commission from the Ecclesiastical Court in England to exercise a superintendence over the churches which were or might be established in the colony. The attempt by this company to form a settle-

* The Golden Fleece, divided into three parts, under which are discovered the errors of religion, the vices and decay of the kingdom, and, lastly, the way to get wealth and to restore trading, so much complained of. Transported from Cambriol Colchos, out of the southernmost part of the Island, commonly called the Newfound'and, by Orpheus Junior, for the general and perpetual good of Great Britain. 1626. Small 4to.

† Oldmixon. Brit. Emp. in Am. i. 6.

* Idols; the word is used for puppets by Shakespeare. 1. Henry IV., Act 2, Scene 5.

ment at Wessagussett, now Weymouth, in Massachusetts, was unsuccessful. After Gorges's return, Morell remained a year at Plymouth and then returned to England, where he soon after published in Latin hexameters and English heroics, the latter a little rough, his poem *Nova Anglia*, which he addressed to King Charles I. It is mainly taken up with the animal inhabitants of the land and their conquerors, the native Indians. The opening address to New England is really grand. We have marked one line by italics, for its stirring tone, in the English portion, which is something more than a mere literal version of his Latin. We give both.

NOVA ANGLIA.

Hactenus ignotam populis ego carmine primus,
Te Nova, de veteri cui contigit Anglia nomen,
Aggredior trepidus pingui celebrare Minerva.
Per mihi numen opem, cupienti singula plectro
Pondere veridico, quæ nuper vidimus ipsi:
Ut breviter vereque sonent modulamina nostra,
Temperiem cœli, vim terræ, munera ponti,
Et varios gentis mores, velamina, cultus.
Anglia felici meritò Nova nomine gaudens,
Sævos nativi mores pertæsa Coloni,
Indigni penitus populi tellure feraci,
Mœsta superfusis attollit fletibus ora,
Antiquos precibus flectens ardentibus Anglos,
Numinis æterni felicem lumine gentem
Efficere: æternis quæ nunc peritura tenebris.
Gratum opus hoc Indis, dignumque piis opus Anglis,
Angelicæ quibus est naturæ nomen in umbra
Cœlica ut extremis dispergant semina terris.

NEW ENGLAND.

Fear not, poor Muse, 'cause first to sing her fame
That's yet scarce known, unless by map or name;
A grand-child to earth's paradise is born,
Well limb'd, well nerv'd, fair, rich, sweet, yet forlorn.
Thou blest director, so direct my verse
That it may win her people, friends commerce.
Whilst her sweet air, rich soil, blest seas, my pen
Shall blaze and tell the natures of her men.
New England, happy in her new, true style,
Weary of her cause she's to sad exile
Exposed by her's unworthy of her land;
Entreats with tears Great Britain to command
Her empire, and to make her know the time,
Whose act and knowledge only makes divine.
A royal work well worthy England's king,
These natives to true truth and grace to bring;
A noble work for all these noble peers,
Which guide this state in their superior spheres.
You holy Aarons, let your censers ne'er
Cease burning till these men Jehovah fear.

This curious poem is conducted with considerable spirit. There is this allusion to the Indian song:

Litera cuncta licet latet hos, modulamina quædam
Fistula disparibus calamis facit, est et agrestis
Musica vocis iis, minime jucunda, sonoris
Obtusisque sonis oblectans pectora, sensus,
Atque suas aures, artis sublimis inanes.

And though these men no letters know, yet their
Pan's harsher numbers we may somewhere hear;
And vocal odes which us affect with grief,
Though to their minds perchance they give relief.*

* The whole poem is reprinted in the Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections, First Series, i. 125-30.

WILLIAM WOOD.

CHEERFUL William Wood was at that period a sojourner in the same colony. Returning home in 1633, he published in London, in 1634, the first printed account of Massachusetts in *New England's Prospect* being, as its title page well describes it, "a true, lively, and experimental description."* "I have laid down," says he, "the nature of the country, without any partial respect unto it as being my dwelling-place, where I have lived these four years, and intend, God willing, to return shortly again."

This tract is divided into two parts, the one treating of the situation and circumstances of the colonists; the other, of the manners and customs of the native Indians. In the former, in which the writer notices the towns bordering the site of Boston, venturing in one or two instances as far as Agawam and Merrimack, there are some curious poetical or rhyming natural history descriptions interspersed, as of the trees, which reminds us, in a degree, of the famous passage in Spenser, by whose inspiration it was probably excited:—

Trees both in hills and plains, in plenty be,
The long-liv'd oak, and mournful cypris tree,
Sky-tow'ring pines, and chesnuts coated rough,
The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough:
The rosin-dropping fir for masts in use,
The boatmen seek for oares light, neat, growne sprewse,
The brittle ash, the ever-trembling aspes,
The broad-spread elm, whose concave harbours wasps,
The water-spungie alder good for nought,
Small elderne by th' Indian fletchers† sought,
The knottie maples, pallid birch, hawthornes,
The horne-bound tree that to be cloven scornes;
Which from the tender vine oft takes his spouse,
Who twines embracing arms about his boughs.
Within this Indian orchard fruits be some,
The ruddie cherrie, and the jetty plume,
Snake-murthering hazell, with sweet saxaphrage,
Whose spurnes in beere allays hot fever's rage.
The dyer's shumach, with more trees there be,
That are both good to use and rare to see.

His versifying talent is also excited by the inhabitants of these woods:—

The kingly lion, and the strong-arm'd bear,
The large limb'd mooses, with the tripping deer;
Quill-darting porcupines, and racoons be
Castel'd in the hollow of an aged tree.

There is fancy in the last picture, as there is in his "sea-shouldering whale," in the chapter "of fish"—but that belongs to Spenser. The whole passage is curious, and is worth quoting for its American flavor. The epithets are felicitous. He had evidently studied the subject.

The king of waters, the sea-shouldering whale,
The snuffing grampus, with the oily seal;

* New England's Prospect: a true, lively, and experimental description of that part of America commonly called New England—discovering the state of that country, both as it stands to our new come English planters, and to the old native inhabitants—laying down that which may both enrich the knowledge of the mind-travelling reader, or benefit the future voyager. By William Wood. London: 1634.

† Makers of bows and arrows.—Johnson.

The storm-presaging porpus, herring-hog,
Live spearing-shark, the catfish, and sea-dog;
The scale-fene'd sturgeon, wry-mouthed halibut,
The flouncing salmon, codfish, greedigut;
Cole, haddick, hake, the thornback, and the scate,
Whose slimy outside makes him seld' in date;
The stately bass, old Neptune's fleeting post,
That tides it out and in from sea to coast;
Consorting herrings, and the bony shad,
Big-bellied alewives, mackrels richly clad
With rainbow colour, the frostfish and the smelt
As good as ever Lady Gustus felt;
The spotted lamprons, eels, the lamperies,
That seek fresh water brooks with Argus eyes;
Those watery villagers, with thousands more,
Do pass and repass near the verdant shore.

KINDS OF SHELLFISH.

The luscious lobster, with the crabfish raw,
The brinish oyster, muscel, periwig,
And tortoise sought by the Indian's squaw,
Which to the flats dance many a winter's jig,
To dive for cockles, and to dig for clams,
Whereby her lazy husband's guts she crams.

His prose shows us little of the poetical and humorous traits common to many of these early narratives. There is a short chapter touching the Indians, which would do honor to the appetizing courtesies of John Buncle.

OF THEIR DIET, COOKERY, MEAL TIMES, AND HOSPITALITY AT THEIR KETTLES.

Having done with the most needful clothings and ornamental deckings; may it please you to feast your eyes with their best belly-timbers; which I suppose would be but *stibium* to weak stomachs, as they cook it, tho' never so good of itself. In winter time they have all manner of fowls of the water and of the land, and beasts of the land and water, pond fish, with catharres and other roots, Indian beans and clams. In the summer they have all manner of sea fish, with all sorts of berries. For the ordering of their victuals, they boil or roast them, having large kettles which they traded for with the French long since, and do still buy of the English as their need requires, before they had substantial earthen pots of their own making. Their spits are no other than cloven sticks sharped at one end to thrust into the ground: into these cloven sticks they thrust the flesh or fish they would have roasted, behemming a round fire with a dozen of spits at a time, turning them as they see occasion. Some of their scullery having dressed these homely cates, present it to their guests, dishing it up in a rude manner, placing it on the verdant carpet of the earth which Nature spreads them, without either trenchers, napkins, or knives; upon which their hunger sauced stomachs, impatient of delays fall aboard, without scrupling at unwashed hands, without bread, salt, or beer; lolling on the Turkish fashion, not ceasing till their full bellies leave nothing but empty platters. They seldom or never make bread of their Indian corn, but seeth it whole like beans, eating three or four corns with a mouthful of fish or flesh, sometimes eating meat first, and corns after, filling up the chinks with their broth. In summer, when their corn is spent, isquoterquashes is their best bread, a fruit much like a pumpion. To say, and to speak paradoxically, they be great eaters, and little meat men. When they visit our English, being invited to eat, they are very moderate, whether it be to show their manners, or for shame fac'dness, I know not, but at home they eat till their bellies stand south, ready to split with fulness; it being their fashion to eat all at sometimes, and sometimes nothing at all in two or three days, wise providence being a stranger to their wilder ways: They be right infidels; neither caring for the morrow, or providing for their own families; but as all are fellows at football, so they all meet friends at the kettle, saving their wives, that dance a spaniel-like attendance at their backs for their bony fragments. If their imperious occasions cause them to travel, the best of their victuals for their journey is Nocake (as they call it), which is nothing but Indian corn parched in the hot ashes; the ashes being sifted from it, it is afterwards beat to powder, and put into a long leathern bag, trussed at their backs like a knapsack, out of which they take thrice three spoonfuls a day dividing it into three meals. If it be in winter, and snow be on the ground, they can eat when they please, stopping snow after their dusty victuals, which otherwise would feed them little better than a Tyburn halter. In summer they must stay till they meet with a spring or a brook, where they may have water to prevent the imminent danger of choking. With this strange viaticum they will travel four or five days together, with loads fitter for elephants than men. But though they can fare so hardly abroad, their chaps must walk night and day, as long as they have it. They keep no set meals, their store being spent, they champ on the bit, till they meet with fresh supplies, either from their own endeavors, or their wives' industry, who trudge to the clam-banks when all other means fail. Though they be sometimes scanted, yet are they as free as emperors, both to their countrymen and English, be he stranger or near acquaintance; counting it a great discourtesy not to eat of their high-conceited delicacies, and sup of their un-oatmeal'd broth, made thick with fishes, fowls, and beasts, boiled all together; some remaining raw, the rest converted, by overmuch seething, to a loathed mash, not half so good as Irish bonnielapper.

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW ENGLAND.

A curious tract, apparently written by a resident in the colony, was printed in London, in 1648, bearing the title, *Good News from New England*.* It is more than half in verse, and is a quaint picture of the age. The sketch of the clergy is characteristic. We quote a few paragraphs.

Oh! wee'l away, now say the poore, our Benefactor's going,
That fild our children's mouths with bread, look! yonder are they rowing.
O woe is me, another cries, my Minister, it's he,
As sure as may be, yonder he from Pursevant doth flee.
With trickling tears, scarce uttering speech, another sobbing says,
If our poor preacher shipped be, he'll ne'er live half the way.

THE NEW ENGLAND PREACHERS.

One unto reading Scriptures men persuades,
One labour bids for food that never fades.
One to redeem their time exhorteth all,
One looking round for wary walking calls.
One he persuades men buy the truth, not sell,
One would men should in moderateness excell.

* Good News from New England; with an Exact Relation of the First Planting of that Country; a Description of the Profits accruing by the Work; together with a brief, but true Discovery of their Order both in Church and Commonwealth, and Maintenance allowed the painful Labourers in that Vineyard of the Lord; with the Names of the several Towns, and who be Preachers to them. London: printed by Matthew Simmons, 1648; reprinted in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Fourth Series, I. 239.

One for renewed repentance daily strives,
One's for a conscience clear in all men's lives.
One he exhorts all men God's word to hear,
One doth beseech to lend obedient ear.
One he desires evil's appearance shun,
One with diligence would all should be done.
One shows their woe that will not God believe,
One doth beseech God's spirit they'll not grieve.
One wishes none to deep despair do run,
One bids beware none to presumption come.
One wills that all at murmuring take heed,
One shews that strife and envy should not breed.
One shews the hatred God to pride doth bear,
One covetousness cries down with hellish fear.
One to lukewarmness wishes none do grow,
One none for fear forsake the truth they know.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

The renowned Captain John Smith, on returning home from service against the Turks, and from a journey in which he had well nigh exhausted all that Europe could offer of adventure, and fully proved the nobility of his nature, at the early age of twenty-seven turned his attention to the new world.

In December, 1606, he sailed with others sent out by the London Company, recently formed by his exertions, for the Chesapeake. On the 18th of May the party landed at Jamestown. He returned to England in 1609, and in 1614 explored the American coast from the Penobscot to Cape Cod. He again sailed in 1615, but was taken prisoner and confined in France. On his release he endeavored to obtain further employment in American adventure, but without success. He died in London in 1631, in his fifty-second year.

In "the true Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Capt. John Smith," 1629, he gives the following summary of his American career.

Now to conclude the travels and adventures of Captain Smith: How first he planted Virginia, and was set ashore with a hundred men in the wild woods; how he was taken prisoner by the savages, and by the King of Pamaunky tied to a tree to be shot to death; led up and down their country, to be shown for a wonder; fatted as he thought for a sacrifice to their idol, before whom they conjured three days, with strange dances and invocations; then brought before their Emperor Powhattan, who commanded him to be slain; how his daughter Pocahontas saved his life, returned him to Jamestown, relieved him and his famished company, which was but eight and thirty, to possess those large dominions; how he discovered all the several nations on the rivers falling into the bay of Chesapeake; how he was stung almost to death by the poisonous tail of a fish called a stingray; how he was blown up with gunpowder, and returned to England to be cured.

Also how he brought New England to the subjection of the Kingdom of Great Britain: his fights with the pirates, left alone among the French men-of-war, and his ship ran from him: his sea-fights for the French against the Spaniards; their bad usage of him; how in France, in a little boat, he escaped them: was adrift all such a stormy night at sea by himself, when thirteen French ships were split or driven on shore by the isle of Rhu, the General and most of his men drowned; when God, to whom be all honour and praise, brought him safe on shore, to the admiration of all who escaped; you may read at large in his general history of Virginia, the Somer Islands and New England.

Smith derived no pecuniary advantage from his services in the colonization of Virginia or New England. "In neither of these two countries," he remarks, "have I one foot of land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my own hands, nor any content or satisfaction at all."

Captain Smith was the author of several works relating to his adventurous life. The first is *A true relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that colony, which is now resident in the south part thereof, till the last return from thence. Written by Th. Watson, Gent, one of the said collony, to a worshipful friend of his in England.* London: 1608. This tract, of forty-two small quarto pages, is printed in black letter, and is extremely rare. A copy is in the library of the New York Historical Society—from which a reprint was made in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. In a preface signed I. H., the statement that "some of the books were printed under the name of Thomas Watson, by whose occasion I know not, unless it were the over-rashness or mistaking of the workmen, but since having learned that the said discourse was written by Captain Smith, &c.,"—settles the question of authorship.

In 1612, Smith published *A Map of Virginia,— With a description of the country, the commodities, people, government and religion. Written by Captain Smith, sometime Governor of the country.* It was accompanied by an account of "the proceedings of those colonies since their first departure from England, with the discourses, orations and relations of the salvages, and the accidents that befel them in all their journeys and discoveries, &c., by W. S."

This was followed by *A Description of New England: or the Observations and Discoveries of Captain John Smith (Admirall of that Country), in the North of America, in the year of our Lord 1614, with the successe of sixe ships that went the next year, 1615; and the accidents befell him among the French men of warre: with the proofe of the present benefit this countrey affords: whither this present yeare, 1616, eight voluntary ships are gone to make further triale.* At London. Printed, &c.: 1616. It is reprinted in the sixth volume of the third series of the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections, and in the second volume of Col. Force's reprints of rare tracts relating to America, where it is accompanied by its successor: *New England's Triale. Declaring the successe of 80 ships employed thither within these eight years; and the benefit of that country by Sea and Land. With the present estate of that happie plantation, begun but by 60 weake men in the yeare 1620. And how to build a Fleete of good Shippes to make a little Navie Royall. Written by Captain John Smith, sometime Governour of Virginia, and Admirall of New England.* The second edition. London: 1622. These two tracts form seventy octavo pages in Mr. Force's reprint. The first edition of *New England's Triale, Declaring the successe of 26 Ships*, &c., appeared in 1620.

In 1626, the Captain issued his largest work, a folio, entitled *The General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, with the names of the adventurers, planters and gover-*

nors, from their first beginning An. 1584, *to this present* 1626. *With the proceedings of those several colonies, and the accidents that befell them in all their journies and discoveries. Also the map, and descriptions of all those countryes, their commodities, people, government, customs, and religion yet known.* It was prepared at the request of the company in London, and contains several portraits and maps. A portion only, including the second and sixth books, is from the pen of Smith, and in these he has drawn largely on his previous publications; the remaining four are made up from the relations of others. The whole, with the continuation to the year 1629, subsequently published by Smith, was reprinted at Richmond, Va., in 1819, in two vols. 8vo.

We extract from this work the account of the famous action of Pocahontas on account of its historical value. The chapter from which it is taken (the second of the third book), is stated to be "written by Thomas Studley the first Cape Merchant in Virginia, Robert Fenton, Edward Harrington, and I. S.," so that it is probably from the pen of Smith.

At last they brought him to *Meronoco* where was Powhatan their emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him as he had been a monster: till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of *Raroucun* skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 years, and along on each side of the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks. At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The queen of *Appamatuck* was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could laid hand on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper: for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

> They say he bore a pleasant show,
> But sure his heart was sad,
> For who can pleasant be, and rest,
> That lives in fear and dread:
> And having life suspected, doth
> It still suspected lead.

In the same year he published a work for the general benefit of mariners and landsmen entitled *An Accidence, or the Pathway to Experience, necessary for all young Seamen;* which was followed in 1627, by *A Sea Grammar, with the plaine Exposition of Smith's Accidence for young Seamen, enlarged.* In his own words it "found good entertainment abroad." A second edition appeared in 1653, and a third in 1692.*

In 1630, appeared the *True Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Capt. John Smith in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, from A.D.* 1593 *to* 1629. *Together with a continuation of his general history of Virginia, &c.* Folio. London: 1680. It was reprinted with his history at Richmond. It also forms part of Churchill's Collection of Voyages.

In the dedication to the volume he states that Sir Robert Cotton, "that most learned treasurer of antiquity, having by perusal of my general history, and others, found that I had likewise undergone other as hard hazards in the other parts of the world, requested me to fix the whole course of my passages in a book by itself, whose noble desire I could not but in part satisfy: the rather because they have acted my fatal tragedies upon the stage, and racked my relations at their pleasure."†

His last work appeared in 1631, and is entitled, *Advertisements for the unexperienced Planters of New England, or anywhere; or, the Pathway to experience to erect a plantation. With the yearely proceedings of the country in Fishing and Planting, since the year* 1614 *to the year* 1630, *and their present estate. Also how to prevent the greatest inconveniences, by their proceedings in Virginia, and other Plantations, by approved examples. With the Countries Arms, a description of the Coast, Harbours, Habitations, Landmarks, Latitude and Longitude: with the Map, allowed by our Royall King Charles—by Captain John Smith.* London: Printed, &c. 1631. It occupies fifty-three pages in the reprint in the Mass. Hist. Coll. 3d Series, vol. 3, and contains on the back of the address to the reader, the poem, "The Sea Marke."

In a passage in this tract (p. 36), he refers to a History of the Sea on which he was engaged, but his death in the same year put an end to this,

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* George S. Hillard's Life of Captain Smith, in Sparks's American Biography, 1st Series, ii. 403.

† A similar complaint of "the licentious vaine of stage poets" is made in the "Epistle Dedicatorie" to a tract, *The New Life of Virginia*, published in 1612. The American Plantations soon became an occasional topic of allusion with Middleton, Dekker, and others. Robert Taylor's play of the "Hog hath lost his Pearl," in 1612, has a mention of the indifferent progress of "the plantation in Virginia." Shakespeare was too early for the subject. The word America is mentioned only once in his plays, and that not very complimentarily, in Dromio's comic description of the kitchen maid. The "still vexed Bermoothes" was the nearest approach he made to the Western continent. Had Sir Philip Sidney made the voyage to America which he contemplated, his pen would doubtless have given a tinge of poetry to its woods and Indians. Raleigh's name is connected with the Virginia voyages, but he never landed within the present limits of the United States. Lord Bacon had the "Plantations" in view, in his Essay bearing that name, and in another "of Prophecies" calls attention to the verses of Seneca—

> Venient annis
> Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
> Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
> Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos
> Detegat orbes; nec sit terris
> Ultima Thule:

as "a prophecie of the Discovery of America."

Milton's fine imagery connected with the fall of our first parents, "their guilt and dreaded shame," will be called to mind:—

> O how unlike
> To that first naked glory! Such of late
> Columbus found the Americans, so girt
> With feather'd cincture; naked else and wil'd
> Among the trees on isles and woody shores.

and probably other projects of his ever active mind.

Captain Smith wrote with a view to furnish information rather than to gain the reputation of an author or scholar. He confines himself to the subject matter in hand, seldom digressing into comment or reflection. His descriptions are animated, and his style clear and simple. The following verses, the only ones, with the exception of a few scattered lines in his History of Virginia, which can be attributed to his pen, show that he has some claim to the title of a poet. They possess a rude, simple melody, not inharmonious with their subject.

THE SEA MARK.

Aloof, aloof, and come no near,
The dangers do appear
Which, if my ruin had not been,
You had not seen:
I only lie upon this shelf
To be a mark to all
Which on the same may fall,
That none may perish but myself

If in our outward you be bound
Do not forget to sound;
Neglect of that was caused of this
To steer amiss.
The seas were calm, the wind was fair,
That made me so secure,
That now I must endure
All weathers, be they foul or fair.

The winter's cold, the summer's heat
Alternatively beat
Upon my bruised sides, that rue,
Because too true,
That no relief can ever come:
But why should I despair
Being promised so fair,
That there shall be a day of Doom.

The commendatory verses which, following the publishing fashion of the day, accompany several of Smith's productions, show that he was held in high favor by some of the leading literary men of his day, the names of Wither and Brathwayte, two poets whose productions are still read with pleasure, being found among those of the contributors. The same feelings of respect excited some of Smith's followers to sing the praises of their great leader. His "true friend and soldier, Ed. Robinson" thus addresses "his worthy Captaine, the author"—

Thou that to passe the world's foure parts dost deeme
No more, than t'were to goe to bed, or drinke;

and Thos. Carlton, who signs himself "your true friend, sometimes your soldier," gives this honorable testimony:

I never knew a Warryer yet, but thee
From wine, tobacco, debts, dice, oaths, so free.*

A few Virginia historical publications contemporary with Smith, written by scholars resident in or identified with the country, may be here mentioned:

Thomas Harriot, the author of "A Brief and true Report of the new found land of Virginia;" and better known as an algebraist, was born at Oxford in 1560, where he was educated, being graduated in 1579. He was recommended in consequence of his mathematical acquirements to Sir Walter Raleigh as a teacher in that science. He received him into his family and in 1585 sent him with the company under Sir Richard Granville to Virginia, where he remained a twelvemonth. In 1588 he obtained through the introduction of Raleigh a pension from Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, of £120 per annum. He passed many years in Sion College, where he died in 1621. He was the inventor of the improved method of algebraic calculation adopted by Descartes six years after, who passed off the discovery as his own. Harriot's claim was established by Dr. Wallis in his History of Algebra. His tract, *A brief and true account of the new found land of Virginia*, &c., was published in 1590. A Latin edition appeared in the collection of De Bry in the same year, and afterwards in English in Hakluyt.

Alexander Whitaker, a son of the Rev. Dr. William Whitaker, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, came to Virginia while a young man, and was one of the settlers of the town of Henrico on James river, in 1611. During the same year a church was built and the foundations of another of brick laid, while the minister "inpaled a fine parsonage, with a hundred acres of land, calling it Rock Hall." His letters, in which he expresses his surprise that more of the English clergy do not engage in missionary labors similar to his own, testify to his earnestness in the cause.† He baptized Pocahontas, and also married her to Mr. Rolfe.

In 1613 he published a work entitled *Good Newes from Virginia, Sent to the council and company of Virginia resident in England.* The "Epistle Dedicatorie" by W. Crashawe, contains this well merited eulogium of the author.

I hereby let all men know that a scholar, a graduate, a preacher, well born and friended in England; not in debt nor disgrace, but competently provided for, and liked and beloved where he lived; not in want, but (for a scholar, and as these days be) rich in possession, and more in possibility; of himself, without any persuasion (but God's and his own heart) did voluntarily leave his warm nest; and to the wonder of his kindred and amazement of those who knew him, undertook this hard, but, in my judgment, heroical resolution to go to Virginia, and help to bear the name of God unto the gentiles.

A picturesque account of the country was written by William Strachey, the first Secretary of the Colony, in his two books of *Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia.* It is dedicated to Lord Bacon, and bears date at least as early as 1618.† Strachey was three years in the Colony, 1610-12. The motto from the Psalms shows his religious disposition and prescience, "This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord," as the narrative itself does his careful

* The Life of Captain John Smith has been written by Mr. Simms, with a genial appreciation of his hero.

† History of the P. E. Church in Virginia, by the Rev. F. L. Hawks.

† It has been recently edited from the original MS. in the British Museum, by R. H. Major, and published among the works of the Hakluyt Society.

observation of "the cosmographie and commodities of the country, together with the manners and customes of the people."

Strachey was one of the party of officers shipwrecked on the Bermudas in 1609. His description of the storm published in *Purchas*, was maintained by Malone to be the foundation of Shakespeare's Tempest.*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

On the twenty-eighth day of October, 1636, eight years after the first landing of the Massachusetts Bay colonists, under John Endicot, the General Court at Boston voted four hundred pounds towards a school or college, and the following year appointed its location at Newtown, soon changed to Cambridge (in gratitude to the University of England), under the direction of the leading men of the colony. In 1638, the project was determined by the bequest of John Harvard, an English clergyman of education, who had arrived in the country but the year before, who left to the institution a sum of money, at least equal to and probably two-fold the amount of the original appropriation, and a valuable library of three hundred and twenty volumes, including not only the heavy tomes of theology in vogue in that age, but important works of classical and the then recent English literature, among which Bacon's clear-toned style and the amenities of Horace tempered the rigors of Scotus and Aquinas. Contributions flowed in. The magistrates subscribed liberally; and a noble proof of the temper of the times is witnessed in the number of small gifts and legacies, of pieces of family plate, and in one instance of the bequest of a number of sheep. With such precious stones were the foundations of Harvard laid. The time, place, and manner need no eulogy. They speak for themselves.

During its first two years it existed in a kind of embryo as the school of Nathaniel Eaton, who bears an ill character in history for his bad temper and short commons. In 1640 the Rev. Henry Dunster, on his arrival from England, was constituted the first President. He served the college till 1654, when, having acquired and preached doctrines in opposition to infant baptism, he was compelled to resign his office. He had borne manfully with the early difficulties of the position, and received little in the way of gratitude. Through his excellent oriental scholarship, he had been intrusted with the improvement of the literal version of the Psalms, known as the Bay Psalm Book. The first printing-press in the colony was set up at Harvard, in the President's house, in 1639. The first publication was the Freeman's Oath, then an almanack, followed by the Bay Psalm Book. Dunster was succeeded by Charles Chauncy, who held the office till his death, which was in 1672. He was a man of learning, having been Professor of Hebrew and Greek in Trinity College, Cambridge, and of general worth, though of wavering doctrinal consistency. He had his share in England of Laud's ecclesiastical interferences, and had recanted his views in opposition to kneeling at the communion—an act of submission which he always regretted. He was driven to New England, whence he was about returning home to his Puritan friends, who had come into power, when he was arrested by the college appointment. He devoted himself to the affairs of the college, and as he suffered the penury of the position, cast his eye to the "allowed diet" and settled stipend of similar situations in England. His petitions to the "honored governor" show that, notwithstanding the early gifts, the institution was ill provided for. Chauncy was threescore when he was made President; and several interesting anecdotes are preserved of his scholar's old age. He was an early riser—up at four o'clock in winter and summer, preached plain sermons to the students and townspeople, was laborious in duty, manfully holding that the student, like the commander, should fall at his post. He has reputation as a divine and scholar. He published a sermon on the Advantages of Schools, and a Faithful Ministry, in which he inveighed against the practice of wearing long hair—the Election Sermon of 1656, a volume of twenty-six sermons, on Justification, and the "Antisynodalia," written against the proceedings of the Synod held in Boston in 1662.

His manuscripts passed into the hands of his step-daughter, a widow, who, marrying a Northampton deacon—a pie-man—these devout writings were taken to line his pastry—a fate which the poet Herrick not long before had deprecated in hurrying effusions of a very different character into print, in his "Lines to his Book:"—

> Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lie
> Torn for the use of posterie.

The fate of Warburton's collection of old plays, by which English literature has lost so much, it will be recollected, was similar. Dryden, in his MacFlecknoe, celebrates the "martyrs of pies."

Chauncy left six sons, who all graduated at Harvard, and became preachers. Dr. Chauncy of Boston, in the days of the Revolution, was one of his descendants.*

The next President was himself a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1650—Leonard Hoar. He had reversed the usual process of the clergy of the country—having gone to England and been settled as a preacher in Sussex. The college was thinly attended, and badly supported at the time of his inauguration. He had fallen upon evil days. With little profit and much anxiety, discipline was badly supported, and he retired from the management in less than three years, in 1675.

The first collection of books was greatly enlarged by the bequest of the library of Theophilus Gale, who died in 1677, "a philologist, a philosopher, and a theologian."†

Urian Oakes, of English birth, though a graduate of the college, was then President *pro tempore* for several years, accepting the full appointment in 1680, which he held till 1681. He died suddenly in office, leaving as memorials of his literature several sermons, including an Election

* Major's Introduction to Virginia Britannia, xi.

* Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, x. 179. Allen's Biographical Dictionary. Peirce's History of Harvard, 33.

† Quincy's Harvard, i. 108.

and an Artillery sermon, "The Unconquerable, All-conquering, and more than Conquering Christian Soldier;" an Eulogy in Latin, and an Elegy in English verse on the Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Charlestown. This was printed in 1677. The verse somewhat halts:

The muses and the graces too conspired
To set forth this rare piece to be admired.

He breathed love and pursued peace in his day,
As if his soul were made of harmony.
Scarce ever more of goodness crowded lay
In such a piece of frail mortality.
Sure Father Wilson's genuine son was he,
New England's Paul has such a Timothy.*
* * * * * * * *
My dearest, inmost, bosom friend is gone!
Gone is my sweet companion, soul's delight!
Now in a huddling crowd, I'm all alone,
And almost could bid all the world good-night.
Blest be my rock! God lives: oh! let him be
As he is all, so all in all to me.

In his youth Oakes published at Cambridge a set of astronomical calculations, with the motto, in allusion to his size—

Parvum parva decent, sed inest sua gratia parvis.

Cotton Mather puns incorrigibly upon his name, and pronounces the students "a rendezvous of happy Druids" under his administration.

Mr. Oakes being now, in the quaint language of the same ingenious gentleman, *transplanted* into the better world, he was succeeded by John Rogers, a graduate of the College of 1649. He was but a short time President—hardly a year, when he was cut off suddenly, the day after commencement, July 2, 1684. Mather celebrates the sweetness of his temper, and "his real piety set off with the accomplishments of a gentleman, as a gem set in gold." He was one of the writers of complimentary verses on the poems of Anne Bradstreet, in recording the emotions inspired by which, he proves his character for courtesy and refinement.

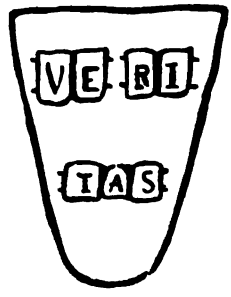
To Venus' shrine no altars raised are,
Nor venom'd shafts from painted quivers fly:
Nor wanton doves of Aphrodite's car,
Or fluttering there, nor here forlornly lie:
Lorn paramours, nor chatting birds tell news,
How sage Apollo Daphne hot pursues
Or stately Jove himself is wont to haunt the stews.

Nor barking Satyrs breathe, nor dreary clouds
Exhaled from Styx, their dismal drops distil
Within these fairy, flow'ry fields, nor shrouds
The screeching night raven, with his shady quill.
But lyrick strings here Orpheus nimbly hits,
Arion on his sadled dolphin sits,
Chanting as every humour, age and season fits.

Here silver swans, with nightingales set spells,
Which sweetly charm the traveller, and raise
Earth's earthed monarchs, from their hidden cells,
And to appearance summons lapsed dayes;
Their heav'nly air becalms the swelling frayes,
And fury fell of elements allayes,
By paying every one due tribute to his praise.

This seem'd the scite of all those verdant vales,
And purled springs, whereat the Nymphs do play:
With lofty hills, where Poets rear their tales,
To heavenly vaults, which heav'nly sound repay
By echo's sweet rebound: here ladye's kiss,
Circling nor songs, nor dance's circle miss;
But whilst those Syrens sung, I sunk in sea of bliss.

A mighty name of the old New England dispensation follows in the college annals, Increase Mather, who held the presidency from 1685 to 1701. He had previously supplied the vacancy for a short time on the death of Oakes. He attended to his college duties without vacating his parish or his residence at Boston. The charter troubles intervened, and Mather was sent to England to maintain the rights of the colonists with James II. and William and Mary. While there, he made the acquaintance of Thomas Hollis, who subsequently became the distinguished benefactor of Harvard. He secured from the crown, under the new charter, the possession, to the college, of the grants which it had received. The institution, on his return, flourished under his rule, and received some handsome endowments. In 1699, Lieutenant-Governor William Stoughton erected the hall bearing his name, which lasted till 1780, and was succeeded by a new building, with the same designation, in 1805. Mather retired in 1701, with the broad hint of an order from the General Court, that the presidents of the college should reside at Cambridge. It is considered by President Quincy, in his History of the University, that the influence of the Mathers—Cotton was connected with the college during the absence of his father, though he never became its head—was unfriendly to its prosperity, in seeking to establish a sectarian character. At the outset it was, in a measure, independent. The charters of the college are silent on points of religious faith. Its seal bore simply the motto "Veritas," written in three divisions on as many open books on the shield. This inscription was soon changed to "In Christi Gloriam," and, probably in the time of Mather, to "Christo et Ecclesiæ."* It was a



Original Draft for a College Seal. 1643.

* John Wilson was the first pastor of the Church in Boston, whose virtues and talents are recorded by Mather in the third book of the Magnalia. His cleverness at *anagrammatizing* is there noted by the pen of an admirer. Mather mentions the witty compliment of Nathaniel Ward "that the anagram of JOHN WILSON was, I PRAY COME IN; YOU ARE HEARTILY WELCOME."

* Quincy's History, i. 49. In reference to the disposition of the motto, "Veritas," partly inscribed on the inside and partly on the outside of two open volumes, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop gave this pleasant explanation, in a toast at the celebration in 1836: "The Founders of our University—They have taught us that no one human book contains the whole truth of any subject; and that, in order to get at the real end of any matter, we must be careful to look at both sides."

Mather act to inveigle the whole board of the college into a quasi sanction of the witchcraft delusion, in the circular inviting information touching "the existence and agency of the invisible world."* Driven from the old political assumptions by the new charter, the priestly party sought the control of the college, and a struggle ensued between rival theological interests. Increase Mather bound the government of the institution in a close corporation of his own selection, under a new charter from the General Court, which was, however, negatived in England. Before this veto arrived, it had conferred the first degree in the college, of Doctor in Divinity, upon President Mather in 1692.

The Rev. Samuel Willard was for more than six years, from 1701 to 1707, vice-president of the college, an apparent compromise in the difficulties of the times. He was a graduate of Harvard, had been settled as a minister at Groton, and driven to seek refuge in Boston from the devastations of King Philip's war. He was a good divine of his day, and a useful head of the college. A story is told of his tact, not without humor. His son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Neal, preached a sermon for him at his church which was much cavilled at as a wretched affair; when he was requested by the congregation not to admit any more from the same source. He borrowed the sermon, preached it himself, with the advantages of his capital delivery, and the same persons were so delighted with it that they requested a copy for publication.† He was the author of a number of publications, chiefly sermons, and a posthumous work, in 1726, entitled a "Body of Divinity," which is spoken of as the first folio of the kind published in the country. He wrote on Witchcraft, and has the credit of having resisted the popular delusion on that subject. He was twice married, and had twenty children.‡ He died in office, and was succeeded by John Leverett, who held the post till 1724. The latter has the reputation of a practical man, faithful to his office, and a liberal-minded Christian. He was a grandson of Governor John Leverett, of Massachusetts.

The long array of acts of liberality to the college by the Hollis family dates from this time. The great benefactor of the name was Thomas Hollis, a London merchant, born in 1659, who died in 1731. His attention was early attracted to Harvard, by being appointed trustee to his uncle's will, charged with a bequest to the college. In 1719 he made a first shipment of goods to Boston, the proceeds of which were paid over, and the first interest appropriated to the support of a son of Cotton Mather, then a student. A second considerable donation followed. His directions for the employment of the fund in 1721, constituted the Hollis Professorship of Divinity, to which, in 1727, he added a Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. At this time his pecuniary donations had brought to the college four thousand nine hundred pounds Massachusetts currency. He gave and collected books for the library with valuable counsel, and forwarded, from a friend, a set of Hebrew and Greek types for printing.

This liberality was the more praiseworthy since Hollis was a Baptist, a sect in no great favor in New England; but he was a man of liberal mind, and selected Harvard for the object of his munificent gifts, as the most independent college of the times.* In founding his Divinity Professorship he imposed no test, but required only that Baptists should not be excluded from its privileges. His brothers, John and Nathaniel, were also donors to the college. Thomas Hollis, a son of the last mentioned, became the heir of his uncle, the first benefactor, and liberally continued his bounty. He conferred money, books, and philosophical apparatus. He survived his uncle but a few years, and left a son, the third Thomas Hollis. This was the famous antiquary and virtuoso, with a collector's zeal for the memory of Milton and Algernon Sidney. A rare memorial of his tastes is left in the two illustrated quartos of Memoirs, by Thomas Brand Hollis (who also gave books and a bequest), published in 1780, six years after his death. He sent some of its most valuable literary treasures to the Harvard library, books on religious and political liberty, all of solid worth, and sometimes bound in a costly manner, as became his tastes. It was his humor to employ various gilt emblems or devices to indicate the nature of the contents. Thus he put an owl on the back of one volume, to indicate that it was replete with wisdom, while he indicated the folly of another by the owl reversed. The goddess of liberty figured frequently. Many of the books contained citations from Milton, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer, and occasional memoranda exhibiting the zeal of a bibliographer.† He collected complete series of pamphlets on controversies, and presented them bound. He also gave money freely in addition. His donations in his lifetime

Thomas Hollis.

and by will amounted to nearly two thousand

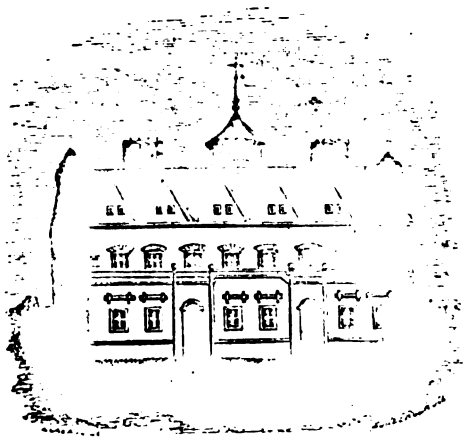
* Quincy's History of Harvard University, i. 62.
† Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, viii. 198, quoted by Peirce.
‡ Peirce's Hist. of Harvard, p. 74; Eliot's Biog. Dict.; Allen's Biog. Dict.

* Quincy's Hist. of Harvard, i. 202.
† Several notices of Hollis's books, with copies of his annotations, may be seen in the Monthly Anthology for 1803. In one of his learned volumes he notes, on a loose slip of paper, which has retained its place for nearly ninety years, "T. H. has been particularly industrious in collecting Grammars and Lexicons of the Oriental Root Languages, to send to Harvard College, in hopes of forming by that means, assisted by the energy of the leaders, always beneficent, a few rauux scholars, honors to their country, and lights to mankind."

ponnds sterling. At this day, eighty years after his bequest of five hundred pounds to the library, half of the permanent income for the purchase of books is derived from that source. A full-length portrait of him, richly painted by Copley, at the instance of the corporation, hangs in the Gallery. When it was requested of him, he replied, in allusion to the works of his favorite English reformers, which he had sent, "the effigies which you desire may be seen at this time in your library, feature by feature." We have taken our engraving from a medallion head in the Hollis Memoirs.

He was the friend not only of English but of American liberty, being instrumental in republishing the early political essays of Mayhew, Otis, and John Adams.

Leverett was followed in the college presidency by Benjamin Wadsworth, from 1725 to 1737, a moderate, useful man. He published a number of sermons and religious essays. Edward Holyoke succeeded, and was president for nearly thirty-two years, till 1769. Harvard prospered during his time, though the destruction of the old Harvard Hall by fire, in 1764, was a serious disaster, especially as it involved the loss of the library; but the sympathy excited new acts of friendship. On a winter's night in January some six thousand volumes were burnt in this edifice, including the Oriental library bequeathed by Dr. Lightfoot, and the Greek and Roman classics presented by Berkeley.



Harvard Hall, built 1682, destroyed 1764.

Among other additions to the college usefulness, the first endowment of special annual lectures was made at this period by the Hon. Paul Dudley, of great reputation on the Bench, who, in 1751, founded, by bequest, the course bearing his name. Four are delivered in succession, one each year, on Natural and Revealed Religion, the Church of Rome, and the Validity of Presbyterian Ordination. The first of these was delivered by President Holyoke, who had a rare disinclination among the New England clergy to appear in print, and his discourse was not published. He lived in the discharge of his office to the age of eighty, in a vigorous old age. He was amiable, generous, and unostentatious.*

PIETAS ET GRATULATIO.

During the Presidency of Holyoke the College gained distinguished honor by the publication, in 1761, of the *Pietas et Gratulatio*.† This was an elegiac and complimentary volume, printed with much elegance in quarto, celebrating the death of George II. in the previous year, and the glorious accession of George III., not forgetting Epithalamia on the nuptials with the Princess Charlotte. A proposal was set up in the college chapel inviting competition on these themes from undergraduates, or those who had taken a degree within seven years, for six guinea prizes to be given for the best Latin oration, Latin poem in hexameters, Latin elegy in hexameters and pentameters, Latin ode, English poem in long verse, and English ode.‡ These conditions were not all preserved in the preparation of the volume. Master Lovell, in its second ode, ascribes the first idea to Governor Bernard, who had then just entered on his office, which is confirmed by a resolution of the college corporation at the beginning of the next year, providing for a presentation copy to his new Majesty, who does not appear to have made any special acknowledgment of it. President Holyoke sent a copy to Thomas Hollis the antiquarian. "An attempt," he says, in his letter, "of several young gentlemen here with us, and educated in this college, to show their pious sorrow on account of the death of our late glorious king, their attachment to his royal house, the joy they have in the accession of his present majesty to the British throne, and in the prospect they have of the happiness of Britain from the Royal Progeny which they hope for from his alliance with the illustrious house of Mechlenburg."§ The volume thus originated may compare, both in taste and scholarship, with similar effusions of the old world. Though rather a trial of skill than an appeal of sober truthfulness, the necessary panegyric is tempered by the good advice to the new King in the prefatory prose address, ascribed to Hutchinson or Bernard, which, if his Majesty had followed in its spirit, separation from the colonies might have been longer delayed. The inevitable condition of such a work as the Pietas is eulogy;

* Edward Augustus Holyoke, the centenarian and celebrated physician, of Salem, Mass., was the son of President Holyoke, by his second marriage. He was born August 18, 1728, and became a graduate of Harvard of 1746. For nearly eighty years he was a practitioner at Salem, dying there in 1829. He was a man of character and probity in his profession, and a remarkable example of the retention of the powers of life. At the age of eighty his desire for knowledge was active as ever. He kept up his familiarity with the classics, and the prestige of his parentage and college life, in liberal studies and acquaintance with curious things, in and out of his profession. He was well versed in scientific studies, and his case may be added to the long list of natural philosophers who have reached extreme age. He retained his faculties to the last. It had always been his habit to record his observations, and various voluminous diaries from his pen are in existence. After he completed his hundredth year, it is stated that "he commenced a manuscript in which he proposed to minute down some of the changes in the manners, dress, dwellings, and employments of the inhabitants of Salem."—Williams's Am. Med. Biog.; Knapp's Am. Biog.

† Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis apud Novangelos. Bostoni-Massachusettensium. Typis J. Green & J. Russell. 1761. 4to. pp. 108.

‡ From a manuscript copy of the "Proposal," in the copy of the *Pietas et Gratulatio* in the library of Harvard College.

§ September 25, 1762, Hollis's Memoirs, 4 to 101.

so the departing guest is sped and the coming welcomed, in the most rapturous figments of poetry. George II. is elevated to his apotheosis in the skies, in the long echoing wave of the exulting hexameter, while the ebbing flood of feeling at so mournful an exaltation is couched in the subdued expression of the sinking pentameter.* All nature is called upon to mourn and weep, and again to rejoice; all hearts to bleed, and again to live, as one royal monarch ascends the skies and another the throne. As this production really possesses considerable merit, as it brings together the names of several writers worthy of commemoration, and as the work is altogether unique in the history of American literature, it may be well to notice its separate articles with such testimony as we can bring together on the question of their authorship.

By the kindness of Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish Literature, we have before us his copy of the Pietas which once belonged to Professor Winthrop, with a manuscript letter from the antiquarian Thaddeus Mason Harris, who was librarian at Harvard from 1791 to 1793, which furnishes authorities named in Professor Sewall's copy presented to the writer; also a manuscript list of authors on the authority of Dr. Eliot. In the Monthly Anthology for June, 1809, we have a carefully prepared list, in an article written by A. H. Everett, and in the No. for July some suggestions for its emendation, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Deane, of Portland, the only surviving contributor, and from another person, not known to us, who dates his note, July 13, 1809.

There are thirty-one papers in all, exclusive of the introductory address to the King. The first is the *Adhortatio Præsidis*, a polished Latin ode, the ostensible composition of President Holyoke, who was then about seventy. It does credit to his taste and scholarship.† It closes with a reference to the hopes of the future American song.

Sic forsan et vos vestraque munera
Blando benignus lumine viderit,
Miratus ignotas camœnas
Sole sub Hesperio calentes.

The second and twenty-fifth belong to John Lovell, to whom have also been ascribed by Deane the twenty-sixth and seventh, with the still further authority of Lovell's name at the end of these articles, in Winthrop's own copy.

Lovell was a graduate of Harvard, and was master of the Boston Latin school for forty years from 1734 to 1775 (succeeding to the afterwards famous Jeremiah Gridley, a great lawyer in his prime, and an elegant writer in his newspaper, the *Rehearsal*,‡ in his younger days, in 1731), when he became a loyalist refugee, and went with the British troops to Halifax, where he soon after died, in 1778. Though a rigid teacher, Lovell is said to have been an agreeable companion; and though a tory, he educated many of the whig leaders. He delivered the first published address in Faneuil Hall, a funeral oration on its founder in 1742. In the close of this he uttered the memorable sentence, "May this hall be ever sacred to the interests of truth, of justice, of loyalty, of honor, of liberty. May no private views nor party broils ever enter these walls."

Lovell's Latin ode (II.) to Governor Bernard is forcible and elegant, and its concluding simile of the torn branch in Virgil's descent to Hades, as applied to the royal succession, happy.

Sic sacra sœvæ dona Proserpinæ
Dimittit arbor, alter et emicat
Ramus refulgens, ac avito
Silva iterum renovatur auro.

His second composition (XXV.) is an Epithalamium in English heroics, descriptive of the embarcation of Charlotte on the Elbe. Rocks, sands, winds, and Neptune are invoked to give safe conduct to the marriage party; and Neptune responds in the most cordial manner.

XXVI. and XXVII. are, the one in Latin, the other in English, commemorations of the astronomical incident of the year, the transit of Venus, which had just been observed by Professor Winthrop, of the College at St. John's.

XXVII.

While Halley views the heavens with curious eyes,
And notes the changes in the stormy skies,—
What constellations bode descending rains,
Swell the proud streams, and fertilize the plains;
What call the zephyrs forth, with favouring breeze,
To waft Britannia's fleets o'er subject seas;
In different orbits how the planets run,
Reflecting rays they borrow from the sun:—
Sudden a different prospect charms his sight,—
Venus encircled in the source of light!
Wonders to come his ravished thoughts unfold,
And thus the Heaven-instructed bard foretold:
What glorious scenes, to ages past unknown,
Shall in one summer's rolling months be shown.
Auspicious omens yon bright regions wear;
Events responsive in the earth appear.
A golden Phœbus decks the rising morn,—
Such, glorious George! thy youthful brows adorn;
Nor sparkles Venus on the ethereal plain,
Brighter than Charlotte 'midst the virgin train.
The illustrious pair conjoined in nuptial ties,
Britannia shines a rival to the skies!

Seven of the compositions are given to Stephen Sewall, whom Harris has called "the most accomplished classical scholar of his day which our college or country could boast."* These papers are the III., in Latin hexameters; V., an English ode; XII., a Latin elegiac; XIV., an elegant Latin sapphic ode, exulting over the prospects of the royal grandson, and prematurely rejoicing in the peaceful reign:

Ipse sacratum tibi JANE! templum
Clauserit; ramos oleæ virentis
Marte jactatis populis daturus
Corde benigno.

---

* Coleridge has most happily, in his translation of Schiller's couplet, "described and exemplified" the Ovidian Elegiac metre.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

† The writer in the Monthly Anthology for June, 1809, suggests that he was assisted in it by Master Lovell. It has also been ascribed to Bernard.

‡ The *Rehearsal* was a weekly paper in Boston, on a half sheet folio, published from 1731–35, when it was merged in the Boston *Evening Post*. In Gridley's hands it was written in rather an ornamental style. Thomas's Hist. of Print. ii. 203. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, v. 218.

* Manuscript letter to Prof. George Ticknor, Dorchester, April, 1809.

Hinc quies orbi; studiis juvamen;
Gaudium musis; thalami puellis;
Omnibus passim hinc oriatur amplo
Copia cornu.

Prata pubescunt gregibus superba;
Cuncta subrident redimita sertis.
Num rogas unde hæc? REGIT his GEORGIUS
ALTER ET IDEM.

XV. and XVI. are a Greek elegy and sapphic. XXIII. is a Latin sapphic ode addressed to the new sovereign, elegant and spirited, setting all the powers of nature ringing in with great joy and hilarity the coming of the new sovereign.

Sewall was born at York, in the district of Maine, in 1734, and was brought up as a joiner, his industry in which calling gave him the means of entering Harvard at the age of twenty-four. He was Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Languages, in which he was a proficient, at Harvard, from 1765 to 1785. His lectures were models of English composition. He published a Hebrew Grammar in 1763; a Latin oration on the death of President Holyoke; an oration on the death of Professor Winthrop; Scripture Account of the Schekinah, 1774; History of the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, 1776; a translation of the first book of Young's Night Thoughts into Latin verse, and *Carmina Sacra*.* In the college library is a "Syriac and Chaldee Grammar and Dictionary" in MS., prepared by him for publication; also a "Treatise on Greek Prosody," and part of a Greek and English Lexicon.† He died in 1804, in his seventy-first year.

John Lowell, of Newbury, on the testimony of the Anthology and Dr. Eliot, was the author of No. VII., a not very remarkable eulogy of the two sovereigns in English heroics. Lowell had been graduated the year before, and was about to lay the foundation of those legal attainments which made him a constitutional authority in his own State, and Judge of the Federal Court in Massachusetts, under the appointment of Washington.

VIII., IX., and XVII., are ascribed, in Sewall's copy, and by Deane, to the elder Bowdoin. The first two are Latin epigrams; the last is an English iambic in the good round measure of the author, whom we shall meet again in his moral poem on the Economy of Life. Bowdoin was at this time a graduate of some sixteen years' standing.

Samuel Deane, who wrote the English ode X., as appears by his own authority, was a Bachelor of Arts of the year before. He was of the class of 1760 of the college, its Librarian and Promus,—a species of steward. He became noted as the minister of Portland, Maine. He died in 1814, having published an Election Sermon and the *New England Farmer or Georgical Dictionary.*

XI., one of the longest English poems, was written by Benjamin Church, of whom we say something elsewhere; and IV., in English rhyme, may also be given to him, on the authority of a marked copy in the Harvard Library.

XIII. and XXVIII., English odes, belong to Dr. Samuel Cooper, then in his established pulpit reputation, having left college eighteen years before.

XVIII., XIX., XX., XXXI., on the Anthology authority, may be set down to Governor Francis Bernard, who may have been the writer also of VI., a Latin elegiac. President Quincy assigns five contributions to Bernard. The first two are brief Greek and Latin epitaphs, of which the third is an English translation. Thirty-one is the Epilogue, a Latin sapphic ode, prophetic of the future glories of the American muse. It is not often that the world gets so good an ode from a Governor, but Bernard had kept up his old Oxford education, and had a decided taste in literature, knowing Shakspeare, it is said, by heart.*

XXXI.

EPILOGUS.

Isis et Camus placide fluentes,
Qua novem fastos celebrant sorores,
Deferunt vatum pretiosa REGI
Dona BRITANNO.

Audit hæc Flumen, prope Bostonenses
Quod NOVANGLORUM studiis dicatas
Abluit sedes, eademque sperat
Munera ferre.

Obstat huic Phœbus, chorus omnis obstat
Virginum; frustra officiosa pensum
Tentat insuetum indocilis ferire
Plectra juventus.

Attamen, si quid studium placendi,
Si valent quidquam Pietas Fidesque
Civica, omnino rudis haud peribit
Gratia Musæ.

Quin erit tempus, cupidi augurantur
Vana ni vates, sua cum NOVANGLIS
Grandius quoddam meliusque carmen
Chorda sonabit:

Dum regit mundum occiduum BRITANNUS,
Et suas artes, sua jura terris
Dat novis, nullis cohibenda metis
Regna capessens;

Dum DEUS pendens agitationes
Gentium, fluxo moderatur orbi,
Passus humanum genus hic perire,
Hic renovari.

XXI., XXII., are Latin sapphics of which the author is unknown; nor has any name been assigned to the spirited Latin epithalamium XXIV., worthy to have been penned by Lovell or Sewall.

* The Night Thoughts were published in a small 18mo. of 21 pages, in 1786. Nocte Cogitata, Auctore, Anglice Scripta, Young, D.D., quæ Lingua Latii Donavit America. Carolopidi: Typis Allen & Cushing, Massachusettensium. The motto is from Virgil—Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. The dedication is to John Hancock, President of Congress—Nomen præ se ferre gestit. It thus renders Young's famous opening lines:—

Somnus, qui fessos reficit mitissimus artus!
Iste, homines veluti, qua res fortuna secundat,
Prompte adit; at miseros torve fugit ore minaci:
Præceps a luctu properat pernicibus alis,
Atque oculis, lachryma vacuis, considit amice.

The Carmina Sacra quæ Latine Græceque Condidit America was published in a neat small quarto form of eight pages, Wigorniæ, Massachusettensis, typis Isaiæ Thomas, 1789. It gives versions of the 23d and 134th Psalms, the first nine verses of the 4th chapter of the Song of Solomon, and a Greek Ode on the Day of the Last Judgment. The Canticles commence:—

En venusta es, cara mihi, en venusta es,
Crinibus subsunt oculi columbæ:
Sunt tui crines, velut agmen errans
Monte caprinum.

† MS. list of Sewall's writings by T. M. Harris.

* Allen's Biographical Dictionary.

XXIX. of the *Pietas et Gratulatio*, in English blank verse, is assigned by the Anthology lists to Thomas Oliver, who had graduated eight years before, and who was then living in retirement, to be disturbed afterwards by his lieutenant-governorship and loyalist flight to England. Peter Oliver, to whom this has also been ascribed, had graduated thirty-one years before, and was then a Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts.

The English poem XXX. may have been written by Bowdoin.

We have now enumerated each item of this meritorious production, which is well worthy of learned and antiquarian annotation at the hands of some competent son of Old Harvard. The writers were nearly all alumni of the college, and though not all fresh from its halls at the date of this composition, the fact that they were scholars, whose taste and literature had been thus far preserved, is the more creditable to both parties, when we consider how soon such accomplishments generally fade amidst the active affairs of the world.

Samuel Locke was the successor of Holyoke for more than three years, when he resigned the office. He made no particular mark in his college government. He is said to have been a man of talents, wanting knowledge of the world, which the situation in those revolutionary days demanded.

From 1774 to 1780 the chair was occupied by Samuel Langdon, whose ardent Whig politics, while the public was pleased, hardly compensated for his lack of judgment. He retired to the duties of a country parish.

Joseph Willard was elected in 1781, and continued till his death, in 1804. "Having been called to the President's chair in the midst of the revolutionary war, when the general tone of morals was weak, and the spirit of discipline enervated, he sustained the authority of his station with consummate steadfastness and prudence. He found the seminary embarrassed, he left it free and prosperous."*

Samuel Webber, before his presidency, from 1806 to 1810, had been Professor of Mathematics in the college. He had been a farmer's boy, and had entered the university at twenty. He published a work on Mathematics in two volumes octavo, which was much used in the early part of the century. He was succeeded in the government of the college by John Thornton Kirkland, who held the office from 1810 to 1828, and whose honored memory is fresh in the hearts of the present generation. All of these Presidents, from the commencement to the time of Quincy, were clergymen or preachers, as they have always been graduates of the college from the days of President Hoar. From Kirkland, in 1829, the office passed to Josiah Quincy, who held it till 1845; when he was succeeded by Edward Everett, 1846–49; and Jared Sparks from that year till 1853, when the present incumbent, James Walker, was called from his chair of Moral Philosophy. His reputation as a thinker and preacher was established by his pulpit career at Charlestown, and the discharge of the duties of his professorship; and though fastidious in avoiding publication, by his occasional discourses and articles in the *Christian Examiner*, during his editorship of the journal with the Rev. Dr. Greenwood. He has published, as a college text-book, an edition of Reid "On the Intellectual Powers," with notes, also an edition of Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers," and has delivered a course of Lowell lectures on "The Philosophy of Religion."

Having brought the line of Presidents to the present day, we may now notice a few incidental points connected with the history of the college.

In 1814 a Professorship of Greek Literature was founded by Samuel Eliot, a merchant of Boston, who liberally appropriated twenty thousand dollars for the purpose. The gift was anonymous, and the professorship did not bear his name till his death in 1820. Edward Everett was the first incumbent; and C. C. Felton, since 1834, has done much to make the title known. In Astronomy and Mathematics, Benjamin Peirce, since 1842; Dr. Gray, the successor of Nuttall in Natural History, in 1842; and Louis Agassiz, in Zoology and Geology, since 1847, have extended the reputation of the college among men of science throughout the world.

An important addition has been made to the higher educational facilities of Cambridge in the foundation, by the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of the Scientific School bearing his name. Its faculty consists of the president and ten professors; the most important chairs, those of chemistry, geology, and engineering, are at present occupied by Horsford, Agassiz, and Eustis. Students are not admitted under the age of eighteen. An attendance of at least one year on one or more of the courses of lectures, and a satisfactory examination on the studies pursued, entitle the student to the degree of Bachelor in Science *cum laude*. To attain the highest grade, *summâ cum laude*, a more rigorous examination, exceeding in thoroughness, it is said by those who have been subjected to it, the celebrated examinations at West Point, must be passed. A Museum of Natural History, under the supervision of the professors, has been commenced on a scale commensurate with the extended instructions of the school.

The Institution, besides the eminent professors whom we have mentioned, enumerates amongst its graduates and officers, the names of the Wigglesworths, the Wares, Woods, Channing, Buckminster, Norton, Palfrey, Noyes, Francis, in theology and sacred literature; Edward Everett, Popkin,* and Felton, in classic literature; Ticknor, Follen, and Longfellow, in the languages of continental Europe; Winthrop, Webber, Bowditch, Safford, Farrar, Peck, Cogswell, Nuttall, Harris, Wyman, in the departments of mathematics, natural history, and philosophy; Isaac Parker, Parsons, Stearns, Story, Ashmun, Greenleaf, Wheaton, William Kent, and Joel Parker, in the school of jurisprudence; and the best talent of the time and region in medicine and anatomy. Other

* Quincy's Hist. II. 262.

* A Memorial of the Rev. John Snelling Popkin was edited by Professor Felton, in 1856. He was a man of a dry humor and of sterling character. His lectures on classical subjects, of which several are published, show him to have been a good scholar and a polished man of his times.

names of reputation are to be found in the list of tutors, while the "bibliothecarii" have nobly illustrated their calling, from early Stoddard, Sewall, and Gookin, including Mather Byles and the Librarian of the Astor Library, Dr. Cogswell, to the present occupant, Dr. Harris, and the Assistant Librarian, Mr. Sibley, than whom the office never had a more accommodating or active incumbent.*

The early college usages, the mode of living, the respect to professors, interior rules and regulations, the ceremonial on state occasions, offer many curious subjects of inquiry. In 1693, the Corporation passed an ordinance against the use by the students in their rooms of "plum cake," which probably became contraband from its accessories. The Saturnalia of Commencement time were celebrated. In the "Collection of Poems by Several Hands," published in Boston in 1744, to which Byles contributed, there is a pleasant description in verse of the humors of Commencement at Cambridge, recounting the adventures of rural beaux and belles crossing the river, the fine show made by the ladies of the town at their windows, equalled only by the procession of students. The church is filled, while the youth, full of learning, declaim and debate, and having received their degree from "the awful chief," proceed to "the sav'ry honors of the feast." The fields about, in the meantime, are turned into a fair, full of wrestlers, mountebanks, and gingerbread.

In 1771 was published "Brief Remarks on the Satirical Drollery at Cambridge last Commencement Day, with special reference to the character of Stephen the Preacher, which raised such extravagant mirth," by A. Croswell, V. D. M. in Boston. The reverend divine seems to have been greatly disturbed at the hilarity on the occasion, created by some of the performances, "which made the house of God to outdo the playhouses for vain laughter and clapping." Croswell's pamphlet drew out a reply, in "A letter to the Rev. Andrew Croswell, by Simon the Tanner."

In the old Massachusetts Magazine for 1789, there is a quaint paper addressed "To Students of Colleges and Universities," eulogistic of the beauty and opportunities of college halls and usages.

The Fair day at Cambridge was kept up till within quite a recent period. To this day the banks of Boston are closed on the holiday of Commencement, and the Governor goes out in state to the exercises, escorted by city troops.

The second centennial anniversary of the college foundation was celebrated in September, 1836, with great eclat. A pavilion was erected on the college grounds, where the alumni assembled, answering to the roll-call of graduates. An old man of eighty-six, of the class of 1774, was the first to answer. The Address was delivered by President Quincy. Odes were recited, speeches were made by Everett, Story, and other magnates of the institution. Everett presided, and Robert C. Winthrop, a direct descendant of the first governor of the colony, one of the earliest supporters of the college, was the marshal of the day. The college buildings were illuminated in the evening.

Gore Hall, the library building, completed in 1841, is named in honor of Christopher Gore, who had been Governor of the State, and United States Commissioner to England under the Jay treaty, who left the college a bequest amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The several libraries connected with the University contain about one hundred thousand volumes. Among the specialities, besides the Hollis, the Palmer, and other donations, are the Ebeling collection of American books, purchased and presented by Israel Thorndike in 1818, the American historical library of Warden, former Consul at Paris, purchased at a cost of more than five thousand dollars, and presented to the college by Samuel Atkins Eliot, in 1823, a collection further enriched by the application of the Prescott bequest in 1845.* The library has also its collection of portraits and statuary.

Gore Hall is of granite, of the general design of King's College Chapel at Cambridge.

Gore Hall.

The Picture Gallery, in the room extending through the entire lower story of Harvard Hall, contains more than forty portraits of benefactors of the institution, and of other eminent individuals. Nearly all are works of merit, being the productions of Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, Newton, Smibert, and Frothingham, with other more recent painters.

In the literary associations of Harvard, the Phi Beta Kappa Society should not be forgotten. It was introduced at Harvard from the original charter, at William and Mary College, in Virginia, about the year 1778. It was a secret society, with its grip for personal communication, and its cypher for correspondence, though confined to purely literary objects. For some time the literary exercises usual with college clubs were kept up by the students, though they have been intermitted for the last twenty or thirty years. Meetings of undergraduates are held only to elect members from the next class; and the entire action of the society at Cambridge is

* His History of the Town of Union, in Maine, is a monogram of local history, written with fidelity and spirit: one of the best of a class of compositions of inestimable interest to our American historical literature.

* Jewett's Smithsonian Institution Library Report, 38.

limited to an oration and poem, and the entertainment of a dinner, in which it alternates with the Association of the Alumni, so that each has its exercises every second year. Edward Everett was for several years its President at Harvard. Its literary exercises have been distinguished by many brilliant productions. Joseph Bartlett pronounced his poem on "Physiognomy" in 1799; Everett's poem, on "American Poets," was delivered in 1813; Bryant's "Ages" in 1821; Sprague's "Curiosity" in 1829; Dr. Holmes's "Metrical Essay on Poetry" in 1836.

In the religious opinions of its conductors, and its plan of education, Harvard has faithfully represented the times, during the long period through which it has passed. A glance at its catalogue will show its early proficiency in the studies connected with sacred literature and natural philosophy. Though always producing good scholars, its polished Belles Lettres training has been comparatively of recent growth. When the first catalogue of the library was printed in 1723, it contained not a single production of Dryden, the literary magnate of its period; of the accomplished statesman and essayist, Sir William Temple, of Shaftesbury, Addison, Pope, or Swift."* It has, to the present day, largely supplied the cultivation of Massachusetts, and for a long time, from its commencement, the whole of New England, furnishing the distinguished men of the State and its professions. Its new professorships of the Classics, of Rhetoric, of the Modern Languages, of Law, of Science, mark the progress of the world in new ideas. Though for the most part ostensibly founded with conservative religious views, our colleges have not been generally very rigid guardians of opinion. Their course has rather been determined by influences from without. Established in old Puritan times, Harvard has suffered, of course, a disintegration of the staunch orthodoxy of its old Chauncys and Mathers. About the beginning of the century, it passed over virtually into its present Unitarianism, though the officers of instruction and government are of nearly all denominations.

This narrative might be pursued at great length, following out the details of bequests and legacies, the dates of college buildings, the foundation of scholarships and professorships through long series of incumbents more or less eminent. President Quincy, who is not a diffuse writer, has not extended the subject beyond the interest or sympathies of his intelligent reader, in his two large octavo volumes. For the minutiæ of administration, and other points of value in the history of education and opinion in America, we may refer to his work—to the faithful but not so extensive chronicle of Benjamin Peirce, the librarian of the University, who closes his account with the presidency of Holyoke, to the sketch of the history of the College by Samuel A. Eliot, and to the judicious History of Cambridge by Abiel Holmes.

THE BAY PSALM BOOK.

The first book of consequence printed in the country was what is called *The Bay Psalm Book*. "About the year 1639," says Cotton Mather, in the Magnalia, "the new English Reformers resolving upon a new translation [of the Psalms], the chief divines in the country took each of them a portion to be translated; among whom were Mr. Welde and Mr. Eliot of Roxbury, and Mr. Mather of Dorchester. The Psalms thus turn'd into Metre were printed at Cambridge, in the year 1640."*

The Rev. Thomas Welde was the first minister of Roxbury, where he was the associate of Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. He returned to England with Hugh Peters, and became the author of two tracts in vindication of the purity of the New England worship. Mr. Richard Mather was the father of Cotton, who goes on to add—"These, like the rest, were of so different a genius for their poetry, that Mr. Shepard of Cambridge, on the occasion, addressed them to this purpose.

> You Roxbury Poets, keep clear of the crime
> Of mising to give us a very good rhyme.
> And you of Dorchester your verses lengthen,
> And with the text's own word you will them strengthen.

The design was to obtain a closer adherence to the sense than the versions of Ainsworth,† which they chiefly employed, and of Sternhold and Hopkins offered. The preface to the new book set this forth distinctly as a motive of the collection, because every good minister hath not a gift of spiritual poetry to compose extemporary psalmes as he hath of prayer.

* * Neither let any think, that for the metre sake we have taken liberty or poetical licence to depart from the true and proper sense of David's words in the Hebrew verses, noe; but it hath been one part of our religious care and faithful endeavour, to keepe close to the original text.

* * If, therefore, the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect; let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings, *Ex.* 20: for we have respected rather a plain translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and so have attended conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry, in translating the Hebrew words into English language, and David's poetry into English metre, that so we may sing in Sion the Lord's songs of praise according to his own will; until he take us from hence, and wipe away all our tears, and bid us enter into our master's joy to sing eternal Hallelujahs.

As specimens of this version we may give the following, not remarkable for grace or melody, however distinguished for fidelity.

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* Peirce's History of Harvard Univ. 109.

* Magnalia, iii. 109. We take the title from the copy in the Mass. Hist. Soc. Library, which, from an entry on a fly-leaf, was one of the books belonging to "the New England Library," begun to be collected by Thomas Prince, upon his entering Harvard College July 6, 1703. The Whole Book of Psalms faithfully translated into English metre. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfulness, but also the necessity of the heavenly ordinance of singing Scripture Psalms in the Churches of God. Imprinted 1640.

† Henry Ainsworth was a native of England, a leader of the Brownists, and a man of eminent learning. He retired, on the banishment of the sect, to Holland, where he published his "Book of Psalms" in Amsterdam in 1612. The Puritans brought it with them to Plymouth. Sternhold and Hopkins's version of a portion of the Psalms was made in England as early as 1549.

PSALME 18.

* * * * * *

6. I in my streights, cal'd on the Lord,
and to my God cry'd: he did heare
from his temple my voyce, my crye,
before him came, unto his eare.

7. Then th' earth shooke and quak't and mountaines
roots moov'd, and were stir'd at his ire.

8. Up from his nostrils went a smoak,
and from his mouth devouring fire:
By it the coales inkindled were.

9. Likewise the heavens he downe-bow'd,
and he descended, and there was
under his feet a gloomy cloud.

10. And he on cherub rode, and flew;
yea he flew on the wings of winde.

11. His secret place hee darknes made
his covert that him round confinde,
Dark waters, and thick clouds of skies.

PSALME 128.

A Song of degrees.

1. Blessed is every one
that doth Jehovah feare;
that walks his wayes along.

2. For thou shalt eate with cheere
thy hands labour:
blest shalt thou bee,
it well with thee
shall be therefore.

3. Thy wife like fruitful vine
shall be by thine house side:
the children that be thine
like olive plants abide
about thy board.

4. Behold thus blest
that man doth rest,
that feares the Lord.

5. Jehovah shall thee blesse
from Sion, and shall see
Jerusalem's goodness
all thy life's days that bee.

6. And shall view well
thy children then
with their children,
peace on Isr'ell.

In a second edition of the work in 1647, were added a few spiritual songs. This is a specimen of the latter from the "Song of Deborah and Barak."

Jael the Kenite, Heber's wife
'bove women blest shall be,
Above the women in the tent
a blessed one is she.
He water ask'd, she gave him milk:
in lordly dish she fetch'd
Him butter forth: unto the nail
she forth her left hand stretched:

Her right hand to the workman's maul
and Sisera hammered:
She pierced and struck his temples through,
and then cut off his head.
He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down,
he at her feet bow'd where
He fell: whereas he bowed down
he fell distroyed there.

"A little more art," says Mather, was found to be necessary to be employed upon this version, and it was committed for revision to the President of Harvard, the Rev. Henry Dunster, who was assisted in the task by Richard Lyon, an oriental scholar, who came over to the colony as the tutor to the son of Sir Henry Mildmay. The versification improved somewhat under their hands.

Previously to the publication of this edition, to assist it with the people, came forth the Rev. John Cotton's treatise, "Singing of Psalms a Gospel ordinance," urging the duty of singing aloud in spiritual meetings, the propriety of using the examples in Scripture, and the whole congregation joining in the duty; and meeting the objections to the necessary deviation from the plain text of the Bible. The circumstance that Popish churches used chants of David's prose helped him along in the last particular. The difficulties to be met show a curious state of religious feeling. That the use of the Psalms of David in religious worship, should be vindicated, in preference to dependence upon the special spiritual inspirations of this kind on the occasion, such as the state of New England literature at that time afforded, is something notable in the Puritan history. Another scruple it seems was in permitting women to take part in public psalmody by an ingenious textual argument which ran this way. By a passage in Corinthians it is forbidden to a woman to speak in the church—"how then shall they sing?" Much less, according to Timothy, are they to prophesy in the Church—and singing of Psalms is a kind of prophesying. Then the question was raised whether "carnal men and pagans" should sing with Christians and Church-members. Such was the illiberal casuistry which Cotton was required to meet. He handled it on its own grounds with breadth and candor, in the spirit of a scholar and a Christian. "Though spiritual gifts," he wrote, "are necessary to make melody to the Lord in singing; yet spiritual gifts are neither the only, nor chief ground of singing; but the chief ground thereof is the moral duty lying upon all men by the commandment of God: *If any be merry to sing Psalms.* As in Prayers, though spiritual gifts be requisite to make it acceptable, yet the duty of prayer lieth upon all men by that commandment which forbiddeth atheism: it is *the fool that saith in his heart there is no God:* of whom it is said *they call not upon the Lord*, which also may serve for a just argument and proof of the point."

The Bay Psalm Book was now adopted and was almost exclusively used in the New England Churches. It passed through at least twenty-seven editions by 1750.

The first American edition of Sternhold and Hopkins's version was published at Cambridge in 1698.

Cotton Mather, in 1718, published a new literal version of the Psalms—"The Psalterium Americanum," of which a notice will be found in the account of that author. The Rev. Thomas Prince, the antiquarian, revised the Bay Psalm Book with care. It was published in 1758 and introduced into the Old South Church, of which he had been pastor, in October of that year, the Sunday after his death.

Dr. Watts's Hymns were first published in

England in 1707, and his Psalms in 1719. He sent specimens of them the year before to Cotton Mather, who expressed his approval. The Hymns were first published in America by Dr. Franklin in 1741, and the Psalms in the same year, in Boston. They did not come into general use till after the Revolution.

Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, published in England at the close of the seventeenth century, was not reprinted in America till 1741. It furnished the material for the collection in use by the Protestant Episcopal Church.

In 1752, the Rev. John Barnard, pastor at Marblehead for fifty-four years, who lived in great estimation for his high character to the age of eighty-eight, published a new version of the Psalms based on the old Bay Psalm Book.*

NATHANIEL WARD.

The most quaint and far-fetched in vigorous expression of the early political and religious tracts generated in New England, is that piece of pedantic growling at toleration, and pungent advice to British Royalty, inclosing a satire on the fashionable ladies of the day, the production of Nathaniel Ward, Pastor of the Church at Ipswich, which is entitled the *Simple Cobler of Agawam.*† This was written in America in 1645, when the author was seventy-five. It has a home thrust or two at the affairs and manners of the colony, showing where it was written, but is mainly levelled at the condition of England. The style is for the most part very affected, "a Babylonish Dialect;" full of the coinage of new words,—

> Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
> Was hard enough to touch them on—

passing, however, into very direct nervous English in the appeal to the King, then at war with his subjects.

Theodore de la Guard, the name assumed by the author, addresses his remarks "to his native country." Ward was born in England in 1570, at Haverhill, in Suffolk. His father Samuel, the "painful minister" of that place, had four sons in the Church, of whom, according to Dr. Fuller in his "Worthies," people used to say that all of them put together would not make up his abilities. Fuller has also preserved his Latin Epitaph:

> Quo si quis scivit scitius,
> Aut si quis docuit doctius;
> At rarus vixit sanctius,
> Et nullus tonuit fortius:

and thus translated it:—

> Grant some of knowledge greater store,
> More learned some in teaching;
> Yet few in life did lighten more,
> None thundered more in preaching.

In the library of the Mass. Historical Society there is an old London quarto of the seventeenth century, entitled "A Warning Piece to all Drunkards and Health Drinkers," which contains a "collection of some part of a Sermon long since preached" by Mr. Samuel Ward, of Ipswich, entitled, *A Wo to Drunkards.* "He lived," continues this old writer, "in the days of famous King James, and was like righteous Lot, whose soul was vexed with the wicked conversation of the Sodomites. He published divers other good sermons. His text was in Proverbs xxiii. 29, 32. *To whom is woe? to whom is sorrow? to whom is strife? In the end it will bite like a serpent, and sting like a cockatrice.* He begins thus:

"Seer, art thou also drunk or asleep? or hath a spirit of slumber put out thine eyes? Up to thy watch-tower, what descriest thou? Ah, Lord! what end or number is there of the vanities which mine eyes are weary of beholding? But what seest thou? I see men walking like the tops of trees shaken with the wind, like masts of ships reeling on the tempestuous seas: drunkenness, I mean, that hateful night bird; which was wont to wait for the twilight, to seek nooks and corners, to avoid the howting and wonderment of boys and girls; now as if it were some eaglet, to dare the sun-light, to fly abroad at high noon in every street, in open markets and fairs, without fear or shame. * * * Go to then now ye Drunkards, listen, not what I or any ordinary hedge-priest (as you style us) but that most wise and experienced royal preacher hath to say unto you. * * You promise yourself mirth, pleasure and jollity in your cups; but for one drop of your mad mirth, be sure of gallons and tons of woe, gall, wormwood and bitterness, here and hereafter. Other sinners shall taste of the cup, but you shall drink off the dregs of God's wrath and displeasure. * * You pretend you drink healths and for health; but to whom are all kind of diseases, infirmities, deformities, pearled faces, palsies, dropsies, headaches, if not to drunkards."

His son Nathaniel was educated at Cambridge, was bred a lawyer, travelled on the Continent with some merchants in Prussia and Denmark, becoming acquainted with the learned theologue Pareus at Heidelberg, and influenced by his authority, devoted himself to divinity. Returning to England he took orders and procured a parish in Hertfordshire. He had some connexion with the Massachusetts Company in 1629, got into difficulty as a nonconformist in 1631, was silenced as a preacher and came to America in the summer of 1634, where he was set up as pastor of the church at Ipswich, formerly the Indian town of Agawam. He had John Norton, on his arrival from England the next year, as his associate. He soon after resigned this situation, and

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*A History of Music in New England, by George Hood. Boston: 1846. Much interesting matter has been collected by Mr. Hood, who gives specimens of the writers. Moore's Encyclopædia of Music and Psalmody.

†The Simple Cobler of Agawam in America, willing to help mend his native country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. And as willing never to be paid for his work, by old English wonted pay.

> It is his trade to patch all the year long, gratis,
> Therefore I pray, Gentlemen, keep your purses.

By Theodore de la Guard. *In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quaque consilia tutissima sunt.* Cic. In English,

> When boots and shoes are torne up to the kelts,
> Coblers must thrust their awls up to the hefts.

> This is no time to feare *Apellæ gramen:*
> *Ne Sutor quidem ultra crepidam.*

London: Printed by J. D. & R. I. for Stephen Bowtell, at the signe of the Bible in Pope's Head Alley, 1647.

appears to have been clerical and political assistant in general to the country. His legal training enabled him to prepare a draft of laws, called for by the people of the province, which was more constitutional than the theocratical propositions of John Cotton. His suggestions were mostly included in the code entitled "Body of Liberties," of which he was the author. It was the first code of laws established in New England, being adopted in 1641. It is not to be confounded with the "Abstract of Laws" prepared by Cotton. Many of its provisions and omissions are sagacious, and its statutes are tersely worded. A manuscript copy of the "Liberties" was some time since discovered by Mr. Francis C. Gray, of Boston, who has published the work in the Mass. Hist. Society Collections, accompanied by a judicious review of the early legislation.* Ward's Code exhibits, he says, "throughout the hand of the practical lawyer, familiar with the principles and securities of English liberty; and though it retains some strong traces of the times, is in the main far in advance of them, and in several respects in advance of the Common Law of England at this day." Ward returned to England, where, shortly after his arrival in 1647, he published *The Simple Cobler*, which he had written in America. He obtained an English parish the next year, at Shenfield in Essex, where he died in 1653. Fuller celebrates his reputation for wit in England, as one who, "following the counsel of the poet,

> *Ridentem dicere verum,*
> *Quis vetat?*
> What doth forbid but one may smile,
> And also tell the truth the while?

hath, in a jesting way, in some of his books, delivered much smart truth of the present times."† Cotton Mather, in the *Magnalia*, has written the life of his son who settled at Haverhill, on the Merrimack, and has given a few lines to the father's memory as "the author of many compositures full of wit and sense; among which, that entituled *The Simple Cobler* (which demonstrated him to be a subtle statesman), was most considered;" and in his *Remarkables* of his father, Increase Mather, he alludes to Ward's hundred witty speeches, with an anecdote of the inscription over his mantelpiece, the four words engraved *Sobrie, Juste, Pie, Læte.*

While looking over the notices of Ward which remain, and which are not so many as could be wished, it has been our good fortune to hold in our hands the copy of The Simple Cobler which belonged to Robert Southey, who, as is well known, was a diligent reader and warm appreciator of the American Colonial history and records. It is marked throughout with his peculiar pencillings on the margin, of the following among other fine passages: "the least truth of God's kingdom, doth in its place uphold the whole kingdom of his Truths; take away the least *vericulum* out of the world and it unworlds all potentially, and may unravel the whole texture actually, if it be not conserved by an arm of extraordinary power"—a sentence which has a very Coleridgean look. Again, an illustration worthy of Milton: "*Non senescit veritas.* No man ever saw a gray hair on the head or beard of any Truth, wrinkle or morphew on its face: the bed of Truth is green all the year long." This is very tersely expressed: "It is a most toilsome task to run the wild goose chase after a well-breath'd opinionist: they delight in vitilitigation: it is an itch, that loves a life to be scrub'd; they desire not satisfaction, but satisdiction, whereof themselves must be judges." In these more earnest thoughts he rises beyond his word-catching; but one portion of his book is very amusing in this way, that directed against the fashionable ladies of the time. The Cobler professes to be a solitary widower of twelve years' standing, on the look-out for a mate, and thinking of going to England for the purpose—"but," says he, "when I consider how women have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, lest their nauseous shapes, and the sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly; methinks it should break the hearts of Englishmen to see so many goodly English-women imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them." He tells us there are "about five or six" specimens of the kind in the colony: "if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my fancy of them for a month after." On this matter the Cobler thus defines his position:—"It is known more than enough, that I am neither niggard nor cynic, to the due bravery of the true gentry: if any man mislikes a bully mong drossock more than I, let him take her for his labour: I honour the woman that can honour herself with her attire: a good text always deserves a fair margent: I am not much offended if I see a trim, far trimmer than she that wears it: in a word, whatever Christianity or civility will allow, I can afford with London measure: but when I hear a nugiperous gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the court, I mean the very newest; with egg to be in it in all haste, whatever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd."

Like most of the Puritans, Ward was a bit of a poet, a cultivator of that crabbed muse who frowned so often on such votaries. But Ward was too sensitive a wit not to have suspicion of his own verses, and says modestly and truly enough of his attempts:—"I can impute it to nothing, but to the flatuousness of our diet: they are but sudden raptures, soon up, soon down." Here are some lines for King Charles's consideration which he appends to his book, and calls "driving in half a dozen plain honest country hobnails, such as the Martyrs were wont to wear."

> There, lives cannot be good,
> There, faith cannot be sure,
> Where truth cannot be quiet,
> Nor ordinances pure.

* Remarks on the Early Laws of Massachusetts Bay, with the Code adopted in 1641, and called the Body of Liberties, now first presented by F. C. Gray, LL.D., &c. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, viii. 191.

† Fuller's Worthies, Ed. 1840, iii. 267.

No king can king it right,
Nor rightly sway his rod;
Who truly loves not Christ,
And truly fears not God.

He cannot rule a land,
As lands should ruled been,
That lets himself be rul'd
By a ruling Roman Queen.

No earthly man can be
True subject to this state;
Who makes the Pope his Christ,
An heretique his mate.

There peace will go to war,
And silence make a noise:
Where upper things will not
With nether equipoise.

The upper world shall rule,
While stars will run their race:
The nether world obey,
While people keep their place.*

To which we may add his

PREFATORY LINES TO THE POEMS OF ANNE BRADSTREET.

Mercury show'd Apollo, Bartas book,
Minerva this, and wish'd him well to look,
And tell uprightly, which did which excel:
He view'd and view'd, and vow'd he could not tell.
They bid him hemisphere his mouldy nose,
With's crack'd leering glasses, for it would pose
The best brains he had in's old pudding-pan,
Sex weigh'd, which best, the woman or the man?
He peer'd, and por'd, and glar'd, and said for wore,
I'm even as wise now, as I was before.
They both 'gan laugh, and said, it was no mar'l.
The auth'ress was a right Du Bartas girl.
Good sooth, quoth the old Don, tell me ye so,
I muse whither at length these girls will go.
It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do ought that's good;
And chode by Chaucer's boots and Homer's furs,
Let men look to't, lest women wear the spurs.

Ward was also the author of a humorous satirical address in 1648, to the London tradesmen turned preachers, entitled *Mercurius Anti-mechanicus, or the Simple Cobler's Boy*,† in which he devotes twelve chapters of punning and exhortation to the Confectioner; the Smith; the Right and Left Shoe-Maker; the Needless Tailor from his working (im)posture; the Saddler; the Porter; the Labyrinthian Box-maker; the All-besmearing Soap-boiler or the sleepy Sopor; the Both-handed Glover; the White-handed Mealman; the Chicken-man; and the Button-maker. He extracts from each the quaint analogies and provocations of his particular calling, running riot in a profusion of puns and moralities, engrafted by his strong vigorous sense on his devotional ardor, study of the times, and collegiate classicalities. The Cobler's boy proves himself as efficient at patching and mending souls as his sire. His pulpit-confectioner he warns against that "doctrine of indulgence," reminding him that "we must not speak things tooth-some but wholesome." "Coloquintida," says he, "must usher in ambrosia. Children would never eat so much raw and forbidden fruit (to vermiculate their intrals) if they could but remember that ever since Adam's time *poma fuisse mala*. If sugar-plums lead the van, scouring pills will challenge the rear. Too much diet-bread will bring a man to a diet drink; mack-roones will make room for (no good) luxury. Marmalade may marre my Lady, me it shall not. March pane shall not be my arch-bane." He then utters a meditation "that spice when it is bruised and small (being beat and heat), it sends up a sweet savour into the nostrils of the smiter: so a gracious man, the more his God bruises and beats him by afflictions, the more small he is broken in himself, the more fragrant and ravishing odours he sends up to heaven. The more the Lord brayes, the more he prayes." He reminds the Smith not to have too many irons in the fire, and that it is easier to make his anvil groan than the hearts of his hearers. A seared conscience, he says, "is like the smith's dog that hath been so addicted to sleep under the very anvil that no noise will convince him to an awakening." The Cobler's boy is of course at home with the shoe-maker, whom he warns "not to go beyond his last by seeking to be one of the first." The tailor's disposition, he says, "must be not more cross than his legs or shears." From the porter pursuing his trudging vocation abroad he draws this quaint conclusion, "that he walks abroad all day, but the evening brings him home: many a prodigal roames abroad all the day of prosperity; but the night of adversity brings him home to God. Therefore I shut up with an admiring question thus,—What a strange owl-eyed creature is man, who (for the most part) finds the way home best in the dark." The box-maker naturally recalls to so ingenious a witted person the pulpit: "but perhaps thou accountest a pulpit a box, and I'll tell thee a brief story to that effect. A little child being at a sermon and observing the minister very vehement in his words and bodily gesture, cried out, 'Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box?' Then I entreat thee behave thyself well in preaching, lest men say truly this is Jack in a box!" His Chickenman is to learn "that many men woodcock-like live by their long bills." So he puns on through over fifty pages of typographical eccentricities in small quarto. He was a contemporary of Dr. Thomas Fuller, the admirable wit and Church historian, who we have seen appreciated him, and has much in common with his genius, though the one was suffering with the ecclesiastical establishment, which the other was bent upon destroying.

* The *Simple Cobler*, in the old editions, is a scarce book. The old Boston reprint bears date 1718. It has been lately republished by Munroe & Co. in 1843, with an introductory notice by David Pulsifer. There is an article on Ward in the Monthly Anthology for May, 1809, from the pen of Dr. J. G. Cogswell.

† Mercurius, Anti-mechanicus, or the Simple Cobler's Boy. With his Lap-full of Caveats (or Take heede), Documents, Advertisements and Premonitions, to all his honest fellow-tradesmen-Preachers, but more especially a dozen of them, in or about the City of London. By Theodore de la Guarden. London: Printed for John Walker, at the Sign of the Starre in Pipes-head Alley. 1648.

JOHN COTTON.—JOHN NORTON.

John Cotton, "the great Cotton," whose general amiability, piety, political influence, and pastoral fidelity are memorable in the New England Churches, was born at Derby, in England, in 1585. He was an eminent student, and a fellow of Cam-

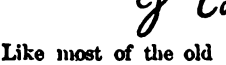
bridge, where he became a Puritan, and was afterwards minister in Lincolnshire for twenty years, bearing a high reputation for his personal worth and his theological acumen, till a citation before Laud's Ecclesiastical Court induced him to escape prosecution in America, where he landed in 1633, and was established the same year in the ministry of the Boston Church, which he held nineteen years, till his death in 1652. He was an ardent admirer of church and state authority according to the theocratic Mosaic dispensation of the Jews. In 1636, Cotton was appointed by the General Court to prepare a scheme of laws for the government of the colony. He performed the task, but his work was not accepted, the "Body of Liberties," by Ward, being preferred in its stead. Cotton's "Abstract of the Laws of New England as they are now established,"* was printed in London, in 1641, a book which has passed incorrectly for the code in actual operation in New England. Heresy, by these proposed laws, was punishable with death. Scripture authorities were freely quoted, as, for sending out warrants for calling of the General Court, Josh. xxiv. 1.

The ingenuity of Cotton was considerably taxed in his controversy with Roger Williams, in his attempts to reconcile the authority of the civil power with rights of conscience. Williams had charged him with "holding a bloody tenent of persecution;" when Cotton entitled his reply *The Bloody Tenent washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb*,† to which Williams rejoined. The controversy was conducted with much polemical acuteness on both sides.

In 1642, he published a tract on *Set Forms of Prayer*,‡ from which we may present a characteristic passage:

In case a distressed soul do meet with a prayer penned by a godly and well-experienced Christian, and do find his own case pithily and amply deciphered and anatomized therein, we deny not but his heart and affections may go along with it, and say *Amen* to it, and thus far may find it a lawful help to him; but if you set apart such a prayer to support him as a crutch in his prayers (as without which he cannot walk straight and upright in that duty), or if he that penned that prayer, or others that have read it, do enjoin it upon him, and forbid him to pray (and especially with others), unless he use that form, this, instead of a crutch, will prove a cudgell, to break the bones of the spirit in prayer, and force him to halt in worshipping God after the precepts of men; as it hath been said before, so it may be again remembered here; a man may help his spirit in meditation of his mortality, by beholding a dead man's scalp cast in his way, by God's providence; but if he should set apart a death's head, or take it up as enjoined to him by others, never to meditate or confer with others about his mortality, and estate of another life, but in the sight and use of the death's head, such a soul shall find but a dead heart, and a dead devotion from such a means of mortification; if some forms of prayer, especially such as gave occasion to this dispute, do now seem to be as bread to the hungry, we say no more but this: then hungry souls will never be starved, that never want store of such like bread as this is.

Cotton's *Keys of the kingdom of Heaven and Power thereof* exhibits his system of church government.* He published numerous discourses and religious treatises of a practical and expository character, from a catechism to sermons on the Revelations, beside his controversial religious and political writings. The titles of some of these writings are in the quaint style of the times, as his *Milk for Babes*, a Catechism, and his *Meat for Strong Men*, which was an exposition of civil government in a plantation founded with religious motives.



Like most of the old New England divines, he could on occasion turn his hand to verse. A specimen of this kind has been preserved in Secretary Morton's "New England's Memorial."

ON MY REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER, MR. THOMAS HOOKER, LATE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH AT HARTFORD ON CONNECTICUT.

To see three things was holy Austin's wish,
Rome in her flower, Christ Jesus in the flesh,
And Paul i' the Pulpit: lately men might see,
Two first, and more, in Hooker's ministry.

Zion in beauty, is a fairer sight,
Than Rome in flower, with all her glory dight:
Yet Zion's beauty did most clearly shine
In Hooker's rule and doctrine; both divine.

Christ in the spirit is more than Christ in flesh,
Our souls to quicken, and our states to bless
Yet Christ in spirit brake forth mightily,
In faithful Hooker's searching ministry.

Paul in the pulpit, Hooker could not reach,
Yet did he Christ in spirit so lively preach
That living hearers thought he did inherit
A double portion of Paul's lively spirit.

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* This is reprinted in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, v. 178, and sequel. In 1655, after Cotton's death, this was published in London in a complete form by William Aspinwall, as "collected and digested into the ensuing method by that godly grave and judicious divine Mr. John Cotton of Boston in New England, in his lifetime, and presented to the General Court of Massachusetts." See F. C. Gray's review of the matter, Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, viii. 192, 3.

† The Bloody Tenent, washed and made white in the Blood of the Lamb: being discussed and discharged of blood-guiltiness by just defence. Wherein the great questions of this present time are handled, viz. How farre liberty of conscience ought to be given to those that truly fear God? And how farre restrained to turbulent and pestilent persons, that not only raze the foundation of godliness, but disturb the Civil Peace where they live? Also how farre the magistrate may proceed in the duties of the first Table? And that all magistrates ought to study the word and will of God, that they may frame their government according to it. Discussed as they are alledged from various Scriptures, out of the Old and New Testaments. Wherein also the practice of Princes is debated, together with the judgment of ancient and late writers of most precious esteem. Whereunto is added a Reply to Mr. Williams' Answer to Mr. Cotton's Letter. By John Cotton, Batchelor in Divinity, and Teacher of the Church of Christ at Boston, in New England. London: Printed by Matthew Symmons, for Hannah Allen, at the Crowne in Pope's-Head Alley, 1647. 4to. Pp. 105, 144.

‡ From a modest and clear Answer to Mr. Ball's Discourse of Set Forms of Prayer, set forth in a most seasonable time, when this kingdom is now in consultation about matters of that nature, and so many godly long after the resolution in that point. Written by the Reverend and learned John Cotton, B.D., and Teacher of the Church of Christ, at Boston, in New England. London: Printed by R. O. and G. D., for Henry Overton, in Pope's Head Alley. 1642. 4to. pp. 31.

* The Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven and Power thereof, according to the word of God, by that Learned and Judicious Divine, Mr. John Cotton, Teacher of the Church at Boston, in New England, tending to reconcile some present differences about discipline, was published in London in 1644, with a preliminary address to the Reader, by Thomas Goodwin and Philip Nye, members of the Westminster Assembly. It was reprinted by Tappan & Dennet, Boston, 1843.

Prudent in rule, in argument quick, full;
Fervent in prayer, in preaching powerful;
That well did learned Ames record bear,
The like to him he never wont to hear.

'Twas of Geneva's worthies said, with wonder,
(Those worthies three) Farell was wont to thunder;
Viret, like rain, on tender grass to shower;
But Calvin, lively oracles to pour.

All these in Hooker's spirit did remain,
A son of thunder, and a shower of rain,
A pourer forth of lively oracles,
In saving souls, the sum of miracles.

Now blessed Hooker, thou art set on high,
Above the thankless world, and cloudy sky;
Do thou of all thy labour reap the crown,
Whilst we here reap the seed which thou hast sown.

to which we may add from John Norton's life, "A taste of the Divine Soliloquies between God and his Soul, from these two transcribed poems left behind him in his study, written with his own hand. The one entituled thus,"—

A THANKFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

In mother's womb thy fingers did me make
And from the womb thou didst me safely take:
From breast thou hast me nurst my life throughout,
That I may say I never wanted ought.

In all my meals my table thou hast spread,
In all my lodgings thou hast made my bed:
Thou hast me clad with changes of array,
And chang'd my house for better far away.

In youthful wandrings thou didst stay my slide,
In all my journies thou hast been my Guide:
Thou hast me sav'd from many an unknown danger,
And shew'd me favour, even where I was a stranger.

In both my callings thou hast heard my voice,
In both my matches thou hast made my choice:
Thou gav'st me sons, and daughters, them to peer,
And giv'st me hope thou'lt learn them thee to fear.

Oft have I seen thee look with Mercy's face,
And through thy Christ have felt thy saving grace.
This is the Heav'n on Earth, if any be:
For this, and all, my soul doth worship Thee.

"Another poem, made by Mr. Cotton (as it seemeth), upon his removal from *Boston* to this wilderness:"

I now may expect some changes of miseries,
Since God hath made me sure
That himself by them all will purge mine iniquities,
As fire makes silver pure.

Then what though I find the deep deceitfulness
Of a distrustful heart!
Yet I know with the Lord is abundant faithfulness,
He will not lose his part.

When I think of the sweet and gracious company
That at *Boston* once I had,
And of the long peace of a fruitful Ministry
For twenty years enjoy'd:

The joy that I found in all that happiness
Doth still so much refresh me,
That the grief to be cast out into a wilderness
Doth not so much distress me.

For when God saw his people, his own at our town,
That together they could not hit it,
But that they had learned the language of Ashdon,
And one with another could chip it.

He then saw it time to send in a busy Elf,
A Joyner to take them asunder,
That so they might learn each one to deny himself,
And so to peece together.

When the breach of their bridges, and all their banks arow,
And of him that school teaches;
When the breach of the Plague, and of their Trade also
Could not learn them to see their breaches.

Then God saw it time to break out on their Ministers,
By loss of health and peace;
Yea, withall to break in upon their Magistrates,
That so their pride might cease.

Cotton Mather has written his life in the Magnalia, with great unction and many puns. "If Boston," says he, "be the chief seat of New England, it was Cotton that was the father and glory of Boston," in compliment, by the way, to whose Lincolnshire residence the city was named, and he celebrates the divines who came with him in the ship from England:—"Mr. Cotton, Mr. Hooker, and Mr. Stone, which glorious triumvirate coming together, made the poor people in the wilderness, at their coming, to say, that the God of heaven had supplied them with what would in some sort answer their three great necessities: *Cotton* for their *clothing*, *Hooker* for their *fishing*, and *Stone* for their *building*."

One of Mather's conceits in this "Life" is worthy of Dr. Fuller; it has a fine touch of imagination. "Another time, when Mr. Cotton had modestly replied unto one that would much talk and crack of his insight into the Revelations; "Brother, I must confess myself to want *light* in those mysteries:"—the man went home and sent him a pound of candles; upon which action this good man bestowed only a silent smile. *He would not set the beacon of his great soul on fire at the landing of such a little cockboat.*"

Mather quotes the funeral eulogy on Cotton written by Benjamin Woodbridge,* the first graduate of Harvard, which was probably read by Franklin before he wrote the famous typographical epitaph on himself:

A living, breathing Bible; tables where
Both covenants, at large, engraven were;
Gospel and law, in's heart, had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O, what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth,
Without erratas, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity!

It was to Cotton New England was indebted for the custom of commencing the Sabbath on Saturday evening. "The Sabbath," says Mather, "he began the evening before: for which keeping of the Sabbath, *from evening to evening*, he wrote arguments before coming to New England:

* The Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, the first graduate from Harvard College (1642), was born in 1622. He returned to England and preached at Newbury, Berks, with reputation as a scholar and orator. In 1662 he was ejected, but by particular favor of the king, by whom he was highly esteemed, was allowed to preach privately. He died at Inglefield, Berks, 1684. A few of his sermons were published.

and, I suppose, 'twas from his reason and practice that the Christians of New England have generally done so too."

The life of Cotton was also written by his successor in the Church at Boston, JOHN NORTON, an English curate, who came to America and was settled as the colleague of Ward at Ipswich. While at the latter place, he acquired distinguished literary reputation by the elegant latinity of his Answer to Apollonius, the pastor of the Church in Middlebury, who, at the request of the divines of Zealand, had sent over various questions on Church Government to the clergy of New England. Of this work, published in London in 1648, Dr. Thomas Fuller, that warm appreciator of character, says in his Church history,* of his inquiries into the tenets of the Congregationalists, "that of all the authors I have perused concerning the opinions of these Dissenting Brethren, none to me was more informative than Mr. John Norton (one of no less learning than modesty), minister in New England, in his answer to Apollonius." Norton, in his services to the state, was charged with a delicate commission from the Puritans of New England to address his Majesty Charles II. on the Restoration. He died suddenly in 1663, shortly after his return from this embassy.

Norton's *Life and Death of that deservedly famous Man of God, Mr. John Cotton*,† shows a scholar's pen as well as the emotion of the divine, and the warm heart of the friend. It abounds with those quaint learned illustrations which those old preachers knew how to employ so well, and which contrast so favorably with the generally meagre style of the pulpit of the present day. Thus, in introducing Cotton on the stage of life, he treats us to a quaint and poetical essay on youthful education. "Though vain man would be wise, yet may he be compared to the colt, as well as the wild asses' colt. Now we know the bear when she bringeth forth her young ones, they are an ill favored lump, a mass without shape, but by continual licking, they are brought to some form. Children are called infants of the palms (Lam. ii. 20), or educations, not because they are but a span in length, but because the midwife, as soon as they are born, stretcheth out their joints with her hand, that they may be more straight afterwards." A conceit is not to be rejected by these old writers, come from what quarter it may; as George Herbert says—

> All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain
> But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Here is something in another way: "Three ingredients Aristotle requires to complete a man, an innate excellency of wit, instruction, and government; the two first we have by nature, in them man is instrumental; the first we have by nature more immediately from God. This native aptitude of mind, which is indeed a peculiar gift of God, the naturalist calls the sparklings and seeds of virtue, and looks at them as the principles and foundations of better education. These the godly-wise advise such to whom the inspection of youth is committed, to attend to, *as spring masters were wont to make a trial of the virtue latent in waters, by the morning vapors that ascend from them*;" and in a marginal reference he quotes Clemens Alexandrinus, "*Animi nostri sunt agri animati.*" "Idleness in youth," he says, "is scarcely healed without a scar in age." When he arrives at Cotton's distinguished college years, he has this picture of a student's life.

> He is now in the place of improvement, amongst his ὁμιλοι, beset with examples, as so many objects of better emulation. If he slacken his pace, his compeers will leave him behind; and though he quicken it, there are still those which are before. Notwithstanding Themistocles excelleth, yet the trophies of Miltiades suffer him not to sleep. Cato, that Helluo, that devourer of books, is at Athens. Ability and opportunity are now met together; unto both which industry actuated with a desire to know, being joined, bespeaks a person of high expectation. The unwearied pains of ambitious and unquiet wits, are amongst the arrangements of ages. Asia and Egypt can hold the seven wonders; but the books, works, and motions of ambitious minds, the whole world cannot contain. It was an illicit aspiring after knowledge, which helped to put forth Eve's hand unto the forbidden fruit: the less marvel if irregenerate and unelevated wits have placed their *summum bonum* in knowledge, indefatigably pursuing it as a kind of deity, as a thing ruinous, yea, as a kind of mortal-immortality. Diogenes, Democritus, and other philosophers, accounting large estates to be an impediment to their proficiency in knowledge, dispossessed themselves of rich inheritances, that they might be the fitter students; preferring an opportunity of study before a large patrimony. Junius, yet ignorant of Christ, can want his country, necessaries, and many comforts; but he must excel. "Through desire a man having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom," Prov. xviii. 1. The elder Plinius lost his life in venturing too near to search the cause of the irruption of the hill Vesuvius. It is true, knowledge excelleth other created excellences, as much as life excelleth darkness; yet it agreeth with them in this, that neither can exempt the subject thereof from eternal misery. Whilst we seek knowledge with a selfish interest, we serve the decree; and self being destroyed according to the decree, we hence become more able to serve the command.

Cotton was on one occasion a correspondent of Cromwell, on an application in 1651 for the encouragement of the Gospel in New England. The reply of the Lord Protector—For my esteemed Friend, Mr. Cotton, Pastor of the Church at Boston, in New England: These—is characteristic of his bewildered dogmatic godliness. "What is the Lord adoing? What prophecies are now fulfilling? Indeed, my dear Friend, between you and me, you know not me," and the like. Carlyle, in his Oliver Cromwell, has printed the letter and prefaced it with this recognition of the old divine—"Reverend John Cotton is a man still held in some remembrance among our New England Friends. A painful Preacher, oracular of high Gospels to New England; who in his day was well seen to be connected with the Supreme Powers of this Universe, the word of him being as a

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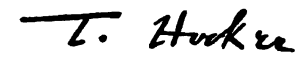
* Book xi. sec. 51, 2.

† Abel being dead yet speaketh; or the Life and Death of that deservedly famous man of God, Mr. John Cotton, late teacher of the Church of Christ, at Boston, in New England. By John Norton, teacher of the same church. London: Tho. Newcomb. 1658. 4to. pp. 51. This work is dated by the author, Boston, Nov. 6, 1657.

live-coal to the hearts of many. He died some years afterwards;—was thought, especially on his deathbed, to have manifested gifts even of Prophecy,—a thing not inconceivable to the human mind that well considers Prophecy and John Cotton."*

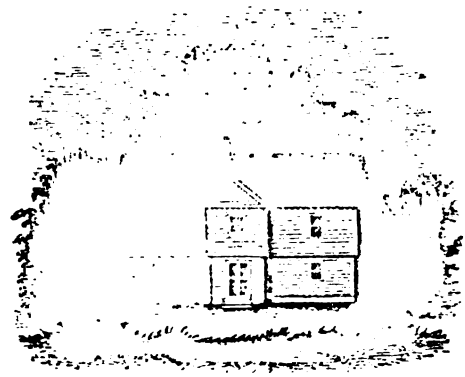
THOMAS HOOKER.



THOMAS HOOKER was born at Marfield, Leicestershire, in 1586. He was educated at Cambridge, became a fellow of Emanuel college, and, on leaving the university, a popular preacher in London. In 1626 he removed to Chelmsford, Essex. After officiating as "lecturer" for four years in this place, in consequence of nonconformity with the established church he was obliged to discontinue preaching, and, by request, opened a school, in which he employed John Eliot, afterwards the Apostle to the Indians, as his usher. He not long after went over to Holland, where he remained three years, preaching at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. He then emigrated to Massachusetts, arriving at Boston, with Mr. Cotton and Mr. Stone, Sept. 4, 1633, and became the pastor of the congregation at Newtown, or Cambridge, with Mr. Stone as his assistant. "Such multitudes," says Cotton Mather, "flocked over to New England after them that the plantation of Newtown became too straight for them," and in consequence Hooker, with one hundred of his followers, penetrated through the wilderness to the banks of the Connecticut, where they founded Hartford. A difference of opinion on minor points of church government with his clerical associates had its share in effecting this removal. Neither distance nor difference, however, led to any suspension of friendly intercourse, Hooker occasionally visiting and preaching in Massachusetts Bay, where he was always received by admiring crowds.

With the exception of these visits, the remainder of his life was spent at the colony he had founded. He enjoyed throughout his career a great reputation as a pulpit orator, and several stories are told by Mather of wonders wrought by his prayers and sermons. On one occasion, while preaching in "the great church of Leicester (England), one of the chief burgesses in the town much opposed his preaching there; and when he could not prevail to hinder it, he set certain *fidlers* at work to disturb him in the church porch or churchyard. But such was the vivacity of Mr. Hooker, as to proceed in what he was about, without either the damping of his mind or the drowning of his voice; whereupon the man himself went unto the church door to overhear what he said," with such good result that he begged pardon for his offence, and became a devout Christian. His bearing was so dignified that it was said of him, "he could put a king in his pocket."

His charities were as liberal as his endowments. He frequently bestowed large sums on widows and orphans, and on one occasion when there was a scarcity at Southampton, on Long Island, joined with a few others in despatching "a whole bark's load of corn of many hundred bushels" to the relief of the place.



Hooker's Residence at Hartford.

"He would say," remarks Mather, "that he should esteem it a favor from God, if he might live no longer than he should be able to hold up lively in the work of his place; and that when the time of his departure should come, God would shorten the time, and he had his desire." A few days' illness brought him to his deathbed. His last words were in reply to one who said to him, "Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labors," "Brother, I am going to receive mercy." A little after he closed his eyes with his own hands, "and expired his blessed soul into the arms of his fellow-servants, the holy angels," on July 7, 1647.

Two hundred of his manuscript sermons were sent to England by John Higginson, the minister of Salem, himself a man of some literature, who died in 1708, at the extreme age of ninety-two years, seventy-two of which he had passed in the ministry.* Nearly one hundred of these sermons were published; and he was also the author of several tracts, and of a *Survey of the Sum of Church Discipline*, which was published in London, 1648, under the care of Dr. Thomas Goodwin, who declares that to praise either author or work, "were to lay paint upon burnished marble, or add light unto the sun."†

The *Application of Redemption by the Effectual Work of the Word and Spirit of Christ, for the Bringing Home of Lost Sinners to God*, which was printed from the author's papers, written with his own hand, and attested to be such in an epistle by Thomas Goodwin and Philip Nye, had reached a second edition in London in 1659. It

* Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations, i. 8.

* His associate at Salem, Nicholas Noyes, wrote an elegy on him, in which he says quaintly:

For rich array cared not a fig,
And wore Elisha's periwig.
At ninety-three had comely face,
Adorned with majesty and grace.
Before he went among the dead,
He children's children's children had.

Noyes published an Election Sermon, 1698; a poem on the Death of Joseph Green, of Salem, 1715; and appears among the commendatory poets of the Magnalia.—Allen's Biog. Dict.

† Allen's Biog. Dict.

is a compact small quarto of seven hundred pages, exhibiting his practical divinity in the best manner of the Puritan school. One of his most popular works was *The Poor Doubting Christian drawn to Christ;* a seventh edition was published in Boston, 1748.

FROM THE APPLICATION OF REDEMPTION.

Follow sin by the fruits of it, as by the bloody footsteps, and see what havoc it makes in every place wherever it comes: go to the prisons, and see so many malefactors in irons, so many witches in the dungeon; these are the fruits of sin; look aside, and there you shall see one drawn out of the pit where he was drowned; cast your eye but hard by, and behold another lying weltering in his blood, the knife in his throat, and his hand at the knife, and his own hands become his executioner; thence go to the place of execution, and there you shall hear many prodigal and rebellious children and servants upon the ladder, leaving the last remembrance of their untimely death, which their distempers have brought about. I was born in a good place where the gospel was preached with plainness and power, lived under godly masters and religious parents; a holy and tender-hearted mother I had, many prayers she made, tears she wept for me, and those have met me often in the dark in my dissolute courses, but I never had a heart to hear and receive. All you stubborn and rebellious, hear and fear, and learn by my harms; hasten from thence into the wilderness, and see Corah, Dathan, and Abiram going down quick to hell, and all the people flying and crying lest we perish also; Lo, this rebellion hath brought; Turn aside but to the Red sea, and behold all the Egyptians dead upon the shore; and ask who slew them? and the story will tell you a stubborn heart was the cause of their direful confusion: From thence send your thoughts to the cross where our Saviour was crucified, he who bears up heaven and earth with his power, and behold those bitter and brinish tears, and hideous cries, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? And make but a peephole into hell, and lay your ear and listen to those yellings of the devils and damned, cursing the day that ever they were born, the means that ever they enjoyed, the mercies that ever they did receive, the worm there gnawing, and never dies, the fire there burning, and never goes out, and know this sin hath done, and it will do so to all that love it and live in it.

FROM THE DOUBTING CHRISTIAN DRAWN TO CHRIST.

Many a poor soul mourns and cries to heaven for mercy, and prays against a stubborn, hard heart, and is weary of his life, because this vile heart remains yet in him; and yet haply gets little or no redress. The reason is, and the main wound lies here, he goes the wrong way to work; for, he that would have grace must (first of all) get Faith, Faith will bring all the rest: buy the field and the pearl is thine; it goes with the purchase. Thou must not think with thine own struggling to get the mastery of a proud heart; for that will not do: But let thy faith go first to Christ, and try what that can do. There are many graces necessary in this work; as meekness, patience, humility, and wisdom: Now faith will fetch all these, and possess the soul of them. Brethren, therefore if you set any price upon these graces, buy the field, labor for faith; get that and you get all. The apostle saith, 2 Cor. iii. 18: We all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory. The Lord Christ is the glass, and the glorious grace of God in Christ, is that glory of the Lord: Therefore, first behold this grace in Christ by faith (and thou must do so before thou canst receive grace). First, see humility in Christ, and then fetch it thence: First see strength and courage in him, whereby to enable thy weak heart, and strength will come; there fetch it, and there have it. Would you then have a meek, gracious, and humble heart? I dare say for some of you that you had rather have it than anything under heaven, and would think it the best bargain that ever you made; which is the cause why you say, "Oh, that I could once see that day, that this proud heart of mine might be humbled: Oh, if I could see the last blood of my sins, I should then think myself happy, none more, and desire to live no longer." But is this thy desire, poor soul? Then get faith, and so buy the whole, for they all go together: Nor think to have them upon any price, not having faith. I mean patience, and meekness, and the humble heart: But buy faith, the field, and you have the pearl. Further, would you have the glory of God in your eye, and be more heavenly minded? Then look to it, and get it by the eye of faith: Look up to it in the face of Jesus Christ, and then you shall see it; and then hold you there: For there, and there only, this vision of the glory of God is to be seen, to your everlasting peace and endless comfort. When men use to make a purchase, they speak of all the commodities of it, as, there is so much wood, worth so much; and so much stock, worth so much; and then they offer for the whole, answerable to these severals. So here; there is item for an heavenly mind, and that's worth thousands; and, item for an humble heart, and that's worth millions: and so for the rest. And are those graces so much worth? What is faith worth then? Hence we may conclude and say, Oh, precious faith! precious indeed, that is able, through the spirit of Christ, to bring so many, nay, all graces with it: As one degree of grace after another, grace here and happiness for ever hereafter. If we have but the hearts of men (I do not say of Christians) methinks this that is spoken of faith should provoke us to labor always, above all things, for this blessed grace of God, the grace of faith.

JOHN WINTHROP,

THE first Governor of Massachusetts, was descended from a highly honorable English family, and born at the family seat at Groton, county of Suffolk, January 12, 1587.* His father, Adam Winthrop, was an accomplished lawyer; and the following, from his pen, reprinted in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, shows him to have been possessed of poetic feeling.

VERSES MADE TO THE LADIE MILDMAY AT YE BIRTH OF HER SONNE HENERY.

MADAME: I mourn not like the swan
That ready is to die,
But with the Phœnix I rejoice,
When she in fire doth fry.

My soul doth praise the Lord,
And magnify his name,
For this sweet child which in your womb
He did most finely frame.

And on a blessed day
Hath made him to be born,
That with his gifts of heavenly grace,
His soul he might adorn.

* Mather (Magnalia, Ed. 1853, i. 119) has it June, and is followed by Eliot. January is the true date from the family record.

God grant him happy days,
In joy and peace to live,
And more of his most blessed fruit
He unto you do give.
AMEN.

VERSES TO HER SON.

Ah, me! what do I mean
To take my pen in hand?
More meet it were for me to rest,
And silent still to stand.

For pleasure take I none
In any worldly thing,
But evermore methinks I hear
My fatal bell to ring.

Yet when the joyful news
Did come unto my ear,
That God had given to her a son,
Who is my nephew dear,

My heart was filled with joy,
My spirits revived all,
And from my old and barren brain
These verses rude did fall.

Welcome, sweet babe, thou art
Unto thy parents dear,
Whose hearts thou filled hast with joy,
As well it doth appear.

The day even of thy birth,
When light thou first didst see,
Foresheweth that a joyful life
Shall happen unto thee.

For blessed is that day,
And to be kept in mind;
On which our Saviour Jesus Christ
Was born to save mankind.

Grow up, therefore, in grace,
And fear his holy name,
Who in thy mother's secret womb
Thy members all did frame,

And gave to thee a soul,
Thy body to sustain,
Which, when this life shall ended be,
In heaven with him shall reign.

Love him with all thy heart,
And make thy parents glad,
As Samuel did, whom of the Lord
His mother Anna had.

God grant that they may live
To see from thee to spring
Another like unto thyself,
Who may more joy them bring.

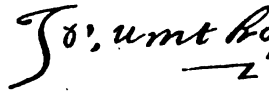
And from all wicked ways,
That godless men do trace,
Pray daily that he will thee keep
By his most mighty grace.

That when thy days shall end,
In his appointed time
Thou mayest yield up a blessed soul,
Defiled with no crime.

And to thy mother dear
Obedient be, and kind;
Give ear unto her loving words,
And print them in thy mind.

Thy father also love,
And willingly obey,
That thou mayst long possess those lands
Which he must leave one day.*

The son was, though inclined to the study of theology, also bred to the law, and at the early age of eighteen was made a justice of the peace. He discharged the duties of this responsible post in an exemplary manner, and in his private capacity was celebrated for his piety and hospitality.



He was chosen leader of the colony formed in England to proceed to Massachusetts Bay, and, having converted an estate yielding an income of six or seven hundred pounds into cash, left England, and landed at Salem, June 12, 1630. Within five days he made, with a few companions, a journey of twenty miles through the forest, which resulted in the selection of the peninsula of Shawmut as the site of Boston. During the first winter, the colonists suffered severely from cold and hunger. The Governor endured his share of privation with the rest, living on acorns, ground-nuts, and shellfish. He devoted himself with unsparing assiduity to the good of the commonwealth, and was annually elected Governor until 1634, and afterwards from 1637 to 1640, 1642 to 1644, and 1648 to his death, which occurred in consequence of a cold, followed by a fever, March 26, 1649. His administration of the government was firm and decided, and sometimes exposed him to temporary unpopularity. He bore opposition with equanimity, and served the state as faithfully in an inferior official or private position as when at its head. He opposed the doctrines of Anne Hutchinson and her followers, and was active in their banishment, but at the same time used his influence in the synod called to consider their doctrines, in favor of calm discussion and cool deliberation.

His private character was most amiable. On one occasion, having received an angry letter, he sent it back to the writer with the answer: "I am not willing to keep by me such a matter of provocation." Soon after, the scarcity of provisions forced this person to send to buy one of the Governor's cattle. He requested him to accept it as a gift, upon which the appeased opponent came to him, and said, "Sir, your overcoming yourself hath overcome me."

During a severe winter, being told that a neighbor was making free with his woodpile, he sent for the offender, promising to "take a course with him that should cure him of stealing." The "course" was an announcement to the thief that he was to help himself till the winter was over. It was his practice to send his servants on errands to his neighbors at meal times, to spy out the nakedness of the land, for the benevolent purpose of relieving them from his own table.

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* These lines are preserved in a Miscellany of Poetry of the time, now No. 1596 of the Harleian MSS. (British Museum). Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, x. 159.

Governor Winthrop left five sons, the eldest of whom—John, born 12th February, 1605–6—was the founder of the colony at Saybrook, and obtained from Charles II. the charter of Connecticut, of which colony he was annually elected Governor for the fourteen years preceding his death, April 5, 1676.

Governor Winthrop's house—afterwards tenanted by the historian Prince—remained standing until 1775, when it was pulled down with many others by the British troops, for firewood. A piece of ground, first allotted to him in laying out the town of Boston, became the site of the Old South Church.*

Winthrop left a MS. Journal of the public occurrences in the Massachusetts colony from Easter Monday, March 29, 1630, to Jan. 11, 1649, which was consulted by Mather, Hubbard, and Prince. The manuscript was divided into three parts, the first two of which remained in the possession of the family until the Revolution, when Governor Trumbull procured them and copied a large portion of their contents. After the death of Trumbull, Noah Webster, in 1790, with the consent of the Winthrop family, published these, believing them to be the entire work, in an octavo volume. In 1816, the third part was discovered among a mass of "pamphlets and papers, where it attracted instant notice by its fair parchment binding, and the silken strings by which its covers were tied, and the whole work perfectly preserved"† by Abiel Holmes, the author of American Annals. A transcript was made by Mr. James Savage, who also collated the volume printed in 1790 with the original volume, and published the whole with many valuable notes from his own hand in two volumes 8vo. in 1826, under the title of "The History of New England from 1630 to 1649." A new edition, with fresh annotations by the same editor, has been issued in 1853.

Winthrop is also the author of "A Modell of Christian Charity, written on board the Arbella, on the Atlantic Ocean," which has been printed from the original MS. in the New York Historical Society in the Massachusetts Historical Society's Collections.‡

We present two extracts, the first a passage of his Journals, the second, part of a speech which the Governor calls his "little speech," but which Grahame, in his History of the United States, has cited as a remarkable definition of true liberty, and which the Modern Universal History (vol. xxxix. 291, 2) says, "is equal to anything of antiquity, whether we consider it as coming from a philosopher or a magistrate."

OF A FEW PERSONS WHO LEFT THE COLONY IN 1642.

They fled for fear of want, and many of them fell into it, even to extremity, as if they had hastened into the misery which they feared and fled from, besides the depriving themselves of the ordinances and church fellowship, and those civil liberties which they enjoyed here; whereas, such as staid in their places, kept their peace and ease, and enjoyed still the blessing of the ordinances, and never tasted of those troubles and miseries, which they heard to have befallen those who departed. Much disputation there was about liberty of removing for outward advantages, and all ways were sought for an open door to get out at; but it is to be feared many crept out at a broken wall. For such as come together into a wilderness, where are nothing but wild beasts and beasts like men, and there confederate together in civil and church estate, whereby they do, implicitly at least, bind themselves to support each other, and all of them that society, whether civil or sacred, whereof they are members, how they can break from this without free consent, is hard to find, so as may satisfy a tender or good conscience in time of trial. Ask thy conscience, if thou wouldst have plucked up thy stakes, and brought thy family 3000 miles, if thou hadst expected that all, or most, would have forsaken thee there? Ask again, what liberty thou hast towards others, which thou likest not to allow others towards thyself; for if one may go, another may, and so the greater part: and so church and commonwealth may be left destitute in a wilderness, exposed to misery and reproach, and all for thy ease and pleasure, whereas these all, being now thy brethren, as near to thee as the Israelites were to Moses, it were much safer for thee, after his example, to choose rather to suffer affliction with thy brethren, than to enlarge thy ease and pleasure by furthering the occasion of their ruin.

LIBERTY AND LAW.

From Gov. Winthrop's Speech to the Assembly of Massachusetts in 1645.

I am unwilling to stay you from your urgent affairs, yet give me leave (upon this special occasion) to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of some good use, to inform and rectify the judgments of some of the people, and may prevent such distempers as have arisen amongst us. The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore, when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others. We account him a good servant, who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or a house, &c., he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness, for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts, &c., therefore you must run the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his oath he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear also, if he transgress here, the errour is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will; it must be required

* Holmes's Annals, i. 201.
† Account in Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Second Series, iv. 200.
‡ Third Series, vii. 31.

of him. But if the cause be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

For the other point, concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a two-fold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: *omnes sumus licentiâ deteriores.* This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and Man, in the moral law, and the political covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of our goods, but) of your lives if need be.

THOMAS MORTON.

The readers of Nathaniel Hawthorn cannot fail to remember "the May-pole of Merry Mount." The sketch, in its leading features, is a faithful presentation of a curious episode in the early history of New England. It has been narrated by the chief actor in the scene, "Mine Host of Ma-re Mount" himself, and his first telling of the "twice told tale" is well worth the hearing.

Thomas Morton, "of Clifford's Inn, gent.," came to Plymouth in 1622, with Weston's party. Many of these returned the following year, and the remainder were scattered about the settlements. Our barrister says that they were very popular with the original settlers as long as their liquors lasted, and were turned adrift afterwards. Be that as it may, he remained in the country, and we hear of him a few years afterwards as one of the company of Captain Wollaston who came to America in 1625. Wollaston appears to have had a set of fellows similar to those of Weston. He carried a portion of them off to Virginia, leaving the remainder in charge of one Filcher, to await the summons to Virginia also. Morton was one of these, and persuaded his companions to drive away Filcher, place themselves under his leadership, and found a settlement at Mount Wollaston. This he effected, and he henceforward speaks of himself as "mine host of Ma-re Mount." Here he set up a May-pole—but we shall allow him to be his own narrator.

The inhabitants of Pasonagessit (having translated the name of their habitation from that ancient savage name to Ma-re Mount; and being resolved to have the new name confirmed for a memorial to after ages), did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemn manner with Revels and merriment after the old English custom, prepared to set up a May-pole upon the festival day of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrel of excellent beer, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheer, for all comers of that day. And because they would have it in a complete form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the May-pole to the place appointed, with drums, guns, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of salvages, that came thither of purpose to see the manner of our Revels. A goodly pine tree of 80 feet long, was reared up, with a pair of buck-horns nailed on, somewhat near unto the top of it; where it stood as a fair sea mark for directions; how to find out the way to mine Host of Ma-re Mount.

* * * *

There was likewise a merry song made, which (to make their Revels more fashionable) was sung with a corus, every man bearing his part; which they performed in a dance, hand in hand about the May-pole, whiles one of the company sung, and filled out the good liquor like gammedes and Jupiter.

THE SONG.

Drink and be merry, merry, merry boys,
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joys,
Io to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry May-pole take a roome.

Make green garlons, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet Nectar freely about,
Uncover thy head, and fear no harm,
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.
Then drink and be merry, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Nectar is a thing assign'd,
By the Deities own mind,
To cure the heart oppress with grief,
And of good liquors is the chief.
Then drink, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Give to the Melancholy man,
A cup or two of 't now and than,
This physic will soon revive his blood,
And make him be of a merrier mood.
Then drink, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Give to the nymph that's free from scorn,
No Irish stuff, nor Scotch over worn;
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day.
To drink and be merry, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

This harmless mirth made by young men (that lived in hope to have wives brought over to them, that would save them a labour to make a voyage to fetch any over) was much distasted of the precise Separatists; that keep much ado, about the tithe of mint and cummin, troubling their brains more than reason would require about things that are indifferent; and from that time sought occasion against my honest Host of Ma-re Mount to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clear.

Such proceedings of course caused great scandal to the Plymouth colonist. Nathaniel Morton, the first chronicler of the colony, thus describes the affair.

After this (the expulsion of Filcher) they fell to great licentiousness of life, in all profaneness, and the said Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained as it were, a school of Atheism, and after they had got some goods into their hands, and got much by trading with the Indians, they spent it as vainly in quaffing and drinking both wine and strong liquors in great excess, as some have reported ten pounds worth in a morning, setting up a May-pole, drinking, and dancing about it, and frisking about it like so many furies, or furies rather, yea and worse practices, as if they had anew revived and celebrated the feast of the Roman goddess Flora, or the beastly practices of the mad Bacchanalians.

Morton was also charged, and it appears justly, with employing the Indians to hunt for him, furnishing them with, and instructing them in the use of, firearms for that purpose. The colonists, "fearing that they should get a blow thereby; also, taking notice that if he were let alone in his way, they should keep no servants for him, because he would entertain any, how vile soever,"* met together, and after remonstrating with him to no effect, obtained from the governor of Plymouth the aid of Captain Miles Standish to arrest him. Morton was taken prisoner, but, according to his own story, which he makes an amusing one, effected his escape:

Much rejoicing was made that they had gotten their capital enemy (as they concluded him), whom they purposed to hamper in such sort that he should not be able to uphold his plantation at Ma-re Mount.

The conspirators sported themselves at my honest host, that meant them no hurt; and were so jocund that they feasted their bodies and fell to tippeling, as if they had obtained a great prize; like the Trojans when they had the custody of Hippeus' pine tree horse.

Mine host feigned grief, and could not be persuaded either to eat or drink, because he knew emptiness would be a means to make him as watchful as the geese kept in the Roman capitol; whereon the contrary part, the conspirators would be so drowsy, that he might have an opportunity to give them a slip instead of tester. Six persons of the conspiracy were set to watch him at Wessaguscus, but he kept waking, and in the dead of night (one lying on the bed for further surety) up gets mine host and got to the second door that he was to pass, which (notwithstanding the lock) he got open; and shut it after him with such violence that it affrighted some of the conspirators.

The word which was given with an alarm was, O, he's gone, he's gone, what shall we do, he's gone! The rest, half asleep, start up in a maze, and, like rams, run their heads one at another, full butt, in the dark.

Their grand leader, Captain Shrimp, took on most furiously, and tore his clothes for anger, to see the empty nest and their bird gone.

The rest were eager to have torn their hair from their heads, but it was so short that it would give them no hold.

He returned to Ma-re Mount, where he soon afterwards surrendered, and was sent to England, coming back the next year to his old quarters, which during his absence had been visited by Endicott, who caused the may-pole to be cut down, "and the name of the place was again changed and called Dagon."† The year following his return his house was searched on the charge of his having corn belonging to other persons in it.

After they had feasted their bodies with that they found there, carried all his corn away, with some other of his goods, contrary to the laws of hospitality, a small parcel of refuse corn only excepted, which they left mine host to keep Christmas with. But when they were gone, mine host fell to make use of his gun (as one that had a good faculty in the use of that instrument) and feasted his body nevertheless with fowl and venison, which he purchased with the help of that instrument; the plenty of the country and the commodiousness of the place affording means, by the blessing of God; and he did but deride Captain Littleworth, that made his servants snap short in a country so much abounding with plenty of food for an industrious man, with great variety.

Soon after Governor Winthrop's arrival, in 1630, he was again arrested, convicted, and sent to England, where he arrived, he says, "so metamorphosed with a long voyage, that he looked like Lazarus in the painted cloth."*

His book,† from which our extracts are taken, bears date, Amsterdam, 1637. It was probably printed in London, this device being often resorted to at the time, with works of a libellous or objectionable character. With perseverance worthy of a better cause, he returned to New England, in 1643, and was arrested and imprisoned in Boston a year, on account of his book. His advanced age only, it is said, saved him from the whipping-post. He died in poverty, in 1646, at Agamenticus. His book shows facility in composition, and not a little humor. Butler appears to have derived one of the stories in Hudibras from it.

Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead;
Of whom the churches have less need,
As lately 't happened: in a town
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In time of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,
The mighty Tottipottimoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours;
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands or hang the offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' the trade,
A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hogan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid:‡

* New England's Memorial. † Ibid.

* A common colloquial phrase of the period. It is used by Falstaff (a character somewhat akin to mine host) in the first part of Henry IV. "Ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth." The painted cloth was used, like tapestry, for covering and decorating the walls of apartments.

† New English Canaan, or New Canaan, containing an abstract of New England, composed in three Bookes. The first Booke, setting forth the originall of the Natives, their Manners and Customs, together with their tractable Nature and Love towards the English. The second Booke, setting forth the naturall Indowments of the Country, and what staple Commodities it yealdeth. The third Booke, setting forth what people are planted there, their prosperity, what remarkable accidents have happened since the first planting of it, together with their Tenents and practise of their Church. Written by Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inne, gent., upon tenne yeares' knowledge and experiment of the Country.

Printed at Amsterdam, By Jacob Frederick Stam, in the yeare 1637.

The original edition of his "New England's Canaan" is extremely scarce. We are indebted for the use of a copy to the valuable American collection of the Rev. Dr. Hawks. It is reprinted in Col. Force's Historical Tracts.

‡ Hudibras, Part II., Canto II. 469–486.

A young man, as Morton's story goes, was arrested for stealing corn from an Indian, and the following mode of dealing with the case was proposed by one of the general assembly of the community called to adjudge punishment. Says he: "You all agree that one must die, and one shall die. This young man's clothes we will take off, and put upon one that is old and impotent; a sickly person that cannot escape death; such is the disease on him confirmed, that die he must. Put the young man's clothes on this man, and let the sick person be hanged in the other's stead. Amen, says one, and so says many more."

A large portion of the volume is devoted to the aborigines and the natural features of the country. He thus expatiates on his first impressions:

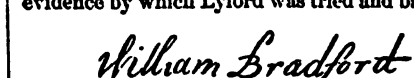
And whiles our houses were building, I did endeavor to take a survey of the country; the more I looked, the more I liked it. When I had more seriously considered of the beauty of the place, with all her fair endowments, I did not think that, in all the known world, it could be paralleled. For so many goodly groves of trees; dainty, fine, round, rising hillocks; delicate, fair, large plains; sweet crystal fountains, and clear running streams, that twine in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweet a murmuring noise to hear, as would even lull the senses with delight asleep, so pleasantly do they glide upon the pebble stones, jetting most jocundly where they do meet, and hand in hand run down to Neptune's court, to pay the yearly tribute which they owe to him as sovereign lord of all the springs. Contained within the volume of the land, fowls in abundance; fish in multitude; and discovered besides, millions of turtle doves on the green boughs, which sate pecking of the full, ripe, pleasant grapes, that were supported by the lusty trees, whose fruitful load did cause the arms to bend, while here and there despersed, you might see lillies, and of the Daphnean tree, which made the land to me seem paradise, for in mine eye it was Nature's masterpiece, her chiefest magazine of all, where lives her store. If this land be not rich, then is the whole world poor.

He is amusingly at fault in his natural history. The beaver, he says, sits "in his house built on the water, with his tayle hanging in the water, which else would over-heate and rot off." Another marvel is, "a curious bird to see to, called a humming-bird, no bigger than a great beetle; that out of question lives upon the bee, which he catcheth and eateth amongst Flowers; for it is his custom to frequent those places. Flowers he cannot feed upon by reason of his sharp bill, which is like the point of a Spannish needle but short."

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

William Bradford was born at Ansterfield, in the north of England, in 1588. He was educated as a farmer, and inherited a large patrimony. Embracing at an early age the tenets of the Puritans, he connected himself with the congregation of the celebrated John Robinson, and at the age of nineteen, after two unsuccessful attempts, joined his associates at Amsterdam. He remained in Holland until 1620, when he formed one of the ship's company of the Mayflower. While exploring the bay in a small boat, for the purpose of selecting a place for settlement, his wife was drowned. After the death of Governor Carver, April 5, 1621, he was chosen his successor. He established by gentleness and firmness a good understanding with the Indians, and conducted the internal affairs of the colony with equal sagacity. He was annually re-elected for twelve years, and then, in the words of Governor Winthrop, "by importunity got off" from the cares of office for two years, when he was re-elected, and continued in power, with the exceptions of the years 1636, '38, and '44, until his death, May 9, 1657. He was twice married, and left two sons by his second wife, Alice Southworth. The eldest, William, was deputy-governor of the colony, and had nine sons and three daughters.

Numerous anecdotes are related of Governor Bradford, indicative of ready wit and good common sense. When in 1622, during a period of great scarcity in the colony, Canonicus, Sachem of Narragansett, sent him a bundle of arrows tied with the skin of a serpent, the messenger was immediately sent back with the skin stuffed with powder and ball, which caused a speedy and satisfactory termination to the correspondence. Suspecting one Lyford of plotting against the ecclesiastical arrangements of the colony, he boarded a ship, which was known to have carried out a large number of letters written by him, after she had left port, examined them, and thus obtained evidence by which Lyford was tried and banished.



Governor Bradford's reputation as an author is decidedly of a posthumous character. He left a MS. history, in a folio volume of 270 pages, of the Plymouth colony, from the formation of their church in 1602 to 1647. It furnished the material for Morton's Memorial, was used by Prince and Governor Hutchinson in the preparation of their histories, and deposited, with the collection of papers of the former, in the library of the Old South Church, in Boston. During the desecration of this edifice as a riding-school by the British in the Revolutionary war, the MS. disappeared.* A copy of a portion closing with the year 1620, in the handwriting of Nathaniel Morton, was discovered by the Rev. Alexander Young in the library of the First Church, at Plymouth, and printed in his Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, in 1841. A "letter-book," in which Bradford preserved copies of his correspondence, met with a similar fate, a portion only having been rescued from a grocer's shop in Halifax, and published in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in 1794, vol. iii. of the first series of Collections, with a fragment of a poem on New England. These, with two other specimens of a few lines each, first published by the same Society in 1838,† form, with the exception of some slight controversial pieces, the whole of his literary productions.

"I commend unto your wisdom and discretion," he says in his will, "some small bookes written by my own hand, to be improved as you shall see meet. In special, I commend to you a

* It was given up for lost till 1855, when it was found complete in the Fulham Library, England.
† Third Series, vii.

little booke with a black cover, wherein there is a word to Plymouth, a word to Boston, and a word to New England, with sundry useful verses."

OF BOSTON IN NEW ENGLAND.

O Boston, though thou now art grown
To be a great and wealth y town,
Yet I have seen thee a void place,
Shrubs and bushes covering thy face;
And house then in thee none were there,
Nor such as gold and silk did weare;
No drunkenness were then in thee,
Nor such excess as now we see.
We then drunk freely of thy spring,
Without paying of anything;
We lodged freely where we would,
All things were free and nothing sold.
And they that did thee first begin,
Had hearts as free and as willing
Their poor friends for to entertain,
And never looked at sordid gain.
Some thou hast had whome I did know,
That spent theirselves to make thee grow,
And thy foundations they did lay,
Which do remain unto this day.
When thou wast weak they did thee nurse,
Or else with thee it had been worse;
They left thee not, but did defend
And succour thee unto their end.
Thou now hast grown in wealth and store,
Do not forget that thou wast poor,
And lift not up thyself in pride,
From truth and justice turn not aside.
Remember thou a Cotton had,
Which made the hearts of many glad;
What he thee taught bear thou in mind,
It's hard another such to find.
A Winthrop once in thee was known,
Who unto thee was as a crown.
Such ornaments are very rare,
Yet thou enjoyed this blessed pair.
But these are gone, their work is done,
Their day is past, set is their sun:
Yet faithful Wilson still remains,
And learned Norton doth take pains.
Live ye in peace. I could say more.
Oppress ye not the weak and poor.
The trade is all in your own hand,
Take heed ye do not wrong the land,
Lest he that hath lift you on high,
When, as the poor to him do cry,
Do throw you down from your high state,
And make you low and desolate.

FRAGMENTARY POEM ON NEW ENGLAND.

Famine once we had,
But other things God gave us in full store,
As fish and ground-nuts, to supply our strait,
That we might learn on Providence to wait;
And know, by bread man lives not in his need.
But by each word that doth from God proceed.
But a while after plenty did come in,
From his hand only who doth pardon sin.
And all did flourish like the pleasant green,
Which in the joyful spring is to be seen.

Almost ten years we lived here alone,
In other places there were few or none;
For Salem was the next of any fame,
That began to augment New England's name;
But after multitudes began to flow,
More than well knew themselves where to bestow;
Boston then began her roots to spread,
And quickly soon she grew to be the head,
Not only of the Massachusetts Bay,
But all trade and commerce fell in her way.
And truly it was admirable to know,
How greatly all things here began to grow.
New plantations were in each place begun,
And with inhabitants were filled soon.
All sorts of grain which our own land doth yield,
Was hither brought, and sown in every field:
As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans and pease,
Here all thrive, and they profit from them raise.
All sorts of roots and herbs in gardens grow,
Parsnips, carrots, turnips, or what you'll sow.
Onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes,
Skirets, beets, coleworts, and fair cabbages.
Here grow fine flowers many, and 'mongst those,
The fair white lily and sweet fragrant rose.
Many good wholesome berries here you'll find,
Fit for man's use, almost of every kind,
Pears, apples, cherries, plumbs, quinces and peach,
Are *now* no dainties; you may have of each.
Nuts and grapes of several sorts are here,
If you will take the pains them to seek for.
* * * * * *
But that which did 'bove all the rest excel,
God in his word, with us he here did dwell;
Well ordered churches, in each place there were,
And a learn'd ministry was planted here.
All marvell'd and said: "Lord, this work is thine,
In the wilderness to make such lights to shine."
And truly it was a glorious thing,
Thus to hear men pray, and God's praises sing.
Where these natives were wont to cry and yell
To Satan, who 'mongst them doth rule and dwell.
Oh, how great comfort it was now to see
The churches to enjoy free liberty!
And to have the Gospel preach'd here with power,
And such wolves repell'd as would else devour;
And now with plenty their poor souls were fed,
With better food than wheat, or angel's bread,
In green pastures, they may themselves solace,
And drink freely of the sweet springs of grace;
A pleasant banquet is prepar'd for these,
Of fat things, and rich wine upon the lees;
"Eat, O my friends (saith Christ), and drink freely,
Here's wine and milk, and all sweet spicery;
The honey and its comb is here to be had;
I myself for you have this banquet made:
Be not dismayed, but let your heart rejoice
In this wilderness, O let me hear your voice;
My friends you are, whilst you my ways do keep,
Your sins I'll pardon and your good I'll seek."
And they, poor souls, again to Christ do say:
"O Lord, thou art our hope, our strength and stay,
Who givest to us all these thy good things,
Us shelter still, in the shadow of thy wings:
So we shall sing, and laud thy name with praise,
'Tis thine own work to keep us in thy ways;
Uphold us still, O thou which art most high,
We then shall be kept, and thy name glorify,
Let us enjoy thyself, with these means of grace,
And in our hearts shine, with the light of thy face;
Take not away thy presence, nor thy word,
But, we humbly pray, us the same afford."

JOHN DAVENPORT.

JOHN DAVENPORT, the first minister of New Haven, and an important theological writer of his time, was born in Coventry, England, in 1597. He was educated at Merton and Magdalen colleges, Oxford, but left before taking a degree. Soon after removing to London he became minister of St. Stephen's Church, Coleman st., at nineteen, and obtained great celebrity as a pulpit orator. In the year 1630 he united with others

in purchasing church property held by laymen with a view of devoting the revenue therefrom to provide clergymen for destitute congregations. By the exertions of Laud, who feared that the scheme would be turned to the advantage of the non-conformists, the company was broken up, and the money which had been collected, confiscated. In 1633, in consequence of non-conformity, he resigned his church, and removed to Holland. After preaching to the English congregation for two years as the colleague of John Paget, he became engaged in a controversy in consequence of his opposition to the plan there pursued, of the general baptism of infants, and retiring from the pulpit devoted himself to teaching, until he was induced by John Cotton to emigrate to Boston. He had been an early friend of the colony, having been one of the applicants for the original charter. His name does not appear in the list of patentees, having been omitted at his own request lest it should excite the opposition of Laud to the scheme. He arrived at Boston, June, 1637, and in August took part in the Synod called in reference to the opinions of Anne Hutchinson. He sailed, March 30, 1638, with a company for Quinnipiack or New Haven, where he preached under an oak on the eighteenth of April, the first Sunday after his arrival, as their minister, a position he retained for thirty years, during which he was instrumental in the passage of the rigid laws regarding church membership established in the colony. He displayed great courage in concealing the Regicides, Whalley and Goffe, in his own house, in 1661, and by preaching when their pursuers were expected in the city from the text, "Hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler" (Isaiah xvi. 3, 4). On the death of John Wilson, minister of the first church in Boston, in 1667, he accepted a call to become his successor, believing that as affairs in New Haven were in a settled condition he could do more good in Boston, where, as he thought, ecclesiastical discipline had been unduly relaxed. He was instituted pastor, Dec. 9, 1668, and died of apoplexy March 15, 1670.

He was the author of several pamphlets on the controversy between himself and the English church at Amsterdam, of *A Discourse about Civil Government in a new Plantation, whose design is religion*, and of *The Saints Anchor Hold in all Storms and Tempests*, a collection of sermons. He also prepared an Exposition on the Canticles, of which Mather tells us, "the death of the gentleman chiefly concerned in the intended impression proved the death of the impression itself."*

* Magnalia, Ed. 1698, i. 398.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

In the political history of the country, the name of Williams, as the apostle of civil and religious liberty, holds the first rank; his literary achievements, exhibiting his graces of character, entitle him to an honorable place in this collection. He was one of the first of the learned university men who came to New England for conscience sake, and the principle which brought him across the Atlantic did not depart on his landing. Religious liberty, the right divine of conscience, was not simply having his own way, while he checked other people's. He did not fly from persecution to persecute. Born in Wales in 1606,* educated at Oxford; if not a student at law with Sir Edward Coke, enjoying an early intimacy with him; then a non-conformist minister in conflict with the ecclesiastical authorities of the times, he arrived in Massachusetts in 1631. Asserting at once his views of religious toleration, the independence of conscience of the civil magistrate, and the separation of Church and State, he was driven from Salem, where he had become established as a preacher, by an order of the General Council in 1635, into exile, for "his new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates." He then made his memorable journey in the winter season, through what was then a wilderness, to the vicinity of Narragansett Bay, where, received in friendship by the Indians, he established himself at Seekonk; but finding himself within the limits of the Plymouth colony, he sailed with his friends in a canoe down the river to found on the opposite shore the city of Providence, a living name which will always bear witness to his persecution and trust in God. Here he maintained friendly relations with the Indians, warded off disaster, by quieting their threatened aggressions, from the people who had driven him away, received fugitives for conscience sake from Massachusetts Bay, and promoted the settlement of Rhode Island. In 1643 he sailed from New Amsterdam for England, as an agent to procure a charter. On his way thither at sea, he wrote his *Key into the Language of America*, which he published in London, on his arrival.† "I drew," he says in his address, "to my dear and well beloved friends and countrymen in Old and New England, the materials in a rude lump at sea, as a private help to my own memory, that I might not by my present absence lightly lose what I had so dearly bought in some few years of hardship and charges among the Barbarians," and he committed it to the public for the benefit of his friends. "A little key," he says, "may open a box, where lies a bunch of keys."

* We follow here the Oxford University entry presented by Dr. Elton, in preference to the usual statements which make him seven or eight years older.

† A Key into the Language of America, or an help to the *Language* of the *Natives* in that part of AMERICA called NEW ENGLAND; together with briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners and Worships, &c., of the aforesaid Nations, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death. On all which are added Spirituall Observations, General and Particular, by the Author, of chiefe and speciall use (upon all occasions) to all the *English* Inhabiting those parts; yet pleasant and profitable to the view of all men: By Roger Williams, of Providence, in New England. London: Printed by *George Dexter*, 18mo., pp. 200. 1643. There are very few copies of the original edition of this book in existence. The library of the Massachusetts Historical Society has one, from which a reprint has been made in the first volume of the Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society, Providence, 1827. Mr. James Lenox, of New York, in his valuable Collection, has another, which we have had the privilege of consulting for this article. The Licenser's Imprimatur on the last page is curious. "I have *read over these thirty chapters of the* American Language, *to me wholly unknown, and the* Observations, *these I conceive inoffensive; and that the Worke may conduce to the happy end intended by the* Author. Jo LANGLEY."

The book is in a series of thirty-two chapters, each containing a vocabulary, with an occasional enlargement at a suggestive word relating to manners or notions; and concluding with a copy of verses. To the second chapter, "of Eating and Entertainment," this pious and benevolent man touchingly adds:—

Coarse bread and water's most their fare,
O England's diet fine;
Thy cup runs o'er with plenteous store
Of wholesome beer and wine.

Sometimes God gives them fish or flesh,
Yet they're content without;
And what comes in they part to friends
And strangers round about.

God's providence is rich to his,
Let none distrustful be;
In wilderness, in great distress,
These Ravens have fed me.

There is the same simplicity and faith in Providence in the rest of these little poems, wherever the topic gives him an opportunity to express it. The notes are simply jottings down of facts he had noticed—but even these few words are somehow instinct with his kindly spirit. "I once travailed," he says, "to an island of the wildest in our parts, where in the night an Indian (as he said) had a vision or dream of the Sun (whom they worship for a God) darting a beam into his breast, which he conceived to be the messenger of his death. This poor native called his friends and neighbors, and prepared some little refreshing for them, but himself was kept waking and fasting in great humiliations and invocations for ten days and nights. I was alone (having travelled from my bark the wind being contrary) and little could I speak to them, to their understanding, especially because of the change of their dialect or manner of speech from our neighbors: yet so much (through the help of God) I did speak, of the *true* and *living only wise God*, of the Creation, of Man and his fall from God, &c., that at parting many burst forth, *Oh when will you come again, to bring us some more news of this God?*" And to this follow the "more particular" reflections:—

God gives them sleep on ground, on straw,
On sedgy mats or board:
When English softest beds of down,
Sometimes no sleep afford.

I have known them leave their house and mat,
To lodge a friend or stranger,
When Jews and Christians oft have sent
Christ Jesus to the manger.

'Fore day they invocate their gods,
Though many false and new;
O how should that God worshipt be,
Who is but one and true!

"How sweetly," he says, "do all the several sorts of heaven's birds, in all coasts of the world, preach unto men the praise of their maker's wisdome, power, and goodnesse, who feeds them and their young ones summer and winter with their several sorts of food: although they neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns!"

If birds that neither sow nor reape,
Nor store up any food,
Constantly to them and theirs
A maker kind and good!

If man provide eke for his birds,
In yard, in coops, in cage,
And each bird spends in songs and tunes,
His little time and age!

What care will man, what care will God
For his wife and children take!
Millions of birds and worlds will God
Sooner than his, forsake.

To the general "observations of their travel,"

God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness!
His glorious name while breath remains,
O that I may confess.

Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree!
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company:

In him I have found a house, a bed,
A table, company:
No cup so bitter, but's made sweet,
When God shall sweetning be.

His business with Parliament was successful. He obtained a Charter of Incorporation of Providence Plantations in 1644. Before his return he published in London, the same year, a pamphlet, *Mr. Cotton's Letter, lately printed, Examined and Answered*, a refutation of the reasons of his dismissal, and also his celebrated work, which embodies the principles of toleration, *The Bloody Tenent of Persecution, for cause of Conscience, discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace.**

The history of this composition is curious. "A witness of Jesus Christ, close prisoner in Newgate," wrote a tract "against persecution in cause of Conscience," which he penned on paper introduced into his prison as the stoppers to a bottle of milk, the fluid of which served him for ink. Williams thus introduces it in the prefatory part of his book, the "Tenent:"—

Arguments against persecution in milk, the answer for it (as I may say) in blood.

The author of these arguments (against persecution) (as I have been informed) being committed by some then in power, close prisoner to Newgate, for the witness of some truths of Jesus, and having not the use of pen and ink, wrote these arguments in milk, in sheets of paper, brought to him by the woman his keeper, from a friend in London, as the stoppers of his milk bottle.

In such paper written with milk, nothing will appear, but the way of reading it by fire being known to this friend who received the papers, he transcribed and kept together the papers, although the author himself could not correct, nor view what himself had written.

It was in milk, tending to soul nourishment, even for babes and sucklings in Christ.

It was in milk, spiritually white, pure, and inno-

* The Bloody Tenent of Persecution, for cause of Conscience, discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace, who, in all tender affection, present to the High Court of Parliament, as the Result of their Discourse, these, amongst other, Passages of highest consideration. Printed in the year 1644. 4to. pp. 267.

cent, like those white horses of the word of truth and meekness, and the white linen or armour of righteousness, in the army of Jesus. *Rev.* vi. & xix.

It was in milk, soft, meek, peaceable, and gentle, tending both to the peace of souls and the peace of states and kingdoms.

This was a mild introduction to controversy: yet being sent to New England, was answered by John Cotton, when Williams published both arguments with his reply. The "Bloody Tenent" is a noble work, full of brave heart and tenderness; a book of learning and piety,—the composition of a true, gentle nature. How sweet, delicate, and reverential are the soft approaches of the dialogue as "Peace" and "Truth" address one another. "But hark," says Truth, "what noise is this?" as she listens to the din of the wars for Conscience. These," is the reply, "are the doleful drums and shrill-sounding trumpets, the roaring, murdering cannons, the shouts of conquerors, the groans of wounded, dying, slaughtered righteous, with the wicked. Dear Truth, how long? How long these dreadful sounds and direful sights? How long before my glad return and restitution?" This is the expression of a poet. For his position as an asserter of religious toleration, we may quote the sentence of Bancroft: "He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law, and in its defence he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and the superior of Jeremy Taylor."*

Williams returned to America in 1644, and at the close of 1651 again visited England to secure the Confirmation of the Charter, in which he succeeded. Cotton had in the meantime replied, in 1647, to the "Bloody Tenent" in his "Bloody Tenent Washed and Made White in the Blood of the Lamb," to which Williams was ready in London with his rejoinder, *The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to Wash it White in the Blood of the Lambe*,† in which he pursued his argument with his old zeal and learning. He published at the same time, in a small 4to., *The Hireling Ministry none of Christ's, or a Discourse touching the Propagating the Gospel of Christ Jesus; humbly presented to such Pious and Honorable Hands, whom the present Debate thereof concerns.*

In 1853, there were first published at Providence, in the Life of Roger Williams by Romeo Elton,‡ a brief series of letters which passed between Williams and the daughter of his old benefactor, Sir Edward Coke, Mrs. Anne Sadleir, on this second visit to England in 1652–3. They are full of character on both sides; the humor of them consisting in the lady being a royalist, well disposed to the church establishment, a sharp-shooter in her language and a bit of a termagant, while Williams was practising his politest graces and most Christian forbearance, as he steadily maintained his independent theology. He addresses her, "My much-honored friend, Mrs. Sadleir," and tenders her one of his compositions to read, probably the work he had just published in England, entitled, *Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health and their Preservatives*,* which he describes as "a plain and peaceable discourse, of my own personal experiments, which, in a letter to my dear wife—upon the occasion of her great sickness near death—I sent her, being absent myself among the Indians." He courteously invites attention and even censure. "I have been oft glad," he says, "in the wilderness of America to have been reproved for going in a wrong path, and to be directed by a naked Indian boy in my travels." He quietly throws out a few hints of the virtues of his own position in church matters. Mrs. Sadleir quotes Scripture in reply.

Mr. Williams,—Since it has pleased God to make the prophet David's complaint ours (Ps. lxxix.): "O God, the heathen," &c., and that the apostle St. Peter has so long ago foretold, in his second epistle, the second chapter, by whom these things should be occasioned, I have given over reading many books, and, therefore, with thanks, have returned yours. Those that I now read, besides the Bible, are, first, the late king's book; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; Reverend Bishop Andrews's Sermons, with his other divine meditations; Dr. Jer. Taylor's works; and Dr. Tho. Jackson upon the Creed. Some of these my dear father was a great admirer of, and would often call them the glorious lights of the church of England. These lights shall be my guide; I wish they may be yours; for your new lights that are so much cried up, I believe, in the conclusion, they will prove but dark lanterns; therefore I dare not meddle with them.

Your friend in the old way,
Anne Sadleir.

Which little repellant, Williams, feeling the sting, answers, offering another book:—

My much-honored, kind Friend, Mrs. Sadleir,—My humble respects premised to your much-honored self, and Mr. Sadleir, humbly wishing you the saving knowledge and assurance of that life which is eternal, when this poor minute's dream is over. In my poor span of time, I have been oft in the jaws of death, sickening at sea, shipwrecked on shore, in danger of arrows, swords and bullets: and yet, methinks, the most high and most holy God hath reserved me for some service to his most glorious and eternal majesty.

I think, sometimes, in this common shipwreck of mankind, wherein we all are either floating or sinking, despairing or struggling for life, why should I ever faint in striving, as Paul saith, in hopes to save myself, to save others—to call, and cry, and ask, what hope of saving, what hope of life, and of the

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* Bancroft's Hist. U. S. i. 376.

† The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody, by Mr. Cotton's Endeavor to wash it white in the Blood of the Lambe, of whose precious Blood spilt in the Blood of his Servants, and of the Blood of Millions spilt in former and later Wars for Conscience' Sake, that most Bloody Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience, upon a second Tryal, is now found more apparently, and more notoriously guilty. In this Rejoynder to Mr. Cotton are principally, 1. The Nature of Persecution; 2. The Power of the Civill Sword in Spiritualls examined; 3. The Parliament's Permission of dissenting Consciences justified. Also (as a Testimony to Mr. Clark's Narrative) is added a Letter to Mr. Endicott, Governor of the Massachusetts in N. E. By R. Williams, of Providence, in New England. London, printed for Giles Calvert, and are to be sold at the Black Spread Eagle, at the West End of Paul's, 1652.

‡ Life of Roger Williams, the Earliest Legislator and true Champion for a full and absolute liberty of Conscience. By Romeo Elton, 96-109. This is a work of original research and much interesting information.

* Prof. Gammell's Life of Roger Williams, 218. We are much indebted to his careful bibliography. Certainly there should not be suffered to remain much longer any difficulty of access to all which Roger Williams wrote.

eternal shore of mercy? Your last letter, my honored friend, I received as a bitter sweeting—as all, that is under the sun, is—sweet, in that I hear from you, and that you continue striving for life eternal; bitter, in that we differ about the way, in the midst of the dangers and the distresses.

For the scope of this *rejoinder*, if it please the Most High to direct your eye to a glance on it, please you to know, that at my last being in England, I wrote a discourse entitled, "The Bloudy Tenent of Persecution for Cause of Conscience." I bent my charge against Mr. Cotton especially, your standard-bearer of New England ministers. That discourse he since answered, and calls his book, "The Bloody Tenent made white in the Blood of the Lamb." This rejoinder of mine, as I humbly hope, unwashed his washings, and proves that in soul matters no weapons but soul weapons are reaching and effectual.

His "much-honored, kind friend" replies:—

Sir,—I thank God my blessed parents bred me up in the old and best religion, and it is my glory that I am a member of the Church of England, as it was when all the reformed churches gave her the right hand. When I cast mine eye upon the frontispiece of your book, and saw it entitled "The Bloudy Tenent," I durst not adventure to look into it, for fear it should bring into my memory the much blood that has of late been shed, and which I would fain forget; therefore I do, with thanks, return it. I cannot call to mind any blood shed for conscience:—some few that went about to make a rent in our once well-governed church were punished, but none suffered death. But this I know, that since it has been left to every man's conscience to fancy what religion he list, there has more christian blood been shed than was in the ten persecutions. And some of that blood will, I fear, cry to the day of judgment. But you know what the Scripture says, that when there was no king in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes,—but what became of that, the sacred story will tell you.

Thus entreating you to trouble me no more in this kind, and wishing you a good journey to your charge in New Providence, I rest

Your Friend, in the Old and Best Way.

Williams, not to be disconcerted, triples the length of his response, with new divisions and scripture citations, and this among other biting paragraphs on the lady's favorite reading:—

I have read those books you mention, and the king's book, which commends two of them, Bp. Andrews's and Hooker's—yea, and a third also, Bp. Laud's: and as for the king, I know his person, vicious, a swearer from his youth, and an oppressor and persecutor of good men (to say nothing of his own father), and the blood of so many hundred thousands English, Irish, Scotch, French, lately charged upon him. Against his and his blasphemous father's cruelties, your own dear father, and many precious men, shall rise up shortly and cry for vengeance.

But for the book itself—if it be his—and theirs you please to mention, and thousands more, not only protestants of several sects, but of some papists and jesuits also—famous for worldly repute, &c.—I have found them sharp and witty, plausible and delightful, devout and pathetical. And I have been amazed to see the whole world of our forefathers, wise and gallant, wondering after the glory of the Romish learning and worship. (Rev. xiii.) But amongst them all whom I have so diligently read and heard, how few express the simplicity, the plainness, the meekness, and true humility of the learning of the Son of God.

with this telling postscript:—

My honored friend, since you please not to read mine, let me pray leave to request your reading of one book of your own authors. I mean the "Liberty of Prophesying," penned by (so called) Dr. Jer. Taylor. In the which is excellently asserted the toleration of different religions, yea, in a respect, that of the Papists themselves, which is a new way of soul freedom, and yet is the old way of Christ Jesus, as all his holy Testament declares.

I also humbly wish that you may please to read over impartially Mr. Milton's answer to the king's book.

Mrs. Sadleir waxes indignant, and replies more at length—getting personally discourteous and scandalous on John Milton:—

Mr. Williams,—I thought my first letter would have given you so much satisfaction, that, in that kind, I should never have heard of you any more; but it seems you have a face of brass, so that you cannot blush.

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For Milton's book, that you desire I should read, if I be not mistaken, that is he that has wrote a book of the lawfulness of divorce; and, if report says true, he had, at that time, two or three wives living. This, perhaps, were good doctrine in New England; but it is most abominable in Old England. For his book that he wrote against the late king that you would have me read, you should have taken notice of God's judgment upon him, who stroke him with blindness; and, as I have heard, he was fain to have the help of one Andrew Marvell, or else he could not have finished that most accursed libel. God has began his judgment upon him here—his punishment will be hereafter in hell. But have you seen the answer to it? If you can get it, I assure you it is worth your reading.

I have also read Taylor's book of the Liberty of Prophesying; though it please not me, yet I am sure it does you, or else I [know]* you [would]* not have wrote to me to have read it. I say, it and you would make a good fire. But have you seen his Divine Institution of the Office Ministerial? I assure that is both worth your reading and practice. Bishop Laud's book against Fisher I have read long since; which, if you have not done, let me tell you that he has deeply wounded the Pope; and, I believe, howsoever he be slighted, he will rise a saint, when many seeming ones, such as you are, will rise devils.

This winds up the correspondence. Mrs. Sadleir, as she puts it aside, for publication a couple of hundred years later, writing on the back of Williams's first letter:—"This Roger Williams, when he was a youth, would, in short hand, take sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber, and present them to my dear father. He, seeing so hopeful a youth, took such liking to him that he sent him in to Sutton's Hospital, and he was the second that was placed there; full little did he think that he would have proved such a rebel to God, the king, and the country. I leave his letters, that, if ever he has the face to return into his native country, Tyburn may give him welcome."

* These words are not in the MS.

For which scrap of biographical information, in the too general dearth of anecdote respecting a good and great man, we thank her.*

After his return he writes to his friend John Winthrop, subsequently the Governor of Connecticut, relating, among other incidents of his visit to England, this anecdote of his exchange of languages with John Milton in his blindness—"It pleased the Lord to call me for some time, and, with some persons, to practice the Hebrew, the Greek, Latin, French and Dutch. The Secretary of the Council, Mr. Milton, for my Dutch I read him, read me many more languages."† He was intimate with Cromwell and passed much time with Sir Henry Vane, the old Governor of Massachusetts. In this journey he was associated with his friend Mr. John Clarke, who remained in England as the agent of the colony, and in whose behalf, on his return, he addressed a plea to his "beloved friends and countrymen," the General Assembly of Rhode Island. It is a good example of his love of justice, directness, and business tact, and, as such, we present a portion of it in our extracts.‡

Williams was active as usual in the affairs of the colony, and was chosen its President in 1654. The persecution of the Quakers then followed in Massachusetts; their rights were maintained in Rhode Island, though Williams held a controversy with Fox and his disciples, an account of which he embodied in the last of his publications in 1676, *George Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes*,§ a pun on the names of the Quaker leaders. Fox replied to this in his *New England Firebrand Quenched*, with abundant bitterness; and Edmundson, one of Williams's personal antagonists in the controversial encounter, which was held both at Newport and Providence, in his *Journal of his Life, Sufferings, and Labor*, speaks of "one Roger Williams, an old priest and an enemy to truth, putting forth fourteen propositions, as he called them."‖ It was an unpleasant affair, but the Quakers had laid themselves open to attack by some outrageous extravagances. Seven years afterwards, in 1683, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, the Founder of Rhode Island, the friend of peace and asserter of liberty, died at Providence, on the spot which his genius and labors had consecrated. He left a wife and six children. There is no portrait of him. The engraving prefixed to the Life in Sparks's American Biography, is from an old painting put forth a few years since, which was soon pronounced an indifferent likeness of Benjamin Franklin.

CONFERENCE BETWEEN TRUTH AND PEACE.—FROM THE BLOODY TENENT.

Truth. In what dark corner of the world (*sweet Peace*) are we two met? How hath this present evil world banished me from all the coasts and quarters of it? and how hath the righteous God in judgment taken thee from the earth, Rev. vi. 4.

Peace. 'Tis lamentably true (blessed Truth) the foundations of the world have long been out of course: the gates of earth and hell have conspired together to intercept our joyful meeting and our holy kisses: with what a weary, tired wing have I flown over nations, kingdoms, cities, towns, to find out precious truth?

Truth. The like enquiries in my flights and travels have I made for Peace, and still am told, she hath left the earth, and fled to heaven.

Peace. Dear Truth, what is the earth but a dungeon of darkness, where Truth is not?

Truth. And what is the Peace thereof but a fleeting dream, thine ape and counterfeit?

Peace. Oh, where's the promise of the God of Heaven, that Righteousness and Peace shall kiss each other?

Truth. Patience (sweet Peace), these heavens and earth are growing old, and shall be changed like a garment, Psal. cii. They shall melt away, and be burnt up with all the works that are therein; and the most high Eternal Creator shall gloriously create new heavens and new earth, wherein dwells righteousness, 2 Peter iii. Our kisses shall then have their endless date of pure and sweetest joys; till then both thou and I must hope, and wait, and bear the fury of the dragon's wrath, whose monstrous lies and furies shall with himself be cast into the lake of fire, the second death, Rev. xx.

Peace. Most precious Truth, thou knowest we are both pursued and laid for. Mine heart is full of sighs, mine eyes with tears. Where can I better vent my full oppressed bosom, than into thine, whose faithful lips may for these few hours revive my drooping, wandering spirits, and here begin to wipe tears from mine eyes, and the eyes of my dearest children?

Truth. Sweet daughter of the God of Peace, begin, pour out thy sorrowes, vent thy complaints; how joyful am I to improve these precious minutes to revive our hearts, both thine and mine, and the hearts of all that love the Truth and Peace, Zach. viii.

Peace. Dear Truth, I know thy birth, thy nature, thy delight. They that know thee, will prize thee far above themselves and lives, and sell themselves to buy thee. Well spake that famous Elizabeth to her famous attorney, Sir Edward Coke: "Mr. Attorney, go on as thou hast begun, and still plead, not *pro Domina Regina*, but *pro Domina Veritate*.

Truth. 'Tis true, my crown is high, my sceptres strong to break down strongest holds, to throw down highest crowns of all that plead (though but in thought) against me. Some few there are, but oh, how few are valiant for the Truth and dare to plead my cause, as my witnesses in sackcloth, Revel. ii. While all men's tongues are bent like boughs to shoot out lying words against me!

Peace. Oh, how could I spend eternal days and endless dates at thy holy feet, in listening to the precious oracles of thy mouth. All the words of thy mouth are Truth, and there is no iniquity in them. Thy lips drop as the honeycomb. But oh! since we must part anon, let us (as thou saidst) im-

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* Mr. Elton was led to the knowledge of these letters by Mr. Bancroft the historian, and copied them from the original MSS. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

† Elton's Life, 114.

‡ It was first published in the Rhode Island Book in 1840.

§ George Fox digg'd out of his Burrowes, or an Offer of Disputation, on fourteen Proposalls made this last Summer, 1672, (so call'd), unto G. Fox, then present on Rode Island, in New England, by R. W. As also how (G. Fox slily departing) the Disputation went on, being managed three Dayes at Newport on Rode Island, and one Day at Providence, between John Stubbs, John Burnet, and William Edmundson, on the one Part, and R. W. on the other. In which many Quotations out of G. Fox and Ed. Burrowes Book in Folio are alledged. With an Appendix, of some Scores of G. F., his simple lame Answers to his Opposites in that Book quoted and replied to, by R. W. of Providence in N. E. Boston, printed by John Foster, 1676.

‖ See Memoir of Roger Williams, the Founder of the State of Rhode Island, by James D. Knowles, for much careful historical investigation on this and other points. Mr. J. R. Bartlett has given an account of Edmundson's book, printed in London 1718, in some Early Notices of Rhode Island, in the *Providence Journal* for 1856.

prove our minutes, and (according as thou promisedst) revive me with thy words, which are sweeter than the honey, and the honeycomb.

CONCLUSION.

Peace. We have now (dear Truth) through the gracious hand of God clambered up to the top of this our tedious discourse.

Truth. Oh, 'tis mercy unexpressible that either thou or I have had so long a breathing time, and that together!

Peace. If English ground must yet be drunk with English blood, oh, where shall Peace repose her wearied head and heavy heart?

Truth. Dear Peace, if thou find welcome, and the God of peace miraculously please to quench these all-devouring flames, yet where shall Truth find rest from cruel persecutions?

Peace. Oh, will not the authority of holy scriptures, the commands and declarations of the Son of God, therein produced by thee, together with all the lamentable experiences of former and present slaughters, prevail with the sons of men (especially with the sons of Peace) to depart from the dens of lions, and mountains of leopards, and to put on the bowels (if not of Christianity, yet) of humanity each to other!

Truth. Dear Peace, Habacuck's fishes keep their constant bloody game of persecutions in the world's mighty ocean; the greater taking, plundering, swallowing up the lesser: O happy he whose portion is the God of Jacob! Who hath nothing to lose under the sun, but hath a state, a house, an inheritance, a name, a crown, a life, past all the plunderers, ravishers, murtherers reach and fury!

Peace. But lo! Who's here?

Truth. Our sister Patience, whose desired company is as needful as delightful! 'Tis like the wolf will send the scattered sheep in one: the common pirate gathers up the loose and scattered navy! the slaughter of the witnesses by that bloody beast unites the Independents and Presbyterians. The God of Peace, the God of Truth will shortly seal this truth, and confirm this witness, and make it evident to the whole world,

That the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience, is most evidently and lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Christ Jesus the Prince of Peace. Amen.

PLEA FOR JOHN CLARKE.

The first is peace, commonly called among all men, the King's Peace, among ourselves and among all the King's subjects and friends, in this country and wheresoever: and, further, at our agent's most reasonable petition, the King prohibits all his subjects to act any hostility toward our Natives inhabiting with us without our consent, which hath hitherto been otherwise practiced to our continual and great grievance and disturbance.

The second jewel is Liberty. The first, of our spirits, which neither Old nor New England knows the like, nor no part of the world a greater.

2d. Liberty of our persons; no life, no limb taken from us, no corporeal punishment, no restraint but by known laws and agreements of our own making.

3. Liberty of our Estates, horses, cattle, lands, goods, not a penny to be taken by any rate from us, without every man's free debate by his deputies, chosen by himself, and sent to the General Assembly.

4. Liberty of society or corporation, of sending or being sent to the General Assembly, of choosing and being chosen to all offices and of making or repealing all laws and constitutions among us.

5. A liberty, which other charters have not, to wit, of attending to the laws of England, with a favorable mitigation, viz. not absolutely, but respecting our wilderness estate and condition.

I confess it were to be wished, that these dainties might have fallen from God, and the King, like showers and dews and manna from heaven, gratis and free, like a joyful harvest or vintage, without any pains of our husbandry; but since the most holy God, the first Cause, hath ordered second causes and means and agents and instruments, it is no more honest for us to withdraw in this case, than for men to come to an Ordinary and to call for the best wine and liquor, the best meats roast and baked, the best attendance, &c., and to be able to pay for all and yet most unworthily steal away and not discharge the reckoning.

My second witness is Common Gratitude, famous among all mankind, yea, among brute beasts, even the wildest and fiercest, for kindness received. It is true, Mr. Clarke might have a just respect to his own and the peace and liberty of his friends of his own persuasion. But I believe the weight that turned the scale with him was the truth of God, viz. a just liberty to all men's spirits in spiritual matters, together with the peace and prosperity of the whole colony. This, I know, put him upon incredible pains and travail, straits and anguish, day and night, himself and his friends and ours, which I believe a great sum of money would not hire him to wade through the like again. I will not trouble you with the allowances, payments, and gratuities of other colonies in like cases. Only let me present you with a famous story out of our English records. Henry the Third, as I remember, fell out with the city of London, took away their charter and set a governor over them, which brought many evils and sorrows on them. But Doctor Redman, so called, pacified the King's anger and procured a restitution of their charter, though with great charges and payments of moneys. Now while this Redman lived, they honored him as a father and heaped all possible gratuities upon him; and when he died they decreed that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen and chief citizens, should yearly and solemnly visit his tomb, which mine eyes have seen performed in the public walks in Paul's, and I presume, it is practised to this day. I will not trouble you with the application of this story, but present you with my third Witness of the fairness of this matter, which is Christianity, which we all pretend to, though in various and different persuasions. This witness soars high above Common justice and Common gratitude, yea, above all religions. This not only speaks home for due payment and due thankfulness, but of doing good for evil, of paying blessing for cursing, of praying for enemies and persecutors, of selling houses and lands, yea, of laying down lives for others. Common justice would not, Common gratitude would not, least of all will Christianity, employ a public messenger unto a mighty King and there leave him to shift for his living and means to go through so high a service, nor leave him to shift for moneys and to mortgage his house and lands to carry on our business and thus to forfeit and lose them; and lost they are, as all must see, except a speedy redemption save them. Shall we say we are christians, yea but ingenuous or just men, to ride securely, in a troublous sea and time, by a new cable and anchor of Mr. Clarke's procuring and to be so far from satisfying his engagement about them, that we turn him adrift to languish and sink, with his back broke, for putting under his shoulder, to ease us. "Which of you," said Christ Jesus to his enemies, "will see an ox or a sheep fall into a pit and not pull it out on the Sab-

hath day?" What beast can labor harder, in ploughing, drawing, or carrying, than Mr. Clarke hath done so long a time, and with so little provender? Shall we now, when he looks for rest at night, tumble him by our neglects into a ditch of sadness, grief, poverty, and ruin?

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If we wholly neglect this business, what will become of our credit? Rhode-Island, in the Greek language, is an Isle of Roses, and so the King's Majesty was pleased to resent it; and his honorable commissioners in their last letter to the Massachusetts from the eastward, gave Rhode-Island and this whole colony an honorable testimony which is like to be pointed to the view of the whole world. Shall we now turn our roses into hemlock and our fragrant ointment into carrion? Our own names, in a righteous way, ought to be more precious to us than thousands of gold or silver, how much infinitely more precious, the name of the most Holy and most High and his holy truth of soul-liberty amongst us.

JOHN CLARKE.

The friend of Roger Williams, was one of the earliest authors of Rhode Island. He was born in 1609, and is supposed to have been a native of Bedfordshire. He was educated as a physician. Soon after his emigration to Massachusetts he publicly claimed, with Roger Williams, full license for religious belief. He was one of the eighteen, who on the seventh of March 1637-8, having formed themselves into an association, purchased Aquetneck and became the Founders of Rhode Island. In 1644, he formed and became the pastor of the Baptist Church at Newport, a charge he retained until his death. In 1649 he was treasurer of the colony. In 1651 he visited his friends at Lynn, and while preaching there on the forenoon of Sunday, July 20, was arrested, compelled to attend meeting in the afternoon, and on the 31st, after trial, condemned to pay a fine of twenty pounds. He wrote from prison proposing a discussion of his theological principles, a course which had been suggested by the judge, Endicott, in passing sentence; but the challenge was not taken up, and Clarke soon after paying his fine, was ordered to leave the colony. In 1651 he went with Roger Williams on an embassy to England, where he remained until he obtained the second charter of the colony dated July 8, 1663. He published in London in 1652, *Ill News from New England.** It contains a narrative of his difficulties and a discussion of various theological points, with an inculcation of the great doctrine of toleration. The work is reprinted in the last volume (second of the fourth series) of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it occupies 113 octavo pages. Its style is diffuse, the sentences being of intolerable length, but is in general animated, and passages occasionally occur which approach to eloquence.

After his return, Clarke was elected for three successive years deputy governor of the colony. He died at Newport in 1676, childless, and by his will, directed the annual income produced by his farm (which has amounted to about $200*) to be given to the poor, and employed for the promotion of religion and learning. The same instrument bears testimony to his learning as well as charity, as he also bequeathes "to his dear friend" Richard Bailey, his Hebrew and Greek books, with a Concordance and Lexicon written by himself. He also left a paper expressing his Calvinistic belief.

SAMUEL GORTON.

Samuel Gorton was born in the town of Gorton, England, where his ancestors had resided for many generations. "I was not brought up," he says, in a letter written to Nathaniel Morton, the annalist, "in the schools of human learning, and I bless God that I never was." In his address to Charles the Second, in 1679, he speaks of "his mother," the Church of England, but in 1636 we find him emigrating from the city of London, where he was engaged in business as a clothier, to Boston, that he might "enjoy liberty of conscience, in respect to faith towards God, and for no other end." After a short residence in Boston, not finding the theology there prevalent to his taste, he removed to Plymouth, where his wife's servant, having smiled in church, "was threatened with banishment from the colony as a common vagabond."† Gorton incurred odium by his defence of the offender, which was increased by his success as a preacher in drawing off hearers from the Plymouth church. This was peculiarly distasteful to the pastor, the Rev. Ralph Smith, who was instrumental in his arraignment and conviction on the charge of heresy. The court, Gorton says, "proceeded to fine and imprisonment, together with sentence given, that my family should depart out of my own hired house within the space of fourteen days, upon the penalty of another great sum of money (besides my fine paid), and their further wrath and displeasure, which time to depart fell to be in a mighty storm of snow as I have seen in the country; my wife being turned out of doors in the said storm . . . . . and myself to travel in the wilderness I knew not whither, the people comforting my wife and children when I was gone with this, that it was impossible for me to come alive to any plantation."‡ This was in the winter of 1637–8.

He removed to Aquetneck, or Rhode Island, where he soon became involved in difficulty about "a small trespass of swine." He was brought before the governor, Coddington, who ordered, "You that are for the king, lay hold on Gorton." He again, on the other side, called forth, "All you that are for the king, lay hold on Coddington." He was whipped and banished from the island.

He next removed to Providence, where, in January, 1642, he purchased land at Pawtuxet. Here he was followed, as at his previous residences, by those who sympathised with his doctrines. He

* Ill News from New England, or a Narrative of New England's Persecution, wherein is declared that while old England is becoming new, New England is become old. Also four proposals to the Honoured Parliament and Council of State, touching the way to Propagate the Gospel of Christ (with small charge and great safety), both in Old England and New. Also four conclusions touching the faith and order of the Gospel of Christ, out of his last Will and Testament, confirmed and justified.

* Allen's Biog. Dict. 1809.

† Life of Gorton, by John M. Mackie, a work to which we are chiefly indebted in the preparation of this article. It is one of the series of American Biographies edited by Jared Sparks.

‡ Letter to Nath. Morton.

soon took part, with his usual warmth, in a dispute between the inhabitants of the settlements at Moshassuck and Pawtuxet. His opponents, in the absence of any chartered government of their own colony, applied to Massachusetts Bay for assistance. That colony answered that they had "no calling or warrant to interfere in their contentions." A second application in September, 1642, was construed into an admission of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay, and Gorton was summoned to Boston. He returned a reply on the 20th of November, denying the jurisdiction of the "men of Massachusetts," in which he was clearly in the right; and again removed in 1642 to lands purchased at Shawomet, from a sachem called Miantonomo. It was not long, however, before two inferior sachems, acknowledging the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, were instigated to claim the purchased lands as their property. The inhabitants of Shawomet were cited to appear at Boston to answer the complaint of these sachems. On their refusal to do so an armed commission was sent to settle the affair. The negotiations failed, and Gorton finally consented to appear, with his followers, at Boston. On their arrival the question of the title to the lands was dropped, and they were tried for heresy. Gorton was convicted, and, narrowly escaping the punishment of death, was sentenced to "be confined to Charlestown, there to be set on work, and to wear such bolts or irons, as may hinder his escape, and to continue during the pleasure of the court." In case he should preach or publish his doctrines he was to be put to death. In January, 1644, this punishment was commuted to banishment. Gorton repaired with his followers to Aquetneck, where they persuaded the sachems to deed their lands, and place themselves under the protection of the English crown. In the same year he sailed from New Amsterdam for England, where he published, in 1646, his tract, entitled *Simplicitie's Defence against Seven-Headed Policy*. He also preached on several occasions to large audiences. He returned in 1648 to Boston, with a letter from the Earl of Warwick, requesting that he might be allowed to pass through Massachusetts unmolested, and on his arrival at Shawomet, named the place Warwick, in acknowledgment of this and other services from that nobleman. He had secured, while in England, the protection of the government, and passed the remainder of his days in tranquillity. He died at an advanced age in the latter part of the year 1677, leaving several children, one of whom, Samuel, lived to the age of ninety-four. His sect seems to have survived him about a century, as President Stiles, of Yale College, remarks, in his manuscript diary on visiting at Providence, November 18, 1771, Mr. John Angell, aged eighty years:—"He is a Gortonist, and the only one I have seen. Gorton lives now only in him; his only disciple left."

In addition to "Simplicitie's Defence," a tract of one hundred and eleven pages quarto, which was reprinted in 1647, and has also been republished in the second volume of the Transactions of the Rhode Island Historical Society, Gorton wrote a commentary on the one hundred and tenth psalm, with the title of *An Incorruptible Key, composed of the ex. Psalm, wherewith you may Open the rest of the Holy Scriptures*, 1647, pp. 240; *Saltmarsh returned from the Dead*, a commentary on the General Epistle of James, 4to. pp. 198; and *An Antidote against the common Plague of the World*, a commentary on the denunciations of the scribes and pharisees in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. A MS. commentary on chapter vi. 9–13 of the same Gospel, in 180 folio pages, is preserved in the library of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

EDWARD JOHNSON.

Edward Johnson is supposed to have emigrated to New England with Governor Winthrop in 1630. He was a prominent man in the organization of the town and church of Woburn in 1642, was chosen its representative in 1648, and annually re-elected, with the exception of the year 1648, until 1671. He held the office of recorder of the town from its incorporation until his death in 1682. His *Wonder Working Providence of Sion's Saviour, in New England*, is a history of the country "from the English planting in the year 1628 until the year 1652." It was published in London in 1654, and reprinted in the second series of the Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., where it forms about 230 pages. It is somewhat rambling and diffuse in style and matter, and contains a number of verses on various New England worthies, of which the following, on Hooker, is an average specimen.

Come, Hooker, come forth of thy native soil;
Christ, I will run, says Hooker, thou hast set
My feet at large, here spend thy last day's toil;
Thy rhetoric shall people's affections whet.

Thy golden tongue and pen Christ caus'd to be
The blazing of his golden truths profound,
Thou sorry worm, it's Christ wrought this in thee;
What Christ hath wrought must needs be very sound.

Then look on Hooker's works, they follow him
To grave, this worthy resteth there awhile:
Die shall he not that hath Christ's warrior been;
Much less Christ's truth, cheer'd by his people's toil.

Thou angel bright, by Christ for light now made;
Throughout the world as seasoning salt to be,
Although in dust thy body mouldering fade,
Thy Head's in heaven, and hath a crown for thee.

The opening of his preface is pithily expressed,

Good Reader: As large gates to small edifices, so are long prefaces to little books; therefore I will briefly inform thee that here thou shalt find the time *when*, the manner *how*, the cause *why*, and the great success *which* it hath pleased the Lord to give to this handful of his praising saints in N. Eng., &c.

JOHN ELIOT.

The "Apostle to the Indians," was born at Nasing, County of Essex, England, in 1604, and educated, like many of the early New England divines, at Cambridge. He was afterwards usher to Hooker in his grammar-school at Little Baddow, near Chelmsford, Essex. He emigrated to New England in 1631, arriving in Boston harbor on the ninth of November. He was soon

after followed by a young lady to whom he had been betrothed in England, and on her arrival they were married. He had commenced preaching before he left England, and had promised the friends to whom he officiated that if they would come to New England he would maintain the same relation to them in the new as in the old home. They did so, and settling at Roxbury chose him as their pastor.

Eliot was intrusted, in company with Weldo and Richard Mather, with the preparation of the metrical version of the Psalms published in 1640, and known as the "Old Bay Psalm Book."

In 1646 an order was passed requesting the elders of the churches to take into consideration the subject of the conversion of the Indians. Eliot, who had some time before this commenced the study of the Indian language with a native, "a pregnant-witted young man," who could speak English, and was especially interested in the race from his belief that they were the long lost tribes of Israel, came forward to respond to the call. Notice was given of his intention, and on the 28th of October, 1646, he proceeded with three others to address for the first time in history, the North American Indians on the subject of Christianity. The text of his sermon delivered in English, and translated sentence by sentence by an interpreter, was from Ezekiel xxxvii. 9, 10.* It was an hour and a quarter long, but listened to with attention by its auditors. A conversation followed, in which the Indians propounded several questions on the topics of the discourse, and expressed a wish to live together in a town.

A second assembly was held a fortnight after, when Eliot addressed them in their own language. Other meetings followed, and a settlement of "praying Indians," as they were styled, was formed, called Nonantum. The Indians assembled, lived in accordance with the instructions they had received, and labored diligently for their subsistence, under the instructions of their missionary, who taught them the use of farming tools.

A second effort was made at Neponset, within the town of Dorchester, and with similar success. The Indians at Concord, Pawtucket, and on Cape Cod, were also visited and addressed by Eliot.

Two tracts, *The Day Breaking, if not the Sun Rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England*, by an anonymous author (probably the Rev. John Wilson, of Boston), and *The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel breaking forth upon the Indians in New England*, by the Rev. Thomas Shepard, of Cambridge, were published in England in 1647 and 1648. The accounts they gave of these transactions were read with interest, and an appeal was made to Parliament for aid in the cause, which resulted in the formation in 1649 of a corporation, "The President and Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England." Money was collected and transmitted to preachers and teachers among the Indians. On the Restoration, in 1660, the society was preserved from extinction by the exertions of the Hon. Robert Boyle, who was made its president. This distinguished man took a deep interest in Eliot's efforts. He maintained a correspondence with him, portions of which have been published in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and by his influence obtained an annual stipend of fifty pounds from the Society for the missionary.

Meanwhile Eliot was instructing the Indians in Christianity and civilization; and in 1651, founded the Indian town of Natick, eighteen miles southwest of Boston. He framed laws for the inhabitants, which were an exact copy of those of the Pentateuch. In 1660, a church was formed, and the Indian converts, having given sufficient testimony of the sincerity of their faith to satisfy the prudent and practical missionary, were admitted to the Holy Communion.

In a letter written to Winslow, in 1649, Eliot had expressed his desire to translate "some part of the scriptures" into the Indian tongue. In 1651 we find by a letter written by him to England, that he was engaged on the task, but with "no hope to see the Bible translated, much less printed, in my days." He, however, kept steadily at work, and the society in England supplying funds, the New Testament in the Indian language, commenced in 1658 at the first press set up in the colony at Harvard, was published in September, 1661. In 1663, the Old Testament was added to it, a catechism and translation of the Bay Psalm Book being included in the volume. A dedication to the king was prefixed to the copies sent to England, but to few of those circulated at home.

This Bible was printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson. It was the first, and for nearly a century after, the only version of the Scriptures published in the colonies. A second edition of the New Testament appeared in 1680, and of the Old in 1685. Two thousand copies were printed of these, and fifteen hundred, it is estimated, of the former editions. Eliot received no remuneration for his labor, and contributed from his small salary to defray the expense of publication. The translation is written in a dialect of the Mohegan tongue, which has long since become extinct. The work has been of great service to the students of the Indian languages, and although it has proved, by the dispersion of those for whom it was designed, of less practical benefit than its author anticipated, it must ever be honored as a monument of Christian zeal, patient toil, and earnest scholarship.

Eliot published in 1664 a translation of Baxter's Call to the Unconverted in the Indian language, and in 1666 an Indian grammar. Several communities of Christian Indians had been formed, who were progressing satisfactorily in a life in accordance with their profession, when an interruption occurred to their advance, which proved eventually fatal to their existence. This was King Philip's war. The "praying Indians" suffered from the hatred of the red men, as well as from the distrust of the white, and at the close of the contest many of their communities had been broken up.

Eliot had, throughout the whole period of his Indian labors, retained his connexion with Rox-

* Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, Prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God; Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came upon them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

bury, and had also found time to prepare several short religious treatises. He died at the age of eighty-six, on the 20th of May, 1690.

Eliot's Indian grammar, and his letters to the Hon. Robert Boyle, have been reprinted in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. His other writings are *The Christian Commonwealth*, a treatise on government, framed from the Scriptures for his Indian converts, which he published in London in 1654, with a preface recommending its adoption to the people of England;* *The Communion of Churches; or the Divine Management of Gospel Churches by the Ordinance of Councils, constituted in Order, according to the Scriptures*, a tract published in 1665; and a volume of one hundred and thirty-one pages, published in 1678, entitled, *The Harmony of the Gospels in the holy History of the Humiliation and Sufferings of Jesus Christ, from his Incarnation to his Death and Burial.*

In addition to the translations already mentioned, he published in 1685 a version of the "Practice of Piety," a popular devotional work, written by Lewis Bayly, chaplain to James I., and Bishop of Bangor, from 1616 to his death in 1632, and in 1688, of two tracts by Thomas Shepard, "The Sincere Convert," and "The Sound Believer." He also published an Indian primer.

In his intercourse with his parishioners, and in his private life, Eliot was remarkable for mildness, meekness, and generosity. He combined with the latter virtue a total forgetfulness of self, and his household affairs would often have been in sorry plight, had he not had a good wife who shared his old age as she had his youth, to look after them. She one day, by way of a joke, pointing out their cows before the door, asked him whose they were, and found that he did not know. The treasurer of his church paying him a portion of his salary on one occasion, tied the coin in the pastor's pocket-handkerchief with an abundance of knots, as a check to his freedom of disbursement in charity. On his way home, the good man stopped to visit a destitute family, and was soon tugging at the knots to get at his money. Quickly growing impatient he gave the whole to the mother of the family, saying, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord designs it all for you." He showed an equally liberal disregard of self in his dealings with his congregation, proposing in place of the usual rate or tax by which the clergy was supported, to depend for his maintenance on the voluntary contributions of his congregation, and towards the close of his life suggested the appointment of an assistant, on whom he offered to bestow his entire salary. His congregation answered, that they would count his very presence worth a salary, when he should be so superannuated as to do no further service to them.

The last years of his life were much occupied with endeavors to promote education among the negroes who had been introduced into the country. "He did not live," says Mather,† "to make much progress in the undertaking."

Extremely simple and frugal in his personal habits, though by no means ascetic, he opposed violently the use of tobacco, and with Puritan consistency, the wearing of long hair or of wigs.

Out of six children, but two survived him. "My desire was," he said of the others, "that they should have served God on earth; but if God will choose to have them rather serve him in heaven, I have nothing to object against it, but his will be done."

Eliot's life has been written by Convers Francis, in Sparks's American Biography, occupying an entire volume of that series. Mather devotes many pages of the Magnalia to the record of his good words and works—pithily and quaintly remarking of him, that "he was a Boniface as well as a Benedict," and gives us a report, "writ from him as he uttered it," of one of his sermons, "a paraphrase that I have heard himself to make upon that Scripture, 'Our conversation is in heaven."

> Behold, said he, the ancient and excellent character of a true Christian; 'tis that which Peter calls "holiness in all manner of conversation;" you shall not find a Christian out of the way of godly conversation. For, first, a *seventh part* of our time is all spent in heaven, when we are duly zealous for, and zealous on the Sabbath of God. Besides, God has written on the head of the Sabbath, REMEMBER, which looks both forwards and backwards, and thus a good part of the week will be spent in sabbatizing. Well, but for the rest of our time! Why, we shall have that spent in heaven, ere we have done. For, secondly, we have many days for both fasting and thanksgiving in our pilgrimage; and here are so many Sabbaths more. Moreover, thirdly, we have our lectures every week; and pious people won't miss them, if they can help it. Furthermore, fourthly, we have our private meetings, wherein we pray, and sing, and repeat sermons, and confer together about the things of God; and being now come thus far, we are in heaven almost every day. But a little farther, fifthly, we perform family-duties every day; we have our morning and evening sacrifices, wherein having read the Scriptures to our families, we call upon the name of God, and ever now and then carefully catechise those that are under our charge. Sixthly, we shall also have our daily devotions in our closets; wherein unto *supplication* before the Lord, we shall add some serious *meditation* upon his word: a David will be at this work no less than thrice a day. Seventhly, we have likewise many scores of *ejaculations* in a day; and these we have, like Nehemiah, in whatever place we come into. Eighthly, we have our occasional *thoughts* and our occasional *talks* upon spiritual matters; and we have our occasional acts of *charity*, wherein we do like the inhabitants of heaven every day. Ninthly, in our callings, in our *civil* callings, we keep up heavenly frames; we buy and sell, and toil; yea, we eat and drink, with some eye both to the *command* and the *honor* of God in all. Behold, I have not now left an inch of time to be carnal; it is all engrossed for heaven. And yet, lest here should not be enough, lastly, we have our *spiritual warfare*. We are always encountering the enemies of our souls, which continually raises our hearts unto our Helper and Leader in the heavens. Let no man say, "'Tis impossible to live at this rate;" for we have known some *live* thus; and others that have written of such a life have but spun a web out of their own blessed experiences. New England has example of

* It is reprinted in the third series of the Collections of the Mass. Hist. Soc., volume ix.
† Mather's Magnalia.

this life: though, alas! 'tis to be lamented that the distractions of the world, in too many professors, do becloud the beauty of an heavenly conversation. In fine, our employment lies in heaven. In the morning, if we ask, "Where am I to be to-day?" our souls must answer, "In heaven." In the evening, if we ask, "Where have I been to-day?" our souls may answer, "In heaven." If thou art a believer, thou art no stranger to heaven while thou livest; and when thou diest, heaven will be no strange place to thee; no, thou hast been there a thousand times before.

Gookin, in his Historical Collections of the Indians, gives this pleasing picture of Eliot's teaching:—

Besides his preaching to them, he framed two catechisms in the Indian tongue, containing the principles of the Christian religion; a lesser for children, and a larger for older persons. These also he communicated unto the Indians gradually, a few questions at a time, according unto their capacity to receive them. The questions he propounded one lecture day, were answered the next lecture day. His manner was, after he had begun the meeting with prayer, then first to catechise the children; and they would readily answer well for the generality. Then would he encourage them with some small gift, as an apple, or a small biscuit, which he caused to be bought for the purpose. And, by this prudence and winning practice, the children were induced with delight to get into their memories the principles of the Christian religion. After he had done the children, then would he take the answers of the catechetical questions of the elder persons; and they did generally answer judiciously. When the catechizing was past, he would preach to them upon some portion of scripture, for about three quarters of an hour; and then give liberty to the Indians to propound questions, as I intimated before; and in the close, finish all with prayer.

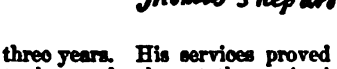
Daniel Gookin, a native of Kent, in England, was among the early settlers of Virginia, and in 1644 removed to Cambridge, in consequence of his doctrinal sympathies with the New England Puritans. He was soon appointed captain of the military company of the town, and a member of the House of Deputies. In 1652 he was elected assistant or magistrate, and appointed in 1656 by the General Court, superintendent of all the Indians who acknowledged the government of Massachusetts, an office he retained until his death. In 1656 he visited England, and had an interview with Cromwell, who authorized him to invite the people of New England to remove to Jamaica, then recently conquered from Spain. In 1662 he was appointed one of the two licensers of the Cambridge printing-press. His work, *Historical Collections of the Indians in New England*, bears date 1674. The breaking out of King Philip's war soon after, led to the passage of several measures against the Natick and other Indians who had submitted to the English. Gookin was the only magistrate who joined Eliot in opposing these proceedings, and, consequently, subjected himself to reproaches from his fellow-magistrates and insult in the public streets. He took an active part on the side of the people against the measures which terminated in the withdrawal of the charter of the colony, in 1686. He died the next year, so poor, that we find John Eliot soon after soliciting a gift of ten pounds from Robert Boyle, for his widow.

There is an account of Gookin in the first volume of the Massachusetts Historical Collections, appended to the reprint of his Collections of the Indians—one of the most pleasing of the original narratives of the aborigines.

It was by Eliot's influence that an attempt was made to educate Indian youths with reference to Harvard, which encouraged the work. The plan, however, proved unsuccessful. The health of some of the students failed, and the courage of others; a number fell off to different occupations. The name of one graduate is on the catalogue of the University, of the year 1665, "Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck Indus." He soon afterwards died of consumption. Gookin speaks of another, "a good scholar and a pious man, as I judge," who, within a few months of the time of taking his degree, made a voyage to his relatives at Martha's Vineyard, and was drowned by shipwreck or murdered by the savages on his return. At a later day, in 1714, an Indian student of Harvard, named Larnel, spoken of as "an extraordinary Latin poet and a good Greek one," died during his college course.*

THOMAS SHEPARD.

THOMAS SHEPARD, a writer whose reputation has been among the most permanent of his brethren of the early New England clergy, was born at Towcester, near Northampton, England, in 1605, and educated at Emanuel college, Cambridge. On obtaining the degree of Master of Arts, he became a preacher at Earls Coln, in Essex, where a *lecture*† had been established by endowment for



three years. His services proved so acceptable to the people, that at the expiration of the time they raised a voluntary subscription for his support, and he remained among them until silenced not long after for non-conformity.

After passing some time "with the kind family of the Harlakendens,"‡ he removed to Buttercrambe, near York, where he resided in the family of Sir Richard Darby, whose daughter he married, and preached in the neighborhood, until again silenced. After a third attempt, at Heddon, in Northumberland,§ with like result, he

* Mass. Hist. Soc. Col., First Series, i. 173. Quincy's Hist. of Harvard, i. 444.

† These lectures were originally established by benevolent persons, as a provision for spiritual instruction in large or destitute parishes, to aid the established clergy, and in connexion with the national church.

‡ The second son of Mr. Harlakenden, Roger, accompanied Shepard to New England, settled with him at Cambridge, and died at the early age of twenty-seven. "He was," says Winthrop, "a very godly man, and of good use, both in the commonwealth and in the church. He was buried with military honor, because he was lieutenant-colonel. He left behind a virtuous gentlewoman and two daughters. He died in great peace, and left a sweet memorial behind him of his piety and virtue. Young's Chron. Mass. Bay, 317.

§ According to Mather, he hired a house in this place which

resolved to emigrate to New England. He embarked with Cotton at Yarmouth, at the close of the year 1634. The vessel, encountering a storm in Yarmouth roads, returned to port in a disabled condition. Passing a few months in retirement, he again sailed in July from Gravesend, "in a bottom too decayed and feeble indeed for such a voyage; but yet well accomodated with the society of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Jones, and other christians, which more significantly made good the name of the ship, the Defence."* The vessel sprang a leak, which was, however, got under, and Mr. Shepard landed in New England on the third of October. On the first of the following February he succeeded Mr. Hooker as minister at Cambridge, where he remained until his death, at the early age of forty-four years, August 25th, 1649.

"The published composures of this laborious person," to use Cotton Mather's phrase, were, *Theses Sabbatica; The Matter of the Visible Church; The Church Membership of Little Children;* a letter entitled, *New England's Lamentation for Old England's Errours;* several sermons; *The Sincere Convert; The Sound Believer;* and the *Parable of the Ten Virgins Opened*, published after his death in a folio volume. The two last mentioned of these works, with his Meditations and Spiritual Experience, and a treatise on Evangelical Conversion, have been reprinted in England within the last quarter of a century, in a popular form.

Shepard left an autobiography, which remained unpublished until 1832, when it was printed for the use of the Shepard Congregational Society at Cambridge. It is also printed in the Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, collected and edited by the Rev. Alexander Young, where it occupies fifty-eight octavo pages.

It is written in a simple, earnest style, and is occupied in a great measure with an account of his spiritual experiences, reminding us somewhat of John Bunyan. He received the name of the doubting Apostle, he tells us, because he was born "upon the fifth day of November, called the Powder Treason day, and that very hour of the day wherein the Parliament should have been blown up by Popish priests, which occasioned my father to give me this name Thomas; because he said, I would hardly *believe* that ever any such wickedness should be attempted by men against so religious and good a Parliament." Speaking of his proposed removal to Coggeshall, he introduces an anecdote of Thomas Hooker. "Mr. Hooker only did object to my going thither; for being but young and unexperienced, and there being an old, yet shy and malicious minister in the town, who did seem to give way to have it (the lecture) there, did therefore say it was dangerous and uncomfortable for little birds to build under the nests of old ravens and kites."

One of the most noticeable passages of the work is the account of the shipwreck off Yarmouth.

In the year 1634, about the beginning of the winter, we set sail from Harwich. And having gone some few leagues on to the sea, the wind stopped us that night, and so we cast anchor in a dangerous place, and on the morning the wind grew fierce, and rough against us full, and drave us toward the sands. But the vessel being laden too heavy at the head, would not stir for all that which the seamen could do, but drave us full upon the sands near Harwich harbour; and the ship did grate upon the sands, and was in great danger. But the Lord directed one man to cut some cable or rope in the ship, and so she was turned about, and was beaten quite backward toward Yarmouth, quite out of our way.

But while the ship was in this great danger, a wonderful miraculous providence did appear to us. For, one of the seamen, that he might save the vessel, fell in when it was in that danger, and so was carried out a mile or more from the ship, and given for dead and gone. The ship was then in such danger, that none could attend to follow him; and when it was out of the danger, it was a very great hazard to the lives of any that should take the skiff to seek to find him. Yet it pleased the Lord, that being discerned afar off floating upon the waters, three of the seamen adventured out upon the rough waters, and at last, about an hour after he fell into the sea (as we conjectured), they came and found him floating upon the waters, never able to swim, but supported by a divine hand all this while. When the men came to him, they were glad to find him, but concluded he was dead, and so got him into the skiff, and when he was there, tumbled him down as one dead. Yet one of them said to the rest, "Let us use what means we can, if there be life, to preserve it;" and thereupon turned his head downward for the water to run out. And having done so, the fellow began to gasp and breathe. Then they applied other means they had: and so he began at last to move, and then to speak, and by that time he came to the ship, he was pretty well, and able to walk. And so the Lord showed us his great power. Whereupon a godly man in the ship then said, "This man's danger and deliverance is a type of ours; for he did fear dangers were near unto us, and that yet the Lord's power should be shown in saving of us."

For so, indeed, it was. For the wind did drive us quite backward out of our way, and gave us no place to anchor at until we came unto Yarmouth roads—an open place at sea, yet fit for anchorage, but otherwise a very dangerous place. And so we came thither through many uncomfortable hazards, within thirty hours, and cast anchor in Yarmouth roads. Which when we had done, upon a Saturday morning, the Lord sent a most dreadful and terrible storm of wind from the west, so dreadful that to this day the seamen call it *Windy Saturday;* that it also scattered many ships on divers coasts at that time, and divers ships were cast away. One among the rest, which was the seaman's ship who came with us from Newcastle, was cast away, and he and all his men perished. But when the wind thus arose, the master cast all his anchors; but the storm was so terrible, that the anchors broke, and the ship drave toward the sands, where we could not but be cast away. Whereupon the master cries out that we were dead men, and thereupon the whole company go to prayer. But the vessel still drave so near to the sands, that the master shot off two pieces of ordnance to the town, for help to save the passengers. The town perceived it, and thousands came upon

had been last tenanted by a witch, and performed prodigies in the allaying of strange noises, as he had previously silenced the sound of a great bell tolling at two o'clock at night at the Harlakenders' homestead. Shepard himself says, "When we came into it (the house), a known witch came out of it; and being troubled with noises four or five nights together, we sought God by prayer to remove so sore a trial; and the Lord heard and blessed us there and removed the trouble."

* Mather.

the walls of Yarmouth, and looked upon us, bearing we were New-England men, and pitied much, and gave us for gone, because they saw other ships perishing near unto us at that time; but could not send any help unto us, though much money was offered by some to hazard themselves for us.

So the master not knowing what to do, it pleased the Lord that there was one Mr. Cock, a drunken fellow, but no seaman, yet one that had been at sea often, and would come in a humor unto New England with us; whether it was to see the country, or no, I cannot tell. But sure I am, God intended it for good unto us, to make him an instrument to save all our lives; for he persuaded the master to cut down his mainmast. The master was unwilling to it, and besotted, not sensible of ours and his own loss. At last this Cock calls for hatchets, tells the master, "If you be a man, save the lives of your passengers, cut down your mainmast." Hereupon he encouraged all the company, who were forlorn and hopeless of life: and the seamen presently cut down the mast aboard, just at that very time wherein we all gave ourselves for gone, to see neither Old nor New England, nor faces of friends any more, there being near upon two hundred passengers in the ship. And so when the mast was down, the master had one little anchor left, and cast it out. But the ship was driven away toward the sands still; and the seamen came to us, and bid us look, pointing to the place, where our graves should shortly be, conceiving also that the wind had broke off this anchor also. So the master professed he had done what he could, and therefore now desired us to go to prayer. So Mr. Norton in one place, and myself in another part of the ship, he with the passengers, and myself with the mariners above decks, went to prayer, and committed our souls and bodies unto the Lord that gave them.

Immediately after prayer, the wind began to abate, and the ship stayed. For the last anchor was not broke, as we conceived, but only rent up with the wind, and so drave, and was drawn along, ploughing the sands with the violence of the wind; which abating after prayer, though still very terrible, the ship was stopped just when it was ready to be swallowed up of the sands, a very little way off from it. And so we rid it out; yet not without fear of our lives, though the anchor stopped the ship; because the cable was let out so far, that a little rope held the cable, and the cable the little anchor, and the little anchor the great ship, in this great storm. But when one of the company perceived that we were so strangely preserved, had these words, "That thread we hang by will save us;" for so we accounted of the rope fastened to the anchor in comparison of the fierce storm. And so indeed it did, the Lord showing his dreadful power towards us, and yet his unspeakable rich mercy to us, who, in depths of mercy, heard, nay, helped us, when we could not cry through the disconsolate fears we had, out of these depths of seas, and miseries.

Shepard's wife contracted a consumption in consequence of exposure during the stormy passage in a crazy vessel across the Atlantic, and died a few years after their arrival. He married a second wife, a daughter of Thomas Hooker, and the autobiography closes with a beautiful and pathetic eulogy on her mild virtues.

In 1645 Shepard published a brief tract, *New England's Lamentations for Old England's Errors*,* from which we quote a passage on toleration:

VIEWS OF TOLERATION.

To cut off the hand of the magistrate from touching men for their consciences (which you also mention), will certainly, in time (if it get ground), be the utter overthrow, as it is the undermining, of the Reformation begun. This opinion is but one of the fortresses and strongholds of Sathan, to keep his head from crushing by Christ's heel, who (forsooth), because he is crept into men's consciences, and because conscience is a tender thing, no man must here meddle with him, as if consciences were made to be the safeguard of sin and error, and Sathan himself, if once they can creep into them. As for New England, we never banished any for their consciences, but for sinning against conscience, after due means of conviction, or some other wickedness which they had no conscience to plead for; they that censure New England for what they have done that way, should first hear it speak before they condemn. We have magistrates, that are gracious and zealous; we have ministers, that are aged and experienced, and holy and wise; no man was yet ever banished from us, but they had the zeal and care of the one, the holiness, learning, and best abilities of the other, seeking their good before they were sent from the coasts. And when they have been banished, as they have had warrant from the word, so God from heaven hath ever borne witness, by some strange hand of his providence against them, either delivering them up to vile lusts and sins, or to confusion amongst themselves, or to some sudden and terrible deaths, for their obstinacy against the light, and means used to heal their consciences. I could tell you large stories (if need were) of these things.

ROGER CLAP.

One of the most touching memorials of the New England worthies, is the simple narrative of Captain Roger Clap of Dorchester, which he prepared for the benefit of his children. The incidents it contains are few, but the manner in which it reflects the spirit of the time makes it valuable as an historical document, while it is far from being without claims to attention in a literary point of view. Roger Clap was born at Salcom, Devonshire, in 1609, emigrated to Massachusetts in 1630, settled at Dorchester, served in the Pequot war, and died in 1691. He had a large family, who bore the genuine Puritan names of Samuel, William, Elizabeth, Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Thomas, Unite, and Supply. His manuscript "Memoirs" were first published by the Rev. Thomas Prince, the antiquarian, in 1731, and have been five times reprinted, the last impression having been issued by the Dorchester Historical Society, in a duodecimo volume.

NEW ENGLAND RETROSPECT.

In those days God did cause his people to trust in him, and to be contented with mean things. It was

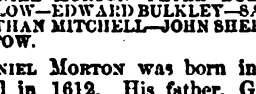
* New England's Lamentation for Old England's present errours and divisions, and their feared future desolations, if not timely prevented; occasioned by the increase of Anabaptists, Rigid Separatists, Antinomians, and Familists; together with some seasonable remedies against the infection of those errours, prescribed in A Letter, sent from Mr. Thomas Shepard, sometime of Immanuel College, in Cambridge, and now Minister of the Gospel in Cambridge, in New England, to a godly friend of his in Barre, in Suffolk. London, printed by George Miller, 1645.

not accounted a strange thing in those days to drink water and to eat samp or hominy without butter or milk. Indeed it would have been a strange thing to see a piece of roast beef, mutton, or veal; though it was not long before there was roast goat. After the first winter, we were very healthy; though some of us had no great store of corn. The Indians did sometimes bring corn, and truck with us for clothing and knives; and once I had a peck of corn or thereabouts, for a little puppy-dog. Frost fish, muscles, and clams were a relief to many. If our provision be better now than it was then, let us not (and do you, dear children, take heed that you do not) forget the Lord our God. You have better food and raiment than was in former times, but have you better hearts than your forefathers had? If so, rejoice in that mercy, and let New England then shout for joy. Sure all the people of God in other parts of the world, that shall hear that the children and grandchildren of the first planters of New England have better hearts, and are more heavenly than their predecessors; they will doubtless greatly rejoice, and will say, This is the generation whom the Lord hath blessed.

And now, dear children, I know not the time of my death; my time is in God's hands; but my age shows me it cannot be far off. Therefore while I am in health and strength, I tho't good to put into writing and leave with you, what I have desired in my heart, and oftentimes expressed to you with my tongue.

NATHANIEL MORTON—PETER BULKLEY—JOSIAH WINSLOW—EDWARD BULKLEY—SAMUEL STONE—JONATHAN MITCHELL—JOHN SHERMAN—JOSHUA SCOTTOW.

NATHANIEL MORTON was born in the north of England in 1612. His father, George Morton emigrated to Plymouth with his family in 1623 and died the following year. Nathaniel was elected Clerk of the Colonial Court in 1645, and held the office until his death, in 1685.



The colony records show him to have been a faithful and capable officer, and he is said to have been equally estimable in all the other relations of life. His *New England's Memorial; or, a brief Relation of the most memorable and remarkable Passages of the Providence of God, manifested to the Planters of New England in America; with special reference to the First Colony thereof, called New Plymouth, published for the use and benefit of present and future generations*, was published at Cambridge in 1669, a second edition in 1721, and three others have since appeared, the last in 1826, with a large body of valuable notes by the Hon. John Davis. The work is arranged in the form of annals, commencing with the departure of the Pilgrims from England, and closing with the date of publication. Apart from his honorable position, as the first historian of the country, Secretary Morton possesses some claims, from the purity and earnestness of his style, to favorable notice.

Secretary Morton has preserved much of the contemporary poetry of his time by the insertion of the elegies, written by their fellows on the worthies whose deaths he has occasion to record in the progress of his annals—a practice which was also followed by Mather. Two of these—the lines on Hooker by Cotton, and part of the tribute to Cotton by Woodbridge—have been already given. We add a few other specimens, with brief accounts of their authors.

There is an Elegy on Hooker, by PETER BULKLEY. After twenty-one years' service in the English Church, he was silenced for non-conformity, and came to Cambridge, in New England, in 1635. The following year he founded the town of Concord, where he remained until his death, in 1659. He published several sermons, and some brief Latin poems.

A LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF THAT PRECIOUS AND WORTHY MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST, MR. THOMAS HOOKER, WHO DIED JULY 7, 1647, AS THE SUN WAS SETTING. THE SAME HOUR OF THE DAY DIED BLESSED CALVIN, THAT GLORIOUS LIGHT.

* * * *

Let Hartford sigh, and say, *I've lost a treasure;*
Let all New England mourn at God's displeasure,
In taking from us one more gracious
Than is the gold of Ophir precious.
Sweet was the savour which his grace did give,
It season'd all the place where he did live.
His name did as an ointment give its smell,
And all bear witness that it savour'd well.
Wisdom, love, meekness, friendly courtesy,
Each moral virtue, with rare piety,
Pure zeal, yet mixt with mildest clemency,
Did all conspire in this one breast to lie.
Deep was his knowledge, judgment was acute,
His doctrine solid, which none could confute.
To mind he gave light of intelligence,
And search'd the corners of the conscience.
To sinners stout, which no law could bring under,
To them he was a son of dreadful thunder,
When all strong oaks of Bashan us'd to quake,
And fear did Lebanus his cedars shake;
The stoutest hearts he filled full of fears,
He clave the rocks, they melted into tears.
Yet to sad souls, with sense of sin cast down,
He was a son of consolation.
Sweet peace he gave to such as were contrite;
Their darkness sad he turn'd to joyous light.
Of preaching he had learn'd the rightest art,
To every one dividing his own part.
Each ear that heard him said, *He spake to me:*
So piercing was his holy ministry.
His life did shine, time's changes stain'd it not,
Envy itself could not there find a spot.

JOSIAH WINSLOW celebrates Governor Bradford. Winslow was the first Governor born in New England. He was annually chosen in the Plymouth colony, from 1673 to 1680. In King Philip's war he was commander of the Plymouth forces, and did good service in the field. He died at Marshfield in 1680.

BY THE HONOURED MAJOR JOSIAS WINSLOW, ON MR. WILLIAM BRADFORD, AS FOLLOWETH:

If we should trace him from the first, we find
He flies his country, leaves his friends behind,
To follow God, and to profess his ways,
And here encounters hardships many days.

He is content, with Moses, if God please,
Renouncing honour, profit, pleasure, ease,
To suffer tossings, and unsettlements,
And if their rage doth rise, to banishments.

He weighs it not, so he may still preserve
His conscience clear, and with God's people serve
Him freely, 'cording to his mind and will,
If not in one place, he'll go forward still.

If God have work for him in th' ends of th' earth,
Safe, danger, hunger, colds, nor any dearth;
A howling wilderness, nor savage men,
Discourage him, he'll follow God again.

And how God hath made him an instrument
To us of quiet, peace and settlement;
I need not speak; the eldest, youngest know,
God honour'd him with greater work than so.

To sum up all, in this he still went hence,
This man was wholly God's; his recompense
Remains beyond expression, and he is
Gone to possess it in eternal bliss.

He's happy, happy thrice: unhappy we
That still remain more changes here to see:
Let's not lament that God hath taken him
From troubles hence, in seas of joys to swim.

The death of Samuel Stone introduces Edward, the son of Peter Bulkley, just mentioned. He succeeded his father in his pastoral charge at Concord.

Samuel Stone was born at Hartford, England, educated at Cambridge, and came to Plymouth in the same ship with Cotton and Hooker. He accompanied the latter to Hartford, which was named after his native place, where he acted as his associate for fourteen years, and for sixteen more as his successor. The latter part of his life was embittered by a dispute between himself and the ruling elder on a speculative point of divinity, which led to a division of the church. He printed a sermon and left behind him two works in MS., one of which was a body of divinity, "a rich treasure," says Cotton Mather, which "has often been transcribed by the vast pains of our candidates for the ministry." Neither has been printed.

A THRENODIA UPON OUR CHURCHES SECOND DARK ECLIPSE, HAPPENING JULY 20, 1663, BY DEATH'S INTERPOSITION BETWEEN US AND THAT GREAT LIGHT AND DIVINE PLANT, MR. SAMUEL STONE.

A stone more than the Ebenezer fam'd;
Stone splendent diamond, right orient named;
A cordial stone, that often cheered hearts
With pleasant wit, with Gospel rich imparts;
Whetstone, that edgify'd th' obtusest mind;
Loadstone, that drew the iron heart unkind;
A pond'rous stone, that would the bottom sound
Of Scripture depths, and bring out Arcan's found;
A stone for kingly David's use so fit,
As would not fail Goliah's front to hit;
A stone, an antidote, that brake the course
Of gangrene errour, by convincing force;
A stone acute, fit to divide and square;
A squared stone became Christ's building rare.
A Peter's living, lively stone (so rear'd)
As 'live, was Hartford's life; dead, death is fear'd.
In Hartford old, Stone first drew infant breath,
In New, effus'd his last: O there beneath
His corps are laid, near to his darling brother,
Of whom dead oft he sigh'd, *Not such another.*
Heaven is the more desirable, said he,
For Hooker, Shepard, and Haynes' company.
E. B. (probably Edward Bulkley).

These lines, remarkable for their quaint simplicity, on John Wilson, are attributed to Jonathan Mitchell, a graduate of Harvard of 1647, and the successor of Shepard at Cambridge in 1650. He died in 1668, at the age of forty-four.

UPON THE DEATH OF THAT REVEREND, AGED, EVER HONOURED AND GRACIOUS SERVANT OF CHRIST, MR. JOHN WILSON.

Ah! now there's none who does not know,
That this day in our Israel,
Is fall'n a great and good man too,
A Prince, I might have said as well:
A man of princely power with God,
For faith and love of princely spirit;
Our Israel's chariots, horsemen good,
By faith and prayer, though not by merit.
Renown'd for practick piety
In Englands both, from youth to age;
In Cambridge, Inns-Court, Sudbury,
And each place of his pilgrimage.
As humble as a little child,
When yet in real worth high-grown:
Himself a nothing still he stil'd,
When God so much had for him done.
In love, a none-such; as the sand,
With largest heart God did him fill,
A bounteous mind, an open hand,
Affection sweet, all sweet'ning still.
Love was his life; he dy'd in love;
Love doth embalm his memory;
Love is his bliss and joy, above
With God now who is love for ay:
A comprehending charity
To all, where ought appear'd of good;
And yet in zeal was none more high
Against th' apparent serpent's brood.
* * * * * * *
Gains, our host, ah now is gone!
Can we e'er look for such another?
But yet there is a mansion,
Where we may all turn in together.
No moving inn, but resting place,
Where his blest soul is gathered;
Where good men going are a pace
Into the bosom of their Head.
Ay, thither let us haste away,
Sure heaven will the sweeter be,
(If there we ever come to stay)
For him, and others such as he.

Mitchell, in his turn, is soon commemorated by John Sherman, a non-conformist emigrant from England, who officiated at Watertown and New Haven as a clergyman, and took an active part as civil magistrate. He was a mathematician, and published for many years an Almanac, well garnished with moral reflections. He was married twice, and was the father of twenty-six children. He died at the age of sixty-two, in 1675.

AN EPITAPH UPON THE DEPLORED DEATH OF THAT SUPEREMINENT MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, MR. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Here lies the darling of his time,
Mitchell expired in his prime;
Who four years short of forty-seven,
Was found full ripe and pluck'd for heaven.
Was full of prudent zeal and love,
Faith, patience, wisdom from above;
New-England's stay, next age's story;
The churches gem; the college glory.
Angels may speak him; ah! not I,
(Whose worth's above Hyperbole)
But for our loss, wer't in my power,
I'd weep an everlasting shower. J. S.*

J. S. has also been supposed to refer to Joshua Scottow, a merchant of Boston. The only

* Guided by these initials only, we are inclined to attribute the lines to which they are annexed, to the Rev. John Sherman. (Davis's note.)

dates known in reference to his life, are those of his admission to church membership in the Old Church, Boston, on "the nineteenth of the third month," 1639, with his brother Thomas, as the "sonnes of our sister Thomasine Scottowe," the record of the birth of seven of his children, the eldest of whom was born, September 30, 1646; the date of his will, June 28, 1696; and of its probate, March 3, 1698. His name is, however, of frequent recurrence in the town records, and he appears to have maintained throughout his long life an honorable position.

He was the author of *Old Men's fears for their own declensions, mixed with fears of their and posterities further falling off from New England's Primitive Constitution. Published by some of Boston's old Planters, and some other.* 1691. pp. 26. It contains a vigorously written presentation of what the writer regarded as the degeneracy of his times.

NEW ENGLAND'S DECLINE.

Our spot is not the spot of God's children; the old Puritan garb, and gravity of heart, and habit lost and ridiculed into strange and fantastic fashions and attire, naked backs and bare breasts, and forehead, if not of the whorish woman, yet so like unto it, as would require a more than ordinary spirit of discernment to distinguish; the virgins dress and matrons veil, showing their power on their heads, because of the holy angels, turned into powdered foretops and top-gallant attire, not becoming the Christian, but the comedian assembly, not the church, but the stage play, where the devil sits regent in his dominion, as he once boasted out of the mouth of a demoniack, church member, he there took possession of, and made this response to the church, supplicating her deliverance; so as now we may and must say, New England is not to be found in New England, nor Boston in Boston; it is become a lost town (as at first it was called); we must now cry out, our leanness, our leanness, our apostacy, our apostacy, our Atheism, spiritual idolatry, adultery, formality in worship, carnal and vain confidence in church privileges, forgetting of God our rock, and multitude of other abominations.

This tract was reprinted, with the omission of the address to the reader, by D. Gookin, in 1749. In 1694, *A Narrative of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony, Anno* 1628, *with the Lord's signal presence the first Thirty years. Also a caution from New England's Apostle, the great Cotton, how to escape the calamity, which might befal them or their posterity, and confirmed by the evangelist Norton, with prognostics from the famous Dr. Owen, concerning the fate of these Churches, and Animadversions upon the anger of God in sending of evil angels among us. Published by Old Planters, the authors of the Old Men's Fears*, a pamphlet of seventy-eight pages, appeared, much in the style of the author's former productions.*

ANNE BRADSTREET.

It is with a fine flourish of his learned trump of fame that Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, introduces Anne Bradstreet, who wrote the first volume of poems published in New England. "If the rare learning of a daughter was not the least of those bright things which adorned no less a

Judge of England than Sir Thomas More; it must now be said, that a Judge of New England, namely, Thomas Dudley, Esq., had a daughter (besides other children) to be a crown unto him. Reader, America justly admires the learned women of the other hemisphere. She has heard of those that were witnesses to the old professors of all philosophy: she hath heard of Hippatia, who formerly taught the liberal arts; and of Sarocchia, who, more lately, was very often the moderatrix in the disputations of the learned men of Rome: she has been told of the three Corinnas, which equalled, if not excelled, the most celebrated poets of their time: she has been told of the Empress Eudocia, who composed poetical paraphrases on various parts of the Bible; and of Rosnida, who wrote the lives of holy men; and of Pamphilia, who wrote other histories unto the life; the writings of the most renowned Anna Maria Schurman, have come over unto her. But she now prays that into such catalogues of authoresses as Beverovicius, Hottinger, and Vostius, have given unto the world, there may be a room now given unto Madam Ann Bradstreet, the daughter of our Governor Dudley, and the consort of our Governor Bradstreet, whose poems, divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles."

Thomas Dudley, the father of this gifted lady, had been a soldier of the Protestant wars of Elizabeth in the Low Countries, and afterwards retrieved the fortunes of the Earl of Lincoln by his faithful stewardship of his estates. He came over to Massachusetts with a party of Puritan refugees, among whom was his son-in-law, Simon Bradstreet, from the Earl's county, in 1630; and four years afterwards, succeeded Winthrop as Governor of the Colony. In addition to his various valorous and religious qualities, he would appear from an Epitaph, of which Mather gives us a poetical translation, to have been something of a book-worm.

> In books a prodigal, they say;
> A living cyclopædia;
> Of histories of church and priest,
> A full compendium, at least;
> A table-talker, rich in sense,
> And witty without wit's pretence.

So that the daughter may have inherited some of her learning. Morton, in his "Memorial," has preserved these lines by Dudley, found in his pocket after his death, which exhibit the severity of his creed and practice.

> Dim eyes, deaf ears, cold stomach show
> My dissolution is in view;
> Eleven times seven near lived have I,
> And now God calls, I willing die:
> My shuttle's shot, my race is run,
> My sun is set, my deed is done;
> My span is measured, tale is told,
> My flower is faded and grown old,
> My dream is vanished, shadow's fled,

* Memoirs of Scottow, Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Second Series, iv. 10.

My soul with Christ, my body dead;
Farewell dear wife, children, and friends,
Hate heresy, make blessed ends;
Bear poverty, live with good men,
So shall we meet with joy again.

Let men of God in courts and churches watch,
O'er such as do a toleration hatch;
Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice,
To poison all with heresy and vice.
If men be left, and otherwise combine,
My epitaph's, *I dy'd no libertine.*

The cares of married life would not appear to have interrupted Mistress Bradstreet's acquisitions, for she was married at the age of sixteen, and her poetry was written in the early part of her life. As she had eight children, and addressed herself particularly to their education,* the cradle and the Muse must have been competitors for her attention. Her reading, well stuffed with the facts of ancient history, was no trifle for the memory; but we may suppose the mind to have been readily fixed on books, and even pedantic learning to have been a relief, where there were no diversions to distract when the household labors of the day were over. Then there is the native passion for books, which will find its own opportunities. The little volume of her poems, published in London, in 1650, is entitled *The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America; or, Several Poems, compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight: wherein especially is contained a complete Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year. Together with an Exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman. Also a Dialogue between Old England and New concerning the late troubles, with divers other pleasant and serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman in those parts.* A more complete edition was published in Boston in 1678, which contains her *Contemplations*, a moral and descriptive poem, the best specimen of her pen; *The Flesh and the Spirit*, a dialogue, and several poems on family incidents, left among her private papers.

The formal natural history and historical topics, which compose the greater part of her writings, are treated with doughty resolution, but without much regard to poetical equality. The plan is simple. The elements of the world, fire, air, earth, and water; the humors of the constitution, the choleric, the sanguine, the melancholy, and phlegmatic; childhood, youth, manhood, and age; spring, summer, autumn, and winter, severally come up and say what they can of themselves, of their powers and opportunities, good and evil, with the utmost fairness. The four ancient monarchies are catalogued in a similar way. It is not to be denied, that, if there is not much poetry in these productions, there is considerable information. For the readers of those times they contained a very respectable digest of the old historians, and a fair proportion of medical and scientific knowledge. It is amusing to see this mother in Israel writing of the Spleen with the zest of an anatomist.

If any doubt this truth, whence this should come,
Show them the passage to the duodenum.

The good lady must have enjoyed the perusal of Phineas Fletcher's *Purple Island*, a dissecting theatre in a book, which appeared in 1633. Her descriptions are extremely literal. She writes as if under bonds to tell the whole truth, which she does without any regard to the niceties or scruples of the imagination. Thus her account of childhood begins at the beginning somewhat earlier than a modern poetess would tax the memory of the muse; and she thinks it necessary to tell us in her account of winter, how,

Beef, brawn and pork, are now in great'st request,
And solid'st meats our stomachs can digest.

When we come upon any level ground in these poems, and are looking round to enjoy the prospect, we may prepare ourselves for a neighboring pitfall. In "Summer" we set forth trippingly afield—

Now go those frolic swains, the shepherd lad,
To wash their thick-cloth'd flocks, with pipes full glad.
In the cool streams they labor with delight,
Rubbing their dirty coats, till they look white.

With a little more taste our poetess might have been a happy describer of nature, for she had a warm heart and a hearty view of things. The honesty of purpose which mitigates her pedantry, sometimes displays itself in a purer simplicity. The account of the flowers and the little bird in Spring might find a place in the sincere, delicate poems of Dana, who has a family relationship with the poetess.

The primrose pale, and azure violet,
Amongst the verdurous grass hath nature set,
That when the sun (on's love) the earth doth shine,
These might, as love, set out her garments fine;
The fearful bird his little house now builds,
In trees, and walls, in cities, and in fields;
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat,
A natural artificer complete.

In the historic poems, the dry list of dynasties is sometimes relieved by a homely unction and humor in the narrative, as in the picture of the progress of Alexander and the Persian host of Darius—though much of this stuff is sheer doggrel, as in the Life and Death of Semiramis:

She like a brave virago play'd the rex,
And was both shame and glory of her sex.
* * * * * * *
Forty-two years she reign'd, and then she dy'd,
But by what means, we are not certified.

If sighs for "imbecility" can get pardon for bad verses, we should think only of Mrs. Bradstreet's good ones—for her poems are full of these deprecatory acknowledgments.

The literary father of Mrs. Bradstreet was Silver-tongued Sylvester, whose translation of Du Bartas was a popular book among Puritan readers

* She records the number in the posthumous lines *To Her Children*, 23d June, 1656:

I had eight birds hatch't in the nest;
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest;
I nurst them up with pain and care,
Nor cost nor labor did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learned to sing.

There are two pages more in continuation of this simile.

at the beginning of the seventeenth century. His quaint volumes, which will be remembered as favorites with Southey's simple-minded Dr. Daniel Dove, were both poetical and devout; and if they led our author's taste astray, they also strengthened her finest susceptibilities. She has left a warm poem "in his honor," in which there is an original and very pretty simile.

My Muse unto a child, I fitly may compare,
Who sees the riches of some famous fair;
He feeds his eyes, but understanding lacks,
To comprehend the worth of all those knacks;
The glittering plate, and jewels, he admires,
The hats and fans, and flowers, and ladies' tires;
And thousand times his 'mazed mind doth wish
Some part, at least, of that brave wealth was his;
But seeing empty wishes nought obtain,
At night turns to his mother's cot again,
And tells her tales (his full heart over glad)
Of all the glorious sights his eyes have had:
But finds too soon his want of eloquence,
The silly prattler speaks no word of sense;
And seeing utterance fail his great desires,
Sits down in silence.

Nathaniel Ward, the author of the Simple Cobbler of Agawam, in some comic fetches prefixed to the poems, says:—

The Authoresse was a right Du Bartas girle.

Mrs. Bradstreet was also a reader of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, which she has characterized with more minuteness than others who have written upon it, in an Elegy which she penned forty-eight years after the fall of that mirror of knighthood at Zutphen.

Ann Bradstreet died 16th September, 1672, at the age of sixty. That she had not altogether survived her poetical reputation in England, is shown by an entry in Edward Phillips's (the nephew of Milton) *Theatrum Poetarum*, in 1674, where the title of her Poems is given, and their memory pronounced "not yet wholly extinct." A third edition, reprinted from the second, appeared in 1758.

CONTEMPLATIONS.

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head.
Their leaves and fruits seem'd painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
Wrapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
If so much excellence abide below;
How excellent is He, that dwells on high!
Whose power and beauty by his works we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdome, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly dight:
More heaven than earth was here, no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,
Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine infancy!
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire.
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born!
Or thousands since thou brak'st thy shell of horn,
If so, all these as nought, eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glittering sun I gaz'd,
Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree,
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universe's eye,
No wonder, some made thee a deity;
Had I not better known (alas), the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles and blushes,
The earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, insects, animals with vegetive,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,
Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:
Hail creature, full of sweetness, beauty and delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye
Hath strength, thy shining rayes once to behold?
And is thy splendid throne erect so high?
As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee!
Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
In pathful paths I lead my wandering feet,
My humble eyes to lofty skyes I rear'd
To sing some song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had thus decked liberally:
But Ah, and Ah, again my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,
The black clad cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string.
Seeming to glory in their little art.
Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their maker's praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

When present times look back to ages past,
And men in being fancy those are dead,
It makes things gone perpetually to last,
And calls back months and years that long since fled.
It makes a man more aged in conceit,
Than was Methuselah, or's grand-sire great;
While of their persons and their acts his mind doth treat.

Sometimes in Eden fair he seems to be,
Sees glorious Adam there made Lord of all,
Fancyes the Apple, dangle on the Tree,
That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral.
Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,
To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face:
A penalty impos'd on his backsliding race.

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,
And in her lap, her bloody Cain new born,
The weeping imp oft looks her in the face,
Bewails his unknown hap, and fate forlorn;
His mother sighs, to think of Paradise,
And how she lost her bliss, to be more wise,
Believing him that was, and is, Father of lyes.

Here Cain and Abel come to sacrifice,
Fruits of the earth, and fatlings each do bring:
On Abel's gift the fire descends from skies,
But no such sign on false Cain's offering:

With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes.
Hath thousand thoughts to end his brother's dayes,
Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There Abel keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,
His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,
The Virgin Earth, of blood her first draught drinks,
But since that time she often hath been cloy'd;
The wretch with ghastly face and dreadful mind,
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find.

Who fancyes not his looks now at the bar,
His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,
Nor male-factor ever felt like war,
When deep despair, with wish of life hath fought,
Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,
A vagabond to Land of Nod he goes,
A city builds, that walls might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages,
Their long descent, how nephew's sons they saw,
The starry observations of those Sages,
And how their precepts to their sons were law.
How Adam sigh'd to see his progeny,
Clothed all in his black sinfull livery,
Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes,
Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?
And though thus short, we shorten many ways,
Living so little while we are alive;
In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,
So unawares comes on perpetual night,
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
The stones and trees, insensible of time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youthful made;
But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome cursed,
No sooner born, but grief and care make fall
That state obliterate he had at first.
Nor youth nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?
Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,
Because they're bigger, and their bodyes stronger?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,
And when unmade, so ever shall they lye,
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm
Close sate I by a goodly River's side,
Where gliding streams the rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd-for Ocean held its course,
I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force:
O happy Flood, quoth I, that hold'st thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet,
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:
Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,
Oh could I lead my Rivulets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye Fish which in this liquid region 'bide,
That for each season, have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,
Then to the colder bottom straight they dive,
Eftsoon to Neptune's glassie Hall repair
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,
Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field,
And take the trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancyes buzzing in my brain,
The sweet tongued Philomel percht o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feather'd crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begins anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak:
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:
From some of these he never finds cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexation,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st relation.

And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wreckt with pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow:
Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,
In weight, in frequency and long duration
Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great Master of the seas;

But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'n's bower.
But sad affliction comes and makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a Record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings 'scape time's rust;
But he whose name is graved in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

OLD AGE RECOUNTS THE HISTORY OF THE PURITAN PERIOD —FROM THE FOUR AGES OF MAN.

What you have been, ev'n such have I before,
And all you say, say I, and something more;
Babe's innocence, Youth's wildness I have seen,
And in perplexed middle-age have bin;
Sickness, dangers, and anxieties have past,
And on this Stage have come to act my last:
I have bin young, and strong, and wise as you,
But now, *Bis pueri senes*, is too true;
In every Age I've found much varietie,
An end of all perfection now I see.
It's not my valour, honour, nor my gold,
My ruin'd house, now falling can uphold;
It's not my Learning, Rhetoric, wit so large,
Now hath the power, Death's Warfare to discharge;
It's not my goodly house, nor bed of down,
That can refresh, or ease, if Conscience frown;
Nor from alliance now can I have hope,
But what I have done well, that is my prop;
He that in youth is godly, wise, and sage,
Provides a staff for to support his age;
Great mutations, some joyful, and some sad,
In this short Pilgrimage I oft have had;
Sometimes the Heavens with plenty smil'd on me,
Sometimes again, rain'd all adversity;
Sometimes in honour, and sometimes in disgrace,
Sometimes an abject, then again in place.
Such private changes oft mine eyes have seen,
In various times of state I've also been.
I've seen a kingdom flourish like a tree,
When it was rul'd by that celestial she;
And like a cedar, others to surmount,
That but for shrubs they did themselves account;
Then saw I France, and Holland saved, Cales won,
And Philip, and Albertus, half undone;
I saw all peace at home, terror to foes,
But ah, I saw at last those eyes to close;
And then, methought, the world at noon grew dark,
When it had lost that radiant sun-like spark,
In midst of griefs, I saw some hopes revive
(For 'twas our hopes then kept our hearts alive),
I saw hopes dasht, our forwardness was shent,
And silenc'd we, by Act of Parliament.
I've seen from Rome, an execrable thing,
A plot to blow up Nobles, and their King;
I've seen designs at Ru, and Cades crost,
And poor Palatinate for ever lost;
I've seen a Prince, to live on others' lands,
A Royal one, by alms from subjects' hands,
I've seen base men, advanc'd to great degree,
And worthy ones, put to extremity:
But not their Prince's love, nor state so high;
Could once reverse their shameful destiny.
I've seen one stabb'd, another lose his head;
And others fly their Country, through their dread.
I've seen and so have ye, for 'tis but late,
The desolation of a goodly State,
Plotted and acted, so that none can tell,
Who gave the counsel, but the Prince of hell.
I've seen a land unmoulded with great pain,
But yet may live to see't made up again:
I've seen it shaken, rent, and soak'd in blood,
But out of troubles, ye may see much good.
These are no old wives' tales, but this is truth;
We old men love to tell what's done in youth.

ALEXANDER MEETS DARIUS—FROM THE FOUR MONARCHIES OF THE WORLD.

And on he goes Darius for to meet;
Who came with thousand thousands at his feet,
Though some there be, and that more likely, write,
He but four hundred thousand had to fight,
The rest attendants, which made up no less;
(Both sexes there) was almost numberless.
For this wise King had brought to see the sport;
Along with him, the Ladies of the Court.
His mother old, beautcous wife, and daughters,
It seems to see the Macedonian's slaughters.
Sure it's beyond my time, and little art,
To shew, how great Darius play'd his part;
The splendor, and the pomp, he marched in,
For since the world, was no such pageant seen.
Oh, 'twas a goodly sight, there to behold
The Persians clad in silk, and glitt'ring gold;
The stately Horses trapt, the launces gilt,
As if they were now all to run at tilt:
The Holy fire, was borne before the Host
(For Sun and Fire the Persians worship most);
The Priests in their strange habit follow after;
An object not so much of fear, as laughter.
The King sat in a chariot made of gold,
With Robes and Crown, most glorious to behold.
And o'er his head, his golden gods on high,
Support a parti-coloured canopy.
A number of spare horses next were led,
Lest he should need them, in his chariot's stead.
But they that saw him in this state to lye,
Would think he neither thought to fight nor fly,
He fifteen hundred had like women dreat,
For so to fright the Greeks he judg'd was best.
Their golden Ornaments so to set forth,
Would ask more time, than were their bodies worth.
Great Sisigambis, she brought up the Rear;
Then such a world of Wagons did appear,
Like several houses moving upon wheels:
As if she'd drown, whole Sushan at her heels.
This brave Virago, to the King was mother;
And as much good she did, as any other.
Now lest this Gold, and all this goodly stuff,
Had not been spoil, and booty rich enough,
A thousand Mules, and Camels ready wait,
Loaden with gold, with jewels and with plate,
For sure Darius thought, at the first sight,
The Greeks would all adore, and would none fight.
But when both armies met, he might behold,
That valour was more worth than pearls, or gold.
And how his wealth serv'd but for baits t'allure,
Which made his over-throw more fierce and sure.
The Greeks come on, and with a gallant grace,
Let fly their arrows in the Persian's face;
The Cowards feeling this sharp stinging charge,
Most basely run, and left their King at large,
Who from his golden coach is glad t'alight,
And cast away his crown, for swifter flight;
Of late, like some immoveable he lay,
Now finds both legs, and horse, to run away;

Two hundred thousand men that day were slain,
And forty thousand prisoners also tane;
Besides, the Queens, and Ladies of the Court,
If Curtius be true, in his report.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

In secret place where once I stood
Close by the banks of Sacrim flood,
I heard two sisters reason on
Things that are past and things to come.
One Flesh was called, who had her eye
On worldly wealth and vanity;
The other spirit, who did rear
Her thoughts into a higher sphere:
Sister, quoth Flesh, what liv'st thou on,
Nothing but meditation?
Doth contemplation feed thee so
Regardlessly to let earth go?
Can speculation satisfy,
Notion without reality?
Dost dream of things beyond the moon
And dost thou hope to dwell there soon?
Hast treasures there laid up in store,
That all in th' world thou count'st but poor?
Art fancy sick or turn'd a sot
To catch at shadows which are not?
Come, come, I'll show unto thy sense,
Industry hath its recompense.
What canst desire, but thou mayst see
The substance in variety?
Dost honor like? acquire the same,
As some, to their immortal fame:
And trophies to thy name erect,
Which wearing time shall ne'er deject.
For riches dost thou long full sore?
Behold enough of precious store;
Earth hath more silver, pearls, and gold,
Than eyes can see or hands can hold.
Affect'st thou pleasure? take thy fill,
Earth hath enough of what you will.
Then let not go what thou may'st find
For things unknown, only in mind.
Spr. Be still, thou unregen'rate part,
Disturb no more my settled heart,
For I have vow'd (and so will do)
Thee as a foe still to pursue;
And combat thee with will, and must
Until I see thee laid in th' dust.
Sisters we are, yea, twins we be,
Yet deadly feud 'twixt thee and me;
For from one father are we not,
Thou by old Adam wast begot;
But my arise is from above,
Whence my dear father I do love.
Thou speak'st me fair, but hat'st me sore,
Thy flatt'ring shows I'll trust no more.
How oft thy slave hast thou me made,
When I believ'd what thou hast said,
And never had more cause of woe
Than when I did what thou bad'st do.
I'll stop my ears at these thy charms,
And count them for my deadly harms.
Thy sinful pleasures I do hate,
Thy riches are to me no bate,
Thy honors do nor will I love,
For my ambition lies above.
My greatest honour it shall be,
When I am victor over thee,
And triumph shall, with laurel head,
When thou my captive shalt be led:
How I do live thou need'st not scoff,
For I have meat thou know'st not of;
The hidden manna I do eat,
The word of life it is my meat.
My thoughts do yield me more content
Than can thy hours in pleasure spent.
Nor are they shadows which I catch,
Nor fancies vain at which I snatch;
But reach at things that are so high
Beyond thy dull capacity;
Eternal substance I do see,
With which enriched I would be;
Mine eye doth pierce the heavens, and see
What is invisible to thee.
My garments are not silk nor gold,
Nor such-like trash which earth doth hold,
But royal robes I shall have on,
More glorious than the glist'ning sun;
My crown not diamonds, pearls, and gold,
But such as angels' heads infold.
The city where I hope to dwell,
There's none on earth can parallel;
The stately walls, both high and strong,
Are made of precious jasper stone;
The gates of pearl, both rich and clear,
And angels are for porters there;
The streets thereof transparent gold,
Such as no eye did e'er behold;
A christal river there doth run,
Which doth proceed from the Lamb's throne:
Of life there are the waters sure,
Which shall remain for ever pure;
Nor sun, nor moon, they have no need,
For glory doth from God proceed:
No candle there, nor yet torch light,
For there shall be no darksome night.
From sickness and infirmity,
For evermore there shall be free,
Nor withering age shall e'er come there,
But beauty shall be bright and clear;
This city pure is not for thee,
For things unclean there shall not be;
If I of heaven may have my fill.
Take thou the world, and all that will.

PETER FOLGER.

Peter Folger, the maternal grandfather of Benjamin Franklin, and only child of John Folger, came to America with his father from Norwich, England, in 1635, at the age of eighteen. They settled soon after their arrival at Martha's Vineyard, where John died in 1660, leaving a widow, Meribell, who was living in 1668.

Peter married, in 1644, Mary Morrell, an inmate in the family of the celebrated Hugh Peters, who is said to have been a fellow-passenger of the Folgers in their voyage to America. In 1668 he removed to Nantucket, and was among the first settlers of that island. He was one of five commissioners to lay out land, a task for which he was well qualified by his knowledge of surveying; and the words of the order prove the estimation in which he was held in the community, it being therein stated, that "whatsoever shall be done by them, or any three of them, Peter Folger being one, shall be accounted legal and valid."

He learned the language of the Indians, and was of much service as an interpreter. The aid rendered by him in this manner to the Rev. Thomas Mayhew, the Indian missionary at Martha's Vineyard, is thus recorded by Thomas Prince in his account of that good and able man, the ancestor of the great Dr. Mayhew of the Revolution.

"He had," says Prince, "an able and godly Englishman, named Peter Folger, employed in teaching the youth in reading, writing, and the

principles of religion by catechizing; being well learned likewise in the Scriptures, and capable of helping them in religious matters." A long letter to his son-in-law, Joseph Pratt, is a further proof of his familiarity with the Scriptures, and with religious topics, and he is said to have occasionally preached. He died in 1690, and his wife in 1704. They had two sons and seven daughters, the youngest of whom, Abiah, was Franklin's mother.

A few lines in the autobiography of his grandson, have buoyed up Peter Folger into immortality as an author.' "I was born at Boston, in New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first colonists of New England, of whom Cotton Mather makes honourable mention, in his Ecclesiastical History of that province, as a pious and learned Englishman, if I rightly recollect his expressions. I have been told of his having written a variety of little pieces; but there appears to be only one in print, which I met with many years ago. It was published in the year 1675, and is in familiar verse, agreeably to the tastes of the times and the country. The author addresses himself to the governors for the time being, speaks for liberty of conscience, and in favour of the anabaptists, quakers, and other sectaries, who had suffered persecution. To this persecution he attributes the wars with the natives, and other calamities which afflicted the country, regarding them as the judgments of God in punishment of so odious an offence, and he exhorts the government to the repeal of laws so contrary to charity. The poem appeared to be written with a manly freedom and a pleasing simplicity."

The outbreaks of opinion and half-framed utterances of the Nantucket surveyor, were to be clarified, in the third generation, into the love of liberty and the clear-toned expression of the essayist, philosopher, and patriot. The title of Folger's poem is, *A Looking-glass for the Times, or the Former Spirit of New England revived in this generation.* It was reprinted in 1763. Copies of it are very rare. We are indebted for the one from which we have reprinted, to a MS. copy in possession of Mr. Bancroft.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE TIMES, OR THE FORMER SPIRIT OF NEW ENGLAND REVIVED IN THIS GENERATION.

Let all that read these verses know,
That I intend something to show
About our war, how it hath been
And also what is the chief sin,
That God doth so with us contend
And when these wars are like to end.
Read them in love; do not despise
What here is set before thine eyes.

New England for these many years
hath had both rest and peace,
But now the case is otherwise;
our troubles doth increase.

The plague of war is now begun
in some great colonies,
And many towns are desolate
we may see with our eyes.

The loss of many goodly men
we may lament also,
Who in the war have lost their lives,
and fallen by our foe.

Our women also they have took
and children very small,
Great cruelty they have used
to some, though not to all.

The enemy that hath done this,
are very foolish men,
Yet God doth take of them a rod
to punish us for sin.

If we then truly turn to God,
He will remove his ire,
And will forthwith take this his rod,
And cast it into fire.

Let us then search, what is the sin
that God doth punish for;
And when found out, cast it away
and ever it abhor.

Sure 'tis not chiefly for those sins,
that magistrates do name,
And make good laws for to suppress,
and execute the same.

But 'tis for that same crying sin,
that rulers will not own,
And that whereby much cruelty
to brethren hath been shown.

The sin of persecution
such laws established,
By which laws they have gone so far,
as blood hath touched blood.

It is now forty years ago,
since some of them were made,
Which was the ground and rise of all
the persecuting trade.

Then many worthy persons were
banished to the woods,
Where they among the natives did,
lose their most precious bloods.

And since that, many godly men,
Have been to prison sent,
They have been fined, and whipped also,
and suffered banishment.

The cause of this their suffering
was not for any sin,
But for the witness that they bare
against babe sprinkling.

Of later time there hath been some
men come into this land,
To warn the rulers of their sins
as I do understand.

They call on all, both great and small,
to fear God and repent;
And for their testimonies thus
they suffer a punishment.

Yea some of them they did affirm,
that they were sent of God,
To testify to great and small
that God would send his rod.

Against those colonies, because
they did make laws not good;
And if those laws were not repeal'd
the end would be in blood.

And though that these were harmless men,
and did no hurt to any,
But lived well like honest men,
as testified by many;

Yet did these laws entrap them so,
that they were put to death,—
And could not have the liberty
to speak near their last breath.

But these men were, as I have heard,
against our College men;
And this was, out of doubt to me,
that which was most their sin.

They did reprove all hirelings,
with a most sharp reproof,
Because they knew not how to preach
till sure of means enough.

Now to the sufferings of these men
I have but gave a hint;
Because that in *George Bishop's*[*] book
you may see all in print.

But may we know the counsellors
that brought our rulers in
To be so guilty as they are,
of the aforesaid sin?

They were the tribe of ministers,
as they are said to be,
Who always to our magistrates
must be the eyes to see.

These are the men that by their wits
have spun so fair a shred,
That now themselves and others are
of natives in a dread.

What need is there of such a fear
if we have done no ill?
But 'tis because that we have been
not doing of God's will.

When Cain had slain his brother, then
began this fear to be,
That every man would do to him
the same that did him see.

The Scripture doth declare the cause
why Cain did kill his brother;
It was because the deeds of one
was good, and not the other.

Because that God did favor show
to Abel more than he,
That was in verity the thing
that envy could not see.

Then let us all, both great and small,
take heed how we do fight
Against the spirit of the Lord,
which is our highest light.

Let Magistrates and ministers
consider what they do:
Let them repeal those evil laws
and break those bands in two
Which have been made as traps and snares
to catch the innocents,
And whereby it has gone so far
to acts of violence.

I see you write yourselves in print,
the Balm of Gilead;
Then do not act as if you were
like men that are half mad.

If you can heal the land, what is
the cause things are so bad?
I think instead of that, you make
the hearts of people sad.

Is this a time for you to press,
to draw the blood of those
That are your neighbours and your friends?
as if you had no foes.

Yea, some there are, as I have heard,
have lately found out tricks
To put the cause of all the war
upon the heretics,

Or rather on some officers,
that now begin to slack
The execution of those laws,
whose consequence is black.

I do affirm to you, if that
be really your mind,
You must go turn another leaf,
before that peace you find.

Now, loving friends and countrymen,
I wish we may be wise,
'Tis now a time for every man
to see with his own eyes.

'Tis easy to provoke the Lord
to send among us war,
'Tis easy to do violence,
to envy, and to jar.

To show a spirit that is high,
to scorn and domineer;
To pride it out, as if there were
no God to make us fear;

To covet what is not our own,
to cheat and to oppress,
To live a life that might free us
from acts of Righteousness;

To swear and lie, and to be drunk,
to backbite one another;
To carry tales that may do hurt
and mischief to our brother!

To live in such hypocrisy,
as men may think us good,
Although our hearts within are full
of evil and of blood.

All these and many evils more
are easy for to do:
But to repent, and to reform,
we have no strength unto.

Let us then seek for help from God,
and turn to him that smite:
Let us take heed that at no time
we sin against our light.

Let's bear our testimony plain
against sin in high and low;
And see that we no cowards be,
to hide the light we know.

---

[*] George Bishop, a Quaker, published "New England judged, not by man's but by the Spirit of the Lord, and the sum sealed up of New England's persecutions; being a brief relation of the sufferings of the Quakers in that part of America, from the beginning of the fifth month, 1656, to the end of the tenth month, 1660; wherein the cruel whippings and scourgings, bonds and imprisonments, and burning in the hand, and cutting off of ears, banishment upon pain of death, and putting to death, &c., are shortly touched." 1661. A second part appeared in 1667, and both were reprinted in 1703, with "An Answer to Cotton Mather's Abuses in his late History of New England, by John Whiting, with an Appendix."

Bishop joined the Quakers in 1654. He was the author of several works on the doctrines of the sect to which he belonged, published at intervals from 1669 to 1693.

When Jonathan is called to court,
shall we as standers by,
Be still and have no word to speak,
but suffer him to die?

If that you say you cannot help,
things will be as they are;
I tell you true, 'tis plain and clear,
those words may come from fear.

That you shall lose some carnal things,
if you do speak for God;
And here you go the nearest way
to taste deep of his rod.

'Tis true there are some times, indeed,
of silence to the meek;
Not ever, for the Lord doth say,
there is a time to speak.

Be vigilant then for to see
the movings of your heart,
And you will know right well the time
when you shall act your part.

I would not have you for to think,
tho' I have wrote so much,
That I hereby do throw a stone
at magistrates, *as such*.

The rulers in the country, I
do own them in the Lord;
And such as are for government,
with them I do accord.

But that which I intend hereby,
is, that they would keep bounds,
And meddle not with God's worship,
for which they have no ground.

And I am not alone herein,
there's many hundreds more,
That have for many years ago
spake much upon that score.

Indeed I really believe,
it's not your business
To meddle with the Church of Christ
in matters more or less.

There's work enough to do besides,
to judge in *mine* and *thine:*
To succor poor and fatherless,
that is the work in fine.

And I do think that now you find
enough of that to do;
Much more at such a time as this,
as there is war also.

Indeed I count it very low,
for people in these days,
To ask the rulers for their leave
to serve God in his ways.

I count it worse in magistrates
to use the iron sword,
To do that work which Christ alone
will do by his own word.

The Church may now go stay at home,
there's nothing for to do;
Their work is all cut out by law,
and almost made up too.

Now, reader, least you should mistake,
in what I said before
Concerning ministers, I think
to write a few words more.

I would not have you for to think
that I am such a fool,
To write against learning, as such,
or to cry down a school.

But 't is that Popish college way,
that I intend hereby,
Where men are mew'd up in a cage;
fit for all villainy.

But I shall leave this puddle stuff
to neighbours at the door,
That can speak more unto such things,
upon a knowing score.

And now these men, though ne'er so bad,
when they have learn'd their trade,
They must come in and bear a part,
whatever laws are made.

I can't but wonder for to see
our magistrates and wise,
That they sit still and suffer them
to ride on them, not rise.

And stir them up to do that work,
that Scripture rule there wants,
To persecute and persecute
those that they judge are saints.

There's one thing more that I believe
is worse than all the rest,
They vilify the Spirit of God,
and count school learning best.

If that a boy hath learn'd his trade,
and can the Spirit disgrace,
Then he is lifted up on high,
and needs must have a place.

But I shall leave this dirty stuff,
and give but here a hint,
Because that you have *Cradock's* book,*
and may see more in print.

There are some few, it may be, that
are clear of this same trade;
And of those men, I only say,
these verses are not made.

Now for the length of time, how long
these wars are like to be,
I may speak something unto that,
if men will reason see.

The Scripture doth point out the time,
and 'tis as we do chuse,
For to obey the voice of God,
or else for to refuse.

The prophet Jeremy doth say,
when war was threat'ned sore,
That if men do repent and turn,
God will afflict no more.

But such a turning unto God,
as is but verbally,
When men refuse for to reform,
it is not worth a fly.

---

* "Gospel Liberty, in the Extensions and Limitations of it," Lond. 1648, 4to., by Walter Cradock, is probably the work referred to. Another Cradock, Samuel, a non-conformist divine, born 1620, died 1703, however, published "Gospel Liberty: his Glad Tidings from Heaven;" no date. Both were the authors of a number of sermons and religious works.

'Tis hard for you, as I do hear,
though you be under rod,
To say to Israel, Go, you,
and serve the Lord your God.

Though you do many prayers make,
and add fasting thereto,
Yet if your hands be full of blood,
all this will never do.

The end that God doth send his sword,
is that we might amend,
Then, if that we reform aright,
the war will shortly end.

New England they are like the Jews,
as like as like can be;
They made large promises to God,
at home and at the sea.

They did proclaim free Liberty,
they cut the calf in twain,
They part between the part thereof,
O this was all in vain.

For since they came into this land,
they floated to and fro,
Sometimes, then, brethren may be free,
while hence to prison go.

According as the times to go,
and weather is abroad,
So we can serve ourselves sometimes
and sometimes serve the Lord.

But let us hear what God doth say,
to such backsliding men,
That can with ease to break their vows,
and soon go back again. Jer. 34.

He saith he will proclaim for them,
a freedom to the sword,
Because they would not fear him so,
as to obey his word.

This liberty unto the sword,
he hath proclaimed for us,
And we are like to feel it long,
if matters do go thus.

'Tis better for our magistrates,
to shorten time, I say,
By breaking of those bands in two
that look an evil way.

You do profess yourselves to be
men that do pray always,
Then do not keep such evil laws,
as may serve at wet days.

If that the peace of God did rule,
with power in our heart,
Then outward war would flee away,
and rest would be our part.

If we do love our brethren,
and do to them, I say,
As we would they should do to us,
we should be quiet straightway.

But if that we a smiting go,
of fellow-servants so,
No marvel if our wars increase
and things so heavy go.

'Tis like that some may think and say,
our war would not remain,
If so be that a thousand more
of natives were but slain.

Alas! these are but foolish thoughts,
God can make more arise,
And if that there were none at all,
he can make war with flies.

It is the presence of the Lord,
must make our foes to shake,
Or else it's like he will e'er long
know how to make us quake.

Let us lie low before the Lord,
in all humility,
And then we shall with Asa see
our enemies to fly.

But if that we do leave the Lord,
and trust in fleshly arm,
Then 'tis no wonder if that we
do hear more news of harm.

Let's have our faith and hope in God,
and trust in him alone,
And then no doubt this storm of war
it quickly will be gone.

Thus, reader, I, in love to all,
leave these few lines with thee,
Hoping that in the substance we
shall very well agree.

If that you do mistake the verse
for its uncomely dress,
I tell thee true, I never thought
that it would pass the press.

If any at the matter kick,
it's like he's galled at heart,
And that's the reason why he kicks,
because he finds it smart.

I am for peace, and not for war,
and that's the reason why
I write more plain than some men do,
that use to daub and lie.

But I shall cease and set my name
to what I here insert,
Because to be a libeller,
I hate it with my heart.

From *Sherbon** town, where now I dwell,
my name I do put here,
Without offence your real friend,
it is Peter Folger.

April 23, 1676.

WILLIAM HUBBARD.

William Hubbard was born in 1621, and was of the first class who graduated from Harvard in 1642. He became minister of Ipswich,† where he

was visited in 1686 by John Dunton,* who gives a good account of his hospitality, amiability, and

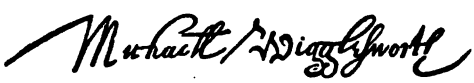
* Nantucket.

† "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, citizen of London," a De Foe-ish sort of book, published in 1705. The author was a bookseller whose humor it was to describe his fellow traders, customers, and lady visitors—an odd mixture (as in Defoe) of piety and love-making. In 1686, he visited Boston with a venture of books, Puritan stock, which sold well. He describes the Mathers and others. From his account, gallantry was greatly in vogue in the old Puritan metropolis. His descriptions of the ladies are highly amusing.

acquirements. He published a *Narrative of the troubles with the Indians* from 1607 to 1677, and a number of sermons; and died Sept. 14, 1704. He wrote a History of New England, for which the state paid him £50, and which was used by Mather, Hutchinson, who states that it was "of great use" to him, and other writers. It is said to have been saved from the flames in the attack on Governor Hutchinson's house, by Dr. Andrew E. Eliot, and was presented by his son to the Massachusetts Historical Society, by whom it was finally printed in 1815. It comprises the history from the discovery of the country to the year 1680.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH was, in his day, one of the most successful of our early writers. He was born about 1631, and after completing his studies at Harvard, in 1651, appointed a tutor in the college. He soon after "made his remove to Meldon," where he was ordained, and remained a "faithful pastor, for about a jubilee of years together." Frequent attacks of illness to which his slight constitution disposed him, for he was, as one of his friends informs us, in a preliminary address to the Day of Doom, "a little feeble shadow of a man," forced him occasionally to suspend his pulpit exertions. These intervals were, however, marked by a change rather than cessation of labor, as during them he composed his "Day of Doom" and other poems. Notwithstanding his weak frame,



he lived to the good old age of seventy-four, dying in the year 1705. Cotton Mather wrote his funeral sermon, and the following

EPITAPH.

THE EXCELLENT WIGGLESWORTH REMEMBERED BY SOME GOOD TOKENS.

His pen did once meat from the eater fetch,
And now he's gone beyond the eater's reach.
His body once so thin, was next to none;
From hence, he's to unbodied spirits flown.
Once his rare skill did all diseases heal,
And he does nothing now uneasy feel.
He to his paradise is joyful come,
And waits with joy to see his day of Doom.

Wigglesworth was the author of *The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment, with a short Discourse about Eternity*, and *Meat out of the Eater, or Meditations concerning the necessity, end, and usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children; all tending to prepare them for, and comfort them under the Cross.* Both are small volumes, and went through several editions. The second is the rudest in versification, and contains some amusing examples of incongruous though familiar illustration.

We must not on the knee
Be always dandled,
Nor must we think to ride to Heaven
Upon a feather-bed.
We soon are surfeited
With strong delicious matter.
And, therefore, God who knows our frame,
Mingleth our wine with water.

Meat out of the Eater, is divided into a number of sections of some ten or twelve eight-line stanzas each. Its style is in general quaint and harsh, but passages occasionally occur like the following, which possess high merit.

Soldier, be strong, who fightest
Under a Captain stout;
Dishonour not thy conquering Head
By basely giving out.
Endure a while, bear up,
And hope for better things.
War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon midnight's wing.

Through changes manifold,
And dangers perilous,
Through fiery flames, and water floods,
Through ways calamitous
We travel towards heaven,
A quiet habitation.
Christ shows a kingdom there prepar'd
Ev'n from the world's foundation.

O heaven, most holy place,
Which art our country dear!
What cause have I to long for thee,
And beg with many a tear.
Earth is to me a prison;
This body an useless wight;
And all things else vile, vain, and nought
To one in such ill plight.

O Christ, make haste, from bands
Of sin and death me free,
And to those heavenly mansions,
Be pleas'd to carry me.
Where glorified saints
For ever are possest
Of God in Christ their chiefest good,
And from all troubles rest.

It is followed by a collection of verses, similar in form and style, the title and contents of which are sufficiently curious to be quoted in full.

RIDDLES UNRIDDLED; OR, CHRISTIAN PARADOXES.

Broke open, smelling like sweet
Spice new taken out of boxes.

Each paradox is like a box,
That cordials rare incloseth:
This Key unlock, op'neth the Box,
And what's within discloseth;
That whoso will, may take his fill
And gain where no man loseth.

The contents follow on the back of the title-page.

RIDDLES UNRIDDLED; OR, CHRISTIAN PARADOXES.

Light in Darkness,
Sick men's Health,
Strength in Weakness,
Poor men's Wealth,
In confinement,
Liberty,
In Solitude
Good company.
Joy in Sorrow,
Life in Death's
Heavenly Crowns for
Thorny Wreaths.

Are presented to thy view,
In the Poems that ensue.

If my trials had been thine,
These would cheer thee more than wine.

The Day of Doom is a versification of the scriptural account of the last judgment. It was reprinted in London, and a few years ago in Boston. In the prefatory poetical introduction the author expresses his intention to rescue poetry from heathen classical perversions.

A PRAYER UNTO CHRIST, THE JUDGE OF THE WORLD.

O dearest, dread, most glorious King
I'll of thy justest judgment sing:
Do thou my head and heart inspire,
To sing aright, as I desire.
Thee, thee alone I'll invocate,
For I do much abominate
To call the Muses to mine aid:
Which is the unchristian use, and trade
Of some that Christians would be thought,
And yet they worship worse than nought.
Oh! what a deal of blasphemy,
And heathenish impiety,
In Christian poets may be found,
Where heathen gods with praise are crowned,
They make Jehovah to stand by,
Till Juno, Venus, Mercury,
With frowning Mars and thundering Jove,
Rule earth below, and heaven above.
But I have learnt to pray to none,
Save only God in Christ alone.
Nor will I laud, no not in jest,
That which I know God doth detest.
I reckon it a damning evil
To give God's praises to the Devil,
Thou, Christ, and he to whom I pray,
Thy glory fain I would display.
Oh, guide me by thy sacred spirit,
So to indite and so to write,
That I thy holy name may praise,
And teach the sons of man thy ways.

One of the best passages of the poem, which we quote, is modestly introduced at the end of the volume, "to fill up the empty pages following."

A SONG OF EMPTINESS.—VANITY OF VANITY.

Vain, frail, short-lived, and miserable man,
Learn what thou art, when thy estate is best,
A restless wave o' th' troubled ocean,
A dream, a lifeless picture finely drest.

A wind, a flower, a vapor, and a bubble,
A wheel that stands not still, a trembling reed,
A trolling stone, dry dust, light chaff and stuff,
A shadow of something, but truly nought indeed.

Learn what deceitful toys, and empty things,
This world and all its best enjoyments be:
Out of the earth no true contentment springs,
But all things here are vexing vanity.

For what is beauty, but a fading flower,
Or what is pleasure but the devil's bait,
Whereby he catcheth whom he would devour,
And multitudes of souls doth ruinate.

And what are *friends*, but mortal men as we,
Whom death from us may quickly separate;
Or else their hearts may quite estranged be,
And all their love be turned into hate.

And what are *riches*, to be doated on?
Uncertain, fickle, and ensnaring things;
They draw men's souls into perdition,
And when most needed, take them to their wings.

Ah, foolish man! that sets his heart upon
Such empty shadows, such wild fowl as these,
That being gotten will be quickly gone,
And whilst they stay increase but his disease.

As in a dropsy, drinking drought begets,
The more he drinks, the more he still requires;
So on this world whose affection sets,
His wealth's increase, increaseth his desires.

O happy man, whose portion is above
These floods, where flames, where foes cannot bereave him,
Most wretched man, that fixed hath his love
Upon this world that surely will deceive him.

For what is Honour? what is sov'reignty,
Whereto men's hearts so restlessly aspire?
Whom have they crowned with felicity?
When did they ever satisfy desire?

The ear of man with hearing is not fill'd;
To see new lights still coveting the eye:
The craving stomach, though it may be still'd,
Yet craves again without a new supply.

All earthly things man's cravings answer not,
Whose little heart would all the world contain,
(If all the world would fall to one man's lot)
And notwithstanding empty still remain.

The Eastern conqueror was said to weep,
When he the Indian ocean did view,
To see his conquest bounded by the deep,
And no more worlds remaining to subdue.

Who would that man in his enjoyment bless,
Or envy him, or covet his estate,
Whose gettings do augment his greediness,
And make his wishes more intemperate?

Such is the wonted and the common guise
Of those on earth that bear the greatest sway;
If with a few the case be otherwise,
They seek a kingdom that abides for aye.

Moreover they, of all the sons of men,
That rule, and are in highest places set;
Are most inclined to scorn their brethren;
And God himself (without great grace) forget.

For as the sun doth blind the gazer's eyes,
That for a time they nought discern aright:
So honour doth befool and blind the wise,
And their own lustre 'reaves them of their sight.

Great are their dangers, manifold their cares,
Thro' which whilst others sleep, they scarcely nap,
And yet are oft surprised unawares,
And fall unwilling into envie's trap.

The mean mechanic finds his kindly rest,
All void of fear sleepeth the country clown:
When greatest princes often are distrest,
And cannot sleep upon their beds of down.

Could strength or valor men immortalise,
Could wealth or honor keep them from decay,
There were some cause the same to idolise,
And give the lye to that which I do say.

But neither can such things themselves endure,
Without the hazard of a change one hour,
Nor such as trust in them can they secure
From dismal days, or death's prevailing pow'r.

If beauty could the beautiful defend
From death's dominion, then fair Absalom
Had not been brought to such a shameful end:
But fair and foul unto the grave must come.

If wealth or sceptres could immortal make,
Then wealthy Crœsus wherefore art thou dead?
If warlike force, which makes the world to quake,
Then why is Julius Cæsar perished?

Where are the Scipio's thunderbolts of war?
Renowned Pompey, Cæsar's enemy?
Stout Hannibal, Rome's terror known so far?
Great Alexander, what's become of thee?

If gifts and bribes death's favour might but win.
If pow'r, if force, or threat'nings might it fray,
All these, and more, had still surviving been,
But all are gone, for death will have no nay.

Such is this world, with all her pomp and glory:
Such are the men whom worldly eyes admire,
Cut down by time, and now become a story,
That we might after better things aspire.

Go boast thyself of what thy heart enjoys,
Vain man! triumph in all thy worldly bliss:
Thy best enjoyments are but trash and toys,
Delight thyself in that which worthless is.

Omnia præterunt præter amare Deum.

INCREASE MATHER—COTTON MATHER.

Cotton Mather had the fortune or misfortune to be born into the world to sustain a great reputation. The Mather family had struck its roots deep in the New England polity. Richard Mather, the grandfather, came to America an emigrant non-conformist divine in 1636, and immediately took an important ecclesiastical position as pastor in Dorchester. His son, Increase Mather, born at that town in 1639, developed the learning of the name. He was a graduate of Harvard, of which institution he became President in 1685, in his forty-sixth year, when he had fully established himself in Church and State as the preacher of the North Church in Boston, and the opponent of the government of Charles II., in support of the Colonial Charter. He was employed in England on public affairs during the difficult period of the Revolution of 1688, bringing back with him a new royal charter, under which he had the privilege of nominating his friend, Sir William Phips, as Governor to the King. In that age, when learned men gave greater dignity to their names in sonorous Latin, he was called Crescentius Matherus,* and his studies entitled him to the honor, for he passed two thirds of the day amongst his books, and left behind him eighty-five publications, a considerable number, which was to be very far outdistanced by his bookish son. These productions of Increase Mather are chiefly sermons in the theological style of the day. His *Cases of Conscience concerning Witchcraft*, published in 1693, bears an historical value. The last work of Increase Mather was his Agathangelus, a prefnce to his son Cotton's Cœlestinus.* It has this touching address or "Attestation," which does honor to the father and the man.

The landscape of heaven here exhibited is drawn by one who, for two-and-forty years, has, as a son with a father, served with me in the gospel. It will be much if these forty-two periods do not finish our peregrinations together through the wilderness. For my own part, I am every hour looking and longing for the pleasant land, where I am sure I shall not find things as I do here this day. And having been somewhat comforted and strengthened by the prospect, which is here, as from the top of Mount Pisgah, taken of it, and entirely satisfied in it, I commend it as one of my last legacies to the people of God, which I must leave behind me in a world which has things come and coming upon it, which blessed are they that are escaped from.

Increase Mather married a daughter of John Cotton, of eminent rank in the old New England Divinity, who gave the Christian name to his son.

Where two great names their sanctuary take,
And in a third combined a greater make.

He died in his eighty-fifth year, in 1723, and in the sixty-sixth of his ministry. Theology was long lived in ancient New England.* His life was written by his illustrious son with great spirit and unction.†

C. Mather.

Cotton Mather was born in Boston, Feb. 12, 1663. He was well trained for Harvard by the

* Which famous John Wilson anagrammatised into *En! Christus merces tua.* The appellation was once an inconvenience to Mather when he claimed some arrears of salary in England; and some official, ignorant of these refinements, denied his personal identity, in consequence of his having another name. Remarkables in the Life of Increase Mather, 21.

† Cœlestinus. A Conversation in Heaven, quickened and assisted, with Discoveries of things in the Heavenly World. And some Relations of the Views and Joys that have been granted unto several persons in the confines of it. Introduced by Agathangelus, or, an Essay on the Ministry of the Holy Angels, and recommended unto the people of God, by the reverend Dr. Increase Mather; waiting in the daily expectation of his departure to that glorious world. Boston: printed by S. Kneeland, for Nath. Belknap, at his shop, the corner of Scarlett's Wharffe and next door to the Mitre Coffee House. 1723. 18mo. pp. 162.

* Mr. Jos. Dabney has published, Am. Quar. Register, xiv. 377, a list of one hundred and eighty-nine graduates of Harvard, chiefly clergymen, who, up to 1842, had reached or passed the age of eighty-four. There are four graduates of Harvard centenarians. Dr. Farmer, in the same work (x. 89), has published a series of Ecclesiastical Statistics, including the Ages of 840 deceased Ministers of the Gospel, who were graduated at Harvard College, from 1642 to 1826. Of these, 362 died at seventy and upwards. There are 17 at ninety and upwards.

† Parentator. Memoirs of Remarkables in the Life and the Death of the Ever Memorable Dr. Increase Mather, who expired August 23, 1723. 2 Kings ii. 12, My Father, my Father. Boston: Printed by B. Green for Nathaniel Belknap. 1724.

venerable schoolmaster Ezekiel Cheever,* and was a precocious student; for at twelve years of age he had read Cicero, Terence, Ovid, and Virgil, the Greek Testament, and entered upon Socrates, Homer, and the Hebrew Grammar. To adopt the old reading of Shakespeare,

> From his cradle,
> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.

A mountain of learning and theology was heaped upon his childhood. When he left college, with a handsome compliment in Latin from President Oakes, he employed himself for several years in teaching. In 1684, at the age of twenty-one, he was ordained, when he preached the first time for his grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Richard Mather, at Dorchester; the next Lord's day for his own father at Boston; and the Lord's day after, for his grandfather Cotton at Boston. His spiritual life was of an earlier date; for in religion, he was a divine almost from his cradle. He had, as a youth, acquired a habit of meditation and religious improvement, modelled upon Bishop Hall's *Occasional Meditations*, in which the most familiar occurrences are chosen for remark.

This quaintness suited the genius of Mather. Every incident in life afforded him a text. He had a special consideration for the winding up of his watch. As he mended his fire he thought of rectifying his life; the act of paring his nails warned him to lay aside "all superfluity of naughtiness;" while "drinking a dish of tea" he was especially invited to fragrant and grateful reflections. He appropriated the time while he was dressing to particular speculations, parcelling out a different set of questions for every day in the week. On Sunday morning he commented on himself, as pastor; on Monday, as husband and father; on Tuesday he thought of his relations, "taking a catalogue which began with his parents and extended as far as the children of his cousin-germans," and, by an odd distribution, interchanging them sometimes with his enemies; Wednesday he gave to the consideration of the church throughout the world; on Thursday he turned over his religious society efforts; Friday he devoted to the poor and suffering, and Saturday he concluded with his own spiritual interests.†

To these devout associations he added the most humorous turns, not merely improving,—a notion readily entertained—such similes of mortal affairs as the striking of a clock or the dying flame of a candle, but pinning his prayers, on a tall man, that he might have "high attainments in Christianity;" on a negro, that he might be washed white by the Spirit; on a very small man, that he might have great blessings; upon a man on horseback, that as the creature served him, so he might serve the Creator; and, at the suggestion of so suspicious an incentive, savoring so strongly of unholy egotism, as a person passing by without observing him, "Lord, I pray thee, help that man to take a due notice of Christ."*

It may not be unreasonable to trace this habit, with the disposition of mind upon which it grew in Mather, till he carried out the doctrine of special providence to an excess which assumed the worst forms of dyspeptic and morbid suspicion. Pious persons sometimes forget that, while Deity rules the world with particular control, in which nothing is so small as not to be great, it becomes not the ignorance of short-sighted man to be the interpreter.

It was probably one form of this not uncommon delusion which led Cotton Mather to enter so vigorously upon the prosecution of witchcraft. Wherever in life he saw an effect, he looked about him for an immediate cause, and would take up the nearest one which suited his taste and humor. He was undoubtedly instrumental in fomenting the murderous proceedings at Salem; it would be harsh to suppose with the deliberate intent of reviving a fading ecclesiastic tyranny and priestly despotism in the land, but certainly with an over-zealous eagerness and inordinate credulity. Wiser men than Mather, in those days, had a certain kind of belief in the possibility of witchcraft. Chief Justice Hale, in 1682, had sanctioned the punishment of death for a piece of intolerable nonsense in England, and witches had been executed in New England before Mather was born. There was just lurking superstition enough about in the country, in the thin settlements and in the purlieus of the wilderness, fostered by the disuse of independent thinking under the dogmatic puritan theology, to be effectively worked upon by a credulous, zealous, unscrupulous advocate; and such, for the time being, was Cotton Mather. Vanity appears to have been his ruling passion, and vanity associated with priestly power and superstition presents a fearful combination for the times. Self-blinded, he was fooled by the most transparent absurdities. He gives an account, in the *Magnalia*, of the freaks of a young girl, one of the bewitched family of the Goodwins, whom he took into his house, and who played him a variety of silly pranks, his relation of which is exceedingly quaint and amusing, all of them to be explained by the mischievous caprices of the sex, with so capital an object as himself to work upon, but which the learned doctor in divinity magnified in the pulpit—he speaks of "entertaining his congregation with a sermon" on the subject—and the "famous Mr. Baxter" echoed in London, as a "great instance, with such convincing evidence, that he must be a very obdurate Sadducee, that will not believe it." This was in 1688. His *Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft* appeared in 1689. The twenty executions of Salem took place in 1692; nineteen were hung, and another pressed to death, by that peculiar institution of the old English

* Cheever, a Londoner by birth, was for more than seventy years a teacher in this country—at Newhaven, Ipswich, Charlestown, and at Boston, where he passed the last thirty-seven years of his life, till his death, in 1708, at the venerable age of ninety-three. His Latin Accidence had reached its twentieth edition in 1768. He also wrote on the Scripture Prophecies. Cotton Mather says, in one of his carefully twisted elegies, that his numerous pupils employed the parts of speech which he taught them in sounding his praises:—

> "With interjections they break off at last,
> But, ah is all they use, we, and alas!"

The story is, that Cheever used to boast of having flogged seven of the judges on the bench.

† Life by Samuel Mather, 50-60.

* Life by Samuel Mather, 107-8.

law, the *peine forte et dure*. Mather was on the spot, aiding and abetting, "riding in the whirlwind, and directing the storm." At the execution of the clergyman, George Burroughs, he was present among the crowd on horseback, addressing the people, and cavilling at the ordination of his brother pastor.* His *Wonders of the Invisible World; being an account of the trial of several witches lately executed in New England*,† tells the story of these melancholy judicial crimes, with a hearty unction which gloats over the victims. His faith is as unrelenting as the zeal of an antiquarian or a virtuoso. His spiritual rant, forgetting the appropriate language of the scholar and the divine, anticipates the burlesque of a Maw-worm, or the ravings of a Mucklewrath.

When the witch mania had run out, having brought itself to a *reductio ad absurdum*, by venting suspicions of the diabolical agencies of the wife of Governor Phips, which was carrying the matter quite too far, and Robert Calef had published his spirited exposure of the affair in 1700,‡ Mather repeating the stories in the old strain in the Magnalia, makes no retraction of his former judgments or convictions. In 1723, in the chapter of the "Remarkables" of his father, entitled *Troubles from the Invisible World*, he repeats the absurd stories of the "prodigious possession of devils" at Salem.§

The lesson, however, was not without profit to him. When a great humanitarian question, which he was the first to introduce, afterwards came up, in the year 1721, the new discovery of the inoculation for the small-pox, and the superstitious feeling of the day was opposed to it, Mather set himself against the popular outcry on the side of the reform.* It was in vain now that his opponents brought up the diabolical agencies of the new remedy. Mather had chosen the other side, and the wicked suggestions of the spiritual world were silenced. It was a noble position for a man to hold, and he resolutely maintained it. Even as all scandal touching the fair Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is forgotten, when she is seen angelically bringing this protection for humanity from Turkey to England, so may the bigotry and superstition of Mather be overlooked when, not waiting for English precedents, he took upon himself the introduction of this new remedy in America.

In many other respects, Mather's memory deserves to be held in esteem by the present generation. He carried about with him that indefatigable sense of usefulness which we associate with the popular memory of Franklin, whose character doubtless he helped to mould. The philosopher in his autobiography, acknowledges his obligations to Dr. Mather, in a paragraph in which he associates the *Essays to do good* with a book by De Foe as "perhaps giving him a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of his life." He has left another memorandum of this obligation in a letter to Samuel Mather, from Passey, May 12, 1784:—"When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled 'Essays to do Good,' which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life."†

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* Bancroft's U. S. iii. 92.

† The Wonders of the Invisible World: being an account of the Tryals of Several Witches, lately executed in New England, and of several remarkable curiosities therein occurring. Together with, 1. Observations upon the nature, the number, and the operations of the Devils. 2. A short narrative of a late outrage committed by a knot of witches in Swedeland, very much resembling, and so far explaining, that under which New England has labored. 3. Some councils directing a due improvement of the terrible things lately done by the unusual and amazing Range of Evil Spirits in New England. 4. A brief discourse upon those Temptations which are the more ordinary Devices of Satan, by Cotton Mather. Published by the special command of his Excellency the Governor of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England. Printed first at Boston, in New England; and reprinted at London, for John Dunton, at the Raven, in the Poultry, 1693. 4to. pp. 98.

‡ More Wonders of the Invisible World; or the Wonders of the Invisible World Displayed in five parts. An account of the sufferings of Margaret Rule, collected by Robert Calef, merchant of Boston, in New England. London, 1700. Calef's book, on its arrival in this country, was publicly burnt by the Mather agency, in the college yard at Cambridge. Samuel Mather, in the Life of his Father (p. 46), disposes of it more summarily than posterity is willing to do. "There was a certain disbeliever of witchcraft, who wrote against this book; but as the man is dead, his book died long before him." This merchant of Boston deserves to be well remembered for his independence and acuteness. He is deserving of more special notice than he has received. He died in 1720.

§ The witchcraft executions had been the work of a few clergymen and their friends in office, and had been carried through by a special court got up among them for the occasion. Bancroft (iii. 65) assigns the "responsibility of the tragedy" to the "very few, hardly five or six, in whose hands the transition state of the government left, for a season, unlimited influence."

When Mr. Upham published his *Lectures* on this subject, he was called upon by a writer in the public prints, to make good his charge against Cotton Mather, of having exerted himself to increase and extend the frenzy of the public mind. He produced in reply, an original letter from Dr. Mather to Stephen Sewall, of Salem, in which he manifests an excessive earnestness to prevent the excitement from subsiding. This was written in September, after the summer which had witnessed the executions in Salem, and contained an importunate request, that Mr. Sewall would furnish him with the evidence given at the trials. "Imagine me as obdurate a Sadducee and witch-advocate as any among us; address me as one that believed nothing reasonable; and when you have so knocked me down, in a spectre so unlike me, you will enable me to box it about among my neighbors till it come, I know not where at last." Peabody's Life, 249. Chandler Robbins, in his History of the Second Church, or Old North in Boston, has taken an apologetic view of these transactions, and exempted Mather from the charge of conscious deception. "He may be called a fool for his credulity; but he certainly cannot be called a knave for his cunning." p. 102. Quincy has handled Mather less mildly in his History of Harv. Univ. i. 846.

* An interesting and instructive history of the introduction of inoculation into New England, will be found in Mr. W. B. O. Peabody's Life of Cotton Mather, in volume iv. of Sparks's American Biography. "The clergy, who were generally in favor of inoculation, supported it by arguments drawn from medical science; while the physicians, who were as much united against it, opposed it with arguments which were chiefly theological, alleging that it was presumptuous in man to inflict disease on man, that being the prerogative of the Most High." Dr. Zabdiel Boylston stood alone in the faculty. He defended inoculation by his pen, and promoted it by his example. Dr. Douglass, a Scotchman, a physician of note in Boston, and afterwards the author of "A Summary, Historical and Political, of the British Settlements in North America," 1760, was an indignant opponent.

† This letter also preserves an anecdote characteristic of both parties—the theoretical Cotton Mather, and the practical Franklin. "You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year. I am in my seventy-ninth. We are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston: but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania; he received me in his library, and on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop!' I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you: stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

Mather was always exercising his ingenuity to contribute something useful to the world. He was one of the first to employ the press extensively in the dissemination of tracts; he early lifted his voice in favor of temperance; he preached and wrote for sailors; he instructed negroes; he substituted moral and sagacious intellectual restraints with his children for flogging;* conversation he studied and practised as an art; and he was a devoted historiographer of his country for posterity—besides his paramount employment, according to the full measure of his day and generation, of discharging the sacred duties of his profession. Pity that any personal defects of temperament or "follies of the wise" should counterbalance these noble achievements—that so well freighted a bark should at times experience the want of a rudder. Good sense was the one stick occasionally missing from the enormous faggot of Mather's studies and opinions.

The remark that Mather made of one of the many opinionists of the times, whose notions did not agree with his own, or whose nonsense, to reverse the saying of Charles II. of Bishop Woolly and the non-conformists, did not suit his nonsense, that his brain was a windmill, may be applied to himself. He was full of a restless, uneasy mental action. He wrote history without being an historian, and painted character without being a biographer. But he had a great genius for the odd and the fantastic.

One thing he never could attain, though he nearly inherited it, though his learning almost irresistibly challenged it, though he spiritually anticipated it—the prize of the presidency of Harvard College. One and another was chosen in preference to him. The ghostly authority of the old priestly influence was passing away. Cotton Mather was, in age, a disheartened and disappointed man. The possession, in turn, of three wives had proved but a partial consolation. One of his sons he felt compelled to disown;† his wife was subject to fits of temper bordering on insanity; the glooms of his own disposition grew darker in age as death approached, a friend whom he was glad to meet, when he expired, at the completion of his sixty-fifth year, the 13th February, 1728. His last emphatic charge to his son Samuel was, "Remember only that one word, 'Fructuosus.'"

It was a word which had never been forgotten by himself—for his genius had indeed borne much fruit. The catalogue of his printed works enumerated by his son Samuel, at the close of the life of his father, which supplied us with so many characteristic traits of the man,* numbers three hundred and eighty-two, a Cottonian library in itself, bearing date during more than forty years, from 1686 to 1727.† As an ancient Roman Emperor took for his adage, "nulla dies sine linea," so Cotton Mather may be said to have enlarged the motto, "no year without a book," for in the ripe period of his book productiveness, not a date is missing. These publications were, many of them, light, and occasional tracts, single sermons, and the like; but there were many among them of sufficient magnitude, and all were greatly condensed. The famous sentence which he wrote in capitals over his study door, as a warning to all tedious and impertinent visitors, "Be short," he bore in mind himself for his own writings when he approached that much enduring host, the public. Books and reading were his delight: he was one of the old folio race of scholars, the gluttons of ancient authors, transplanted to America. The vigorous pedantic school which grew up under the shade of Harvard, in those days, between the wilderness and the sea, was a remarkable feature of the times.

Warmly writes poetical John Adams, of Newport, of Mather's productiveness.

> What numerous volumes scatter'd from his hand,
> Lighten'd his own, and warm'd each foreign land!
> What pious breathings of a glowing soul
> Live in each page, and animate the whole!
> The breath of heaven the savory pages show,
> As we Arabia from its spices know.
> The beauties of his style are careless strew'd,
> And learning with a liberal hand bestow'd:
> So, on the field of Heav'n, the seeds of fire
> Thick-sown, but careless, all the wise admire.‡

In one of Mather's private thanksgivings, he records his gratitude for the usual rewards of a pastor's ministry, and adds as special items of happiness, "my accomplishments in any points of learning—my well furnished library." On another occasion, he describes the culture of his genius: "I am not unable, with a little study, to write in seven languages: I feast myself with the secrets of all the sciences which the more polite

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* The kind and shrewd disposition of Mather in this particular is worthy of special mention. "He would have his children account it a privilege to be taught; and would sometimes manage the matter so, that refusing to teach them something should be looked upon as a punishment. The strain of his threatenings therefore was: you shall not be allowed to read, or to write, or to learn such a thing, if you do not as I have bidden you. The slavish way of education, carried on with raving, and kicking, and scourging (in schools as well as families) he looked upon as a dreadful judgment of God on the world; he thought the practice abominable, and expressed a mortal aversion to it."—*Life by Samuel Mather*, p. 17.

† His Diary speaks of his "miserable son," and threatens "a tremendous letter to my wicked son." Samuel Mather, his brother, writes kindly of him:—"The third son was Increase, a young man, well beloved by all who knew him for his superior good nature and manners, his elegant wit and ready expressions. He went to sea, and on his passage from Barbadoes to Newfoundland was lost in the Atlantic."—Life of Cotton Mather, p. 14.

* Life of the Very Reverend and learned Cotton Mather, D.D. and F.R.S., late Pastor of the North Church, in Boston: who died Feb. 13, 1727-8, by Samuel Mather, M.A., Boston. Printed for Samuel Gerrish, in Cornhill, 1729. 12mo. pp. 186. An abridgment of this life was published in London, 1744, by David Jennings, at the suggestion of Dr. Watts, who speaks in his "Recommendation" of his "happy Correspondence with the Reverend Dr. Cotton Mather, for near twenty years before his death; as well as with the Reverend Mr. Samuel Mather, his son, ever since. I found much of his learned and pious character very early, from the spirit of his Letters, and of his public writings, which he favored me with every year."

† Large as this catalogue is, and carefully prepared by his son, it does not include all Mather's publications. Extensive collections of them may be found in the Library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, which has also a Mather alcove of weather-beaten divinity in ragged black covers, as if smoked by the fires of the Inquisition,—hardly one has a label left—rich in such old time works as the "Church Politics" of Voetius, the "Scholastical Divinity" of Henry Jeanes, Bilson's "Christian Subjections," Sib's Pious Writings, relieved by an old Latin volume of Henry More, of Erasmus, and a few broken sets of Roman poets. Books which once belonged to grandfather, father, son, and grandson, Richard, Increase, Cotton, and Samuel. There are fifty-two Cotton Mather items on the catalogue of the Boston Athenæum. The Mather MSS. are chiefly in the archives of the Mass. Historical Society, and the American Antiq. Society.

‡ On the Death of Dr. Cotton Mather, Poems, p. 85.

part of mankind ordinarily pretend unto. I am entertained with all kinds of histories, ancient and modern. I am no stranger to the curiosities, which by all sorts of learning are brought unto the curious. These intellectual pleasures are far beyond my sensual ones."*

The great work of Mather, to which many of his writings are properly appendices, the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, is a monument of these studies. In its plan it is a compound of quaint English Dr. Thomas Fuller's Church History and Worthies; but in the execution, the wit and sagacity of the American are not of so fine an edge, and the poetical fancy is missing. The book purports, on its title-page, to be *The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first Planting in the year* 1620, *unto the year of our Lord* 1698; but includes also the civil history of the times, an account of Harvard college, of the Indian wars, of the witchcraft "troubles," together with the lives of more than eighty individuals, celebrities of church and state. By the year 1718 Mather had published the lives of no less than one hundred and fourteen men and twenty women, and more, says his biographer, afterwards, "not to say anything of the transient but honorable mention many others have had in the doctor's tractates." Character painting, in funeral sermons and eulogies, was one of the strong points of Mather's genius, an exercise of amiability which the poet Halleck has kindly remembered among the verses in which he has so happily depicted the peculiarities of the man:

O Genius! powerful with thy praise or blame,
When art thou feigning? when art thou sincere?
Mather, who banned his living friends with shame,
In funeral sermons blessed them on their bier,
And made their deathbeds beautiful with fame—
Fame true and gracious as a widow's tear
To her departed darling husband given;
Him whom she scolded up from earth to heaven.

Thanks for his funeral sermons, they recall
The sunshine smiling through his folio's leaves,
That makes his readers' hours in bower or hall
Joyous as plighted hearts on bridal eves;
Chasing, like music from the soul of Saul,
The doubt that darkens, and the ill that grieves;
And honoring the author's heart and mind,
That beats to bless, and toils to ennoble human kind.†

The *Magnalia* was printed in London, in folio, in 1702, through the agency of a friend, Mr. Robert Hackshaw, who bore the expense as an act of faith. It was not till 1820 that it was reprinted in America, at Hartford. As an historical work its incidental lights are more valuable than its direct opinions; its credulity and prejudice are unbounded, but they painfully exhibit the management of the old ecclesiasticism of New England; for the rest, its vigorous oddity of expression is amusing, and will long attract the curious reader. Giving Mather every credit for sincerity, his judgment appears sadly at fault; the mixture of high intentions with low puerilities recalls to us the exclamation of Coleridge upon perusing a book of the same school, John Reynolds's old folio of God's Revenge against Murther, "Oh, what a beautiful *concordia discordantium* is an unthinking, good-hearted man's soul."

The book of Mather's which is mentioned most frequently after the *Magnalia*, is the *Christian Philosopher*, a collection of Natural Theology instances and improvements, leaning upon Boyle, Ray, Derham, and similar writers. Commencing with light, the planets, and such phenomena as snow, wind, cold, he travels through the mineral, vegetable, and animal world, to man, into whose anatomy he enters intimately. He quotes for poetry "the incomparable Sir Richard Blackmore," with whom he corresponded, and recognises "our ingenious Mr. Waller." The natural history is sometimes of the simplest, and the moral improvements are overdone. His prototype, Boyle, in his Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects, had carried a good thing so far as to excite the humor of Swift, who wrote his Pious Meditation on a Broomstick, in parody of his style. Mather adopts the popular credulities touching the victim of the bite of the tarantula, and narrates them with great emotion; and he tells us, out of Beccone, that men, if need requires, may suckle infants from their breasts. His love for the curiosities of reading will carry him anywhere for an example. Thus he remarks, "What a sympathy between the feet and the bowels! the priests walking barefoot on the pavement of the temple, were often afflicted, as the Talmuds tell us, with diseases in the bowels. The physician of the temple was called a bowel doctor. Bellyaches, occasioned by walking on a cold floor, are cured by applying hot bricks to the soles of the feet." There is, however, an obvious good intention to be useful and devout everywhere.

The *Essays to do Good*, an abridgment of which has been in popular circulation with "improvements" by George Burder, the author of the "Village Sermons," may be best described by their original title, in the publication of 1710, "Bonifacius; an Essay upon the Good, that is to be devised and designed, by those who desire to answer the Great End of Life, and to do Good while they live. A Book offered, first, in General, unto all Christians, in a Personal Capacity, or in a relative: Then more particularly unto Magistrates, Ministers, Physicians, Lawyers, Schoolmasters, Gentlemen, Officers, Churches, and unto all Societies of a religious character and intention: with humble Proposals of unexceptionable methods to *Do Good* in the world." The treatment is ingenious, and the design affords a model for a wider treatment with reference to all the prominent arts and pursuits of life.

Mather, too, sometimes, like so many of the worthies he celebrated, tried his hand upon poetry. Whether Minerva was willing or not, the verses must be produced. He has the gift of Holofernes for "smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention." But the puns and quibs which he has for others take a more natural form when he writes his own sorrows on the death of his son and daughter.

The *Psalterium Americanum*, published in 1718, was an attempt to improve the careless version of the Psalms then current, by a translation exactly conformed to the original, and written in

* Life by Samuel Mather, p. 82.

† The whole of this characterization of Mather and the old Puritan times is admirable, balancing virtues and defects with a poet's discrimination. It is from that quarry of the author's portfolio, the "unpublished poem" Connecticut.

blank verse. Mr. Hood, in his History of Music, speaks of the work with respect. To the translations were appended brief devotional and learned comments, or, as the author more pointedly challenges attention to them—"Every Psalm is here satellited with illustrations, which are not fetched from the vulgar annotations, but are the more fine, deep, and uncommon thoughts, which in a course of long reading and thinking have been brought in the way of the collector. They are golden keys to immense treasures of Truth." Verily, Mather understood well the learned trick of displaying his literary wares.*

This literal translation, "without any jingle of words at the end," is printed by Mather in the several metres, separated from prose by rules set upright in the solid paragraph. We quote one of them, restored to the form of poetry:—

PSALM C.

Now unto the eternal God
Make you the joyful shouts
Which are heard in a jubilee,
All ye who dwell on earth.

Yield service with a shining joy
To the eternal God;
With joyful acclamations come
Ye in before His face.

Know that th' eternal God, He's God,
He made us, and we're His;
We are His people, and we are
The sheep which He does feed.

With due confessions enter ye
His gates, His courts with praise;
Make due confessions unto Him;
Speak ye well of His name.

For the eternal God is good;
His mercy is forever;
And unto generations doth
His faithfulness endure.

An immense unpublished MS. of Mather, his *Illustrations of the Sacred Scriptures*, is stored in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, where it is shown in six volumes folio, of rough-edged whity-brown foolscap, written in the author's round, exact hand, in double columns; its magnitude and forgotten theology bidding defiance to the enterprise of editors and publishers. Portions of his *Diary*, a painful psychological curiosity, are also to be found there, including the torn leaf from which the invisible hand of witchcraft plucked a piece, according to his declaration, before his eyes.

AN HORTATORY AND NECESSARY ADDRESS, TO A COUNTRY NOW EXTRAORDINARILY ALARM'D BY THE WRATH OF THE DEVIL.—FROM THE WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

That the Devil is *come down unto us with great wrath*, we find, we feel, we now deplore. In many ways, for many years, hath the Devil been assaying to extirpate the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus here. New England may complain of the Devil, as in Psalm cxxix. 1, 2: *Many a time have they afflicted me, from my youth, may New England now say; many a time have they afflicted me from my youth; yet they have not prevailed against me.* But now there is a more than ordinary *affliction*, with which the *Devil* is Galling of us: and such an one as is indeed Unparallelable. The things confessed by *Witches*, and the things endured by *Others*, laid together, amount unto this account of our Affliction. The *Devil*, Exhibiting himself ordinarily as a small *Black man*, has decoy'd a fearful knot of proud, forward, ignorant, envious, and malicious creatures, to list themselves in his horrid Service, by entring their Names in a Book, by him tendered unto them. These *Witches*, whereof above a Score have now *Confessed, and shown their Deeds*, and some are now tormented by the Devils, for *Confessing*, have met in Hellish *Rendezvous*, wherein the Confessors do say, they have had their diabolical Sacraments, imitating the *Baptism* and the *Supper* of our Lord. In these hellish meetings, these Monsters have associated themselves to do no less a thing than, *To destroy the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, in these parts of the World;* and in order hereunto, First they each of them have their *Spectres*, or Devils, commissioned by them and representing of them, to be the Engines of their Malice. By these wicked *Spectres*, they seize poor people about the country, with various and bloody *Torments;* and of those evidently Preternatural torments there are some have dy'd. They have bewitched some, even so far as to make *Self-destroyers:* and others are in many Towns here and there languishing under their *Evil hands*. The people thus afflicted, are miserably scratched, and bitten, so that the Marks are most visible to all the World, but the causes utterly invisible; and the same Invisible Furies do most visibly stick Pins into the bodies of the Afflicted, and *scale* them, and hideously distort, and disjoint all their members, besides a thousand other sorts of Plague, beyond these of any natural diseases which they give unto them. Yea, they sometimes drag the poor people out of their chambers, and carry them over Trees and Hills, for divers miles together. A large part of the persons tortured by these Diabolical *Spectres*, are horribly tempted by them, sometimes with fair promises, and sometimes with hard threatenings, but always with felt miseries, to sign the *Devil's Laws* in a Spectral Book laid before them; which two or three of these poor Sufferers, being by their tiresome sufferings overcome to do, they have immediately been released from all their miseries, and they appeared in Spectre then to Torture those that were before their fellow-sufferers. The *Witches*, which by their covenant with the Devil are become Owners of Spectres, are oftentimes by their own Spectres required and compelled to give their consent, for the molestation of some, which they had no mind otherwise to fall upon: and cruel depredations are then made upon the Vicinage. In the Prosecution of these Witchcrafts, among a thousand other unaccountable things, the *Spectres* have an odd faculty of cloathing the most substantial and corporeal Instruments of Torture, with Invisibility, while the wounds thereby given have been the most palpable things in the World; so that the Sufferers assaulted with Instruments of Iron, wholly unseen to the standers by, though, to their cost, seen by themselves, have, upon snatching, wrested the Instruments out of the *Spectre's* hands, and every one has then immediately not only *beheld*, but *handled*, an Iron Instrument taken by a Devil from a Neighbor. These wicked *Spectres* have proceeded so far, as to steal several quantities of Money from divers people, part of which Money has, before sufficient Spectators, been dropt out of the Air into the Hands of the Sufferers, while the *Spectres* have been urging them to subscribe their *Covenant* with

* Some of his title-pages are exquisite. *Brontologia Sacra* is the name he gives to a few sermons on remarkable thunderstorms. The titles of several of these occasional publications are, *Nails Fastned, or Proposals of Piety; Adversus Libertinos; An Essay on Evangelical Obedience; Theophilus Americanus, An Essay on the Golden Street of the Holy City.*

Death. In such extravagant ways have these Wretches propounded, the *Dragooning* of as many as they can, into their own Combination, and the *Destroying* of others, with lingring, spreading, deadly diseases; till our Country should at last become too hot for us. Among the Ghastly Instances of the *success* which those Bloody Witches have had, we have seen even some of their own Children, so dedicated unto the Devil, that in their Infancy, it is found, the *Imps* have sucked them, and rendered them Venomous to a Prodigy. We have also seen the Devil's first battries upon the Town where the first Church of our Lord in this Colony was gathered, producing those distractions, which have almost ruin'd the Town. We have seen, likewise, the *Plague* reaching afterwards into the Towns far and near, where the Houses of good Men have the Devils filling of them with terrible vexations!

This is the descent, which, it seems, the devil has now made upon us. But that which makes this descent the more formidable, is, The *multitude* and *quality* of Persons accused of an interest in this *Witchcraft*, by the Efficacy of the Spectres which take their name and shape upon them; causing very many good and wise men to fear, that many *innocent*, yea, and some *virtuous* persons, are, by the devils in this matter, imposed upon; that the devils have obtain'd the power to take on them the likeness of harmless people, and in that likeness to afflict other people, and be so abused by Prætigious Demons, that upon their look or touch, the afflicted shall be oddly affected. Arguments from the Providence of God, on the one side, and from our charity towards man on the other side, have made this now to become a most agitated Controversie among us. There is an *Agony* produced in the Minds of Men, lest the Devil should sham us with Devices, of perhaps a finer Thread, than was ever yet practised upon the World. The whole business is become hereupon so *Snarled*, and the determination of the Question one way or another, so *dismal*, that our Honourable Judges have a Room for *Jehosaphat's* Exclamation, *We know not what to do!* They have used, as Judges have heretofore done, the *Spectral Evidences*, to introduce their further Enquiries into the *Lives* of the persons accused; and they have thereupon, by the wonderful Providence of God, been so strengthened with *other evidences*, that some of the Witch Gang have been fairly Executed. But what shall be done, as to those against whom the *evidence* is chiefly founded in the *dark world?* Here they do solemnly demand our Addresses to the *Father of Lights*, on their behalf. But in the mean time, the Devil improves the *Darkness* of this Affair, to push us into a *Blind Man's Buffet*, and we are even ready to be *sinfully*, yea, hotly and madly, mauling one another in the *dark*.

THE TARANTULA.—FROM THE "CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER."

What amazing effects follow on the bite of the tarantula! the patient is taken with an extreme difficulty of breathing, and heavy anguish of heart, a dismal sadness of mind, a voice querulous and sorrowful, and his eyes very much disturbed. When the violent symptoms which appear on the first day are over, a continual melancholy hangs about the person, till by dancing or singing, or change of air, the poisonous impressions are extirpated from the blood, and the fluid of the nerves; but this is a happiness that rarely happens; nay, Baglivi, this wicked spider's countryman, says, there is no expectation of ever being perfectly cured. Many of the poisoned are never well but among the graves, and in solitary places; and they lay themselves along upon a bier as if they themselves were dead: like people in despair, they will throw themselves into a pit; women, otherwise chaste enough, cast away all modesty, and throw themselves into every indecent posture. There are some colours agreeable to them, others offensive, especially black; and if the attendants have their clothes of ungrateful colours, they must retire out of their sight. The music with the dancing which must be employed for their cure, continues three or four days; in this vigorous exercise they sigh, they are full of complaints; like persons in drink, they almost lose the right use of their understanding; they distinguish not their very parents from others in their treating of them, and scarce remember any thing that is past. Some during this exercise are much pleased with green boughs of reeds or vines, and wave them with their hands in the air, or dip them in the water, or bind them about their face or neck; others love to handle red cloths or naked swords. And there are those who, upon a little intermission of the dancing, fall a digging of holes in the ground, which they fill with water, and then take a strange satisfaction in rolling there. When they begin to dance, they call for swords and act like fencers; sometimes they are for a looking-glass, but then they fetch many a deep sigh at beholding themselves. Their fancy sometimes leads them to rich clothes, to necklaces, to fineries and a variety of ornaments; and they are highly courteous to the bystanders that will gratify them with any of these things; they lay them very orderly about the place where the exercise is pursued, and in dancing please themselves with one or other of these things by turns, as their troubled imagination directs them.

How miserable would be the condition of mankind, if these animals were common in every country! But our compassionate God has confined them to one little corner of Italy; they are existing elsewhere, but nowhere thus venomous, except in Apulia. My God, I glorify thy compassion to sinful mankind, in thy restraints upon the poisons of the tarantula.

THE LIFE OF MR. RALPH PARTRIDGE—FROM THE "MAGNALIA."

When David was driven from his friends into the wilderness, he made this pathetical representation of his condition, "'Twas as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." Among the many worthy persons who were persecuted into an American wilderness, for their fidelity to the ecclesiastical kingdom of our true David, there was one that bore the *name* as well as the *state* of an hunted partridge. What befel him, was, as Bede saith of what was done by Fælix, *Juxta nominis sui Sacramentum.*

This was Mr. Ralph Partridge, who for no fault but the *delicacy* of his good *spirit*, being distressed by the ecclesiastical *setters*, had no defence, neither of *beak* nor *claw*, but a *flight* over the ocean.

The place where he took covert was the colony of Plymouth, and the town of Duxbury in that colony.

This Partridge had not only the innocency of the *dove*, conspicuous in his blameless and pious life, which made him very acceptable in his conversation, but also the loftiness of an *eagle*, in the great soar of his intellectual abilities. There are some interpreters who, understanding *church officers* by the *living creatures*, in the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse, will have the *teacher* to be intended by the *eagle* there, for his quick insight into remote and hidden things. The church of Duxbury had such an *eagle* in their *Partridge*, when they enjoyed such a *teacher*.

By the same token, when the *Platform of Church Discipline* was to be composed, the Synod at Cambridge appointed three persons to draw up each of

them, "a model of church-government, according to the word of God," unto the end that out of those the synod might form what should be found most agreeable; which three persons were Mr. Cotton, and Mr. Mather, and Mr. Partridge. So that, in the opinion of that reverend assembly, this person did not come far behind the first two for some of his accomplishments.

After he had been forty years a faithful and painful preacher of the gospel, rarely, if ever, in all that while interrupted in his work by any bodily sickness, he died in a good old age, about the year 1658.

There was one singular instance of a *weaned spirit*, whereby he signalized himself unto the churches of God. That was this: there was a time when most of the ministers in the colony of Plymouth left the colony, upon the discouragement which the want of a *competent maintenance* among the needy and froward inhabitants gave unto them. Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the *paucity* and the *poverty* of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a *bird wandering from his nest*, that he remained with his poor people till he *took wing* to become a *bird of paradise*, along with the winged *seraphim* of heaven.

EPITAPHIUM.

Avolavit.

MINISTRY OF ANGELS—FROM "CŒLESTINUS."

When the Angel of the Lord encamps round about those that fear Him, the next news is, They that seek the Lord shall want nothing that is good for them. O servant of God, art thou afraid of wants, of straits, of difficulties? The angels who poured down at least 250,000 bushels of manna day by day unto the followers of God in the wilderness; the angel that brought meat unto the Prophet; the angel that showed Hagar and her son how to supply themselves; who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger by sicknesses? The angel who strengthened the feeble Daniel, the angel who impregnated the waters of Bethesda with such sanative and balsamic virtues; who can tell what services they may do for thee! Art thou in danger from enemies? The angel who rescued Jacob from Laban and from Esau; the angel who fetched Peter out of prison, who can tell what services they may do for thee! The angels which directed the Patriarch in his journeys, may give a direction to thy steps, when thou art at a loss how to steer. The angels who moved the Philistines to dismiss David; the angels who carried Lot out of Sodom; the angels who would not let the lions fall upon Daniel, they are still ready to do as much for thee, when God thy Saviour shall see it seasonable. And who can tell what services the angels of God may do for the servants of God, when their dying hour is coming upon them; then to make their bed for them, then to make all things easy to them. When we are in our agonies, then for an angel to come and strengthen us!

The holy angels, who have stood by us all our life, will not forsake us at our death. It was the last word of a Divine, dying in this, but famous in other countries; O you holy angels, come, do your office. 'Tis a blessed office, indeed, which our Saviour sends his holy angels to do for us in a dying hour. At our dissolution they will attend us, they will befriend us, they will receive us, they will do inconceivable things as a convoy for us, to set us before the presence of our Saviour with exceeding joy. O believer, why art thou so afraid of dying? What! afraid of coming into the loving and the lovely hands of the holy angels! Afraid of going from the caverns of the earth, which are full of brutish people, and where thy moan was, My soul is among lions, and I lie among them that are set on fire, even among the sons of men; and afraid of going to dwell among those amiable spirits, who have rejoiced in all the good they ever saw done unto thee; who have rejoiced in being sent by thy God and theirs, times without number, to do good unto thee; who have rejoiced in the hopes of having thee to be with them, and now have what they hoped for by having thee associated with them in the satisfactions of the heavenly world! Certainly, thou wilt not be afraid of going to those, whom thou hast already had so sweet a conversation with.

It was a good Memento written on the door of a study that had much of Heaven in it: ANGELI ASTANT; *there are Holy Angels at hand.*

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

The motto inscribed on his gravestone, "Reserved for a glorious Resurrection."

The exhortation of the Lord,
With consolation speaks to us,
As to his children his good word,
We must remember speaking thus:

My child, when God shall chasten thee,
His chastening do thou not contemn:
When thou his just rebukes dost see,
Faint not rebuked under them.

The Lord with fit afflictions will
Correct the children of his love;
He doth himself their father still,
By his most wise corrections prove.

Afflictions for the present here,
The vexed flesh will grievous call,
But afterwards there will appear,
Not grief, but peace, the end of all.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

The motto inscribed on her gravestone, "Gone, but not lost."

The dearest Lord of heaven gave
Himself an offering once for me:
The dearest thing on earth I have,
Now, Lord, I'll offer unto Thee.

I see my best enjoyments here,
Are loans, and flowers, and vanities
Ere well enjoyed they disappear:
Vain smoke, they prick and leave our eyes.

But I believe, O glorious Lord,
That when I seem to lose these toys,
What's lost will fully be restored
In glory, with eternal joys.

I do believe, that I and mine,
Shall come to everlasting rest;
Because, blest Jesus, we are thine,
And with thy promises are blest.

I do believe, that every bird
Of mine, which to the ground shall fall,
Does fall at thy kind will and word;
Nor I, nor it, is hurt at all.

Now my believing soul does hear,
This among the glad angels told:
I know thou dost thy Maker fear,
From whom thou nothing dost withhold!

BENJAMIN TOMPSON.

BENJAMIN TOMPSON, "learned schoolmaster and physician, and y^e renowned poet of New England," according to the eulogistic language of his tombstone, was born in 1640, and graduated at Harvard in 1662. He was master of the public

school in Boston from 1667 to 1670, when he received a call and removed to Cambridge. He died April 13, 1714, and is buried at Roxbury.*

He was the author of an *Elegy on the Rev. Samuel Whiting* of Lynn, who died December 11, 1679, which is printed in the Magnalia. He also figures in the same volume among the rhyming eulogists at its commencement, where he turns a compliment with some skill.

Quod patrios Manes revocasti a sedibus altis,
Sylvestres Musæ grates, Matherе, rependunt.
Hæc nova Progenies, veterum sub Imagine, cœlo
Arte tua terram visitans, demissa, salutat.
Grata Deo pietas; grates persolvimus omnes;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, Matherе, manebunt.

Is the bless'd Mather *necromancer* turn'd,
To raise his country's fathers' ashes urn'd?
Elisha's dust, life to the dead imparts;
This prophet, by his more *familiar arts*,
Unseals our *heroes'* tombs, and gives them air;
They rise, they walk, they talk, look wondrous fair;
Each of them in an orb of light doth shine,
In liveries of glory most divine.
When ancient names I in thy pages met,
Like gems on Aaron's costly breastplate set,
Methinks heaven's open, while great *saints* descend,
To wreathe the brows by which their acts were penn'd.

His chief production is a poem entitled *New England's Crisis*. The piece, after an eulogy on certain patriotic women, who turned out to build a wall for the defence of the town, gives a comparison between old times and new in the colony, in which he assigns the palm, as usual in such discussions, at least in poetry, to the days gone by; and then passes to King Philip's war, with which the remainder is occupied.

ON A FORTIFICATION AT BOSTON BEGUN BY WOMEN.

Duæ faminæ fuêre.

A grand attempt some Amazonian Dames
Contrive whereby to glorify their names,
A ruff for Boston Neck of mud and turfe,
Reaching from side to side, from surf to surf,
Their nimble hands spin up like Christmas pyes,
Their pastry by degrees on high doth rise.
The wheel at home counts in an holiday,
Since while the mistress worketh it may play.
A tribe of female hands, but manly hearts,
Forsake at home their pasty crust and tarts,
To knead the dirt, the samplers down they hurl,
Their undulating silks they closely furl.
The pick-axe one as a commandress holds,
While t'other at her awk'ness gently scolds.
One puffs and sweats, the other mutters why
Cant you promove your work so fast as I?
Some dig, some delve, and others' hands do feel
The little waggon's weight with single wheel.
And least some fainting-fits the weak surprize,
They want no sack nor cakes, they are more wise.
These brave essays draw forth male, stronger hands,
More like to dawbers than to marshal bands;
These do the work, and sturdy bulwarks raise,
But the beginners well deserve the praise.

THE PROLOGUE.

The times wherein old Pompion was a saint,
When men fared hardly yet without complaint,
On vilest cates; the dainty Indian maise
Was eat with clamp-shells out of wooden trays,
Under thatch'd hutts without the cry of rent,
And the best sawce to every dish, content.
When flesh was food and hairy skins made coats,
And men as well as birds had chirping notes.
When Cinnels were accounted noble blood;
Among the tribes of common herbage food.
Of Ceres' bounty form'd was many a knack,
Enough to fill poor Robin's Almanack.
These golden times (too fortunate to hold,)
Were quickly sin'd away for love of gold.
'T was then among the bushes, not the street,
If one in place did an inferior meet,
"Good morrow, brother, is there aught you want?
"Take freely of me, what I have you ha'nt."
Plain Tom and Dick would pass as current now.
As ever since "Your Servant Sir," and bow.
Deep-skirted doublets, puritanic capes,
Which now would render men like upright apes,
Was comlier wear, our wiser fathers thought,
Than the cast fashions from all Europe brought.
'T was in those days an honest grace would hold
Till an hot pudding grew at heart a cold.
And men had better stomachs at religion,
Than I to capon, turkey-cock, or pigeon;
When honest sisters met to pray, not prate,
About their own and not their neighbour's state.
During Plain Dealing's reign, that worthy stud
Of the ancient planters' race before the flood,
Then times were good, merchants car'd not a rush
For other fare than Jonakin and Mush.
Although men far'd and lodged very hard,
Yet innocence was better than a guard.
'T was long before spiders and worms had drawn
Their dungy webs, or hid with cheating lawne
New England's beautyes, which still seem'd to me
Illustrious in their own simplicity.
'T was ere the neighbouring Virgin-Land had broke
The hogsheads of her worse than hellish smoak.
'T was ere the Islands sent their presents in,
Which but to use was counted next to sin.
'T was ere a barge had made so rich a freight
As chocolate, dust-gold and bitts of eight.
Ere wines from France and Muscovadoe to,
Without the which the drink will scarsly doe.
From western isles ere fruits and delicacies
Did rot maids' teeth and spoil their handsome faces.
Or ere these times did chance, the noise of war
Was from our towns and hearts removed far.
No bugbear comets in the chrystal air
Did drive our christian planters to despair.
No sooner pagan malice peeped forth
But valour snib'd it. Then were men of worth
Who by their prayers slew thousands, angel-like;
Their weapons are unseen with which they strike.
Then had the churches rest; as yet the coales
Were covered up in most contentious soule:
Freeness in judgment, union in affection,
Dear love, sound truth, they were our grand protection.
Then were the times in which our councells sate,
These gave prognosticks of our future fate.
If these be longer liv'd our hopes increase,
These warrs will usher in a longer peace.
But if New England's love die in its youth,
The grave will open next for blessed truth.
This theame is out of date, the peacefull hours
When castles needed not, but pleasant bowers.
Not ink, but bloud and tears now serve the turn
To draw the figure of New England's urne.
New England's hour of passion is at hand;
No power except divine can it withstand.
Scarce hath her glass of fifty years run out,
But her old prosperous steeds turn heads about,
Tracking themselves back to their poor beginnings,
To fear and fare upon their fruits of sinnings.

* Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry, Vol. i. xxxvii.

So that the mirror of the christian world
Lyes burnt to heaps in part, her streamers furl'd.
Grief sighs, joyes flee, and dismal fears surprize
Not dastard spirits only, but the wise.
Thus have the fairest hopes deceiv'd the eye
Of the big-swoln expectant standing by:
Thus the proud ship after a little turn,
Sinks into Neptune's arms to find its urne:
Thus hath the heir to many thousands born
Been in an instant from the mother torn:
Even thus thine infant cheeks begin to pale,
And thy supporters through great losses fail.
This is the *Prologue* to thy future woe,
The *Epilogue* no mortal yet can know.

OUR FOREFATHERS' SONG.

This song is stated in the Massachusetts Historical Collections to have been "taken memoriter, in 1785, from the lips of an old lady at the advanced period of 96." It is also found in the Massachusetts Magazine for January, 1791. Both copies are identical. It is of an early date, and has been carried back to the year 1630. Four lines in the stanza before the last appear missing.

New England's annoyances you that would know them,
Pray ponder these verses which briefly doth shew them.
The place where we live is a wilderness wood,
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good:
Our mountains and hills and our vallies below,
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow;
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a finger, a foot or a hand.

But when the Spring opens we then take the hoe,
And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;
Our corn being planted and seed being sown,
The worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing some spoil there is made,
By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;
And when it is come to full corn in the ear,
It is often destroyed by raccoon and by deer.

And now our garments begin to grow thin,
And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
If we can get a garment to cover without,
Our other in-garments are clout upon clout:
Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn,
But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,
Clouts double, are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting, to fill up our dish,
We have carrots and turnips as much as we wish;
And is there a mind for a delicate dish
We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch fish.
Instead of pottage and puddings, and custards and pies,
Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;
We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at noon,
If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,
We must be contented, and think it no fault;
For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,
Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut tree chips.

* * * * * *

Now while some are going let others be coming,
For while liquor's boiling it must have a scumming;
But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,
By seeking their fellows are flocking together.
But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented mind,
And all needful blessings you surely will find.

THOMAS MAKIN.

Thomas Makin was the author of two Latin poems addressed to James Logan, and found among his papers after his death; they are entitled. *Encomium Pennsylvaniæ*, and *In laudes Pennsylvaniæ poema, seu descriptio Pennsylvaniæ*, and bear date in 1728 and 1729. The second is "principally retained," as he phrases it, by Robert Proud, who adds an English translation by himself, in his History of Pennsylvania. Makin was an usher under George Keith,* in 1689, in the Friends' Public Grammar School in Philadelphia, and succeeded him as principal in the following year. He was frequently chosen clerk of the Provincial Assembly, but his school not proving productive, he removed to the interior.† His verses describing the features of town and country appear to have been written for amusement, and belong to the curiosities of literature. We give a brief passage of both the rural and city descriptions.

Hic avis est quædam dulci celeberrima voce,
Quæ variare sonos usque canendo solet.
Hic avis est quædam minima et pulcherrima plumis,
Sugere quæ flores usque volando solet.
Unde fugam muscæ in morem properare videtur,
Tanquam non oculis aspicienda diu.

Hic avis est quædam rubro formosa colore,
Gutture quæ plumis est maculata nigris.
Hic avis est repetens, *Whip, Whip, Will*, voce jocosa;
Quæ tota verno tempore nocte canit.
Hic et aves aliæ, quotquot generantur ab ovis,
Scribere jam quarum nomina inane foret,
Innumeræ volitare solent hic sæpe columbæ;
Unde frequens multis obvia præda datur.

Hic æstate solet tanquam ære gaudeat alto,
Tollere se ex summis sæpe aciperser aquis.
Qui salit ac resilit toties (mirabile visu)
In cymbas ingens præda aliquando cadit.
Regius hic piscis minimè pretiosus habetur;
Rarior est at ubi, carior est et ibi.

'Tis here the *mocking bird* extends his throat,
And imitates the birds of ev'ry note;
'Tis here the smallest of the feather'd train,
The *humming bird*, frequents the flow'ry plain.

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* George Keith, celebrated both as an advocate and opponent of the Quakers, was born in Aberdeen, and came to East Jersey in 1682, where he was appointed surveyor-general. He was, as we have seen, at the head of a school in Philadelphia in 1689. In 1691, after having made a propagandist tour in New England, he left the sect with a few followers, the seceders calling themselves Christian Quakers. He not long after took orders in the Church of England, officiated about a year in New York and Boston, and travelled through the settlements as a missionary. He returned to England in 1706, and passed the remainder of his life as rector of Edburton in Sussex. He published in 1706 a Journal of Travels from New Hampshire to Carstuck, which was reprinted in 1852 by the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society, in the first volume of their Collections, and a number of controversial works, which were not deficient in energy.

† Proud's History, ii. 361. Some Account of the Early Poets and Poetry of Pennsylvania, by Joshua Francis Fisher. Penn. Hist. Soc. Coll., vol. ii., pt. 2, p. 78.

Its motion quick seems to elude the eye;
It now a bird appears, and now a fly.

The various *woodpeckers* here charm the sight;
Of mingled red, of beautious black and white.
Here *whip-per-will*; a bird, whose fanci'd name
From its nocturnal note imagined, came.
Here, in the fall, large flocks of pigeons fly,
So numerous, that they darken all the sky.
Here other birds of ev'ry kind appear,
Whose names would be too long to mention here.

Large sturgeons num'rous crowd the Delaware;
Which, in warm weather, leap into the air;
So high, that (strange to tell!) they often fly
Into the boats, which on the river ply!
That royal fish is little valu'd here;
But where more scarce, 'tis more esteemed and dear.

Pulchra duos inter sita stat *Philadelphia* rivos;
Inter quos duo sunt millia longa viæ.
Delawar hic major, *Sculkil* minor ille vocatur;
Indis et *Suevis* notus uterque diu.
Ædibus ornatur multis urbs limite longo,
Quæ parva emicuit tempore magna brevi.
Hic plateas mensor spatiis delineat æquis,
Et domui recto est ordine juncta domus.
Quinque sacris hâc ædes una numerantur in urbe,
Altera non etiam distat ab urbe procul.
Ex quibus una alias est quæ supereminet omnes;
Cujus nondum ingens perficiatur opus.
Præcinit hic sacros divina melodia psalmos:
Et vox totius succinit inde chori.
Elevet hoc hominum mentes, et mulceat aures,
Sed cor devotum psallit in aure Dei.
Basis huic posita est excelsæ firma futuræ
Turris, ubi dicunt æra sonora fore.
Hic in gymnasiis linguæ docentur et artes
Ingenuæ; multis doctor & ipse fui.
Una schola hic alias etiam supereminet omnes
Romano et *Græco* quæ docet ore loqui.

Fair *Philadelphia* next is rising seen,
Between two rivers plac'd, two miles between;
The *Delaware* and *Sculkil*, new to fame,
Both ancient streams, yet of a modern name,
The city, form'd upon a beautious plan,
Has many houses built, tho' late began;
Rectangular the streets, direct and fair;
And rectilinear all the ranges are.
Five houses here for sacred use are known,
Another stands not far without the town.
Of these appears one in a grander style,
But yet unfinish'd is the lofty pile.
Here psalms divine melodious accents raise,
And choral symphony sweet songs of praise:
To raise the mind, and sooth the pious ear;
But God devoted minds doth always hear.
A lofty tow'r is founded on this ground,
For future bells to make a distant sound.
Here schools, for learning, and for arts, are seen;
In which to many I've a teacher been:
But one, in teaching, doth the rest excel,
To know and speak the Greek and Latin well.

JOHN JOSSELYN.

The first mention we have of John Josselyn is from his own words, that he set sail for New England April 26, and arrived at Boston on the 3d of July, 1638. Here he "presented his respects to Mr. Winthrop the governor, and to Mr. Cotton the teacher of Boston church, to whom he delivered, from Mr. Francis Quarles the poet, the translation of the 16, 25, 51, 88, 113, and 137 Psalms into English meter." He returned to England in October of the following year. A storm which occurred on his voyage seems to have made him poetical. He thus discourses:

And the bitter storm augments; the wild winds wage
War from all parts; and join with the sea's rage.
The sad clouds sink in showers; you would have thought,
That high-swoln-seas even unto Heaven had wrought
And Heaven to seas descended: no star shown;
Blind night in darkness, tempests and her own
Dread terrors lost; yet this dire lightning turns
To more fear'd light; the sea with lightning burns.
The pilot knew not what to chuse or fly,
Art stood amaz'd in ambiguity.

He thus commences the recital of his second voyage.

I have heard of a certain merchant in the west of England, who after many great losses, walking upon the sea bank in a calm sun-shining day; observing the smoothness of the sea, coming in with a chequered or dimpled wave: Ah (quoth he) thou flattering element, many a time hast thou inticed me to throw myself and my fortunes into thy arms; but thou hast hitherto proved treacherous; thinking to find thee a mother of increase, I have found thee to be the mother of mischief and wickedness; yea the father of prodigies; therefore, being now secure, I will trust thee no more. But mark this man's resolution a while after, *periculum maris spes lucri superat*. So fared it with me, that having escaped the dangers of one voyage, must needs put on a resolution for a second, wherein I plowed many a churlish billow with little or no advantage, but rather to my loss and detriment. In the setting down whereof I propose not to insist in a methodical way, but according to my quality, in a plain and brief relation as I have done already; for I perceive, if I used all the art that possibly I could, it would be difficult to please all, for all men's eyes, ears, faith, and judgments are not of a size. There be a sort of stagnant stinking spirits, who, like flies, lie sucking at the botches of carnal pleasures, and never travelled so much sea as is between Heth ferry and Lyon Key; yet notwithstanding (sitting in the chair of the scornful over their whists and draughts of intoxication) I will desperately censure the relations of the greatest travellers. It was a good proviso of a learned man, never to report wonders, for in so doing of the greatest he will be sure not to be believed, but laughed at, which certainly bewrays their ignorance and want of discretion. Of fools and madmen then I shall take no care, I will not invite these in the least to honour me with a glance from their supercilious eyes; but rather advise them to keep their inspection for their fine tongu'd romances and plays. This homely piece, I protest ingenuously, is prepared for such only who well know how to make use of their charitable constructions towards works of this nature, to whom I submit myself in all my faculties, and proceed in my second voyage.

He sailed May 23d, 1663, and returned December 1, 1671—the interval of eight and a half years having been passed in New England. He published, the year after his return, *New England's Rarities Discovered*.* In it he gives us a

* New England's Rarities Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, and Plants of that Country: Together with the Physical and Chyrurgical Remedies wherewith the Natives constantly use to cure their Distempers, Wounds, and Sores. Also a Perfect Description of an Indian Squa, in all

glimpse of Boston in 1663. "The buildings are handsome, joining one another as in London, with many large streets, most of them paved with pebble stone; in the high street towards the Common there are fair buildings, some of stone, and at the east end of the town one amongst the rest, built by the shore by Mr. Gibs a merchant, which it is thought will stand him in less than 3000*l.* before it be fully finished. The town is not divided into parishes, yet they have three fair meeting houses or churches, which hardly suffice to receive the inhabitants and strangers that come in from all parts."

He next issued a brief work entitled, *An Account of Two Voyages to New England.**

His books are mainly occupied with a view of the natural history of the country, but he occasionally gives us some hints of the inhabitants, and is uniformly amusing. He also published in 1674, *Chronological Observations of America, from the year of the World to the year of Christ*, 1673.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

The author of the *Redeemed Captive*, was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 16, 1664, where his grandfather had settled in the year 1638, on his emigration from England. By the aid of his maternal grandfather, William Park, he received a liberal education, and was graduated at Harvard at the age of nineteen. In the spring of 1686 he became the first minister of Deerfield. This was a post of unusual peril, as the place, then a frontier settlement, the first houses in which were erected in 1671, had suffered since 1675 continued attacks from the Indians engaged in King Philip's war. It was burnt by these savages after their slaughter of Captain Lathrop and his company, on the 18th of September, 1675, and the site was not again permanently occupied by the whites until 1682. In 1693, depredations recommenced. Attacks were made from time to time on the fort by parties of French and Indians, and on the 29th February (O.S.) 1704, the place was taken, destroyed by fire, some thirty-eight of the townspeople slain, and about one hundred carried into captivity, among whom were Mr. Williams, his wife (who was murdered on the route), and children. They were marched through the wilderness to Montreal, where they arrived about the end of March. They remained in Canada until October 25, 1706, when fifty-seven were removed in a vessel sent from Boston to that city, where they arrived on the 21st of November following. A portion of the remainder had fallen from fatigue or violence on the march or died during their captivity, and some preferred to remain with their Indian captors. Williams with two of his children returned, and in the March following published his work on his captivity,* one of the most interesting productions in our early literature.

He was invited immediately after his arrival to return to Deerfield, and, although the situation was still perilous, ventured on his old field of labor. Here he married a daughter of Captain Allen, of Windsor, Connecticut. The town had been rebuilt after its destruction in 1704, and was again attacked in 1709, but the assailants, finding the inhabitants prepared to give them a warm reception, withdrew. Soon after this Williams was appointed a commissioner in the expedition to Canada, under the command of Col. Stoddard, undertaken to redeem the prisoners yet remaining there. The attempt was successful in several instances, but not in obtaining the daughter of Mr. Williams. The remainder of his life was passed in comparative tranquillity, and he died at Deerfield, June 12, 1729, leaving eight children.

The Redeemed Captive has been frequently reprinted. The last edition (published by Hopkins, Bridgman & Co., Northampton, Mass.) is excellently edited with a life of the writer, to which we have been mainly indebted in the present sketch, and an account of his descendants by one of their number, Dr. Stephen W. Williams. We present a passage from the record of the perilous and painful journey.

We travelled not far the first day; God made the heathen so to pity our children, that though they had several wounded persons of their own to carry upon their shoulders, for thirty miles, before they came to the river, yet they carried our children, incapable of travelling, in their arms, and upon their shoulders. When we came to our lodging place, the first night, they dug away the snow, and made some wigwams, cut down some small branches of the spruce-tree to lie down on, and gave the prisoners somewhat to eat; but we had but little appetite. I was pinioned and bound down that night, and so I was every night whilst I was with the army. Some of the enemy who brought drink with them from the town fell to drinking, and in their drunken fit they killed my negro man, the only dead person I either saw at the town, or in the way.

In the night an Englishman made his escape; in the morning (March 1), I was called for, and ordered by the general to tell the English, that if any more made their escape, they would burn the rest of the prisoners. He that took me was unwilling to let me speak with any of the prisoners, as we marched; but on the morning of the second day, he being appointed to guard the rear, I was put into the hands of my other master, who permitted me to speak to my wife, when I overtook her, and to walk with her

her Bravery; with a Poem not improperly conferred upon her. Lastly, a chronological table of the most remarkable passages in that country among the English. Illustrated with cuts. By John Josselyn, Gent. London, printed for G. Widdows. 1672.

* An Account of Two Voyages to New England; wherein you have the setting out of a ship with the charges, &c. By John Josselyn, Gent. Memor. distich readred English by Dr. Heylin.

Heart, take thine ease,
Men hard to please
Thou haply might'st offend,
Though one speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better; there's an end.

London, printed by Giles Widdows, at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1674.

* The Redeemed Captive returning to Zion: or a faithful history of remarkable occurrences in the captivity and deliverance of Mr. John Williams, Minister of the Gospel in Deerfield, who in the desolation which befel that plantation by an incursion of the French and Indians, was by them carried away, with his family and his neighbourhood, into Canada. Drawn up by himself.

to help her in her journey. On the way, we discoursed of the happiness of those who had a right to an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and God for a father and friend; as also, that it was our reasonable duty quietly to submit to the will of God, and to say, "The will of the Lord be done." My wife told me her strength of body began to fail, and that I must expect to part with her; saying, she hoped God would preserve my life, and the life of some, if not of all our children with us; and commended to me, under God, the care of them. She never spake any discontented word as to what had befallen us, but with suitable expressions justified God in what had happened. We soon made a halt, in which time my chief surviving master came up, upon which I was put upon marching with the foremost, and so made my last farewell of my dear wife, the desire of my eyes, and companion in many mercies and afflictions. Upon our separation from each other, we asked for each other grace sufficient for what God should call us to. After our being parted from one another, she spent the few remaining minutes of her stay in reading the Holy Scriptures; which she was wont personally every day to delight her soul in reading, praying, meditating on, by herself, in her closet, over and above what she heard out of them in our family worship. I was made to wade over a small river, and so were all the English, the water above knee deep, the stream very swift; and after that to travel up a small mountain; my strength was almost spent, before I came to the top of it. No sooner had I overcome the difficulty of that ascent, but I was permitted to sit down, and be unburdened of my pack. I sat pitying those who were behind, and entreated my master to let me go down and help my wife; but he refused, and would not let me stir from him. I asked each of the prisoners (as they passed by me) after her, and heard that, passing through the above-said river, she fell down, and was plunged over head and ears in the water; after which she travelled not far, for at the foot of that mountain, the cruel and blood-thirsty savage who took her slew her with his hatchet at one stroke, the tidings of which were very awful. And yet such was the hard-heartedness of the adversary, that my tears were reckoned to me as a reproach. My loss and the loss of my children was great; our hearts were so filled with sorrow, that nothing but the comfortable hopes of her being taken away, in mercy to herself, from the evils we were to see, feel, and suffer under, (and joined to the assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect, to rest in peace, and joy unspeakable and full of glory, and the good pleasure of God thus to exercise us,) could have kept us from sinking under, at that time. That Scripture, Job i. 21, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,"—was brought to my mind, and from it, that an afflicting God was to be glorified; with some other places of Scripture, to persuade to a patient bearing my afflictions.

We were again called upon to march, with a far heavier burden on my spirits than on my back. I begged of God to overrule, in his providence, that the corpse of one so dear to me, and of one whose spirit he had taken to dwell with him in glory, might meet with a Christian burial, and not be left for meat to the fowls of the air and beasts of the earth, a mercy that God graciously vouchsafed to grant. For God put it into the hearts of my neighbors, to come out as far as she lay, to take up her corpse, carry it to the town, and decently to bury it soon after. In our march they killed a sucking infant of one of my neighbors; and before night a girl of about eleven years of age. I was made to mourn, at the consideration of my flock being, so far, a flock of slaughter, many being slain in the town, and so many murdered in so few miles from the town; and from fears what we must yet expect, from such who delightfully imbrued their hands in the blood of so many of His people. When we came to our lodging place, an Indian captain from the eastward spake to my master about killing me, and taking off my scalp. I lifted up my heart to God, to implore his grace and mercy in such a time of need; and afterwards I told my master, if he intended to kill me, I desired he would let me know of it; assuring him that my death, after a promise of quarter, would bring the guilt of blood upon him. He told me he would not kill me. We laid down and slept, for God sustained and kept us.

Mr. S. G. Drake, of Boston, has preserved in his *Indian Captivities*, and *Book of the Indians*, a number of original narratives, of a character similar to that of Williams, forming a collection of much historical value. These will always retain their place in popular interest, but from their necessary resemblance of subject and treatment to the "Redeemed Captive," do not call for separate notice.

JOHN LEDERER.

John Lederer, the first explorer of the Alleganies, prepared an account of his *Three several Marches from Virginia to the west of Carolina and other parts of the continent, begun in March*, 1669, *and ended in September*, 1670;* in Latin, which was translated by Sir William Talbot, and published in 1672. The address to the reader, by Talbot, informs us,

That a stranger should presume (though with Sir William Berkly's commission) to go into those parts of the American continent where Englishmen never had been, and whither some refused to accompany him, was, in Virginia, looked on as so great an insolence, that our traveller, at his return, instead of welcome and applause, met nothing but affronts and reproaches; for, indeed, it was their part that forsook him in the expedition, to procure him discredit that was a witness to theirs. Therefore no industry was wanting to prepare men with a prejudice against him, and this their malice improved to such a general animosity, that he was not safe in Virginia from the outrage of the people, drawn into a persuasion, that the public levy of that year went all to the expense of his vagaries. Forced by this storm into Maryland, he became known to me, though then ill affected to the man, by the stories that went about of him. Nevertheless, finding him, contrary to my expectation, a modest, ingenious person, and a pretty scholar, I thought it common justice to give him an occasion of vindicating himself from what I had heard of him; which truly he did, with so convincing reason and circumstance as quite abolished those former impressions in me, and made me desire this account of his Travels.

Lederer does not appear in either of his expeditions to have penetrated further than, in his

* The Discoveries of John Lederer, in three several marches from Virginia, to the west of Carolina, and other parts of the continent: begun in March 1669, and ended in September 1670. Together with A general Map of the whole Territory which he traversed. Collected and Translated out of Latine, from his Discourse and Writings, by Sir William Talbot, Baronet. London: printed by J. C. for Samuel Heyrick, 1672.

own words, "to the top of the Apalatœan mountains." His tract contains but twenty-seven quarto pages, a portion of which is filled with accounts of the Indians. His "Conjectures of the Land beyond the Apalatœan Mountains" are curious:

They are certainly in a great error, who imagine that the continent of North America is but eight or ten days' journey over from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean: which all reasonable men must acknowledge, if they consider that Sir Francis Drake kept a west-north-west course from Cape Mendocino to California. Nevertheless, by what I gathered from the stranger Indians at Akenatzy, of their voyage by sea to the very mountains from a far distant north-west country, I am brought over to their opinion who think that the Indian ocean does stretch an arm or bay from California into the continent, as far as the Apalatœan mountains, answerable to the gulfs of Florida and Mexico on this side. Yet I am far from believing with some, that such great and navigable rivers are to be found on the other side of the Apalatœans falling into the Indian ocean, as those which run from them to the eastward. My first reason is derived from the knowledge and experience we already have of South America, whose Andes send the greatest rivers in the world (as the Amazon and the Rio de la Plata, &c.) into the Atlantick, but none at all into the Pacifique Sea. Another argument is, that all our waterfowl, which delight in lakes and rivers, as swans, geese, ducks, &c., come over the mountains from the lake of Canada, when it is frozen over every winter, to our fresh rivers: which they would never do, could they find any on the other side of the Apalatœans.*

FRANCIS KNAPP.

Francis Knapp, the son of George Knapp, of Chilton, in Berkshire, was born in the year 1672, and matriculated at St. John's college, Oxford.† His father, a captain in the British navy, commanded a ninety-gun ship on the American coast in the early part of the last century. The son came to America to take possession of some lands acquired by his grandfather at Watertown, near Boston, where he passed the remainder of his life, engaged in the quiet pursuits of a scholar. He was a composer of music, and the author of a poetical *Epistle to Mr. B.*, reprinted in J. Nichols's "Select Collection of Poems, 1780," and of a poetical address *to Mr. Pope, on his Windsor Forest*, dated June 7, 1715, which appears among the commendatory poems prefixed to the first and subsequent editions of that poet's works. It is claimed by Samuel L. Knapp, in his American Biography, as an American production, but in a note by William Roscoe to his edition of Pope, is said to have been written in Killala, Mayo county, Ireland.

The Epistle in Nichols is a well-penned satire on the author tribe, with an ungenerous fling at Wesley, and a humorous preference of Rymer over Dryden, while the author deprecates an act of parliament which should restrain the race of poetasters.

I grant you, such a course as this might do
To make them humbly treat of what they know,
Not venturing further than their brains will go.
But what should I do then, for ever spoil'd
Of this diversion which frail authors yield!
I should no more on Dunton's counter meet,
Bards that are deeply skill'd in rhyme and feet;
For I am charm'd with easy nonsense more,
Than all the wit that men of sense adore.
With fear I view great Dryden's hallow'd page,
With fear I view it, and I read with rage.
I'm all with fear, with grief, and love possest,
Tears in my eyes, and anguish in my breast,
While I with mourning Anthony repine:
And all the hero's miseries are mine.
If I read Edgar, then my soul's at peace,
Lull'd in a lazy state of thoughtless ease.
No passion's ruffled by the peaceful lay,
No stream, no depth, to hurry me away;
Rymer in both professions harmless proves,
Nor wounds when critic, nor when poet moves.

The lines prefixed to Pope announce a man of wit and taste, by whose presence Watertown should have been the gainer.

Hail, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India poured her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorned our naked land,
The pride of Persia glittered on our strand,
And China's Earth was cast on common sand:
Tossed up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dressed the rocky shelves, and paved the painted bay.
Thy treasures next arrived: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant Forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows
The sylvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wandering shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her watery plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass.
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and opening glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

In the *New England Weekly Journal* for June 28, 1731, we have met with a poem, hitherto unnoticed, descriptive of Watertown, worthy of Knapp's pen—of which the reader may judge by a few passages, marking an early and true employment of American incidents:—

A NEW ENGLAND POEM.

Of ancient streams presume no more to tell,
The fam'd Castalian or Pierian well.
Fresh-pond superior, must those rolls confess,
As much as Cambridge yields to Rome or Greece;

* "A Mapp of Virginia discovered to ye Hills," 1651, makes the distance less than three hundred miles from the southernmost cape of Delaware to "the Sea of China, and the Indies." The author of "A Perfect Description of Virginia," sent from Virginia at the request of a gentleman of worthy note, who desired to know the true state of Virginia as it now stands, reprinted in Vol. ix. of the Second Series Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., has a similar opinion with Lederer as to rivers running west from the Alleganies. Account by John Pennington, of Plantagenet's New Albion. Penn. Hist. Memoirs, Vol. iv. pt. 1.

† Wood's Ath. Oxon., Ed. Bliss.

More limpid water can no fountain show,
A fairer bottom or a smoother brow;
A painted world its peaceful gleam contains
The heavenly arch, the bord'ring groves and plains:
Here in mock silver Cynthia seems to roll,
And trusty pointers watch the frozen pole.
Here sages might observe the wand'ring stars,
And rudest swains commence astrologers:
Along the brim the lovely plover stalks
And to his visionary fellow talks:
Amid the wave the vagrant blackbird sees,
And tries to perch upon the imag'd trees;
On flying clouds the simple bullocks gaze
Or vainly reach to crop the shad'wy grass;
From nei'bring hills the stately horse espies
Himself a feeding and himself envies.
Hither pursu'd by op'ning hounds the hare
Blesses himself to see a forest near,
The waving shrubs he takes for real wood,
And boldly plunges in the yielding flood.
On this side willows hem the basin round,
There graceful trees the promontory crown,
Whose mingled tufts and outspread arms compose
A shade delightful to the laurell'd brows;
Here mossy couches tempt to pleasing dreams
The love-sick soul, and ease the weary limbs:—
No noxious snake disperses poison here,
Nor screams of night bird rend the twilight air.
Excepting him who when the groves are still,
Hums am'rous tunes and whispers whip-poor-will,
To hear whose carol elves in circles trip,
And lovers' hearts within their bosoms leap,
Whose savage notes the troubled mind amuse,
Banish despair, and hold the falling dews.
No ghastly horrors conjure tho'ts of woe,
Or dismal prospects to the fancy show.

BIRDS AND FISHES.

Hither ye bards for inspiration come,
Let every other fount but this be dumb.
Which way soe'er your airy genius leads,
Receive your model from these vocal shades.
Wou'd you in homely pastoral excel,
Take pattern from the merry piping quail;
Observe the blue-bird for a roundelay,
The chattering pye or ever babbling jay.
The plaintive dove the soft love verse can teach,
And mimic thrush to imitators preach.
In Pindar's strain the lark salutes the dawn,
The lyric robin chirps the evening on.
For poignant satire mind the mavis well,
And hear the sparrow for a madrigal.
For ev'ry sense a pattern here you have,
From strains heroic down to humble stave.
Not Phœbus' self, altho' the God of verse,
Could hit such fine and entertaining airs;
Nor the fair maids who round the fountain sate,
Such artless heav'nly music modulate.
Each thicket seems a Paradise renew'd,
The soft vibrations fire the moving blood.
Each sense its part of sweet delusion shares,
The scenes bewitch the eye, the song the ears.
Pregnant with scent each wind regales the smell,
Like cooling sheets th' enwrapping breezes feel.
During the dark, if poets' eyes we trust,
These lawns are haunted by some swarthy ghost.
Some Indian prince who, fond of former joys,
With bow and quiver thro' the shadow plies;
He can't in death his native grove forget,
But leaves Elysium for his ancient seat.
O happy pond, hadst thou in Grecia flow'd,
The bounteous blessing of some watry God,
Or had some Ovid sung this liquid rise,
Distill'd, perhaps, from slighted Virgil's eyes.
Well is thy worth in Indian story known,
Thy living lymph and fertile borders shown,
Thy various flocks the cover'd shore can shun,
Drove by the fowler and the fatal gun.
Thy shining roach and yellow bristly breme,
The pick'rel, rav'nous monarch of the stream,
The perch, whose back a ring of colours shows,
The horny pout, who courts the slimy ooze,
The eel serpentine, some of dubious race,
The tortoise with his golden spotted case;
Thy hairy musk-rat, whose perfume defies
The balmy odour of Arabian skies;
The throng of Harvard know thy pleasures well,
Joys too extravagant, perhaps, to tell;
Hither oftimes the learned tribe repair,
When Sol returning warms the glowing year.

BENJAMIN COLMAN.

Benjamin Colman was born in Boston, Oct. 19, 1673. He entered "young and small" into the school of Ezekiel Cheever, by whom he was prepared for Harvard college, where he was graduated in 1692. He began to preach in the following year at Medford, near Boston, and in 1695, embarked for England. The mother country was then at war with France, and the ship was attacked by a French privateer. Mr. Colman took a gallant part in her defence, and "was exposed all the while on the quarter-deck, where four out of seven were wounded, and one mortally. He was much praised for his courage when the fight was over; but though he charged and discharged like the rest, yet he declared he was sensible of no courage, but of a great deal of fear, and when they had received two or three broadsides, he wondered when his courage would come, as he had heard others talk. In short, he fought like a philosopher and a Christian."* The vessel was captured, and all on board taken to France, where Mr. Colman was for some time imprisoned, until an exchange of prisoners between the two belligerents enabled him to visit England, where he preached several times with great success, and gained the friendship of Bates, Calamy, Howe, and other leading dissenting ministers. He was urged to remain in London, but in 1699 receiving a call from a number of leading citizens of Boston, who had built the Brattle street church, to become their first minister, he accepted it, and consequently returned to Boston, where he arrived "after a long eight weeks' sick passage," on the first of November. The congregation was formed in opposition to the Cambridge platform, and the remaining churches of Boston refused, for some years, to hold communion with its minister.† He continued his connexion with the congregation until his death in 1747, preaching to them on the last Sunday of his life. He was held in great esteem as a pulpit orator, received the degree of D.D. from the University of Glasgow in 1731, and a large number of his sermons were published. In 1724 he was elected president of Harvard college, but declined the office. He was, however, a good friend to the institution, and also to Yale, procuring for both many donations from his English as well as American friends. He was thrice married and left a numerous family. The Rev. Ebenezer Turell, who married his daughter in 1749, published a life of her father, from

* Life by the Rev. Ebenezer Turell, p. 6.
† Eliot's Biog. Dict.

which the materials of this sketch have been derived. It forms a quarto volume of over two hundred pages, and deserves high commendation among American biographies. Dr. Colman wrote a short poem, *Elijah's Translation*, on the death of the Rev. Samuel Willard, 1707, and a few occasional verses and poetical epistles are preserved in his life. He also wrote a tract in favor of inoculation for the small-pox, in 1721.

ELIJAH'S ASCENSION.

'Twas at high noon, the day serene and fair,
Mountains of lumi'nous clouds rolled in the air,
When on a sudden, from the radiant skies,
Superior light flashed in Elisha's eyes;
The heavens were cleft, and from th' imperial throne
A stream of glory, dazzling splendor shone:
Beams of ten thousand suns shot round about,
The sun and every blazoned cloud went out:
Bright hosts of angels lined the heavenly way,
To guard the saint up to eternal day.
Then down the steep descent, a chariot bright,
And steeds of fire, swift as the beams of light.
Winged seraphs ready stood, bowed low to greet
The favorite saint, and hand him to his seat.
Enthroned he sat, transformed with joys his mien,
Calm his gay soul, and like his face serene.
His eye and burning wishes to his God,
Forward he bowed, and on the triumph rode.
Saluted, as he passed the heavenly cloud,
With shouts of joy, and hallelujahs loud.
Ten thousand thousand angel-trumpets sound,
And the vast realms of heaven all echoed round.

TO URANIA ON THE DEATH OF HER FIRST AND ONLY CHILD.

Why mourns my beauteous friend bereft!
Her Saviour and her heaven are left:
Her lovely babe is there at rest,
In Jesus' arms embraced and blest.
Would you, Urania, wish it down
From yon bright Throne and shining Crown!
To your cold arms and empty breast,
Could Heaven indulge you the request;
Your bosom's neither warm nor fair,
Compared with Abraham's: leave it there.
He the famed father of the just,
Beheld himself but earth and dust,
Before the will of God most high,
And bid his darling Isaac die.
When Heaven required in sacrifice
The dear desire of his eyes;
And more to prove his love commands
The offering from the Father's hands;
See how th' illustrious parent yields,
And seeks Moriah's mournful fields.
He bound his lovely only child
For death; his soul serene and mild,
He reached his hand, and grasped the knife,
To give up the devoted life.
Less Heaven demands of thee, my friend;
And less thy faith shall recommend.
All it requires is to resign,
To Heaven's own act and make it thine,
By silence under discipline.
The least we to our Maker owe!
The least, Urania, you did vow!
The least that was your Saviour's claim,
When o'er your babe his glorious Name
Was called in awful Baptism! Then
You gave it back to Heaven again.
You freely owned that happy hour,
Heaven's right, propriety, and power,
The loan at pleasure to resume,
And call the pretty stranger home.
A witness likewise at its birth
I stood, that hour of joy and mirth:
I saw your thankful praises rise,
And flow from pleased, uplifted eyes
With raised devotion, one accord,
We gave the infant to its Lord.
And think, Urania, ere that day,
While the fair fruit in secret lay,
Unseen, yet loved within the womb
(Which also might have been its tomb).
How oft, before it blest your sight,
In secret prayers, with great delight,
You did recognize Heaven's right.
Now stand by these blest acts, my friend;
Stand firmly by them to the end.
Now you are tried, repeat the act;
Too just, too glorious to retract.
Think, dear Urania, how for thee,
God gave his only Son to be
An offering on the cursed tree.
Think, how the Son of God on earth
(The spotless Virgin's blessed birth),
Our lovely babes took up and blest,
And them high heirs of Heaven confest!
Think, how the blest of Woman stood,
While impious hands, to the cursed wood,
Nailed down her only Son and God!
Learn hence, Urania, to be dumb!
Learn thou the praise that may become
Thy lighter grief, which Heaven does please
To take such wondrous ways to ease.
Adore the God who from thee takes
No more than what he gives and makes:
And means in tenderest love the rode
To serve to thy eternal good.

WILLIAM BYRD.

In 1841, Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, prepared for the press and published a volume entitled *The Westover Manuscripts*.* It was the production of a gentleman once much celebrated in the Old Dominion, whose story cannot be better told for our purpose than in the distinguished recital of the inscription upon the monument which covers his remains in the garden of his once splendid Estate of Westover, on the north bank of James River. "Here lieth the Honorable William Byrd, Esq., being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country, he was sent early to England for his education; where, under the care and direction of Sir Robert Southwell, and ever favoured with his particular instructions, he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning. By the means of the same noble friend, he was introduced to the acquaintance of many of the first persons of that age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth, or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple, studied for some time in the Low Countries, visited the court of France, and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver general of his majesty's revenues here, was thrice appointed public agent to the court and ministry of England, and

* The Westover Manuscripts: containing the History of the Dividing Line betwixt Virginia and North Carolina; a Journey to the Land of Eden, A.D. 1733; and a Progress to the Mines. Written from 1728 to 1736, and now first published. By William Byrd, of Westover. Petersburg: Printed by Edmund and Julian C. Ruffin. 1841. Large 8vo. pp. 343.

being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the council of this colony. To all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist and prudent father of a family, with the constant enemy of all exorbitant power, and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. Mar. 28, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26, 1744. An. ætat. 70."

The gentleman thus described, a man of pleasure and literature, at the age of fifty-four, set out with a select party, composed of two fellow Virginian commissioners, Richard Fitz-William and William Dandridge; two surveyors, William Mayo, and the mathematical professor of William and Mary, Alexander Irvin; with the Reverend Peter Fountain* as chaplain, and a party of seventeen woodmen and hunters, for the purpose of meeting a similar body of commissioners of North Carolina to draw the boundary line between the two states. There were two expeditions for this purpose, one in the spring, the other in the fall of the year 1728. Col. Byrd conducted the Virginia party gallantly and safely through its perils on what was then a tour of discovery, and on his return to his seat at Westover caused his notes of the journey to be fairly copied, and revised them with his own hand. As now printed they form one of the most characteristic and entertaining productions of the kind ever written. They have that sharp outline in description and freshness of feeling in sentiment which marks the best Virginia tracts of Captain John Smith and his fellows a century earlier; with a humor of a more modern date derived from a good natural vein and the stores of experience of a man acquainted with books, and of society in intimacy with what was best in the old world and the new; and moreover of that privileged license of fortune which permits a man to please others by first pleasing himself. Col. Byrd is a little free in his language at times, but that belongs to the race of hearty livers of his century. There are touches in the Journal worthy of Fielding; indeed it is quite in the vein of his exquisite Journey from London to Lisbon.

The business of the expedition is narrated in a clear, straightforward manner. It had its difficulties in encounters with morasses, pocosons, and slashes, beginning with the Dismal Swamp; and there was occasionally a rainy day and sometimes a prospect of short commons. But it was free from any serious disasters, and, at the worst, seems never to have overpowered the good humor of its leader; showing that however daintily he may have been brought up, there is nothing like the spirit of a gentleman and a scholar in encountering hardships. A good portion of this pleasant narrative is taken up with accounts of the scenery, the Indians, and the large stock of game and "varmint" which gave employment to the hunters of the party, and doubtless furnished the staple of the highly-flavored stories of the "Manuscripts" over the camp kettle at night. In the early parts no little wit is expended upon the traditional traits of character of the North Carolinians, who fare no better in Byrd's hands than the Yankees or the Dutchmen in the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. The inhabitants of the vicinity of Coratuck inlet seem to have furnished some extraordinary specimens of humanity in those days—one in particular of a marooner whose sole dress was his beard, and whose subsistence was "chiefly upon oysters, which his handmaid made a shift to gather from the adjacent rocks." To which he adds, "thus did these wretches live in a state of nature, and were mere Adamites, innocence only excepted." The disputed ground of the boundary was then a refuge for runaway debtors, of whom we are told: "Nor were these worthy borderers content to shelter runaway slaves, but debtors and criminals have often met with the like indulgence. But if the government of North Carolina has encouraged this unneighbourly policy in order to increase their people, it is no more than what ancient Rome did before them, which was made a city of refuge for all debtors and fugitives, and from that wretched beginning grew up in time to be mistress of a great part of the world. And, considering how fortune delights in bringing great things out of small, who knows but Carolina may, one time or other, come to be the seat of some other great empire?"

As for religion, these careless settlers seem to be quite without it, as recorded by Col. Byrd, on occasion of a Sunday service when part of his company were in the perils of the Dismal Swamp: "In these sad circumstances, the kindest thing we could do for our suffering friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our chaplain, for his part, did his office, and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe, any more than spiders in Ireland." Arriving at Edenton we are told: "I believe this is the only metropolis in the Christian or Mahometan world, where there is neither church, chapel, mosque, synagogue, or any other place of public worship whatsoever. What little devotion there may happen to be is much more private than their vices. The people seem easy without a minister, as long as they are exempted from paying him. Sometimes the Society for propagating the Gospel has had the charity to send over missionaries to this country; but unfortunately the priest has been too lewd for the people, or, which oftener happens, they are too lewd for the priest. For these reasons these reverend gentlemen have always left their flocks as arrant heathen as they found them. Thus much however may be said for the inhabitants of Edenton, that not a soul has the least taint of hypocrisy, or superstition, acting very frankly and above-board in all their excesses." There is also a hint for the Virginian clergy, which his friend Fountain could have stood in no need of: "We christened two of our landlord's children, which might have remained infidels all their lives, had not we carried Christianity home to his own door. The truth of it is, our neighbours of North Carolina are not so zealous as to go much out of their way to procure this benefit

* The son of the Rev. James Fontaine, a Huguenot refugee, on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who settled in Ireland and prepared an Autobiography for "the use of all his children," which is printed with valuable illustrative matter in the "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family," in a second edition, New York, 1853, by Ann Maury, one of his numerous descendants. The volume includes a sermon and several letters by the clergyman of Westover.

for their children: otherwise, being so near Virginia, they might, without exceeding much trouble, make a journey to the next clergyman, upon so good an errand. And indeed should the neighbouring ministers, once in two or three years, vouchsafe to take a turn among these gentiles, to baptize them and their children, it would look a little apostolical, and they might hope to be requited for it hereafter, if that be not thought too long to tarry for their reward." The terms of expression in these sentences show the ready wit, and there is here and there a moderate allowance for poetry in sight of the natural beauties of the country; when he speaks apologetically for marrying the vines to the trees, and pitches the tent "on the western banks of the Mayo for the pleasure of being lulled to sleep by the cascade,"—when a churl would have taken the other side. But he does not affect that kind of writing, though the material for it is there. He is more inclined to such illustrations as this: "In this fine land, however, we met with no water, till at the end of three miles we luckily came upon a crystal stream, which, like some lovers of conversation, discovered every thing committed to its faithless bosom." His naming of places is by their fanciful characteristics, as a "noisy impetuous stream" he calls Matrimony Creek; one hill a Pimple and a larger elevation a Wart. He is a vivid describer of a wild beast or an Indian. His description of the savage scalping makes the flesh creep:—"Those that are killed of the enemy, or disabled, they scalp, that is, they cut the skin all around the head just below the hair, and then clapping their feet to the poor mortal's shoulders, pull the scalp off clean and carry it off in triumph." Of the frequent Natural History stories we may take that on Bruin, how he eats and is eaten.

Our Indian killed a bear, two years old, that was feasting on these grapes. He was very fat, as they generally are in that season of the year. In the fall, the flesh of this animal has a high relish, different from that of other creatures, though inclining nearest to that of pork, or rather of wild boar. A true woodsman prefers this sort of meat to that of the fattest venison, not only for the *haut gout*, but also because the fat of it is well tasted, and never rises in the stomach. Another proof of the goodness of this meat is, that it is less apt to corrupt than any other with which we are acquainted. As agreeable as such rich diet was to the men, yet we who were not accustomed to it, tasted it at first with some sort of squeamishness, that animal being of the dog kind; though a little use soon reconciled us to this American venison. And that its being of the dog kind might give us the less disgust, we had the example of that ancient and polite people, the Chinese, who reckon dog's flesh too good for any under the quality of a mandarin. This beast is in truth a very clean feeder, living, while the season lasts, upon acorns, chestnuts and chinquapins, wild honey and wild grapes. They are naturally not carnivorous, unless hunger constrain them to it, after the mast is all gone, and the product of the woods quite exhausted. They are not provident enough to lay up any hoard, like the squirrels, nor can they, after all, live very long upon licking their paws, as Sir John Mandevil and some other travellers tell us, but are forced in the winter months to quit the mountains, and visit the inhabitants. Their errand is then to surprise a poor hog at a pinch to keep them from starving. And to show that they are not flesh-eaters by trade, they devour their prey very awkwardly. They do not kill it right out, and feast upon its blood and entrails, like other ravenous beasts, but having, after a fair pursuit, seized it with their paws, they begin first upon the rump, and so devour one collop after another, till they come to the vitals, the poor animal crying all the while, for several minutes together. However, in so doing, Bruin acts a little imprudently, because the dismal outcry of the hog alarms the neighbourhood, and it is odds but he pays the forfeit with his life, before he can secure his retreat. But bears soon grow weary of this unnatural diet, and about January, when there is nothing to be gotten in the woods, they retire into some cave or hollow tree, where they sleep away two or three months very comfortably. But then they quit their holes in March, when the fish begin to run up the rivers, on which they are forced to keep Lent, till some fruit or berry comes in season. But bears are fondest of chestnuts, which grow plentifully towards the mountains, upon very large trees, where the soil happens to be rich. We were curious to know how it happened that many of the outward branches of those trees came to be broken off in that solitary place, and were informed that the bears are so discreet as not to trust their unwieldy bodies on the smaller limbs of the tree, that would not bear their weight; but after venturing as far as is safe, which they can judge to an inch, they bite off the end of the branch, which falling down, they are content to finish their repast upon the ground. In the same cautious manner they secure the acorns that grow on the weaker limbs of the oak. And it must be allowed that, in these instances, a bear carries instinct a great way, and acts more reasonably than many of his betters, who indiscreetly venture upon frail projects that will not bear them.

The practical suggestions for the investigation of the country are acute and valuable—nor should his simple expressions of thankfulness to God be forgotten.

On the twenty-second day of November he closes the Diary with this satisfactory review of the affair:—

Thus ended our second expedition, in which we extended the line within the shadow of the Chariky mountains, where we were obliged to set up our pillars, like Hercules, and return home. We had now, upon the whole, been out about sixteen weeks, including going and returning, and had travelled at least six hundred miles, and no small part of that distance on foot. Below, towards the seaside, our course lay through marshes, swamps, and great waters; and above, over steep hills, craggy rocks and thickets, hardly penetrable. Notwithstanding this variety of hardships, we may say, without vanity, that we faithfully obeyed the king's orders, and performed the business effectually, in which we had the honour to be employed. Nor can we by any means reproach ourselves of having put the crown to any exorbitant expense in this difficult affair, the whole charge, from beginning to end, amounting to no more than one thousand pounds. But let no one concerned in this painful expedition complain of the scantiness of his pay, so long as his majesty has been graciously pleased to add to our reward the honour of his royal approbation, and to declare, notwithstanding the desertion of the Carolina commissioners, that the line by us run shall hereafter stand as the true boundary betwixt the governments of Virginia and North Carolina.

There are two other sketches of Old Virginia travel in the volume of the Westover Manuscripts; —one of a *Progress to the Mines* in the year 1732, and another in the following year of *A Journey to the Land of Eden*, which possess the same pleasant characteristics of adventure, personal humor, and local traits.

JAMES LOGAN.

James Logan, the founder of the Loganian Library of Philadelphia, was a man of note in his literary and scientific accomplishments and writings. He was born in Ireland in 1674; was a good scholar in the classics and mathematics in his youth, was for a while a teacher, then engaged in business, when he fell in with Penn, and came over with him to America as his secretary in 1699. He rose to the dignities of Chief Justice and President of the Council. He continued the administration of Penn to the satisfaction of the colony. As a testimony of the respect in which he was held by the Indians, the chief, Logan, celebrated for his speech presented in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, was named after him.

James Logan.

In 1735, he communicated to Peter Collinson, of London, an account of his experiments on maize, with a view of investigating the sexual doctrine, which was printed in the Philosophical Transactions.* This was afterwards enlarged, and printed in a Latin essay at Leyden, in 1739, with the title *Experimenta et Meletemata de Plantarum Generatione*, and republished in London, with an English translation, by Dr. Fothergill, in 1747. He also published at Amsterdam, in 1740, *Epistola ad Virum Clarissimum Joannem Albertum Fabricium*, and at Leyden, in 1741, *Demonstrationes de Radiorum Lucis in Superficies sphericas ab Axe incidentium a primario Foco Aberrationibus.*

He passed his old age in retirement, at his country seat named Stenton, near Germantown, penning the translation of Cicero's *De Senectute*, to which he added extensive familiar notes. The first edition, a very neat specimen of printing,† was published by his friend Franklin in 1744, with this preface:—

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

This version of Cicero's tract *De Senectute* was made ten years since, by the honorable and learned Mr. Logan, of this city; undertaken partly for his own amusement (being then in his 60th year, which is said to be nearly the age of the author when he wrote it), but principally for the entertainment of a neighbor, then in his grand climacteric; and the notes were drawn up solely on that neighbor's account, who was not so well acquainted as himself with the Roman history and language; some other friends, however (among whom I had the honor to be ranked), obtained copies of it in MS. And, as I believed it to be in itself equal at least, if not far preferable to any other translation of the same piece extant in our language, besides the advantage it has of so many valuable notes, which at the same time they clear up the text, are highly instructive and entertaining, I resolved to give it an impression, being confident that the public would not unfavorably receive it.

A certain freed-man of Cicero's is reported to have said of a medicinal well, discovered in his time, wonderful for the virtue of its waters in restoring sight to the aged, *That it was a gift of the bountiful Gods to men, to the end that all might now have the pleasure of reading his Master's works.* As that well, if still in being, is at too great a distance for our use, I have, gentle reader, as thou seest, printed this piece of Cicero's in a large and fair character, that those who begin to think on the subject of OLD AGE (which seldom happens till their sight is somewhat impaired by its approach), may not, in reading, by the pain small letters give to the eyes, feel the pleasure of the mind in the least allayed.

I shall add to these few lines my hearty wish, that this first translation of a classic in this Western World,* may be followed with many others, performed with equal judgment and success; and be a happy omen, that Philadelphia shall become the seat of the American muses.

This was reprinted in London in 1750, at Glasgow in 1751, and in 1778, with Franklin's name falsely inscribed on the title-page. Buckminster reviewed this translation at length in the Monthly Anthology,† with his accustomed scholarship, and has given it the praise of being the best translation previous to that of Melmoth. The notes, biographical and narrative, are entertaining, and are taken from the original classics, of which Logan had a great store in his library. Buckminster suggests that "from their general complexion, it would not be surprising if it should prove that Dr. Franklin himself had occasionally inserted some remarks. There is sometimes much quaintness and always great freedom in the reflexions, which, perhaps, betray more of Pagan than of Christian philosophy."‡

Besides these writings, Logan made *A Translation of Cato's Distichs into English verse*, which was printed at Philadelphia. He left behind him in MS. part of an ethical treatise entitled, *The Duties of Man as they may be deduced from Nature*; fragments of *A Dissertation on the Writings of Moses*; *A Defence of Aristotle and the Ancient Philosophers*; Essays on Languages and the Antiquities of the British Isles; a trans-

* Miller's Retrospect, i. 184.

† M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his Discourse of Old Age: with Explanatory Notes. Philadelphia: Printed and Sold by B. Franklin. 1744. 4to. pp. 158.

* It had been preceded by Sandys, in his translation of Ovid, *ante*, 1.

† V. 281, 340, 391. Memoirs by Mrs. Lee, 284.

‡ Monthly Anthology, v. 393.

lation of Maurocordatus περι καθηκοντων, and of Philo Judæus's *Allegory of the Esseans.**

Like Franklin, Logan was a diligent correspondent with the learned scientific men of Europe. Among his correspondents, says Mr. Fisher, who speaks from acquaintance with his papers, were, "in this country, Cadwallader Colden, Governor Burnet, and Colonel Hunter, the accomplished friend of Swift;† and in Europe, Collinson, Fothergill, Mead, Sir Hans Sloane, Flamsteed, Jones the mathematician, father of the celebrated Sir William Jones, Fabricius, Gronovius, and Linnæus; the last of whom gave the name of Logan to a class in botany."

Logan was a man of general reading in the ancient and modern languages, and had formed for himself a valuable library. He was making provision, at the time of his death, which occurred October 31, 1751, to establish this collection of books as a permanent institution, and confer it upon the city, and had erected a building for the purpose. His heirs liberally carried out his intentions, and founded the Loganian Library at Philadelphia. It consisted at first of more than two thousand volumes which Logan had collected, chiefly Greek and Latin classics, and books in the modern languages of the European continent. A large collection of books was afterwards bequeathed by Doctor William Logan, a younger brother of the founder, who was for some time librarian. The library remained unopened for some time after the Revolution, when the legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1792, annexed it to the library company established by Franklin and his associates. It then contained nearly four thousand volumes. The collection has been kept separate. It received a handsome accession of five thousand volumes, by the bequest of William Mackenzie, a Philadelphian, in 1828.

John Davis, in his Travels in America, speaks of his visit to the Loganian Library in 1798, in terms which remind us of the corresponding compliment to Roscoe and the Liverpool Athenæum in the *Sketch Book*. "I contemplated with reverence the portrait of James Logan, which graces the room—*Magnum et venerabile nomen*. I could not repress my exclamations. As I am only a stranger, said I, in this country, I affect no enthusiasm on beholding the statues of her Generals and Statesmen. I have left a church filled with them on the shore of Albion that have a prior claim to such feeling. But I here behold the portrait of a man whom I consider so great a benefactor to literature, that he is scarcely less illustrious than its munificent patrons of Italy; his soul has certainly been admitted to the company of the congenial spirits of a Cosmo and Lorenzo of Medicis. The Greek and Roman authors, forgotten on their native banks of the Ilyssus and Tiber, delight, by the kindness of a Logan, the votaries to learning on those of the Delaware."*

We take a single passage, characteristic of our philosopher's pursuits, from his translation of Cicero:—

THE INTELLECTUAL DELIGHT OF AGE.

For how solid, how sincere, think you, must that pleasure be to the mind, when, after it has happily worked through the ruffling tides of those uneasy passions, lust, ambition, emulation, contention, and every strong impetuous desire, it finds itself arrived at its harbor, and like a veteran discharged from the fatigues of war, got home, and retired within itself into a state of tranquillity! But if it has the further advantage of literature and science, and can by that means feed on, or divert itself with some useful or amusing study, no condition can be imagined more happy than such calm enjoyments, in the leisure and quiet of old age. How warm did we see Gallus, your father's intimate friend, Scipio, in pursuit of his astronomical studies to the last! How often did the rising sun surprise him, fixed on a calculation he began over night! And how often the evening, on what he had begun in the morning! What a vast pleasure did it give him, when he could foretell to us, when we should see the sun or moon in an eclipse! And how many others have we known in their old age delighting themselves in other studies! which, though of less depth than those of Gallus, yet must be allowed to be in themselves ingenious and commendable! How pleased was Nævius with his poem of the Punic war! And how Plautus, with his Truculentus and Pseudolus! I remember even old Livius, who had his first dramatic piece acted six years before I was born, in the consulship of Cento and Tuditanus, and continued his compositions till I was grown up towards the state of manhood. What need I mention Licinius Crassus's studies in the pontifical and civil law! Or those of Publius Scipio, now lately made supreme pontiff! And all these I have seen, not only diverting themselves in old age, but eagerly pursuing the several studies they affected. With what unwearied diligence did we behold Marcus Cethegus, whom Ennius justly enough called the soul of persuasion, applying himself at a great age to oratory, and the practice of pleading! Upon all which let me ask you, what gratifications of sense, what voluptuous enjoyments in feasting, wine, women, or play, and the like, are to be compared with those noble entertainments! Those pure and serene pleasures of the mind, the rational fruits of knowledge and learning, that grafted on a good natural disposition, cultivated by a liberal education, and trained up in prudence and virtue, are so far from being palled in old age, that they rather continually improve, and grow on the possessor. Excellent, therefore, was that expression of Solon, which I mentioned before, when he said, *that daily learning something, he grew old:* for the pleasures arising from such a course, namely, those of the mind, must be allowed incomparably to exceed all others.*

* A Sketch of Logan's Career, by J. Francis Fisher, in Sparks's Life of Franklin, vii. 24—27. A volume of Memoirs of Logan, by W. Armistead, was published in London in 1852. 12mo. pp. 192.

† When Swift was in London in 1708 and '9, "there was," says Sir Walter Scott in his memoirs of that personage, "a plan suggested, perhaps by Col. Hunter, governor of Virginia, to send out Dr. Swift as bishop of that province, to exercise a sort of metropolitan authority over the colonial clergy." Vol. i. of works, 93. He was appointed Governor of Virginia in 1708, and was taken by the French on his voyage thither. There is an amusing letter of Swift's to Hunter, in Paris, dated January 12, 1708-9. Colonel Hunter arrived in America as Governor of New York in 1710. In 1719 he returned to England, and on the accession of George II. was continued Governor of New York and the Jerseys. He obtained, on account of his health, the government of Jamaica, where he died in 1734. He was the author of a celebrated "Letter on Enthusiasm," ascribed to Swift; and a farce, entitled Androboros, has been attributed to him. Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes of 18th Century, vi. 89, 90. Reed's Biog. Dram. i. 294. Bancroft, iii. 64.

* Travels, 68.

ROGER WOLCOTT.

Roger Wolcott was born at Windsor, Conn., Jan. 4, 1679. Owing to the unsettled state of the country, and the constant incursions of Indians, it was impossible to maintain a school or clergyman at that time in the little town, and Wolcott was consequently deprived of the advantages of early education. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a mechanic. On becoming his own master, at twenty-one, he was enabled to

establish himself on the banks of the Connecticut, where, by diligence and frugality, he succeeded in acquiring a competence. In 1711 he was appointed a commissary of the forces of the colony in the attack on Canada, and he bore the commission of major-general at the capture of Louisbourg, in 1745. He was also prominent in the civil service of the colony, and after passing through various judicial and political grades of office, was chosen governor from 1751 to 1754. He died May 17, 1767, at the advanced age of 88. He wrote *A Brief Account of the Agency of the Honorable John Winthrop, Esq., in the Court of King Charles the Second, Anno Dom.* 1662, *when he obtained a Charter for the Colony of Connecticut*, a narrative and descriptive poem of 1500 lines, which has been printed in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and a small volume of verse, in 1725, entitled, *Poetical Meditations, being the improvement of some Vacant Hours.** It is prefaced by a rambling dissertation, chiefly on titles to land, by the Reverend Mr. Bulkley, of Colchester, in which he expresses the opinion, that "the darling principle of many, viz. that native right† is the only valuable title to any lands in the country, is absurd and foolish, and may with reason be look't upon as one of our vulgar errors." This dissertation fills fifty-six pages, the poems which it preludes occupying but seventy-eight, and these are flanked at the close by the advertisement of Joseph Dewey, clothier, who, "having been something at charge in promoting the publishing the foregoing meditations," takes the liberty to advertise his country people touching certain rules which ought to be observed in the making and working of cloth.

Wolcott's verses are rude, but possess some force. The lines we give are one of the briefest of his "Meditations:"

Proverbs xviii. 14.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT, WHO CAN BEAR?

Money answers everything
But a Guilty Conscience sting,
Whose immortal torments are
Quite insupportable to bear.
Nor the silver of Peru,
Nor the wealth the East do shew,
Nor the softest bed of down,
Nor the jewels of a crown,
Can give unto the mind a power
To bear its twinges half an hour.
When God's iron justice once
Seizeth on the conscience,
And in fearful, ample wise,
Lays before the sinner's eyes,
His life's horrible transgressions,
In their dreadful aggravations;
And then for his greater aw,
In most ample forms doth draw
All the curses of his law;
Then the worm begins to knaw,
And altho' it every hour
Doth the very soul devour,
Yet it nothing doth suffice;
Oh! this worm that never dies—
Oh! the multitude of thought
Into which the sinner's brought;
Looking up, he sees God's power,
Through his angry face doth lour;
And hath for his ruin join'd
Ten thousand chariots in the wind,
All prepar'd to glorify
The strong arm of the Most High,
By inflicting punishments
Equal to his vengeance.
Looking down, he amply seeth
Hell rowling in her flames beneath;
Enlarg'd to take his soul into
Its deep caverns full of wo:
Now the sinner's apprehension
Stretcheth large as hell's dimensions,
And doth comprehensively
Fathom out eternity.
The most extreme and vexing sense
Fasteneth on the conscience.
Fill'd with deepest agony,
He maketh this soliloquy:
View those torments most extreme,
See this torrid liquid stream,
In the which my soul must fry
Ever, and yet never dy.
When a thousand years are gone,
There's ten thousand coming on;
And when these are overworn,
There's a million to be born,
Yet they are not comprehended,
For they never shall be ended.

Now despair by representing
Eternity fill'd with tormenting,
By anticipation brings
All eternal sufferings
Every moment up at once
Into actual sufferance.
Thus those pains that are to come,
Ten thousand ages further down,
Every moment must be born
Whilst eternity is worn.
Every moment that doth come,
Such torments brings; as if the sum
Of all God's anger now were pressing,
For all in which I liv'd transgressing.
Yet the next succeeding hour,
Holdeth forth his equal power;
And, succeeding with it, brings
Up the sum of sufferings.
Yet they are not comprehended,
For they never shall be ended.

For God Himself, He is but one,
Without least variation;
Just what He was, is, is to come,
Always entirely the same.

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* Poetical Meditations, being the improvement of some Vacant Hours, by Roger Wolcott, Esq., with a preface by the Reverend Mr. Bulkley, of Colchester. New London: printed and sold by T. Green, 1725.

† That of the aborigines.

Possessing His Eternity
Without succession instantly,
With whom the like proportion bears,
One day as doth a thousand years.
He makes the prison and the chain,
He is the author of my pain.
'Twas unto Him I made offence,
'Tis He that takes the recompence,
'Tis His design, my misery
Himself alone shall glorify;
Therefore must some proportion bear
With Him whose glory they declare.
And so they shall, being day and night
Unchangeable and infinite.

These very meditations are
Quite unsupportable to bear:
The fire within my conscience
Is grown so fervent and intense
I cannot long its force endure,
But rather shall my end procure;
Griesly death's pale image lies
On my ghastly, piercing eyes.
My hands, made for my life's defence,
Are ready to do violence
Unto my life: And send me hence,
Unto that awful residence.
There to be fill'd with that despair,
Of which the incipations are,
A wounded spirit none *can bear.*

But, oh! my soul, think once again
That there is for this burning pain,
One only medicine Soveraign.
Christ's blood will fetch out all this fire,
If that God's Spirit be the applyer.
Oh! then my soul, when grief abounds,
Shroud thyself within these wounds;
And that thou there may'st be secure,
Be purified as he is pure.

And oh! my God, let me behold Thy Son,
Impurpled in his crucifixion,
With such an eye of faith that may from thence,
Derive from Him a gracious influence,
To cure my sin and wounded conscience.
There, there alone, is healing to be had:
Oh! let me have that Balm of Gilead.

CADWALLADER COLDEN.

CADWALLADER COLDEN, who heads with honor the ranks of the authors of the State of New York, unless we except the previous compositions in the Dutch language, the political tract of Van der Donck, the satire of the Breeden Raedt, and an account of the Maquaas Indians, in Latin, by Megapolensis,* was the son of the Rev. Alexander Colden, of Dunse, Scotland, where he was born February 17, 1688. He was prepared, by the private instructions of his father, for the University of Edinburgh, where he was graduated in 1705. He devoted the three following years to medical and mathematical studies, when he emigrated to Pennsylvania and practised physic with great success in Philadelphia until 1715. At that time he visited London, and there became acquainted with Halley, the astronomer, who was so well pleased with a paper on Animal Secretions, written by Colden some years before, that he read it before the Royal Society, by whom the production was received with equal favor. In 1716 he returned to America, having in the meantime married in Scotland a young lady of the name of Christie.

He settled in New York in 1718, where he soon abandoned his profession for the service of the State, filling in succession the offices of surveyor-general of the province, master in chancery, member of the council, and lieutenant-governor. In 1756 he removed with his family to a tract of land on the Hudson, near Newburgh, which he named Coldenham. He was appointed lieutenant-governor of the province in 1760, and retained the office until his death, September 21, 1776, having been several times called upon to act as governor in consequence of the death or retirement of various occupants of the office.

* Adrian Van der Donck, a graduate of the University of Leyden, was appointed by the patroon of Rensselaerwick sheriff of his colony, and came to New Netherlands in 1642. In 1648 we find a grant of land made to him as Yonker Van der Donck, at Yonkers on the Hudson, Yonker being the usual title of gentleman. His name appears as one of the eleven signers of a tract of fifty pages quarto, published at the Hague in 1650, entitled, *Verloogh van Nieuw Nederlandt;* Representation from New Netherland, concerning the situation, fruitfulness, and poor condition of the same. It is addressed to the West India Company as a petition for changes in the government of Kieft and Stuyvesant. It has been translated by Mr. Henry C. Murphy for the New York Historical Society, and published by them and also by Mr. James Lenox of this city, in a quarto edition for private circulation. In consequence of its attacks on the government Van der Donck was denied access to the colonial records during the preparation of his Description of New Netherlands, a work the translation of which occupies 106 pages of the New York Historical Society's Collections, 1841. It contains an account of the rural products, animals, and inhabitants of the Colony. The date of the first edition is unknown. The second appeared at Amsterdam in 1656, by Evert Nieuwenhof, who introduces the work with a poetical preface. The *Breeden-Raedt* (Broad Advice to the United Netherland Provinces, by J. A., G. W. C., Antwerp, 1649), is a coarse but to some extent amusing satire, growing out of the disaffection to the Colonial Government. The Rev. Johannes Megapolensis, the "Dominie" of the colony of Rensselaerwick, where he officiated from his arrival in New Netherlands August, 1642, wrote in 1644, and published in 1651, a tract on the Maquaas Indians,—a translation of which was published in Hazard's Historical Collections (Phila. 1792), vol. i. p. 517, where it occupies eight quarto pages. Megapolensis's activity as a missionary among the Indians furnished him with excellent opportunities for observing their peculiarities. In 1649 he became pastor of the Church of New Amsterdam. His name appears frequently in the city annals down to the time of the surrender to the English.

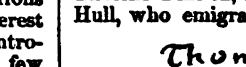
Colden was the author of the *History of the Five Indian Nations.** The object of this work was to call attention to the importance of Indian affairs in reference to commerce. It contains a brief history of the intercourse between the aborigines and the Europeans from the settlement of the country to the period of its publication in 1727. It was reprinted at London in 1747, with the addition of a number of treaties and other documents, and the remarkable transfer by the London publisher of the dedication from Governor Burnet to General Oglethorpe,† a liberty at which Colden was justly indignant. A third edition, in two neat 12mo. volumes, appeared at London in 1755 He also wrote a philosophical treatise, published in 1751, entitled, *The Principles of Action in Matter.* He printed in 1742, a tract on a fever which had recently ravaged the city of New York, in which he showed how greatly the deadly effects of disease were enhanced by filth, stagnation, and foul air, pointing out those portions of the city which most needed purification. The corporation voted him their thanks, and carried out many of his sanitary suggestions with good effect. Colden took a great interest in the study of botany, and was the first to introduce the Linnæan system in America, a few months after its publication in Europe. His acquaintance with Kalm, the Swedish traveller, a pupil of the great naturalist, may have aided him in the prosecution of his inquiries. His essay *On the Virtues of the Great Water Dock* led to a correspondence with Linnæus, who included an account of between three and four hundred American plants, furnished by Colden, and about two hundred of which were described for the first time in the *Acta Upsala*, and afterwards bestowed the name of *Coldenia* on a plant of the tetrandrous class, in honor of his American disciple. Colden maintained an active correspondence from the year 1710 to the close of his life, with the leading scientific men of Europe and America. Franklin was among the most constant as well as celebrated of these correspondents, and it was to this friend that Colden communicated one of his most valuable inventions, that of the art of stereotyping. The letter is dated October, 1743. It is probable that Franklin may have conversed on the subject in France, and that thus the hint of the process was communicated to the German, Herhan, who in the commencement of the present century carried it into successful practice in Paris, and obtained the credit of being its originator.

In the correspondence of Jefferson there is a letter, in which, writing to Francis Hopkinson, he says, "Many years ago Cadwallader Colden wrote a very small pamphlet on the subjects of attraction and impulsion, a copy of which he sent to Monsieur de Buffon. He was so charmed with it, that he put it into the hands of a friend to translate it, who lost it. It has ever since weighed on his mind, and he has made repeated trials to have it found in England."*

The unpublished Colden Papers,† embracing a large Correspondence and a number of treatises and notes on historical and philosophical topics, now form part of the valuable manuscript Collections of the New York Historical Society. The value of these papers as records of the ante-revolutionary period has been tested by Mr. Bancroft, who acknowledges his indebtedness to this source in the preface to the sixth volume of his History.

THOMAS PRINCE.

Thomas Prince, a grandson of John Prince, of Hull, who emigrated to America in 1633, was



born in Sandwich, Massachusetts, May 15, 1687. He graduated at Harvard in 1707, and in 1709 visited Europe, and preached for several years at Combs in Suffolk. He was urged to remain longer, but returned to Boston in July, 1717, and was ordained pastor of the Old South Church, as colleague of his class-mate, Dr. Sewall, October 1, 1718, where he remained until his death, October 22, 1758.

He commenced in 1703, and continued during his life, to collect documents relating to the history of New England. He left the valuable collection of manuscripts thus formed, to the care of the Old South Church. They were deposited in an apartment in the tower, which also contained a valuable library of the writings of the early New England Divines, formed by Mr. Prince, where they remained until the manuscripts were destroyed by the British, during their occupation of the city in the revolutionary war. The books were preserved, and are now deposited in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. Prince was the author of a *Chronological History of New England, in the form of annals*, the first volume of which was published in a duodecimo form in 1736, and two numbers of the second in 1755. He unfortunately commenced with an epitome of history from the creation, on which he bestowed much time, which might have been better employed on his specific object, that of presenting a brief narrative of occurrences in New England, from 1602 to 1730. His work unfortunately does not come down later than the year 1633.

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* The History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada, which are dependent on the Province of New York in America, and are the Barrier between the English and the French in that part of the world, with particular accounts of their religion, manners, customs, laws, and forms of government; their several battles and treaties with the European nations; their wars with other Indians; and a true account of the present state of our trade with them. In which are shewn the great Advantage of their Trade and Alliance to the British nation, and the Intrigues and attempts of the French to engage them from us; a subject nearly concerning all our American Plantations, and highly meriting the attention of the British nation at this juncture. To which are added, Accounts of the several other Nations of Indians in North America, their numbers, strength, &c., and the Treaties which have been lately made with them. 3rd edit., London, 1755.

† Rich. Bibl. Amer. The additions seem also to have been without the author's sanction. "I send you herewith," Franklin writes to Colden from Philadelphia, Oct. 1, 1747, "The History of the Five Indian Nations. You will perceive that Osborne, to puff up the book, has inserted the charters, &c., of this province, all under the title of 'The History of the Five Nations.'"—Sparks's Franklin, vii. 18.

* Jefferson's Works, i. 392.

† Biographical Sketches of Colden, by J. W. Francis.—Am. Med. & Philos. Reg., Jan. 1811. Reddield's Family Magazine, 1836, v. 334. O'Callaghan's Doc. Hist. N. Y., 4to. ii. 695.

He also prepared, in 1727, an account of the English Ministers at Martha's Vineyard, which was annexed to Mayhew's Indian Converts, and published a large number of funeral and other sermons. He was pronounced by Dr. Chauncy the most learned scholar, with the exception of Cotton Mather, in New England, and maintained a high reputation as a preacher, and as a devout and amiable man. Six of his manuscript sermons were published after his death, by Dr. John Erskine, of Edinburgh.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

At an early period in the settlement of Virginia attempts were made to establish an institution of learning. In 1619, the treasurer of the Virginia company, Sir Edmund Sandys, received from an unknown hand five hundred pounds, to be applied by the company to the education of a certain number of Indian youths in the English language and in the Christian religion. Other sums of money were also procured, and there was a prospect of being able to raise four or five thousand pounds for the endowment of a college. The king favored the design, and recommended to the bishops to have collections made in their dioceses, and some fifteen hundred pounds were gathered on this recommendation. The college was designed for the instruction of English as well as Indian youths. The Company appropriated ten thousand acres of land to this purpose at Henrico, on the James river, a little below the present site of Richmond. The plan of the college was to place tenants at halves on these lands, and to derive its income from the profits. One hundred tenants was the number fixed upon, and they calculated the profits of each at five pounds. George Thorpe was sent out with fifty tenants, to act as deputy for the management of the college property; and the Rev. Mr. Copeland, a man every way qualified for the office, consented to be president of the college as soon as it should be organized. Mr. Thorpe went out in 1621, but had hardly commenced operations when, with nearly all his tenants, he was slain by the Indians in the great Massacre of 1622, and the project of a college was abandoned.*

The early American colleges grew out of the religious feelings of the country, and the necessity of a provision for a body of educated clergy. We have seen this at Harvard, and it was the prevalent motive for a long time at Yale. In the act of the Assembly of Virginia, in 1660, previous to the foundation of William and Mary, express allusion is made to the supply of the ministry and promotion of piety, and the lack of able and faithful clergy. The attempt at this time to found a college failed from the royal governor's discouragement to the enterprise. It was the state policy. In his Answers to Questions put by the Lords of Plantations in 1671, Sir William Berkeley "thanks God that there are no free schools nor printing" in the colony, and hopes "there will not be these hundred years."†

In 1692, a charter was obtained from the Government in England, through the agency of the Rev. James Blair, and the assistance of Nicholson, the lieut.-governor of the colony.* The new institution took its name from the royal grantors, who appropriated funds, land, and a revenue duty on tobacco for its support. Buildings were erected, and Blair became its president. The first building erected at Williamsburgh was burnt in 1705. By the bounty of Queen Anne, and the assistance of the House of Burgesses, and the exertions of Governor Spotswood, it was not long after restored. In the square in front of this building still stands, in a mutilated condition, though with evidence of its old elegance, a statue of Lord Botetourt, ordered by the colony, in 1771, in gratitude for his administration of the government.

William and Mary College.

In 1718, a thousand pounds were granted to the college for the support (as the grant runs) of as many ingenious scholars as they should see fit. A part of this was laid out for the Nottoway estate, out of the income of which several scholars were supported who were designated students on the Nottoway foundation. This estate was sold in 1777. The remainder of the grant supported the Assembly scholarship.

Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who died in 1691, left his whole estate, after his debts and legacies should be disposed of by his executors, for such pious uses as in their discretion they should think fit, but recommended that it should be expended for the advancement of the Christian religion. The executors, who were the Earl of Burlington, Sir Henry Ashurst, and John Marr, laid out £5,400 for the purchase of the property known as the Brafferton estate, the yearly rent of which was to be applied towards "the propagating the Gospel among infidels." Of this income, £90 was appropriated to New England—

* Stith's Hist. of Va. 168.

† Answers of Sir William Berkeley to the inquiries of the Lords of the Committee of Colonies. From Virg. Pap. 75 B. p. 4. Printed in Chalmers's Political Annals, p. 268, paragraph 28:—

"28. The same course is taken here, for instructing the people, as there is in England: Out of towns every man instructs his own children according to his own ability. We have forty-eight parishes, and our ministers are well paid, and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener, and preach less. But as of all other commodities, so of this, the worst are sent us, and we have few that we can boast of, since the persecution in Cromwell's tyranny drove divers worthy men hither. Yet, I thank God, there are no free schools nor printing; and I hope we shall not have these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects, into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government; God keep us from both!

"WILLIAM BERKELEY.

"VIRGINIA, 20 June, 1671."

* Beverley, Hist. Va. 60.

one half for the support of two missionaries among the Indians, and the other to be given "to the President and Fellows of Harvard College for the salaries of two ministers to teach the said natives, in or near the said college, the Christian religion." The remainder of the income of the estate was given to the College of William and Mary, on condition of supporting one Indian scholar for every fourteen pounds received. A house was built for this purpose on the grounds at Williamsburgh, as a school for Indian boys and their master, which still bears upon it the date of 1723. It was called, after the estate, Brafferton—the title of the incumbent was Master of the Indian School. The experience with the Indians of the south does not appear to have varied much from that of Eliot and his friends in the north. Indians, however, were taught in it as late as 1774. Hugh Jones, the chaplain of the Assembly, who was also mathematical professor at the college, in his volume entitled, "The Present State of Virginia," says of this attempt—"The young Indians, procured from the tributary or foreign nations with much difficulty, were formerly boarded and lodged in the town, where abundance of them used to die, either through sickness, change of provision and way of life; or, as some will have it, often for want of proper necessaries and due care taken with them. Those of them that have escaped well, and been taught to read and write, have, for the most part, returned to their home, some with and some without baptism, where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites. A few of them have lived as servants among the English, or loitered and idled away their time in laziness and mischief. But 'tis a great pity that more care is not taken about them after they are dismissed from school. They have admirable capacities when their humors and tempers are perfectly understood."*

Colonel William Byrd, in 1728, laments the "bad success Mr. Boyle's charity has hitherto had towards converting any of these poor heathens to Christianity. Many children of our neighboring Indians have been brought up in the college of William and Mary. They have been taught to read and write, and have been carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion till they came to be men. Yet, after they returned home, instead of civilizing and converting the rest, they have immediately relapsed into infidelity and barbarism themselves." Of the efforts of Colonel Spotswood in this behalf, Byrd preserves the following epigram:—

Long has the furious priest assayed in vain,
With sword and faggot, infidels to gain,
But now the milder soldier wisely tries
By gentler methods to unveil their eyes.
Wonders apart, he knew 'twere vain t'engage
The fix'd preventions of misguided age.
With fairer hopes he forms the Indian youth
To early manners, probity and truth.
The lion's whelp thus, on the Lybian shore,
Is tamed and gentled by the artful Moor,
Not the grim sire, inured to blood before.*

The old story of the fading race, and pretty much the same whether related by South American Jesuits, Virginia cavaliers, or New England zealots. Philip Freneau has pointed the moral in his poem of the Indian Student, who,

laid his Virgil by
To wander with his dearer bow.

Though little good may have been effected for the Indians, the scheme may have brought with it incidental benefit. The instruction of the Indian was the romance of educational effort, and acted in enlisting benefactors much as favorite but impracticable foreign missions have done at a later day. It was a plan of a kindred character with this in Virginia which first engaged the benevolent and philosophic Berkeley in his eminent services to the American colleges. One of these institutions, Dartmouth, grew out of such a foundation.

The first organization of the college was under a body of Visitors, a President, and six Professors. The Visitors had power to make laws for the government of the college, to appoint the professors and president, and fix the amount of their salaries. The Corporation was entitled The President and Master, or Professors of William and Mary College. There were two Divinity Professorships—one of Greek and Latin, one of Mathematics, one of Moral Philosophy, and Boyle's Indian professorship was a sixth. The college had a representative in the General Assembly. In its early history it was a subject of complaint that it was too much a school for children, the rudiments of Latin and Greek being taught there. The old colonial administration lent its picturesque dignity to the college. As a quit-rent for the land granted by the Crown, two copies of Latin verses were every year presented to the Royal Governor. This was done sometimes with great ceremony, the students and professors marching in procession to the palace, and formally delivering the lines. At the Revolution, the endowments of the college underwent great changes. The war put an end to the colonial revenue taxes for the college support; the Brafferton fund in England disappeared; and after the peace the loss of the old Church and State feeling was shown in an act of the visitors abolishing the two Divinity Professorships, and substituting others for them. On the breaking out of the Revolution, one half of the students, among whom was James Monroe, entered the army.

The French troops occupied the College buildings, or a part of them, after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and while they had possession, the president's house was burnt. The French

* P. 92. The whole title of this work sufficiently describes its contents:—The Present State of Virginia: giving a particular and short account of the Indian, English, and Negro inhabitants of that colony. Shewing their Religion, Manners, Government, Trade, Way of Living, &c., with a description of the Country, from whence is inferred a short View of Maryland and North Carolina. To which are added, Schemes and Propositions for the better Promotion of Learning, Religion, Inventions, Manufactures and Trade in Virginia, and the other Plantations. For the Information of the Curious and for the Service of such as are Engaged in the Propagation of the Gospel and Advancement of Learning, and for the Use of all Persons concerned in the Virginia Trade and Plantation. Gen. ix. 27, God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his Servant. By Hugh Jones, A.M., Chaplain to the Honourable Assembly, and lately Minister of James-Town, &c., in Virginia. London: Printed for J. Clarke, at the Bible, under the Royal Exchange. MDCCXXIV. 8vo. pp. 132.

* Westover Manuscripts, 88-7.

government promptly paid for rebuilding it. The college building was occupied as a hospital at the same time, and much damaged and broken up, but the United States government has never made any remuneration.

The following is a complete list of the college Presidents, in the order of their succession, with the periods of their incumbency:—The Rev. James Blair, from the foundation to his death, in 1743; the Rev. William Dawson till 1752; William Stith till 1755; Thomas Dawson till 1761; William Yates till 1764; James Horrocks till 1771; John Camm till 1777; James Madison, till his death, in 1812; John Bracken till 1814; John Augustine Smith till 1826; the Rev. W. H. Wilmer, till his death, in 1827; the Rev. Adam Empie till 1836; Thomas R. Dew, till his death, in 1846; Robert Saunders till 1848; Benjamin S. Ewell till 1849; Bishop John Johns till 1854; and Benjamin S. Ewell, the present occupant.

James Blair

Dr. Blair was a Scotchman by birth, was educated in Scotland, and took orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church. He went to England towards the close of the reign of Charles II., and was persuaded by the Bishop of London to emigrate to Virginia about the year 1685, and was probably employed as a missionary, as there is no record of his having been connected with any parish till as late as 1711, when he was made Rector of Bristow parish in Williamsburgh.

In 1689, the Bishop of London appointed him his Commissary in the colonies of Virginia and Maryland, which office he continued to hold till his death. In virtue of this office, he had a seat in the Council of State, and received £100 per annum as Councillor. Through his exertions, a subscription of £2,500 was raised towards the endowment of a college, and he was sent to England by the General Assembly in 1692, for the purpose of soliciting a charter. The charter was obtained, and he appointed President in the charter itself. This office he held till the day of his death, a period of fifty years. He died in March, 1743, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He appears to have been a man of great energy and perseverance. He had to contend with great discouragements and difficulties during the whole of his course. He was opposed and thwarted in his plans for the establishing and improvement of the college by the royal governors, by the council, and even by the clergy at times; but he persevered through all discouragements. He must also have been a man of great purity of character, for in all the contests in which he was engaged, his adversaries never reproached him with any immorality. At one time a large majority of the clergy were arrayed against him. They accused him of exercising his office in a stern and haughty manner, but with nothing further. The clergy were many of them men of very questionable character—the very refuse of the Established Church in England; and these were not a little offended at the strictness of the discipline he attempted to enforce.

Dr. Blair has left behind him three volumes of Sermons, from texts selected from the Sermon on the Mount. They are written in a lucid and simple style, and are remarkable for their good sense and practical character. Waterland edited the Third Edition of these Sermons, printed in London in 1741, and wrote a preface containing a brief sketch of the author's life. He highly commends the Sermons as both sound in doctrine and felicitous in style. Such a commendation from such an author is no small praise. There is still extant another small work, which Dr. Blair took part in compiling. It is entitled *The State of his Majesty's Colony in Virginia;* by Hartwell, Blair, and Chilton: and gives an account of the soil, productions, religion, and laws of the colony, with a particular account of the condition of William and Mary College. It was printed in 1727, but it bears strong internal marks of having been drawn up about the year 1699.

Dr. Blair was more than sixty years a clergyman, fifty-eight of which he spent in Virginia. He was Commissary fifty-four years, and President of the college fifty years. His remains were deposited in the churchyard at Jamestown, and an inscription, alluding to his life and services, was engraved on his tombstone. But the stone has been broken, and the inscription is so damaged that it cannot now be deciphered. He left the whole of his library, consisting mostly of works on divinity, to the college. These books are still in the college library, and many of them contain notes in his handwriting.

Of the successor of Dr. Blair but little is known, further than that he was educated at Oxford, and was accounted an able scholar. Stith is only known from the History of Virginia, which he began, but carried down no further than to 1624. Thomas Dawson, the fourth President, was also the Commissary of the Bishop of London. Yates was a clergyman in the colony when he was called to the Presidency of the college.

James Horrocks, if we may judge from certain papers of his, drawn up in consequence of a dispute between the Visitors and the Faculty, in relation to the extent of their powers respectively, was an able and vigorous writer.

Several clergymen of the province succeeded Stith in the Presidency. Lord Botetourt, who

arrived as the royal governor in 1768, took much interest in its affairs. He instituted prizes of gold medals for the best Latin oration, and for superiority in the mathematics, and attended the morning and evening prayers.*

James Madison, in 1788 chosen Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Virginia, was a Virginian by birth, and a graduate of the college. He was for several years Professor of Mathematics, both before and after his occupation of the Presidency. He also gave lectures in natural, moral, and political philosophy—first introducing the study of political economy, which has since been pursued in the college with much distinction. Bishop Madison was a man of amiable character. His lectures on Natural Philosophy were much thought of. They have not been published. He was a contributor to the Philosophical Transactions. His delivery as a preacher was perfectly toned.

During the Presidency of Dr. John Augustine Smith, an effort was made to remove the college to Richmond. The discipline had become somewhat relaxed, and President Smith met with considerable opposition in his measures to restore it. Previously to his holding the office, Dr. Smith had been a lecturer on anatomy in New York, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1809, he edited the New York Medical and Physical Journal, in which he published a reply to the work of Dr. Smith, of Princeton, on the Unity of the Race. Since his retirement from the Presidency, he has become a resident of New York, where he has occasionally delivered metaphysical and scientific lectures, which are included in his volume, *Prelections on some of the more important subjects connected with Moral and Physical Science.*

Thomas R. Dew, at the age of twenty-three had occupied the chair of moral science in the college, of which he was a graduate. He published a volume on Slavery, in which he held the views urged by Calhoun, and a volume of Lectures on Ancient and Modern History. He died suddenly at Paris, of an affection of the lungs, on a second visit to Europe, in the summer of 1846.

Of the Professors, none was more distinguished than William Small, who was Mr. Jefferson's tutor in mathematics. He was not only an eminent mathematician, but, as Mr. Jefferson informs us, was possessed of a philosophic mind, and of very extensive and accurate information on a great variety of subjects. He went to England some time before the Revolution, and never returned, but became a distinguished mathematician in England.

The Professorship of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Belles Lettres, and Rhetoric, is at present, in 1855, held by the Rev. Dr. Silas Totten, formerly President of Washington College, at Hartford. He has in preparation an Historical Account of the College, an undertaking rendered difficult by meagre and imperfect records; but his work will be an important one, from the consideration of the men and times which will pass under his view, and from the circumstance, that what may be known of the institution has never hitherto been properly narrated. It is to his kind assistance, that we are indebted for much of the information here presented.

Since the Law Department was added to the college, there have been some eminent professors of law. Wythe, Nelson, St. George, and Beverly Tucker are among these.

Four Presidents of the United States, viz. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler, were educated in the college. Chief Justice Marshall and General Scott were also students of William and Mary.

The secret literary society of the Phi Beta Kappa originated at William and Mary, about 1775. The affiliated society of Harvard derived its charter from that source. The original, however, was interrupted by the Revolutionary war.

When the college broke up in 1781, the records of the society were sealed up and placed in the hands of the college steward. Subsequently they came into the possession of the Historical Society of Virginia. On examination, it was found that one of the old members, William Short, of Philadelphia, still survived in 1850. It was also discovered that he was President of the Society when it had been interrupted. Measures were immediately taken to revive it in the college, with Mr. Short as the connecting link with the original society, and it is now in active operation, with the old records restored to the college.

* Miller's Retrospect, II. 278.

YALE COLLEGE.

This institution dates its formal beginning from the year 1700. As early as 1647, the people of New Haven, at the instance of the Rev. John Davenport, who was eminent for his zeal in the cause of education, undertook the enterprise of establishing a college in that colony, but postponed it in deference to the interests of Cambridge. In 1700 a meeting of ministers of Connecticut, representing, by general understanding, the churches and people of the colony, took place at New Haven, for the purpose of forming a college association. This was arranged to consist of eleven clergymen, living within the colony. The original parties* shortly met again at Branford, when each member brought a number of books and laid them upon a table, with the declaration, "I give these books for the founding a college in this colony." About forty folios were thus deposited. An application for a charter was made and granted by the General Court in 1701. It had been at first proposed that the objects of the college should be especially theological. This plan, however, was modified to the design of "instructing youth in the arts and sciences, who may be fitted for public employments both in Church and Civil State," though the religious instruction for a long while practically predominated. The creed of the Saybrook platform was adopted in 1708 by the agency of the trustees, and made binding upon the officers of the college.

Abraham Pierson was made the first rector of

* They were James Noyes, of Stonington; Israel Chauncy, of Stratford; Thomas Buckingham, of Saybrook; Abraham Pierson, of Killingworth; Samuel Mather, of Windsor; Samuel Andrew, of Milford; Timothy Woodbridge, of Hartford; James Pierpont, of New Haven; Noadiah Russell, of Middletown; Joseph Webb, of Fairfield. To these Samuel Russell, of Branford, was afterwards added.

the college, and instructed the students in his house at Killingworth. The first Commencement was held at Saybrook, in 1702, with advanced scholars, several of them from Harvard, of which college Pierson was also a graduate. He continued to receive his pupils at Killingworth, till his death in 1707. He prepared a text-book for the students in Natural Philosophy. The collegiate school, as it was called, was now set up at Saybrook, under the care of tutors, where the commencements continued to be held, though the Rev. Samuel Andrew, of Milford, rector *pro tem.*, instructed the senior class at his home. New Haven and Hartford, too, had their claims for the seat of the college. There was much agitation of the matter, but it was finally carried in favor of New Haven, in 1716.* The first Commencement in New Haven was held in 1717.

Elihu Yale.

Elihu Yale, a native of the place, who had left it in his boyhood, became possessed of great wealth in the East Indies, and was created Governor of Fort St. George, and had married, moreover, an Indian fortune. On his return to London, he contributed books and merchandise to the college of his native town. The trustees now took advantage of this prominent opportunity to name the new college house after so liberal a benefactor, and *Yale College* soon became the name of the institution itself. Yale "was a gentleman," says President Clap, in his history of the college, "who greatly abounded in good humour and generosity, as well as in wealth.† The following is a copy of his epitaph in the church-yard at Wrexham, Wales.

Under this tomb lyes interr'd Elihu Yale
of Place Gronow, Esq.; born 5th April, 1648,
and dyed the 8th of July, 1721, aged 73 years.
Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd: at London dead.
Much Good, some Ill he did: so hope all's Even,
And that his soul thro' Mercy's gone to Heav'n.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain Exit to prepare,
For only the Actions of the Just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Under an engraved picture of Governor Yale, sent to the college at an early period, was the following inscription in manuscript:—

Effigies clarissimi viri D. D. Elihu Yale
Londinensis, Armigeri.
En vir! cui meritas laudes ob facta, per orbis
Extremos fines, inclyta fama dedit.
Æquor arans tumidum, gazas adduxit ab Indis,
Quas Ille sparsit munificante manu:
Inscitiæ tenebras, ut noctis luce coruscæ
Phœbus, ab occiduis pellit et Ille plagis.
Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES.

which the poet Percival has thus imitated.

Behold the man, for generous deeds renown'd,
Who in remotest regions won his fame:
With wise munificence he scattered round
The wealth that o'er the sea from India came.
From western realms he bids dark ignorance fly,
As flies the night before the dawning rays:
So long as grateful bosoms beat, shall high
YALE's sons and pious fathers sing his praise.*

Jeremiah Dummer, of Boston, the agent of Massachusetts in England, in 1714, had been an earlier generous donor to the library. He gave, or procured, some eight hundred valuable volumes. The names of his friends who were associated with him in the gift, impart to it additional value. They were among the most distinguished men of that day, and include Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Richard Steele, Burnet, Woodward, Halley, Bentley, Kennet, Calamy, Edwards, and Whiston, who gave copies of their writings to the collection.

When the college was thus established at New Haven, the Rev. Timothy Cutler, of Stratford, was chosen its Rector, and, as a compensation to the people of the place he was leaving, the trustees of Yale bought their minister from them, paying for his house and lot, and giving them to the town. A new difficulty now presented itself. The orthodox Rector, with a tutor and two neighboring clergymen, announced, in 1722, their intention to give up New England theology for Episcopal ordination in England. The discovery was made at the time of Commencement, shortly after which occasion, Gov. Saltonstall held a personal dispute on the subject with the recusant Rector and one of his most distinguished associates, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, of New Haven. The trustees met, and voted that they "do excuse the Rev. Mr. Cutler from all further service, as Rector of Yale College." The connexion was at an end. Mr. Cutler, with his friend Johnson, afterwards President of Columbia College, and several other of the New England clergy, went to England, where he received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Oxford; he returned to America, and was rector, till his death, in 1765, of Christ Church, in Boston. He was a loss to Yale, from his strength of mind and his acquirements in Oriental literature. He was, says President Stiles, in his Diary, "a good logician, geographer,

* Wethersfield had its pretensions, and a number of students having been educated there, under the care of Elisha Williams, a commencement was held there and degrees conferred, which were afterwards ratified at New Haven. To remove the library from Saybrook to New Haven process was issued and the sheriff resisted. Important papers, and two hundred and fifty valuable volumes were lost to the college in the struggle. —*Baldwin's Hist. of Yale*, 1st Ed. p. 35.

† History of Yale College, 20.

* Kingsley's Sketch of Yale College. Am. Quar. Reg. viii. 19. Sketches of Yale College, with numerous anecdotes. 1842, p. 28.

and rhetorician. In the philosophy and metaphysics and ethics of his day, he was great. He spoke Latin with great fluency and dignity, and with great propriety of pronunciation. He was a man of extensive reading in the academic sciences, divinity, and ecclesiastical history; and of a commanding presence and dignity in government. He was of a lofty and despotic mien, and made a grand figure at the head of a college."*

Mr. Andrew, of Milford, one of the trustees, again took the management, as head of the college, *pro tempore*, till 1726, when the Rev. Elisha Williams, of Wethersfield, became Rector, which he continued till 1739. It was during this time that Berkeley, afterwards the Bishop of Cloyne, made his celebrated donations to the college, which, with great liberality, he took under his particular favor. He had become acquainted, at Newport, R. I., with one of the trustees, the Rev. Jared Eliot, and with the Rev. Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, who called his attention to the wants of the college. On his return to England, in 1732, he gave to the college a deed of his house and farm in Newport, for the assistance of the three best scholars in Latin and Greek who should reside at college for nine months of each of the three years between the first and second degrees. To determine the priority in scholarship, a special examination is to be held annually, by the President and senior Episcopal missionary within the colony. If these do not agree, the choice is to be determined by lot. The persons selected are to be called "scholars of the house." Any surplus which may remain by vacancies is to be expended in Greek and Latin books, to be distributed as prizes to undergraduates. Such were the provisions of the settlement. The property does not yield any considerable income, having been leased for a long term at a time when money was of more value than it is now. There have been a number of successful applicants for "the dean's bounty," who have afterwards become distinguished. Of these may be mentioned, Dr. Wheelock, the first President of Dartmouth; the Rev. Aaron Burr, President of the College of New Jersey; the Hon. Jared Ingersoll, Presidents Daggett and Dwight, the Rev. Joseph Buckminster, and the Hon. Abraham Baldwin. The Berkeleian prizes have also reflected honor on the college.† Berkeley also procured a choice collection of books for the college—contributing in all nearly a thousand volumes, including a set of the Christian Fathers, a large representation of the Greek and Latin Classics, and other well chosen works, among which were Ben Jonson, Dryden and Pope, Butler and Wycherley. When Rector Clap arranged the general collection, in 1742, he tells us, "in honour to the Rev. Dr. Berkeley for his extraordinary donation, his books stood by themselves, at the south end of the library."‡

The career of Rector Williams was more varied than falls to the lot of most college Presidents. He was born in Massachusetts, and was a graduate of Harvard. He passed from his parish duties at Wethersfield to the Presidency of Yale. Compelled to retire from the latter by ill health, he became member of the Connecticut House of Representatives and a Judge. In 1745 he revived his clerical functions to become army chaplain in the Cape Breton expedition. The next year he was appointed colonel of a regiment in the expedition against Canada. Going to England to secure his half-pay, he married there and returned to die at Wethersfield in 1755, at the age of sixty-one. President Stiles, in his Literary Diary, speaks of him as "a good classical scholar, well read in logic, metaphysics and ethics, and in rhetoric and oratory. He presided at commencement with great honor. He spoke Latin freely, delivered orations gracefully and with animated dignity."

Williams was succeeded, in the year 1740, by the Rev. Thomas Clap, who was withdrawn from the ministry of Windham, the college as before buying his time from the townspeople. The compensation for loss of services was referred to three members of the General Assembly, who "were of opinion, that inasmuch as Mr. Clap had been in the ministry at Windham fourteen years, which was about half the time ministers in general continue in their public work; the people ought to have half as much as they gave him for a settlement; which, upon computation, was about fifty-three pounds sterling."* Clap entered vigorously upon the duties of the college, drew up a body of laws, the books were catalogued, and a new charter obtained, by which the Rector and Trustees became entitled President and Fellows.

In 1747, a part of the means for erecting a new college building, to accommodate the increasing number of students, was raised by a lottery. The preaching of Whitefield having agitated the popular faith, a theological professorship was founded, which took its name from its first contributor, the Hon. Philip Livingston, of New York. A new confession was made of the college faith, according to the Assembly's Catechism, Dr. Ames's Medulla and Cases of Conscience, and the Rev. Naphtali Daggett, from Long Island, was appointed Professor of Divinity in 1755. In 1763, the question whether the Legislature of the State had a right to exercise visitatorial power over the college was much agitated. President Clap argued that the legislature, not being the founders, had no such power, and successfully maintained this position. Difficulties in the discipline and administration of the college led to the resignation of President Clap in 1766. His death occurred a few months after. He was a man of piety, and a diligent head of his college, which greatly increased under his administration of twenty-seven years. He had been educated by Dr. M'Sparran, the missionary clergyman of Rhode Island. His literary accomplishments were large. He excelled especially in the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy —and constructed the first orrery or planetarium in America. He published a letter to Jonathan Edwards, on the Whitefield matter. His other publications were an essay *on the Religious Constitution of Colleges*, 1754; a *Vindication of the Doctrines of the New England Churches*, in 1755; an *Essay on the Nature and Foundation*

* Appendix to Holmes's Stiles, 267.
† Prof. Kingsley's Sketch of the History of Yale College. Am. Quar. Register, viii. 211. List of Scholars of the House in Yale Lit. Mag. xvii. 198.
‡ Clap's History, 6.

* Clap's History of Yale College, 6.

of Moral Virtue and Obligation, in 1765; and a History of Yale College in 1766.* His *Conjectures on the Nature and Motion of Meteors above the Atmosphere*, was issued posthumously in 1781. He made collections for a History of Connecticut. His manuscripts, then in the possession of his daughter, the wife of General Wooster, were plundered in Tryon's expedition against New Haven, and thrown overboard into Long Island Sound. A few were picked up after some days by boatmen, but most were lost.

President Stiles has left a minute literary character of him, in which he speaks enthusiastically of the extent of his attainments; his knowledge of Newton's Principia; his study of moral philosophy in Wollaston, and of the ancient and modern powers of Europe. Stiles, warming with the recollections of his predecessor, describes his habits of reading, by subjects rather than volumes —and his aspect, "light, placid, serene, and contemplative," adding, "he was a calm, still, judicious great man."†

In 1767, Professor Daggett was chosen President *pro tempore*, and continued in this position until 1777, when Dr. Ezra Stiles was elected President, Pres. Daggett continuing in his Chair of Divinity. The latter was a man of worth and usefulness. When the British took possession of New Haven in 1779, he was taken by the enemy wounded, with his musket in his hand, resisting their advance. He was unhandsomely treated with violence and personal injury by his captors.‡ His college Presidency is memorable in our narrative for the presence in the college as pupils, of Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow.

Of Stiles and of Dwight, who succeeded with so much distinction to the college, something is said on other pages of this book. The Presidency of the former extended from 1777 to 1795; of Dwight, from that date till 1817. The college increased greatly in influence and resources at these periods, after the interruption of the Revolution. The personal influence of these men was great. Dwight enlarged the scope of studies by furthering the claims of general literature, in which he was himself so accomplished a proficient. The Professorships of Kingsley and Silliman were instituted during Dwight's administration.

Jeremiah Day held the presidency from 1817 till his retirement in 1846. He was born in New Preston, Connecticut, in 1773, and in 1795 had succeeded Dwight in the conduct of his school at Greenfield Hill. He was a graduate of Yale, and in 1801 had received the appointment of Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, which he held till his election to the government of the college. He has published several mathematical treatises for students, which have been widely circulated, and in 1838, *An Inquiry Respecting the Self-Determining Power of the Will; or, Contingent Volition.* 12mo. And in 1841, *An Examination of Pres. Edwards's Inquiry on the Freedom of the Will.* 12mo.

Alexander Metcalf Fisher was the successor to President Day in his Professorship. He was a young man of high promise, and had already made important contributions to mathematical and physical science. His sudden death, at the age of twenty-eight, in the shipwreck of the Albion on the coast of Ireland, in 1822, when he was on his voyage to Europe for the collection of scientific material, and for self-improvement, has lent additional interest to his memory.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey succeeded to President Day. He was born in New York in 1801, the son of a merchant, and a nephew on the mother's side of President Dwight. His education was at Yale and the Theological Seminary at Princeton. After this he passed several years in Europe, extending his studies of the Greek language and literature in Germany. On his return he was appointed Professor of Greek at Yale in 1831, and discharged the duties of the position for twenty years, giving to the public during this period his editions of the Greek tragedians, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *Antigone* and *Electra* of Sophocles, and the *Alcestis* of Euripides. He has also edited the *Gorgias* of Plato. His inauguration discourse in 1846, on the subject of college education, was a philosophical view of the subject, asserting the claims of a classical education. In his *Historical Discourse*, delivered before the graduates of Yale in 1850, on the completion of the third semi-centennial period, he has sketched the development of the college, in its studies, with an able pen. In the sphere of philosophical discourse he has a thoroughly disciplined mind.

The college has been distinguished by the long periods of service maintained by its officers and professors. The terms of four of its presidents, Clap, Stiles, Dwight, and Day, cover a period of nearly a hundred years. Kingsley was tutor and professor for more than fifty years. The connexion of Benjamin Silliman with the instruction of the college, dates from 1709; of Chauncey Allen Goodrich, from 1812; of Olmsted, from 1815; of President Woolsey, from his tutorship in 1823.

Professor James L. Kingsley was long a representative man of the college. He had taught in nearly every one of its departments, and identified himself with each step of its development. Born in Connecticut, he was a graduate of the college of the class of 1799, the same year with Moses Stuart. Two years afterwards he was appointed tutor, and in 1805, professor of the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin Languages and of Ecclesiastical History, discharging with ability the various duties of these offices as required, till with the improved adjustment of the college instruction, he entered in 1831 upon a distinct professorship of the Latin Language and Literature, continuing for some time to give instruction in Hebrew. He resigned his post in 1851, exactly half a century after his first appointment from the college, and was then honored with the title of Emeritus Professor, till his death, shortly after, in August, 1852. He was a close and accurate scholar, well versed in Greek and Hebrew, and an adept in Latin. "I doubt," said President Wool-

* The Annals or History of Yale College, in New Haven, in the Colony of Connecticut, from the first founding thereof in the year 1700, to the year 1766: with an Appendix, containing the present state of the College, the Method of Instruction and Government, with the Officers, Benefactors, and Graduates. By Thomas Clap, A.M., President of the said College. New Haven: Printed for John Hotchkiss and B. Mecom, 1766. 8vo.

† Appendix to Life of Stiles, by Holmes, 392.

‡ Baldwin's Hist. Yale Col. 108.

sey in an address at his funeral, "if any American scholar has ever surpassed him in Latin style." He first introduced into use in America, about 1805, as a text-book, the two volumes of the *Græca Majora*, with which most American students have been at some time familiar. His encouragement of mathematical science was also of importance. His familiarity with American history, particularly of his own state, was great; and he had given to the college annals, and the large opportunities of biographical study offered by the Triennial Catalogues, in the preparation of which he was concerned, an attention inspired by taste and habit. The *Historical Discourse*, which he delivered in 1838, *On the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the First Settlement of the Town and Colony of New Haven*, and his *Sketch of the History of Yale College*, published in 1835, in the American Quarterly Register, are proofs of this. He was, besides, the author of *The Life of President Stiles*, in Sparks's American Biography, of a Eulogy on Professor Fisher, and of various critical articles in the North American Review, the Christian Spectator, the New Englander, the American Journal of Science, the Biblical Repository, and other periodicals. His successor in the Professorship of Latin, Thomas A. Thacher, in a Commemorative Discourse, in October, 1852, speaks of his genuine love of his classical studies, of his fondness for biographical anecdote, and of his intimacy with English literature.*

Professor Benjamin Silliman was born in 1779, in Trumbull, in Connecticut. He was a graduate of the college, of the year 1796, for a time studied the law, in 1799 became a college tutor, and has since been prominent in its faculty,—his Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology dating from 1804. He visited Europe the following year, to procure books and apparatus for the college, and was abroad fifteen months. In 1810, he published an account of this tour in his *Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland, and two passages on the Atlantic, in the years* 1805 *and* 1806. Nearly fifty years later, he crossed the Atlantic again, and has contrasted his observations after this interval in the two volumes which he published in 1853, with the title, *A Visit to Europe in* 1851. Another record of his travels is his *Remarks made in a Short Tour between Hartford and Quebec in the autumn of* 1819. In the course of his college engagement, he has published *Elements of Chemistry in the order of the Lectures in Yale College*, in 1830; and has edited Henry's Chemistry and Bakewell's Geology. His lectures on Chemistry, to which the public have been admitted, at Yale, and which he has delivered in the chief cities of the country, have gained him much reputation, which has been extended at home and abroad by his *American Journal of Science*, of which he commenced the publication in 1818.

Denison Olmsted succeeded to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in 1825, which he held till 1836, when a new distribution of the duties took place, under which he entered upon his present Professorship of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. He was born at East Hartford, the son of a farmer, in 1791, became a graduate of the college in 1813, then a tutor, when in 1817 he was appointed to the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of North Carolina, which he held for seven years. At that time he commenced, with the support of the legislature, the Geological Survey of the State, the first survey of the kind in the country, and published papers on the Gold Mines of North Carolina, and Illuminating Gas from cotton seed, in the American Journal of Science, to which he has been a frequent contributor. His chief writings have been *Thoughts on the Clerical Profession*, a series of Essays, in 1817; his *Introduction to Natural Philosophy*, in 1832; an *Introduction to Astronomy*, in 1839, the substance of which he embodied in a volume, *Letters on Astronomy addressed to a Lady*, in 1840; *Rudiments of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy*, 1843, a work of such clearness and simplicity that it has been published in raised letters for the use of the blind, by the Massachusetts Asylum, and has been found well adapted to the instruction of the deaf and dumb; a Life of Mason, the young astronomer, and materials for several volumes of miscellanies in his contributions to the leading reviews, consisting of Moral Essays, Biographical Sketches, one of the earliest being Pres. Dwight, in the *Port Folio* of 1817, Addresses, and Scientific Memoirs.

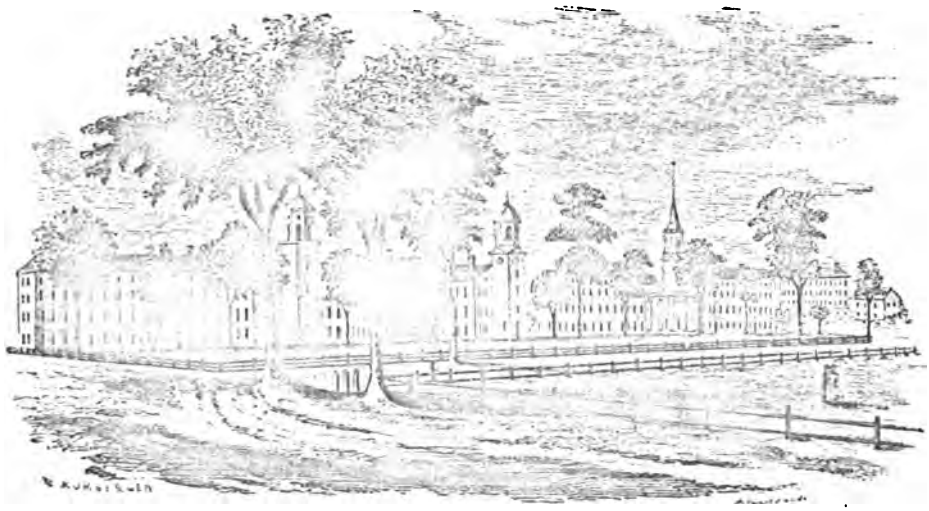
Connected with the labors of this chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, was a young man, a graduate of the College, whose career, soon cut short by the fatal malady of consumption, was yet long enough to make a name for himself, and confer lasting honor on the institution. This was Ebenezer Porter Mason, who died in 1840, at the age of twenty-two, the story of whose precocious childhood, early mature development, and scientific acquirements, has been narrated with many sound reflections by the way, in an interesting volume by Prof. Olmsted, with whom he was associated.* Mason was born at Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, in 1819; he died in 1840, at the house of a relative near Richmond, Virginia. His attention was awakened in his childhood to books of science. He studied with interest when he was nine years old the treatises in the Library of Useful Knowledge. At the age of thirteen he read the Æneid, and made excellent translations from it in heroic verse. His original verses written shortly after this time, if they display ingenuity rather than poetic conception, show the general powers of his mind and his literary tastes. Science, however, was to be his

* "He enjoyed a kind of personal acquaintance with Addison and Johnson and Milton and Shakespeare, and many others, whose writings he relished the more from his habit of giving a personal existence to the writers. He took an interest in their history; and when he visited England the streets and corners of the capital seemed to be peopled, almost, with the old worthies of his library, from Johnson, with his ghost in Cock-lane, to Milton, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. One could easily have imagined, at times, from observing the heartiness of the pleasure he derived from the more elegant writers of past times, both classical and later, that he might even join in Walter Pope's wish, and ask for retirement from the world, to live in intellectual converse,

"With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more,
Of the best wits that reigned in the ages before."

Discourse, p. 46.

* Life and Writings of Ebenezer Porter Mason; interspersed with hints to Parents and Instructors on the training and education of a Child of Genius. By Denison Olmsted. New York, Dayton and Newman, 1842. 12mo. pp. 292.



Yale College.

peculiar vocation, and astronomy that branch which he was especially to cultivate. His skill and manual tact in constructing instruments and recording observations, while a College student, were very remarkable. On the completion of his course in 1839, he became a Resident Graduate; and in the short interval which remained before his death, found time in narrow circumstances, with rapidly failing health, to pursue and publish his *Observations on Nebulæ*,* a paper which gained the admiration of Sir John Herschel, who has thus spoken of the composition and its author:—"Mr. Mason, a young and ardent astronomer, a native of the United States of America, whose premature death is the more to be regretted as he was (so far as I am aware) the only other recent observer who has given himself with the assiduity which the subject requires, to the exact delineation of Nebulæ, and whose figures I find at all satisfactory."† He also prepared a college treatise on *Practical Astronomy*. In the autumn of 1840, he was engaged in the difficult public service of Prof. Renwick's North Eastern Boundary Survey. He returned to his friends to die before the year closed.

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son.

The Rev. Chauncey A. Goodrich was elected professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in 1817, and discharged the duties of this office until 1839, when he was transferred to the Professorship of Pastoral Theology, in which office he still continues. He was for several years editor of the Quarterly Christian Spectator, and is extensively and favorably known by his works of Greek elementary instruction, his Collection of Select British Eloquence, and his revised and enlarged edition of Webster's Dictionary.

In 1841, a Professorship of the Arabic and Sanskrit languages and literature was established in the college, and Prof. Edward E. Salisbury was appointed to the chair. His *Inaugural Discourse* (New Haven, 1843, 8vo. pp. 51) is a learned and comprehensive survey of the wide and important field of Oriental literature. He has for many years been the Secretary of the American Oriental Society, and the editor of its journal, to which he has contributed many valuable papers. This work has reached its fourth volume, and is highly creditable to American scholarship. In 1854 the professorship was divided, Prof. Salisbury retaining the Arabic, and resigning the Sanskrit. To the latter professorship Mr. William D. Whitney, an eminent Sanskrit scholar, was then appointed.

The Medical establishment was organized in 1813, and has enjoyed the services of many eminent men as instructors from that time to the present. The number of professors is now six.

The Theological department of the college was organized in 1822, the Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor being associated as Professor of Didactic Theology with the Rev. Eleazar T. Fitch, who, in 1817, succeeded Dr. Dwight as Professor of Divinity. These gentlemen have long been well known by their lectures and published works. In 1824, Josiah Willard Gibbs was chosen Professor of Sacred Literature, which office he still holds. He is the author of a valuable Lexicon of the Hebrew Language, and of very many contributions to general philology.

The Law School, which was commenced about 1820, was not definitely connected with the college until 1830; and the degree of LL.B. was first conferred here in 1843. The school is conducted by two professors—Clark Bissell, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and Henry Dutton, Governor of that State.

* In the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society for 1840.

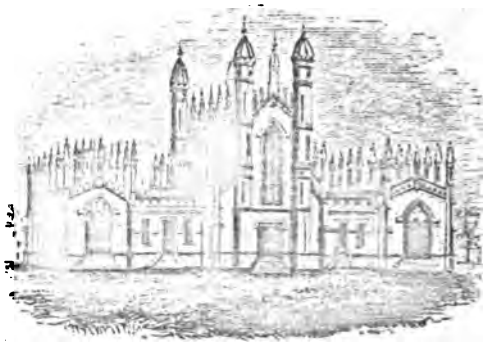
† Sir John F. W. Herschel's Results of Astronomical Observations, 1834-8, at the Cape of Good Hope, p. 7.

In 1847 was established the department of Philosophy and the Arts. By this it was intended to provide means by which some of the collegiate studies, such as philosophy, philology, pure mathematics, and the like, might be prosecuted by graduates under systematic instruction, and others, not graduates, who should be properly qualified, might be trained to fulfil in a creditable manner the office of the civil engineer, of the scientific miner and geologist, of the scientific agriculturist, and the like; thus furnishing society with a body of highly educated men in its various departments, and introducing, in fact, new liberal professions among the learned pursuits. In this new department are included the professorships of chemistry applied to agriculture, chemistry applied to the arts, and of civil engineering. The first professor of agricultural chemistry was John Pitkin Norton, a young man of high promise, and thoroughly qualified for the place. He discharged the duties of his office with great zeal and success, and by lectures at home and abroad, and by his essays and treatises, accomplished much good during his brief life. In the midst of his usefulness he was arrested by fatal illness, and died Sept. 5th, 1852, at the age of thirty. His successor is Prof. John A. Porter. Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., was appointed to the chair of chemistry applied to the arts, and still continues in office. Prof. Wm. A. Norton is the professor of civil engineering.

In 1850 the Silliman professorship of natural history was established, and James D. Dana was appointed to the office. He is the author of a comprehensive treatise on Mineralogy, which has passed through four editions, and also of a work on the Geology and Mineralogy of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, and of a work on the Zoophytes and Crustacea collected during that cruise. His contributions to the American Journal of Science, of which he is one of the editors, are numerous and valuable.*

Yale College is connected with the history of religion in the country, as having educated more than 1500 clergymen, and as having been the scene of numerous revivals of religion. "In the space of ninety-six years from the great revival of 1741, the college," says Prof. Goodrich, "has been favored with twenty distinct effusions of the Holy Spirit, of which three were in the last century and seventeen in the present."†

The benefactors to the college deserve a passing mention. Dwight in his letters remarks that they have been men of moderate fortunes.‡ Among these, the Hon. Oliver Wolcott gave two thousand dollars to the library. Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, a graduate of the college, founded a fund of five hundred dollars, the interest of which is to be expended in the purchase of books on mechanical and physical science. Dr. Alfred E. Perkins, also a graduate, bequeathed ten thousand dollars as a permanent fund to the library in 1834. Dr. Jedediah Morse and Mr. S. F. B. Morse were contributors of a valuable collection of books to the library in 1823. Among the donors to the philosophical apparatus, the name of Dr. Isaac Watts occurs for a pair of globes.



Yale Library.

The college library, with the collections of the societies, deposited in different departments, in the costly and ornamental library building of Portland sandstone, numbered in 1854 some 54,000 volumes. The library is rich in old New England theology, and in general history and metaphysics. Its American antiquarian treasures include a unique newspaper collection of contemporary papers relating to the Stamp Act, made by President Stiles, and the extensive series of his MS. Journals and commonplace books, of an historical as well as personal interest. The library has the collection of papers made by Trumbull for his History of Connecticut. An addition of much value was made in 1854, being the entire library of the late Prof. Thilo, of Halle, consisting of above 4000 volumes, chiefly in ecclesiastical history and kindred departments.

The library possesses four of the original sculptures of Nineveh, sent to America by the Rev. W. F. Williams, American missionary at Mosul.

There have been but three specially appointed librarians, the duty before 1805 having been discharged by tutors—Professor Kingsley, Josiah Willard Gibbs, and the present incumbent, Edward C. Herrick. In the Trumbull Gallery, the College possesses a constant means of attraction to visitors. There are collected a valuable series of Revolutionary paintings by the artist from whom the building has been named, and beneath which he lies buried, with many other works of interest, portraits of the college presidents, and illustrious men of the state, including the celebrated family group of Dean Berkeley and his friends, painted by Smibert.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale was organized in 1780. Its catalogue shows a list of honored names, from the poets Trumbull and Barlow to the present day. Its orators and poets

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* During the last ten years no one in America has made so many important contributions to natural history. His reports of the Exploring Expedition are,
1. Report on Zoophytes. 1846. pp. 470 4to. Atlas of 61 plates folio. 230 new species of Zoophytes figured.
2. Report on Geology. 1849. pp. 756 4to. Atlas of 21 folio plates of fossils.
3. Report on Crustacea. 1854. 2 vols. of 1620 pages in all. Atlas of 96 plates folio: 680 species figured; 656 of them new.
Of these and the other reports, the government have, in their folly, published only a hundred copies each.

† Narrative of Revivals of Religion in Yale College. Am. Quar. Reg. x. 289.

‡ Travels in New England and New York, i. 397.

have included, among others, Edward Everett, T. S. Grimke, Gardiner Spring, James Kent, Albert Barnes, Horace Bushnell, Edward Robinson, Daniel Lord, J. G. Percival, Elizur Wright, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wm. H. Seward.

The college societies, the Linonian and the Brothers in Unity, are supported with spirit. To the last, literary men are indebted for the first edition of the *Alphabetical Index to subjects treated in Reviews*, prepared by William Frederick Poole, its librarian.

The *Yale Literary Magazine*, contributed to by undergraduates, was commenced in 1836,* and has been well sustained since, being by far the longest-lived publication of its kind. Its series of portraits and lives of the Presidents and Professors are valuable; while it has published original articles of merit from the pens of Colton, Bristed, Thompson, Mitchell, Finch, and others.

Comparing the catalogues of the two oldest colleges, Harvard and Yale, we find, that up to the close of 1854, in the former institution there had been, from the year 1642, 6,612 alumni, of whom 2,278 were then survivors; and of Yale, from 1702 to the close of 1853, there had been 6,212 graduates, of whom 3,065 were living—so that in point of number of living alumni the latter institution stands at the head of the colleges of the country.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Jonathan Edwards, one of the first metaphysicians of his age, and the last and finest product of the old Puritanism of America, was born in East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5, 1703. His family and culture were strictly evangelical. Four generations back, on his father's side, his ancestor was a clergyman of the Established Church in London, in the time of Elizabeth. His son emigrated to Hartford, in Connecticut, in the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a merchant, as was also his son Richard, who superadded to that worldly calling a life of eminent piety. The next in descent was the Rev. Timothy Edwards, the father of our author. He was a graduate of Harvard, and the first minister of East Windsor. In the old French war, he accompanied an expedition as chaplain on its way to Canada. He married the daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, with whom he lived more than sixty-three years—his widow surviving him twelve years, when she died in her ninety-ninth year. This lady, the mother of Jonathan Edwards, is spoken of as possessed of superior force of understanding and refinement of character. The father was a man of learning and devotion to his ministry.

It is impossible to study the portrait of Jonathan Edwards without noticing an air of purity, a tinge perhaps of feminine character, a look of thorough earnestness, and an expression of native delicacy. Energy and reserve seem to be happily blended in his countenance.† On reading the narrative of his youthful studies and early developements of intellect and piety, we see an exube-

Jonathan Edwards

rance in both which indicate a richly endowed nature. Education, whatever it may be with such a man, is simply the mould to be filled by his genius. In other places, in other relations, he would always be a man of mark. In the field of the belles lettres, if he had cultivated them, he would have shone as an acute critic and poet; among men of science, as a profound and original observer; among wits, as a subtle philosopher. As it was, born in New England, of the ghostly line of Puritanism, all his powers were confined to Christian morals and metaphysics.

The religious element was developed in him very early. At the age of seven or eight, in a period of religious excitement in his father's congregation, he attained a height of devotional fervor, and built a booth in a retired swamp for secret prayer, with some of his school companions. His account of his "early religious life is pure and fervent, recalling the sublime imagination of Sir Thomas Browne of those who have understood Christian annihilation, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, and have had already an handsome anticipation of heaven." Nature at that time was transfigured before him. It was the thorough consecration of a mind of the strongest powers and finest temper. His love of nature was a trait of his boyhood. Before the age of twelve he had written a minute account of the habits of a forest spider. When the world gained a great metaphysician it perhaps lost an admirable natural historian.

Edwards entered Yale College in his thirteenth year, when he fell in with Locke's Essay on the

* Three or four college magazines had previously been published here, as the *Literary Cabinet* in 1807, the *Athenæum* in 1814, &c. In 1831 appeared *The Student's Companion, by the Knights of the Round Table*, the two hundred pages of which were written almost exclusively by David Francis Bacon.

† "In his youth he appeared healthy, and with a good degree of vivacity, but was never robust. In middle life, he appeared very much emaciated, by severe study, and intense mental application. In his person he was tall of stature—about six feet one inch—and of a slender form. He had a high, broad, bold forehead, and an eye unusually piercing and luminous; and on his whole countenance, the features of his mind—perspicacity, sincerity, and benevolence—were so strongly impressed, that no one could behold it, without at once discovering the clearest indications of great intellectual and moral elevation."—*Life by Sereno E. Dwight, 800.*

Understanding, which he read with great zest. It was always his habit to think and write as he read, so that his pen, as his biographer remarks, was always in his hand. This course adds to the exactness and labor of study, and begets a habit which, amidst the infinite riches of human learning, is not readily expended. It is not surprising, therefore, that Edwards afterwards came to devote nearly two thirds of the day to study. He was graduated at the college with the highest honor, and continued to reside in the institution two years, for the study of the ministry. His first clerical occupation was in New York, where he preached to a congregation of Presbyterians in 1722, in his nineteenth year. His meditations at this time were full of ardor and humility. "The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations," says he, "appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms, to drink in the light of the sun." He records his frequent retirement "into a solitary place on the banks of Hudson's river, at some distance from the city, for contemplation on divine things and secret converse with God; and had many sweet hours there." Before he had completed his twentieth year, he had solemnly arranged a series of seventy resolutions, which were to be the guiding principles of his life. These relate to the absolute performance of duty without regard to immediate motive or difficulty; to the intensity of occupation,—"to live with all my might while I do live"—to regard the various moral duties, to practise the minor moralities, "in narrations never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity." The fifty-first resolution, dated July 8, 1723, is a singular expression at once of submission and of strength of will:—"that I will act so, in every respect, as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned." A private religious Diary which he wrote, commences Dec. 18, 1722, and closes June 11, 1726. One entry marks the student, and the comparative isolation of the man from the world:—"I am sometimes in a frame so listless, that there is no other way of profitably improving time but conversation, visiting, or recreation, or some bodily exercise. However, it may be best, in the first place, before resorting to either of these, to try the whole circle of my mental employments." This was dangerous theory and practice with his delicate constitution.

From New York, where he resided eight months, he returned to a tutorship in Yale, where he remained till he became associated, in 1726, on his ordination, with his grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, in his ministry at Northampton. In July of this year he married Miss Sarah Pierrepont, the daughter of a clergyman of strong clerical connexions, and a young lady of eighteen, of unusual beauty. The spiritual description of her gentle habits, written by Edwards, apparently on reports of her excellence brought to him when she was but thirteen years of age, is the unconscious admiration of the lover in the saint. "They say," writes on a blank leaf the pure-minded young man of twenty, "there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being, who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything, except to meditate on him—that she expects, after a while, to be received up where he is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that he loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from him always. There she is to dwell with him, and to be ravished with his love and delight for ever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."*

His preaching at Northampton was devoted to an awakening of zeal and restoration of strict devotional conduct, which had somewhat declined. His course was attended at the outset with success; a revival, a class of religious exercises for which the town had been celebrated, in 1735, adding largely for the time to his congregation. An account of these scenes was published in "A Narrative of Surprising Conversions," by Edwards, reissued in London, with a preface by Dr. Watts. Other solemnities of the kind attended his ministry at Northampton. To mark the distinctions of what he considered true religion, he wrote the discriminating *Treatise on Religious Affections.*

Whether the discipline attempted by Edwards was overstrained or impolitic, or the system of theology which he pursued was more logical than practicable, serious differences arose with the people, which eventually, after he had preached at Northampton for twenty-three years, compelled his retirement. One point of difficulty was his change in the test for the Communion. This rite had been regarded as a means to conversion rather than the end; and persons admitted to membership under it without a distinct profession. In opposing this view, which had been deliberately established by his grandfather and predecessor, and enforcing his convictions, Edwards was governed by the logical morality of his early resolutions. He issued his work, "An Humble Enquiry into the Rules of the Word of God, concerning the Qualifications requisite to a complete standing and full communion in the Visible Christian Church." The townspeople

* Life by Dwight, p. 114.

instigated controversial replies and held meetings of disapproval; the result, after a great deal of unhappy agitation, was Edwards's dismission, in 1750, by an Ecclesiastical Council. He was installed the next year minister at Stockbridge, Mass., and missionary to the Indians then in that vicinity. It was at this post, where he continued six years, that he wrote, in the midst of cares and anxieties, in the short time of four months and a half, his "Essay on the Freedom of the Will."* This work is written with great compactness, never swerving from the line of the argument. While men will continue to act as if they were free, Edwards will still convince them that they are bound by the iron hand of necessity.

With metaphysicians it has always taken the highest reputation. Its worth has been pronounced by "mouths of wisest censure."

"In the New World," said Dugald Stewart, "the state of society and of manners has not hitherto been so favourable to abstract science as to pursuits which come home directly to the business of human life. There is, however, *one* metaphysician of whom America has to boast, who, in logical acuteness and subtlety, does not yield to any disputant bred in the Universities of Europe. I need not say that I allude to Jonathan Edwards. But at the time when he wrote, the state of America was more favourable than it now is, or can for a long period be expected to be, to such inquiries as those which engaged his attention; inquiries, by the way, to which his thoughts were evidently turned, less by the impulse of speculative curiosity than by his anxiety to defend the theological system in which he had been educated, and to which he was most conscientiously and zealously attached. The effect of this anxiety in sharpening his faculties, and in keeping his polemical vigilance constantly *on the alert*, may be traced in every step of his argument."†

Hazlitt, whose "Principles of Human Action" show him to have been a close and original student of mental phenomena, and whose knowledge of metaphysical authors entitles him to an authoritative opinion on the subject, says of the "Treatise on the Will" and its author: "Having produced *him*, the Americans need not despair of their metaphysicians. We do not scruple to say, that he is one of the acutest, most powerful, and of all reasoners the most conscientious and sincere. His closeness and candour are alike admirable. Instead of puzzling or imposing on others, he tries to satisfy his own mind. * * Far from taunting his adversaries, he endeavours with all his might to explain difficulties. * * His anxiety to clear up the scruples of others is equal to his firmness in maintaining his own opinion."‡

A manuscript note, by Judge Egbert Benson, attached to the copy of *The Freedom of the Will*—the original Boston edition of 1754, with the subscribers' names appended, preserved in the New York Society Library—records a remark of Hamilton on this book. "The conversation led to the question whether he had ever read the work of Edwards on the Will? He told me he had. I then asked him what he thought of it. He replied, that he presumed nothing ever came from the human mind more in proof that man was a *reasoning* animal. It is unrelaxed logical statement throughout—from the first page to the last a consecutive series of arguments, the only digression from the main propositions being qualifications of the sense, expressed in the same brief, rigid style. Its chief aim is to maintain a point of Calvinism against the attacks and tenets of the Arminians."

On the death of Burr, the President of Princeton College, in 1757, Edwards was chosen to succeed him. Burr was the father of the celebrated and unscrupulous Aaron Burr, and the son-in-law of Edwards; so that the maternal grandfather of the unhappy politician was the exemplary divine. Burr, with little of his morality, may have inherited a great deal of his subtlety.

Edwards's letter to the Trustees, dated Stockbridge, Oct. 19th, when he meditated acceptance of the post, enters curiously into the physiology of his condition:—"I have a constitution in many respects peculiarly unhappy, attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sizy, and scarce fluids, and a low tide of spirits, often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanor, with a disagreeable dulness and stiffness, much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college." He had, up to this time, for many years spent fourteen hours a day in study. Yet, with a feeble frame from childhood, by temperance and method, he could endure these labors, and find himself, at the age of fifty-four, "as well able to bear the closest study," he says, "as I was thirty years ago." It is, perhaps, difficult under these circumstances to determine whether he was sustained or worn out by literature. The occupation in his study, which "swallowed up his mind," was, he tells us in the same sentence, "the chief entertainment and delight of his life." The enjoyments of the scholar, if they caused, also compensated the unpleasant dyspeptic symptoms which the philosopher somewhat pedantically recounted.

In January, 1758, Edwards was installed at Princeton. In the same month his father died, at the venerable age of eighty-nine. The small-pox then prevailing in the vicinity, Edwards was inoculated, a course for which he took not only the advice of his physician but the consent of his college corporation. A fever set in, in consequence of this act of precaution, which caused his death in his fifty-fifth year, March 22, 1758. His daughter, Mrs. Burr, died suddenly about a fortnight after, and his wife in October of the same year.

Edwards left a family of ten children, one of whom, bearing his father's name, became a Doctor of Divinity and President of Union College.

His second son, Pierrepont, was Judge of the United States Court for the District of Connecticut. He died at Bridgeport in 1826, at the age of 76. One of his sons became Governor of Con-

* A Careful and Strict Enquiry into the modern prevailing Notions of that Freedom of Will, which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame. By Jonathan Edwards, A.M., Pastor of the Church in Stockbridge. Rom. ix. 16: It is not of him that willeth. Boston, N. E. Printed and sold by S. Kneeland, in Queen-st. 1754.

† Dugald Stewart's Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy, &c. 1820. 4to.

‡ Ed. Rev. I. p. 181.

necticut, another is the Hon. Ogden Edwards of New York.

The tributes to Edwards's powers of mind and devout life, in addition to those we have quoted, by Chalmers Robert Hall, Mackintosh, Isaac Taylor, and others, leave nothing unsaid, in the way of eulogy, of his metaphysical ability.* His practical devotional style was, while argumentative, warm and affectionate, dwelling on the elevated poetry of the scriptures. Dr. Alexander has described his character as a preacher. "He was commanding as a pulpit teacher, not for grace of person; he was slender and shy; not for elocution; his voice was thin and weak; for any trick of style; no man more disdained and trampled on it: —but from his immense preparation, long forethought, sedulous writing of every word, touching earnestness and holy life. He was not a man of company; he seldom visited his hearers. Yet there was no man whose mental power was greater. Common consent set him at the head of his profession. Even in a time of raptures and fiery excitement he lost no influence. The incident is familiar of his being called on a sudden to take the place of Whitefield, the darling of the people, who failed to appear when a multitude were gathered to hear him. Edwards, unknown to most in person, with unfeigned reluctance, such as a vainer man might feel, rose before a disappointed assembly and proceeded with feeble manner to read from his manuscript. In a little time the audience was hushed; but this was not all. Before they were aware, they were attentive and soon enchained. As was then common, one and another in the outskirts would arise and stand; numbers arose and stood; they came forward, they pressed upon the centre; the whole assembly rose; and before he concluded sobs burst from the convulsed throng. It was the power of fearful argument. The sermon is known to be in his works."†

Edwards, in most of his writing, beyond exactness, paid little attention to style; and judging by the anecdote related by his eldest son, that his acquaintance with Richardson's novel of Sir Charles Grandison, about the time of his leaving Northampton, led him to think of its amendment,‡ he must have been, in early life, unacquainted with the best English models.

The works of President Edwards were collected in ten volumes in New York in 1829. The first is occupied by a Life, written by Sereno E. Dwight, which includes the diaries; the Treatises on the Will and the Affections form portions of separate volumes; there are several series of discourses, doctrinal and practical, and the tenth volume is taken up with Edwards's Memoirs of the Missionary Brainerd, which was first published in 1749.

* They are enumerated by Dr. Samuel Miller in his life of Edwards, in Sparks's Biog., vol. viii. of the first series, 171-187. The reference to Chalmers is his Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, i. 313–322. To Robert Hall, his Works, iii. 4, 65, 79. To Mackintosh, his Memoirs, i. 22, and Progress of Ethical Philosophy, 108. Isaac Taylor prefixed an "Essay on the application of Abstract Reasoning to the Christian Doctrines," to an edition of the Treatise on the Will.

† MS. Centennial Discourse at the College of New Jersey, by the Rev. James W. Alexander. The text of Edwards's sermon was Deut. xxxii. 32. It is the fifteenth sermon of the fourth vol. of the New York edition of his works of 1844, p. 318.

‡ Life by Dwight, 601.

CHARLES CHAUNCY.

Charles Chauncy, a great-grandson of Charles Chauncy, the second president of Harvard College, was born in Boston, on the first day of the year 1705. At the age of seven he lost his father, a merchant of Boston, and son of the Rev. Isaac Chauncy. He entered Harvard at the early age of twelve, and was graduated with high honor in 1721. In 1727, he was ordained a colleague with the Rev. Mr. Foxcroft, in the pastoral charge of the first church in his native town—a connexion which continued for forty years, until the death of Mr. Foxcroft, after which he remained in sole charge of the congregation for ten years. He was then assisted by the Rev. John Clarke, until his death, on the tenth of February, 1787. Dr. Chauncy enjoyed a great reputation as a scholar and theological writer.

The straightforward tendency of his mind, and his great dislike of anything tending to parade or affectation, combined with his aversion to Whitefield and the French school of preaching, led him to adopt a studied plainness in the composition and delivery of his sermons.* He was wont to say he besought God that he might never be an orator, on which a wit remarked that his prayer had been fully granted.† His strange want of appreciation of poetry, shown by his expressed wish that some one would translate Paradise Lost into prose, that he might understand it,‡ shows that he had little sympathy with imaginative or rhetorical effort. His voice was feeble, and his delivery quiet. He was uncompromising in his exposure and denunciation of every departure from the strict rules of integrity, either by public bodies or by private individuals, his own affairs being regulated with the utmost exactness. "During the period," says Otis, "that some great losses were experienced by the fluctuation of paper money, he preached the election sermon, in 1747, before the governor and legislature; on which occasion, he spoke in very plain terms of their duty, as honest men and legislators, and said, that if their acts were unjust, they would one day be called upon to answer for them. The discourse gave some dissatisfaction, and a discussion arose whether it should be printed. To a person who came to tell him of this difficulty, he answered, 'It shall be printed, whether the General Court print it or not; and do you, sir, say from me, that if I wanted to initiate and instruct a person into all kinds of iniquity and double-dealing, I would send him to our General Court!'" It was "printed by Order of the Honorable House of Representatives," with a motto on the title from Deuteronomy xvi. 20—"That which is altogether just shalt thou follow." He was an active controversialist, publishing in 1742 and 1743 sermons *On the Various Gifts of Ministers*, *On Enthusiasm*, and on the *Outpourings of the Holy Ghost*, directed against Whitefield. These were followed by *An Account of the French Prophets*, and *Seasonable Thoughts on the State of Religion in New England*. In the preparation of the last named work, which

* "As a preacher, he was plain to a degree which has become unfashionable in the present age."—Funeral Sermon by the Rev. John Clarke, D.D.

† Tudor's Life of Otis, 149.

‡ Ib.

forms an octavo volume, he travelled several hundred miles to collect facts,* tending to show the dangers of the appeals to excitement practised by Whitefield and the revival school. In 1762 he published a sermon on *The Validity of Presbyterian Ordination;* in 1765 *Twelve Sermons on Seasonable and Important Subjects*, the chief of which was justification by faith; in 1767, *Remarks on a Sermon of the Bishop of Landaff*, and in 1771, a complete view of Episcopacy, as exhibited from the Fathers of the Christian Church, until the close of the second century, in which he endeavored to prove that that form of government was not sanctioned by the usage of the primitive church. With these views he was, as might be expected, a participant in the hotly waged controversy on the proposed introduction of bishops into the colonies by the English government, publishing in answer to Dr. Chandler's "Appeal to the Public," on the Episcopal side, *An Appeal to the Public, answered in behalf of Non-Episcopal Churches.* Chandler answered by "The Appeal Defended," Chauncy responded, and Chandler again in turn replied.

Dr. Chauncy's printed sermons are in all about sixty in number. His last works were *The Mystery hid from Ages, or the Salvation of all Men*, which he considered the most valuable of his writings,† *Dissertations upon the Benevolence of the Deity*, both printed in 1784, and a volume on *The Fall of Man, and its Consequences*, which appeared in 1785.

He took a warm interest in the success of the American cause during the Revolution, and was wont to say that if the national arms were insufficient, angels would be sent to fight for the cause of freedom.

THOMAS CHALKLEY.

THOMAS CHALKLEY informs us in the opening line of his "Life, Labours, Travels, &c.," that he was "born on the third day of the third month, 1675, in Southwark," London. He gives a touching picture of the persecutions to which his sect of Friends were exposed, even from their tender years:

"When between eight and ten years of age, my father and mother sent me near two miles to school, to Richard Scoryer, in the suburbs of London. I went mostly by myself to the school; and many and various were the exercises I went through, by beatings and stonings along the streets, being distinguished to the people, by the badge of plainness which my parents put upon me, of what profession I was: divers telling me, "it was no more sin to kill me than it was to kill a dog."

He relates his spiritual experiences at great length, commencing with his tenth year. At the age of twenty he was pressed on board a man-of-war. He passed the night in the hold, having nothing to lie upon but casks, and among wicked men; "and as we were shut up in darkness, so was their conversation dark and hellish." On being asked, in the morning, "if he was willing to serve his Majesty," he answerd, that he was willing to serve him in his business, and according to his conscience; "but as for war and fighting, Christ had forbid it in his excellent Sermon on the Mount; and for that reason I could not bear arms nor be instrumental to destroy or kill men." "Then," he continues,

"The lieutenant looked on me and on the people, and said: 'Gentlemen, what shall we do with this fellow? He swears he will not fight.' The commander of the vessel made answer: 'No, he will neither swear nor fight.' Upon which they turned me on shore. I was thankful that I was delivered out of their hands; and my tender parents were glad to see me again."

At the expiration of his apprenticeship to his father, of seven years, he "went to his calling, and got a little money (a little being enough) which I was made willing to spend freely in the work and service of my great Master, Christ Jesus." He was soon after "concerned" to travel and preach about England, and after a few months passed in this manner, and a brief return to his calling, he "found himself engaged in the love of the gospel, to visit friends in America." After a long passage, he landed at the mouth of the Patuxent river, in Maryland, in January, 1698. Next followed a year of travel, during which he visited New England and Virginia, where he found an aged friend "who was ninety-two years of age, and had then a daughter two years old." A note informs us that he saw this vigorous veteran, some time after, "weeding Indian corn with a hoe, at the age of 106. He died a year after having seen the child of his fourscore and ten years married." After "several good and open meetings in Virginia," friend Chalkley "found himself clear of America," and returned to England.

He soon after married Martha Betterton, he being in his twenty-fourth and she in her twenty-first year. As she "had an excellent gift of the ministry given her," the step confirmed him the more in his vocation of preacher, and after a journey in Ireland, he decided to remove permanently to America. Settling his wife in Philadelphia on his arrival, he visited Barbadoes, and on his return, "went through Maryland and visited friends in Virginia and North Carolina, to the river Pamlico, where no travelling Friends that ever I heard of, were before." He describes an incident of his journey with great beauty:

"In going to and coming from this place, we lay two nights in the woods, and I think I never slept better in all my life. It was the eighth hour in the evening, when I laid down on the ground, one night, my saddle being my pillow, at the root of a tree; and it was four o'clock in the morning when they called me. When I awoke, I thought of good Jacob's lodging he had on the way to Padan Aram, when he saw the holy visions of angels, with the ladder, whose top reached to heaven. Very sweet was the love of God to my soul that morning, and the dew of the everlasting hills refreshed me: and I went on my way praising the Lord, and magnifying the God of my salvation."

After a horseback journey of about a thousand

* "I have been a circle of more than three hundred miles, and had, by this means, an opportunity of going through a great number of towns in this and the neighbouring government of Connecticut, and of having personal conversation with most of the ministers, and many other gentlemen in the country."—Preface, xxix.

† Clarke's Funeral Sermon.

miles, in this manner, he passed a few months at home, "following my business in order to the maintenance of my family." He next visited Rhode Island, which he found in the midst of troubles with the Indians, where he exhorted Friends to maintain their non-resistance principles, and says that those who did so were unmolested by the savages.

"After thoroughly visiting friends in those parts," he returned through Connecticut and Long Island to Philadelphia, but was soon off again to Maryland. He thus continued travelling about, "rising early, and laying down late; many days riding forty, fifty, and sixty miles a day, which," he naively adds, "was very laborious, and hard for my flesh to endure, being corpulent and heavy from the twenty-seventh year of my age;" with occasional intervals of rest at home, until the middle of the year 1707, when he again visited Barbadoes, and sailing thence for England, was shipwrecked on the coast of Ireland, but without sustaining personal injury. Upon leaving Ireland, he journeyed through Great Britain, and after a visit to Holland and Germany, returned to Philadelphia.

On a subsequent voyage, from the Bermudas, in consequence of a long continuance of calms, the stock of provisions became scanty. The vessel being consigned to Chalkley, and under his care, the crew began to upbraid him for the scarcity, and "tell dismal stories about eating one another."

"To stop their murmuring," he says, "I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat any of me;' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition: and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of till we got into the capes of Delaware."

Chalkley's journal was continued to within a few days of his death—an event which found him occupied in the work of his itinerant ministry at Tortola, one of the Friendly Islands. "Our ancient worthy friend," as Israel Pemberton tenderly calls him, in the Testimony of the Monthly Meeting prefixed to his journal, died after a few days' illness, of a fever, in the month of October, 1749.

The journal, of which we have endeavored to convey a fair idea to our readers, was published with a collection of the author's writings, in Philadelphia, in 1747. A reprint, in an octavo volume of 556 pages, appeared at New York, in 1808. His works form about one third of its contents. They consist of a series of religious tracts, the chief of which are entitled: *God's Great Love unto Mankind through Jesus Christ our Lord; A Loving Invitation to Young and Old, in Holland and elsewhere, to seek and love Almighty God, and to prepare in time for their Eternal Welfare; Observations on Christ's Sermon on the Mount; Christ's Kingdom Exalted;* and *Youth Persuaded to Obedience, Gratitude, and Honor to God and their Parents.* To these are joined a few productions of a controversial nature; but even these, as their titles show, are pervaded by the usual kindly spirit of their writer.*

He introduced the first named of these in a few brief but happily penned sentences:

"In sincerity and unfeigned love, both to God and man, were these lines penned. I desire thee to peruse them in the same love, and then, peradventure, thou mayest find some sweetness in them. Expect not learned phrases, or florid expressions; for many times heavenly matter is hid in mean sentences, or wrapped up in mean expressions. It sometimes pleases God to reveal the mysteries of his kingdom (through the grace of his son our Lord Jesus Christ,) to babes and sucklings; and he oftentimes ordains praise out of their mouths; one of which, reader, I desire thou mayest be. My intent in writing these sheets is that they, through the help of God's grace and the good spirit of Christ, may stir up true love in thee; first to God and Christ, and then to man; so thou wilt be fit to be espoused to him, who is altogether lovely, (that is Christ) which is the desire of him who is thy friend, more in heart than word,

"T. CHALKLEY."

By a bequest in his will, the good Quaker founded the Library of the Four Monthly Meetings of Friends at Philadelphia.

AQUILA ROSE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN narrates, in his Autobiography, that on his first visit to Samuel Keimer, the printer, he found him "composing an *Elegy* on Aquila Rose, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, secretary to the Assembly, and a pretty poet." This brief sentence comprises nearly all that is known of the person spoken of beyond the few facts to be gleaned from his own writings, and the commendatory verses of a few friends, both comprised in a pamphlet of 56 pages, entitled, *Poems on several occasions, by Aquila Rose: to which are prefixed, some other pieces writ to him, and to his memory after his decease. Collected and published by his son,* JOSEPH ROSE, *of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: printed at the New Printing Office, near the Market.* 1740.

Joseph Rose was probably "the son of Aquila Rose," whom Franklin took as an apprentice, as stated in his Autobiography.

The pamphlet contains the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

The good reception the poetical manuscript writings of my deceased father, Aquila Rose, have

* Some Truly Tender Scruples of Conscience, about that form of prayer called the Common Prayer, and Forcing a Maintenance not warrantable from the Holy Scripture, for a Minister of the Gospel.

met with in this province, from men of wit and taste, with a desire of some of these to see them printed, induced me to collect what I could. But many of his best pieces were lent out after his decease, by my mother, to persons who have forgot to return them: And perhaps the publishing these few will put them in mind of sending them to me.

JOSEPH ROSE.

This is followed by an introductory poem "to the Memory of Aquila Rose, Deceas'd," which informs us that,

Albion his birth, his learning Albion gave;
To manhood grown, he cross'd the stormy wave;
More Arts, and Nature's wond'rous ways to find,
Illuminate and fortify his mind:
And to divert his eyes from cross affairs:
For love disast'rous fill'd his breast with cares.
In Britain, he would say, he once was bless'd,
And all the joys of love and life possess'd:
But some strange power, who envied his repose,
Chang'd his enjoyments to combining woes;
Forc'd him to quit his former peaceful way,
And prove his fortune o'er a foamy sea.
Dear native land, he sadly said, farewell,
And those soft shades where love and Silvia dwell:
Blow soft, ye gales, and waft me from the shore,
I fly from love, and Silvia see no more.
Long, then, the wand'rer sail'd from land to land,
To servile business of rough seas constrain'd:
Yet not the less, where'er their vessel steer'd,
Strangers admir'd him, as his mates rever'd.
Rose well some post of eminence could grace,
Who, clad in tar, supplies a sailor's place.

* * * * * * * *

He travels till our western tract he trode,
Which, as he found a home, here made his last abode.

He has a fit of sickness on his arrival, and is, consequently, somewhat dispirited, but cheerfulness returns with health.

Then, lively, from his languid bed he rose,
Free'd of his pangs and melancholy woes;
Industrious arts his active hands could use;
He would the bread of slothful means refuse,
Them to his proper livelihood he join'd,
Where leaden speech unloads the lab'ring mind,
And graven words to distant ages tell
What various things in times foregone befell:
As Mercury cuts through the yielding sky,
So thro' the work his nimble fingers fly:
His novel skill spectators thronging drew,
Who haste the swift compositor to view;
Not men alone, but maids of softer air
And nicer fancies, to the room repair:
Pleas'd with such mild impediments he frames,
As they request, their dear enchanting names,
To grace a book, or feast a lover's eye,
Or tell companions of their fancied joy.
With complaisance he still dismiss'd the train,
None ever sought his courtesy in vain:
Each transient fair one took her name away,
But thee, Maria—'Twas thy doom to stay;
'Twas soon revers'd, the work of his quick hand,
Short did thy name so gaily printed stand;
Both hearts consent new letters to compose,
And give to thine the pleasing name of Rose.
Now here the bard by his own choice was ty'd,
(Renouncing further rambling) to a bride;
Albion for Pennsylvania he resigns,
And now no more at Silvia's loss repines;

Next—

He counsels with himself what means to use,
To live with credit, and what baits refuse;
First, clerk to our Provincial Senate rais'd,
He found, besides the stipend, he was praised.
And now a greater task he takes in hand,
Which none but true proprietors understand.
What pity 'tis they seldom live to taste
The fruits of those pure spirits that they waste!
For works so hard and tedious, was it known
A poet e'er did poetry disown?
Or for a distant livelihood give o'er
Those instant pleasures that he felt before?
Yet so Aquila did—the rustic toil,
To make firm landings on a muddy soil,
Erect a ferry over Schuylkil's stream,
A benefit to thousands—death to him!

* * * * * * * *

Look on the stream as it pacific flows,
Which, largely bending, more the prospect shows,
A summer sight, none lovelier can be seen,
And on the shore a varied growth of green:
The poplars high, erect their stately heads,
The tawny water-beach more widely spreads;
The linden strong in breadth and height, is there,
With mulberry-leaves—And trees with golden hair,
These of a smaller stem, like filberds seem,
But flatter-leaf'd, and always love the stream.
Here grows the jagged birch; and elm, whose leaves
With sides ill-pair'd the observing eye perceives;
Yet nobly tall and great, it yields a shade
In which cool arbours might be fitly made:
Such is the linden, such the beech above,
Each in itself contains a little grove.
Here hickories, and oaks, and ashes rise,
All diff'ring, but much more in use than size;
And walnuts, with their yellow bitter dyes.
The fragrant sassafras enjoys a place;
And crabs, whose thorns their scented blossoms grace:
Persimmons vex the ground, so thick they shoot,
But pleasant is their late autumnal fruit.
Tedious to name the shrubby kinds below,
That mingled for defence, in clusters grow.
Two plants remain, with flow'rs unlike, both fair.
And both deserve th' ingenious florist's care;
The wild *althea*, red, and white, and cream,
And scarlet *cardinal*, with dazzling gleam:
These tempt the humming bird, whose misty wings
Support him as he sucks the flow'r and sings;
Low is his voice, and simple notes but few;
And oft his little body's lost to view;
When he the creeper's blossom tries to drain,
The blossom will his beak and tail contain;
But his gay-colored plumage forms a show
As mixt and vivid as the sky's fair bow.
So great variety no tract can boast,
Of like dimensions, as this narrow coast.
The botanist might here find exercise;
And every curious man regale his eyes.
The grass shines glist'ning of a lively green:
And northward hence the Quarry-hill is seen,
Whose top of late with verd'rous pines is crown'd;
With forest trees of various kinds around.
And often here, the clearness of the stream
And cover'd gravel-banks, invite to swim:
But anglers most their frequent visits pay,
To toss old-wives, and chubs, and perch to day;
And sometimes find the tasteful trout their prey.
Others with greater pains their big hooks bait;
But for the nobler bite they seldom wait;
The time to know their good success adjourn,
And fail not by next morning to return;

Then, hook'd, the weighty rock-fish draw to shore
By lines to bushes ty'd, or those they moor.
* * * * * *
He saw his causeways firm above the waves,
And nigh the deeps unless a storm outbraves;
When gusts unusual, strong with wind and rain,
Swell'd Schuylkil's waters o'er the humble plain,
Sent hurrying all the moveables afloat,
And drove afar, the needful'st thing, the boat.
'Twas then, that wading thro' the chilling flood,
A cold ill humour mingled with his blood.
* * * * * *
Physicians try'd their skill, his head relieved,
And his lost appetite to strength retriev'd:
But all was flatt'ry—so the lamp decays,
And near its exit gives an ardent blaze.

From the title to another poem to the memory of the author in the same collection by Elias Bockett, we learn that Rose died on the twenty-second of August,* 1723, at the age of twenty-eight. The verses collected by his son occupy twenty-six moderate-sized pages only. They display skill and ease in versification:—

TO HIS COMPANION AT SEA.

Debarr'd, my friend, of all the joys
The land, and charming sex can give,
Nor wind, nor wave, our peace destroys;
We'll laugh, and drink, and nobly live.

The gen'rous wine imparts a heat
To raise and quicken every sense.
No thoughts of death our bliss defeat,
Nor steal away our innocence.

Secure, should earth in ruins lie,
Should seas and skies in rage combine;
Unmov'd, all dangers we'll defie,
And feast our souls with gen'rous wine.

For, should a fear each sense possess,
Of chilly death and endless fate,
Our sorrow ne'er can make it less;
But wine alone can dissipate.

Then fill the glass; nay, fill a bowl,
And fill it up with sparkling wine;
It shall the strongest grief controul,
And make soft wit with pleasure join.

To this we may add a copy of verses, written in 1720, proving the antiquity of the now prevalent American custom of New Year's Carriers' Addresses:—

PIECE, WROTE BY HIM FOR THE BOYS WHO CARRIED OUT THE WEEKLY NEWS-PAPERS TO THEIR MASTER'S CUSTOMERS IN PHILADELPHIA: TO WHOM COMMONLY, EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY, THEY PRESENT VERSES OF THIS KIND.

Full fifty times have roul'd their changes on,
And all the year's transactions now are done;
Full fifty times I've trod, with eager haste,
To bring you weekly news of all things past.
Some grateful thing is due for such a task,
Tho' modesty itself forbids to ask;
A silver thought, express'd in ill-shap'd ore,
Is all I wish; nor would I ask for more.
To grace our work, swift Merc'ry stands in view;
I've been a *Living Merc'ry* still to you.
Tho' ships and tiresome posts advices bring,
Till we impress it, 'tis no current thing.
C——a may write, but B——d's art alone
Distributes news to all th' expecting town.
How far remov'd is this our western shore,
From those dear lands our fathers knew before;
Yet our bold ships the raging ocean dare,
And bring us constant news of actions there.
Quick to your hands the fresh advices come,
From England, Sweden, France, and ancient Rome.
What Spain intends against the barbarous Moors,
Or Russian armies on the Swediah shores.
What awful hand pestiferous judgments bears,
And lays the sad Marseilles in death and tears.
From George alone what peace and plenty spring,
The greatest statesman and the greatest king.
Long may he live, to us a blessing giv'n,
Till he shall change his crown for that of heav'n.
The happy day, *Dear Sir*, appears ag'in,
When human nature lodg'd a God within.
The angel now was heard amongst the swains;
A God resounds from all the distant plains:
O'erjoyed they haste, and left their fleecy care,
Found the blest Child, and knew the God was there.
Yet whilst, with gen'rous breath, you hail the day,
And, like the shepherds, sacred homage pay,
Let gen'rous thought some kindly grace infuse,
To him that brings, with careful speed, your NEWS.

* Keimer gives another date. Antiquaries must choose between them.

SAMUEL KEIMER.

WHEN Franklin first arrived in Philadelphia he was taken, it will be remembered, by old Mr. William Bradford, to the office of Keimer, then just commencing business, and engaged upon a performance of his own, which he literally composed at the stand, setting up the types as the ideas came to his mind. This was an Elegy on the young printer, Aquila Rose, of whom we have just given some account; and which it was the lot of Benjamin Franklin to print off when its author had finished it. The Elegy has long since become a great literary curiosity, and it cost us some pains to find any reprint of it; but our intention to do justice to the literary associates of Franklin was at last assisted by a reference to Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania, where we found the woful ballad reproduced from its original hand-bill form of the year 1723, after a sleep of more than a hundred years, in 1828.* As it is curious as a quaint specimen of printing in the Franklin connexion, besides being a picture of the times, it should be mentioned that it was "ornamented with the usual symbols of death—the head and bones and hour-glass," and that it was "printed in the High-street," for the price of twopence. The italics and capitals are, it strikes us at this day, somewhat capricious. We have preserved them as they occur.

Keimer, coming from the old world, was a character. He had been, Franklin tells us, "one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations," a stock in trade upon which he was disposed to set up in America as the evangelist of a new religion. Franklin was in the habit of arguing with him on the Socratic method, and was so successful that he gained his respect, and an invitation to join him in the partnership of the new doctrines. What they were, the world has never fully learned. It is only known from the Autobiography that "Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere

* Hazard's Penna. Reg., Nov. 1828, 293.

in the Mosaic law it is said, *Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.* He likewise kept the seventh day Sabbath; and these two points were essential with him." His Socratic friend from Massachusetts saw the weakness of his associate, and ingeniously proposed, as an addition, abstinence from animal food, a trial of which, in a short time, broke down both the man and his system.

Keimer, after awhile, left for the West Indies, where we hear of him in 1734 as the editor of the *Barbadoes Gazette*, in which capacity he found himself in the society of a very gentlemanly company of people, who sometimes forgot to pay the printer,* and, somewhat too recklessly ventilating his opinions, was bound over to keep the peace for six months for publishing a libel. A collection of papers from this journal was, in 1741, printed in London, with the title, *Caribbeana*, in two quarto volumes, arranged in a stiff imitation of the Tatler. There is now and then a tolerable passage, but the mass is a lamentable series of stale, unimportant politics, slightly alleviated by compliments to reigning toasts and beauties, who can no longer by their presence give zest to the dulness of their admirers. This is the last we see of Keimer; but his ghost still walks the earth in vagrant and unsettled members of his craft, equally ready to print other people's ideas and their own, quite as capable of handling the pen as the composing stick, and lucky if their crude tendencies to spiritualism are restrained by as exacting a corporeal system.

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* His complaint on one of these occasions has been preserved by Thomas in the History of Printing (ii. 288).

From the Barbadoes Gazette of May 4, 1734.

To those wou'd-be-thought Gentlemen, who have long taken this paper, and never paid for it, and seem never to design to pay for it.

The Sorrowful Lamentation of Samuel Keimer, Printer of the Barbadoes Gazette.

What a pity it is that some modern bravadoes,
Who dub themselves gentlemen here in Barbadoes,
Should time after time, run in debt to their printer,
And care not to pay him in Summer or Winter!
A saint by the hairs of his beard, had he got 'em,
Might be tempted to swear [instead of P—x rot 'em.]
He ne'er found before, such a parcel of wretches,
With their flams, and such shuffles, put off and odd fetches.
If this is their honesty, that be their honour,
Amendment seize one; for the last,—die upon her.
In Penn's wooden country, type feels no disaster,
Their printer is rich and is made their Post Master;*
His father,† a printer, is paid for his work,
And wallows in plenty just now at New York,
Tho' quite past his labour, and old as my grannum,
The government pays him pounds sixty per annum.
In Maryland's province, as well as Virginia,
To justice and honour, I am, sirs, to win ye,
Their printer‡ I'm sure can make it appear,
Each province allows two hundred a year,
By laws they have made for Typograph's use,
He's paid 50 thousand weight country produce.
And if you enquire but at South Carolina,§
[Oh, methinks in that name there is something divine, ah!]
Like patriots they've done what to honour redounds,
They gave him (their currency) 50 score pounds.
E'en type at Jamaica, our island's reproach,
Is able to ride in her chariot or coach.
But alas your poor type prints no figures like Nulle,
Curs'd, cheat'd, abus'd by each pitiful fellow.
Tho' working like slave, with zeal and true courage,
He can scarce get as yet ev'n salt to his porridge.
The reason is plain;—those act by just rules—
But here knaves have bit him, all Mac-ebite fools.

---

* Andrew Bradford, of Phila.
† William Bradford, of New York.
‡ William Parks, who printed for both colonies.
§ Lewis Timothy then printed for the Government of South Carolina.

AN ELEGY,

On the much Lamented DEATH of the INGENIOUS and WELL-BELOVED

AQUILA ROSE,

CLERK to the Honourable ASSEMBLY at *Philadelphia*, who died the 24th of the 4th month, 1723. Aged 28.

WHAT Mournful Accents thus accost mine Ear,
What doleful *ecchoes* hourly thus appear!
What Sighs from melting Hearts proclaim aloud,
The Solemn Mourning of this numerous Crowd!
In Sable CHARACTERS the News is Read,
Our ROSE is wither'd and our EAGLE's fled
In that our dear AQUILA ROSE is dead,
Cropt in the Blooming of his precious Youth!
Who can forbear to weep at such a Truth!
Assist ye *Philadelphians* with Consent,
And join with me to give our Sorrows Vent,
That having wept till Tears shall trickling glide,
Like Streams to *Delaware* from *Schuylkil* Side,
My painful Muse being eas'd may then rehearse,
Between each Sob, in *Elegiack* Verse,
(And in soft Numbers warble forth Desire,)
To breath his Worth, warm'd with Angelic Fire.
But why do my ambitious Thoughts presume
To span the glorious *Sun*, or grasp the *Moon;*
The Task confounds!—But yet I dare begin
To cast my Mite an humble Off'ring in,
That noble Bards in strains more lofty, may
Conjoin'd, our great and heavy Loss display,
To distant Climes where his Great Worth was known,
That they to us may eccho back a Groan.
For there are bright Youths, who when they hear
The dismal Tydings, so his Worth revere,
In melting florid Strains will then rehearse
The Praise of Him who constitutes our Verse.
Belov'd he was by most, his very Name,
Doth with deep Silence his great Worth proclaim
As if Kind Heaven had Secrets to disclose,
By Royal Terms of *Eagle* and a *Rose*,
The Arms most near akin to *England's* Crown
Each Royal Emblem this sweet Truth does own,
And lively noble Images affords,
One's Queen of *Flowers*, the *Other* King of Birds.
His Qualities, will next bespeak his Fame,
A Lovely POET, whose *sweet* fragrant Name,
Will last till circling Years shall cease to be,
And sink in vast profound Eternity.
His flowing Members and his lofty Rhime,
Have breath'd, and spoke his Thoughts, thro' every Line,
So warm'd my Soul (and oft inspired my Tongue,)
As if a *Cherub* or a *Seraph* sung.
A gen'rous Mind tow'rds all his Friends he bore,
Scarce one he lost, but daily numb'red more.
Some say he'd Foes; his Foes I never knew;
Who spoke ill of him, mostly spoke untrue.
Courteous, and humble, pleasant, just and wise,
No Affectation vain did in him rise.
Sincere and plain, (I make not any Doubt)
He was the same *Within Side* as *Without*.
He loved plain Truth, but hated formal Cant
In those who Truth and Honesty did want.
A curious Artist at his Business, he
Could *Think*, and *Speak*, *Compose*, *Correct* so free,
To make a *Dead* man speak, or *Blind* to see.
Of different learned Tongues, he somewhat knew.
The *French*, the *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew* too.
Firm to his Vows, a tender *Husband* prov'd
And Father-like, his Princely Babe he lov'd.
Our Wise and Great Vice Roy did him respect,
Our learned Mayor (I know) DID him affect;
Our grave *Assembly* voted him most fit,

Their wise Debates in Writing to commit,
By which great Honour they did clearly shew,
To *Write*, as well as *Print*, he fully knew,
And what was still more Great, and worthy Note,
(It's said) they gave him too a Casting Vote.
But stop my Muse, and give thy Sorrows vent,
Such Sorrows which in Hearts of Friends are pent,
Search deep for Sighs and Groans in Nature's Store,
Then weep so long, till thou canst weep no more,
Next Summon all thy Strength, and others call,
To tell his Death, and solemn Funeral.
While on his Death-Bed, oft, *Dear Lord*, he cry'd,
He sang, and sweetly like a Lamb he dy'd.
His Corps attended was by Friends so soon
From Seven at Morn, till One a-clock at Noon,
By Master-Printers carried towards his Grave,
Our *City Printer* such an Honour gave.
A Worthy Merchant did the Widow lead,
And then both mounted on a stately steed,
Next *Preachers*, *Common Council*, Aldermen,
A *Judge* and *Sheriff* grac'd the solemn Train,
Nor fail'd our Treasurer, in respect to come,
Nor staid the Keeper of the ROLLS at home,
Our aged Post Master here now appears,
Who had not walked so far for twice Twelve Years,
With Merchants, Shopkeepers, the Young and Old,
A numerous Throng not very easy told,
The *Keeper of the* SEAL did on Him wait,
Thus was he carry'd like a King. in State,
And what still adds a further Lustre to't,
Some rode well mounted, others walk'd afoot,
Church-Folks, Dissenters, here with one Accord,
Their kind Attendance readily afford,
To shew their Love, each differing Sect agree
To grace his Fun'ral with their Company,
And what was yet more grateful, People cry'd
Belov'd he liv'd, See how belov'd he dy'd.
When to the crowded Meeting he was bore,
I wept so long till I could weep no more,
While *beauteous* LIGHTFOOT did, like *Noah's* Dove,
Sweetly display God's *Universal Love;*
His Words like Balm (or Drops of Honey) laid,
To heal those Wounds Grief in my Heart had made.
Three other Preachers did their Task fulfil,
The Loving *Chalkley* and the Lowly Hill,
The famous *Langdale* did the Sermons end
For this our highly honour'd, worthy Friend.
And now with Joy, with holy joy we'll leave,
His Body resting in his peaceful Grave,
His Soul, in the blest Arms of ONE above,
Whose brightest Character is that of LOVE.
A GOD that's slow to mark, what's done amiss!
Who would not serve so dear a God as this!
In whose kind, gracious lovely arms we'll leave him;
For HE who bought him, has most Right to have him.

GEORGE WEBB

Is another of Franklin's early literary associates in Philadelphia, whose characters live in the pages of the Autobiography. Franklin found him, on his return from England, a youth of eighteen, apprenticed to his former master Keimer, who had "bought his time" for four years. Webb was a runaway adventurer from England, and gave this account of himself, as Franklin has related it:—"That he was born in Gloucester, educated at a grammar-school, and had been distinguished among the scholars for some apparent superiority in performing his part when they exhibited plays; belonged to the Wits' Club there, and had written some pieces in prose and verse, which were printed in the Gloucester newspapers. Thence was sent to Oxford; there he continued about a year, but not well satisfied; wishing, of all things, to see London, and become a player. At length, receiving his quarterly allowance of fifteen guineas, instead of discharging his debts, he went out of town, hid his gown in a furze-bush, and walked to London: where, having no friend to advise him, he fell into bad company, soon spent his guineas, found no means of being introduced among the players, grew necessitous, pawned his clothes, and wanted bread. Walking the street very hungry, and not knowing what to do with himself, a crimp's bill was put into his hand, offering immediate entertainment and encouragement to such as would bind themselves to serve in America. He went directly, signed the indentures, was put into the ship and came over; never writing a line to his friends to acquaint them what was become of him. He was lively, witty, good-natured, and a pleasant companion; but idle, thoughtless, and imprudent to the last degree."

Webb was afterwards enabled to raise himself out of his apprenticeship into a partnership with Keimer, and he became a member of Franklin's conversation club, the *Junto;* and in 1731 perpetrated a copy of verses, entitled *Batchelors' Hall*, descriptive of a place of entertainment in the suburbs, which was published with the honorable title of "A Poem," with a motto from Cicero on the title-page, and two complimentary effusions in verse by J. Brientnall and J. Taylor, who showed themselves hopeful of the American muse on the occasion.

Taylor at the time kept a mathematical school in the city, and published an almanac,* which preceded Franklin's. He published in 1728 a poetical piece entitled *Pennsylvania*. He was alive in 1786, in an extreme old age.

What further became of Webb we know not. We are content with this look at him through the Franklin microscope.

BATCHELORS' HALL: A POEM.

O spring, thou fairest season of the year,
How lovely soft, how sweet dost thou appear!
What pleasing landskips meet the gazing eye!
How beauteous nature does with nature vie:
Gay scenes around the fancy does invite,
And universal beauty prompts to write.
But chiefly that proud Dome on Delaware's stream,
Of this my humble song the nobler theme,
Claims all the tribute of these rural lays,
And tunes e'en my harsh voice to sing its praise.

Say, goddess, tell me, for to thee is known,
What is, what was, and what shall e'er be done;

* The first book printed in Pennsylvania was "An Almanac for the Year of the Christian Account 1687. By Daniel Leeds, Student in Agriculture. Printed and sold by William Bradford, near Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, pro anno 1687." Leeds left the colony not long after in disgrace with the Quakers, as we may infer from his pamphlet published by Bradford, in New York, in 1690: "A Trumpet sounded out of the Wilderness of America, which may serve as a warning to the government and people of England to beware of Quakerism; wherein is shown how in Pennsylvania and thereaway, where they have the government in their own hands, they hire and encourage men to fight; and how they persecute, fine, and imprison, and take away goods for conscience' sake." —Fisher's Early Poets, Pa.

Why stands this dome erected on the plain?
For pleasure was it built, or else for gain?
For midnight revels was it ever thought,
Shall impious doctrines ever here be taught?
Or else for nobler purposes design'd,
To cheer and cultivate the mind,
With mutual love each glowing breast inspire,
Or cherish friendship's now degenerate fire.
Say, goddess, say, do thou the truth reveal,
Say, what was the design, if good or ill?

Fired with the business of the noisy town,
The weary Batchelors their cares disown;
For this loved seat they all at once prepare,
And long to breathe the sweets of country air;
On nobler thoughts their active minds employ,
And a select variety enjoy.
'Tis not a revel, or lascivious night,
That to this hall the Batchelors invite;
Much less shall impious doctrines here be taught,
Blush ye accusers at the very thought:
For other, O far other ends designed,
To mend the heart, and cultivate the mind.
Mysterious nature here unveil'd shall be,
And knotty points of deep philosophy;
Whatever wonders undiscover'd are,
Deep hid in earth, or floating high in air,
Though in the darkest womb of night involv'd,
Shall by the curious searcher here be solv'd.
Close to the dome a garden shall be join'd,
A fit employment for a studious mind:
In our vast woods whatever samples grow,
Whose virtues none, or none but Indians know,
Within the confines of this garden brought,
To rise with added lustre shall be taught;
Then cull'd with judgment each shall yield its juice,
Saliferous balsam to the sick man's use:
A longer date of life mankind shall boast,
And death shall mourn her ancient empire lost.

But yet sometimes the all-inspiring bowl
To laughter shall provoke and cheer the soul;
The jocund tale to humor shall invite,
And dedicate to wit a jovial night.
Not the false wit the cheated world admires.
The mirth of sailors, or of country squires;
Nor the gay punster's, whose quick sense affords
Nought but a miserable play on words;
Nor the grave *quidnunc's*, whose inquiring head
With musty scraps of journals must be fed:
But condescending, genuine, apt, and fit,
Good nature is the parent of true wit;
Though gay, not loose; though learned, yet still clear;
Though bold, yet modest; human, though severe;
Though nobly thirsting after honest fame,
In spite of wit's temptation, keeping friendship's name.

O friendship, heavenly flame! by far above
The ties of nature, or of dearer love:
How beauteous are thy paths, how well designed,
To soothe the wretched mortal's restless mind!
By thee inspir'd we wear a soul sedate,
And cheerful tread the thorny paths of fate.

Then music too shall cheer this fair abode,
Music, the sweetest of the gifts of God;
Music, the language of propitious love;
Music, that things inanimate can move.
Ye winds be hush'd, let no presumptuous breeze
Now dare to whistle through the rustling trees;
Thou *Delaware* a while forget to roar,
Nor dash thy foaming surge against the shore:
Be thy green nymphs upon thy surface found,
And let thy stagnant waves confess the sound;
Let thy attentive fishes all be nigh;
For fish were always friends to harmony;
Witness the dolphin which Arion bore,
And landed safely on his native shore.

Let doting cynics snarl, let noisy zeal
Tax this design with act or thought of ill;
Let narrow souls their rigid morals boast,
Till in the shadowy name the virtue's lost;
Let envy strive their character to blast,
And fools despise the sweets they cannot taste;
This certain truth let the inquirer know,
It did from good and generous motives flow.

JOSEPH BRIENTNALL

Was another member of the "Junto," whom Franklin has sketched in a few words:—"A copier of deeds for the scriveners,—a good-natured, friendly, middle-aged man, a great lover of poetry, reading all he could meet with, and writing some that was tolerable; very ingenious in making little knick-knackeries, and of sensible conversation."

When Keimer, through the treacherous friendship of the Oxford scapegrace Webb, became acquainted with Franklin's plan of starting a newspaper, and anticipated the project; Franklin, whose plans were not fully ripe, threw the weight of his talent into the opposition journal of Bradford, *The Weekly Mercury*, where he commenced publishing the series of Essays, in the manner of the Spectator, entitled, *The Busy-Body*.* The first, fifth, and eighth numbers were Franklin's, and they were afterwards continued for some months by Brientnall. A more practical satisfaction soon followed, when Keimer's paper fell into Franklin's hands, and became known as the *Philadelphia Gazette*, of 1729. As a specimen of Brientnall we take his lines prefixed to Webb's "Batchelors' Hall:"

The generous Muse concern'd to see
Detraction bear so great a sway,
Descends sometimes, as now to thee,
To chase ill fame and spite away.

Censorious tongues, which nimbly move,
Each virtuous name to persecute,
Thy muse has taught the truth to prove,
And be to base conjectures mute.

Let every deed that merits praise,
Be justly crown'd with spritely verse;
And every tongue shall give the bays
To him whose lines they, pleas'd, rehearse.

Long stand the dome, the garden grow,
And may thy song prove always true:
I wish no greater good below,
Than this to hear, and that to view.

JAMES RALPH.

The exact birthplace of this writer, who attained considerable distinction by his political pamphlets and histories in England, and whose memory has been embalmed for posterity in the autobiography of Franklin and the Dunciad of Pope, has never been precisely ascertained. We first hear of him in the company of Franklin at Philadelphia, as one of his young literary cronies whom the sage confesses at that time to have in-

* It was evidently considered a prominent feature of the small sheet in which it appeared.

doctrinated in infidelity. In those days Ralph was "a clerk to a merchant," and much inclined to "give himself up entirely to poetry. He was," adds Franklin, "ingenious, genteel in his manners, and extremely eloquent; I think I never knew a prettier talker." He embarked with Franklin, as is well known, on his first voyage to England, leaving a wife and child behind him, as an illustration of his opinions, and the two cronies spent their money in London together, "inseparable companions" in Little Britain. Ralph rapidly went through all the phases of the old London school of preparation for a hack political pamphleteer. He tried the playhouse, but Wilkes thought he had no qualifications for the stage; he projected a weekly paper on the plan of the Spectator, but the publisher Roberts did not approve of it; and even an attempt at the drudgery of a scrivener with the Temple lawyers was unsuccessful. He managed, however, to associate with his fortunes a young milliner who lodged in the house with the two adventurers; but he was compelled to leave her, and go into the country for the employment of a schoolmaster, and Franklin took advantage of his absence to make some proposals to the mistress which were rejected, and which Ralph pleaded afterwards as a receipt in full for all his obligations, pecuniary and otherwise, to his friend. While in the provinces, where, by the way, he called himself Mr. Franklin, he found employment in writing an epic poem which he sent by instalments to his friend at London, who dissuaded him from it, and backed his opinions with a copy of Young's satire on the folly of authorship, which was then just published. He continued scribbling verses, however, till, as Franklin says, "Pope cured him." His first publication appears to have been *Night*, a poem, in 1728, which is commemorated in the couplet of the Dunciad:

Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—answer him ye owls:*

a compliment which was paid not so much to that poem, whatever its demerits, as to a poetical squib which Ralph had published, entitled *Sawney*, reflecting unpleasantly on Pope, Swift, and Gay. Night was followed in 1729 by the Epic *Zeuma, or the Love of Liberty*. It is an octavo volume in three books, a story of love and war of a Peruvian chieftain whose mistress is captured by the Spaniards, and recovered again, while the hero falls in a grand battle. Of this work the curious reader of Franklin may be pleased with a specimen, and we accordingly quote a passage from a copy in the Harvard College library, the only one we have met with.

'Tis hard for man, bewilder'd in a maze
Of doubtful reas'nings, to assign the cause
Why heav'n's all-ruling pow'r supremely just
And good, shou'd give Iberia's cruel sons
Unbounded leave to travel o'er the globe,
And search remotest climes; to stretch their sway
Through all the western world; to exile Peace
And Liberty, with all their train of joys
From the afflicted lands; and proudly vex
Th' unhappy nations with oppressive rule.

In ages past, as time revolv'd the year,
'Twas all a round of innocent delights;
The fearless Natives rarely heard of war
And its destructive ills; Famine, Disease,
And all the various plagues of other realms,
Were there unknown; life was a constant scene
Of harmless pleasures; and, when full of days,
The woodland hunter and the toiling swain
Like ripen'd fruit that, in the midnight shade,
Drops from the bough, in peace and silence sank
Into the grave. But when the Spanish troops,
In search of plunder, crowded on the shore,
And claimed, by *right divine*, the sovereign rule,
Another scene began; and all the woes,
Mankind can suffer, took their turn to reign.

A Pindaric ode in blank verse, *The Muse's Address to the King*, was another of Ralph's poetical attempts. The year 1730 produced a play, *The Fashionable Lady, or Harlequin's Opera*, performed at Goodman's Fields, followed by several others, *The Fall of the Earl of Essex*, *Lawyer's Feast*, and *Astrologer*. Pope, not the fairest witness, says that he praised himself in the journals, and that upon being advised to study the laws of dramatic poetry before he wrote for the stage, he replied, "Shakspeare writ without rules."* His ability at writing, however, and making himself useful, gained him the support of Dodington, and secured him a puff in that politician's Diary. He wrote in the newspapers of the day, the London Journal, the Weekly Medley, and published *The Remembrancer* in the use of his patron. His *History of England during the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George I.; with an Introductory Review of the reigns of the Royal Brothers Charles II. and James II.; in which are to be found the seeds of the Revolution*, was published in two huge folios, 1744–6, and he is said to have had in it Dodington's assistance. He was also the author of two octavo volumes on *The Use and Abuse of Parliaments from* 1660 *to* 1744, and a *Review of the Public Buildings of London*, in 1731, has been attributed to him. Charles James Fox has spoken well of his historical "acuteness" and "diligence," and noticed his "sometimes falling into the common error of judging by the event."† His last production in 1758, for which his active experiences had fully supplied him with material, was entitled *The Case of Authors by Profession or Trade Stated, with regard to Booksellers, the Stage and the Public*. "It is," says Drake, "composed with spirit and feeling; enumerating all the bitter evils incident to an employment so precarious, and so inadequately rewarded; and abounds in anecdote and entertainment."‡ Having thus recorded what he had learnt of this profession, and obtained a pension too late to enjoy it long, he died of a fit of the gout at Chiswick, Jan. 24, 1762.§

* Book iii. 165-6. His name is also mentioned, Book i. 214.

* Note to the Dunciad, Bk. iii. v. 165. This is Pope's own note, not Warburton's, as Chalmers alleges.

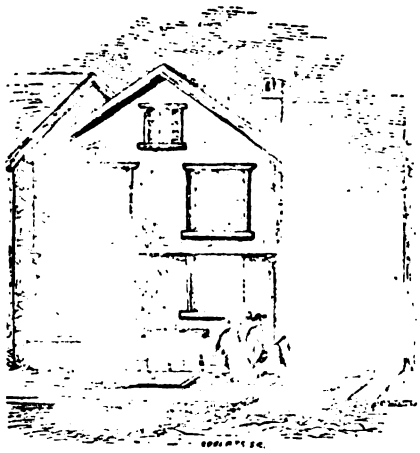
† History of James II. 4to. 179.

‡ One of the anecdotes of Ralph is particularly amusing. We once read it among some manuscript notes by Mrs. Piozzi, to a copy of Johnson's Lives of the Poets. Garrick wishing to invite Ralph to a dinner party at his house, told his servant to carry him a card. The Milesian mistaking the order, went after him with Mr. Garrick's respects, who had sent a cart to bring him to dinner. It is needless to add he was missing at the table. Upon the host making inquiry it was found that Mr. Ralph had expressed his disapproval of the conveyance.

§ Franklin's Autobiography. Chalmers's Biog. Dict. Drake's

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, whose very name, since it was consecrated by the poet Chaucer, is freshly suggestive of freedom, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. He was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations, the fifteenth child of his father out of a family of seventeen, fourteen of whom were born in America, and of these ten were the children of his mother, the second wife, and all grew up to years of maturity and were married. His father was a non-conformist emigrant from England, who came to Boston about



Birthplace of Franklin.

1685, a man of strength and prudence of character; descended from a family which, though it could claim no other nobility than in nature's heraldry of honest labor, had shown considerable persistency in that; holding on to a small freehold estate of thirty acres in Northamptonshire for a period of three hundred years, the eldest son steadily pursuing the business of a smith. Franklin was not averse to these claims of antiquity. In his Autobiography he mentions having examined the registers at Ecton, and "found an account of the family marriages and burials from the year 1555 *only*." An uncle who died four years before his illustrious nephew was born, heralded the rising instincts of the race by his struggles out of the smithery into a legal education, and a position of considerable influence in the county. There was also some taste for literature making its appearance from another uncle, Benjamin, our Franklin's godfather, who lived to an old age in Boston, and left behind him, in 1728, two quarto volumes of manuscript poems, occasional family verses, acrostics, and the like. One of these compositions, sent to the young Benjamin at the age of seven, on some demonstration of precocity, turned out to be prophetic.

SENT TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1712.

'Tis time for me to throw aside my pen,
When hanging sleeves read, write, and rhyme like men,
This forward spring foretells a plenteous crop;
For, if the bud bear grain, what will the top!
If plenty in the verdant blade appear,
What may we not soon hope for in the ear!
When flowers are beautiful before they're blown,
What rarities will afterward be shown!
If trees good fruit un'noculated bear,
You may be sure 't will afterward be rare.
If fruits are sweet before they've time to yellow,
How luscious will they be when they are mellow!
If first year's shoots such noble clusters send,
What laden boughs, Engedi-like, may we expect in the end!

In 1710 he had written this Acrostic to his nephew.

Be to thy parents an obedient son;
Each day let duty constantly be done;
Never give way to sloth, or lust, or pride,
If free you'd be from thousand ills beside;
Above all ills be sure avoid the shelf
Man's danger lies in Satan, sin, and self.
In virtue, learning, wisdom, progress make;
Ne'er shrink at suffering for thy Saviour's sake.

Fraud and all falsehood in thy dealings flee,
Religious always in thy station be;
Adore the maker of thy inward part,
Now's the accepted time, give him thy heart;
Keep a good conscience, 'tis a constant friend,
Like judge and witness this thy acts attend.
In heart with bended knee, alone, adore
None but the Three in One for evermore.*

Franklin's mother represented a literary name of the old province of Massachusetts. She was the daughter of Peter Folger, of whose little poetical volume, "A Looking Glass for the Times," asserting liberty of conscience, we have already given some account.†

The early incidents of Franklin's life are happily familiar, through the charming pages of the Autobiography, to every American reader. There is not an intelligent school-boy who does not know the story of his escape from the noisome soap and candle manufactory of his father into the printing-office of his brother; his commencement of the literary life, when, like the young Oliver Goldsmith, he wrote ballads for the streets, on the Light-house tragedy and Black-beard the pirate, and desisted from this unprofitable course of poetry when his father told him that "verse makers were generally beggars;" his borrowing books and sitting up in the night to read them; buying others for himself, and finding opportunity to study them, by the savings of time and money in his printing-office dinner of a slice of bread and a glass of water; his stealthily slipping his articles under the door of his newspaper office, the *New England Courant*, at night; his endurance of various slights and humilities, till nature and intellect grew too strong in him for his brother's tyranny, when he broke the connexion of his apprenticeship and betook himself to Philadelphia, where he ate that

Essays, Biog. Crit. & Hist. 1849. i. 94. Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, ix. 599.

* Mr. Sparks supplies these passages from the MS. volumes still preserved in Boston. "The handwriting," says he, "is beautiful, with occasional specimens of shorthand, in which Dr. Franklin says his uncle was skilled. The poetical merits of the compositions cannot be ranked high, but frequently the measure is smooth and the rhymes are well chosen. His thoughts run chiefly on moral and religious subjects. Many of the Psalms are paraphrased in metre. The making of acrostics on the names of his friends was a favorite exercise. There are likewise numerous proofs of his ingenuity in forming anagrams, crosses, ladders, and other devices." Appendix to Life of Franklin, Works, i. 559.

† *Ante*, p. 56.

memorable "puffy" roll in the streets, observed as he went along by Miss Read, his future wife; his first sleep in the city in the Quaker meeting; his printing-house work and education; his singular association with Governor Keith, and the notice which he received from Burnet, the Governor of New York, as he journeyed along, marking thus early his career and influence with titled personages, which carried him to the thrones of kings themselves.

That "odd volume of the Spectator," too, which directed his youthful tastes, how often do we meet with its kindly influences in American literature. It turns up again and again in the pages of Freneau, Dennie, Paulding, Irving; and we have had another good look at it lately through the lorgnette of Master Ik Marvel.*

Franklin left Boston at seventeen, in 1723; visited England the following year, worked at his trade, and wrote a treatise of infidel metaphysics, and returned to Philadelphia in 1726. The plan for the conduct of life which he wrote on this voyage homewards, has been lost. Its scope may be readily gathered from his writings. Industry, we may be sure, formed a prominent feature in it, and economy of happiness the next, by which a man should live on as good terms as possible with himself and his neighbors. In his early life, Franklin had exposed himself to some danger by his habit of criticism. More than one passage of his writings warns the reader against this tendency. Though he never appears to have wanted firmness on proper occasions, he settled down upon the resolution to speak ill of no one whatever, and as much good as possible of everybody.

On his return to Philadelphia, he established the club, the Junto, which lasted many years, and was a means not only of improvement but of political influence, as his opportunities for exercising it increased. The steps of Franklin's progress were now rapid. He established himself as a printer, purchased the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, then recently started, and which he had virtually projected in 1729; published the same year a pamphlet, *A Modest Enquiry into the Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency;* married in 1730; assisted in founding the Philadelphia Library in 1731; the next year published his Almanac; was chosen in 1736 clerk of the General Assembly; became deputy postmaster at Philadelphia in 1737; was all this while a printer, and publishing the newspaper, not dividing the duties of his printing office with a partner until 1748; in 1741 published *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America;* invented the stove which bears his name in 1742; proposed the *American Philosophical Society* in 1743; established the Academy, out of which the University of Pennsylvania finally grew, in 1749; in 1752 demonstrated his theory of the identity of lightning with electricity by his famous kite experiment in a field near Philadelphia; on the anticipation of war with France was sent as a delegate to the Congress of Commissioners of the Colonies at Albany in 1754, where he proposed a system of union which in important points anticipated the present Confederation; opposed taxation by parliament; assisted Braddock's Expedition by his energy; was himself for a short time a military commander on the frontier in 1756; was the next year sent to England by the Assembly, a popular representative against the pretensions of the Proprietaries, when Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia also appointed him their agent; took part in the *Historical Review of Pennsylvania*, a trenchant volume on the affairs of the Colony, in 1759; wrote a pamphlet, *The Interest of Great Britain Considered* in the retention of Canada, in 1760; received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford, and returned to America in 1762. Two years after he returned to England as Colonial agent; pursued his course industriously and courteously for the interests of the old Government, but firmly for the right claimed at home; bore a full *Examination* before Parliament on the relations of America to the Stamp Act, which was published and read with general interest; was confronted by Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General for the crown, as counsel for Hutchinson at the memorable privy council examination of January, 1774; returned again to Philadelphia in 1775; signed the Declaration of Independence in Congress; went ambassador to France in October of the same year, when he was seventy, and displayed his talents in diplomacy and society; returning after signing the treaty of peace in 1785 to America, when he was made President of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for three years; was a delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, and retaining his full powers of mind and constitutional cheerfulness to the last, died April 17, 1790, in his eighty-fourth year.

The famous epitaph which he wrote in his days of youth, at the age of twenty-three, was not placed over his grave in Philadelphia.

The Body
Of
Benjamin Franklin,
Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By
The Author.*

* Franklin did not forget the Spectator, the friend of his boyhood, in his last days. In his will he bequeathes to the son of his friend, Mrs. Howson, "a set of Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, handsomely bound."

* We have already printed, *ante*, p. 22, Woodbridge's epitaph on Cotton, supposed to be the original of this. There is another old New England source in the lines written in 1651, by Joseph Capen, Minister of Topsfield, on the death of John Foster, who, Mr. Sparks tells us, set up the first printing-press in Boston.

Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside like an old almanac;
But for the present only's out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth.
Free from *Errata*, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator,
It shall be done when he saith *Imprimatur*.

Davis, in his Travels in America, finds another source for

He directed a simpler inscription in his will:—"I wish to be buried by the side of my wife, if it may be, and that a marble stone, to be made by Chambers, six feet long, four feet wide, plain, with only a small moulding round the upper edge, and this inscription,

BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH } FRANKLIN.
178—.

be placed over us both."

One of the most memorable incidents in Franklin's life, was his appearance, in 1774, before the Committee of the Privy Council, on the hearing of the Petition of the Massachusetts people, for the recall of Hutchinson and Oliver, whose minatory letters he had been instrumental in publishing, and thereby lighted the torch of Revolution. Franklin had there to meet the assault of Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General of the Crown, who attacked him with the sharpest wit and fiercest insolence. Franklin represented his agency in the matter of procuring and forwarding the letters to America, as a public act, dealing with the public correspondence of public men. Wedderburn inveighed against it as a theft, and betrayal of private confidence. "Into what companies," he exclaimed, "will the fabricator of this iniquity hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or with any semblance of the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye—they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escritoires. Having hitherto aspired after fame by his writings, he will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called *a man of letters—homo trium literarum*;"* and, in allusion to Franklin's avowal of his share in the transaction—"I can compare him only to Zanga, in Dr. Young's Revenge—

Know, then, 'twas I,
I forged the letter—I disposed the picture—
I hated, I despised—and I destroy.

I ask, my Lord, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody-minded African, is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily New Englander."*

A distinguished company was present in the Council Chamber; among others, Burke, Priestley, and Jeremy Bentham. The last has described Franklin's quiet endurance of the scene: "Alone in the recess, on the left hand of the president, standing, remaining the whole time like a rock, in the same posture, his head resting on his left hand, and in that attitude abiding the pelting of the pitiless storm."† Priestley‡ says that Lord North was the only one of the council who behaved with decent gravity. To conciliate his fellow Englishmen, Franklin had dressed himself carefully for the occasion in a costly suit of Manchester velvet, and Priestley adds the story of Franklin's triumph:—"Silas Deane told me that, when they met at Paris to sign the treaty between France and America, he purposely put on that suit."§ Verily Franklin had his revenge in the swift pursuing decrees of fate. An epigrammatist of the times declared the end:—

Sarcastic sawney, full of spite and hate,
On modest Franklin poured his venal prate;
The calm philosopher without reply
Withdrew—and gave his country liberty:‖

and the retributive pen of the historian has pointed to the final reputation of the two actors in the scene—the usurping tyrant of the hour and the generous benefactor of the age. "Franklin and Wedderburn parted; the one to spread the celestial fire of freedom among men; to make his name a cherished household word in every nation of Europe; and in the beautiful language of Washington, 'to be venerated for benevolence, to be admired for talents, to be esteemed for patriotism, to be beloved for philanthropy:' the other, childless though twice wedded, unbeloved, wrangling with the patron who had impeached his veracity, busy only in 'getting everything he could' in the way of titles and riches, as the wages of corruption. Franklin, when he died, had nations for his mourners, and the great and the good throughout the world as his eulogists; when Wedderburn died there was no man to mourn; no senate spoke his praise; no poet embalmed his memory; and his King, hearing that he was certainly dead, said only, "then he has not left a greater knave behind him in my dominions.' "¶

The finest study of Franklin is in his Autobiography. Simple in style, it is tinged by the peculiar habit of the author's mind, and shows his humor of character in perfection. Notice, for instance, the lurking tone of admiration of the

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this, in a Latin Epitaph on the London bookseller, Jacob Tonson, published with an English translation in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1736. This is its conclusion—

When heaven review'd th' *original text*,
Twas with *erratas* few perplex'd:
Pleas'd with the *copy* was *collated*,
And to a better life *translated*.
But let to life this *supplement*
Be printed on thy *monument*,
Lest the *first page* of *death* should be,
Great editor a *blank* to thee;
And thou who many *titles* gave,
Should want *one title* for this grave.
"Stay passenger and drop a tear;
Here lies a noted Bookseller:
This marble *index* here is plac'd
To tell, that when he found *defac'd*
His *book of life* he died with grief:
Yet he by true and genuine belief,
A new edition may expect,
Far more *enlarg'd* and more *correct*."

* The old Roman joke on a thief—the word of three letters, *fur*. It occurs in Plautus.

Antiphron.—Tun' trium litterarum homo Me vituperas?
Congrio.—Fur, etiam fur trifurcifer.
Aulularia, Act ii. sc. iv. v. 46-7.

which Riley thus Englishes:

Anth.—You, you three-lettered fellow, do you abuse me, you thief?
Congrio.—To be sure I do, you trebly-distilled thief of thieves.
Bohn's Plautus, i. 291.

* Chief Justice Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors, vi. 103-4. He introduces this "memorable contest" with the ballad quotation,

The babe that was unborn might rue
The speaking of that day.

† Campbell's Chancellors, vi. 101.

‡ It was in a letter dated Nov. 10, 1814, at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, which appeared in the London Monthly Magazine for February, 1815. It is printed in the appendix to the Priestley Memoirs, 448-454.

§ Mr. Sparks notices the common error in telling this story adopted by Lord Brougham in his sketch of Wedderburn, which makes Franklin to have worn the dress the second time at the signing of the peace of Versailles.—Life of Franklin, 6-8.

‖ Notes and Queries, No. 116.

¶ Bancroft, vi. 399.

crafty old sophister, in the account of the conversation of old Bradford with Keimer, the printer, on Franklin's first introduction; or the adroitness with which, when he is about being caught in his own web, when he is recommending modesty in proposing critical opinions, and falls himself to amending a couplet of Pope—he ventures his emendation, and recovers his position by adding, "This, however, I should submit to better judgments."

There is a simplicity in this book which charms us in the same way with the humorous touches of nature in the Vicar of Wakefield. Franklin's Boston brother in the printing-office,—irascible, jealous, and mortified on the return of the successful adventurer, who is playing off his prosperity before the workmen, is an artist's picture of life, drawn in a few conclusive touches. So, too, is Keimer as happily hit off as any personage in Gil Blas, particularly in that incident at the break-up of Franklin's system of vegetable diet, which he had adopted; he invites his journeymen and two women friends to dine with him, providing a roast pig for the occasion, which being prematurely served up, is devoured by the enthusiast, before the company arrives; in that effective sketch, in a paragraph of the Philadelphia City Croaker, whose ghost still walks every city in the world, mocking prosperity of every degree,—"a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking." The Autobiography was written in several portions. It was first commenced at Twyford, the country residence of the good bishop of St. Asaph, in 1771, and addressed to his son the Governor of New Jersey, and continued at intervals, till the Revolutionary War occupied the writer's time exclusively. It was again, at the solicitation of his friends James and Vaughan, resumed at Passy, in 1784, and afterwards continued in America. The history of the several editions of this work is curious. It was first, as was the case with Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," published in French, translated from the author's manuscript. This version was re-translated into English, and published for the first time in that language, in London, in 1793. Oddly enough, in another French edition, which appeared in Paris, in 1798, the autobiography was again translated into French, from the English version of the foreign language. The work, as Franklin wrote it, in his native tongue, was first given to the world in the collection of his writings, by his grandson, William Temple Franklin, in 1817. The translation from the French is still in circulation in this country, notwithstanding the publication of Franklin's original; though the authoritative edition of Sparks has of late set an example which will drive all other copies than the genuine one from the market.*

The Autobiography, continued from time to time—the latter portions of it were written as late as the year 1788—concludes with Franklin's arrival in England as agent of the Assembly, against the Proprietaries in 1757. The thirty-three years of his life then unexpired were to be filled with momentous interests; his participation in which as the manager and negotiator of the infant state throws into the shade the literature, which continued, however, to employ him to the end. It was during his last sojourn at Paris,

amidst the cares of state, that he composed those literary essays of such general fame—the *Ephemera*, *Petition of the Cats*, the *Whistle*, and the *Dialogue with the Gout*, written for the amusement of the brilliant friends, including Madame Helvetius and Madame Brillon, who enlivened his age and cares at Passy and Auteuil.

While Franklin was a printer in London, he gave vent to his philosophical views by printing a pamphlet entitled *A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain, in a Letter to a Friend.* This was in 1725. Though he expresses a dislike of the publication, he recurs to it with some paternal affection both in the Autobiography and in his Correspondence. The essay belonged to the school of Mandeville in obliterating the distinctions between virtue and vice, and readily introduced the young printer, who was not nineteen years of age at that time, to that arch-skeptic, the author of "The Fable of the Bees," who held an entertaining club in Cheapside. The pamphlet was started in the busy brain of the compositor by his setting up Wollaston's "Religion of

* To the old American editions a continuation was added by Dr. Henry Stuber. He was of German parentage, born in Philadelphia, about 1770. He was a pupil of Dr. Kunze, in Greek, Latin, and German, when that divine, afterwards established in New York, was connected with the University of Pennsylvania. He studied medicine, which his health hardly allowed him to practise. Obtaining a situation in one of the public offices of the United States government, he was engaged in the study of the law, when he died early in life. He wrote for the journals of the day; but the only publication by which he will be remembered, is his continuation of the Life of Franklin. Beyond this, the memory of the man had almost perished, when the foregoing particulars were with difficulty collected by Dr. John W. Francis, of this city, who communicated them to Mr. Sparks, by whom they were published in the tenth volume of the Life and Writings of Franklin.

Nature," to which it was intended as a reply. Its argument was a sublimated optimism arguing everything in the world to be right from the attributes of the Deity of wisdom, goodness, and power. The motto was from Dryden:

> Whatever is, is right. But purblind man
> Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest links;
> His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
> That poises all above.

One hundred copies only of the work were printed; a few were given to friends; the author became dissatisfied with the production, and burnt the remainder, excepting a copy filled with manuscript notes, by his acquaintance at the time, a surgeon named Lyons, who wrote on the "Infallibility of Human Judgment." This tract has not been printed in any edition of Franklin's works. When Mr. Sparks published his edition in 1840, it was thought to be entirely lost. That editor expressed his belief that "no copy of this tract is now known to be in existence." Sir James Mackintosh searched for it in vain. Since that time a copy has been found in England. James Crossley communicates the fact to the antiquarian publication, *Notes and Queries*.* It is a pamphlet of sixteen closely printed octavo pages. It is addressed to Mr. J (ames) R (alph), and commences with the comprehensive declaration: "I have here, according to your request, given you my present thoughts on the general state of things in the universe;" and concludes with the undeniable assertion, "Truth will be truth, though it sometimes proves mortifying and distasteful."

Poor Richard's Almanac was commenced by Franklin in 1733, and continued for twenty-six years, to 1758. It was put forward as the production of Richard Saunders, Philomath, printed and sold by B. Franklin. Its quaint humor and homespun moralities made its successive issues great favorites with the people, who to their credit have always shown an avidity for popular publications of humor and sagacity, from Cotton Mather's grim moralities down to the felicitous Mrs. Partington, who gets the smallest modicum of wisdom out of the greatest amount of nonsense. About ten thousand copies were sold of it annually, a great number for the times. As in the case of most very popular works, the early editions were literally consumed by its ardent admirers. One of the old copies is now considered a great rarity; and a complete set was found by Mr. Sparks to be unattainable.†

Its greatest popularity was achieved when a number of Poor Richard's aphorisms were collected and prefixed as an harangue to the people, *The Way to Wealth*, to the almanac for 1758. In this concentrated form Poor Richard passed into general circulation as a popular tract in newspapers and broadsheets. Franklin himself attributes the growing plenty of money in Philadelphia after its appearance, to the practice of its economical precepts. Three translations have been made of it in French, where it passes as *La Science du Bonhomme Richard*. It was printed in modern Greek at Didot's press in Paris in 1823.

Poor Richard's matter consists of Mr. Saunders's facetious annual introductions; a bit of homely poetry for the month; with the interspaces of the Calendar, left after the important weather prophecies sprinkled down the page, filled with sententious maxims. Some of these are coarse and homely for the digestion of ploughmen; others show the nicer edge of Franklin's wit and experience. Rhyme lends its aid to reason; and practical morality has work to do which renders her not very dainty in the use of words. Temperance and independence have sturdy advocates in Poor Richard. "It is hard," says he, "for an empty sack to stand upright." "Drink water, put the money in your pocket, and leave the dry bellyache in the punchbowl." "If you would be reveng'd of your enemy, govern yourself."

> "If you ride a horse sit close and tight,
> If you ride a man, sit easy and light."

"If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading, or do things worth the writing." "Fish and visiters smell in three days." "As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence." The poetry is in a few more lines than the maxims, generally with a home thrust at vanity or vice.

> That all from Adam first begun,
> Since none but Whiston doubts,
> And that his son, and his son's son
> Were ploughmen, clowns, and louts;
> Here lies the only difference now,
> Some shot off late, some soon;
> Your sires i' th' morning left the plough
> And ours i' th' afternoon.

And sometimes a little playful elegance:

> My love and I for kisses play'd,
> She would keep stakes, I was content,
> But when I won, she would be paid,
> This made me ask her what she meant:
> Quoth she, since you are in this wrangling vein,
> Here, take your kisses, give me mine again.

When Paul Jones, in Paris, in 1778, was making application to the French Government for a military vessel to pursue his career at sea, wearied out with the delay of the officials, and the neglect of his letters from the sea-ports, he happened to take up an old number of Franklin's Almanac, and alighted on this sentence of Poor Richard, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." He took the advice, proceeded himself to the capital, and pushed his application so successfully, that in gratitude to the oracle he obtained permission to call the ship granted to him the *Bon Homme Richard*.* Its fortunes soon made the French translation of the name as familiar to American ears as the original Poor Richard.

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* No. 114, Jan. 8, 1853.

† Most of the numbers were, however, got together after nearly four years' research among public libraries and private collections, by John Doggett, Jr., who, in 1849, commenced the republication of the Poor Richard matter in annual instalments of three years to each number, appended to new astronomical calculations for the current year. He proceeded with this work through three numbers, when it was interrupted by his death. At the sale of his effects, eighteen numbers of Poor Richard were purchased at twelve dollars each. John Doggett was from Dorchester, Mass. He dealt in New York in a virtuoso collection of paintings, engravings, autographs, &c. He commenced a New York Directory in 1842, and continued it till his death in the city, in 1859.

* Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones, i. 194.

Franklin's voluminous correspondence would alone have given him high literary reputation as a letter writer. His essential philanthropy, good humor, wit, and ready resources, are everywhere apparent in this. It is the best part of his conversation, vital for posterity, and we may readily imagine from it how Franklin talked, as with his fine tact he always offers something inspiring, useful, and entertaining to his friends. But it is to the perspicuity, method, and ease of Franklin's philosophical writings that his solid reputation will remain greatly indebted. These qualities cannot be better described than in the words of Sir Humphrey Davy, the generous encomiast of his scientific brethren, who himself practised every grace which he attributed to others:—"A singular felicity of induction guided all his researches, and by very small means he established very grand truths. The style and manner of his publication on electricity, are almost as worthy of admiration as the doctrine it contains. He has endeavoured to remove all mystery and obscurity from the subject. He has written equally for the uninitiated and for the philosopher; and he has rendered his details amusing and perspicuous, elegant as well as simple. Science appears in his language, in a dress wonderfully decorous, best adapted to display her native loveliness. He has in no instance exhibited that false dignity, by which philosophy is kept aloof from common applications; and he has sought rather to make her a useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces."*

The uniform industry of Franklin was immense; and though writing was but an incidental pursuit to one who was not an author by profession, and derived no revenue from his pen, the aggregate of his distinct literary compositions outdistances the labors of many who have worked directly for reputation and the booksellers. As enumerated by Mr. Sparks,† the list of his writings, separate books, articles, or distinct papers, independently of his huge correspondence, amounts to three hundred and four items, thickly sown along his busy years—and he was always busy—from 1726 to 1790. They exhaust every method of doing good practically, which fell within the range of his powers or experience. They are upon topics of individual and social improvement, of the useful arts, which adorn and ameliorate daily life, of the science which enlarges the powers of the mind and increases the comfort of the body, of political wisdom, extending from the direction of a village to the control and prosperity of the state. In every form of purely human endeavor, the genius of Franklin is paramount. There were principles in philosophy and religion beyond his ken, fields of speculation which his telescope never traversed, metaphysic spaces of the soul to the electric powers of which his lightning rods were no conductors. In the parcel allotment of duties in this world, his path lay in the region of the practical. In the words of our great sire to the archangel, he might have professed that

> To know that which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.

There he was seldom at fault; cool, wary, political, never betraying himself, never betraying the state: in the language of his American historian, a writer himself skilled in affairs: "Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word at the right season."*

We have alluded to Franklin's philosophy as indicative of the religious powers. Here it may be said that he rather lived by them than in them. He appreciated the devout and transcendent labors of such men as Jonathan Edwards, in laying the foundations, and could empty his pockets at the heart-stirring appeals of Whitefield. His friendships, in England and America, were with bishops and divines. The Bishop of St. Asaph, of Sodor and Man, no less than the Methodist Whitefield, were his friends; and he could cast an eye backwards with affection and reverence, from the glittering salons of Paris, to the dark shades of Puritan ancestors. There was a sound vein of piety in his composition, which bore its fruits; nor had French levity, or companionship with the encyclopædists, blunted his religious education. His warning hand, raised to Paine on the eve of his infidel publication, deserves to be remembered, with his appeal to the obligations of that arch-corrupter himself to religion: "Perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors: for among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."† In the same letter, he asserts his belief of a particular Providence, which he once so emphatically announced in the Convention of 1787.‡ At the close of his life, President Stiles, of Yale, drew§ from him an expression of his religious opinions, in which he simply announces his belief in the unity and moral government of the Deity, and the paramount "system of morals and religion" of "Jesus of Nazareth," as "the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see;" but his interpretation of what the latter was, would probably have differed much from that of Dr. Stiles.‖

* Quoted in Sparks's Life, 497.
† Works of Franklin, x. 449.

* Bancroft. N. Y. Hist. Soc. Lecture, Dec. 9, 1853.
† Letter. Sparks, x. 261.
‡ "I have lived," said he, in introducing his motion for daily prayers, "a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And, if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?"—Sparks's Life, 514.
§ Letter of Franklin, March 9, 1790. Holmes's Life of Stiles, 303.
‖ A single letter in the autobiography betrays Franklin's mode of thinking and feeling in reference to the Scriptures. He is speaking of a poetic contest between Ralph and some others of his companions, and says, of the test proposed: "We excluded all considerations of invention, by agreeing that the task should be a review of the eighteenth Psalm, which describes the descent of a Deity." To no habitually reverent mind could the use of the indefinite article occur on mention of that sublime composition. Of his early infidel opinions, he

One of his very last acts, on his death-bed, was to recite to his faithful attendant, Mrs. Hewson, the daughter of his London landlady, the simple and elevated verses of good Doctor Watts.*

The compliments to Franklin, the sage, philosopher, politician, would fill a volume. Perhaps the Latin epigraph, written by the philosopher Turgot, has been the most productive ever paid:

Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.†

His portrait is frequently graced with similar inscriptions, of which the best is that from Horace, placed by Bishop Shipley in the edition of the Miscellanies of 1779, *Non sordidus auctor Naturæ Verique.*‡

He was equally admired by peasants and kings; Louis XV., "the grand monarch," commanded a return of his thanks to Mr. Franklin "for his useful discoveries in electricity;"§ the court of Louis XVI., its philosophers, wits, and ladies of fashion, hailed him with enthusiasm; Chatham was his eulogist in England, and Washington in America; he had the best men in both hemispheres for his friends and correspondents; towns and counties, and even a state, have been named after him;‖ his portrait and bust are familiar as those of Washington; "Every penny stamp," says Robert C. Winthrop, happily, in his address, *Archimedes and Franklin*, "is a monument to Franklin, earned, if not established by himself, as the fruit of his early labors and his signal success in the organization of our infant post-office." His writings are read with equal zest, though with different emotions, in childhood and age—as the old man goes out of the world repeating to the grandchild at the fireside the apologue of quaint familiar wisdom which he had learnt in his primer.

The genius of Franklin is omnipresent at Philadelphia. It points to his Library, his Philosophical Society, his University, his Hospital, the Institute. At Boston, his benevolence still lives in the provisions of his will, his silver medal for the encouragement of scholarship in the free grammar schools, in gratitude for his own "first instructions in literature," and in a fund to be loaned to young mechanics. At one time it was thought the influence of Poor Richard had produced a too general thrift and parsimony: but these were not the vices of Franklin's instructions, but the virtues of a young state building up its fortunes by economy and endurance. Now these maxims are simply the correctives of rapidly increasing prodigality; the mottoes and incentives to honorable toil and frugality throughout the land. For Franklin having been born in one part of the country, and found that development in another which would probably have been denied him in his birth-place, and having been employed abroad in the service of several states, and afterwards in behalf of them all, is properly the son of the Union and the nation,—and his life, as his fame, belongs to his country.

For extracts from Franklin's writings, passing over the scientific portions, as hardly admitting of separation from the context, and leaving his political papers for the historian, we may properly give several of those essays which have chiefly promoted his popular literary reputation. Of these the *Parable on Persecution* has always been considered one of his most characteristic efforts. It was his habit to call for a Bible and read it as a passage of the Old Testament, till it became public property by its appearance in Lord Kames's Sketches of the History of Man, in 1774, where it appears as "communicated by Benjamin Franklin." Vaughan then placed it in his edition of Franklin. The apologue was soon discovered in Jeremy Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying, who quotes it from "the Jews' books." It then turned up in the dedication of a book published at Amsterdam, in 1680, a translation from the Hebrew into Latin, by George Gentius, of a work on the Jewish Calamities. Gentius carries it back to Sadus, who, it appears, is Saadi, the Persian poet, who, as Lord Teignmouth related to Bishop Heber, has the story in the second book of his Bostan; and carrying the antiquity still further, Saadi says the story was told to him.*

A PARABLE AGAINST PERSECUTION.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

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says, that they were encouraged by the statements of the defenders of Christianity, the Boyle lecturers; but in such cases, it is less the argument than the predisposition which fails to convince.

* Epes Sargent's Memoir of Franklin, 110; prefixed to a well chosen selection of the writings, agreeably presented.

† This inscription by Turgot, which has been ascribed to Condorcet and Mirabeau, first appears in the correspondence of Grimm and Diderot, April, 1778, and has been traced to a line of the *Anti-Lucretius* of Cardinal de Polignac, lib. i., verse 87, which reads:

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas:

And thence to Manilius, lib. i., verse 104, where he says of Epicurus,

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque Tonanti.
Notes and Queries, vi. 88.

Taking the laurel from the brow of Epicurus to place it upon the head of Franklin is not so inappropriate when we recall the sketch of the former by Lucretius *illustrans commoda vitæ.*

‡ Ode I. 28.

There is another from Virgil,

Hominum rerumque repertor.
Æneid xii.

To the portrait from which our engraving is taken, a medallion in the possession of Dr. Lettsom, published in his life of Dr. Fothergill, are added these lines:

Il a ravi le feu des Cieux
Il fait fleurir les Arts en des Climats Sauvages,
L'Amerique le place à la tête des Sages
La Grèce l'auroit mis au nombre de ses Dieux.

There is a common French print of Diogenes with a lantern, holding a medallion of Franklin, with the inscription,

Stupete gentes reperit virum Diogenes.

§ Franklin's Letter to Jared Eliot, Philadelphia, April 19th, 1756. Sparks, vi. 103.

‖ To the town of Franklin, Massachusetts, named after him, he orders from Paris a gift of books, in preference to the bell which they had solicited, "sense being preferable to sound."—Letter to Richard Price, Passy, March 18, 1785. Sparks, x. 158. The Rev. Nath. Emmons, clergyman of the town, preached a sermon, "The Dignity of Man," on the receipt of the gift. The proposed new State of Franklin, afterwards called Tennessee, was named after our philosopher.

* Letter from Franklin to Vaughan, Nov. 9, 1789. Appendix to Priestley's Memoirs, where the Latin of Gentius is given, 876. Heber's Life of Jeremy Taylor, notes. Sparks's Franklin, ii. 128–31.

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

THE EPHEMERA;

AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

To Madame Brillon, of Passy.

Written in 1778.

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moucheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals! Our present race of ephemerae will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemerae, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante.*

THE WHISTLE.

To Madame Brillon.

Passy, 10 *November*, 1779.

I RECEIVED my dear friend's two letters, one for Wednesday and one for Saturday. This is again Wednesday. I do not deserve one for to-day, because I have not answered the former. But, indolent as I am, and averse to writing, the fear of having no more of your pleasing epistles, if I do not contribute to the correspondence, obliges me to take up my pen; and as Mr. B. has kindly sent me word, that he sets out to-morrow to see you, instead of spending this Wednesday evening as I have done its namesakes, in your delightful company, I sit down to spend it in thinking of you, in writing to you, and in reading over and over again your letters.

I am charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the mean time, we

should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles*. For to me it seems, that most of the unhappy people we meet with, are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays, indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man,* said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man,* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity,* say I, *that she should pay so much for her whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider, that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle.*

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours very sincerely and with unalterable affection,

B. FRANKLIN.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT.

MIDNIGHT, 22 *October*, 1780.

FRANKLIN. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

GOUT. No, not your enemy.

FRANKLIN. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

GOUT. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man, who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another, who never takes any.

FRANKLIN. I take—Eh! Oh!—as much exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

GOUT. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast, four dishes of tea, with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends, with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating these humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and

instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge,—and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, Madam, a truce with your corrections!

GOUT. No, Sir, no,—I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good,—therefore—

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ehhh!—It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine and returning in my carriage.

GOUT. That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire. Flatter yourself then no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful then, and make a proper use of yours. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place; observe when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other; this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents; when relieved, by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and, by a return of this weight, this repulsion again succeeds; thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time, depends on the degree of this acceleration; the fluids are shaken, the humors attenuated, the secretions facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy, and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteuil; a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science, than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books. When she honors you with a visit, it is on foot. She walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence, and its concomitant maladies, to be endured by her horses. In this see at once the preservative of her health and personal charms. But when you go to Auteuil, you must have your carriage, though it is no further from Passy to Auteuil than from Auteuil to Passy.

FRANKLIN. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

GOUT. I stand corrected. I will be silent and continue my office; take that, and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ohh! Talk on, I pray you!

GOUT. No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you to-night, and you may be sure of some more to-morrow.

FRANKLIN. What! with such a fever! I shall go distracted. Oh! Eh! Can no one bear it for me!

GOUT. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

FRANKLIN. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments!

GOUT. Sport! I am very serious. I have here a list of offences against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

FRANKLIN. Read it, then.

GOUT. It is too long a detail; but I will briefly mention some particulars.

FRANKLIN. Proceed. I am all attention.

GOUT. Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging, at one time, it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing, but your insuperable love of ease!

FRANKLIN. That I confess may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

GOUT. Your confession is very far short of the truth; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

FRANKLIN. Is it possible!

GOUT. So possible, that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know Mr. Brillon's gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week, after dinner, and it is a maxim of your own, that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile, up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground." What an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often!

FRANKLIN. I cannot immediately answer that question.

GOUT. I will do it for you; not once.

FRANKLIN. Not once!

GOUT. Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you, and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice! Why, to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chess-board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner; and then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcilable with health, without my interposition!

FRANKLIN. I am convinced now of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that "Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

GOUT. So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

FRANKLIN. But do you charge among my crimes, that I return in a carriage from Mr. Brillon's!

GOUT. Certainly; for, having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, and cannot want therefore the relief of a carriage.

FRANKLIN. What then would you have me do with my carriage!

GOUT. Burn it if you choose; you would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or, if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you; observe the poor peasants, who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passy, Auteuil, Chaillot, &c.; you may find every day, among these deserving creatures, four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled by weight of years, and

too long and too great labor. After a most fatiguing day, these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. This is an act that will be good for your soul; and, at the same time, after your visit to the Brillons, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

FRANKLIN. Ah! how tiresome you are!

GOUT. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

FRANKLIN. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

GOUT. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy! one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

FRANKLIN. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to *you*. I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

GOUT. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you indeed, but cannot injure me. And, as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced, that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy!—but to our business,—there.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Oh!—for Heaven's sake leave me; and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

GOUT. I know you too well. You promise fair; but, after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend*.

Franklin would hardly have made his title good in the old literature of New England, if he had not written verses of some kind. The lines entitled "Paper" have been so often printed as his, and are so appropriate to his tastes, that we may give them a place here, though evidence is wanting that he wrote them. In the *Massachusetts Magazine* for August, 1794, it is given as "written by the late Dr. Franklin," but in the *American Museum* of 1788, it is only "ascribed" to his pen. Mr. Sparks doubts the authorship, but prints the lines.*

PAPER; A POEM.

Some wit of old,—such wits of old there were,—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I, (can you pardon my presumption!) I—
No wit, no genius,—yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.

Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop,—half powder and half lace,—
Nice as a band-box were his dwelling-place;
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy paper* of inferior worth:
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch, whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper;* such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves,—
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,—
What's he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;
She's fair *white-paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone;
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

Of the song of *Country Joan*, we have the history in Prof. McVickar's Life of Bard.* At a supper of a convivial club, to which Franklin belonged, and of which Dr. Bard, the physician of Washington, was then a member, objection was made, in jest, to married men being allowed to sing the praises of poets' mistresses. The next morning, at breakfast, Bard received the following song from Franklin, with a request that he would be ready with it by the next meeting.

MY PLAIN COUNTRY JOAN.

Of their Chloes and Phyllises poets may prate,
I sing my plain country Joan,
These twelve years my wife, still the joy of my life,—
Blest day that I made her my own!

Not a word of her face, of her shape, or her air,
Or of flames, or of darts, you shall hear;
I beauty admire, but virtue I prize,
That fades not in seventy year.

* Works, ii. 161.

* Domestic Narrative of the Life of Samuel Bard, p. 28.

Am I loaded with care, she takes off a large share,
That the burden ne'er makes me to reel;
Does good fortune arrive, the joy of my wife
Quite doubles the pleasure I feel.

She defends my good name, even when I'm to blame,
Firm friend as to man e'er was given;
Her compassionate breast feels for all the distressed,
Which draws down more blessings from heaven.

In health a companion delightful and dear,
Still easy, engaging, and free;
In sickness no less than the carefulest nurse,
As tender as tender can be.

In peace and good order my household she guides,
Right careful to save what I gain;
Yet cheerfully spends, and smiles on the friends
I've the pleasure to entertain.

Some faults have we all, and so has my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small,
And, now I'm grown used to them, so like my own,
I scarcely can see them at all.

Were the finest young princess, with millions in purse,
To be had in exchange for my Joan,
I could not get a better, but might get a worse,
So I'll stick to my dearest old Joan.

The verses to the *Mother Country* have been assigned to Franklin's second visit to England.

THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

We have an old mother that peevish is grown;
She snubs us like children that scarce walk alone;
She forgets we're grown up, and have sense of our own;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

If we don't obey orders, whatever the case,
She frowns, and she chides, and she loses all pati-
Ence, and sometimes she hits us a slap in the face;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Her orders so odd are, we often suspect
That age has impaired her sound intellect;
But still an old mother should have due respect;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Let's bear with her humors as well as we can;
But why should we bear the abuse of her man?
When servants make mischief, they earn the rattan;
Which nobody should deny, &c.

Know, too, ye bad neighbors, who aim to divide
The sons from the mother, that still she's our pride;
And if ye attack her, we're all of her side;
Which nobody can deny, &c.

We'll join in her law-suits, to baffle all those
Who, to get what she has, will be often her foes;
For we know it must all be our own, when she goes;
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

The *Mechanic's Song* we find attributed to Franklin, in an old collection of songs, "The Charms of Melody," in Harvard Library.

THE MECHANIC'S SONG.

Ye merry mechanics come join in my song,
And let your brisk chorus come bounding along;
Tho' some perhaps poor, and some rich there may be,
Yet all are united, happy and free.

(Chorus)—Happy and free,
Happy and free,
Yet all are united, happy and free.

Ye tailors of ancient and noble renown,
Who clothe all the people in country and town;
Remember that Adam (your father and head)
Tho' the lord of the world, was a tailor by trade.
Happy and free, &c.

Masons who work in stone, mortar and brick,
And lay the foundation deep, solid and thick;
Tho' hard be your labour, yet lasting your fame,
Both Egypt and China your wonders proclaim.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye smiths who forge tools for all trades here below,
You've nothing to fear while you smite and you blow;
All things you may conquer, so happy your lot,
If you are careful to strike while the iron is hot.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye shoemakers nobly from ages long past,
Have defended your rights with the awl to your last;
And cobblers all merry not only stop holes,
But work night and day for the good of our souls,
Happy and free, &c.

Ye cabinet-makers brave workers of wood,
As you work for the ladies your work must be good;
Ye joiners and carpenters, far off and near,
Stick close to your trades and you've nothing to fear.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye coachmakers must not by tax be control'd,
But ship off your coaches and fetch us some gold;
The roller of your coach made Copernicus reel,
And foresee the world to turn round like a wheel.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye hatters who oft with hands not very fair,
Fix hats on a block for blockheads to wear;
Tho' charity covers a sin now and then,
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye carders, and spinners, and weavers attend,
And take the advice of poor Richard, your friend;
Stick close to your looms, to your wheels, and your card,
And you never need fear of times going hard.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye printers who give us our learning and news,
And impartially print for Turks, Christians, and Jews;
Let your favorite toast ever sound thro' the streets,
A freedom to press, and a volume in sheets.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye coopers who rattle with driver and adze,
And lather each day upon hoops and on caggs;
The famous old ballad of "Love in a tub,"
You may sing to the tune of rub-a-dub-dub.
Happy and free, &c.

Ye ship-builders, riggers, and makers of sails,
All read the new Constitution prevails;
And soon you may see on the proud swelling tide,
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.
Happy and free, &c.

Each tradesman turns out with his tools in his hand,
To cherish the arts and keep peace thro' the land;
Each apprentice and journeyman join in my song,
And let your full chorus come bounding along.
Happy and free, &c.

DAVID FRENCH.

JOHN PARKE, in a work to be hereafter noticed, has "inserted some poetical translations from the Greek and Latin, which were consigned to oblivion, through the obliterating medium of rats and moths, under the sequestered canopy of an antiquated trunk; written between the years of 1720 and 1730, by the learned and facetious David French, Esq., late of the Delaware counties (now State)."

Alas! poor Yorick! All that we know of the career of the "learned and facetious" French is the record of his death, and for that we are indebted to the postscript of a letter, dated August 25, 1742:—"David French was buried yesterday in Chester church by the side of his father, and Mr. Moxon succeeds him as prothonotary" (of the court at New Castle).* His father is stated, by Mr. Fisher, to have been Colonel John French, a prominent name in the local history of the lower counties.

The translations, printed by Parke, are six in number; four are from the first, fourth, eleventh, and twenty-sixth odes of Anacreon, and two from the elegies of Ovid. The smoothness and elegance of their versification testify to the accomplished scholarship of the writer, and make us regret some evidence of his "facetiousness," as well as learning, had not turned up in the "antiquated trunk."

ODES OF ANACREON.

I.

Fain would I Atrides praise,
Or Cadmus sing in tuneful lays;
The strings will sound of love alone,
Nor knows my heart another tone.
I changed the shell and ev'ry string,
And now Alcides' toils I sing;
In vain to sing his deeds I strove,
My lyre would play of nought but love.
Ye heroes now a long farewell!
A softer theme best suits my shell,
Love's passion it will only tell.

IV.

Of Himself.

On a bed of myrtles made,
Or on a greeny clover laid,
Willingly I'd pass away
In carousing—all the day;
Cupid by my side should stand,
With a brimmer in his hand.
Like a never-standing wheel,
Fleeting time is running still;
We ourselves will dust become,
And shall moulder in the tomb.
On my grave why should you lay
Oil, or gifts that soon decay?
Rather now before I'm dead,
With rosy garlands crown my head;
All the odors of the spring,
With a gentle mistress bring.
Ere I go to shades of night,
I'll put all my cares to flight.

XI.

On His Age.

Oft by the maidens I am told,
Poor *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old!
Take the glass, and see how years
Have despoil'd thy head of hairs;
See, thy forehead bald appears!
But whether hair adorns my head,
Or all my golden tresses fled,
I do not know, but from their lore,
Resounding my approaching hour,
This truth I know, infallibly,
'Tis time to live, if death be nigh.

XII.

To a Swallow.

Say now, thou twit'ring swallow, say,
How shall I punish thee? which way?
Say, shall I rather clip thy wing,
Or tongue, that thou no more mayst sing?
As cruel *Tereus* once is said
T' have done, while yet thou wert a maid.
Why dost thou, ere the morn is nigh,
Prattling round my window fly?
Why snatch *Bathylla* from my arms,
While I in dreams possess her charms?

XXVI.

Of Himself.

When *Bacchus* revels in my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest;
Cræsus' self I then despise,
He's not so happy in my eyes.
Then from my lips flow warbling sounds,
Sweetest music then abounds:
With laurel wreaths I bind my brow,
I look disdainfully below.
Let fools impetuous rush to arms,
Me the gen'rous Lyæus charms.
Quickly give me, youth, the bowl,
In one large draught I'll drown my soul;
Here, rather let me drunken lie,
Than sober, without wine to die.

MATHER BYLES.

THIS witty divine was born in Boston, 1706. He was the son of an Englishman, who died a year after his son's birth. On his mother's side he was descended from Richard, the founder of the Mather family, and John Cotton. Leaving Harvard in 1725, he was ordained in 1733 the first pastor of the Hollis Street Church. Here he remained until the outbreak of the American Revolution, when, in consequence of his adherence to the English government, this connexion was broken off. In 1777 he was denounced in town meeting, and afterwards tried before a special court on the charges of having remained in the town during the siege, prayed for the king, and received the visits of British officers. He was convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment with his family in a guard-ship and to be sent to England. The first part of the sentence was changed to confinement in his own house, and the second was never put in execution. During this imprisonment he amused the good people of Boston by on one occasion very composedly marching to and fro before his own door, mounting guard over himself, having persuaded his sentinel to go on an errand for him on condition of supplying his place during his absence. The guard was soon removed, again restored, and not long after dismissed—changes which drew from the doctor the remark that "he had been guarded, reguarded, and disregarded." Disregarded he remained, as he was henceforth suffered to live in retirement.

* Early Poets and Poetry of Pennsylvania, by J. F. Fisher.—Pa. Hist. Soc. Memo., vol. ii. part ii. 99.

We have a last glimpse of Dr. Byles in the correspondence of Franklin:

Mather Byles to B. Franklin.

Boston, 14th May, 1787.

Sir,

It is long since I had the pleasure of writing to you by Mr. Edward Church, to thank you for your friendly mention of me in a letter that I find was transmitted to the University of Aberdeen. I doubt whether you ever received it, but, under great weakness by old age and a palsy, I seize this opportunity of employing my daughter to repeat the thanks, which I aimed to express in that letter. Your Excellency is now the man, that I early expected to see you. I congratulate my country upon her having produced a Franklin, and can only add, I wish to meet you where complete felicity and we shall be for ever united. I am, my dear and early friend, your most affectionate and humble servant,

M. Byles.

P.S. I refer you to the bearer, Mr. Pierpont, to inform you how my life, and that of my daughters, have been saved by your *points*.

Mather Byles

His death occurred some months after in 1788. He left two daughters, who remained unflinching loyalists, residing together in their father's house, on the corner of Nassau and Tremont streets, which no offer would induce them to part with, taking their tea off a table at which Franklin had partaken of the same beverage, blowing their fire with a bellows two hundred years old, going to church on Sundays in dresses of the last century, until 1835, when one of them, as the story goes, died of grief, as it is supposed, at having part of the old family mansion pulled down for the improvement of the street. The survivor lived two years longer. Both were unmarried, and must have attained a good old age, as we find Dr. Byles's daughters spoken of as a couple of fine young ladies by the Rev. Jacob Bailey* in 1778.

Dr. Byles's reputation as a wit has overshadowed his just claims to regard as a pulpit orator. His published sermons, of which several are extant, some of them having reached a second and third edition, show him to have possessed a fine imagination, great skill in amplification, and great command of language combined with terseness of expression. Passages in these discourses would not do discredit to the best old English divines. Several were preached on public occasions, but are, like all his other discourses, entirely free from the political allusions in which his brother clergymen so frequently indulged. On being asked why he avoided this topic, he replied, "I have thrown up four breast-works, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced. In the first place, I do not understand politics; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politics all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place, I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance: give me any subject to preach on of more consequence than the truths I bring you, and I will preach on it the next sabbath."

In the early part of his life, before and after his ordination, Dr. Byles wrote and published the following poems:—

To his Excellency Governor Belcher, on the Death of his Lady, an Epistle. 1736, pp. 4.

On the Death of the Queen, a Poem. 1738, pp. 7.

An Elegy addressed to his Excellency Governor Belcher, on the Death of his Brother-in-law, the Hon. Daniel Oliver, Esq.; pp. 6.

The Comet, 1744, pp. 4.

The Conflagration, the God of Tempest, and Earthquake, pp. 8.

A portion of these were collected, with several others, in a small 18mo. volume of 118 pages,* in 1736, with the following brief

Preface. The Poems collected in these pages, were, for the most part, written as the amusements of looser hours, while the author belonged to the college, and was unbending his mind from severer studies in the entertainment of the classics. Most of them have been several times printed here, at London, and elsewhere, either separately or in miscellanies: and the author has now drawn them into a volume. Thus he gives up at once these lighter productions, and bids adieu to the airy Muse.

The poems are for the most part devotional or elegiac, including several hymns, verses written in Milton's Paradise Lost, To the Memory of a Young Commander slain in a battle with the Indians 1724, To an Ingenious Young Gentleman on his dedicating a poem to the author, To Pictorio on the sight of his pictures, and verses to Watts and others.

He also contributed a number of essays and occasional verses to the New England Weekly

* Jacob Bailey was born at Rowley, Mass., in 1731. He was educated at Harvard College, and after visiting England to obtain deacon and priest's orders, became a missionary in Pownalborough, Maine. Adhering to the crown at the revolution, he retired to Nova Scotia, where the remainder of his life was passed. His MS. Journal, with a portion of his correspondence, edited by the Rev. Wm. J. Bartlet of Chelsea, Mass., was published by the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society, in an octavo volume in 1853. Mr. Bartlet has incorporated the Journal in a biography of its author, in which he has introduced a large mass of interesting historical information.

* Poems on Several Occasions. By Mr. Byles. Boston, 1736.

Journal. In 1744, *A Collection of Poems by Several Hands*,* appeared in Boston. It is a capital miscellany of verses, which seem to have been floating about in periodicals or manuscript at the period. Byles no doubt contributed some of its fifty-five pages, but none of his productions are pointed out in a copy now in the possession of Mr. George Ticknor,† which bears on its title the inscription, "Th. Byles, Given her by her Father, Feb. 14, 1763," and contains several annotations in the handwriting of the original donor or owner. It is, however, easy to fix upon him the courtly answer to the following complimentary request, in which the blanks have been carefully filled up with the name of Byles.

TO ********* DESIRING TO BORROW POPE'S HOMER.

From a Lady.

The Muse now waits from * * * 's hands to press
Homer's high page, in Pope's illustrious dress:
How the pleas'd goddess triumphs to pronounce,
The names of * * *, Pope, Homer, all at once!

The Answer.

Soon as your beauteous letter I peruse,
Swift as an echo flies the answ'ring muse;
Joyful and eager at your soft commands,
To bring my Pope submissive to your hands.

Go, my dear Pope, transport th' attentive fair,
And soothe, with winning harmony, her ear.
'Twill add new graces to thy heav'nly song,
To be repeated by her gentle tongue;
Thy bright'ning page in unknown charms shall grow,
Fresh beauties bloom, and fire redoubled glow;
With sounds improv'd, thy artful numbers roll,
Soft as her love, and tuneful as her soul:
Old Homer's shade shall smile if she commend,
And Pope be proud to write, as * * * * to lend.

It also contains a long and pleasantly written poem on Commencement Day, and a few burlesque ballads probably written by Byles or Joseph Green. One of these is as follows.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF HOW THE LAMENTABLE WICKED FRENCH AND INDIAN PIRATES WERE TAKEN BY THE VALIANT ENGLISHMEN.

Good people all, pray understand
my doleful song of wo:
It tells a thing done lately, and
not very long ago.

How Frenchmen, Indians eke, a troop
(who all had drunk their eogues)
They went to take an English sloop:
O the sad pack of rogues!

The English made their party good,
each was a jolly lad:
The Indians run away for blood,
and strove to hide like mad.

Three of the fellows in a fright,
(that is to say in fears)
Leaping into the sea out-right,
sows'd over head and ears.

They on the waves in woful wise,
to swim did make a strife,

[So in a pond a kitten cries,
and dabbles for his life;

While boys about the border scud,
with brickbats and with stones;
Still dowse him deeper in the mud;
and break his little bones.]

What came of them we cannot tell,
though many things are said:
But this, besure, we know full well,
if they were drown'd they're dead.

Our men did neither cry nor squeak;
but fought like any sprites:
And this I to the honour speak
of them, the valiant wights!

O did I not the talent lack,
of 'thaniel Whittemore;
Up to the stars—i' th' almanack,
I'd cause their fame to roar.

Or could I sing like father French,
so clever and so high;
Their names should last like oaken bench,
to perpetuity.

How many pris'ners in they drew,
say, spirit of Tom Law!
Two Frenchmen, and papooses two,
three sannops, and a squaw.

The squaw, and the papooses, they
are to be left alive:
Two French, three Indian men must die:
which makes exactly five.

[Thus cypher, Sirs, you see I can,
and eke make poetry;
In commonwealth, sure such a man,
how useful must he be!]

The men were all condemn'd, and try'd,
and one might almost say,
They'l or be hang'd, or be repriev'd,
or else they'l run away.

Fair maidens, now see-saw, and wail,
and sing in doleful dumps;
And eke, ye lusty lubys all,
arise and stir your stumps.

This precious po'm shall sure be read,
In ev'ry town, I tro:
In every chimney corner said,
to Portsmouth, Boston fro.

And little children when they cry,
this ditty shall beguile;
And tho' they pout, and sob, and sigh,
shall hear, and hush, and smile.

The pretty picture too likewise,
a-top looks well enough;
Tho' nothing to the purpose 'tis,
'twill serve to set it off.

The poet will be glad, no doubt,
when all his verse shall say,
Each boy, and girl, and lass, and lout,
for ever, and for aye.

The collection also contains a number of eulogies, which show that Byles was in high favor in Boston. His reputation was not, however, confined to his own town or country, as he corresponded with Lansdowne, Watts, and Pope, the latter of whom sent him his Odyssey.

The Doctor was an inveterate punster. The Rev. Jacob Bailey, the Missionary at Pownalborough, before the Revolution, says of him, after a visit to his house, in 1778: "The perpetual

* A Collection of Poems. By Several Hands. Boston: Printed and Sold by B. Green and Company, at their Printing House in Newbury-street; and D. Gookin, in Cornhill. 1744. 4to. pp. 56.

† This, with other rarities of the kind, has been liberally placed at our disposal by Mr. Ticknor.

reach after puns renders his conversation rather distasteful to persons of ordinary elegance and refinement." And Mr. Kettell* quotes some contemporary verses to the same effect:

There's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts.
He visits folks to crack his jokes,
Which never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait and wig so great,
He walks along the streets;
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

The latter part of his parody of Joseph Green's parody on his psalm, shows that he was occasionally coarse in his jesting; but we have never heard any indelicacy or irreverence alleged against him.

The *anat* which have been preserved, show that his reputation as a wit was well deserved. There was a slough opposite his house, in which, on a certain wet day, a chaise containing two of the town council stuck fast. Dr. Byles came to his door, and saluted the officials with the remark, "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you *stirring in this matter* now."

In the year 1780, a very dark day occurred, which was long remembered as "the dark day." A lady neighbor sent her son to the Doctor to know if he could tell her the cause of the obscurity. "My dear," was the answer to the messenger, "give my compliments to your mother, and tell her that I am as much in the dark as she is."

One day a ship arrived at Boston with three hundred street lamps. The same day, the Doctor happened to receive a call from a lady whose conversational powers were not of the kind to render a long interview desirable. He availed himself of the newly arrived cargo to despatch his visitor. "Have you heard the news?" said he, with emphasis. "Oh, no! What news?" "Why three hundred new lights have come over in the ship this morning from London, and the selectmen have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately." The visitor forthwith decamped in search of the particulars of this invasion of religious liberty.

When brought before his judges at the time of his trial they requested him to sit down and warm himself. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "when I came among you, I expected persecution; but I could not think you would have offered me the fire so suddenly."

A *mot* of Byles's is related by the hospitable wits of Boston, to the visitor, as he passes by King's Chapel, in Tremont street. There are two courses of windows by which that building is lighted on its sides; the lower ones are nearly square. In allusion to this architectural peculiarity of the square embrasures of its solid walls, Byles said that he had often heard of ecclesiastical canons, but never saw the portholes before. Another, a revolutionary witticism, does justice to Byles's toryism. When the British troops, the lobsters, passed his door, after entering the town: "Ah," said he, "now our grievances will be redressed."*

His system of practical joking is said to have been as felicitous as his verbal, though rather more expensive to the victims.

The Doctor, however, occasionally met his match. A lady whom he had long courted unsuccessfully, married a gentleman by the name of Quincy. "So, madam," said the unsuccessful suitor, on meeting her afterwards, "it appears you prefer a Quincy to Byles." "Yes, for if there had been anything worse than *biles*, God would have afflicted Job with them."

He was not, however, always unsuccessful with the fair sex, as he was twice married. His first wife was a niece of Governor Belcher, and her successor, the dignity apparently diminishing with the relationship, a daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Tailer.

In person Dr. Byles was tall and well proportioned. His voice was powerful and melodious, and he was a graceful and impressive speaker.

FROM A SERMON ON THE PRESENT VILENESS OF THE BODY, AND ITS FUTURE GLORIOUS CHANGE BY CHRIST.

It is a dying body, and therefore a vile Body. Here our Bodies now stand, perhaps flourishing in all the Pride and Bloom of Youth: strong our Sinews; moist our Bones; active and supple our Joints; our Pulses beating with Vigor, and our Hearts leaping with a Profusion of Life and Energy. But oh! vain Appearance and gaudy Dream! Surely every man at his best Estate, is altogether Vanity. He walks in a vain show, he glitters with delusive Colors; he spends his years as an Idle Tale. What avails it, that he is now hardy and robust, who must quickly pant upon a Death-bed. What avails it, that his limbs are sprightly in their easy Motions, which must quickly stretch in their dying Agony. The Lips now flush'd with a Rosy Colour, will anon quiver and turn pale. The Eyes that rose with a sparkling Vivacity, will fix in a ghastly Horror. The most musical Voice will be stopp'd; and the tuneful Breath fly away. The Face where Beauty now triumphs, will appear cold, and wan, and dismal, rifled by the Hand of Death. A cold sweat will chill the Body; a hoarse Rattling will fill the Throat; the Heart will heave with Pain and Labour, and the Lungs catch for Breath, but gasp in vain. Our Friends stand in Tears about our Bed. They weep; but they cannot help us. The very water with which they would cool and moisten our parched Mouths, we receive with a hollow groan. Anon we give a Gasp, and they shriek out in Distress, "*Oh! He's Gone! He's Dead!*" The Body in that Instant stretches on the sheets, an awful Corpse.

* * * * *

It is folded in a Winding Sheet, it is nailed in a black Coffin, and it is deposited in a silent Vault, amidst Shade and Solitude. The skin breaks and moulders away; the Flesh drops in Dust from the Bones; the Bones are covered with black Mould, and Worms twist about them. The Coffins break, and the Graves sink in, and the disjointed Skeletons strews the lonely Vault.

* * * * *

But oh! what a blessed Change will the Resur-

* Specimens of American Poetry, i. 198.

† We are indebted for a few capital examples, to Tuder's Life of Otis.

* "On my return to Boston," says John Adams, in his Autobiography of the year 1768, "I found the town full of troops, and as Dr. Byles of punning memory expressed it, our grievances red-dressed." Adams's Works, ii. 318.

rection make upon our dead Bodies. Perhaps the Worms have feasted themselves upon our Last Dust; but they shall refund it, and give back every Atom; all that really belongs to our numerical Body. The Fishes perhaps have eaten the Carcase, buried in the Waves, and Lost in the Depths of the Ocean. But the sea also shall return it back, and give up the Dead which are in it. These Bodies may dissolve, and scatter among the Elements. Our Fluids may forsake their Vessels; the Solid contract, and fold up in its primitive Mininture. And even after that the little invisible Bones may moulder to finer Dust, the Dust may refine to Water, wander in a Cloud, float in a River, or be lost in the wide Sea, and undistinguished Drop among the Waves. They may be again sucked up by the Sun, and fall in a Shower upon the Earth; they may refresh the Fields with Dew, flourish in a Spire of Grass; look green in a Leaf, or gaudy in a Flower or a Blossom.

THE BUTTERFLY, A TYPE OF THE RESURRECTION; FROM THE MEDITATION OF CASSIM, THE SON OF AHMED. AN ESSAY.

What more entertaining specimen of the Resurrection is there, in the whole Circumference of Nature? Here are all the wonders of the Day in Mininture. It was once a despicable Worm, it is raised a kind of painted little Bird. Formerly it crawled along with a slow and leisurely Motion: now it flutters aloft upon its guilded Wings. How much improved is its speckled Covering, when all the Gaudiness of Colour is scattered about its Plumage. It is spangled with Gold and Silver, and has every Gem of the *Orient* sparkling among its Feathers. Here a brilliant spot, like a clear Diamond, twinkles with an unsullied Flame, and trembles with num'rous Lights, that glitter in a gay Confusion. There a Saphire casts a milder Gleam, and shews like the blue Expanse of Heaven in a fair Winter Evening. In this Place an Emerald, like the calm Ocean, displays its cheerful and vivid Green. And close by a Ruby—flames with the ripened Blush of the Morning. The Breast and Legs, like Ebony, shone with a glorious Darkness; while its expanded Wings are edged with the golden Magnificence of the Topaz. Thus the illustrious little creature is furnished with the divinest Art, and looks like an animated composition of Jewels, that blend their promiscuous Beams about him. Thus, O *Cassim*, shall the Bodies of Good Men be raised; thus shall they shine, and thus fly away.

FROM THE CONFLAGRATION.

But O! what sounds are able to convey
The wild confusions of the dreadful day!
Eternal mountains totter on their base,
And strong convulsions work the valley's face;
Fierce hurricanes on sounding pinions soar,
Rush o'er the land, on the toss'd billows roar,
And dreadful in resistless eddies driven,
Shake all the crystal battlements of heaven.
See the wild winds, big blustering in the air,
Drive through the forests, down the mountains tear,
Sweep o'er the valleys in their rapid course,
And nature bends beneath the impetuous force.
Storms rush at storms, at tempests tempests roar,
Dash waves on waves, and thunder to the shore.
Columns of smoke on heavy wings ascend,
And dancing sparkles fly before the wind.
Devouring flames, wide-waving, roar aloud,
And melted mountains flow a fiery flood:
Then, all at once, immense the fires arise,
A bright destruction wraps the crackling skies;
While all the elements to melt conspire,
And the world blazes in the final fire.
Yet shall ye, flames, the wasting globe refine,
And bid the skies with purer splendour shine,
The earth, which the prolific fires consume,
To beauty burns, and withers into bloom;
Improving in the fertile flame it lies,
Fades into form, and into vigour dies:
Fresh-dawning glories blush amidst the blaze,
And nature all renews her flowery face.
With endless charms the everlasting year
Rolls round the seasons in a full career;
Spring, ever-blooming, bids the fields rejoice,
And warbling birds try their melodious voice;
Where'er she treads, lilies unbidden blow,
Quick tulips rise, and sudden roses glow:
Her pencil paints a thousand beauteous scenes,
Where blossoms bud amid immortal greens;
Each stream, in mazes, murmurs as it flows,
And floating forests gently bend their boughs.
Thou, autumn, too, sitt'st in the fragrant shade,
While the ripe fruits blush all around thy head:
And lavish nature, with luxuriant hands,
All the soft months, in gay confusion blends.

NEW ENGLAND HYMN.

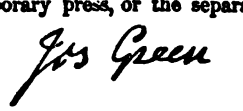
To Thee the tuneful Anthem soars,
To Thee, our Fathers' God, and our's;
  This wilderness we chose our seat:
To rights secured by equal laws
From persecution's iron claws,
  We here have sought our calm retreat.

See! how the Flocks of Jesus rise!
See! how the face of Paradise
  Blooms through the thickets of the wild
Here Liberty erects her throne;
Here Plenty pours her treasures down;
  Peace smiles, as heavenly cherubs mild.

Lord, guard thy Favors: Lord, extend
Where farther Western Suns descend;
  Nor Southern Seas the blessings bound;
Till Freedom lift her cheerful head,
Till pure Religion onward spread,
  And beaming wrap the world around.

JOSEPH GREEN.

JOSEPH GREEN, who, during the greater part of a long lifetime, maintained the reputation of being the foremost wit of his day, was born in Boston, in 1706, and took his degree at Harvard, at the age of twenty. He next engaged in business as a distiller,* and continued in mercantile pursuits for many years, thereby amassing a large fortune. Without taking a prominent part in politics, his pen was always ready when any occasion for satire presented, to improve it for the columns of the contemporary press, or the separate venture



of a pamphlet. These effusions were in smoothly written verse, and are full of humor. One of the most prominent is, *Entertainment for A Winter's Evening: being a full and true Account of a very strange and wonderful Sight seen in Boston, on the twenty-seventh of December, 1749, at noon day, the truth of which can be attested by a great number of people, who actually saw the same with their own eyes, by me, the Hon. B. B. Esq.* This long title is a prelude to a poem of some dozen loosely printed octavo pages only, in which the celebration of a masonic festival in a church

* "Ambition fired the 'stiller's pate."—*Dyer.*

is satirized: the procession to the place of assemblage; the sermon heard; the adjournment to a tavern, and the junketing which followed, being the subject matter, the writer evidently regarding a place of public worship as an incongruous locality for such an assemblage. It is thus summed up in the opening lines:—

O Muse renown'd for story-telling,
Fair Clio, leave thy airy dwelling.
Now while the streams like marble stand,
Hell fast by winter's icy hand;
Now while the hills are cloth'd in snow;
Now while the keen north-west winds blow;
From the bleak fields and chilling air
Unto the warmer hearth repair:
Where friends in cheerful circle met
In social conversation sit.
Come, goddess, and our ears regale
With a diverting Christmas tale.
O come, and in thy verse declare
Who were the men, and what they were,
And what their names, and what their fame,
And what the cause for which they came
To house of God from house of ale,
And how the parson told his tale:
How they return'd, in manner odd,
To house of ale from house of God.

Another of his poems is, *A Mournful Lamentation for the Death of Mr. Old Tenor*, written after a change in the currency. He was also a contributor with Byles, and others, to "A Collection of Poems, by several hands," published at Boston, in 1744. *An Elegy on the long-expected death of Old Janus* (the New England Weekly Courant) is no doubt from the pen of one of the two wits, whose productions it is not always easy to distinguish, and whose talents were combined in a wit combat which excited much merriment at the time. It arose from the desire of Governor Belcher to secure the good company of Dr. Byles in a visit by sea to some Indian tribes on the eastern coast of the province. Byles declined his invitation, and the Governor set sail from Boston, alone, on a Saturday, dropping anchor before the castle in the bay, for Sunday. Here he persuaded the chaplain to exchange pulpits with the eloquent Doctor, whom he invited on board in the afternoon, to tea. On leaving the cabin at the conclusion of the repast, he found himself, to his surprise, at sea, with a fair wind, the anchor having been weighed while he was talking over the cheering cup. Return was out of the question, and the Doctor, whose good-natured countenance seems to indicate that he could take as well as give a joke, no doubt made himself contented and agreeable. On the following Sunday, in preparing for divine service, it was found that there was no hymn-book on board, and to meet the emergency, Byles composed a few verses. On their return Green wrote an account of this impromptu, with a parody upon it, to which Byles responded, by a poem and parody in return. The whole will be found at the conclusion of this article.

Green's satire was universally directed against arbitrary power, and in favor of freedom. He frequently parodied the addresses of Governor Belcher, who, it is supposed, stood in some awe of his pen. In 1774, after the withdrawal of the charter of Massachusetts by the British Parliament, the councillors of the province were appointed by the crown, instead of as heretofore being chosen by popular election. One of these appointments was tendered to Green, but immediately declined by him. He did not, however, take any active part on the popular side, the quiet, retiring habit of his mind, combining with the infirmities of his advanced years, as an inducement to repose. In 1775 he sailed for England, where he passed the remainder of his life in a secluded but not inhospitable retirement. He died in 1780. A humorous epitaph written on Green by one of his friends, in 1743, indicates the popular appreciation of his talents:

Siste Viator, here lies one,
Whose life was whim, whose soul was pun,
And if you go too near his hearse,
He'll joke you, both in prose and verse.

HYMN WRITTEN DURING A VOYAGE.

Great God thy works our wonder raise;
To thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies and winds, and rocks and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to thee the tempests roar,
Or softer breezes tune thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

Round thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hands their joys bestow,
Through all the blushing coral groves,
These silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves and downward glide,
Anon heaven opens all its eyes,
And star-beams tremble o'er the tide.

Each various scene, or day or night,
Lord! points to thee our nourish'd soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight;
So the touch'd needle courts the pole.

In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning at his tea,
Alas! that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at sea.

Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet fail'd.

He sat awhile and stroked his muse,*
Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring brethren.

The task perform'd, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board.

Most serious Christians do aver,
(Their credit sure we may rely on,)
In former times that after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

Our modern parson having pray'd,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book and said,
"Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles."

---

* Byles's favorite cat, so named by his friends.

At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downward hung.
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung.

THE PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play
And crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode.
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
And eels, and perch, and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free,
So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds and tempests rise.
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
And lower sinks than hell.

Our heads the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new-dropp'd calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amarescoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of Penobscot.

PARODY BY MATHER BYLES.

In Byles's works an oversight
Green spy'd, as once he smok'd his chunk;
Alas! that Byles should never write
A song to sing, when folks are drunk.

Thus in the chimney on his block,
Ambition fir'd the 'stiller's pate;
He summon'd all his little stock,
The poet's volume to complete.

Long paus'd the lout, and scratch'd his skull,
Then took his chalk [he own'd no pen,]
And scrawl'd some doggrel, for the whole
Of his flip-drinking brethren.

The task perform'd—not to content—
Ill chosen was each Grub-street word;
Strait to the tavern club he went,
To hear it bellow'd round the board.

Unknown delights his ears explore,
Inur'd to midnight caterwauls,
To hear his hoarse companions roar,
The horrid thing his dulness scrawls.

The club, if fame we may rely on,
Conven'd, to hear the drunken catch,
At the three-horse-shoes, or red lion—
Tipling began the night's debauch.

The little 'stiller took the pint
Full fraught with flip and songs obscene,
And, after a long stutt'ring, meant
To sing a song of Josy Green.

Soon as with stam'ring tongue, to read
The drunken ballad, he began,
The club from clam'ring strait recede,
To hear him roar the thing alone.

SONG.

With vast amazement we survey
The can so broad, so deep,
Where punch succeeds to strong sangree,
Both to delightful flip.

Drink of all smacks, inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode;
Here's rum, and sugar, and small beer,
In a continual flood.

From cruel thoughts and conscience free,
From dram to dram we pass:
Our cheeks, like apples, ruddy be;
Our eyeballs look like glass.

At once, like furies up we rise,
Our raging passions swell;
We hurl the bottle to the skies,
But why, we cannot tell.

Our brains a tott'ring motion feel,
And quickly we become
Sick, as with negro steaks,* and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

Thus lost in deep tranquillity,
We sit, supine and sot,
Till we two moons distinctly see—
Come give us t'other pot.

Dr. Byles's cat, alluded to in the piece just quoted, received the compliment of an elegy at her decease, which is stated, in an early manuscript copy in the Philadelphia library, to be written by Joseph Green. The excellence of the lines will, perhaps, embalm grimalkin in a more than Egyptian perpetuity, and give her claim to rank, at a humble distance, with the great ones of her race: "Tyb our cat," of Gammer Gurton's Needle, the sportive companion of Montaigne in his tower,† and the grimalkin who so demurely graces the top of the great arm-chair of the famous Dr. Syntax. Our copy is taken from the London Magazine of November, 1733, where it is introduced by a request for its insertion by a subscriber, and is accompanied by the psalm and parodies already quoted.

THE POET'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS CAT, WHICH HE USED TO CALL HIS MUSE.

Felis quondam delicium erat cujusdam Adolescentis.
Æsop.

Oppress'd with grief in heavy strains I mourn
The partner of my studies from me torn.
How shall I sing? what numbers shall I chuse?
For in my fav'rite cat I've lost my muse.
No more I feel my mind with raptures fir'd,
I want those airs that Puss so oft inspir'd;
No crowding thoughts my ready fancy fill,
Nor words run fluent from my easy quill;
Yet shall my verse deplore her cruel fate,
And celebrate the virtues of my cat.
In acts obscene she never took delight;
No caterwauls disturb'd our sleep by night;
Chaste as a virgin, free from every stain,
And neighb'ring cats mew'd for her love in vain.
She never thirsted for the chickens' blood;
Her teeth she only used to chew her food;
Harmless as satires which her master writes,
A foe to scratching, and unused to bites,
She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sat.
Whene'er I felt my tow'ring fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail;

* This, says an original note appended to the poem, alludes to what passed at a convivial club to which Mr. Green belonged, where steaks cut from the rump of a dead negro were imposed on the company for beef, and when the imposition was discovered a violent expectoration ensued.

† As Montaigne playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass.
Hudibras, pt. i. c. i. v. 89-9.

And as I stroked improv'd my dying song
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue:
Her purrs and mews so evenly kept time,
She purr'd in metre, and she mew'd in rhyme.
But when my dulness has too stubborn prov'd,
Nor could by Puss's music be remov'd,
Oft to the well-known volumes have I gone,
And stole a line from Pope or Addison.
Ofttimes when lost amidst poetic heat,
She leaping on my knee has took her seat;
There saw the throes that rock'd my lab'ring brain,
And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again.
Then, friends, indulge my grief, and let me mourn,
My cat is gone, ah! never to return.
Now in my study, all the tedious night,
Alone I sit, and unassisted write;
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain),
And view the num'rous labors of my brain;
Those quires of words array'd in pompous rhyme,
Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,
Now undefended and unwatch'd by cats,
Are doom'd a victim to the teeth of rats.

Green, like Byles, and almost all men of true humor, could pass from gay to grave with grace and feeling. The *Eclogue Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew*,* which is attributed to him, amply meets the requirements of its occasion. It is fully described in the prefatory argument.

"Fidelio and Duleius, young men of a liberal education, who maintained a great esteem and affectionate regard for the deceased, were separated from each other for several years. Fidelio, after a long absence, pays an early visit to Duleius, his friend and former companion, whom he finds in his bower, employed in study and contemplation. Their meeting begins with mutual tokens of love and affection; after which they enter into a discourse expressing the beautiful appearance of the summer season, and their admiration of the works of Providence; representing, at the same time, the beautiful but short-lived state of the flowers; from whence Fidelio takes occasion to draw a similitude typical of the frailty and uncertainty of human life; he observes the stalk of a vine which has been lately struck by thunder. This providential event reminds Fidelio of the afflictive dispensation of the law of God in the death of a late useful and worthy pastor, which he reveals to his companion. They, greatly dejected, bewail the loss of so trusty, useful, and worthy a man, but mutually console each other, by representing the consummate happiness which saints enjoy upon their admission to the mansions of immortal felicity. They conclude with an ode, expressing a due submission to the will of Heaven."

We quote this conclusion.

ODE.

Parent of all! thou source of light!
Whose will seraphic powers obey,
The heavenly Nine, as one unite,
And thee their vow'd obeisance pay.

Permit us, Lord, to consecrate
Our first ripe fruits of early days,
To thee, whose care to us is great,
Whose love demands our constant praise.

Thy sovereign wisdom form'd the plan,
Almighty power, which none control;
Then rais'd this noble structure, man,
And gave him an immortal soul.

All earthly beings here who move,
Experience thy paternal care,
And feel the influence of thy love,
Which sweetens life from year to year.

Thou hast the keys of life and death,
The springs of future joys and bliss;
And when thou lock'st our door of breath,
Frail life and all its motions cease.

Our morn of years which smile in bloom,
And those arriv'd at eve of age,
Must bow beneath thy sovereign doom,
And quit this frail, this mortal stage.

In all we see thy sovereign sway,
Thy wisdom guides the ruling sun;
Submissive, we thy power obey,
In all we own "thy will is done."

O may our thoughts superior rise,
To things of sense which here we crave;
May we with care that int'rest prize,
Which lies so far beyond the grave.

Conduct us safe through each event,
And changing scene of life below;
Till we arrive where days are spent
In joys which can no changes know.

Lord, in thy service us employ,
And when we've served thee here on earth
Receive us hence to realms of joy,
To join with those of heavenly birth.

May we from angels learn to sing,
The songs of high seraphic strain;
Then mount aloft on cherubs' wings,
And soar to worlds that cease from pain.

With angels, seraphs, saints above,
May we thy glorious praise display
And sing of thy redeeming love,
Through the revolves of endless day.

* An Eclogue Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Mayhew, who departed this life July 9, anno salutis humanæ 1766, ætatis 46.

The wise, the just, the pious, and the brave,
Live in their deaths, and flourish in the grave,
Grain hid in earth repays the peasant's care,
And evening suns but rise to set more fair.

Boston: printed by Thomas and John Fleet.

JOHN CALLENDER.

JOHN CALLENDER, the first historian of Rhode Island, was born in Boston in the year 1706. He entered Harvard at the age of thirteen, and graduated in 1723. In 1727 he was licensed to

preach by the first Baptist Church in Boston, of which his uncle, Elisha Callender, was pastor, having succeeded Ellis Callender, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, in the same office. In August, 1728, he accepted a call to the Baptist church in Swansey, Massachusetts, where he remained until February, 1730. He was next after settled over the first Baptist church at Newport, where he continued until his death, after a lingering illness, January 26, 1748. Soon after his removal to Newport he became a member of a literary and philosophical society established in the place, at the instigation, it is supposed, of Dean Berkeley, in 1730, afterwards incorporated in 1747, with the title, in consequence of the dona-

tion of five hundred pounds sterling by Abraham Redwood, of "the Company of the Redwood Library."

In 1739 Mr. Callender published *An Historical Discourse on the civil and religious affairs of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England, in America, from the first settlement*, 1638, *to the end of the first century*. It was delivered on the twenty-fourth of March, 1738, the first centennial anniversary of the cession of Aquedneck or Rhode Island by the sachems Cannonicus and Miantunnomu, "unto Mr. Coddington and his friends united unto him."* It occupies one hundred and twenty octavo pages in the reprint by the Rhode Island Historical Society, and contains a concise and temperate statement of the difficulties with the Massachusetts colonists which led to the formation of the settlement, its early struggles, its part in King Philip's war, and of its social and ecclesiastical affairs. He dwells with just satisfaction on the liberal principles of the colony.

I do not know there was ever before, since the world came into the Church, such an instance, as the settlement of this Colony and Island. In other States, the civil magistrate had for ever a public driving in the particular schemes of faith, and modes of worship; at least, by negative discouragements, by annexing the rewards of honor and profit to his own opinions; and generally, the subject was bound by penal laws, to believe that set of doctrines, and to worship God in that manner, the magistrate pleased to prescribe. Christian magistrates would unaccountably assume to themselves the same authority in religious affairs, which any of the Kings of Judah, or Israel, exercised, either by usurpation, or by the immediate will and inspiration of God, and a great deal more too. As if the becoming Christian gave the magistrate any new right or authority over his subjects, or over the Church of Christ; and as if that because they submitted personally to the authority and government of Christ in his word, that therefore they might clothe themselves with his authority; or rather, take his sceptre out of his hand, and lord it over God's heritage. It is lamentable that pagans and infidels allow more liberty to Christians, than they were wont to allow to one another. It is evident, the civil magistrate, as such, can have no authority to decree articles of faith, and to determine modes of worship, and to interpret the laws of Christ for his subjects, but what must belong to all magistrates; but no magistrate can have more authority over conscience, than what is necessary to preserve the public peace, and that can be only to prevent one sect from oppressing another, and to keep the peace between them. Nothing can be more evidently proved, than "the right of private judgment for every man, in the affairs of his own salvation," and that both from the plainest principles of reason, and the plainest declarations of the scripture. This is the foundation of the Reformation, of the Christian religion, of all religion, which necessarily implies choice and judgment. But I need not labor a point, that has been so often demonstrated so many ways. Indeed, as every man believes his own opinions the best, because the truest, and ought charitably to wish all others of the same opinion, it must seem reasonable the magistrate should have a public leading in religious affairs, but as he almost for ever exceeds the due bounds, and as error prevails ten times more than truth in the world, the interest of truth and the right of private judgment seem better secured, by a universal toleration that shall suppress all profaneness and immorality, and preserve every party in the free and undisturbed liberty of their consciences, while they continue quiet and dutiful subjects to the State.

Callender published a sermon in the same year at the ordination of Mr. Jeremiah Condy, to the care of the Baptist Church in Boston, in 1741, on the advantages of early religion, before a society of young men at Newport, and in 1745 on the death of his friend the Rev. Mr. Clap. He also formed a collection of papers relative to the history of the Baptists in America.

Callender was married February 15, 1730, to Elizabeth Hardin of Swansey, Massachusetts. He is described as of medium stature, with regular features, a fair complexion, and agreeable manners.

The Centennial Discourse was reprinted in 1838, a century after its first publication, by the Rhode Island Historical Society, with a large number of valuable notes by the Vice-President of the association, the Rev. Romeo Elton, D.D., of Brown University. It contains a memoir, which has formed the chief authority of the present article.

* Deed of Conveyance.

JANE TURELL.

JANE, the only daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Colman, of Boston, was born in that city, February 25, 1708. She early displayed precocious mental power, as before her second year she could speak distinctly, say her letters, and tell stories out of the Scriptures, to the satisfaction of Gov. Dudley, and others around the table,* and two years later could repeat the greater part of the Assembly's Catechism, many of the psalms, long passages of poetry, reading with fluency and commenting in a pertinent manner on what she read. At the age of eleven she composed the following

HYMN.

I fear the great Eternal One above;
The God of Grace, the God of love:
He to whom Seraphims Hallelujah sing,
And Angels do their Songs and Praises bring.
Happy the Soul that does in Heaven rest,
Where with his Saviour he is ever blest;
With heavenly joys and rapture is possest,
No thoughts but of his God inspire his breast.
Happy are they that walk in Wisdom's ways,
That tread her path, and shine in all her rays.

Her poetical attempts were encouraged by her father, who frequently addressed rhymed letters to her, and says: "I grew by degrees into such an opinion of her good taste, that when she put me upon translating a psalm or two, I was ready to excuse myself, and if I had not fear'd to displease her, should have denied her request." He "talked into her all he could, in the most free and endearing manner," and led her to the study of the best models of composition, advantages of which she availed herself with such avidity that she spent entire nights in reading, and before the

* Turell's Memoir.

age of eighteen had devoured all the English poetry and prose in her father's well furnished library.

She married the Rev. Ebenezer Turell, of Medford, Mass., August 11th, 1726. She continued to compose in verse, and wrote, after her marriage, eulogies on Sir Richard Blackmore's Works, and on "the Incomparable Mr. Waller;" *An Invitation into the Country in Imitation of Horace*, and some prose pieces. Her health had been from her infancy extremely delicate, and she died March 26th, 1735, at the early age of twenty-seven years. Her poems were in the same year collected, and published by her husband.*

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY, IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

From the soft shades, and from the balmy sweets
Of Medford's flowery vales and green retreats,
Your absent Delia to her father sends,
And prays to see him ere the Summer ends.

Now while the earth 's with beauteous verdure dyed,
And Flora paints the meads in all her pride;
While laden trees Pomona's bounty own,
And Ceres' treasures do the fields adorn,
From the thick smokes, and noisy town, O come,
And in these plains awhile forget your home.

Though my small incomes never can afford,
Like wealthy Celsus to regale a lord;
No ivory tables groan beneath the weight
Of sumptuous dishes, served in massy plate:
The forest ne'er was search'd for food for me,
Nor from my hounds the timorous hare does flee:
No leaden thunder strikes the fowl in air,
Nor from my shaft the winged death do fear:
With silken nets I ne'er the lakes despoil,
Nor with my bait the larger fish beguile.
No luscious sweetmeats, by my servants plac'd
In curious order, e'er my table grac'd;
To please the taste, no rich Burgundian wine,
In chrystal glasses on my sideboard shine;
The luscious sweets of fair Canary's isle
Ne'er filled my casks, nor in my flagons smile:
No wine, but what does from my apples flow,
My frugal house on any can bestow:
Except when Cæsar's birthday does return,
And joyful fires throughout the village burn;
Then moderate each takes his cheerful glass,
And our good wishes to Augustus pass.

But though rich dainties never spread my board,
Nor my cool vaults Calabrian wines afford;
Yet what is neat and wholesome I can spread,
My good fat bacon and our homely bread,
With which my healthful family is fed.
Milk from the cow, and butter newly churn'd,
And new fresh cheese, with curds and cream just turn'd.
For a dessert upon my table 's seen
The golden apple, and the melon green;
The blushing peach and glossy plum there lies,
And with the mandrake tempt your hands and eyes.

These I can give, and if you 'll here repair,
To slake your thirst a cask of Autumn beer,
Reserv'd on purpose for your drinking here.

Under the spreading elms our limbs we'll lay,
While fragrant Zephyrs round our temples play.
Retir'd from courts and crowds, secure we 'll set,
And freely feed upon our country treat.
No noisy faction here shall dare intrude,
Or once disturb our peaceful solitude.

No stately beds my humble roofs adorn
Of costly purple, by carved panthers borne;
Nor can I boast Arabia's rich perfumes,
Diffusing odors through our stately rooms.
For me no fair Egyptian plies the loom,
But my fine linen all is made at home.
Though I no down or tapestry can spread,
A clean soft pillow shall support your head,
Fill'd with the wool from off my tender sheep,
On which with ease and safety you may sleep.
The nightingale shall lull you to your rest,
And all be calm and still as is your breast.

TO MY MUSE. DEC. 29, 1725. AGED 17 YEARS.

Come, Gentle Muse, and once more lend thine Aid;
O bring thy Succour to a humble Maid!
How often dost thou liberally dispense
To our dull Breast thy quick'ning Influence!
By thee inspir'd, I'll cheerful tune my Voice,
And Love and sacred Friendship make my Choice.
In my pleas'd Bosom you can freely pour,
A greater Treasure than *Jove's* Golden Shower.
Come now, fair Muse, and fill my empty mind,
With rich Ideas, great and unconfin'd;
Instruct me in those secret Arts that lie
Unseen to all but to a Poet's Eye.
O let me burn with *Sappho's* noble Fire,
But not like her for faithless man expire;
And let me rival great *Orinda's* Fame,
Or like sweet *Philomela's* be my name.
Go lead the way, my Muse, nor must you stop,
'Till we have gain'd *Parnassus'* shady Top;
'Till I have viewed those fragrant soft Retreats,
Those fields of Bliss, the Muse's sacred Seats.
I'll then devote thee to fair Virtue's Fame,
And so be worthy of a Poet's name.

The Rev. Ebenezer Turell, a member of the class of 1721, of Harvard, was ordained in 1724, and continued minister of Medford until his death, December 5, 1778, at the age of seventy-six. He published the life of Dr. Colman in 1749, and left, in manuscript, an account of a supposed case of witchcraft, which he exposes in an ingenious and sensible manner. This he accompanies with some advice touching superstitious practices in vogue, in which he says:

Young people would do wisely now to lay aside their foolish books, their trifling ballads, and all romantic accounts of dreams and trances, senseless palmistry and groundless astrology. Don't so much as look into these things. Read those that are useful to increase you in knowledge, human and divine, and which are more entertaining to an ingenious mind. Truth is the food of an immortal soul. Feed not any longer on the fabulous husks of falsehood. Never use any of the devil's playthings; there are much better recreations than legerdemain tricks. Turn not the sieve, &c., to know futurities; 'tis one of the greatest mercies of heaven that we are ignorant of them. You only gratify Satan, and invite him into your company to deceive you. Nothing that appears by this means is to be depended on.

The horse-shoe is a vain thing, and has no natural tendency to keep off witches or evil spirits from the houses or vessels they are nailed to. If Satan should by such means defend you from lesser dangers, 'tis to make way for greater ones, and get fuller possession of your hearts. 'Tis an evil thing to hang witch papers on the neck for the cure of the ague, to bind up the weapon instead of the wound, and

* Memoirs of the Life and Death of the Pious and Ingenious Mrs. Jane Turell, who expired at Medford, March 26, 1735, Ætat. 27, chiefly collected from her own manuscripts. Boston, N.E., 1735.

many things of the like nature, which some in the world are fond of.

JOHN SECCOMB.

JOHN SECCOMB, a descendant of Richard Seccomb, who settled in the town of Lynn, was a son of Peter Seccomb, of Medford, Mass., where he was born in April, 1708. He was graduated at Harvard College, in 1728. In 1733 he was ordained minister of the town of Harvard. He appears to have discharged the duties of his office acceptably up to the period of his resignation in 1757. He became, about six years after, the minister of a dissenting congregation in Chester, Nova Scotia, where he remained until his death in 1793.

He published an Ordination Sermon in Nova Scotia, and a Discourse on the Funeral of the Consort of Jonathan Belcher.* *Father Abbey's Will* was sent out to England by Governor Belcher, and published both in the Gentleman's Magazine and European Magazines in May, 1732. It was reprinted in the Massachusetts Magazine for November, 1794, with a notice attributing the authorship to John Seccomb. A correspondent having disputed the statement, and asserted that the production belonged to the Rev. Joseph Seccomb, of Kingston, N. H., the editor of the Magazine wrote as follows.

From Thaddeus Mason, Esq., of Cambridge, the only surviving classmate and very intimate friend of the Rev. John Seccombe, the public may be assured the *he*, the long reputed, was the *real* author. His brother Joseph, though a lively genius, never pretended to write poetry; but Mr. Mason was furnished with several poetical effusions of his classmate's. They commenced an early correspondence. And through this channel flowed many a tuneful ditty. One of these letters, dated "Cambridge, Sep. 27, 1728," the editor has before him. It is a most humorous narrative of the fate of a goose roasted at "Yankee Hastings," and it concludes with a poem on the occasion, in the mock heroic. * * * Mr. Mason wonders there have been any doubts respecting the *real author* of this witty production. He is able and ready, were it necessary, to give more circumstantial, explicit, and positive evidence than the present writing.

The editor of a recent reprint of Father Abbey's Will, though unable to trace the "mock heroic," gives us a pleasant account of the possible previous history of its savory subject.

We know not what has become of the letter or of the "mock heroic," and we cannot speak with certainty of the circumstances to which they owed their origin. But the following facts may shed some light thereon. The author resided in Cambridge after he graduated. In common with all who had received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and not that of Master of Arts, he was called "Sir," and known as "Sir Seccomb." In the autumn after his graduation, several geese disappeared at different times from Cambridge Common. The loss occasioned great discomfort to the owner. Some of the "Sirs," as well as undergraduates were arraigned before the college government. At length several of them were fined seven shillings apiece for being privy to and taking the "third" goose, and one of them was fined three shillings more for "lying" about it. On the morning of Nov. 28, 1728, the sentence was announced. This was done in the college hall, after the reading and before the prayer, and a suitable amount of admonition was given against the immoralities condemned. The rogues were required to indemnify the owner, and the one who first proposed to steal the first goose, and being concerned in stealing and eating the "three geese taken on the Common," was sent from college. How much this had to do with the inspiration of the letter and the "mock heroic" is not known; but the writer was a "Sir," and without doubt was well acquainted with the facts in the case.

Father Abbey was Matthew Abdy. He was born about 1650, the son of a fisherman who lived about Boston harbor, and, according to the record in President Leverett's Diary, was "appointed sweeper and bed-maker upon probation," Feb. 19, 1718. By another College authority we find that he also held the responsible office of bottle-washer, as Tutor Flint in his private Diary and Account-book, writes:

May 25, 1725, Paid Abdy 3sh., for washing a groce of Bottles.

A second entry on the subject suggests some doubts of his faithfulness:

April 10*th*, 1727. Abdy washed 10 doz. and 5 bottles as he says, tho' w'n he brought them up he reckoned but 9 doz. and 1, at 4d. pd down. Total, 3sh. 8d.

In the third and last, there is no question raised:

April 27, 1730. Paid Abdy 4sh., for washing a groce of bottles.

Abdy, and his wife Ruth, were baptized and admitted to church membership in Cambridge, February 25, 1727–8. Ruth, after the death of Matthew, remained a widow, unmoved by the passionate strains of Seccomb's second poem. The Boston Evening Post of Monday, December 13, 1762, contains her obituary.

Cambridge, Dec. 10. Yesterday died here in a very advanced age Mrs. Abdy, Sweeper for very many years at Harvard College, and well known to all that have had an education here within the present century. She was relict of Matthew Abdy, Sweeper, well known to the learned world by his last Will and Testament.

The Cambridge City Records give her age as 93.

Father Abbey's Will and the Letter to his Widow have been published in a single sheet broadside, and have been recently reprinted with notice of all the persons and places concerned in the matters which partake largely of the wit of their subject, by John Langdon Sibley, of Harvard, in the Cambridge Chronicle of 1854.

FATHER ABBEY'S WILL:

To which is now added, a letter of Courtship to his virtuous and amiable Widow.

Cambridge, December, 1730.

Some time since died here, Mr. Matthew Abbey, in a very advanced age: He had for a great number

* A Sermon preached at Halifax, July 2, 1770, at the Ordination of the Rev. Bruin Romcas Comingoe, to the Dutch Calvinistic Presbyterian Congregation, at Lunenburg, by John Seccomb, of Chester, A.M., being the first preached in the province of Nova Scotia, on such an occasion, to which is added an Appendix. Halifax: A. Henry, 1770. A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Honorable Abigail Belcher, late consort of Jonathan Belcher, Esq., late Lt. Gov. and Com. in Chief, and His Majesty's present Ch. J. of his province of Nova Scotia, del. at Halifax, in the said province, Oct. 20, 1771, by John Seccomb, of Chester, A.M., with an Epistle by Mather Byles, D.D. Boston: T. & J. Fleet.

of years served the College in quality of Bedmaker and Sweeper: Having no child, his wife inherits his whole estate, which he bequeathed to her by his last will and testament, as follows, viz.:

TO my dear wife
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her,
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
A long cart rope,
A frying pan and kettle,
An ashes pale,
A threshing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden pears,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay,
On which I lay,
An old saucepan for butter.

A little mug,
A two quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,
A looking glass
To see your face,
You'll find it very handy.

A musket true,
As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
A leather sash,
My calabash,
My powder horn and bullet.

An old sword blade,
A garden spade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A close-stool pan,
A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
My old ram cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woollen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning.

A small tooth comb,
An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid,
Strip'd down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spunyarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden stuff,
A quantity of borage,
Some devil's weed,
And burdock seed,
To season well your porridge.

A chafing dish,
With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carved,
My little dog,
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus father Abbey left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation,
To serve the college in his station.

Newhaven, January 2, 1731.

Our sweeper having lately buried his spouse, and accidentally hearing of the death and will of his deceased Cambridge brother, has conceived a violent passion for the relict. As love softens the mind and disposes to poetry, he has ess'd himself in the following strains, which he transmits to the charming widow, as the first essay of his love and courtship.

MISTRESS Abbey
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me,
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then gentle dame,
Admit my flame,
And grant me my petition,
If you deny,
Alas! I die,
In pitiful condition.

Before the news
Of your dear spouse
Had reach'd us at Newhaven,
My dear wife dy'd,
Who was my bride,
In anno eighty-seven.

Thus being free,
Let's both agree
To join our hands, for I do
Boldly aver
A widower
Is fittest for a widow.

You may be sure
'Tis not your dow'r
I make this flowing verse on;
In these smooth lays
I only praise
The glories of your person.

For the whole that
Was left by *Mat.*
Fortune to me has granted

In equal store,
I've one thing more
Which Matthew long had wanted.

No teeth, 'tis true
You have to shew,
The young think teeth inviting.
But, silly youths!
I love those mouths
Where there's no fear of biting.

A leaky eye,
That's never dry,
These woful times is fitting.
A wrinkled face
Adds solemn grace
To folks devout at meeting.

[A furrowed brow,
Where corn might grow,
Such fertile soil is seen in't,
A long hook nose,
Tho' scorn'd by foes,
For spectacles convenient.]*

Thus to go on
I would put down
Your charms from head to foot,
Set all your glory
In verse before ye,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haste away,
And make no stay;
For soon as you come hither,
We'll eat and sleep,
Make beds and sweep
And talk and smoke together.

But if, my dear,
I must move there,
Tow'rds Cambridge straight I'll set me
To touse the hay
On which you lay,
If age and you will let me.

A clever imitation of Father Abbey's Will, entitled "Ned Wealthy's Last Will and Testament," appears in the London Magazine for August, 1734. It copies the incongruous associations with some coarse additions, but must yield in humor to the original.

Since all men must
Return to dust,
From which they first did spring:
I give my gear,
From debts quite clear
In manner following.

But lest hot broils,
And endless toils,
'Bout my effects arise;
Half to my Sue,
Half to my Prue,
I frankly here devise.

My thrice sol'd shoes,
My Sunday hose,
A jacket made of leather;
An old straw bed,
That serv'd poor Ned.
In boisterous stormy weather, &c.

* "We think this stanza may be an interpolation. It is found in the London Magazine; but not in the Gentleman's Magazine or on the Broadside."

JOHN BEVERIDGE.

JOHN BEVERIDGE, the author of a volume of Latin verses, was a native of Scotland, where he commenced his career as a schoolmaster in Edinburgh. One of his pupils was the blind poet Blacklock, to whom he afterwards addressed some English lines, in which he gives the motives which induced him to attempt poetry, with a Latin translation of his friend's version of the 104th Psalm.

In 1752 he removed to New England, where he remained five years, and became intimate with Dr. Mayhew and other leading men of that city. In 1758 he was appointed Professor of Languages in the college and academy of Philadelphia. Alexander Graydon,* who was one of his pupils, says "he retained the smack of his vernacular tongue in its primitive purity," and has preserved the memory, in his Memoirs, of some schoolboy anecdotes which show that he was a poor disciplinarian. One of the larger boys once pulled off his wig under pretence of brushing off a fly from it, and a still greater liberty was indulged in one afternoon, by suddenly closing the door and windows and pelting the master with dictionaries. "This most intolerable outrage," says Graydon, "had a run of several days, and was only put a stop to by the vigorous interference of the faculty." Beveridge, "diminutive in his stature, and neither young nor vigorous," being unable to administer corporal punishment efficiently, "after exhausting himself in the vain attempt to denude the delinquent, was generally glad to compound for a few strokes over his clothes, on any part that was accessible."

Beveridge published, in 1765, a collection of Latin poems, *Epistolæ Familiares et alia quædam miscellanea*.† The book is dedicated in Latin to the provincial dignitaries, Penn, Allan, Hamilton, Smith, and Alison. Next follow lines by A. Alexander,‡ "On Mr. Beveridge's Poetical Performances"—a few of which we quote.

* Graydon's Memoirs, 35. Graydon also went to school to another writer of some note in his day, David James Dove. Dove sadly belied his name, his chief reputation being that of a savage satirist. He was born in England, and it is said figures in a book mentioned in Boswell's Johnson, "The Life and Adventures of the Chevalier Taylor." Dove was English teacher in the Philadelphia Academy, but, quarrelling with the trustees, took charge of the Germantown Academy on its organization in 1762. He soon got into a quarrel here also, and started an opposition school in a house which he built on an adjoining lot. The enterprise shortly fell through.

Dove applied his humor to the management of his school as well as to the composition of his satires. "His birch," says Graydon, "was rarely used in canonical method, but was generally stuck into the back part of the collar of the unfortunate culprit, who, with this badge of disgrace towering from his nape like a broom at the mast-head of a vessel for sale, was compelled to take his stand upon the top of the form, for such a period of time as his offence was thought to deserve." Boys who were late in appearing in the morning were waited upon by a deputation of scholars and escorted with bell and lighted lantern through the streets to school. He was once late himself, and submitted with a good grace to the same attentions, which his pupils did not lose an opportunity of bestowing.

Dove's satires have passed away with the incidents and personages which gave them birth. They appeared in the periodicals of the day.

† Epistolæ Familiares et Alia quædam miscellanea. Familiar Epistles, and other Miscellaneous Pieces—wrote originally in Latin verse. By John Beveridge, A.M., Professor of Languages in the Academy of Philadelphia. To which are added several translations into English verse, by different Hands, &c. Philadelphia, printed for the Author by William Bradford, 1765. 88 8vo. pages, 16 of which are closely printed.

‡ Alexander, a fine classical scholar, was appointed a tutor in the college after he was graduated, but, becoming involved in pecuniary embarrassments, quitted the city soon after entering upon his duties.—Fisher's Early Poets of Pa.

If music sweet delight your ravish'd ear,
No music's sweeter than the numbers here.
In former times fam'd Maro smoothly sung,
But still he warbled in his native tongue;
His tow'ring thoughts and soft enchanting lays
Long since have crown'd him with immortal bays;
But ne'er did Maro such high glory seek
As to excel Maeonides in Greek.
Here you may view a bard of modern time,
Who claims fair Scotland as his native clime,
Contend with Flaccus on the Roman Lyre,
His humour catch and glow with kindred fire.
When some gay rural landscape proves his theme,
Some sweet retirement or some silver stream;
Nature's unfolded in his melting song,
The brooks in softer murmurs glide along,
The gales blow gentler thro' the nestling trees,
More aromatic fragrance fills the breeze:
Tiber, the theme of many a bard's essay,
Is sweetly rival'd here in Casco Bay.

The epistles are forty-six in number, two of which are in English. The forty-third is addressed, "Ad præcellentiss. Tho. Penn. Pennsylvaniæ Proprietarium, seu (Latine) Dominum." Of the two in English the second is addressed to Thomas Blacklock, "the celebrated blind poet, who was taught his Latin by the author," as he informs us in a note. The first is so pleasantly written that it will bear quotation in part.

TO ********.

Dear Sir, methinks I see you smile,
To find the muse does you beguile,
Stealing upon you by a wile,
And in a dress unusual;
Know then she's fond, in her new cloth,
To visit you and madam both:
Then treat her kindly, she is loath
To meet with a refusal.

In the enjoyment of your wife,
She wishes long and happy life,
Secure from trouble, care, and strife,
And then a generation
Of boys and girls; a hopeful race,
Their aged parents' crown and grace;
Skilful in war, an l when 'tis peace
The glory of their nation.

May never want your steps pursue,
Nor watchful care contract your brow:
The horn of plenty be your due,
With health and skill to use it.
No narrow views debase your soul;
May you ne'er want a cheerful bowl,
To treat a friend, and cares controul;
But yet do not abuse it.

Improve the days that are serene;
Make hay while yet the sun doth shine,
'Twill not avail you to repine;
Take care lest here you blunder.
You can't recall the by-past hours,
The present time is only yours;
The warmest day brings quickest show'rs,
And often, too, with thunder.

And storms will happen; when 'tis so,
Low'r down the sails and let 'em blow:
Or guard yourself at least from woe,
By yielding to the billows.
Tempests will rend the stubborn oak,
The tallest pines are soonest broke,
And *yield* beneath the furious stroke
Which never hurts the willows.

Tho' sometimes they may make you smart,
Take curtain lectures in good part;
I think philosopher thou art,
And know'st how to improve them.
The doctor's pills, altho' they're bitter,
And may at present raise a spl—r,
Yet as they tend the health to better,
We take, but do not love them.

Now to your fair I this would say:
As ———'s heart you stole away,—
"Stole! No, dear Sir, he gave it."
—Well, giv'n or stol'n I'll not contend,
And here will let that matter end;
But next contrive to save it.

I mean to save it for yourself,
Or else the cunning, wayward elf,
Perchance may sometimes wander.
Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds too short a reign,
Yet do not at this wonder.

If you your empire would maintain,
Use the same arts that did it gain,
Success will never fail you.
At ev'ry trifle scorn offence,
Which shows great pride or little sense,
And never will avail you.

Shun av'rice, vanity, and pride;
High titles, empty toys deride,
Tho' glitt'ring in the fashions.
You're wealthy if you are content,
For pow'r, its amplest best extent,
Is empire o'er the passions.

'Tis not on madam's heavenly face,
His ever constant love he'll place;
Only consult your glasses:
For beauty, like the new blown flow'r,
Lives but the glory of an hour,
And then forever passes.

The graces of your mind display,
When transient beauties fly away,
Than empty phantoms fleeter.
Then as the hours of life decline,
You like the setting sun shall shine,
With milder rays and sweeter.

The translations are thus apologetically introduced: "The Editor begs a little indulgence for them, as they are all (except Dr. Mayhew's and Mr. Morton's,) done by students under age; and if the Critic will only bear with them, till their understandings are mature, I apprehend they are in a fair way of doing better." Several are by Thomas Coombe, A. Alexander, A. B., and T—— H——, student in philosophy. W—— J——, N. Evans, A. M., and Stephen Watts,* contribute one or two each. Mayhew furnishes two, the first of which trips off pleasantly:

Dear Thomas, of congenial soul,
My first acquaintance in the school;
With whom I oft have worn away,
In mirthful jests the loit'ring day.
Treading the dialectic road
Of major, minor, figure, mood.

* Watts published, at an early age, an "Essay on the Advantages of a Perpetual Union between Great Britain and her Colonies," which was received with great favor. He afterwards removed to Louisiana, where he married a daughter of the Spanish Governor.—Fisher's Early Poets of Pa.

THOMAS COOMBE.

THOMAS COOMBE, who first appears in our literature as a translator of some of his teacher Beveridge's Latin poems, was a native of Philadelphia, and after concluding his course at the College, studied theology, and visiting England to take orders, was on his return appointed an assistant minister of Christ Church. He sided with the liberal party at the outbreak of the Revolution, but disapproving of the separation from England, joined after that event the tory party. He was, in 1777, banished with others, by the legislature, to Staunton, Virginia, but was allowed on the score of sickness to remain. He soon after went to England. The Earl of Carlisle made him his chaplain, and he finally became a Prebendary of Canterbury, and one of the royal chaplains.* In 1775, he published in London a short narrative poem, *The Peasant of Auburn, or the Emigrant*,† accompanied by a few smaller pieces. The tract is dedicated to Goldsmith, and seems designed as a continuation of the Deserted Village. It presents a lugubrious picture of the fortunes of an emigrant. We quote a few of its closing pages.

Edwin, a wanderer on the banks of the Ohio, relates his mournful experiences.

Much had I heard from men unus'd to feign,
Of this New World, and freedom's gentle reign.
'Twas fam'd that here, by no proud master spurn'd;
The poor man ate secure the bread he earned;
That verdant vales were fed by brighter streams
Than my own Medway, or the silver Thames:
Fields without bounds, spontaneous fruitage bore,
And peace and virtue bless'd the favor'd shore.
Such were the hopes which once beguil'd my care
Hopes form'd in dreams, and baseless as the air.

Is this, O dire reverse, is this the land,
Where nature sway'd, and peaceful worthies plann'd?
Where injured freedom, through the world impell'd,
Her hallow'd seat, her last asylum held!
Ye glittering towns that crown th' Atlantic deep,
Witness the change, and as ye witness weep.
Mourn all ye streams, and all ye fields deplore,
Your slaughter'd sons, your verdure stain'd with gore.

Time was, blest time, to weeping thousands dear,
When all that poets picture flourished here.
Then War was not, Religion smil'd and spread,
Arts, Manners, Learning, rear'd their polish'd head;
Commerce, her sails to every breeze unfurl'd,
Pour'd on these coasts the treasures of the world.
Past are those halcyon days. The very land
Droops a weak mourner, wither'd and unmann'd.
Brothers 'gainst brothers rise in vengeful strife;
The parent's weapon drinks the children's life,
Sons, leagued with foes, unsheath their impious sword,
And gore the nurturing breast they had ador'd.

How vain my search to find some lowly bower,
Far from those scenes of death, this rage for power;
Some quiet spot, conceal'd from every eye,
In which to pause from woe, and calmly die.
No such retreat the boundless shades embrace,
But man with beast divides the bloody chase.
What tho' some cottage rise amid the gloom,
In vain its pastures spring, its orchards bloom;
Far, far away the wretched owners roam,
Exiles like me, the world their only home.

Here as I trace my melancholy way,
The prowling Indian snuffs his wonted prey,
Ha! should I meet him in his dusky round—
Late in these woods I heard his murderous sound—
Still the deep war hoop vibrates on mine ear,
And still I hear his tread, or seem to hear—
Hark! the leaves rustle! what a shriek was there!
'Tis he! tis he! his triumphs rend the air.
Hold, coward heart, I'll answer to the yell,
And chase the murderer to his gory cell.
Savage!—but oh! I rave—o'er yonder wild,
E'en at this hour he drives my only child;
She, the dear source and soother of my pain,
My tender daughter, drags the captive chain.

Ah my poor Lucy! in whose face, whose breast,
My long-lost Emma liv'd again confest,
Thus robb'd of thee, and every comfort fled,
Soon shall the turf infold this weary head;
Soon shall my spirit reach that peaceful shore,
Where bleeding friends unite, to part no more.
When shall I cease to rue the fatal morn
When first from Auburn's vale I roam'd forlorn.

He spake—and frantic with the sad review
Prone on the shore his tottering limbs he threw.
Life's crimson strings were bursting round his heart,
And his torn soul was throbbing to depart;
No pitying friend, no meek-ey'd stranger near,
To tend his throes, or calm them with a tear.
Angels of grace, your golden pinions spread,
Temper the winds, and shield his houseless head.
Let no rude sounds disturb life's awful close,
And guard his relics from inhuman foes.
O haste and waft him to those radiant plains,
Where fiends torment no more, and love eternal reigns.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON, the celebrated Governor of Massachusetts at the outset of the revolution, was a descendant of Ann Hutchinson, and a son of Colonel Thomas Hutchinson, a leading merchant and member of the council of the colony. He was born in 1711, and was graduated at Harvard in 1727. He commenced his career as a merchant, but failing in that pursuit studied law.

He was chosen a selectman of Boston in 1738, and appointed the agent of the town to visit London in the discharge of important business, a duty which he performed with great success. After his return, he was for ten years a member, and for three the speaker of the colonial House of Representatives, where he obtained a great reputation as a debater and efficient presiding officer. He was a member of the council from 1749 to 1766, and lieutenant-governor from 1758 to 1771. He was also appointed a judge of probate in 1752, and chief-justice in 1760. During the agitation which followed the passage of the Stamp-Act, in consequence of a report that he had expressed an opinion in favor of that unpopular measure, his house was twice attacked by a mob. On the first occasion the windows were broken, and a few evenings after, on the 26th of August, the

* Fisher's Early Poets of Pa. 96.

† The Peasant of Auburn, or the Emigrant. A Poem. By T. Coombe, D.D. "The short and simple annals of the Poor." Gray. Phil. Enoch Story, Jun. (no date.) Coombe was evidently, from some lines in his poem, a reader of Collins's Eclogues as well as of Goldsmith.

doors forced open, the furniture and woodwork destroyed, and the house remained in possession of the rioters until morning. A great number of public and private documents were also destroyed. The town passed resolutions condemnatory of the act, and some six or eight persons were imprisoned, who were speedily set at liberty by a company, who, by threatening the jailor, obtained the keys. Hutchinson was indemnified for his losses by a public grant.

A new subject of controversy arose in 1767 in consequence of his taking a seat in the council in virtue of his office as lieutenant-governor. He abandoned his claim to a seat, and was a few days after appointed one of the commissioners for settling the boundary line with New York, a duty which he discharged greatly to the advantage of the colony.

On the departure of Governor Bernard, in 1769, the whole duties of the office fell upon his lieutenant. Fresh difficulties arose, and he had forwarded a request to England to be discharged from office, when he received the announcement of his appointment as governor. He accepted the office. He continued to increase in unpopularity with the council and people in consequence of the publication of the letters written by him to England, which were discovered and sent back by Franklin. The council and house voted an address for his removal, but his conduct was approved by the king.

He was, however, removed after the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and General Gage appointed in his place. Although notified by Gage on his arrival, May 18, that the king intended to reinstate him as soon as Gage's military duties called him elsewhere, he sailed for England on the first of June following. He received a pension from the English government, which was inadequate to the liberal support of his family, and after, according to the account of John Adams, "being laughed at by the courtiers for his manners at the levee, searching his pockets for letters to read to the king, and the king's turning away from him with his nose up," lived in retirement at Brompton, where he died, June 3, 1780.

Hutchinson was the author of a *History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from its First Settlement in* 1628 *to the year* 1750, in two volumes, the first of which was published in 1760, and the second in 1767. A third, bringing the narrative down to 1774, was published from a manuscript left behind him after his decease, by his grandson the Rev. John Hutchinson, of Trentham, England, in 1828. He also published various pamphlets, and a volume of documents relative to the history of the colony in 1769.

EARLY CAROLINA LITERATURE.

There were comparatively few early productions of the historic class in the Carolinas. The population was scant; the wonder of the early settlements had abated, and the settlers were not a writing people. Several historic tracts may be mentioned.

T. A., Gent, (Thomas Ashe), clerk on board his Majesty's ship the Richmond, sent out in 1680, published on his return in 1682, *Carolina; or a Description of the Present state of that country, and the natural excellencies thereof; namely, the Healthfulness of the Air, Pleasantness of the Place, Advantages and Usefulness of those rich Commodities there plentifully abounding, which much encrease and flourish by the industry of the planters that daily enlarge that colony.* It forms twenty-six octavo pages in the reprint in Carroll's Collections.*

John Archdale, late Governor of the province, printed at London in 1707, *A new description of that fertile and pleasant Province of Carolina; with a brief account of its discovery and settling, and the government thereof to this time. With several remarkable passages of Divine Providence during my time.* It forms thirty-six pages of Carroll's Collection, and is chiefly occupied with the discussions arising under his administration.†

In 1708, John Stevens published in his new collection of voyages and travels, *a New Voyage to Carolina, with a journal of a Thousand Miles Travelled through several nations of Indians*, by John Lawson, Surveyor General of North Carolina. It was published in a separate form in 1709.‡ Lawson was captured while exploring lands in North Carolina, and sacrificed by the Indians in the war of 1712.§

The earliest literature in South Carolina was scientific, medical, and theological, and came from intelligent foreigners who took up their residence in the country. The education of the sons of the wealthy classes was carried on in Europe, and continued to be through the Colonial era. Dr. John Lining, a native of Scotland, in 1753, published at Charleston a history of the *Yellow Fever*, the first which had appeared on this continent. He was a correspondent of Franklin, and pursued scientific studies. He died in 1760, in his fifty-second year, having practised medicine in Charleston for nearly thirty years. Dr. Lionel Chalmers, also a Scotchman, was long established in the state, and published an *Essay on Fevers* at Charleston in 1767. He was the author, too, of a work on the Weather and Diseases of South Carolina, which was issued in London in 1776, the year before his death.

Dr. Alexander Garden was born in Scotland about the year 1728, and was the son of the Rev. Alex. Garden, of the parish of Birse, who, during the Rebellion in the years 1745 and 1746, was distinguished by his exertions in favor of the family of Hanover, and by his interposition in behalf of the followers of the house of Stuart after their defeat at Culloden.

Dr. Garden studied philosophy in the University of Aberdeen, and received his first medical education under the celebrated Dr. John Gregory. He arrived in South Carolina about the middle of the eighteenth century, and commenced the practice of physic in Prince William's parish, in connexion with Dr. Rose. Here he began his botanic studies, but was obliged to take a voyage northward for his health.

In 1754 he went to New York, where a professorship in the college, recently formed in that

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* Historical Collections of South Carolina. By B. R. Carroll. Harpers, New York. 2 vols. 8vo. 1836.

† It was separately reprinted by A. E. Miller, Charleston, 1822.

‡ Rich's Bib. Americana.

§ Holmes' Annals, i. 307.

city, was offered him. On his return, he settled in Charleston, acquired a fortune by his practice, and a high reputation for literature. During that period he gave to the public *An Account of the Pink Root* (*Spigelia marilandica*), *with its Uses as a Vermifuge; A Description of the Helesia*, read before the Royal Society; *An Account of the Male and Female Cochineal Insects; An Account of the Amphibious Biped* (*the Mud Inguana or Syren of South Carolina*): *An Account of two new Species of Tortoises*, and another of the Gymnotus Electricus, to different correspondents, and published.

In compliment to him, Linnæus gave the name of Gardenia to one of the most beautiful and fragrant flowering shrubs in the world. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and on his arrival there, in 1783, was appointed one of its council, and subsequently one of its vice-presidents.

Dr. Garden's pulmonic disease, which had been suspended during his long residence in South Carolina, now returned upon him. He went for health to the continent, and received great kindness and distinguished compliments from the *literati* everywhere, but did not improve in health. He died in London in the year 1792, aged sixty-four years.*

The Rev. Alexander Garden, who was also from Scotland, came to Charleston about 1720, and died there in 1756, at an advanced age. He was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, learned and charitable. He published several theological writings, including *Letters to Whitefield*, and the *Doctrine of Justification Vindicated*. The Rev. Richard Clarke, from England, was Rector of St. Philip's, in Charleston, a good classical scholar. He published on the prophecies and universal redemption. The Rev. Isaac Chanler, and the Rev. Henry Haywood, two Baptist clergymen of the State, also published several theological writings.

The distinguished naturalist, Mark Catesby, passed several years in South Carolina, engaged in the researches for his Natural History. He was born in England in 1679. He first visited Virginia, where some of his relations resided, in 1712, remaining there seven years collecting plants, and studying the productions of the country. Returning to England, he was led by his scientific friends, Sir Hans Sloane and others, to revisit America, and took up his residence in South Carolina in 1722. He traversed the coast, and made distant excursions into the interior, and visited the Bahamas, collecting the materials for his work, the first volume of which was completed in 1732, and the second in 1743. The plates, then the most costly which had been devoted to the Natural History of America, were completed in 1748. A second edition was published in 1754,† and a third in 1771. Catesby died in London in 1749.

* Ramsay's Biog. Sketches, appended to the second volume of his History of South Carolina.

† The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands, containing the figures of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents, Insects, and Plants: particularly the Forest Trees, Shrubs, and other plants not hitherto described, or very incorrectly figured by authors, together with their Descriptions in English and French, to which are added Observations on the Air, Soil, and Waters: with Remarks upon Agriculture, Grain, Pulse, Roots, &c., by the late Mark Catesby, F.R.S. Revised by Mr. Edwards, of the Royal College of Physicians, London. 2 vols. folio, Lond. 1754.

* Kettell's Specimens; Thacher's Med. Biog.; Allen; Eliot.

JOHN OSBORN.

John Osborn was born in 1713 at Sandwick, a village on Cape Cod Bay. His father was a schoolmaster, and subsequently a clergyman, but varied his scholastic by agricultural labors. The son received a similarly practical education, entered Harvard college at the age of nineteen, and after being graduated studied theology. At the expiration of two years he read a sermon before the assembled clergy of the neighborhood with a view of soliciting ordination, but the decision of his auditors being adverse to the doctrines, though laudatory of the literary merits of the discourse, he was refused their recommendation. He then studied medicine and was admitted to practice. He was offered a tutorship in Harvard college, but declined the appointment as a bachelorship was one of the conditions of its tenure, and he was about to become a married man. He soon after married Miss Doane, of Chatham, and removed to Middletown, Conn. In a letter to his sister in March, 1753, he complains of being confined to the house, "weak, lame, and uneasy," and of having "lingered almost two years, a life not worth having." He died May 31 of the same year, leaving six children. Two of these, John and John C., became eminent physicians and cultivated men. John published before the revolution a translation of Condamine's Treatise on Inoculation, with an Appendix; and Joel Barlow submitted his manuscript of the Vision of Columbus to his brother and Richard Alsop for review before its publication.

Two brief poems, *The Whaling Song* and *An Elegiac Epistle on the Death of a Sister*, are supposed to comprise all that Osborn has written. One of these has enjoyed a very wide popularity among the class to whom it was addressed.*

A WHALING SONG.

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plough the wat'ry deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored,

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our course away,
With eager minds, and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

* Kettell's Specimens; Thacher's Med. Biog.; Allen; Eliot.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find;
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
Eternal winter reigns:
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms;
And creatures there, that play and leap,
Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault design'd;
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw:
She sinks her monstrous body down
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Enraged, she makes a mighty bound;
Thick foams the whiten'd sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
And blows her redd'ning breath;
She breaks the air, a deaf'ning sound,
While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood,
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
And on the surface lay;
While all with eager haste apply,
To save our deathful prey.

THE REV. JOHN ADAMS.

The publisher of the *Poems on several occasions, Original and Translated, by the late Reverend and Learned John Adams, M. A.*,* says in his prefatory address to the candid reader of his author, "His own works are the best encomium that can be given him, and as long as learning and politeness shall prevail, his *sermons* will be his *monument*, and his *poetry* his *epitaph*."

The epitaph has proved more enduring than the monument, though even that has hardly escaped being thrust irrecoverably in "Time's Wallet."

* Poems on Several Occasions, Original and Translated, by the late Reverend and Learned John Adams, M. A. *Hoc placuit semel, hoc decies repetita placebit.* Hor. de Art. Poet. Boston. Printed for D. Gookin, in Marlborough street, over against the Old South Meeting House. 1745.

The Rev. John Adams's little volume is seldom

thought of or seen, save by the literary student. It does not deserve the neglect into which it has fallen.

His life, so far as known, may be narrated in a sentence. He was the only son of the Hon. John Adams, of Nova Scotia, was born in 1704, graduated from Harvard in 1721, was ordained and settled at Newport, Rhode Island, contrary, it is said, to the wishes of Mr. Clap, the pastor, whose congregation formed a new society, leaving Mr. Adams, who appears to have been an assistant, to officiate for two years, and then be dismissed.

He was in great repute as an eloquent preacher, and is described by his uncle, Matthew Adams, as "master of nine languages." He died in 1740, at the early age of thirty-six years, at Cambridge, the fellows of the College appearing as pall-bearers, and the most distinguished persons of the state as mourners at his funeral.

His volume contains a poetical paraphrase, chapter by chapter, of the Book of Revelation, and of some detached passages from other parts of the Bible. Like most well educated writers of verse, he has tried his hand on a few of the Odes of Horace, and with success.

The original poems consist of tributes to deceased friends, penned with ingenuity and eloquence, a poem in three parts on Society, and a few verses on devotional topics.

He was also the author of some verses addressed "To a gentleman on the sight of some of his Poems," published in "A Collection of Poems by Several Hands," Boston, 1744. They were addressed to the Rev. Mather Byles, and are stated in a MS. note in a copy of the collection, now in the possession of Mr. George Ticknor, to be by Adams. He was also the author of a poem on the Love of Money.

His sermon delivered at his ordination in 1728 was published. The collection of his poems contains an advertisement that "a number of select and excellent sermons from his pen are ready for the press, and upon suitable encouragement will be shortly published." But the suitable encouragement seems to have never been received.

FROM A POEM ON SOCIETY.

By inclination, and by judgment led,
A constant friend we choose, for friendship made.
His breast the faithful cabinet to hold
More precious secrets, than are gems or gold.
His temper sweetly suited to our own,
Where wit and honesty conspire in one,
And perfect breeding, like a beauteous dress,
Give all his actions a peculiar grace:
Whose lofty mind with high productions teems,
And fame immortal dazzles with its beams.
Not avarice, nor odious flattery
Lodge in his breast, nor can ascend so high;
Or if they dare to tempt, he hurls them down,
Like Jove the rebels, from his reason's throne.
Nor is his face in anger's scarlet dress,
Nor black revenge eats up his canker'd breast.
Nor envy's furies in his bosom roll,
To lash with steely whips, his hideous soul:
Not sour contempt sits on his scornful brow,

Nor looks on human nature sunk below;
But heavenly candor, like unsullied day,
Flames in his thoughts, and drives the clouds away.
And all his soul is peaceful, like the deep,
When all the warring winds are hush'd asleep.
Whose learning's pure, without the base alloy
Of rough ill manners, or worse pedantry.
Refin'd in taste, in judgment cool and clear,
To others gentle, to himself severe.
But, most of all, whose smooth and heavenly breast,
Is with a calm of conscience ever blest:
Whose piercing eyes disperse the flying gloom,
Which hides the native light of things to come;
And can disclose the dark mysterious maze,
Thro' which we wind, in airy pleasure's chace.
While after God his panting bosom heaves,
For whom the glittering goods of life he leaves.
With this blest man, how longs my soul to dwell!
And all the nobler flights of friendship feel,
Forever chain'd to his enchanting tongue,
And with his charming strains in consort strung.

It some retirement, spread with shaded greens,
Our feet would wander thro' surrounding scenes;
Or sitting near the murmur of the rills,
The grass our bed, our curtains echoing hills;
In mazy thought and contemplation join,
Or speak of human things, or themes divine:
On nature's work by gentle steps to rise,
And by this ladder gain th' impending skies;
Follow the planets thro' their rolling spheres,
Shine with the sun, or glow among the stars:
From world to world, as bees from flow'r to flow'r,
Thro' nature's ample garden take our tour.
Oh! could I with a seraph's vigor move!
Guided thro' nature's trackless path to rove,
I'd gaze, and ask the laws of every Ball,
Which rolls unseen within this mighty *All*,
'Till, reaching to the verge of Nature's height
In God would lose th' unwearied length of flight.

* * * * * *

But oh! what joys thro' various bosoms rove,
As silver riv'lets warble through a grove,
When fix'd on Zion's ever-wid'ning plains,
The force of friendship but increas'd remains:
When friend to friend, in robes immortal drest,
With heighten'd graces shall be seen confest;
And with a triumph, all divine, relate
The finish'd labours of this gloomy state:
How heavenly glory dries their former grief,
All op'ning from the puzzled maze of life;
How scenes on scenes, and joys on joys arise,
And fairer visions charm on keener eyes.
Here each will find his friend a bubbling source,
Forever fruitful in divine discourse:
No common themes will grace their flowing tongues,
No common subjects will inspire their songs:
United, ne'er to part, but still to spend
A jubilee of rapture without end—
But oh! my Muse, from this amazing height
Descend, and downward trace thy dangerous flight;
Some angel best becomes such lofty things,
With skill to guide, and strength to urge his wings:
To lower strains, confine thy humble lays,
'Till, by experience taught, thou learn to praise.

In handling the following pathetic theme he touches the lyre with no trembling hand.

TO MY HONOURED FATHER ON THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT.

Now Heav'n has quench'd the vivid orbs of light,
By which all nature glitter'd to your sight,
And universal darkness has o'er-spread
The splendid honours of your aged head;
Let faith light up its strong and piercing eye,
And in remoter realms new worlds descry:
Faith, which the mind with fairer glories fills,
Than human sight to human sense reveals.
See Jesus, sitting on a flamy throne,
Whose piercing beams the vailing angels own;
While bowing seraphs, blissful, clap their wings,
Ting'd with the light that from his presence springs,
You, who can touch the strings to melting airs,
And with melodious trills enchant our ears,
May, wing'd by faith, to heavenly vocal plains,
In fancy's organ, drink sublimer strains:
The sounds, which love and sacred joys inspire,
Which pour the music from the rapt'ur'd choir.
Tho', now the net is wove before your sight,
The web, unfolding soon, will give the light:
The visual rays will thro' the pupil spring,
And nature in a fairer landskip bring.
But first your frame must moulder in the ground,
Before the light will kindle worlds around:
Your precious ashes, sow'd within the glebe,
Will teem with light, and purer beams imbibe:
Shut now from all the scenes of cheerful day,
You ne'er will see, 'till Jesus pours the ray,
And all the pomp of Heav'n around display.
So when a stream has warbled thro' the wood,
Its limpid bosom smooths and clears its flood;
The rolling mirrour deep imbibes the stains
Of heav'nly saphyr, and impending greens;
'Till thro' the ground, in secret channels led,
It hides its glories in the gloomy bed:
'Till, op'ning thro' a wide and flow'ry vale,
Far fairer scenes the purer streams reveal.

Of his Horatian exercises we may take the first ode:—

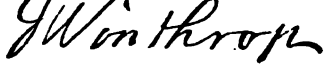
HORACE, BOOK I., ODE I.

Mæcenas, whose ennobled veins
The blood of ancient monarchs stains;
My safeguard, beauty and delight.
Some love the chariot's rapid flight,
To whirl along the dusty ground,
Till with Olympic honors crown'd:
And if their fiery coursers tend
Beyond the goal, they shall ascend
In merit, equal to the gods,
Who people the sublime abodes.
Others, if mingled shouts proclaim
Of jarring citizens, their name,
Exalted to some higher post,
Are in the clouds of rapture lost.
This, if his granary contain
In crowded heaps the ripen'd grain,
Rejoicing his paternal field
To plough, a future crop to yield;
In vain his timorous soul you'd move
Though endless sums his choice should prove,
To leave the safety of the land,
And trust him to the wind's command.
The trembling sailor, when the blue
And boisterous deep his thoughts pursue,
Fearful of tempests, dreads his gain
To venture o'er the threat'ning main:
But loves the shades and peaceful town
Where joy and quiet dwell alone.
But when, impatient to be poor,
His flying vessels leave the shore.
Others the present hour will seize,
And less for business are than ease;
But flowing cups of wine desire,
Which scatter grief, and joy inspire;
Joyful they quaff, and spread their limbs
Along the banks of murm'ring streams,

While trees, which shoot their tow'ring heads,
Protect them with their cooling shades.
Some love the camp and furious war,
Where nations, met with nations, jar;
The noise of victors, and the cries
Of vanquish'd, which assault the skies,
While at the trumpet's piercing ring
Their mounting spirits vigorous spring;
When fainting matrons, in a swound,
Receive the martial music's sound.
The morning hunter seeks his prey,
Though chill'd by heaven's inclemency.
Forgets his house: with dogs pursues
The flying stag in her purlieus.
Or his entangling net contains
The foamy boar, in ropy chains.
But me, the ivy wreaths, which spread
Their blooming honors round the head
Of learned bards, in raptures raise,
And with the gods unite in praise.
The coolness of the rural scenes,
The smiling flowers and ever-greens.
And sportful dances, all inspire
My soul, with more than vulgar fire.
If sweet Euterpe give her flute,
And Polyhymnia lend her lute.
If you the deathless bays bestow,
And by applauses make them grow,
Toward the stars, my winged fame
Shall fly, and strike the heavenly frame.

JOHN WINTHROP.

The accomplished natural philosopher, Professor Winthrop, of Harvard, was a man of eminent scientific reputation in his day, and was universally



spoken of with respect. He was a representative of old Governor Winthrop in the fourth generation in descent from the fifth son. He was born in Boston in 1714, studied at Cambridge, and six years after his first degree, was appointed, in 1733, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, to succeed Greenwood. His Observations of the Transit of Mercury, in 1740, were communicated to the Royal Society, of which he subsequently became a Fellow, and were published in the forty-second volume of their Transactions. In 1755 he published a *Lecture on Earthquakes*, on occasion of the celebrated phenomenon of that year, and parried in a philosophical manner an attack which followed from the Rev. Dr. Prince, of Boston, who thought the theology of the day might be impaired in consequence. Though his religious opinions were firmly held, his election to his Professorship had occasioned some opposition, as has since been the case with Priestley, Playfair, and an instance of the present day, in New York. A special doctrinal examination was waived in his favor.* In 1759 he published two *Lectures on Comets*, which he read in the college chapel in April of that year, on occasion of the comet which appeared in that month. His style in these essays, in which he reviews the speculations on the subject, and unfolds the theory of Newton, is marked by its ease and felicity. As an instance of his manner, we may quote some of his more general remarks at the conclusion.

"It is not to be doubted, that the allwise Author of nature designed so remarkable a sort of bodies for important purposes, both natural and moral, in His creation. The *moral* purposes seem not very difficult to be found. Such grand and unusual appearances tend to rouse mankind, who are apt to *fall asleep*, while *all things continue as they were*; to awaken their attention and to direct it to the supreme Governor of the universe, whom they would be in danger of totally forgetting, were nature always to glide along with an uniform tenor. These *exotic* stars serve to raise in our minds most sublime conceptions of God, and particularly display his exquisite skill. The motions of many comets being contrary to those of the planets, shew that neither of them proceed from necessity or fate, but from choice and design. The same thing is to be seen in the figure and situation of their orbits; which, indeed, have not the appearance of regularity, as those of the planets, and yet are the result of admirable contrivance. By means of their great eccentricity, they run so swiftly through the planetary regions, as to have but very little time to disturb their own motions or those of the planets. And this end is still more effectually answered in those comets whose motion is retrograde or contrary to that of the planets.

* * * * *

"But instead of entering here into a detail, which would probably answer no valuable end, I choose rather to turn your thoughts to that consummate wisdom which presides over this vast machine of nature, and has so regulated the several movements in it as to obviate the damage that might arise from this quarter. None but an eye able to pierce into the remotest futurity, and to foresee, throughout all ages, all the situations which this numerous class of bodies would have towards the planets, in consequence of the laws of their respective motions, could have given so just an arrangement to their several orbits, and assigned them their places at first in their orbits, with such perfect accuracy, that their motions have ever since continued without interfering, and no disasters of this sort have taken place, unless we except the case of the deluge. For though so many comets have traversed this planetary system, and some of their orbits run near to those of the planets; yet the planets have never been in the way, but always at a distance from the nearest point, when the comets have passed by it. The foresight of that great Being, which has hitherto prevented such disorders, will continue to prevent them, so long as He sees fit the present frame of nature should subsist. Longer than that it is not fit that it should subsist.

"It may not be unseasonable to remark, for a conclusion, that as, on the one hand, it argues a temerity unworthy a philosophic mind, to explode every apprehension of danger from comets, as if it were impossible that any damage could ever be occasioned by any of them, because some idle and superstitious fancies have in times of ignorance prevailed concerning them; so on the other, to be thrown into a panic whenever a comet appears, on account of the ill effects which some few of these bodies might possibly produce, if they were not under a proper direction, betrays a weakness equally unbecoming a reasonable being. The wisest course is to aim at such a rectitude of intention and firmness of resolution, that, as Horace says:

* Peirce, History of Harvard Univ. 166. We may refer to the remarks of Lord Brougham, in the case of Priestley, in that great writer's memoir, in "The Lives of Men of Letters."

"'Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'"

On the sixth of June, 1761, Winthrop observed the celebrated Transit of Venus, at St. John's, Newfoundland, making the voyage thither in a government vessel, at the charge of the Province, at the especial instance of Governor Bernard. This incident furnished the topic of the two poems in the *Pietas et Gratulatio* of the same year, which have been attributed to his pen.

Winthrop was followed, after an interval, in this subject, by one of his college pupils, Andrew Oliver, the eldest son of the Secretary of the Province, and a gentleman of leisure and of scientific and literary cultivation, who, in 1772, published his *Essay on Comets*, in which he maintained the theory that these bodies might be inhabited worlds, "and even comfortable habitations."* Oliver also wrote papers on *Thunder Storms* and *Water Spouts*, which were published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, of which he was a member, as he was also one of the founders of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In 1765 Professor Winthrop published an account of several fiery meteors visible in North America; and in 1766 his paper *Cogitata de Cometis*, which was communicated to the Royal Society by Dr. Franklin, and was separately printed in London.

When the struggle of the colonies for freedom commenced he took part in it, and was one of the Council, with Bowdoin and Dexter, negatived by the home government. He was re-chosen; and was also made Judge of Probate for the County of Middlesex, an office which he held till his death, in 1779, at the age of sixty. His eulogy was pronounced by Professor Wigglesworth and others; and his pupil and friend, Andrew Oliver, composed an elegy, the only specimen preserved of this writer's poetic talents.

Ye sons of Harvard! who, by Winthrop taught,
Can travel round each planetary sphere;
And winged with his rapidity of thought,
Trace all the movements of the rolling year,
Drop on his urn the tribute of a tear.

Ye, whom the love of Geometry inspired,
To chase coy science through each winding maze;
Whose breasts were with Newtonian ardor fired,
Catched by his sparks, and kindled at his blaze.
In grateful sighs, ejaculate his praise.

Ye philosophic souls! whose thoughts can trace
The wonders of the architect divine,
Through depths beneath, o'er nature's verdant face,
Where meteors play, where constellations shine,
Heave the deep groan, and mix your tears with mine.

Ye tenants of the happy seats above!
Welcome this late inhabitant of clay,
From hostile factions, to the realms of love,
Where he may bask in everlasting day,
Ye kindred spirits waft him in his way.

When in their sockets suns shall blaze their last.
Their fuel wasted, and extinct their light,
And worlds torn piecemeal by the final blast,
Subside in chaos and eternal night,

He still shall shine
In youth divine,
And soaring on cherubic wing,
Shall like an ardent seraph blaze,
And in unceasing raptures, to his Maker's praise,
Eternal hallelujahs sing.

Professor Winthrop left a son, James Winthrop, who fought and was wounded at Bunker Hill, and became Judge of the Common Pleas. He was also a man of much literature and science, a good linguist, publishing, in 1794, *An Attempt to translate part of the Apocalypse of St. John into familiar language, by divesting it of the metaphors in which it is involved*, a second edition of which was printed in 1809. He wrote for a periodical, *The Literary Miscellany*, *Dissertations on Primitive History and the Geography of the Old World*, and several scientific papers. He was librarian at Harvard for fifteen years, dying at the age of 70, at Cambridge, in 1821. He bequeathed his valuable library to the college at Meadville, Pennsylvania.*

* Both these compositions of Winthrop and Oliver were republished, with biographical notices, in Boston, in 1811, when the re-appearance of one of these heavenly bodies had created a new interest in the subject.

SAMUEL CURWEN.

Samuel Curwen, a descendant from George Curwen, who settled in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, in 1638, was born in that place in 1715. Completing his course at Harvard in 1735, he commenced a preparation for the ministry, but was obliged to abandon his determination in consequence of ill health. Disappointment in a love affair led him to seek relief in a change of scene by a visit to England. On his return he engaged in business, and became a leading merchant. In 1744–5 he served as a captain in the attack upon Louisburg. In 1759 he was appointed Impost Officer for the county of Essex, and held the office for fifteen years. In June, 1774, on the departure of Governor Hutchinson for Europe, Mr. Curwen, who was then a Judge of Admiralty, joined with one hundred and nineteen citizens of the colony, in signing an address to that officer of a commendatory character. Many of these signers were afterwards stigmatized as "Addressers," and compelled to make a public recantation of the act. Mr. Curwen declined doing this, and having from the outset sided with Great Britain, resolved to withdraw from the country until public affairs resumed their former tranquillity. A few months would, he supposed, effect this, and he sailed from Philadelphia in May, 1775, with the expectation of making a correspondingly brief stay abroad. Mr. Curwen arrived at Dover, July 8, 1775. He immediately departed for London, where he passed several months, principally occupied in sight-seeing. In June, 1776, he writes, "I find my finances so visibly lessening, that I wish I could remove from this expensive country (being heartily tired of it). To beg is a meanness I wish never to be reduced to, and to starve is stupid." With a view to economy, and probably to gratify his taste for sight-seeing as well, we find him soon after leaving London to visit the great towns in search of a less costly place of residence. After a ramble about Eng-

* Knapp, Am. Biog. 361.

land, which gives us some curious pictures of inns and churches, show-places and antiquities, fairs and hustings, he settles down in Bristol, but in 1780 returns to London, where he remained until his departure for America after the close of the war in 1784. He returned to his native town, was entirely unmolested on account of his political course, and died in April, 1802, at the age of eighty-six.

During his sojourn in England, he kept a familiar journal of his movements, occupations, and amusements, which was sent in detached pieces to his niece, and some sixty years afterwards, in 1842, published* under the editorial care of her grandson. It is of great value in an historical point of view, displaying the condition of the refugees in England, their opinion of American affairs, and the action of Parliament during the war. It is also interesting for its pictures of London society and localities three quarters of a century ago. He falls in with Hutchinson almost as soon as he arrives, goes to hear Dr. Apthorpe preach, walks out with Parson Peters, takes tea with facetious Joseph Green, and afterwards pays a visit of condolence to his widow. He is an indefatigable sight-seer, keeps the run of the theatres, and does not despise the rope-dancers, follows the debates at the House of Commons, and looks in now and then at "the Ladies' Disputing Club, Cornhill." To the last, he takes a discouraging view of American independence, writing May 11, 1782, to Richard Ward at Salem, as follows:—

TO RICHARD WARD, ESQ., SALEM.

LONDON, *May* 11, 1782.

DEAR SIR,

Should your *great and good ally* obtain the two only very probable objects of her American alliance, the impoverishment of Great Britain and the consequent seizure of the late English colonies, which she seems at present in a fair way for, no man on this side the Atlantic in his wits would, I think, whatever regard he may feel for his native country, willingly forego a bare subsistence here for French domination and wooden shoes there. I would just suggest to you, should America in this hour refuse the offers Great Britain may make of a separate peace; or France refuse to suffer her, (for we well know here the power she has acquired over her,) and no partition treaty take place, (being in the present situation the best to be expected,) depend upon it, you fathers of the present age will have it in their power, ere many revolutions of the sun, to tell their children the inestimable civil, religious and political privileges you of this generation have wantoned away, and with sad regret recount the happy condition of former days; nor will the comparison with those you will then mournfully experience between English protection and French oppression, fail to enhance your misery. You will then find the little finger of French power heavier than the loin of the English government, with all its apprehended train of evils. As a proof of my needless fears or right judgment, convey my kind love to your wife and children.

Your friend,

S. CURWEN.

September 7 and 14, 1777, we find him attending

JOHN WESLEY'S PREACHMENT.

In the afternoon, walked to a street adjoining King's square to attend John Wesley's preachment; he being seated on a decent scaffold, addressed about two thousand people, consisting of the middle and lower ranks. The preacher's language was plain and intelligible, without descending to vulgarisms.

Sept. 14. In the afternoon I attended once more John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy; he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker, his voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood, who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness. He wears an Oxford master's gown; his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behavior,—not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability.

September 17, 1780, he heard Samuel Peters preach at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. "He is an indifferent speaker and composer—how he got there is as difficult to conceive as straws in amber."

We group together a few of Mr. Curwen's numerous street notes and observations.

* * * * * * * *

Sept. 28. Walking through Old Bailey, and seeing a great crowd, learnt that two pickpockets were to be whipped. Jack Ketch, a short sturdy man, soon appeared with the culprits, one after the other; the first seemed like an old offender, and was moderately lashed; the mob said he had bought off the minister of justice; he writhed but little. The other was young, distress painted strongly on his countenance; he cried loudly; his back seemed unused to stripes; from this time it will carry the marks of legal vengeance, and proofs of his folly and wickedness. Going forward, passed through the Strand; and returned by way of Covent Garden to see election, which had been ended and poll closed for two hours; and the elected members, returning from the procession, were just entering James'-street, mounted on two arm chairs, placed on a board that was carried on eight men's shoulders, accompanied by thousands with tokens of victory: red and blue ribbons in their hats.

* * * * * * * *

Sept. 29. As I was walking in Holborn, observed a throng of ordinary people crowding round a chaise filled with young children of about seven years of age; inquiring the reason, was informed they were young sinners who were accustomed to go about in the evening, purloining whatever they could lay their hands on, and were going to be consigned into the hands of justice. Great pity that so many children, capable of being trained to useful employments

* Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, etc., an American Refugee in England, from 1775 to 1784, comprising remarks on the prominent Men and Measures of the Period, to which are added Biographical Notices of many American Loyalists and other Eminent Persons. By George Atkinson Ward. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

and become blessings to society, should be thus early initiated, by the wicked unthinking parents of the lower classes in this huge overgrown metropolis, in those pernicious practices of every species of vice the human heart can be tainted with, which renders them common pests, and most commonly brings them to the halter.

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Sept. 5. In walking through Parliament-street and seeing crowds running through Scotland-yard, joined them, and on inquiry found they were accompanying Parson Lloyd, a clergyman, returned from Bow-street Justices' examination to Westminster Bridewell, from whence he was taken this morning on a complaint of highway robbery; and it is said he is identified. He seemed hardened, and of a rough, bold cast, and begged with a careless boldness money of every well dressed person that passed as he was being conducted to prison in irons; his right hand being also chained to an officer's, or one of the justice's men.

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April 7. Passed a crowd attending procession in Parliament-street, going to take the Westminster candidate, Charles J. Fox, from his lodgings to the hustings under St. Paul's, Covent Garden, portico. First marched musicians two and two, then four men supporting two red painted poles having on top the cap of liberty of a dark blue color; to each was fastened a light blue silk standard about nine feet long and five wide, having inscribed thereon in golden letters these words, "The Man of the People;" followed by the butchers with marrow-bones and cleavers; then the committee two and two, holding in their hands white wands; in the rear the carriages. They stopped at his house in St. James's-street, where taking him up, he accompanied them in Mr. Byng's carriage through Pall Mall and the Strand to the hustings, when the election proceeded; made without opposition, no competitor appearing against him.

THE HISTORY OF KING PHILIP'S WAR.

Captain Benjamin Church, the leader in the war against King Philip, dictated, in the latter part of his life, an account of his Indian experiences to his son Thomas, by whom, probably with little or no change, it was published in a volume. It is a valuable historical authority, and in itself, as a straightforward and spirited narrative of brave and romantic adventure, well worthy of attention.

Benjamin Church was born at Duxbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, and was the first settler of Seconet or Little Compton. "Being providentially at Plymouth," he informs us, "in 1674, in the time of the court, he fell into acquaintance with Captain John Almy of Rhode Island," by whom he was invited to visit "that part of Plymouth Colony that lay next to Rhode Island, known then by their Indian names of Pocasset and Sogkonate." He did so, and purchased land, on which he settled.

The next spring, while "Mr. Church was diligently settling his new farm, stocking, leasing, and disposing of his affairs, and had a fine prospect of doing no small things; and hoping that his good success would be inviting unto other good men to become his neighbours: Behold! the rumour of a war between the English and the natives, gave check to his projects." Hostilities soon commenced. A force was raised, and Church placed in command of an advanced guard. He was at the head of the party which killed King Philip, in August, 1676. He was afterwards, in September, 1689, made commander-in-chief of an expedition against the French and Indians at Casco, and again employed in a similar service in 1690, and with Governor Phipps, in 1692. After the burning of Deerfield, in 1704, he rode seventy miles to offer his services against the Indians, whom he harassed greatly at Penobscot and Passamaquoddy.

After Philip's war, Colonel Church resided at Bristol, then at Fall River, and lastly at Seconet, "at each of which places he acquired and left a large estate." He maintained throughout his life the reputation of an upright and devout, as well as brave man. He married Mrs. Alice Southworth, by whom he had a daughter and five sons, and died on the seventeenth of January, 1718, in consequence of a fall from his horse, by which a blood-vessel was broken. The first edition of *The Entertaining History of King Philip's War, which began in the month of June*, 1675, *as also of Expeditions more lately made against the Common Enemy, and Indian Rebels, in the Eastern parts of New England: with some account of the Divine Providence towards Col. Benjamin Church: by Thomas Church, Esq., his son*, was published in Boston in 1716. A second edition appeared at Newport in 1772, and a third and fourth, with notes by Samuel G. Drake, in 1825 and 1829.*

A SCUFFLE.

Mr. Church was moved with other wounded men, over to Rhodeisland, where in about three months' time, he was in some good measure recovered of his wounds, and the fever that attended them; and then went over to the General to take his leave of him, with a design to return home. But the General's great importunity again persuaded him to accompany him in a long march into the Nipmuck country, though he had then tents in his wounds, and so lame as not to be able to mount his horse without two men's assistance.

In this march, the first thing remarkable was, they came to an Indian town, where there were many wigwams in sight, but an icy swamp, lying between them and the wigwams, prevented their running at once upon it as they intended. There was much

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* Mr. Drake reprinted, in an 18mo. volume, in 1828:

The Present State of New England, with respect to the Indian War. Wherein is an account of the true Reason thereof, (as far as can be judged by Men,) together with most of the Remarkable Passages that have happened from the 20th of June till the 10th of November, 1675. Faithfully composed by a merchant of Boston, and communicated to his friends in London. London, 1675.

A continuation of the foregoing, from the 10th of November, 1675, to the 8th of February, 1675–6. London, 1676.

A new and further narrative, from March till August, 1676. London, 1676. The Warr in New England visibly ended. London, 1677.

A true account of the most considerable occurrences that have happened in the war between the English and the Indians, in New England, from the fifth of May, 1676, to the fourth of August last. London, 1676.

He considers it highly probable that these five tracts, with Church's Narrative, comprise all that can be recovered in relation to King Philip's war.

firing upon each side before they passed the swamp. But at length the enemy all fled, and a certain Mohegan, that was a friend Indian, pursued and seized one of the enemy that had a small wound in his leg, and brought him before the General, where he was examined. Some were for torturing him to bring him to a more ample confession of what he knew concerning his countrymen. Mr. Church, verily believing that he had been ingenuous in his confession, interceded, and prevailed for his escaping torture. But the army being bound forward in their march, and the Indian's wound somewhat disenabling him for travelling, it was concluded that he should be knocked on the head. Accordingly he was brought before a great fire, and the Mohegan that took him was allowed, as he desired, to be his executioner. Mr. Church taking no delight in the sport, framed an errand at some distance among the baggage horses, and when he had got ten rods, or thereabouts, from the fire, the executioner fetching a blow with a hatchet at the head of the prisoner, he being aware of the blow, dodged his head aside, and the executioner missing his stroke, the hatchet flew out of his hand, and had like to have done execution where it was not designed. The prisoner upon his narrow escape, broke from them that held him, and notwithstanding his wound, made use of his legs, and happened to run right upon Mr. Church, who laid hold on him, and a close scuffle they had; but the Indian having no clothes on, slipped from him and ran again, and Mr. Church pursued him, although being lame there was no great odds in the race, until the Indian stumbled and fell, and then they closed again—scuffled and fought pretty smartly, until the Indian, by the advantage of his nakedness, slipped from his hold again, and set out on his third race, with Mr. Church close at his heels, endeavouring to lay hold on the hair of his head, which was all the hold could be taken of him. And running through a swamp that was covered with hollow ice, it made so loud a noise that Mr. Church expected (but in vain) that some of his English friends would follow the noise and come to his assistance. But the Indian happened to run athwart a large tree that lay fallen near breast high, where he stopped and cried out aloud for help. But Mr. Church being soon upon him again, the Indian seized him fast by the hair of his head, and endeavoured by twisting to break his neck. But though Mr. Church's wounds had somewhat weakened him, and the Indian a stout fellow, yet he held him in play and twisted the Indian's neck as well, and took the advantage of many opportunities, while they hung by each other's hair, gave him notorious bunts in the face with his head. But in the heat of the scuffle they heard the ice break, with somebody's coming apace to them, which when they heard, Church concluded there was help for one or other of them, but was doubtful which of them must now receive the fatal stroke—anon somebody comes up to them, who proved to be the Indian that had first taken the prisoner; and without speaking a word, he felt them out, (for it was so dark he could not distinguish them by sight, the one being clothed and the other naked) he felt where Mr. Church's hands were fastened in the Netop's hair and with one blow settled his hatchet in between them, and thus ended the strife. He then spoke to Mr. Church and hugged him in his arms, and thanked him abundantly for catching his prisoner. He then cut off the head of his victim and carried it to the camp, and after giving an account to the rest of the friend Indians in the camp how Mr. Church had seized his prisoner, &c., they all joined in a mighty shout.

DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

Captain Church being now at Plymouth again, weary and worn, would have gone home to his wife and family, but the government being solicitous to engage him in the service until Philip was slain; and promising him satisfaction and redress for some mistreatment that he had met with, he fixes for another expedition.

He had soon volunteers enough to make up the company he desired, and marched through the woods until he came to Pocasset. And not seeing or hearing of any of the enemy, they went over the ferry to Rhodeisland, to refresh themselves. The Captain, with about half a dozen in his company, took horses and rode about eight miles down the island, to Mr. Sanford's, where he had left his wife. She no sooner saw him, but fainted with surprise; and by that time she was a little revived, they spied two horsemen coming a great pace. Captain Church told his company, that "Those men (by their riding) come with tidings." When they came up, they proved to be Major Sanford, and Captain Golding. They immediately asked Captain Church, what he would give to hear some news of Philip? He replied, that that was what he wanted. They told him, that they had rode hard with some hopes of overtaking him, and were now come on purpose to inform him, that there were just now tidings from Mounthope. An Indian came down from thence (where Philip's camp now was) to Sandy point, over against Trip's, and hallooed, and made signs to be fetched over. And being fetched over, he reported, that he was fled from Philip, "who (said he) has killed my brother just before I came away, for giving some advice that displeased him." And said, that he was fled for fear of meeting with the same his brother had met with. Told them also, that Philip was now in Mounthope neck. Captain Church thanked them for their good news, and said, that he hoped by to-morrow morning to have the rogue's head. The horses that he and his company came on standing at the door, (for they had not been unsaddled) his wife must content herself with a short visit, when such game was ahead. They immediately mounted, set spurs to their horses, and away.

The two gentlemen that brought him the tidings, told him, that they would gladly wait upon him to see the event of the expedition. He thanked them, and told them, that he should be as fond of their company as any men's; and (in short) they went with him. And they were soon at Trip's ferry, (with Captain Church's company) where the deserter was. He was a fellow of good sense, and told his story handsomely. He offered Captain Church, to pilot him to Philip, and to help to kill him, that he might revenge his brother's death. Told him, that Philip was now upon a little spot of upland, that was in the south end of the miry swamp, just at the foot of the mount, which was a spot of ground that Captain Church was well acquainted with.

By that time they were over the ferry, and came near the ground, half the night was spent. The Captain commands a halt, and bringing the company together, he asked Major Sanford's and Captain Golding's advice, what method it was best to take in making the onset; but they declined giving him any advice; telling him, that his great experience and success forbid their taking upon them to give advice. Then Captain Church offered Captain Golding the honour (if he would please accept of it) to beat up Philip's headquarters. He accepted the offer and had his allotted number drawn out to him, and the pilot. Captain Church's instructions to him were, to be very careful in his approach to the enemy, and be sure not to show himself, until by daylight they

might see and discern their own men from the enemy; told him also, that his custom in like cases, was, to creep with his company, on their bellies, until they came as near as they could; and that as soon as the enemy discovered them, they would cry out, and that was the word for his men to fire and fall on. He directed him, that when the enemy should start and take into the swamp, that they should pursue with speed; every man shouting and making what noise he could; for he would give orders to his ambuscade to fire on any that should come silently.

Captain Church knowing that it was Philip's custom to be foremost in the flight, went down to the swamp, and gave Captain Williams of Scituate the command of the right wing of the ambush, and placed an Englishman and an Indian together behind such shelters of trees, &c., as he could find, and took care to place them at such distance, that none might pass undiscovered between them; charged them to be careful of themselves, and of hurting their friends, and to fire at any that should come silently through the swamp. But it being somewhat farther through the swamp than he was aware of, he wanted men to make up his ambuscade.

Having placed what men he had, he took Major Sanford by the hand, and said, "Sir, I have so placed them that it is scarce possible Philip should escape them." The same moment a shot whistled over their heads, and then the noise of a gun towards Philip's camp. Captain Church, at first, thought that it might be some gun fired by accident; but before he could speak, a whole volley followed, which was earlier than he expected. One of Philip's gang going forth to ease himself, when he had done, looked round him, and Captain Golding thought that the Indian looked right at him, (though probably it was but his conceit) so fired at him; and upon his firing, the whole company that were with him fired upon the enemy's shelter, before the Indians had time to rise from their sleep, and so over shot them. But their shelter was open on that side next the swamp, built so on purpose for the convenience of flight on occasion. They were soon in the swamp, and Philip the foremost, who starting at the first gun, threw his *petunk* and powderhorn over his head, catched up his gun, and ran as fast as he could scamper, without any more clothes than his small breeches and stockings; and ran directly on two of Captain Church's ambush. They let him come fair within shot, and the Englishman's gun missing fire, he bid the Indian fire away, and he did so to the purpose; sent one musket bullet through his heart, and another not above two inches from it. He fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him.

By this time the enemy perceived that they were waylaid on the east side of the swamp, and tacked short about. One of the enemy, who seemed to be a great, surly old fellow, hallooed with a loud voice, and often called out, "*Iootash, Iootash.*" Captain Church called to his Indian, Peter, and asked him, who that was that called so? He answered, that it was old Annawon, Philip's great Captain; calling on his soldiers to stand to it, and fight stoutly. Now the enemy finding that place of the swamp which was not ambushed, many of them made their escape in the English tracks.

The man that had shot down Philip, ran with all speed to Captain Church, and informed him of his exploit, who commanded him to be silent about it and let no man more know it, until they had driven the swamp clean. But when they had driven the swamp through, and found that the enemy had escaped, or at least, the most of them, and the sun now up, and so the dew gone, that they could not easily track them, the whole company met together at the place where the enemy's night shelter was, and then Captain Church gave them the news of Philip's death. Upon which the whole army gave three loud huzzas.

Captain Church ordered his body to be pulled out of the mire to the upland. So some of Captain Church's Indians took hold of him by his stockings, and some by his small breeches (being otherwise naked) and drew him through the mud to the upland; and a doleful, great, naked, dirty beast he looked like. Captain Church then said, that forasmuch as he had caused many an Englishman's body to be unburied, and to rot above ground, that not one of his bones should be buried. And calling his old Indian executioner, bid him behead and quarter him.

DAVID BRAINERD.

DAVID BRAINERD, the missionary to the Indians, was born at Haddam, Conn., April 20, 1718. He lost his father, a member of the council of the colony, when he was but nine years old, and his mother five years after. He early displayed a deep sense of religious obligation, combined with

great dread of future punishment. He dates his partial relief from the terrible fears which tormented his existence, from the night of July 12, 1739; but he was throughout life subject to fits of deep despondency.

In September of the same year, he entered Yale College, where he devoted himself so earnestly to his studies that his feeble frame broke down under his labor. His life was for some weeks despaired of, but after a long interval of rest, he was enabled to resume his studies in the autumn. Not content with his bodily sufferings, his journal shows that he reproached himself severely for a sinful ambition to stand high as a scholar.

About this time, Whitefield visited New England. An excitable temperament like Brainerd's was one likely to be affected by the system which he introduced. A powerful religious excitement spread through the college, which was discountenanced by its heads. Brainerd was overheard to say that one of the tutors "had no more grace than a chair;" and was, for this slight offence, expelled from the college. He afterwards acknowledged his fault of hasty speech, but always felt the unjust severity with which he had been treated.

He immediately commenced the study of divinity, and in the summer of the same year received a license to preach from the association of ministers at Danbury. His ardent desire was to become a missionary among the Indians, and he commenced his labors among a small and wretched community of that race at Kent, on the borders of Connecticut. In November he received an invitation from the Correspondents, at New York, of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—an association formed in Scotland—to become their missionary to the Indians. He accepted the appointment, after

some hesitation, arising from his usual over modest distrust of his own ability, and commenced his labors at Kanaumeek, an Indian village about half way between Stockbridge and Albany. His first act was to devote his small patrimony to the support of a young friend in the ministry, relying himself entirely upon his missionary allowance to supply his simple wants.

He arrived among the Indians April 1, 1743, weak in body from the consumption, which, aggravated by exposure, soon after ended his life. He found shelter in the log hut of a poor Scotchman, where he lived on hasty pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes. Finding this residence too far from the Indians, he built, with his own hands, a log hut among their wigwams. He not long afterwards made a journey to New Haven, for the purpose of making a humble apology to the college authorities for his old offence. He craved pardon in these humble and self-accusing terms:—

Whereas, I have said before several persons concerning Mr. Whittlesey, one of the tutors of Yale College, that I did not believe he had any more grace than the chair I then leaned upon; I humbly confess, that herein I have sinned against God, and acted contrary to the rules of his word, and have injured Mr. Whittlesey. I had no right to make thus free with his character, and had no just reason to say as I did concerning him. My fault herein was the more aggravated, in that I said this concerning one who was so much my superior, and one that I was obliged to treat with special respect and honor, by reason of the relation I then stood in to the college. Such a behavior, I confess, did not become a Christian; it was taking too much upon me, and did not savor of that humble respect that I ought to have expressed towards Mr. Whittlesey. . . . I have often reflected on this act with grief; I hope, on account of the sin of it; and am willing to lie low and to be abased before God and man for it. I humbly ask the forgiveness of the governors of the college, and of the whole society; but of Mr. Whittlesey in particular. . . And whether the governors of the college shall see fit to remove the censure I lie under or not, or to admit me to the privileges I desire; yet I am willing to appear, if they think fit, openly to own, and to humble myself for those things I have herein confessed.

But the only conditions which the college authorities would offer, were, that if he would return and remain a year under their jurisdiction, they might allow him a degree. These terms he could not accept without relinquishing his duties, and he consequently did not receive the honors of the institution.

After some months passed at his station, he became convinced that it was his duty to remove to Indians who were not in constant proximity to the whites, a circumstance which impeded and almost neutralized his efforts. Their position near the French frontier was also a source of distraction. If his present charge could be induced to remove to Stockbridge, they would be under the care of a pastor who knew their wants and would do all that could be done for them. This removal Brainerd proposed, and it is a significant proof of the influence he had acquired over them that they gave a ready assent.

This being arranged, the missionary was urgently pressed to become the pastor of the pleasant and flourishing village of East Hampton, Long Island. The people of that place represented to him "that he might be useful to them for many years, while he would soon sink under the hardships of his mission, as the winter he had passed at Kanaumeek abundantly proved."*

His purpose was not to be changed by promise of ease or prospect of death, and he was soon after a wearisome journey at his new post, Crosswaksung, at the Forks of the Delaware. After months of diligent and patient labor, he succeeded in converting some of the red men to Christianity. He persuaded them to remove from the immediate neighborhood of the whites to a place called Cranberry, fifteen miles distant, and form an independent settlement. He then, believing it his duty to seek a new audience, penetrated still further into the wilderness, to the Susquehanna. The journey proved too much for his enfeebled constitution. He returned to Cranberry exhausted, and after instructing from his chair, and being carried to the place of meeting to administer the sacrament, felt it his duty to seek rest, or, in his own words, "consume some time in diversions."† He was compelled to halt at Elizabethtown, where he was for some time confined to his bed. He was gratified while here by the arrival of his brother, on his way to join or succeed him in his missionary enterprise.

In April, 1747, he at length reached Northampton, Massachusetts, where he was received into the family of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, afterwards President of Yale College. He visited this place for the purpose of consulting the physician, Mather, who decided his case to be hopeless, but advised the exercise of riding as the best means of alleviating his disorder.

His friends recommended him to go to Boston, and Jerusha, the daughter of Edwards, a young lady of eighteen, accompanying him, as her father simply expresses it, "to be helpful to him in his weak and low state."‡

He received much attention in Boston, where he was for some time at the point of death. He was visited by those who sympathized with his mission, and was instrumental in the collection of funds for the promotion of its objects.

He returned to Northampton in July, and after great suffering in the final stages of his disease, died on the ninth of October, 1747. To the last, his attached and faithful nurse "chiefly attended him."§

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* Life of Brainerd, by W. B. O. Peabody, in Sparks's Am. Biog. viii. 300.

† Peabody's Life, p. 256.

‡ Memoirs of Brainerd, by Edwards, p. 402.

§ The brief and beautiful career of this young lady is concisely and feelingly given in the following note by her father.

"Since this, it has pleased a holy and sovereign God to take away this my dear child by death, on the 14th of February, next following, after a short illness of five days, in the eighteenth year of her age. She was a person of much the same spirit with Brainerd. She had constantly taken care of, and attended him in his sickness, for nineteen weeks before his death; devoting herself to it with great delight, because she looked on him as an eminent servant of Jesus Christ. In this time, he had much conversation with her on the things of religion; and in his dying state, often expressed to us, her parents, his great satisfaction concerning her true piety, and his confidence that he should meet her in heaven, and his high opinion of her, not only as a true Christian, but a very eminent saint: one whose soul was uncommonly fed and entertained with things which appertain to the most spiritual, experimen-

The society by whom Brainerd was employed published, in 1746, *Mirabilia Dei inter Indicos*,* or the Rise and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace among a number of the Indians of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The volume contains extracts from the journal of his labors, forwarded by him, commencing with his residence at Crossweeksung, June 19th, and extending to November 4th, 1749. A second part, entitled *Divine Grace Displayed*,† covering the period from November 24th, 1745, to June 19th, 1746, was published a few months after.

His friend Edwards preached his funeral sermon, and, in 1749, published his life, chiefly composed of extracts from the minute private diary kept by Brainerd, in addition to his published journals, throughout his career, the last entry in it being dated only seven days before his death. It is a curious record of spiritual experience, tinged by a melancholy temperament, increased by a life which, although an active one, was passed in a great measure in a virtual solitude.

That his biographer was aware of the dangers with which a constant study of self is attended, is evident from his citation of the following passage by Thomas Shepard:—

I have known one very able, wise, and godly, put upon the rack by him, who, envying God's people's peace, knows how to change himself into an angel of light; for it being his usual course, in the time of his health, to make a diary of his hourly life, and finding much benefit by it, he was in conscience pressed by the power and delusion of Satan, to make and take the same daily survey of his life in the time of his sickness; by means of which, he spent his enfeebled spirits, and cast on fuel to fire his sickness. Had not a friend of his convinced him of his erroneous conscience misleading him at that time, he had murdered his body, out of conscience to save his soul, and to preserve his grace.

The diary, however, forms a beautiful memorial of a life of self-sacrifice and devotion, of the pursuit of missionary enterprise among an unimpressible and savage people, whose minds he could only approach through the medium of an interpreter, as, although he bestowed much labor on the effort, he never thoroughly mastered their language. His journal bears no record of his bodily sufferings, but we know that he went to his task with a frame wasted by consumption, and pursued his painful journeys in all weathers, undisturbed by the unmistakable premonitions of death which accompanied his disease. He rode through the woods, raising blood and parched with fever, and his rest in the rude hut or wigwam was accompanied by wasting night-sweats, and yet, with all this, he was constantly reproaching himself for want of exertion.

The diary is not as full as could be desired in relation to his intercourse with the Indians, but is sufficiently so to show that he pursued a wise and judicious course in his ministry.

The pervading spirit of Brainerd's Journal is eloquently described by Edwards:—

I have had occasion to read his *diary* over and over, and very particularly and critically to review every passage in it; and I find no one instance of a strong impression on his imagination, through his whole life; no instance of a strongly impressed idea of any external glory and brightness, of any bodily form or shape, any beautiful majestic countenance. There is no imaginary sight of Christ hanging on the cross with his blood streaming from his wounds; or seated in heaven on a bright throne, with angels and saints bowing before him; or with a countenance smiling on him; or arms open to embrace him: no sight of heaven, in his imagination, with gates of pearl, and golden streets, and vast multitudes of glorious inhabitants, with shining garments. There is no sight of the book of life opened, with his name written in it; no hearing of the sweet music made by the songs of heavenly hosts; no hearing God or Christ immediately speaking to him; nor any sudden suggestions of words or sentences, either of scripture or any other, as then immediately spoken or sent to him; no new objective revelations; no sudden strong suggestions of secret facts. Nor do I find any one instance in all the records which he has left of his own life, from beginning to end, of joy excited from a supposed *immediate* witness of the Spirit; or inward immediate suggestion, that his state was surely good, that God loved him with an everlasting love, that Christ died for him in particular, and that heaven was his; either with or without a text of scripture. There is no instance of comfort from any sudden suggestion to his mind, as though at that very time directed by God to him in particular, of any such texts as these; "Fear not; I am with thee;"—"It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;"—"You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you;"—"I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine;"—"Before thou wast formed in the belly, I knew thee," &c. There is no supposed communion and conversation with God carried on in this way; nor any such supposed tasting of the love of Christ. But the way in which he was satisfied of his own good estate, even to the entire abolishing of fear, was by feeling within himself the lively actings of a holy temper and heavenly disposition, the vigorous exercises of that divine love which casteth out fear.

Edwards's Life was abridged by John Wesley, and published in England. A second and smaller abridgment was made by John Styles. In 1822, the original work was printed at New Haven, with the addition of the Journals published during Brainerd's lifetime, and which were

tal, and distinguishing parts of religion: and one who, by the temper of her mind, was fitted to deny herself for God, and to do good, beyond any young woman whatsoever, whom he knew. She had manifested a heart uncommonly devoted to God, in the course of her life, many years before her death; and said on her death-bed, that "she had not seen one minute for several years, wherein she desired to live one minute longer, for the sake of any other good in life, but doing good, living to God, and doing what might be for his glory."

* Mirabilia Dei inter Indicos: or the Rise and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace, among a number of the Indians, in the Province of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; justly represented in a JOURNAL, kept by order of the Honourable Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge; with some General Remarks; by DAVID BRAINERD, Minister of the Gospel, and Missionary from the said Society: published by the Reverend and Worthy Correspondents of the said Society; with a Preface by them.

† Divine Grace Displayed; or the Continuance and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace among some of the Indians belonging to the Provinces of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; justly represented in a JOURNAL kept by order of the Honourable Society in Scotland for propagating Christian Knowledge: with some General Remarks; to which is subjoined an Appendix, containing some account of sundry things, and especially of the Difficulties attending the Work of a Missionary among the Indians; by DAVID BRAINERD, Minister of the Gospel, and Missionary from the said Society: published by the Reverend and Worthy Correspondents of the said Society.

omitted by Edwards as being already accessible to the public, under the editorship of Sereno Edwards Dwight.*

INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

When I was in this region† in May last, I had an opportunity of learning many of the notions and customs of the Indians, as well as observing many of their practices. I then travelled more than an hundred and thirty miles upon the river, above the English settlements; and, in that journey, met with individuals of seven or eight distinct tribes, speaking as many different languages. But of all the sights I ever saw among them, or indeed any where else, none appeared so frightful, or so near a kin to what is usually imagined of *infernal powers*, none ever excited such images of terror in my mind, as the appearance of one who was a devout and zealous Reformer, or rather, restorer of what he supposed was the ancient religion of the Indians. He made his appearance in his *pontifical garb*, which was a coat of *bear skins*, dressed with the hair on, and hanging down to his toes; a pair of bear skin stockings; and a great *wooden* face painted, the one half black, the other half tawny, about the colour of an Indian's skin, with an extravagant mouth, cut very much awry; the face fastened to a bear skin cap, which was drawn over his head. He advanced towards me with the instrument in his hand, which he used for music in his idolatrous worship; which was a dry *tortoise shell* with some corn in it, and the neck of it drawn on to a piece of wood, which made a very convenient handle. As he came forward, he beat his tune with the rattle, and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen. No one would have imagined from his appearance or actions, that he could have been a human creature, if they had not had some intimation of it otherwise. When he came near me, I could not but shrink away from him, although it was then noon day, and I knew who it was; his appearance and gestures were so prodigiously frightful. He had a house consecrated to religious uses, with divers images cut upon the several parts of it. I went in, and found the ground beat almost as hard as a rock, with their frequent dancing upon it. I discoursed with him about Christianity. Some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked extremely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it; but wanted to find some who would join heartily with him in it; for the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thoughts, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling abroad, in order to find some who would join with him; for he believed that God had some good people some where, who felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did; but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time. Then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods, and lived alone for some months. At length, he says, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do; and since that time he had known God, and tried to serve him; and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. I was told by the Indians, that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power; and that, if at any time he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them, and go crying into the woods. It was manifest that he had a set of religious notions which he had examined *for himself*, and not taken *for granted*, upon bare tradition; and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, as it either agreed or disagreed with *his standard*. While I was discoursing, he would sometimes say, "Now that I like; so God has taught me;" &c., and some of his sentiments seemed very just. Yet he utterly denied the existence of a *devil*, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion he supposed he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me, that departed souls all went *southward*, and that the difference between the good and the bad, was this: that the *former* were admitted into a beautiful town with *spiritual* walls; and that the *latter* would for ever hover around these walls, in vain attempts to get in. He seemed to be sincere, honest, and conscientious in his own way, and according to his own religious notions; which was more than I ever saw in any other Pagan. I perceived that he was looked upon and derided among most of the Indians, as a *precise zealot*, who made a needless noise about religious matters; but I must say that there was something in his temper and disposition, which looked more like true religion, than any thing I ever observed amongst other heathens.

But alas! how deplorable is the state of the Indians upon this river! The brief representation which I have here given of their notions and manners, is sufficient to show that they are "led captive by Satan at his will," in the most eminent manner; and methinks might likewise be sufficient to excite the compassion, and engage the prayers, of pious souls for these their fellow-men, who sit "in the regions of the shadow of death."

JAMES McSPARRAN.

THE REV. JAMES MCSPARRAN, of the church of Narraghansett, was one of the pioneer band of English clergymen whose influence is often to be noticed in cementing the foundations of American progress. His family was from the north of Ireland, having emigrated from Scotland. He had a good classical education, and came a missionary to Narraghansett, in Rhode Island, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in 1721. The next year he married Miss Harriet Gardiner, a lady of the place. He was intimate with Berkeley during the residence of the Dean at Newport. In 1736, he visited England, and returned with the title of Doctor of Divinity, from Glasgow. His pulpit exercises in the church of St. Paul's were of an eloquent character, if we may judge from the sermon which he delivered on the 15th March, 1740, when war, pestilence, and an unusually protracted and severe winter oppressed the country.* In 1747, he preached an eloquent sermon before the convention of the Episcopal clergy, in Trinity Church, Newport, which was printed. He asserted the

* Memoirs of the Rev. David Brainerd: Missionary to the Indians on the borders of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania: chiefly taken from his own Diary. By Rev. Jonathan Edwards, of Northampton. Including his Journal, now for the first time incorporated with the rest of his Diary, in a regular Chronological series. By Sereno Edwards Dwight. New-Haven: Printed and published by S. Converse. 1822.

† Shamokung, on the Susquehanna.

* Large portions of the sermon are printed in Updike's Hist. Narr. Ch. 181-201.

claims of his Episcopal order in another discourse which was printed at Newport, in 1751, *The Sacred Dignity of the Christian Priesthood Vindicated.* In 1752, he wrote an historical tract of merit, *America Dissected*, which was published at Dublin, in 1753. It is in three letters giving an account of the "English American Dominions," beginning with the Bermudas and Georgia, and proceeding northerly to Newfoundland.* It was his intention to publish an extended history of the colonies, especially of New England; and it was supposed he had completed a history of the Narraghansett country, but no such work has been found among his papers. He died at his house, in South Kingstown, Dec. 1, 1757, having sustained manfully a career of many difficulties.

THE COLD WINTER, 1740-1.

The elements have been armed with such piercing cold and suffocating snows, as if God intended the air that he gave us to live and breathe in should become the instrument to execute his vengeance on us, for our ingratitude to his goodness, and our transgression of his law. We may contemplate to our comfort the wisdom and power of God in the beautiful structure of the heavens, and his wise sorting of the seasons, for the benefit and delight of man. But as no human skill can count *the number of the stars, nor call them by their names*, so exceeds the utmost art of astronomy, for either extreme heat or extreme cold, otherwise than by the distance of the sun; yet what we see have variations and vicissitudes that do not always correspond to that cause. It is no small comfort to consider God's care to provide food for the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and to supply their starving importunity. And our gratitude grows, as we are assured all this is ultimately intended as a kindness and bounty for the souls of men. But how, of late, has the grazier groaned to see the severity of the season, to hear his herds and his flocks making moan for their meat; and after a few fruitless complaints uttered in accents peculiar to their kind, drop down and die, and disappoint the increase and expectation of the spring.

With what amazement do we behold and can ill endure God's sudden and intolerable cold, that proceeds from the breath of his nostrils! The snow that looks so white, innocent, and light, as if it would bear down and oppress nothing, yet we see it hides and covers the earth from the warmth and light of the sun; and thus does also the ice turn rivers into rocks, and the sea (as it were) into dry land. We see the fluid element, which yielded to the smallest force, become so hard and rigid, that it resists the impression of the traveller's foot, and the weight of beasts and burthens with a firmness superior to the driest land.

Boreas has so far entered into the chambers of the south, that he hath sealed up the sun and intercepted his dissolving influence; and southern snows are signs of that planet's impotent efforts to regain his usurped dominions. The great luminary that rules the day, has now advanced and displayed his banner on this side of the Line, yet so faint are his armies, though innumerable, and each atom harnessed in fire, that they cannot force the frost to give ground, nor dissolve the intrenchment of snow. No arm that is not almighty can melt or open what Orion has shut up, bound in bands, and hardened; or freeze and make fast what the Pleiades have loosed and softened; the first being the constellation, which in the Omnipotent's hands beget and begin the winter; as the other are the orbs that attend the advancing Spring.

How many sad remembrances do remain, to remind us of the past winter! The husbandman and the mariner, the rich and the poor, have already sensibly felt its bad effects, and though the dissolved rivers have opened their mouths, returned to their channels, and offer their usual administrations to navigation, fishing and commerce; yet alas! are not the cattle now corrupting in the fields, and that after they have consumed most of the corn that might have maintained us to that time!

Famine of food, which though (blessed be God,) we do not yet feel, we have, notwithstanding, some reason to fear. Whatever second causes concur to occasion a scarcity of food, nature becomes the hungry man's executioner and tormenter, racking him with an impatient and importunate appetite, when there is nothing to allay or relieve it.

* It is printed at the close of Updike's Hist. Narr. Ch. 489-502.

JONATHAN MAYHEW.

JONATHAN MAYHEW, a great-grandson of Thomas Mayhew, the first minister at Martha's Vineyard, was born on that island, where his father maintained the ministry which had been held in his family since the time of the progenitor of whom we have spoken, October 8, 1720. He was graduated with distinction at Harvard, in 1744, and in 1747 was ordained pastor of the west church, in Boston, where he remained until his death, on the ninth of July, 1766.

On the 30th January, 1750, he preached a sermon bearing on the execution of Charles I., which was remarkable for its independent views on the duties of rulers and the limits of allegiance.

In 1763, the Rev. East Apthorpe,* one of the Missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, published "Considerations on the Institution and Conduct" of that society, in reply to an attack upon it which had appeared in a local journal, after the death of the society's missionary at Braintree, charging the association with a departure from its duties in supporting a clergyman of the English Church in a settlement where other provision for religious instruction had been made. His pamphlet was taken up by Dr. Mayhew, who published *Observations on the Charter and Conduct* of the society. A controversy ensued in which many of the New England clergy took part, the anticipated introduction of bishops naturally heightening the warmth of the discussion on both sides of the question.

Dr. Mayhew early embraced the popular side in the revolutionary struggle, and took an active part in the movements which preceded the con-

* East Apthorpe, the son of Charles Apthorpe, a merchant of Boston, was born in 1733, and educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, England. He was appointed, in 1761, missionary at Cambridge, Mass., by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He returned not long after to England; was made vicar of Croydon, in 1765; rector of Bowchurch, London, in 1778; and in 1790, having become blind, exchanged these livings for a prebendary's stall. He passed the last years of his life at Cambridge, England, where he died, April 14, 1816. In addition to his productions on the Episcopal controversy, he was the author of Discourses on Prophecy, at the Warburton lecture, Lincoln's Inn, 2 vols., London, and an answer to Gibbon's account of the causes of the spread of early Christianity.

test, by his discourses and personal influence. His sermon on the Repeal of the Stamp Act, in 1766,

shows that he brought all his energy to the service of his country, and in common with his numerous other printed discourses, displays vigor of mind and eloquence.

A "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, D.D., by Alden Bradford," appeared at Boston, in 1838.

In his theological views he differed from the majority of his Congregational brethren, inclining to those of the Unitarians.

FROM "THE SNARE BROKEN," A THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE PREACHED AT THE DESIRE OF THE WEST CHURCH IN BOSTON, N. E., FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1766; OCCASIONED BY THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT.

Brethren, ye have been called unto LIBERTY; *only use not* LIBERTY *for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.*—AP. PAUL.

We have never known so quick and general a transition from the depth of sorrow to the height of joy, as on this occasion; nor, indeed, so great and universal a flow of either, on any other occasion whatever. It is very true, we have heretofore seen times of great adversity. We have known seasons of drought, dearth and spreading mortal diseases; the pestilence walking in darkness, and the destruction wasting at noonday. We have seen wide devastations made by fire; and amazing tempests, the heavens on flame, the winds and the waves roaring. We have known repeated earthquakes, threatening us with speedy destruction. We have been under great apprehensions by reason of formidable fleets of an enemy on our coasts, menacing fire and sword to all our maritime towns. We have known times when the French and Savage armies made terrible havock on our frontiers, carrying all before them for a while; when we were not without fear, that some capital towns in the colonies would fall into their merciless hands. Such times as these we have known; at some of which almost every "face gathered paleness," and the knees of all but the good and brave, waxed feeble. But never have we known a season of such universal consternation and anxiety among people of all ranks and ages, in these colonies, as was occasioned by that parliamentary procedure, which threatened us and our posterity with perpetual bondage and slavery. For they, as we generally suppose, are really slaves to all intents and purposes, who are obliged to labor and toil only for the benefit of others; or, which comes to the same thing, the fruit of whose labor and industry may be lawfully taken from them without their consent, and they justly punished if they refuse to surrender it on demand, or apply it to other purposes than those, which their masters, of their mere grace and pleasure, see fit to allow. Nor are there many *American* understandings acute enough to distinguish any material difference between this being done by a *single* person, under the title of an absolute monarch, and done by a far-distant legislature consisting of *many* persons, in which they are not represented; and the members whereof, instead of feeling, and sharing equally with them in the burden thus imposed, are eased of their own in proportion to the greatness and weight of it. It may be questioned, whether the ancient Grecks or Romans, or any other nation in which slavery was allowed, carried their idea of it much farther than this. So that our late apprehensions, and universal consternation, on account of ourselves and posterity, were far, very far indeed, from being groundless. For what is there in this world more wretched, than for those who were born free, and have a right to continue so, to be made slaves themselves, and to think of leaving a race of slaves behind them; even though it be to masters, confessedly the most humane and generous in the world! Or what wonder is it, if after groaning with a low voice for a while to no purpose, we at length groaned so loudly, as to be heard more than three thousand miles; and to be pitied throughout Europe, wherever it is not hazardous to mention even the name of liberty, unless it be to reproach it, as only another name for sedition, faction or rebellion!

* * * * * *

The REPEAL, the REPEAL, has at once, in a good measure, restored things to order, and composed our minds by removing the chief ground of our fears. The course of justice between man and man is no longer obstructed; commerce lifts up her head, adorned with golden tresses, pearls, and precious stones. All things that went on right before are returning gradually to their former course; those that did not we have reason to hope will go on better now; almost every person you meet wears the smiles of contentment and joy; and even our slaves rejoice as though they had received their manumission. Indeed, all the lovers of liberty in Europe, in the world, have reason to rejoice; the cause is, in some measure, common to them and us. Blessed revolution! glorious change! How great are our obligations for it to the Supreme Governor of the world! He hath given us *beauty for ashes*, and the *oil of gladness for the* spirit *of heaviness*. He hath turned our groans into songs, *our mourning into dancing*. He hath *put off our sackcloth, and girded us with gladness*, to the end that our tongues, *our glory may sing praises* to him. Let us all, then, rejoice in the Lord, and give honor to him; not forgetting to add the obedience of our lives, as the best sacrifice that we can offer to Heaven; and which, if neglected, will prove all our other sacrifices have been but ostentation and hypocrisy, which are an abomination to the Lord.

* * * * * *

If I may be indulged here in saying a few words

more, respecting my notions of liberty in general, such as they are, it shall be as follows:

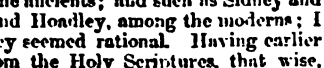
Having been initiated in youth in the doctrines of civil liberty, as they were taught by such men as Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, and other renowned persons among the ancients; and such as Sidney and Milton, Locke and Hoadley, among the moderns; I liked them; they seemed rational. Having earlier still learned from the Holy Scriptures, that wise, brave, and virtuous men were always friends to liberty; that God gave the Israelites a king [or absolute monarch] in his anger, because they had not sense and virtue enough to like a free commonwealth, and to have himself for their king; that the Son of God came down from heaven to make us "free indeed;" and that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" this made me conclude that freedom was a great blessing. Having, also, from my childhood up, by the kind providence of my God, and the tender care of a good parent now at rest with Him, been educated to the love of liberty, though not of licentiousness; which chaste and virtuous passion was still increased in me, as I advanced towards and into manhood; I would not, I cannot now, though past middle age, relinquish the fair object of my youthful affection, LIBERTY, whose charms, instead of decaying with time in my eyes, have daily captivated me more and more. I was accordingly penetrated with the most sensible grief, when, about the *first of November last*, that day of darkness, a day hardly to be numbered with the other days of the year, SHE seemed about to take her final departure from America, and to leave that ugly hag, Slavery, the deformed child of Satan, in her room. I am now filled with a proportionable degree of joy in God, on occasion of HER speedy return, with new smiles on her face, with augmented beauty and splendor.—Once more, then, Hail! celestial maid, the daughter of God, and, excepting his Son, the firstborn of heaven! Welcome to these shores again; welcome to every expanding heart! Long mayest thou reside among us, the delight of the wise, good, and brave; the protectress of innocence from wrongs and oppression; the patroness of learning, arts, eloquence, virtue, rational loyalty, religion! And if any miserable people on the continent or isles of Europe, after being weakened by luxury, debauchery, venality, intestine quarrels, or other vices, should, in the rude collisions, or now-uncertain revolutions of kingdoms, be driven, in their extremity, to seek a safe retreat from slavery in some far distant climate; let them find, O let them find one in America under thy brooding sacred wings, where our oppressed fathers once found it, and we now enjoy it, by the favor of Him, whose service is the most glorious freedom! Never, O never may He permit them to forsake us, for our unworthiness to enjoy thy enlivening presence! By His high permission attend us through life AND DEATH to the regions of the blessed, thy original abode, there to enjoy forever the "glorious liberty of the sons of God!"—But I forget myself; whither have I been hurried by this enthusiasm, or whatever else you will please to call it? I hope your candor will forgive this odd excursion, for which I hardly know how to account myself.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

"GET," says Charles Lamb, in one of the Essays of Elia, "the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers."

The result is not unlikely to follow, even if the reader stop short of the thoroughness of study recommended. John Woolman's writings are not, however, of formidable bulk, being comprised in a duodecimo of about five hundred pages. They are principally occupied with *The Journal of his life and travels in the service of the Gospel*, and as the best introduction of the man, we proceed to some consideration of this which may emphatically be called a portion of his works.

"Having often felt a motion of love to leave some hints in writing of my experience of the goodness of God," he in the thirty-sixth year of his age addressed himself to the task.



He was born in Northampton, Burlington county, West Jersey, in 1720, and before the age of seven "began to be acquainted with the operations of Divine love." He remembered sitting down once on his way from school, and reading the description of the new heavens and new earth in the Book of Revelation, and by this and like exercises he was preserved from acquiring the habit of using ill language and other evils.

He records an early case of conscience.

A thing remarkable in my childhood was, that once going to a neighbour's house, I saw, on the way, a robin sitting on her nest, and as I came near she went off, but having young ones flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them; I stood and threw stones at her, till one striking her, she fell down dead: at first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror, as having, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful for her young: I beheld her lying dead, and thought these young ones for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them; and after some painful considerations on the subject I climbed up the tree, took all the young birds, and killed them; supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably: and believed, in this case, that scripture proverb was fulfilled, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." I then went on my errand, but, for some hours could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition.

As he advanced to the age of sixteen, he found himself losing his childish purity. In his own words, "I perceived a plant in me which produced much wild grapes." A fit of sickness, "from which I doubted of recovering," brought serious thoughts to his mind, and with advancing years he became more and more weaned from the world.

He remained with his parents, "and wrought on the plantation" until his twenty-first year, when "a man in much business at shop-keeping and baking asked me, if I would hire with him to tend shop and keep books." Accepting this proposal, his employer furnished a shop in Mount Holly, a few miles distant, where Woolman lived alone. He was troubled at first by the visits of

"Several young people, my former acquaintance, who knew not but varieties would be as agreeable to me now as ever;" but these gay companions soon "gave over expecting him as one of their company."

He not long after made his first essay as a speaker.

I went to meetings in an awful frame of mind, and endeavoured to be inwardly acquainted with the language of the true Shepherd; and one day, being under a strong exercise of spirit, I stood up, and said some words in a meeting; but not keeping close to the divine opening, I said more than was required of me; and being soon sensible of my error, I was afflicted in mind some weeks, without any light or comfort, even to that degree that I could not take satisfaction in any thing: I remembered God, and was troubled; and, in the depth of my distress, he had pity upon me, and sent the Comforter: I then felt forgiveness for my offence, and my mind became calm and quiet, being truly thankful to my gracious Redeemer for his mercies; and after this, feeling the spring of divine love opened, and a concern to speak, I said a few words in a meeting, in which I found peace; this, I believe, was about six weeks from the first time: and, I was thus humbled and disciplined under the cross, my understanding became more strengthened to distinguish the pure spirit which inwardly moves upon the heart and taught me to wait in silence sometimes many weeks together, until I felt that rise which prepares the creature to stand like a trumpet, through which the Lord speaks to his flock.

We next find him a protester against holiday junketing.

About the time called Christmas, I observed many people from the country, and dwellers in town, who, resorting to public-houses, spent their time in drinking and vain sports, tending to corrupt one another; on which account I was much troubled. At one house in particular there was much disorder; and I believed it was a duty incumbent on me to go and speak to the master of that house. I considered I was young, and that several elderly Friends in town had opportunity to see these things; but though I would gladly have been excused, yet I could not feel my mind clear.

The exercise was heavy: and as I was reading what the Almighty said to Ezekiel, respecting his duty as a watchman, the matter was set home more clearly; and then, with prayers and tears, I besought the Lord for his assistance, who, in loving kindness, gave me a resigned heart: then, at a suitable opportunity, I went to the public-house; and seeing the man amongst much company, I went to him, and told him, I wanted to speak with him; so we went aside, and there, in the fear and dread of the Almighty, I expressed to him what rested on my mind, which he took kindly, and afterwards showed more regard to me than before. In a few years afterwards he died, middle-aged; and I often thought, that had I neglected my duty in that case, it would have given me great trouble; and I was humbly thankful to my gracious Father, who had supported me herein.

On the fifth day of the ninth month he set out on his first journey, in company with an ancient friend, Abraham Farrington, and was absent above two weeks. On his return, "perceiving merchandise to be attended with much cumber, in the way of trading in these parts," he looked about for a quieter occupation, and settled upon the sedentary calling of a tailor.

I believed the hand of Providence pointed out this business for me; and was taught to be content with it, though I felt at times a disposition that would have sought for something greater; but through the revelation of Jesus Christ, I had seen the happiness of humility, and there was an earnest desire in me to enter deep into it; and, at times, this desire arose to a degree of fervent supplication, wherein my soul was so environed with heavenly light and consolation, that things were made easy to me which had been otherwise.

After "carefully attending meetings for worship and discipline," he "found an enlargement of gospel love in his mind," and "therein a concern to visit Friends in some of the back settlements of Virginia," and finding that Isaac Andrews had "drawings" of a similar character, the pair started on a tour on the twelfth day of the third month, in the year 1746. He found this journey so satisfactory, that he seems to have henceforward adopted itineracy as a regular pursuit.

In 1749, he married "a well-inclined damsel," Sarah Ellis. In 1753, he submitted a tract against slavery, which he had prepared some years before, "to the revisal of Friends, who having examined and made some small alterations in it, directed a number of copies thereof to be published and dispersed amongst Friends." This was a subject on which he spoke and wrote frequently. Anticipating the removal of the system from his own neighborhood, he was equally desirous of its extinction in all parts of the country.

At a drafting of militia in 1757, during the French War, he, with others whom he influenced, declined to bear arms or hire substitutes. They were told they might return home for the present, and to be in readiness when called upon. The emergency never occurred. Woolman carried his scruples still further.

On the fourth day of the fourth month, in the year 1758, orders came to some officers in Mount-Holly, to prepare quarters, a short time, for about one hundred soldiers: and an officer and two other men, all inhabitants of our town, came to my house; and the officer told me, that he came to speak with me, to provide lodging and entertainment for two soldiers, there being six shillings a week per man allowed as pay for it. The case being new and unexpected, I made no answer suddenly, but sat a time silent, my mind being inward; I was fully convinced, that the proceedings in wars are inconsistent with the purity of the Christian religion; and to be hired to entertain men who were then under pay as soldiers, was a difficulty with me. I expected they had legal authority for what they did; and after a short time, I said to the officer, if the men are sent here for entertainment, I believe I shall not refuse to admit them into my house; but the nature of the case is such, that I expect I cannot keep them on hire: one of the men intimated that he thought I might do it consistent with my religious principles; to which I made no reply, as believing silence, at that time, best for me. Though they spake of two, there came only one, who tarried at my house about two weeks, and behaved himself civilly; and when the officer came to pay me, I told him I could not take pay for it, having admitted him into my house

in a passive obedience to authority. I was on horseback when he spake to me; and as I turned from him, he said he was obliged to me: to which I said nothing; but thinking on the expression, I grew uneasy; and afterwards being near where he lived, I went and told him on what grounds I refused taking pay for keeping the soldier.

In 1763 he determined to visit the Indians on the east branch of the Susquehannah, some of whom he had met at Philadelphia. Some Friends who had heard of his intention came from that city to him, "so late, that friends were generally gone to bed," to warn him that the Indians "had taken a fort from the English westward, and slain and scalped English people in divers places, some near Pittsburg," and of the consequent dangers of the journey; but he was not to be deterred, and on the following morning set out with two companions and a guide. The journey occupied the greater portion of the month of June; and its record forms some of the pleasantest portions of our Friend's Journal. We extract some passages:—

We reached the Indian settlement at Wioming; and here we were told that an Indian runner had been at that place a day or two before us, and brought news of the Indians taking an English fort, westward, and destroying the people, and that they were endeavouring to take another; and also, that another Indian runner came there about the middle of the night before we got there, who came from a town about ten miles above Wehaloosing, and brought news, that some Indian warriors, from distant parts, came to that town with two English scalps; and told the people that it was war with the English.

Our guides took us to the house of a very ancient man; and soon after we had put in our baggage there came a man from another Indian house some distance off; and I, perceiving there was a man near the door, went out; and he having a tomahawk, wrapped under his matchcoat out of sight, as I approached him, he took it in his hand; I, however, went forward, and, speaking to him in a friendly way, perceived he understood some English: my companion then coming out we had some talk with him concerning the nature of our visit in these parts; and then he, going into the house with us, and talking with our guides, soon appeared friendly, and sat down and smoaked his pipe. Though his taking the hatchet in his hand at the instant I drew near to him, had a disagreeable appearance, I believe he had no other intent than to be in readiness in case any violence was offered to him.

Hearing the news brought by these Indian runners, and being told by the Indians where we lodged, that what Indians were about Wioming expected, in a few days, to move to some larger towns, I thought that, to all outward appearance, it was dangerous travelling at this time; and was, after a hard day's journey, brought into a painful exercise at night, in which I had to trace back, and view over the steps I had taken from my first moving in the visit; and though I had to bewail some weakness, which, at times, had attended me, yet I could not find that I had ever given way to a wilful disobedience: and then, as I believed I had, under a sense of duty, come thus far, I was now earnest in spirit, beseeching the Lord to show me what I ought to do. In this great distress I grew jealous of myself, lest the desire of reputation, as a man firmly settled to persevere through dangers, or the fear of disgrace arising on my returning without performing the visit, might have some place in me: thus I lay, full of thoughts, great part of the night, while my beloved companion lay and slept by me; till the Lord, my gracious Father, who saw the conflicts of my soul, was pleased to give quietness: then I was again strengthened to commit my life, and all things relating thereto, into his heavenly hands; and getting a little sleep toward day, when morning came we arose.

On the fourteenth day of the sixth month, we sought out and visited all the Indians hereabouts that we could meet with; they being chiefly in one place, about a mile from where we lodged, in all perhaps twenty. Here I expressed the care I had on my mind for their good; I told them, that true love had made me willing thus to leave my family to come and see the Indians, and speak with them in their houses. Some of them appeared kind and friendly. So we took our leave of these Indians, and went up the river Susquehannah, about three miles, to the house of an Indian called Jacob January, who had killed his hog; and the women were making store of bread, and preparing to move up the river. Here our pilots left their canoe when they came down in the Spring, which, lying dry, was leaky; so that we, being detained some hours, had a good deal of friendly conversation with the family; and, eating dinner with them, we made them some small presents. Then, putting our baggage in the canoe, some of them pushed slowly up the stream, and the rest of us rode our horses: and swimming them over a creek called Lahawahamunk, we pitched our tent a little above it, being a shower in the evening; and in a sense of God's goodness in helping me in my distress, sustaining me under trials, and inclining my heart to trust in him, I lay down in an humble bowed frame of mind, and had a comfortable night's lodging.

In 1772, after a long and debilitating sickness, "having been some time under a religious concern to prepare for crossing the seas," he made preparations to visit England. In consequence of singular religious scruples he took passage in the steerage.

I told the owner, that on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabbin was, I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery: and that in the cabbin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts; and that according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment, hath some relation to the expence of furnishing it to please the minds of such who give way to a conformity to this world; and that in this case, as in other cases, the money received from the passengers, are calculated to answer every expence relating to their passage, and amongst the rest, of these superfluities: and that in this case, I felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to defray such expences.

As my mind was now opened, I told the owner, that I had, at several times in my travels, seen great oppressions on this continent, at which my heart had been much affected, and brought into a feeling of the state of the sufferers. And having many times been engaged, in the fear and love of God, to labour with those under whom the oppressed have been borne down and afflicted, I have often perceived, that a view to get riches, and provide estates for children to live conformable to customs, which stand in that spirit wherein men have regard to the honours of this world—that in the pursuit of these things, I had seen many entangled in the spi-

rit of oppression; and the exercise of my soul had been such, that I could not find peace in joining in any such thing which I saw was against that wisdom which is pure.

His account of the voyage contains many humane and sensible suggestions for the better care of sailors, and abounds in devout and well penned reflections. On his arrival in England he visited a few meetings of his sect. He refused to travel by stage-coach or receive letters by post, on humanitarian grounds.

As my journey hath been without a horse, I have had several offers of being assisted on my way in the stage coaches; but have not been in them: nor have I had freedom to send letters by the posts, in the present way of their riding; the stages being so fixed, and one boy dependent on another as to time, that they commonly go upwards of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours; and in the cold long winter nights, the poor boys suffer much.

I heard in America of the way of these posts; and cautioned friends in the general meeting of ministers and elders at Philadelphia, and in the yearly-meeting of ministers and elders at London, not to send letters to me on any common occasion by post. And though, on this account, I may be likely to hear seldomer from my family left behind: yet, for righteousness' sake, I am, through Divine favour, made content.

He was also troubled about dye-stuffs.

Having of late travelled often in wet weather, through narrow streets in towns and villages, where dirtiness under foot, and the scent arising from that filth, which more or less infects the air of all thick settled towns; and I, being but weakly, have felt distress both in body and mind with that which is impure.

In these journies I have been where much cloth hath been dyed; and sundry times walked over ground, where much of their dye stuffs have drained away.

Here I have felt a longing in my mind, that people might come into cleanness of spirit, cleanness of person, cleanness about their houses and garments.

Some, who are great, carry delicacy to a great height themselves, and yet the real cleanliness is not generally promoted. Dyes being invented partly to please the eye, and partly to hide dirt, I have felt in this weak state, travelling in dirtiness and affected with unwholesome scents, a strong desire that the nature of dying cloth, to hide dirt, may be more fully considered.

To hide dirt in our garments, appears opposite to the real cleanliness.

To wash garments, and keep them sweet, this appears cleanly.

Through giving way to hiding dirt in our garments, a spirit which would cover that which is disagreeable, is strengthened.

Real cleanness becometh a holy people: but hiding that which is not clean by colouring our garments appears contrary to the sweetness of sincerity.

Through some sorts of dyes, cloth is less useful; and if the value of dye-stuffs, the expence of dying, and the damage done to cloth, were all added together, and that expence applied to keep all sweet and clean, how much more cleanly would people be.

The journal closes abruptly, a few pages after, with some remarks on eloquence, which have much of the quality of which they treat.

The natural man loveth eloquence, and many love to hear eloquent orations; and if there is not a careful attention to the gift, men who have once laboured in the pure gospel ministry, growing weary of suffering, and ashamed of appearing weak, may kindle a fire, compass themselves about with sparks, and walk in the light, not of Christ who is under suffering; but of that fire, which they, going from the gift, have kindled: And that in hearers, which are gone from the meek, suffering state, into the worldly wisdom, may be warmed with this fire, and speak highly of these labours. That which is of God gathers to God; and that which is of the world is owned by the world.

In this journey a labour hath attended my mind, that the ministers amongst us may be preserved in the meek feeling life of Truth, where we may have no desire, but to follow Christ and be with him; that when he is under suffering we may suffer with him; and never desire to raise up in dominion, but as he by the virtue of his own spirit may raise us.

A few days after writing these considerations, "our dear friend," says the kind hand who continues the record, "came to the city of York," where before the sittings of the quarterly meeting were over, he was taken ill of the small-pox. An account of his sickness from day to day follows.

His disorder appeared to be the small-pox: being asked to have a doctor's advice, he signified he had not freedom or liberty in his mind so to do, standing wholly resigned to his will, who gave him life, and whose power he had witnessed to raise and heal him in sickness before, when he seemed nigh unto death; and if he was to wind up now, he was perfectly resigned, having no will either to live or die, and did not choose any should be sent for to him: but a young man, an apothecary, coming of his own accord the next day, and desiring to do something for him, he said he found a freedom to confer with him and the other friends about him, and if any thing should be proposed, as to medicine, that did not come through defiled channels or oppressive hands, he should be willing to consider and take, so far as he found freedom.

The disease made rapid and fatal progress. His last act, "about the second hour on fourth-day morning," was to call for pen and ink, and, being unable to speak, write, "I believe my being here is in the wisdom of Christ, I know not as to life or death."

Four hours after, he expired "without sigh, groan, or struggle."

Woolman's chief productions, in addition to his Journal, are—*Some Considerations on the Keeping of Negroes*, the tract already referred to; *Considerations on Pure Wisdom and Human Policy, on Labour, on Schools, and on the Right Use of the Lord's Outward Gifts*, 1768; *Considerations on the True Harmony of Mankind, and how it is to be Maintained*, 1770; *Remarks on Sundry Subjects*, 1778; *An Epistle to the Quarterly and Monthly Meetings of Friends*, 1772; and *A Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich*. Our extract is taken from the Remarks on Sundry Subjects.

Worship in silence hath often been refreshing to my mind, and a care attends me that a young generation may feel the nature of this worship.

Great expence ariseth in relation to that which is called Divine worship.

A considerable part of this expence is applied toward outward greatness, and many poor people, in raising of tithes, labour in supporting customs contrary to the simplicity that there is in Christ, toward whom my mind hath often been moved with pity.

In pure, silent worship, we dwell under the holy anointing, and feel Christ to be our shepherd.

Here the best of teachers ministers to the several conditions of his flock, and the soul receives immediately from the Divine fountain that with which it is nourished.

As I have travelled, at times, where those of other societies have attended our meetings, and have perceived how little some of them knew of the nature of silent worship, I have felt tender desires, in my heart, that we, who often sit silent in our meetings, may live answerable to the nature of an inward fellowship with God, that no stumbling-block, through us, may be laid in their way.

Such is the load of unnecessary expence which lieth on that which is called Divine service, in many places, and so much are the minds of many people employed in outward forms and ceremonies, that the opening of an inward silent worship in this nation, to me, hath appeared to be a precious opening.

Within the last four hundred years many pious people have been deeply exercised in soul on account of the superstition which prevailed amongst the professed followers of Christ, and, in support of their testimony against oppressive idolatry, some, in several ages, have finished their course in the flames.

It appears by the history of the Reformation, that, through the faithfulness of the martyrs, the understandings of many have been opened, and the minds of people from age to age, been more and more prepared for a real, spiritual worship.

My mind is often affected with a sense of the condition of those people who, in different ages, have been meek and patient, following Christ through great afflictions; and while I behold the several steps of reformation, and that clearness to which, through Divine goodness, it hath been brought by our ancestors, I feel tender desires that we, who sometimes meet in silence, may never, by our conduct, lay stumbling-blocks in the way of others, and hinder the progress of the reformation in the world.

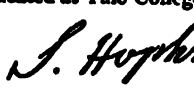
It was a complaint against some who were called the Lord's people, that they brought polluted bread to his altar, and said, the table of the Lord was contemptible.

In real, silent worship the soul feeds on that which is Divine; but we cannot partake of the table of the Lord, and that table which is prepared by the god of this world.

If Christ is our shepherd, and feedeth us, and we are faithful in following him, our lives will have an inviting language, and the table of the Lord will not be polluted.

SAMUEL HOPKINS,

The author of a System of Divinity, was born September 17, 1721, in Waterbury, Connecticut. He was educated at Yale College. While at New



Haven, he took part in the religious excitement caused by the preaching of Whitefield, Gilbert Tennent, and Jonathan Edwards. The missionary Brainerd was then in the college, and influenced Hopkins. On leaving Yale, he bent his way to Edwards, at Northampton, with whom he continued his studies for some time. He then, in 1743, was ordained at Sheffield (now Great Barrington), where he remained for twenty-five years—being soon joined by Edwards, in his neighborhood, at Stockbridge. In 1770, he was ordained minister of a congregation at Newport, which he was compelled to leave when the British took possession of the island. In 1780 he returned, and remained there till his death, December 20, 1803. "He died calmly," says Whittier, in a tribute to the memory of the man, "in the steady faith of one who had long trusted all things in the hand of God. 'The language of my heart is,' said he, 'let God be glorified by all things, and the best interest of His kingdom promoted, whatever becomes of me or my interest.' To a young friend, who visited him three days before his death, he said, 'I am feeble, and cannot say much. I have said all I can say. With my last words, I tell you, religion is the one thing needful. And now I am going to die, and I am glad of it. Many years before, an agreement had been made between Dr. Hopkins and his old and tried friend, Dr. Hart, of Connecticut, that when either was called home, the survivor should preach the funeral sermon of the deceased. The venerable Dr. Hart accordingly came, true to his promise, preaching at the funeral from the words of Elisha, 'My father, my father; the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.' In the burial-ground adjoining his meeting-house, lies all that was mortal of Samuel Hopkins."*

Dr. Channing, though widely differing from Hopkins in theology, has celebrated the moral grandeur of the man. Their points of sympathy were a common ardor of independence, shown by Hopkins in his modification of Calvinism and theory of benevolence. "His system," says Channing, "however fearful, was yet built on a generous foundation. He maintained that all holiness, all moral excellence, consists in benevolence, or disinterested devotion to the greatest good. He taught that sin was introduced into the creation, and is to be everlastingly punished, because evil is necessary to the highest good. True virtue, as he taught, was an entire surrender of personal interest to the benevolent purposes of God. Self-love he spared in none of its movements. The system of Dr. Hopkins was an effort of reason to reconcile Calvinism with its essential truths."† Allen, who has pointed out his modifications of the Calvinistic theology, with less sympathy for his free spirit of inquiry, pronounces him "a very humble, pious, and benevolent man. Humility pervaded his whole conduct. It preserved him from that overbearing zeal, which is the offspring of self-confidence and pride."‡

Hopkins early took part in the abolition of the slave trade, announcing his views on the subject to his congregation at Newport, who were interested in the traffic, and giving to the cause, not

* Whittier's Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, p. 161.
† Discourse at Newport, 1826. Works, iv. 843.
‡ Dr. Allen's Biog. Dict., Art. Hopkins.

merely his arguments, but a liberal contribution from his limited resources. His *Dialogue Concerning the Slavery of the Africans; showing it to be the Duty and Interest of the American States to Emancipate all their Slaves*, was published in 1776, with a dedication to the Continental Congress.

In literary industry he was of the school of Edwards, having been engaged at times eighteen hours a day in his studies. His publications are three sermons—*Sin through Divine Interposition an Advantage to the Universe, and yet this no Excuse for Sin or Encouragement to it*, 1759; *An Inquiry concerning the Promises of the Gospel, whether any of them are made to the Exercises and Doings of Persons in an Unregenerate State*, containing remarks on two sermons by Dr. Mayhew, 1765; on the *Divinity of Christ*, 1768, and several other discourses, embracing points of his peculiar views, which he set forth systematically in the *System of Doctrines, contained in Divine Revelation*, in 1793. He wrote also the *Life of Susannah Anthony*, 1796, and of *Mrs. Osborn*, 1798, and left sketches of his life, written by himself, and several theological tracts, published by Dr. West, of Stockbridge, in 1805.

SAMSON OCCOM.

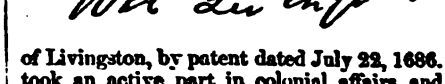
Samson Occom, a Mohegan Indian, was born at Mohegan, on the Thames river, Connecticut, about the year 1723. He wandered through the vicinity with his parents, who lived after the vagrant manner of their tribe, until during a visit to his neighborhood by several clergymen of the adjoining settlements, he became subject to religious impressions, and was induced to devote his future career to the spiritual education of his people. He was at the age of nineteen an inmate of Mr. Wheelock's school at Lebanon, for the education of Indians, an institution which led to the foundation of Dartmouth College, where he remained four years. In 1748, he taught a school for a short time in New London, and then removing to Long Island, again taught a school, and preached among the Montauk Indians, residing at East Hampton, where he eked out a living by hunting and fishing, binding books, making wooden spoons, stocking guns, and working as a cooper. He was regularly ordained, Aug. 29, 1759. In 1766 he was sent by Wheelock with Mr. Whittaker, the minister of Norwich, to England, in behalf of the Indian Charity School, endowed by Moor. From February 16, 1766, to July 22, 1767, he preached in various parts of the country, from three to four hundred sermons, to crowded audiences, and received much attention. On his return he remained for some time at Mohegan, and in 1786 removed with a number of Indians of that neighborhood to Brotherton, near Utica, New York, where a tract of land had been granted by the Oneidas. He afterwards resided among the Stockbridge Indians, who had been previously instructed in Christianity by Edwards, and received a tract near the lands of the Mohegans, where he died in July, 1792. His funeral was attended by over six hundred Indians.

Occom published a sermon on the execution of Moses Paul, at New Haven, Sept. 2, 1772, and wrote an account of the manners and customs of the Montauk Indians, which has been published

in the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.* "His discourses," says Dr. Dwight, "though not proofs of superior talents, were decent, and his utterance in some degree eloquent." He now and then succumbed to strong drink, but maintained in other respects a good character.

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

The Livingston family was founded in America by Robert Livingston, the son of a clergyman of Teviot, in Roxburghshire, Scotland. He emigrated about the year 1672, and appears to have soon after filled the office of Secretary to the Commissioners of Albany and parts adjacent. He purchased an extensive tract of land from the Indians, which was incorporated into the Manor



of Livingston, by patent dated July 22, 1686. He took an active part in colonial affairs, and died about 1726. His son Philip succeeded to the estate and married Catherine, daughter of Peter Van Brugh of Albany, in which city their fifth child, William, was born in November, 1723. A year of his boyhood was passed with a missionary among the Mohock Indians, during which he acquired a knowledge of the language and manners of the tribe which was of much service to him subsequently. In 1737 he entered Yale College, and was graduated at the head of his class in 1741. He studied law in the City of New York with Mr. James Alexander. Two essays, which he published under the signature *Tyro Philologis*, in

* Wheelock's Brief Narrative of the Indian Charity School. A letter from the Rev. John Devotion, of Saybrook, to Rev. Dr. Styles, in closing Mr. Occom's account of the Montauk Indians. A.D. 1761. Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., First Series, x. 106.

Parker's New York Weekly Post Boy, August 19, 1745, probably his first published compositions, on the mode of studying law, which then and now prevails, offended his instructor, and led to his withdrawal to the office of Mr. William Smith, with whom he completed his course. While a student he married Susannah, daughter of Philip French. In 1747 he issued his Poem entitled *Philosophic Solitude*. In 1752, in pursuance of an act of the legislature, he published, with William Smith, Jr., the first digest of the Colony Laws; and in the same year commenced a weekly political and miscellaneous journal of four pages folio, containing essays and correspondence on the model of the Spectator, *The Independent Reflector*. It was conducted with spirit, and made a stir, being on one occasion denounced from the pulpit. It entered warmly into the discussion relative to the religious formation of the Board of Trustees of King's, afterwards Columbia College, seven of whom were, by the act of November, 1751, vesting the funds raised by lotteries for the future institution, to be of the Episcopal, two of the Dutch, and one (Livingston himself) of the Presbyterian denominations. The publication closed in consequence of the outcry made against it, with the fifty-second number. In 1754 he published several of a series of communications entitled *The Watch Tower*, in Hugh Gaine's Mercury, on the still agitated topic of King's College. In 1757 he issued a work, first published in London, entitled, *A Review of the Military Operations in North America, from the commencement of French hostilities on the frontiers of Virginia in* 1753, *to the surrender of Oswego on the* 14*th April*, 1756, *in a Letter to a Nobleman*. It was written in defence of Governor Shirley. In the same year he published a funeral eulogium on the Rev. Aaron Burr, President of the College of New Jersey. In 1758, Livingston was elected from his brother's manor a member of the Assembly, as a representative of the opposition to the De Lancey or church party, which the King's College controversy had contributed to form. In 1765 he published a series of Essays entitled *The Sentinel*, in Holt's New York Weekly Post Boy. One of the most striking of these is entitled, *A New Sermon to an Old Text. Touch not mine anointed;* in which his design is to show that the "anointed" are not the monarchs but the people. These extended to twenty-eight numbers. His next publication was a pamphlet on the proposed American Episcopate, in answer to some strictures on the colonies by the Bishop of Llandaff. He also wrote some of the articles on the same subject which appeared under the title of *The American Whig*, in the New York Gazette. This subject was one fiercely contested in New York and Philadelphia, as well as New England. The opposition to the measure was based on political jealousy of a union of church and state, which it was feared would follow the introduction of bishops, more than on sectarian grounds, a fact proved by the unopposed establishment of the American Episcopate after the revolution. In 1770, Mr. Livingston published *A Soliloquy*, a pamphlet reflecting severely on Governor Colden. In 1772 he retired to a country-seat, to which he gave the genial name of Liberty Hall, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. The progress of the Revolution did not, however, permit the fulfilment of his long cherished desire for rural retirement. In 1774 he was elected a delegate to the continental congress. He was re-elected the following year, but recalled on the 5th of June to take command as brigadier-general of the militia of his native state, at Elizabethtown Point. In 1776 he was elected governor of the state. During his administration he published several essays under the signature of *Hortensius*, in the New Jersey Gazette, a paper established to oppose Rivington's Royal Gazette, which was especially virulent against the "Don Quixote of the Jerseys," as it unceremoniously styles the Governor. He also wrote under the same signature, in 1779, in the United States Magazine, published in Philadelphia, but soon after ascertaining that several members of the Legislature had expressed "their dissatisfaction, that the chief magistrate of the state should contribute to the periodicals, he discontinued his communications altogether."

Liberty Hall.

Governor Livingston's correspondence shows the high estimation in which his services to the nation throughout the war were appreciated by Washington and his fellow patriots, and the repeated attempts made by the enemy to surround his house and capture his person, bear a like honorable testimony to his efficiency. He supported not only the military, but what was perhaps more rare, the financial measures of Congress, declining, on one occasion, to appoint an individual to the office of postmaster on the ground that he had refused to take continental money. In 1785 he was elected Minister to the Court of Holland, but declined the appointment. In the next year he resumed his contributions to the press under the title of *The Primitive Whig*, in Collins's New Jersey Gazette. In 1787 he exerted himself in obtaining materials for Morse's Geography, and in correcting the sheets of the work, which appeared at Elizabethtown, 1789, with a dedication to the governor. In 1787 he was also appointed a delegate to the Federal Convention. He was an active member, though not a prominent debater, of that body. In June, 1790, he was attacked by a dropsy, which put an end to his life, while still governor of the state, on Sunday, July 25, 1790.

In his private, Livingston maintained the high tone of his public life. His intercourse with his numerous family, and with those about him, was kindly and simple. He retained his love of rural pursuits throughout his official career, and in the words of Brissot, who mentions him in his travels in 1788, was "at once a writer, a governor, and a ploughman."

In person Governor Livingston was tall, and so thin as to have been called by "some female wit," the "whipping post." A Memoir by Theodore Sedgwick,* was published in 1833. It contains numerous extracts from his correspondence, and is admirably executed.

THE RETREAT.

FROM THE POEM, PHILOSOPHIC SOLITUDE.

Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,
Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms;
To shining palaces let fools resort,
And dunces cringe, to be esteem'd at court;
Mine be the pleasure of a rural life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife;
Far from the painted belle, and white-glov'd beau,
The lawless masquerade, and midnight show:
From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.

Full in the centre of some shady grove,
By nature form'd for solitude and love:
On banks array'd with ever-blooming flowers,
Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers,
My neat, but simple mansion I would raise,
Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days;
Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness form'd,
With savage game, and glossy shells adorn'd.

No costly furniture should grace my hall;
But curling vines ascend against the wall,
Whose pliant branches should luxuriant twine,
While purple clusters swell'd with future wine:
To slake my thirst a liquid lapse distil
From craggy rocks, and spread a limpid rill.

Along my mansion, spiry firs should grow,
And gloomy yews extend the shady row:
The cedars flourish, and the poplars rise,
Sublimely tall, and shoot into the skies:
Among the leaves, refreshing zephyrs play,
And crowding trees exclude the noon-tide ray;
Whereon the birds their downy nests should form,
Securely shelter'd from the battering storm;
And to melodious notes their choir apply,
Soon as Aurora blush'd along the sky:
While all around th' enchanting music rings,
And ev'ry vocal grove responsive sings.

Me to sequester'd scenes ye muses guide,
Where nature wantons in her virgin pride;
To mossy banks, edg'd round with op'ning flowers,
Elysian fields and amaranthine bowers,
To ambrosial founts, and sleep-inspiring rills,
To herbag'd vales, gay lawns, and sunny hills.

Welcome, ye shades! all hail, ye vernal blooms!
Ye bow'ry thickets, and prophetic glooms!
Ye forests, hail! ye solitary woods!
Love-whispering groves, and silver-streaming floods:
Ye meads, that aromatic sweets exhale!
Ye birds, and all ye sylvan beauties, hail!
Oh how I long with you to spend my days,
Invoke the muse, and try the rural lays!

No trumpets there with martial clangor sound,
No prostrate heroes strew the crimson ground;
No groves of lances glitter in the air,
Nor thund'ring drums provoke the sanguine war:
But white-rob'd Peace, and universal Love
Smile in the field, and brighten ev'ry grove:
There all the beauties of the circling year,
In native ornamental pride appear.
Gay, rosy-bosom'd Spring, and April show'rs,
Wake, from the womb of earth, the rising flow'rs;
In deeper verdure, Summer clothes the plain,
And Autumn bends beneath the golden grain;
The trees weep amber; and the whispering gales
Breeze o'er the lawn, or murmur through the vales:
The flow'ry tribes in gay confusion bloom,
Profuse with sweets, and fragrant with perfume;
On blossoms blossoms, fruits on fruits arise,
And varied prospects glad the wand'ring eyes.
In these fair seats, I'd pass the joyous day,
Where meadows flourish, and where fields look gay;
From bliss to bliss with endless pleasure rove,
Seek crystal streams, or haunt the vernal grove,
Woods, fountains, lakes, the fertile fields, or shades,
Aerial mountains, or subjacent glades.
There from the polish'd fetters of the great,
Triumphal piles, and gilded rooms of state—
Prime ministers, and sycophantic knaves,
Illustrious villains, and illustrious slaves,
From all the vain formality of fools,
And odious talk of arbitrary rules:
The ruffling cares, which the vex'd soul annoy,
The wealth the rich possess, but not enjoy,
The visionary bliss the world can lend,
Th' insidious foe, and false, designing friend,
The seven-fold fury of Xantippe's soul,
And S———'s rage, that burns without control;
I'd live retired, contented, and serene,
Forgot, unknown, unenvied, and unseen.

FAVORITE BOOKS.

But to improve the intellectual mind,
Reading should be to contemplation join'd.
First I'd collect from the Parnassian spring,
What muses dictate, and what poets sing.—
Virgil, as prince, shou'd wear the laurel'd crown,
And other bards pay homage to his throne;
The blood of heroes now effus'd so long,
Will run forever purple thro' his song.
See! how he mounts toward the blest abodes,
On planets rides, and talks with demigods!
How do our ravish'd spirits melt away,
When in his song Sicilian shepherds play!
But what a splendor strikes the dazzled eye,
When Dido shines in awful majesty!
Embroidered purple clad the Tyrian queen,
Her motion graceful, and august her mien;
A golden zone her royal limbs embrac'd,
A golden quiver rattled by her waist.
See her proud steed majestically prance,
Contemn the trumpet, and deride the lances!
In crimson trappings, glorious to behold,
Confus'dly gay with interwoven gold!
He champs the bit, and throws the foam around,
Impatient paws, and tears the solid ground.
How stern Æneas thunders thro' the field!
With tow'ring helmet, and refulgent shield!
Coursers o'erturn'd, and mighty warriors slain,
Deform'd with gore, lie welt'ring on the plain,
Struck through with wounds, ill-fated chieftains lie,
Frown e'en in death, and threaten as they die.

* A Memoir of the Life of William Livingston, Member of Congress in 1774, 1775, and 1776: Delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, and Governor of the State of New Jersey from 1776 to 1790, with extracts from his correspondence, and notices of various members of his family. By Theodore Sedgwick, Jun. New York. 1833.

Thro' the thick squadrons see the hero bound!
(His helmet flashes, and his arms resound!)
All grim with rage, he frowns o'er Turnus' head,
(Re-kindled ire! for blooming Pallas dead)
Then in his bosom plung'd the shining blade—
The soul indignant sought the Stygian shade!

The far-fam'd bards that grac'd Britannia's isle,
Should next compose the venerable pile,
Great Milton first, for tow'ring thought renown'd,
Parent of song, and fam'd the world around!
His glowing breast divine Uranin fir'd,
Or God himself th' immortal bard inspir'd,
Borne on triumphant wings he takes his flight,
Explores all heaven, and treads the realms of light;
In martial pomp he clothes th' angelic train,
While warring myriads shake the etherial plain.
First Michael stalks, high tow'ring o'er the rest,
With heav'nly plumage nodding on his crest:
Impenetrable arms his limbs infold,
Eternal adamant, and burning gold!
Sparkling in fiery mail, with dire delight,
Rebellious Satan animates the fight:
Armipotent they sink in rolling smoke,
All heav'n resounding, to its centre shook.
To crush his foes, and quell the dire alarms,
Messiah sparkled in refulgent arms:
In radiant panoply divinely bright,
His limbs incas'd, he flash'd devouring light:
On burning wheels, o'er heav'n's crystalline road
Thunder'd the chariot of the filial God;
The burning wheels on golden axles turn'd,
With flaming gems the golden axles burn'd.
Lo! the apostate host, with terror struck,
Roll back by millions! Th' empyrean shook!
Sceptres, and orbed shields, and crowns of gold,
Cherubs and seraphs in confusion roll'd;
Till from his hand the triple thunder hurl'd,
Compell'd them, head-long, to th' infernal world.

Then tuneful Pope, whom all the nine inspire,
With sapphic sweetness, and pindaric fire,
Father of verse! melodious and divine!
Next peerless Milton should distinguish'd shine.
Smooth flow his numbers, when he paints the grove,
Th' enraptur'd virgins list'ning into love.
But when the night, and hoarse-resounding storm
Rush on the deep, and Neptune's face deform,
Rough runs the verse, the son'rous numbers roar,
Like the hoarse surge that thunders on the shore
But when he sings th' exhilarated swains,
Th' embow'ring groves, and Windsor's blissful plains,
Our eyes are ravish'd with the sylvan scene,
Embroider'd fields, and groves in living green:
His lays the verdure of the meads prolong,
And wither'd forests blossom in his song.
Thames' silver streams his flowing verse admire,
And cease to murmur while he tunes his lyre.

Next should appear great Dryden's lofty muse,
For who would Dryden's polish'd verse refuse?
His lips were moisten'd in Parnassus' spring,
And Phœbus taught his laurent son to sing.
How long did Virgil untranslated moan,
His beauties fading, and his flights unknown;
Till Dryden rose, and, in exalted strain,
Re-sang the fortune of the god-like man!
Again the Trojan prince, with dire delight,
Dreadful in arms, demands the ling'ring fight:
Again Camilla glows with martial fire,
Drives armies back, and makes all Troy retire.
With more than native lustre, Virgil shines,
And gains sublimer heights in Dryden's lines.

The gentle Watts, who strings his silver lyre
To sacred odes, and heav'n's all-ruling Sire;
Who scorns th' applause of the licentious stage
And mounts you sparkling worlds with hallow'd rage,
Compels my thoughts to wing th' heav'nly road,
And wafts my soul, exulting, to my God:
No fabled nine, harmonious bard! inspire
Thy raptur'd breast with such seraphic fire;
But prompting angels warm thy boundless rage,
Direct thy thoughts, and animate thy page.
Blest man! for spotless sanctity rever'd,
Lov'd by the good, and by the guilty fear'd;
Blest man! from gay, delusive scenes remov'd,
Thy Maker loving, by thy Maker lov'd,
To God thou turn'st thy consecrated lays,
Nor meanly blush to sing Jehovah's praise.
Oh! did, like thee, each laurel'd bard delight
To paint Religion in her native light,
Not then with plays the lab'ring press would groan,
Nor Vice defy the pulpit and the throne;
No impious rhymers charm a vicious age,
Nor prostrate Virtue groan beneath their rage;
But themes divine in lofty numbers rise,
Fill the wide earth, and echo thro' the skies.

These for delight. For profit I would read
The labour'd volumes of the learned dead.
Sagacious Locke, by Providence design'd,
To exalt, instruct, and rectify the mind.
The unconquerable sage* whom virtue fir'd,
And from the tyrant's lawless rage retir'd,
When victor Cæsar freed unhappy Rome
From Pompey's chains, to substitute his own.
Longinus, Livy, fam'd Thucydides,
Quintilian, Plato, and Demosthenes,
Persuasive Tully, and Corduba's sage,†
Who fell by Nero's unrelenting rage;
Him‡ whom ungrateful Athens doom'd to bleed,
Despis'd when living, and deplor'd when dead.
Raleigh I'd read with ever fresh delight,
While ages past rise present to my sight:
Ah man unblest! he foreign realms explor'd,
Then fell a victim to his country's sword!
Nor should great Derham pass neglected by,
Observant sage! to whose deep-piercing eye,
Nature's stupendous works expanded lie.
Nor he, Britannia, thy unmatch'd renown!
(Adjudg'd to wear the philosophic crown)
Who on the solar orb uplifted rode,
And scann'd the unfathomable works of God!
Who bound the silver planets to their spheres,
And trac'd the elliptic curve of blazing stars!
Immortal Newton; whose illustrious name
Will shine on records of eternal fame.

A WIFE.

By love directed, I would choose a wife,
To improve my bliss, and ease the load of life.
Hail, wedlock! hail, inviolable tye!
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
Love, friendship, honour, truth, and pure delight
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.
In Eden, first the holy state began,
When perfect innocence distinguish'd man;
The human pair, the Almighty pontiff led,
Gay as the morning, to the bridal bed;
A dread solemnity the espousals grac'd,
Angels the witnesses and God the priest!
All earth exulted on the nuptial hour,
And voluntary roses deck'd the bow'r;
The joyous birds on every blossom'd spray,
Sung hymeneans to the important day,
While Philomela swell'd the spousal song,
And Paradise with gratulation rung.

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* Cato. † Seneca. ‡ Socrates.

Relate, inspiring muse! where shall I find
A blooming virgin with an angel mind?
Unblemish'd as the white-rob'd virgin quire
That fed, O Rome! thy consecrated fire?
By reason aw'd, ambitious to be good,
Averse to vice, and zealous for her God?
Relate, in what blest region can I find
Such bright perfections in a female mind?
What phœnix-woman breathes the vital air
So greatly good, and so divinely fair?
Sure not the gay and fashionable train,
Licentious, proud, immoral, and profane;
Who spend their golden hours in antic dress,
Malicious whispers, and inglorious ease.

Lo! round the board a shining train appears
In rosy beauty, and in prime of years!
This hates a flounce, and this a flounce approves,
This shows the trophies of her former loves;
Polly avers, that Sylvia drest in green,
When last at church the gaudy nymph was seen;
Chloe condemns her optics; and will lay
'Twas azure sattin, interstreak'd with grey;
Lucy, invested with judicial power,
Awards 'twas neither,—and the strife is o'er.
Then parrots, lap dogs, monkeys, squirrels, beaux,
Fans, ribands, tuckers, patches, furbelows,
In quick succession, thro' their fancies run,
And dance incessant, on the flippant tongue.
And when, fatigu'd with ev'ry other sport,
The belles prepare to grace the sacred court,
They marshal all their forces in array,
To kill with glances, and destroy in play.
Two skilful maids with reverential fear,
In wanton wreaths collect their silken hair;
Two paint their cheeks, and round their temples pour
The fragrant unguent, and the ambrosial shower;
One pulls the shape-creating stays; and one
Encircles round her waist the golden zone;
Not with more toil to improve immortal charms,
Strove Juno, Venus, and the queen of arms,
When Priam's son adjudg'd the golden prize,
To the resistless beauty of the skies.
At length, equip'd in Love's enticing arms,
With all that glitters, and with all that charms,
The ideal goddesses to church repair,
Peep thro' the fan, and mutter o'er a pray'r,
Or listen to the organ's pompous sound,
Or eye the gilded images around;
Or, deeply studied in coquettish rules,
Aim wily glances at unthinking fools;
Or show the lily hand with graceful air,
Or wound the fopling with a lock of hair:
And when the hated discipline is o'er,
And misses tortur'd with repent, no more,
They mount the pictur'd coach; and, to the play,
The celebrated idols hie away.

Not so the lass that should my joys improve,
With solid friendship, and connubial love:
A native bloom, with intermingled white,
Should set her features in a pleasing light;
Like Helen flushing with unrival'd charms,
When rapture'd Paris darted in her arms.
But what, alas! avails a ruby cheek,
A downy bosom, or a snowy neck!
Charms ill supply the want of innocence,
Nor beauty forms intrinsic excellence:
But in her breast let moral beauties shine,
Supernal grace and purity divine:
Sublime her reason, and her native wit
Unstrain'd with pedantry, and low conceit:
Her fancy lively, and her judgment free
From female prejudice and bigotry:
Averse to idol pomp, and outward show,
The flatt'ring coxcomb, and fantastic beau.
The fop's impertinence she should despise,
Tho' sorely wounded by her radiant eyes;
But pay due rev'rence to the exalted mind,
By learning polish'd, and by wit refin'd,
Who all her virtues, without guile, commends,
And all her faults as freely reprehends.
Soft Hymen's rites her passion should approve,
And in her bosom glow the flames of love:
To me her soul, by sacred friendship, turn,
And I, for her, with equal friendship burn:
In ev'ry stage of life afford relief,
Partake my joys, and sympathize my grief;
Unshaken, walk in Virtue's peaceful road,
Nor bribe her Reason to pursue the mode;
Mild as the saint whose errors are forgiv'n,
Calm as a vestal, and compos'd as heaven.
This be the partner, this the lovely wife,
That should embellish and prolong my life,
A nymph! who might a second fall inspire,
And fill a glowing cherub with desire!
With her I'd spend the pleasurable day,
While fleeting minutes gayly danc'd away:
With her I'd walk, delighted, o'er the green,
Thro' ev'ry blooming mead, and rural scene;
Or sit in open fields damask'd with flow'rs,
Or where cool shades imbrown the noon-tide bow'rs.
Imparadis'd within my eager arms,
I'd reign the happy monarch of her charms;
Oft on her panting bosom would I lay,
And in dissolving raptures melt away;
Then lull'd, by nightingales, to balmy rest,
My blooming fair should slumber at my breast.

CONCLUSION.

And when decrepid age (frail mortals' doom)
Should bend my wither'd body to the tomb,
No warbling syrens should retard my flight
To heavenly mansions of unclouded light.
Tho' Death, with his imperial horrors crown'd,
Terrific grinn'd, and formidably frown'd,
Offences pardon'd and remitted sin,
Should form a calm serenity within:
Blessing my natal and my mortal hour,
(My soul committed to the eternal pow'r)
Inexorable Death should smile, for I
Who knew to live, would never fear to die.

JAMES OTIS,

The first writer of the Revolution, was born in Barnstable, Feb. 5, 1724. He was prepared for Harvard College by the Rev. Jonathan Russell, and graduated in 1743. Eighteen months after he commenced the study of law in the office of Jeremiah Gridley, and was admitted in 1748, at Plymouth, where he resided. Two years after he removed to Boston. His practice soon became extensive. In 1755, he married Miss Ruth Cunningham, the daughter of a merchant of Boston. In 1760, he was engaged in the famous case of the Writs of Assistance—a new regulation introduced by the English government, by which the courts were called upon to protect the officers of the customs in forcibly entering and searching the premises of merchants in quest of dutiable goods. Pending the application to the Superior Court for these writs, Sewell, the chief justice, died, and Lt. Gov. Hutchinson was appointed his successor. The elder Otis condemned this multiplication of offices in the hands of one person, and this opposition and the future proceedings of himself and son have been charged against them as instigated by revenge, he having expected the

office himself. The charge is branded as an "execrable lie" by John Adams. Otis defended the merchants in this case, and with success. "American Independence was then and there born."* His speech was widely circulated, and its author was elected to the State Legislature in May, 1761. In 1762, he published a pamphlet, entitled *A Vindication of the Conduct of the House of Representatives.* It was a defence of an address to the governor in answer to his message announcing an addition to the armament of the Massachusetts sloop (a small matter in itself, but involving the principle of the expenditure of the public money without the action of the legislature). This address, drawn up by Otis, contained the following passage: "It would be of little consequence to the people whether they were subject to George or Louis, the king of Great Britain or the French king, if both were arbitrary, as both would be, if both could levy taxes without Parliament." A member cried out "treason" when it was read, but the address was passed by a large majority. "How many volumes," says John Adams, "are concentrated in this little fugitive pamphlet! Look over the Declarations of Rights and Wrongs, issued by Congress in 1774. Look into the Declaration of Independence in 1776. Look into the writings of Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley. Look into all the French constitutions of government, and, to cap the climax, look into Mr. Thomas Paine's Common Sense, Crisis, and Rights of Man; what can you find that is not to be found in solid substance in this Vindication of the House of Representatives?"

James Otis

In 1764, Otis's *Rights of the British Colonies Asserted and Proved*, a pamphlet of 120 pages 8vo., appeared. Its argument is given with admirable concision in the summary near its close.

The sum of my argument is, that civil government is of God, that the administrators of it were originally the whole people; that they might have devolved it on whom they pleased: that this devolution is fiduciary, for the good of the whole: that by the British constitution, this devolution is on the king, lords, and commons, the supreme, sacred, and uncontrollable legislative power, not only in the realm, but through the dominions: that by the abdication, the original compact was broken to pieces; that by the revolution it was renewed, and more firmly established, and the rights and liberties of the subject in all parts of the dominions more fully explained and confirmed: that in consequence of this establishment and the acts of succession and union, his Majesty George III. is rightful king and sovereign, and with his parliament, the supreme legislative of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging: that this constitution is the most free one, and by far the best now existing on earth: that by this constitution, every man in the dominions is a free man: that no part of his Majesty's dominions can be taxed without their consent: that every part has a right to be represented in the supreme or some subordinate legislature, that the refusal of this would seem to be a contradiction in practice to the theory of the constitution: that the colonies are subordinate dominions, and are now in such a state, as to make it best for the good of the whole that they should not only be continued in the enjoyment of subordinate legislation, but be also represented in some proportion to their number and estates in the grand legislation of the nation: that this would firmly unite all parts of the British empire, in the greatest peace and prosperity; and render it invulnerable and perpetual.

Otis was elected to the first or Stamp Act Congress, but after the publication of his last work took a less prominent part in public debate.

Sept. 4, 1769, he published an advertisement in the Boston Gazette, denouncing the commissioners of the customs who had sent over to England false and libellous charges against him. The next evening he met Robinson, one of these persons, in a coffee-house. An altercation ensued, Robinson struck him with a cane, Otis returned the blow, was attacked by a number of Robinson's adherents, and received a severe wound in the head—which is generally supposed to have led to the insanity which soon after made its appearance, and incapacitated him for future public or professional exertion. He brought an action against Robinson, and recovered £2000 damages, which he refused to accept. He retired from the legislature in 1770, and was re-elected in 1771, but did not take any important part in the debates. He withdrew the same year, and passed the remainder of his life at Barnstable and Andover, where he was struck by lightning, May 23, 1783, and died instantaneously. His life has been written by William Tudor.*

ADVANTAGES OF REPRESENTATION.

A representation in Parliament from the several colonies, since they are become so large and numerous, as to be called on not only to maintain provincial government, civil and military, among themselves, for this they have cheerfully done, but to contribute towards the support of a national standing army, by reason of the heavy national debt, when they themselves owe a large one, con-

* John Adams.

* Life of James Otis, of Massachusetts. Boston, 1823.

tracted in the common cause, cannot be thought an unreasonable thing, nor if asked, could it be called an immodest request. *Qui sentit commodum sentire debet et onus*, has been thought a maxim of equity. But that a man should bear a burthen for other people, as well as himself, without a return, never long found a place in any law-book or decrees, but those of the most despotic princes. Besides the equity of an American representation in parliament, a thousand advantages would result from it. It would be the most effectual means of giving those of both countries a thorough knowledge of each other's interests, as well as that of the whole, which are inseparable.

Were this representation allowed, instead of the scandalous memorials and depositions that have been sometimes, in days of old, privately cooked up in an inquisitorial manner, by persons of bad minds and wicked views, and sent from America to the several boards, persons of the first reputation among their countrymen might be on the spot, from the several colonies, truly to represent them. Future ministers need not, like some of their predecessors, have recourse for information in American affairs, to every vagabond stroller, that has run or rid post through America, from his creditors, or to people of no kind of credit from the colonies.

JAMES BOWDOIN

Was born in Boston, August 7, 1726. He was of Huguenot descent; his grandfather Pierre Baudouin having been a refugee from France on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, who, living for a short time in Ireland, in 1687 was an applicant to Governor Andros, in New England, for a grant of land in Maine. His son, James Bowdoin, became a wealthy merchant of Boston; and his son James, of whom we are writing, inherited a handsome paternal fortune. He was educated under Master Lovell at the South Grammar School of the city, and was a graduate of Harvard of 1745. At twenty-four years of age he had visited Franklin in Philadelphia, and disclosed a taste for scientific pursuits which induced the philosopher, then twenty years his senior, to communicate to him his papers on Electricity. This was the beginning of a correspondence by which the friends have become united in reputation. A resumé of this scientific connexion is given by the Hon. R.C. Winthrop, a descendant of Bowdoin, in his address on the Life and Services of Bowdoin.*

At the outset of this correspondence, Bowdoin appears to have availed himself of the invitation to make observations on Franklin's theories and speculations, with somewhat more of independence of opinion than might have been expected from the disparity of their ages. One of his earliest letters (21st Dec. 1751) suggested such forcible objections to the hypothesis, that the sea was the grand source of electricity, that Franklin was led to say in his reply, (24th January, 1752,)—"I grow more doubtful of my former supposition, and more ready to allow weight to that objection, (drawn from the activity of the electric fluid and the readiness of water to conduct,) which you have indeed stated with great strength and clearness." In the following year Franklin retracted this hypothesis altogether. The same letter of Bowdoin's contained an elaborate explication of the cause of the crooked direction of lightning, which Franklin pronounced, in his reply, to be "both ingenious and solid,"—adding, "when we can account as satisfactorily for the electrification of clouds, I think that branch of natural philosophy will be nearly complete."

In a subsequent letter, Bowdoin suggested a theory in regard to the luminousness of water under certain circumstances, ascribing it to the presence of minute phosphorescent animals, of which Franklin said, in his reply, (13th Dec. 1753.)—"The observations you made of the sea water emitting more or less light in different tracts passed through by your boat, is new, and your mode of accounting for it ingenious. It is, indeed, very possible, that an extremely small animalcule, too small to be visible even by our best glasses, may yet give a visible light." This theory has since been very generally received.

Franklin soon after paid our young philosopher the more substantial and unequivocal compliment of sending his letters to London, where they were read at the Royal Society, and published in a volume with his own. The Royal Society, at a later day, made Bowdoin one of their fellows; and Franklin writing to Bowdoin from London, Jan. 13, 1772, says: "It gives me great pleasure that my book afforded any to my friends. I esteem those letters of yours among its brightest ornaments, and have the satisfaction to find that they add greatly to the reputation of American philosophy."

He bore a leading part in the political agitations of the times, in opposition to the parliamentary and local government tyranny; and was an early advocate of the union of the Colonies. He was a member of the Colonial Council, where his patriotism rendered him an object of dread to Governor Bernard and Hutchinson, while he was specially set aside by the English home government. He was elected to the Old Continental Congress and prevented attendance only by family illness. His own health was weak, and his life became a long consumptive disease; but he was always vigorous in public affairs. In 1785, he became Governor of the Commonwealth, in the discharge of the duties of which he applied all his energies to the suppression of Shay's Rebellion against law and order. He lived to see his efforts for union fully established in the formation of the Federal Constitution; received Washington, with whom he had conferred on the perilous heights of Dorchester, in 1776, at his house in Boston in 1789; and on the 6th of November, 1790, followed, after an interval of a few months, his old friend Franklin to the grave.

Besides his participation in Franklin's discoveries, he has a claim upon our attention here as a contributor to the *Pietas et Gratulatio*, the volume of Cambridge poems on the accession of George III., to which he contributed three articles,* and the author of a volume of verses published anonymously in Boston, in 1759. His *Paraphrase of the Economy of Human Life* furnishes at least a pleasing study of the tastes of the man and the period. He was a fellow of the Corporation of Harvard College, subscribed liberally to its funds, and left the institution a handsome legacy to be applied to the encouragement of literature in premiums among the students. He was one of the founders and first Presidents of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, and published a philosophical discourse on

* Winthrop's Maine Historical Soc. Address, 1860, pp. 10-12.

* *Ante*, p. 12.

his induction in 1780. The poem of Bowdoin, to which we have alluded, is called a Paraphrase of Dodsley's collection of aphorisms under that title,* but, though it originated in a simple version of the Economy, it is rather an amplification or extension of that little work, with new illustrations. It follows the original in its general classification of personal duties and emotions, and the relation of the sexes, without taking up each of the topics. Bowdoin's is good moral sense, in a good declamatory tone, without much originality. As an example of its more pleasing descriptions, we may take a passage on the Virtuous Woman, in the section on Desire and Love.

Now view the maid, the love inspiring maid,
With virtue and with modesty array'd:
Survey her matchless form; her mind survey;
And all their beauty in full light display.
Her matchless form, display'd in open light,
Attracts the eye, and charms the ravish'd sight.
Survey'd, and re-survey'd from feet to head,
A thousand nameless beauties round her spread:
See down her neck the charming locks descend;
And, black as jet, in waving ringlets end:
As down her beauteous neck they careless flow,
The lovely white to great advantage show:
Her comely neck with symmetry and grace,
Rises majestic on its noble base:
And, like a column of superior art,
Does to the eye a fine effect impart:
Her piercing eyes their harmless lightning play:
And dart around a joy-diffusing ray:
Her cheeks, adorn'd with lovely white and red,
May vie with roses in their flow'ry bed:
Her coral lips, whene'er she speaks, disclose
The finest iv'ry in concentric rows:
Her tempting breasts in whiteness far outgo
The op'ning lily, and the new fal'n snow:
Her tempting breasts the eyes of all command,
And gently rising court the am'rous hand:
Their beauty and proportion strike the eye,
And art's best skill to equal them defy.

These matchless charms, which now in bloom appear,
Are far exalted by the dress they wear:
With virtue rob'd, with modesty attir'd,
They're more and more by all mankind admir'd
With virtue rob'd, with modesty array'd,
They're in the fairest light to all display'd:
True virtue and true modesty inspire
With love sincere, unmix'd with base desire;
Set off the beauties of her lovely face;
And give each feature a peculiar grace:
Each feature sheds a joy-inspiring ray;
And all around are innocently gay:
Each feature speaks the goodness of her mind:
By pride untainted, gen'rous, frank and kind.
How full of innocence her sprightly eye!
Which with the dove's in innocence may vie:
From falsehood and from guile how free her heart!
How free from cunning and intriguing art!
How sweet her kiss! than honey far more sweet;
And like her lips exempt from all deceit:
Her lips far sweeter odors breathe around,
Than e'er exhal'd from India's od'rous ground;
More sweet than e'er perfum'd the spicy coast;
More sweet than fam'd Arabia can boast.

Than roses far more grateful is her smile;
And more than roses can the sense beguile.

These are her charms—her charms as bright appear
As yonder stars that deck heav'n's sparkling sphere;
And like to her's, which bro't down fabled Jove,
Conquer the breast least capable of love.

The reader may like to compare Bowdoin with his original Dodsley. We add a few sentences from the latter's brief parallel chapter.

The madness of desire shall defeat its own pursuits; from the blindness of its rage thou shalt rush upon destruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her sweet enticements; neither suffer thy soul to be enslaved by her enchanting delusions.

When virtue and modesty enlighten her charms, the lustre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the stars of heaven; and the influence of her power it is in vain to resist.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle; simplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kisses of her mouth are sweeter than honey: the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Dodsley's sentiments have a strong flavor of common-place to readers of the present day, but they were once very popular. James Bowdoin, the son of the preceding, was a gentleman of many accomplishments. He was born Sept. 22, 1752, and died Oct. 11, 1811. He gave much attention to literary pursuits, and on the incorporation of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, in Maine, made it a donation of one thousand acres of land, and more than eleven hundred pounds. He was sent by Jefferson as minister to Spain in 1805, and subsequently to France, and remained abroad till 1808, passing two years in Paris, where he made a collection of books and minerals which he subsequently presented to Bowdoin College. He lived during the summer months on Naushann Island, near Martha's Vineyard. He was interested in the cultivation of sheep, and translated Daubenton's *Advice to Shepherds*. He published anonymously, *Opinions respecting the Commercial Intercourse between the United States and Great Britain*. A short time before his death he gave a valuable grant of land to Bowdoin College, and by his last will bequeathed a philosophical apparatus, and a costly collection of paintings to that institution.

EZRA STILES.

The grandfather of Ezra Stiles was brought an infant to New England, in 1684. The family settled in Windsor, Connecticut, in 1685. The Rev. Isaac Stiles was his son, and settled, as minister, at North Haven. He married a daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor, of Westfield, Mass., who died a few days after giving birth to their only child, Ezra, December 10, 1727. He was prepared for Yale College by his father, at the early age of twelve, but his entrance was wisely deferred until three years later. He was graduated with distinguished honors in 1746, and remained a resident at the college, where he was chosen a tutor, in May, 1749. He was licensed, and preached his first sermon, in June of the same

* A Paraphrase on Part of the Economy of Human Life, inscribed to his Excellency Thomas Pownall, Esq., Governor of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay. Boston, New England: Printed and Sold by Green and Russell, at their Printing-Office, in Queen st. 1759.

year, and in the following September received the Master's degree, being regarded as one of the ablest scholars the institution had produced. In 1752, finding the exertion of preaching prejudicial to his health, and influenced to some extent by religious doubts, by which his mind was then disturbed, he commenced the study of the law, with a view to a change in his career. In 1754, he made a tour to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, with great benefit to his health. In April of the following year, he accepted an invitation to preach during the college vacation, at Newport, R. I., and soon after received a call to retain the position permanently. After much deliberation, he determined to abandon the law and accept the appointment. He had previously, by laborious study and earnest thought, dispelled the theological difficulties which had disturbed his mind, and was ready to devote himself with earnestness and zeal to his sacred calling. His clerical duties did not, however, prevent his attention to the scientific and philological studies in which he also delighted.

In 1757, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Col. John Hubbard, of New Haven.

A discourse delivered on the public thanksgiving for the capture of Montreal, September 8, 1760, shows him to have been among the first to foresee American Independence. He says: "It is probable that, in time, there will be formed a Provincial Confederacy, and a Common Council, standing on free provincial suffrage: and this may, in time, terminate in an imperial diet, when the imperial dominion will subsist, as it ought, in election." In July, 1766, he was urged to allow himself to be proposed as a candidate for the presidency of Yale College, but declined. The proposal

Ezra Stiles

was renewed by his formal election, in 1777. He was at this time resident at Portsmouth, having removed on the British occupation of Newport, until "it might please Divine Providence to reassemble his dear scattered flock." At the urgent solicitation of his own and the friends of the college, he accepted the office, and commenced its duties, June 23, 1778.

In the spring vacation of 1780, the British having evacuated Newport, the President paid a visit to his old congregation. The church had been desecrated by the enemy, who "had put up a chimney in the middle of it, and demolished all the pews and seats below, and in the galleries, but had left the pulpit standing. My little zealous flock," says the President, "took down the chimney, and cleansed the meeting house, and then procured some benches, made for the king's troops' entertainment and left behind: so that we attended divine service very conveniently, though with a pleasure intermixed with tender grief." He retained his Presidency with high honor to himself and usefulness to the institution, until his death, May 12, 1795.

Dr. Stiles was an indefatigable student throughout his life. By the aid of a Jewish acquaintance in Newport, he instructed himself in Hebrew, and afterwards acquired an acquaintance with the other oriental languages. He corresponded with the Jesuits on the geography of California, with Greek bishops on the physical formation of Palestine and the adjacent countries, and addressed queries of a scientific and philological nature to travellers from the interior of Africa, Behring's Straits, and other remote regions. The late Chancellor Kent, who was one of Stiles's pupils in the college, has paid a handsome tribute to the warmth and character of his political principles and personal virtues: "President Stiles's zeal for civil and religious liberty was kindled at the altar of the English and New England Puritans, and it was animating and vivid. A more constant and devoted friend to the Revolution and independence of this country never existed. He had anticipated it as early as the year 1760, and his whole soul was enlisted in favor of every measure which led on gradually to the formation and establishment of the American Union. The frequent appeals which he was accustomed to make to the heads and hearts of his pupils, concerning the slippery paths of youth, the grave duties of life, the responsibilities of man, and the perils, and hopes, and honors, and destiny of our country, will never be forgotten by those who heard them; and especially when he came to touch, as he often did, with 'a master's hand and prophet's fire,' on the bright vision of the future prosperity and splendor of the United States. . . . . Take him for all in all, this extraordinary man was undoubtedly one of the purest and best gifted men of his age. In addition to his other eminent attainments he was clothed with humility, with tenderness of heart, with disinterested kindness, and with the most artless simplicity. He was distinguished for the dignity of his deportment, the politeness of his address, and the urbanity of his manners. Though he was uncompromising in his belief and vindication of the great fundamental doctrines of the Protestant faith, he was nevertheless of a most charitable and catholic temper, resulting equally from the benevolence of his disposition and the spirit of the Gospel." *

* Address delivered at New Haven, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by James Kent, September 12, 1833.

Dr. Channing has also been the eulogist of Stiles. In his discourse at Newport, he speaks with animation of this "noble friend of religious liberty," who "threw a lustre on this island immediately before the Revolution;" and adds, "to the influence of this distinguished man in the circle in which I was brought up, I may owe in part the indignation which I feel towards every invasion of human rights. In my earliest years I regarded no human being with equal reverence."*

Stiles was twice married, his second wife being the widow of William Checkley, of Providence. One of his daughters married the Rev. Abiel Holmes, by whom his life was written and published in 1798. There is also a biography by Prof. Kingsley, of Yale, in the second series of Sparks's collection.

His chief literary production was his *History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I.*† A letter written in 1793, by a gentleman of South Carolina, to the President, suggesting a monument to the memory of John Dixwell, one of the three Judges of Charles I. who escaped to and died in this country, led him to the completion of a work on these worthies for which he had long been engaged in collecting materials.‡ It appeared in 1795. The kindly pen of Chancellor Kent has placed its political merits in a strong light: "This work contains proof," he says, "that the author's devotion to civil and religious liberty carried him forward to some hasty conclusions; in like manner as his fondness for antiquarian researches tended to lead his mind to credulous excesses. He dwells on trifling traditionary details on a very unimportant inquiry; but the volume also contains a dissertation on republican polity, and his vindication of the resistance of the Long Parliament to King Charles I., and of the judicial trial and condemnation of that monarch. Here he rises into a theme of the loftiest import, and discusses it with his usual boldness, fervor, acuteness, and copiousness of erudition. He takes occasion to condemn all hereditary orders in government, as being incompatible with public virtue and security; and he was of opinion that monarchy and aristocracy, with all their exclusive political appendages, were going fast into discredit and disuse, under the influence of more just and enlightened notions of the natural equality and liberties of mankind. In these opinions the President did no more than adopt and declare the principles of the most illustrious of the English Puritans under the Stuarts, and of many, at least, of the English Protestant Dissenters under the Brunswick line. His fundamental doctrine, that a nation may bring to trial and punishment delinquent kings, is undoubtedly true as an abstract proposition, though the right is difficult to define and dangerous in the application. This humble little volume was dedicated *to the patrons of unpolluted liberty, civil and religious, throughout the world;* and when we consider its subject, its republicanism, its spirit, its frankness, its piety, its style and its *tact*, we are almost led to believe that we are perusing *the legacy of the last of the Puritans*. He gives us also a *conspectus* or plan of an ideal commonwealth, and it is far superior to the schemes sketched by Harrington, or Milton, or Locke, or Hume, or to any other plan of a republic prior to the establishment of our own American constitutions. It is very much upon the model of some of the best of them, and though entire political equality and universal suffrage were the basis of his plan, he was fully aware of the dangerous propensities to which they might expose us, and therefore he checked the rapidity of his machine by a Legislature of two Houses, chosen, the one for three and the other for six years, and by a single Executive chosen for seven years, and by an independent Judiciary. In addition to all these guards, he insisted on the necessity of a general diffusion of light and knowledge, and of the recognition of Christianity."

Stiles's other works consist principally of addresses and sermons. One of the latter is an able plea for the union of various New England denominations. His election sermon in 1783, entitled *The United States Elevated to Glory and Honour*, is an animated eulogium on the revolutionary contest, and an eloquent and sensible anticipation of its consequences. In his eulogy of Washington, his enthusiasm carries him to its utmost limits:—

> Thy fame is of sweeter perfume than Arabian spices in the gardens of Persia. A Baron de Steuben shall waft its fragrance to the monarch of Prussia; a Marquis de la Fayette shall waft it to a far greater monarch, and diffuse thy renown throughout Europe: listening angels shall catch the odour, waft it to heaven, and perfume the universe.

Stiles's Diary and bound manuscripts preserved at Yale College, fill some forty-five volumes. Of these fifteen are occupied with his literary Diary, embracing the narrative of daily occurrences, public and private, notices of the books he read, the sermons he preached and heard, and his doctrinal reflections. It includes numerous important details of the Revolution. A Meteorological Record occupies five volumes; an Itinerary of his tours, notices of Town and Church Records, Tombstone Inscriptions and such matters, five more; while the remainder are filled with letters addressed to him, and miscellaneous extracts. He was a good draughtsman, and occasionally sketches plans of the battles. There is an account, in particular, of the battle at Charleston, taken down from the narrative of an eye-witness and participant, the Rev. Mr. Martin.

Though the Diary has been freely drawn upon by Dr. Stiles's biographer, Holmes, and consulted since for historical purposes, it contains much unpublished matter worthy to see the light.

We are indebted to Mr. E. C. Herrick, of Yale, for the following extracts, which exhibit the activity of the writer's mind, and the extent of his pursuits:—

EXTRACTS FROM THE LITERARY DIARY OF EZRA STILES, NEWPORT, R. I. (TILL 1777).

1770. Mar. 9. ♀ Heb. Arab. This day news

* Channing's Works, iv. 361.

† A History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I., Major General Whalley, Major General Goffe, and Colonel Dixwell: who at the Restoration, 1660, fled to America, and were secreted and concealed in Massachusetts and Connecticut, for near Thirty years. With an account of Mr. Theophilus Whale, of Narragansett, supposed to have been also one of the Judges. By President Stiles, Hartford. Printed by Elisha Babcock, 1794.

‡ "A Poem, commemorative of Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell, three of the Judges of Charles I., by Philagathos," was published in Boston, during the same year.

from Boston, that an Affray had happened there between the Inhabitants and the Army, wherein the Soldiery fired and killed three Men and wounded others: upon which the Bells all rang, and the Town thrown into most alarming confusion. This day ends the prediction of Mr. Edwards of Philadelphia.

1769. June 3. ♄ Fine serene day. Assiduously employed in observing the Transit of Venus, which will not happen again in above an hundred years, at either node; and at this descending node again, not in two hundred and forty [36] years, or before A.D. 2004.

Oct. 5. ♃ Heb. Arab. Lent Mr. Tutor How, Origines Ecclesiæ Alexandrinæ, by Eutychius, Patriarch of that church in the Tenth Century; which I had copied in the Arabic Letter: with the English Translation which I made from the original Arabic. This evening visited by a young man, —— Hamilton, æt. 20, born a mile from Providence, but brought up in Coventry: can read the Bible, but scarce knows the nine figures; can't set down any sum in figures. Yet has a surprizing Talent at Addition and Multiplication of large Numbers. I asked him with my watch in my hand, how many minutes there were in Ten Million years? then in an hundred Million years? he told them both in less than one minute by my Watch.

1777. Sept. 19. ☿ I received the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Whittelsey: [announcing that he, Dr. Stiles, had been chosen President of Yale College.] My Election to the Presidency of Yale College is an unexpected and wonderful ordering of Divine Providence. . . . . An hundred and fifty or 180 Young Gentlemen Students, is a bundle of Wild Fire, not easily controlled and governed, and at best the Diadem of a President is a Crown of Thorns.

1779. Nov. 1. Mr. Guild, Tutor of Harvard College, visited us this day. He has been to Philadelphia, and is planning an Academy of Sciences for Massachusetts. I had much conversation with him upon this as well as upon an Academy of Sciences I am meditating for Connecticut.

1780. Dec. 19. Mr. Doolittle tells me there has been made, at his Powder Mill, in New Haven, eighty Thousand pounds of Powder since the commencement of this war.

1786. June 29. The spirit for raising silk worms is great in this town, Northford, Worthington, Mansfield, &c.

July 8. The German or Wheat Insects have got into and destroyed Squire Smith's Harvest of Rye and Wheat at West Haven, and that of several of his neighbours; but are not general there. These animalcules which fix in the Joynts of Wheat, and if no Wheat in Rye, have come from the Westward and got into Litchfield and New Haven Counties.

1787. July 2. The Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswitch, visited us. He is a great Botanist, and is travelling on to Philadelphia to inspect all vegetables and plants in their state of flowering, with the view of perfecting his Publication upon Indigenous American Plants, ranged into Classes, Genera and Species, according to the sexual or Linnæan system.

Aug. 27. ☉ Heb. Recita.—Finished the first Psalm. Judge Ellsworth, a member of the federal convention, just returned from Philadelphia, visited me, and tells me the Convention will not rise under three weeks. He there saw a Steam Engine for rowing Boats against the stream, invented by Mr. Fitch, of Windsor, in Connecticut. He was on board the Boat, and saw the experiment succeed.

1794. Mr. Whitney brought to my house and showed us his machine, by him invented, for cleaning cotton of its seeds. He showed us the model which he has finished to lodge at Philadelphia, in the Secretary of State's office, when he takes out his Patent. . . . . A curious and very ingenious piece of Mechanism.

1786. Oct. 25. Mr. Tutor Morse desiring to be absent, while spring, in order to make the Tour of the States to Georgia, for perfecting a new edition of his Geography, we elected the Rev. Abiel Holmes Tutor.

1788. January 7. This Evening I gave permission to the Freshman Class to wear their Hats in the College Yard after the ensuing vacation. Formerly they kept off their Hats the whole Freshman year. About 1775, they were permitted to wear them after May vacation. We now permit them after January vacation.

1794. July 17. * * * This day I was visited by M. Talleyrand Perigord, Bishop of Autun, &c. . . . and M. Beaumez, Member for the District of Arras, ... Both men of Information, Literature, Calmness and Candor: and very inquisitive. . . . . The Bishop has written a piece on Education, and originated the Bill or Act in the National Assembly for setting up schools all over France for diffusing Education and Letters among the Plebeians. I desired them to estimate the proportion of those who could not read in France. Mr. Beaumez said of 25 millions he judged 20 millions could not read. The Bishop corrected it and said Eighteen Millions. They were very inquisitive about our mode of diffusing knowledge. I told them of our parochial schools from the beginning, and that I had not reason to think there was a single person of the natives in New Haven that could not read. * * *

ON KINGS—FROM LIVES OF THE JUDGES.

In like manner we are not to infer the primæval meaning of a King, or the chief ruler of a sovereignty among the nations, from the meaning to which it has long grown up by use, from the ages of tyranny and usurpation. Kings, *Melakim*, leaders, rulers were primæval in all nations and countries around the terraqueous globe, and must have been from the spontaneous nature of universal society. The first seventy-two nations immediately after Babel had them. But what were the primæval kings? Not despots; rulers by their own will; but actors forth of the counsel and will of the people, in what for the public was by the people confided to their execution, as *primi inter pares consiliarios*, the first or chief baron in the teutonic policies, of a presidential, not autocratical authority, the organ of the supreme council, but of no separate and disjoined power. Early, indeed, among the oriental nations, sprung up a few Ninuses, while in general, for ages, particularly in Europe, they were what they ought to be. If we recede back into early antiquity, and descend thence, even late, into the martial ages, we shall find the *reliquiæ* of the original policies, especially in Hesperia, Gaul, Belgium, and Britain, and plainly discern the Duces, the Reges, the heads of nations, by whatever appellation designated, still the *patres patriæ*. The additions powers annexed to their titles afterwards, caused them to grow up to *tyranni*, governors of will. Not so in the beginning, when they were like the sachems of Indian nations. And perhaps the primæval may have subsisted and survived with purity in the Indian sachemdoms, which, however hereditary, are so in a mode unknown to the rest of the world, though perfectly understood by themselves; nor is any man able, with our present ignorance, to comprehend the genius of their polity or laws, which I am persuaded are wise, beautiful, and excellent; rightly and fairly understood, however hitherto despised by Europeans and Americans. We think of a sachem as an

European king in his little tribe, and negociate with him under mistaken transatlantic ideas. And so are frequently finding them cyphers to certain purposes without the collective council of warriors, who are all the men of the nation, whose subordination is settled, and as fixt as that in the feudal system. At times we see a sachem dictating with the seeming authority of a despot, and he is obeyed because of the united sense of the nation—never otherwise. On their views of society, their policy is perfect wisdom. So ancient kingship and council monarchy in Asia and Europe, was like that of Melchisedec, lenient, wise, and efficacious. This still lives in Africa, and amongst some of the hordes of Tartars, as it did in Montezuma and Mango Capac. But these *primi inter pares* soon grew up into beasts of prey; until, ages ago, government has been consigned to the will of monarchs, and this even with the consent of the people, deluded by the idea that a father of his people could not but rule with affection and wisdom. These in Greece and Sicily were called Tyranni, to distinguish them from Archons, Princes, and other rulers, by council. All government was left to will, hoped and expected to have been a wise will. But the experiment raised such horror and detestation, and this official title has for ages become so disgustful and obnoxious, that kings themselves cannot endure it. Never will a king hereafter assume the name of a tyrant, nor give the name of Bastile to a national or state prison. The brazen bull of Phalaris was used once; has been disused two thousand years; and will never be used again. So the name of a king now excites horror, and is become as odious in Europe as that of Tyrannus at Athens, Syracuse, and Agrigentum. The name and title of king will soon become as disgustful to supreme magistrates, in every polity, as that of tyrant, to which it is become synonymous and equipollent. It may take a century or two to accomplish this extirpation of title; but the die is cast, kingship is at an end; like a girdled tree in the forest, it may take a little time to wither and die—but it is dying—and in dying, die it must. Slaying the monster was happily begun by Oliver: but the people spared its life, judiciously given up by heaven to be whipt, and scourged, and tormented with it two or three centuries more, unless it may be now in its last gasps. Now there must be a supreme and chief ruler in every society, in every polity: and was it not for the complex association of insidious ideas, ideas of dread and horror connected with the appellation king, or could it be purged or restored to the purity of antiquity, it might still be safely used in a republic. But this cannot be done. It must therefore be relegated into contemptuous neglect. And a new appellation must be taken up—very immaterial what it is, so it be defined to be but *primus inter pares consiliarios*, stand on frequent election, and hereditation for ever repudiated and banished. The charm and unintelligible mysteries wrapt up in the name of a king being done away, the way would be open for all nations to a rational government and policy, on such plain and obvious general principles, as would be intelligible to the plainest rustic, to the substantial yeomanry, or men of landed estates, which ought to be the body of the population. Every one could understand it as plain as a Locke or a Camden. And whatever the Filmers* and Acherlys† may say, the common people are abundantly capable and susceptible of such a polity. It is greatly wise, therefore, to reject the very name of a king. Many of the enlightened civilians of the Long Parliament and Protectorate saw this. Oliver saw it. And who shall say, this was not the governing reason of his rejecting it?

* Sir Robert Filmer, who lived in the first half of the 17th century, wrote several works in favor of absolute government. His "Anarchy of a limited and mixed Monarchy," in answer to Phil. Hutton's Treatise on Monarchy, London, 1646, is probably the one chiefly referred to by Stiles.

† Roger Acherley wrote and published—The Britannic Constitution, or the fundamental Form of Government in Britain, demonstrating the original contract entered into by king and people. Wherein is proved, that the placing on the throne King William III., was the natural fruit and effect of the original Constitution, &c. London, 1728.

SAMUEL SEABURY.

Samuel Seabury was the son of the Rev. Samuel Seabury, missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at New London, Conn. He was born at Groton in 1728, and was graduated at Yale, 1748. He then went to Scotland to study theology, but, while thus employed, also devoted his attention to medicine. He was ordained, and on his return to America, settled at New Brunswick, as the missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1756, he removed, with the consent of the Society, to Jamaica, and from thence, in 1766, to Westchester, where he took charge, in addition to his church, of a classical school. Here he wrote and published, anonymously, several pamphlets in favor of the Crown, under the signature of A. W. Farmer. These publications were commonly attributed to him, and were the cause of his being seized in 1775, by a party of soldiers, carried to New Haven, and imprisoned. As the fact of authorship could not be proved, he was suffered to return to Westchester, where he continued to exert himself in behalf of the same opinions. After the declaration of Independence, he removed with his family to New York, on the entry of the British, and remained until the peace, officiating, during a portion of the time, as chaplain to the King's American Regiment, commanded by Col. Fanning, practising medicine for his own and the support of those dependent upon him.

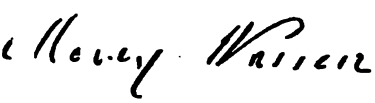
In March, 1783, immediately after the peace, Dr. Seabury, having been elected bishop by the clergy of Connecticut, sailed for England, and applied for consecration to the Archbishop of York, the see of Canterbury being then vacant. This application failed, in consequence of the inability of the English bishops to dispense with the oath of allegiance to the Crown, and the difficulty of procuring an act of parliament for the purpose. Having spent more than a year in England, in fruitless efforts to overcome these obstacles, Dr. Seabury, in August, 1784, made a similar application to the bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, by whom he was consecrated on November 14th, 1784. In the spring of the following year he returned to America, and entered on the duties of his office. He resided at New London, where he also filled his father's place as rector of the church, in addition to his episcopal duties.

In 1790, he published an address to the ministers and congregations of the Presbyterian and Independent persuasions in the United States of America. He also published several sermons delivered on special occasions, and, in 1791, *Discourses on Several Subjects*, in two volumes, to which a third was added in 1798. These dis-

courses displayed the vigor and earnestness of the man, qualities which were also exerted to good effect at the early conventions of the church, in the arrangement of the liturgy and other important matters. Bishop Seabury died, February 25, 1796, at New London.

MERCY WARREN.

Mrs. Warren was a member of a family celebrated for several generations in American history. She was the third child of Colonel James Otis, of Barnstable, where she was born Sept. 25, 1728. Her early education was greatly aided by the kindness shown to her by the Rev. Jonathan Russell, the village clergyman, who lent her books and directed her tastes. His recommendation to her of Raleigh's History of the World shows that she was a diligent reader, and the perusal of that work is said to have been the basis of her future historical labours.



About 1754 she married James Warren, a descendant of one of the first settlers of Plymouth, where he was at that time a merchant. In 1757, Mr. Warren was appointed High Sheriff on the death of his father, who had held the same office. He was not removed by the government until after the actual commencement of the Revolutionary conflict, though he took an active part on the colonial side in all the movements which led to independence. He was the author of the scheme for forming Committees of Correspondence, which he suggested to Samuel Adams in 1773, by whom it was adopted with marked success for the American cause. His wife, with father, brother, and husband, prominent leaders in the same cause, could not, with the active and vigorous intellect with which nature had endowed her, fail to be warmly interested in behalf of liberty. Her correspondence shows that she enjoyed the confidence and respect of all the great leaders of the Revolution, with many of whom she exchanged frequent letters. Her advice was sought by men like Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, Dickinson, Gerry, and Knox, and her suggestions received with marked respect. One of these was the Congress of 1765, the first suggestion of which was made by the Corresponding Committee of the New York Assembly. The two Otises, father and son, while on a visit to Mrs. Warren, at Plymouth, talked over this suggestion, and it was agreed to propose such a Convention in the Massachusetts Legislature, which was done by the younger Otis on the 6th of June following. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Adams, and the most celebrated men and women of the day were her frequent guests. In her own words, "By the Plymouth fireside were many political plans originated, discussed, and digested." Washington, with other generals of the army, dined with her during her stay at Watertown, one of her several residences during the war. She writes of him as "one of the most amiable and accomplished gentlemen, both in person, mind, and manners, that I have met with."

Her first publication was *The Adulator*,* a political satire in a dramatic form. It was followed by a second satire of a similar design and execution, *The Group*.† She afterwards wrote two tragedies, *The Sack of Rome* and *The Ladies of Castile*, the heroine of the last being Mario de Padilla, the wife of the leader of the popular insurrection against Charles V., in Castile. They were highly commended by Alexander Hamilton and John Adams,‡ and were published with her poems, most of which had appeared previously, in 1790, with a dedication to Washington.§ One of the most spirited of the lighter portions of the volume is a poetical response to the Hon. John Winthrop, who had consulted her on the proposed suspension of trade with England in all but the necessaries of life, as to the articles which should be included in the reservation. It contains a pleasant enumeration of the component parts of a fine lady's toilet of '76.

A number of specimens are given of Mrs. Warren's letters, from the manuscript originals in the possession of her descendants, by Mrs. Ellet, in her "Women of the Revolution." They are all marked by good sense and glowing patriotic fervor. A passage descriptive of the entrance into Cambridge of Burgoyne and his Hessians as

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* The Adulator, a tragedy, as it is now acted in Upper Servia.

> Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
> This little interval, this pause of life
> (While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
> With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
> And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
> That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
> Cato's Tragedy.

Boston.—Printed and sold at the New Printing Office, near Concert Hall. 1773. 8vo. pp. 30.

† The Group, as lately acted, and to be re-acted, to the wonder of all superior intelligences, nigh head-quarters at Amboyne. Boston, printed and sold by Edes & Gill, in Queen st. 1775.

‡ John Adams pays this lady a pointed compliment in a letter to her husband dated December, 1775, when he indulges in some poetical talk of his own on the Hyson and Congo offered to Neptune in "the scarcity of nectar and ambrosia among the celestials of the sea," and expresses his wish in reference to that tea party, "to see a late glorious event celebrated by a certain poetical pen which has no equal that I know of in this country." He has also an allusion to Mrs. Warren's character of Hasciroi, in her dramatic piece *The Group*, written at the expense of the Royalists.—Works, ix. 383.

§ Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous, by Mrs. M. Warren.

prisoners, presents a scene that recalls some of the pictures of Hogarth's March to Finchley.

Last Thursday, which was a very stormy day, a large number of British troops came softly through the town, *via* Watertown, to Prospect Hill. On Friday we heard the Hessians were to make a procession in the same route. We thought we should have nothing to do but to view them as they passed. To be sure the sight was truly astonishing. I never had the least idea that the creation produced such a sordid set of creatures in human figure—poor, dirty, emaciated men. Great numbers of women, who seemed to be the beasts of burden, having bushel-baskets on their backs, by which they were bent double. The contents seemed to be pots and kettles, various sorts of furniture, children peeping through gridirons, and other utensils—some very young infants, who were born on the road—the women barefoot, clothed in dirty rags. Such effluvia filled the air while they were passing, that, had they not been smoking all the time, I should have been apprehensive of being contaminated.

An anecdote of Burgoyne, from the same letter, is creditable to himself and his captors:—

General Burgoyne dined on Saturday, in Boston, with General ——. He rode through the town properly attended, down Court street, and through the main street; and on his return walked on foot to Charlestown Ferry, followed by a great number of spectators as ever attended a pope; and generously observed to an officer with him, the decent and modest behaviour of the inhabitants as he passed; saying, if he had been conducting prisoners through the city of London, not all the Guards of Majesty could have prevented insults. He likewise acknowledges Lincoln and Arnold to be great generals.

She writes to the widow of Montgomery (a sister of Chancellor Livingston), January 20, 1776:—

While you are deriving comfort from the highest source, it may still further brighten the clouded moment to reflect that the number of your friends is not confined to the narrow limits of a province, but by the happy union of the American colonies (suffering equally by the rigor of oppression), the affections of the inhabitants are cemented; and the urn of the companion of your heart will be sprinkled with the tears of thousands who revere the commander at the gates of Quebec, though not personally acquainted with General Montgomery.

One of her correspondents was Mrs. Macaulay, the English authoress, who participated warmly in her republican sympathies. They met for the first time on the visit of the latter to America, in 1785.

She published in 1805, at the age of seventy-seven, a *History of the American Revolution*, in three volumes 8vo., which she had prepared some time previously from her notes taken during the war.

Mrs. Warren lived to the good old age of eighty-seven, her intellectual powers unimpaired to the last. Rochefoucault De Liancourt speaks of her at seventy as "truly interesting; for lively in conversation, she has lost neither the activity of her mind nor the graces of her person." A lady visitor ten years after speaks of her as erect in person, and in conversation full of intelligence and eloquence. Her cheerfulness remained unimpaired, although blindness excluded her from many of the delights of the outer world. Her last illness was disturbed only by the fear that disease might impair her intellectual as well as physical faculties; a groundless apprehension, as her mind retained its vigor to the last.

FROM THE LADIES OF CASTILE.

Not like the lover, but the hero talk—
The sword must rescue, or the nation sink,
And self degraded, wear the badge of slaves.
We boast a cause of glory and renown;
We arm to purchase the sublimest gift
The mind of man is capable to taste.
'Tis not a factious, or a fickle rout,
That calls their kindred out to private war,
With hearts envenom'd by a thirst of blood—
Nor burns ambition, rancour, or revenge,
As in the bosom of some lordly chief
Who throws his gauntlet at his sovereign's foot,
And bids defiance in his wanton rage:—
'Tis freedom's genius, nurs'd from age to age,
Matur'd in schools of liberty and law,
On virtue's page from sire to son convey'd,
E'er since the savage, fierce, barbarian hordes,
Pour'd in, and chas'd beyond Narvasia's mount,
The hardy chiefs who govern'd ancient Spain.
Our independent ancestors disdain'd
All servile homage to despotic lords.

TO THE HON. J. WINTHROP, ESQ., WHO ON THE AMERICAN DETERMINATION, IN 1774, TO SUSPEND ALL COMMERCE WITH BRITAIN (EXCEPT FOR THE REAL NECESSARIES OF LIFE), REQUESTED A POETICAL LIST OF THE ARTICLES THE LADIES MIGHT COMPRISE UNDER THAT HEAD.

* * * * * * * *

But does Helvidius, vigilant and wise,
Call for a schedule, that may all comprise?
'Tis so contracted, that a Spartan sage,
Will sure applaud th' economizing age.

But if ye doubt, an inventory clear,
Of all the needs, Lamira offers here;
Nor does she fear a rigid Cato's frown,
When she lays by the rich embroider'd gown,
And modestly compounds for just enough—
Perhaps some dozens of more slighty stuff;
With lawns and lustrings—blond and mecklin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer cases,
Gay cloaks and hats, of every shape and size,
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes;
With ruffles stamp'd, and aprons of tambour,
Tippets and handkerchiefs, at least three score;
With finest muslins that fair India boasts,
And the choice herbage from Chinesan coasts.
(But while the fragrant hyson leaf regales,
Who'll wear the homespun produce of the vales?
For if t'would save the nation from the curse
Of standing troops; or, name a plague still worse,
Few can this choice delicious draught give up,
Though all Medea's poisons fill the cup.)
Add feathers, furs, rich sattins and du capes,
And head dresses in pyramidal shapes;
Side-boards of plate, and porcelain profuse,
With fifty dittos that the ladies use;
If my poor treach'rous memory has miss'd,
Ingenious T—l shall complete the list.
So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
Who can refuse? they're but the sex's due.

In youth, indeed, an antiquated page,
Taught us the threatenings of an Hebrew sage
Gainst wimples, mantles, curls and crisping pins,
But rank not these among our modern sins;

For when our manners are well understood,
What in the scale is stomacher or hood!

'Tis true, we love the courtly mien and air,
The pride of dress, and all the debonair;
Yet Clara quits the more dress'd negligee,
And substitutes the careless polanee;
Until some fair one from Britannia's court,
Some jaunty dress,—or newer taste import;
This sweet temptation could not be withstood,
Though for the purchase 's paid her father's blood;
Though loss of freedom were the costly price,
Or flaming comets sweep the angry skies;
Or earthquakes rattle, or volcanos roar;
Indulge this trifle, and she asks no more:
Can the stern patriot Clara's suit deny!
'Tis beauty asks, and reason must comply.

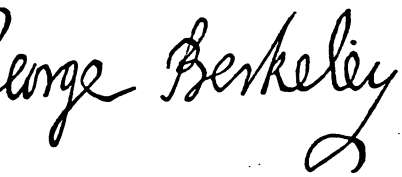
FROM "A POLITICAL REVERIE," JAN. 1774.

I look with rapture at the distant dawn,
And view the glories of the opening morn,
When justice holds his sceptre o'er the land,
And rescues freedom from a tyrant's hand;
When patriot states in laurel crowns may rise,
And ancient kingdoms court them as allies,
Glory and valour shall be here displayed,
And virtue rear her long dejected head;
Her standard plant beneath these gladden'd skies,
Her fame extend, and arts and science rise;
While empire's lofty spreading sails unfurl'd,
Roll swiftly on towards the western world.
* * * * * * * *
No despot here shall rule with awful sway,
Nor orphan's spoils become the minion's prey;
No more the widow'd bleeding bosom mourns,
Nor injur'd cities weep their slaughter'd sons;
For then each tyrant, by the hand of fate,
And standing troops, the bane of every state,
Forever spurn'd, shall be remov'd as far
As bright Hesperus from the polar star;
Freedom and virtue shall united reign,
And stretch their empire o'er the wide domain.
On a broad base the commonwealth shall stand,
When lawless power withdraws its impious hand;
When crowns and sceptres are grown useless things,
Nor petty pretors plunder her for kings.

GEORGE BERKELEY.

"THE arrival in America of the Rev. Mr. GEORGE BERKELEY, then Dean of Derry, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne," says Samuel Miller, in his *Retrospect of the Eighteenth Century*, "deserves to be noticed in the literary history of America, not only as a remarkable event, but also as one which had some influence on the progress of literature, particularly in Rhode Island and Connecticut."*

Berkeley was to the country not only a personal friend and benefactor, through the genial example of his scholar's life and conversation, and the gifts which he directly made, but he brought with him the prestige which attached to high literary reputation, and was a connecting link to America with what is called the Augustan age of Queen Anne. Born in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, March 12, 1684, he had acquired distinction in mathematics and philosophy, and before the age of thirty had vented his celebrated ideal theory in print. He was introduced by Steele and Swift to the circle of London wits, who admired the man while they jested at his immaterial philosophy. To the fine speculations of the scholar, he had added a knowledge of the world, and the liberal associations of travel through his residence in Italy and France. By the friendship of the Duke of Grafton he



received his appointment as Dean of Derry; and the death of Swift's Vanessa, who made him one of her legatees, further added to his resources. With all this good fortune at hand, his benevolent enthusiasm led him to engage in the distant and uncertain project of erecting a college in the Bermudas, for converting the American Indians to Christianity. He wrote out his *Proposal*,* and his friend Swift gave him a letter to Lord Carteret to second the affair, with a humorous account of the amiable projector. "He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past hath been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermuda, by a charter from the crown. He shewed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical of a college founded for Indian schools and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. *His heart* will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your Excellency's disposal."†

Berkeley was an ingenious political economist, as his book, *The Querist*, proves; and managing to connect his scheme with plans of advantage to the Government, he gained, through one of his Italian friends, the ear of George I., who ordered Sir Robert Walpole to carry the project through. St. Paul's College, Bermuda, was incorporated,

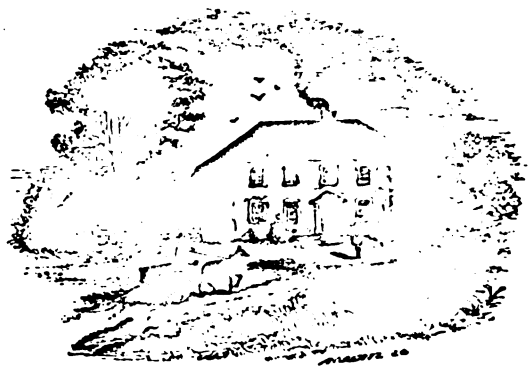
* Retrospect, ii. 269.

* A Proposal for the Better Supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations; and for Converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be Erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda. Lond. 1725.
† Swift to Lord Carteret, Sept. 8, 1724.

and twenty thousand pounds promised for its support.

Dean Berkeley set sail, or at least was ready to embark from Gravesend, September 6, 1728, for the New World.* He had just completed the honeymoon of his marriage with Anne Forster, the daughter of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, to whom he had been united on the first of August,—and of whom he writes before leaving England, at this time, to his friend Thomas Prior, as a lover should, that "her humor and turn of mind pleases me beyond anything I know in her whole sex." This lady accompanied him with her friend, "my Lady Hancock's daughter;" and three gentlemen completed the party, Mr. James, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Smibert. The last was the artist whose name is prominently connected with the early history of American art. He sketched a group of his fellow-travellers in the cabin, at sea, at least this is one of the Berkeley traditions,—which he afterwards painted, in the interesting picture which now hangs in the Gallery of Yale College.† If so, he made the addition of the child in his wife's arms subsequently, for that infant was born in America.‡ The travellers reached Newport the 23d of January, 1729, after a protracted passage of five months.§ There is a tradition, which is probably worth very little, that Berkeley sent a letter on coming up the bay to the Rev. James Honeyman, the Episcopal clergyman of the town, which found him at church celebrating a holiday. The intelligence was communicated to the congregation, Mr. Honeyman dismissed them with his blessing, and the whole body proceeded to meet the distinguished Dean on the wharf.* Six months passed, and the Dean's Bermuda enterprise still lingered for lack of the prompt receipt of "His Majesty's bounty." The opening of summer reconciled him, however, to the delay. He writes in June of the delight of the climate and of the birth of a son.

"The truth is," he says, "if the king's bounty could be paid in, and the charter could be removed hither, I should like it better than Bermuda." His friends of the voyage were drawn at the close of the year to Boston, and solicitations were made to carry Berkeley thither, but "preferring quiet and solitude to the noise of a great town," and happy in the "two domestic comforts that are very agreeable, my wife and my little son," he still remained at Newport in the enjoyment of the country estate which he had purchased. There his acquaintance was sought by Samuel Johnson,



Whitehall.

afterwards the president of King's College in New York, and then a resident in Connecticut, who called his attention to the wants of Yale College, to which he became so liberal a donor† of books and land; after his retirement to England settling upon the college his farm of ninety-six acres, to which he had given the name of Whitehall, for the assistance of its scholars.‡ He also made valuable gifts to the library of Harvard, and when he left Newport distributed the books he had with him among the neighboring clergy.

It was also after his arrival in England, in 1733, that he presented the organ to Trinity church, at Newport, which is still surmounted by the crown of the olden time, and which bears an inscription that it is the gift of Dr. George Berkeley, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne.

This organ was originally forwarded to America by the Dean, as a gift to the town of Berke-

* There is a tradition that Berkeley sailed for Bermuda directly, and that the captain of the vessel, not finding his way to that island, accidentally put into Newport. This is so stated in the Memoir in Updike's History of the Narragansett Church (p. 395); but the matter is conclusively set at rest by Berkeley's own letter to his friend Thomas Prior, dated Gravesend, Sept. 5, 1728, where he says: "To-morrow, with God's blessing, I set sail for Rhode Island."—Letters appended to Memoir of Berkeley. Edition of his works by Priestley. London, 1820, i. xxxvi.

† Smibert," says Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, in an article on Berkeley in the North American Review, for January, 1855, p. 190, "was the first educated artist who visited our shores, and this picture was the first of more than a single figure executed in the country." Smibert had risen in his art from the humble fortunes of a house-painter. Horace Walpole describes him in his Anecdotes of Painting as "a silent and modest man, who abhorred the *finesse* of some of his profession, and was enchanted with a plan that he thought promised him tranquillity and honest subsistence in a healthful elysian climate, and in spite of remonstrances engaged with the Dean."—Walpole, ed. 1849, 673. We follow Walpole, who follows Vertue, as decisive authority for the spelling of the name, about which there has been some uncertainty.—John Smibert.

‡ There is a description of this painting in the well prepared Catalogue of the College Gallery. "The principal figure is the Dean in his clerical habit. The lady with the child is his wife; the other lady has been said to be her sister, but more probably is the Miss Hancock who accompanied her to America. The gentleman writing at the table is Sir James Dalton. The gentleman standing behind the ladies has been thought by some to be a Mr. Wainwright; but is undoubtedly Mr. James. The other gentleman in brown is a Mr. John Moffat, a friend of the artist. The remaining figure is the artist Smibert. The Dean is resting his hand on a copy of Plato, his favorite author, and appears to be dictating to Sir James, who is acting as amanuensis. This painting was presented to the college in the year 1808, by Isaac Lothrop, of Plymouth, Mass. It had been preserved in Boston, in a room occupied by the Smiberts; certainly by the son, and probably by the father."

§ A Newport letter dated January 24, describing Berkeley's arrival, was printed in the Boston New England Journal, September 8, 1729. It says, "Yesterday arrived here Dean Berkeley, of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months." If the Dean did not embark on the day proposed, and some delay might have occurred, the time of his passage would, of course, be less. We find the date of the Boston paper in Updike's Narr. Ch., p. 394; the date of the letter in Elton's Memoir of Callender, p. 81.

* Memoir of Trinity Church, Newport, from 1698 to 1810, compiled from the Records, by Henry Bull, Esq., with Notes by the Rector, Rev. Francis Vinton.—Updike's Narr. Ch. 395.

† Chandler's Life of Johnson, 55–58; *ante*, 57.

‡ The autograph, which we give, is taken directly from Berkeley's deed of gift to the college. The woodcut head is after the portrait in the Smibert picture. We find the following entry in the New England Weekly Journal, October 20, 1733:—"Newport, October 8th.—We hear that the Rev. Mr. George Berkeley, Dean of Londonderry, has given his farm on this island, worth about £3,000, to Yale college, in Connecticut."

ley, in Massachusetts, which had been named after him. The select men of the town, however, were not prepared to harbor so dangerous a guest, and voting that "an organ is an instrument of the devil, for the entrapping of men's souls," declined the offer; when the Dean conferred it on Trinity.* It still sends forth its strains from some of the old pipes.

During his pleasant sojourn in America, we always hear of Berkeley in some amiable relation. He compliments the Huguenot refugee, Gabriel Bernon, in a letter written in French, on his "zeal for religion and the glory of God." He preaches constantly for his friend, the rector of Trinity, the Rev. James Honeyman, in the pulpit which is still there, while the Quakers stand in their broad-brimmed hats in the aisles to hear him; on one occasion humorously announcing that "to give the devil his due, John Calvin was a great man."† In company with Smibert, Col. Updike, and Dr. McSparran, he visits the Narraghansett Indians. To his friend, Daniel Updike, the attorney-general of the colony, he presents his "well-wrought silver coffee-pot," still preserved as a relic in the family, as the good bishop's old-fashioned chair, "in which he is believed to have composed the Minute Philosopher," is esteemed as an heir-loom at this day by Dr. Coit.‡ There is an anecdote of Berkeley's calculations respecting the value of property at Newport, preserved by a traveller, the Church of England clergyman, Andrew Burnaby, who visited Newport in 1760, which at this time of day is curious. The growth of Newport, which suffered a relapse after the Revolution, and was for a long while in abeyance, is now again in the ascendant; not as Berkeley may have anticipated with the commerce of Cheapside, but with the luxury of the American Baiæ.

"About three miles from town," writes Burnaby, "is an indifferent wooden house, built by Dean Berkeley, when he was in these parts: the situation is low, but commands a fine view of the ocean, and of some wild rugged rocks that are on the left hand of it. They relate here several strange stories of the Dean's wild and chimerical notions; which, as they are characteristic of that extraordinary man, deserve to be taken notice of. One in particular, I must beg the reader's indulgence to allow me to repeat to him. The Dean had formed a plan of building a town upon the rocks, and of cutting a road through a sandy beach which lies a little below it, in order that ships might come up and be sheltered in bad weather. He was so full of this project, as one day to say to one Smibert, a designer, whom he had brought over with him from Europe, on the latter asking some ludicrous question concerning the future importance of the place: 'Truly, you have very little foresight, for in fifty years' time every foot of land in this place will be as valuable as the land in Cheapside.' The Dean's house, notwithstanding his prediction, is at present nothing better than a farm-house, and his library converted into the dairy: when he left America, he gave it to the college at New Haven, in Connecticut, who have let it to a farmer on a long lease; his books he divided between this college and that in Massachusetts. The Dean is said to have written in this place The Minute Philosopher."* For the value of the farm, it must be great to its present holder; Yale College having in the last century leased out the land for a term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, at a rent payable in wheat, which was afterwards commuted into the present annual receipt of one hundred and forty dollars.

Berkeley left America, by the way of Boston, on his return to England, in September, 1731, and in February of the following year, preached a sermon before the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in which he speaks of his observations of the American colony, alluding, among other points, to the fashion of infidelity which had spread from the mother country. This was the topic of his chief work, *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher*, which he published the same year, and which he had penned in America. It is a series of dialogues, after the manner of Plato, ingeniously combating the free-thinking spirit of the age as it manifested itself in "the atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and sceptic." The dialogue is graced by occasional passages of description of the scenery at Newport, in the midst of which it was written. It opens with a reference to the disappointment in the Bermuda scheme.

I flattered myself, Theages, that before this time I might have been able to have sent you an agreeable account of the success of the affair which brought me into this remote corner of the country. But instead of this, I should now give you the detail of its miscarriage, if I did not rather choose to entertain you with some amusing incidents, which have helped to make me easy under a circumstance I could neither obviate nor foresee. Events are not in our power; but it always is, to make a good use even of the very worst. And I must needs own, the course and event of this affair gave opportunity for reflections that make me some amends for a great loss of time, pains and expense. A life of action, which takes its issue from the counsels, passions, and views of other men, if it doth not draw a man to imitate, will at least teach him to observe. And a mind at liberty to reflect on its own observations, if it produce nothing useful to the world, seldom fails of entertainment to itself. For several months past I have enjoyed such liberty and leisure in this distant retreat, far beyond the verge of that great whirlpool of business, faction and pleasure, which is called the world.

The writer describes his host Euphranor, the philosopher and the farmer, two characters not so

* Mason's Newport Illustrated, 99. It is said that there is another claimant for the honors of the organ, in a church of Brooklyn, N. Y. The story goes that the Newport organ being out of repair, was sent to New York to be put in order. A portion of the pipes were found to be so defective that it was considered expedient to replace them by new ones, which were provided, and forwarded in the old case. It afterwards occurred to a workman that the old metal should not be thrown away; so he restored the rejected pipes, and they were set up in a new case in the Brooklyn Church. Mason states, "the original case, of English oak, is still in use in the church, and it contains a part of the old works, with the addition of such new pipes as were found necessary when it was rebuilt a few years ago."

† Updike's Narr. Church, 220. ‡ Ibid. 200, 206.

* Travels through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the years 1759 and 1760. By the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, A.M., Vicar of Greenwich. Lond. 4to. 1775.

inconsistent in nature as by custom they seem to be, and his friend Crito, who maintain the burden of discourse in behalf of truth and Revelation against the sceptical Alciphron and Lysicles. The first conversation is in the open air—a pleasant picture of the landscape.

Next morning Euphranor rose early, and spent the forenoon in ordering his affairs. After dinner we took a walk to Crito's, which lay through half a dozen pleasant fields planted round with plane trees, that are very common in this part of the country. We walked under the delicious shade of these trees for about an hour before we came to Crito's house, which stands in the middle of a small park, beautified with two fine groves of oak and walnut, and a winding stream of sweet and clear water. We met a servant at the door with a small basket of fruit, which he was carrying into the grove, where he said his master was, with the two strangers. We found them all three sitting under a shade. And after the usual forms at first meeting, Euphranor and I sat down by them. Our conversation began about the beauty of this rural scene, the fine season of the year, and some late improvements which had been made in the adjacent country by new methods of agriculture.

The next "Dialogue" is carried on by the seashore:—

Next morning Alciphron and Lysicles said the weather was so fine they had a mind to spend the day abroad, and take a cold dinner under a shade in some pleasant part of the country. Whereupon, after breakfast, we went down to a beach about half a mile off; when we walked on the smooth sand, with the ocean on one hand, and on the other wild broken rocks, intermingled with shady trees and springs of waters, till the sun began to be uneasy. We then withdrew into a hollow glade between two rocks.

These associations are cherished at Newport, and the spot is pointed out where Berkeley wrote Alciphron. It gives a flavor to the region to have had the fine argument and poetic thoughts of the book written there. Though it belongs to English rather than American literature, we may quote one of its passages, for its bearing upon the author's liberality to our colleges, that in which he refutes an attack of Shaftesbury upon "men of the church and universities" as unfriendly to true learning.

In the mean time, I must beg to be excused, if I cannot believe your great man on his bare word; when he would have us think, that ignorance and ill taste are owing to Christian religion or the clergy, it being my sincere opinion, that whatever learning or knowledge we have among us, is derived from that order. If those, who are so sagacious at discovering a mote in other eyes, would but purge their own, I believe they might easily see this truth. For what but religion could kindle and preserve a spirit towards learning, in such a northern rough people? Greece produced men of active and subtile genius. The public conventions and emulations of their cities forwarded that genius; and their natural curiosity was amused and excited by learned conversations, in their public walks and gardens and porticos. Our genius leads to amusements of a grosser kind: we breathe a grosser and a colder air; and that curiosity which was general in the Athenians, and the gratifying of which was their chief recreation, is among our people of fashion treated like affectation, and as such banished from polite assemblies and places of resort; and without doubt would in a little time be banished the country, if it were not for the great reservoirs of learning, where those formalists, pedants, and bearded boys, as your profound critic calls them, are maintained by the liberality and piety of our predecessors. For it is as evident that religion was the cause of those seminaries, as it is that they are the cause or source of all the learning and taste which are to be found, even in those very men who are the declared enemies of our religion and public foundations. Every one, who knows any thing, knows we are indebted for our learning to the Greek and Latin tongues. This those severe censors will readily grant. Perhaps they may not be so ready to grant, what all men must see, that we are indebted for those tongues to our religion. What else could have made foreign and dead languages in such request among us? What could have kept in being and handed them down to our times, through so many dark ages in which the world was wasted and disfigured by wars and violence? What, but a regard to the Holy Scriptures, and theological writings of the fathers and doctors of the church? And in fact, do we not find that the learning of those times was solely in the hands of ecclesiastics, that they alone lighted the lamp in succession one from another, and transmitted it down to after-ages; and that ancient books were collected and preserved in their colleges and seminaries, when all love and remembrance of polite arts and studies were extinguished among the laity, whose ambition entirely turned to arms?

A eulogy which might be justly extended to our American seats of literature which have been so greatly indebted to clergymen.

Berkeley soon became Bishop of Cloyne, and some years afterwards again found vent for his amiable enthusiasm in advocating his specific of tar water, which he made quite the fashion of the day,* and for which he gained the attention of philosophers and theologians by the subtle speculations of his *Siris; a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the virtues of Tar Water; and divers other subjects connected together and arising one from another.*†

In his death Berkeley realized the Euthanasia which he had desired. On a Sunday evening, Jan. 14, 1753, as he was with his family in his residence at Oxford, lying on a couch listening to his wife reading a sermon by Sherlock, the final messenger came to him in silence, and it was not perceived that he was dead till his daughter offered him a cup of tea. He was buried at Christ Church, and a well written inscription in Latin was put upon his monument: but the friendly pen of Pope wrote his lasting epitaph:

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* "It is impossible," writes Mr. Duncombe to Archbishop Herring in 1744, "to write a letter now without tincturing the ink with tar water. This is the common topic of discourse both among the rich and poor, high and low; and the Bishop of Cloyne has made it as fashionable as going to Vauxhall or Ranelagh."

† "Had the conversation (Coleridge's) been thrown upon paper it might have been easy to trace the continuity of the links; just as in Bishop Berkeley's Siris, [Seiris ought to have been the name, *ἡ Σειρὰ*, a chain] from a pedestal so low and abject,—so culinary as tar water, the method of preparing it and its medicinal effects—the dissertation ascends, like Jacob's ladder, by just gradations, into the Heaven of Heavens and the Throne of the Trinity."—De Quincy.

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.*

Berkeley's prophetic verses on America, so often quoted,† will secure his popular reputation with our history.‡

As an introduction to them we may present, with other illustrations of the main idea, a passage from George Herbert's poem of "The Church Militant," published in 1633, in which the progress of religion westward had been a century earlier commemorated.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
The marks of future bane, shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams!
When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendar of sins fulfil;
Whereby one may foretell what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer:
Then shall religion to America flee;
They have their times of Gospel, e'en as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away:
For gold and grace did never yet agree:
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss:
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that, which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither westward fly,
So sin shall trace and dog her instantly;
They have their period also and set times,
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.

In 1684 Sir Thomas Browne published "certain Miscellany Tracts," one of which, entitled *The Prophecy*, contained several reflections of this kind on the rise and progress of America, in which, Dr. Johnson says, "Browne plainly discovers his expectation to be the same with that entertained lately with more confidence by Dr. Berkeley, that 'America will be the seat of the fifth empire.'"* It is in verse, with a prose commentary. The lines relating to America are,

When New England shall trouble New Spain,
When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
When the new world shall the old invade,
Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade.†

The benevolent prophecies of Berkeley, in reference to America, also recall to us the later anticipations, which, if not the measure of our performance, were of his own benevolence, expressed in 1773 by the good Bishop of St. Asaph, the worthy friend of Franklin, before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which always had American welfare at heart. "It is difficult," said he, "for men to look into the destiny of future ages, the designs of Providence are too vast and complicated, and our own powers are too narrow to admit of much satisfaction to our curiosity. But when we see many great and powerful causes constantly at work, we cannot doubt of their producing proportionable effects. The colonies in North America have not only taken root and acquired strength, but seem hastening, with an accelerated progress, to such a powerful state as may introduce a new and important change in human affairs." He goes on to describe their opportunities and the prospects of new states. "The vast continent itself, over which they are gradually spreading, may be considered as a treasure, yet untouched, of natural productions that shall hereafter afford ample matter for commerce and contemplation." And he anticipates that "time and discipline may discover some means to correct the extreme inequalities of condition between the rich and the poor."‡

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

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* Epilogue to the Satires.

† And sometimes misquoted, particularly in making one of the lines misread—

Westward the *star* of empire takes its way.

‡ These lines, though now familiar to every schoolboy, were not many years ago brought out by Mr. Verplanck in his anniversary discourse before the New York Historical Society as a novelty, and Knapp, in his Lectures on American Literature, quotes "this little poem as extremely scarce" from that source.—Lectures, 64.

There is a curious reminiscence, or rather unsatisfactory tradition, of these lines of Berkeley, in a letter of John Adams to Benjamin Rush, dated 1807, in which he introduces "brother Cranch, a gentleman of four score," and interrogates him as to a couplet, the second line of which ran—

And empire rises where the sun descends:

His friend, after a moment's pause, gave him—

The eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
And empire rises where the sun descends.

"I asked him," continues Adams, "if Dean Berkeley was the author of them. He answered, no. The tradition was, as he had heard it for sixty years, that these lines were inscribed, or rather drilled, into a rock on the shore of Monument Bay, in our old colony of Plymouth, and were supposed to have been written and engraved there by some of the first emigrants from Leyden, who landed at Plymouth. However this may be, I may add my testimony to Mr. Cranch's, that I have heard these verses for more than sixty years. I conjecture that Berkeley became connected with them, in my head, by some report that the Bishop had copied them into some publication. There is nothing in my little reading, more ancient in my memory than the observation that arts, sciences, and empire had travelled westward; and in conversation it was always added, since I was a child, that their next leap would be over the Atlantic into America."—John Adams's Works, ix. 609.

* Life of Sir Thomas Browne.

† Sir Thomas Browne's Works, iv. 222. Grahame, in his History of the United States, notices this idea of western progress in the country, quoting Burnaby's Travels, and referring to the language of the Italian improvisatore to Benjamin West, as the story is related in Galt's Life.—History, iv. 196, 446.

‡ Bishop Shipley's Works, ii. 346.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

CHARLES THOMSON.

The "perpetual secretary" of the old Revolutionary Congress from 1775, was a man of literary tastes, who, when he had long served his country and become to his contemporaries one of the best known and most respected personages of our early political annals, occupied the remainder of his life in composition, publishing a Translation of the Old and New Testaments. He was born in Ireland in 1729, and came to America at the age of eleven. His father died on the passage, and he was thrown on his own resources in Maryland. One of his brothers assisted him in entering the school of Dr. Alison, at Thunder Hill in that state. Books were scarce, and a single lexicon did duty for the whole school. A story is told of the boy's eagerness in pursuit of an intellectual pleasure. One of his schoolfellows came down from Philadelphia, bringing with him an odd volume of the Spectator. Thomson read it with great delight, and learning that an entire set could be purchased at a certain place for the small stock of money which he had at command, without asking permission he set off on foot for Philadelphia to buy it. Having obtained it he returned, when the motive of his journey was taken as sufficient excuse for the truant. An anecdote like this is worth a volume in illustrating the character of the man and the state of literature in America at the time. At Dr. Alison's seminary he learnt Greek, Latin, and Mathematics enough to undertake a Friends' Academy in Philadelphia, which he conducted with credit. He was an ardent republican, and immediately upon the assembling of the old Continental Congress of 1774, was chosen its secretary. John Adams at the time, in his Diary, describes him as "the Sam. Adams of Philadelphia, the life of the cause of liberty."* He retained his post of Secretary with every Congress till the close of the war, and was chosen as the person to inform Washington at Mount Vernon of his nomination to the Presidency. His services to Congress were very efficient, and the repute of his integrity gained him the name with the Indians of "The Man of Truth."†

The Rev. Ashbel Green, President of the College of New Jersey, in his Autobiography, says of the sacred regard for truth which marked the statements of the old Congress, that it became a proverb, "It's as true as if Charles Thomson's name was to it;" and adds this personal reminiscence,—"I had the happiness to be personally acquainted with Charles Thomson. He was tall of stature, well proportioned, and of primitive simplicity of manners. He was one of the best classical scholars that our country has ever produced. He made three or four transcriptions of his translation of the whole Bible, from the Septuagint of the Old Testament, and from the original of the New; still endeavoring in each to make improvements on his former labors. After our revolutionary war was terminated, and before the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, our country was in a very deplorable state, and many of our surviving patriotic fathers, and Mr. Thomson among the rest, could not easily rid themselves of gloomy apprehensions. Mr. Thomson's resource was the study of the Sacred Scriptures. His last work was a Harmony of the Four Gospels, in the language of his own version."*

In person Thomson was remarkable. The Abbé Robin, who was in the country with Rochambeau, found him at Philadelphia "the soul of the body politic,"† and was struck with his meagre and furrowed countenance, his hollow and sparkling eyes, and white erect hair. This description, in 1781, does not argue a condition of perfect health, yet Thomson lived till 1824, dying at the venerable age of ninety-five.

ROBERT ROGERS.

Robert was the son of James R. Rogers, an early settler of the town of Dumbarton, New Hampshire, entered military service during the French war, and raised a company of Rangers, who acquired a high reputation for activity in the region surrounding Lake George, where his name is perpetuated by the precipice known as Rogers's slide, on the edge of the lake, so called from an act of daring of their leader in escaping down its steep side, and so over the ice, from a party of Indians in hot pursuit. In 1760 Rogers received orders from Sir Jeffrey Amherst to take possession of Detroit and other western posts ceded by the French after the fall of Quebec. He ascended the St. Lawrence and the lakes with two hundred of his rangers, visited Fort Pitt, had an interview with the Indian chief, Pontiac, at the site of the present Cleveland on Lake Erie; received the submission of Detroit, but was prevented from proceeding further by the approach of winter. He afterwards visited England, where he suffered from want until he borrowed the means to print his Journal and present it to the King, when he received the appointment of Governor of Michillimackinac in 1765.‡ He returned and entered upon his command, but was afterwards, on an accusation of a plot to deliver up his post to the Spaniards, then the possessors of Louisiana, sent to Montreal in irons. In 1769 he revisited England, was presented to the King, and imprisoned for debt. He afterwards, according to his account of himself to Dr. Wheelock at Dartmouth, "fought two battles in Algiers under the Dey."

In 1775 he made his appearance in the northern states, where he made loud professions of patriotism, and talked of recent interviews with the Congress at Philadelphia. He held a pass from that body, but it had been obtained after he had

* Works, ii. 368.
† Walsh's Article, Am. Biography. Quar. Rev. i. 89-92.

* Life of Ashbel Green, 48.
† Nouveaux Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale, en l'année 1781 et campagne de l'armée de M. le Comte de Rochambeau. Par M. l'Abbé Robin. Paris, 1782, pp. 91.
‡ Diary of John Adams, December 21, 1765. Works, ii. 167.

been their prisoner, and been released on his parole. In January, 1776, Washington recommended that he should be watched, and in June ordered his arrest. He was taken at South Amboy, where he professed to be on his way to offer his services to Congress. Washington sent him to that body, by whom he was directed to return to New Hampshire. He soon after openly joined the side of the crown, accepted a colonelcy, and raised a company called the Queen's Rangers. In the fall of 1776 he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by Lord Stirling at Mamaroneck. He not long after went to England, and was succeeded in his command by Colonel Simcoe. He was proscribed and banished under the act of New Hampshire in 1778, and his subsequent history is unknown.*

Rogers published, in 1765, his *Journals*,† a spirited account of his early adventures as a ranger, and in the same year *A Concise Account of North America*.‡ He attempted a bolder flight in the following year in his tragedy of *Ponteach*. The publication does not bear his name. It is a curious production, the peculiarities of which can be best displayed by analysis and extract.

The play of Ponteach opens with an interview between two Indian traders, one of whom discloses to his less experienced associate, the means by which the Indians are cheated in the commerce for furs. Indians enter with packs of skins which they part with for rum. They are defrauded by a juggle in the weight, and paid in well watered spirits. We have next Osborne and Honnyman, two English hunters, in possession of the stage, who expatiate on the advantages of shooting down well laden Indians, and taking possession of their packs without even the ceremony of bargains. The scene changes to an English fort, with Colonel Cockum and Captain Frisk, a pair of blusterers, who propose immediate extermination of the redskins. Ponteach enters with complaints that his men are cheated, but receives naught but abuse in return. We have next a scene in which the governors distribute the presents sent by the English King to the Indians, reserving half of the stock for themselves and retaining a similar share of the furs brought by the Indians in return. What would, says Catchum, one of these Governors, the King of England do with Wampum?

Or beaver skins d'ye think? He's not a hatter!

Thus ends the first act. In the second, the Indian dramatis personæ are brought forward. Ponteach summons his sons Philip and Chekitan, and his counsellor Tenesco, to deliberate on war with the English. He feels sure of the support of the chiefs, with the exception of the "Mohawk Emperor." Philip undertakes to secure his concurrence, and Ponteach departs to consult his Indian doctor and a French priest, as to the interpretation of a dream which he relates. After his exit Philip narrates his plan. It is to secure possession of Monelia and Torax, the children of Hendrick the Mohawk Emperor, and detain them in case of his opposition; a plan by which he proposes to serve his brother, who is in love with Monelia, as well as his father. Chekitan joyfully acquiesces and departs, leaving Philip to deliver a soliloquy from which it appears that he hates his brother. After a rhapsody on love he says:—

Once have I felt its poison in my heart,
When this same Chekitan a captive led
The fair Donanta from the Illinois;
I saw, admir'd, and lov'd the charming maid,
And as a favor ask'd her from his hands,
But he refus'd and sold her for a slave.
My love is dead, but my resentment lives,
And now's my time to let the flame break forth,
For while I pay this ancient debt of vengeance,
I'll serve my country, and advance myself.
He loves Monelia—Hendrick must be won—
Monelia and her brother both must bleed—
This is my vengeance on her lover's head—
Then I'll affirm, 'twas done by Englishmen—
And to gain credit both with friends and foes,
I'll wound myself, and say that I receiv'd it
By striving to assist them in the combat.
This will rouse Hendrick's wrath, and arm his troops
To blood and vengeance on the common foe.
And further still my profit may extend;
My brother's rage will lead him into danger,
And, he cut off, the Empire's all my own.
Thus am I fix'd; my scheme of goodness laid,
And I'll effect it, tho' thro' blood I wade,
To desperate wounds apply a desperate cure,
And to tall structures lay foundations sure;
To fame and empire hence my course I bend,
And every step I take shall thither tend.

This closes the second act. In the third we have a scene between Ponteach and his ghostly counsellors. Both interpret the dream as an admonition to go to war, and the monarch and Indian depart, leaving the priest *solus* to take the audience into his confidence, which he does most unblushingly, in a curious passage, valuable as showing the perverted views entertained of the Roman Catholic missionaries by the English.

Next follows an Indian pow-wow, with long speeches, winding up with

THE WAR SONG.

To the Tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away," Sung by Tenesco, the Head Warrior. They all join in the Chorus, and dance while that is singing, in a circle round him; and during the Chorus the Music plays.

Where-e'er the sun displays his light,
Or moon is seen to shine by night,
Where-e'er the noisy rivers flow,
Or trees and grass and herbage grow.
Chorus.

Be't known that we this war begin
With proud insulting Englishmen;
The hatchet we have lifted high
[*holding up their hatchets*]
And them we'll conquer or we'll die.
Chorus.

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* Sabine's American Loyalists. Parkman's History of Pontiac, p. 144.

† Journals of Major Robert Rogers, containing an account of the several excursions he made, under the generals who commanded on the continent of America during the late war. From which may be collected the most material circumstances of every campaign on that continent from the commencement to the conclusion of the war. London, 1765. 8vo. pp. 238.

‡ A concise account of North America, containing a description of the several British colonies on that continent, including the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, &c.; as to their situation, extent, climate, soil, produce, rise, government, present boundaries, and the number of inhabitants supposed to be in each. Also, of the interior or westerly parts of the country, upon the rivers St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, Christino, and the great lakes. To which is subjoined an account of the several nations and tribes of Indians residing in those parts, as to their customs, manners, government, numbers, &c., containing many useful and entertaining facts, never before treated of. By Major Robert Rogers. London, 1765. 8vo. pp. 264.

The edge is keen, the blade is bright,
Nothing saves them but their flight;
And then like heroes we'll pursue,
Over the hills and valleys through.
Chorus.

They'll like frighted women quake,
When they behold a hissing snake;
Or like timorous deer away,
And leave both goods and arms a prey.
Chorus.

Pain'd with hunger, cold, or heat,
In haste they'll from our land retreat;
While we'll employ our scalping knives—
[*Drawing and flourishing their scalping knives*]
Take off their sculls and spare their lives.
Chorus.

Or in their country they'll complain,
Nor ever dare return again;
Or if they should they'll rue the day,
And curse the guide that shew'd the way.
Chorus.

If fortune smiles, we'll not be long
Ere we return with dance and song,
But ah! if we should chance to die,
Dear wives and children do not cry.
Chorus.

Our friends will ease your grief and woe,
By double vengeance on the foe;
Will kill, and scalp, and shed their blood,
Where-e'er they find them thro' the wood.
Chorus.

No pointing foe shall ever say
'Twas there the vanquish'd Indian lay.
Or boasting to his friends, relate
The tale of our unhappy fate.
Chorus.

Let us with courage then away
To hunt and seize the frighted prey;
Nor think of children, friend, or wife,
While there's an Englishman alive.
Chorus.

In heat and cold, thro' wet and dry,
Will we pursue, and they shall fly
To seas which they a refuge think
And there in wretched crowds they'll sink.
Chorus. Exeunt omnes singing.

Philip removes Chekitan from Monelia, by placing him at the head of troops. The piece proceeds in accordance with his programme, but justice is first wreaked on Honnyman, the trader, who is despatched on the stage.

In Act V., Scene 1, Monelia and Torax are also killed, and Philip discovered wounded. His story is believed, until Torax revives sufficiently to declare the truth, after he has left the scene. On his return he is confronted by the injured Chekitan. They fight. Philip is slain, and Chekitan kills himself. Tenesco bears the news of this extirpation of his offspring to Ponteach, and is soon followed by tidings of the complete rout of the Indian forces. The monarch closes the piece with the following lines, which possess force and beauty:—

Ye fertile fields and glad'ning streams adieu,
Ye fountains that have quench'd my scorching thirst,
Ye shades that hid the sunbeams from my head,
Ye groves and hills that yielded me the chace,
Ye flow'ry meads, and banks, and bending trees,
And thou, proud earth, made drunk with royal blood,
I am no more your owner and your king.
But witness for me to your new base lords,
That my unconquer'd mind defies them still;
And though I fly, 'tis on the wings of hope.
Yes, I will hence where there's no British foe,
And wait a respite from this storm of woe;
Beget more sons, fresh troops collect and arm,
And other schemes of future greatness form;
Britons may boast, the gods may have their will,
Ponteach I am, and shall be Ponteach still.

JOSEPH GALLOWAY,

A LOYALIST refugee of the Revolution, was in the early part of his career an advocate to the popular interest in Pennsylvania. He was born in Maryland about 1730, came early to Philadelphia, took part with Franklin in opposition to the proprietary interest, and was a member of the first Continental Congress of 1774. His plan, in that body, of a "a proposed union between Great Britain and the colonies," was published in his pamphlet, *A Candid Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great Britain and the Colonies.* Two years later he joined the British troops in New Jersey, and entered with them when they took possession of Philadelphia. He was employed under Sir William Howe, and when the city was freed from the enemy went to New York, and shortly left for England, where he was examined before the House of Commons on American affairs. He published there a number of pamphlets: *Letters to a Nobleman on the Conduct of the War in the Middle Colonies; A Letter to Lord Howe on his Naval Conduct; A Reply to the Observations of General Howe, with Thoughts on the Consequences of American Independence; Reflections on the American Rebellion.** At the close of his life he occupied himself with the study of the Prophecies. Two volumes, the fruits of these studies, were published in London in 1802 and '3, entitled, *Brief Commentaries on such Parts of the Revelation and other Prophecies as immediately refer to the Present Times;* in which the several Allegorical Types and Expressions of these Prophecies are translated into their literal meaning and applied to their appropriate events: containing a Summary of the Revelation, the Prophetic Histories of the Beast of the Bottomless Pit; the Beast of the Earth; the Grand Confederacy or Babylon the Great; the Man of Sin; the Little Horn and Antichrist; and *The Prophetic and Anticipated History of the Church of Rome;* written and published six hundred years before the Rise of that Church. In which the Prophetic Figures and Allegories are literally explained; and her Tricks, Frauds, Blasphemies, and Dreadful Persecutions of the Church of Christ are foretold and described. Prefaced by an Address, dedicatory, expostulatory, and critical.† He resided in England till his death in 1803.

John Adams describes him, in his Diary, as "sensible and learned, but a cold speaker."‡ Franklin had confidence in his patriotism, and left

* Sparks's Franklin, vii. 277; Sabine's American Loyalists, 303.

‡ Works, ii. 396.

† Watts's Bib. Brit.

in his charge in America a valuable collection of his letter-books and papers, which were lost. His defection, from his well known talents, was severely commented upon by the friends of the Revolution. Stiles, in his manuscript Diary, of the date of October 1, 1775, says:—"Mr. Galloway has also fallen from a great height into contempt and infamy; but he never was entirely confided in as a thorough son of liberty." Trumbull, too, tells the story in his M'Fingal, how "Galloway began by being a flaming patriot; but being disgusted at his own want of influence, and the greater popularity of others, he turned Tory, wrote against the measures of Congress, and absconded. Just before his escape, a trunk was put on board a vessel in the Delaware, to be delivered to Joseph Galloway, Esquire. On opening it, he found it contained only, as Shakespeare says—

A halter gratis, and leave to hang himself;

while M'Fingal himself, in his royalist zeal, declaims against the popular party, in his left-handed manner—

Did you not, in as vile and shallow way,
Fright our poor Philadelphian, Galloway,
Your Congress, when the loyal ribald
Belied, berated, and bescribbled?
What ropes and halters did you send,
Terrific emblems of his end,
Till, least he'd hang in more than effigy,
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee!*

Francis Hopkinson addressed Galloway a withering letter in 1778, when he was "in the seat of power in the city of Philadelphia," and the renegade Cunningham was made keeper of the provost prison, which was published at the time, and is preserved in his works:—"The temporary reward of iniquity," was his language, "you now hold will soon shrink from your grasp; and the favor of him on whom you now depend will cease, when your capacity to render the necessary services shall cease. This you know, and the reflection must even now throw a gloom of horror over your enjoyments, which the glittering tinsel of your new superintendency cannot illumine. Look back, and all is guilt—look forward, and all is dread. When the history of the present times shall be recorded, the names of Galloway and Cunningham will not be omitted; and posterity will wonder at the extreme obduracy of which the human heart is capable, and at the unmeasurable distance between a traitor and a WASHINGTON."

HECTOR ST. JOHN CREVECŒUR.

THE volume entitled *Letters from an American Farmer, describing certain provincial Situations, Manners and Customs, and conveying some idea of the state of the People of North America: written to a Friend in England*, by J. Hector St. John, a farmer in Pennsylvania, is one of the most pleasing and agreeable of the books respecting the early impressions made by the simple life of America upon intelligent and sensitive Europeans.† With the exception of the Memoirs of an American Lady, by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and some passages in the travels of Brissot de Warville, we know of no more appreciative pictures of the idyllic life of America in the period just preceding the Revolution. It is all sentiment and susceptibility in the French school of St. Pierre and Chateaubriand, looking at homely American life in the Claude Lorraine glass of fanciful enthusiasm. The author prides himself upon his good feeling; and instead of hiding it in his breast, as an Englishman would do, brings it out into the sunlight to enjoy it, and writes it down to see how it will look upon paper. The book is written in the character of a plain country farmer, who, having entertained an accomplished scholar from the old world at his farm, is invited by this European friend, on his return home, to communicate to him his observations and reflections on life in America. The farmer, who is a man of acuteness and sensibility, is encouraged to undertake the task by the advice of the clergyman at Yale, who tells him, that letter-writing, like preaching, will soon become easy from practice; and by the good sense and *kindliness* of his Quaker wife, who is ever ready to cheer him, in her kind, homely way, in whatever he undertakes. There is an introduction, a chapter on "the situation, feelings, and pleasures of an American farmer;" a discussion of the question, "What is an American?" a long account of Nantucket and its manners, and of Martha's Vineyard; a description of Charleston, and a notice of the naturalist Bartram.

The author of these letters, the contents of which we have thus indicated, was a French gentleman, born in 1731, of a noble family, at Caen in Normandy, who, at the age of sixteen, was sent by his parents to England to complete his education, and passed six years there, acquiring, among other things, a passion for emigration to the British colonies. In 1754 he embarked for America, and settled upon a farm near New York. He married the daughter of a merchant. In the war, his lands were overrun by the British troops. Affairs of importance, in 1780, requiring his presence in England, he obtained permission of the British commander to cross the lines, and embark with one of his sons from New York. A French fleet on the coast detained the vessel in the harbor, when he was arrested as a spy in the place, and kept in prison for three months. He was released on examination, and sailed for Dublin, where he arrived in December. He travelled to London, and finally reached the paternal roof, in France, April 2, 1781, after an absence of twenty-seven years. He became a member of the Agricultural Society of Caen, and introduced the cultivation of the potato into his district. His *Letters from an American Farmer* were first written in English: a language which had become more familiar to him than his native tongue, and published in 1782, in London.* He translated

* Trumbull's McFingall, canto iii.

† We have given the title of this book from the copy printed by Mathew Carey, in 1794.

* His *Letters from an American Farmer* first made their appearance in London, in 1782. Written thus originally in English, they were translated by the author into French on his return to his native country, where they appeared, with some additions, in 1787, with the title, *Lettres d'un Cultivateur Américain, adressées à Wm. S——n, Esq., depuis l'année 1770, jusqu'à 1786. Par M. St. John de Crevecœur. Traduites de l'Anglois.* There was an earlier French edition in 1784.

them into French, in which language two editions appeared in Paris, in 1784 and 1787. His glowing and extravagant pictures of American life induced many families to emigrate to the borders of the Ohio, where they suffered the extremities of famine and fever. His friend, the author Lizay-Marnesia, who trusted to the representations of the Scioto company, was one of the disappointed.

In 1783 Crevecœur returned to New York as French consul. He found his house burnt, his wife dead, and his children in the hands of a stranger, Mr. Flower, a merchant of Boston, who had been led to take charge of them by the kindness Crevecœur had shown to prisoners abroad. He was honored by Washington, and retained his office till 1793, when he returned to his native country, residing first at a country-seat near Rouen, and afterwards at Sarcelles. He employed his leisure in writing a book of his travels and observations in America, which he published in three volumes, in Paris, in 1801: *Voyage dans la Haute Pensylvanie et dans l'Etat de New York, par un Membre Adoptif de la Nation Oneida. Traduit et publié par l'auteur des Lettres d'un Cultivateur Americain.* The translation is an affectation, purporting to be from a manuscript cast ashore from a wreck on the Elbe. The work is dedicated to Washington in highly complimentary terms, recapitulating the public events of his life, of which the translator had been an observer. It contains much interesting matter relating to the Indians, the internal improvements of the country, agriculture, and a curious conversation on the first peopling and the antiquities of the country with Franklin, whom St. John accompanied in 1787 to Lancaster, when the sage laid the foundation-stone of his German college at that place.

Crevecœur died at Sarcelles, November, 1813, leaving behind him a high reputation for worth and agreeable personal qualities.

An interesting notice of this writer is published in one of the notes to Darlington's biographical sketch of John Bartram, from the recollections of Samuel Breck, of Philadelphia, who saw St. John in Paris in 1787. He describes him as in the midst of Parisian society, where the man and his book were much admired. He made the return voyage home with him, and gives this record of his impressions of his character, which is fully in unison with the manner of his book:—"St. John was by nature, by education, and by his writings a philanthropist; a man of serene temper, and pure benevolence. The milk of human kindness circulated in every vein. Of manners unassuming; prompt to serve, slow to censure; intelligent, beloved, and highly worthy of the esteem and respect he everywhere received. His society on shipboard was a treasure."*

Hazlitt was a great admirer of the freshness and enthusiasm of the *American Farmer*. In one of the charming letters addressed to him, Charles Lamb interpolates an exclamation, doubtless from Bridget Elia, "O tell Hazlitt not to forget to send me the American Farmer. I dare say it is not so good as he fancies; but a book's a book."† Hazlitt kept the Farmer in memory, for in 1829, in an article on American Literature in the *Edinburgh Review*, he bestows all his warmth upon him. "The American Farmer's Letters," says he, "give us a tolerable idea how American scenery and manners may be treated with a lively poetic interest. The pictures are sometimes highly colored, but they are vivid and strikingly characteristic. He gives not only the objects but the feelings of a new country. He describes himself as placing his little boy in a chair, screwed to the plough which he guides (to inhale the scent of the fresh furrows), while his wife sits knitting under a tree at one end of the field. He recounts a battle between two snakes with a Homeric gravity and exuberance of style. He paints the dazzling, almost invisible flutter of the humming-bird's wing: Mr. Moore's airiest verse is not more light and evanescent. His account of the manners of the Nantucket people, their frank simplicity, and festive rejoicings after the perils and hardships of the whale-fishing, is a true and heartfelt picture. ..... The most interesting part of the author's work is that where he describes the first indications of the breaking-out of the American war—the distant murmur of the tempest—the threatened inroad of the Indians, like an inundation, on the peaceful back-settlements: his complaints and his auguries are fearful."* Hazlitt did not know the author to be a Frenchman, or he would have accounted, in his brilliant way, for the constitutional vivacity of the book, and its peculiar treatment of an American subject.

AMERICAN FARMER'S PLEASURES.

The instant I enter on my own land, the bright idea of property, of exclusive right, of independence, exalts my mind. Precious soil, I say to myself, by what singular custom of law is it, that thou wast made to constitute the riches of the freeholder! What should we American farmers be, without the distinct possession of that soil? It feeds, it clothes us; from it we draw even a great exuberancy, our best meat, our richest drink, the very honey of our bees comes from this privileged spot. No wonder we should thus cherish its possession, no wonder that so many Europeans who have never been able to say, that such portion of land was theirs, cross the Atlantic to realize that happiness. This formerly rude soil has been converted by my father into a pleasant farm, and in return it has established all our rights; on it is founded our rank, our freedom, our power as citizens, our importance as inhabitants of such a district. These images, I must confess, I always behold with pleasure, and extend them as far as my imagination can reach: for this is what may be called the true and the only philosophy of an American farmer. Pray do not laugh in thus seeing an artless countryman tracing himself through the simple modifications of his life; remember that you have required it; therefore with candour, though with diffidence, I endeavour to follow the thread of my feelings; but I cannot tell you all. Often when I plough my low ground, I place my little boy on a chair, which screws to the beam of the plough—its motion, and that of the horses please him; he is perfectly happy, and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did

* Memorials of Bartram and Marshall, by William Darlington, p. 64.

† Charles Lamb to Hazlitt, November 18, 1805.

* Edinburgh Review, October, 1829, p. 160.

for me; may God enable him to live, that he may perform the same operations, for the same purposes, when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble, while I have him with me; the odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice; can more pleasure, more dignity be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only to the emperor of China, ploughing as an example to his kingdom.

SONG AND INSTINCT.

The pleasure I receive from the warblings of the birds in the spring, is superior to my poor description, as the continual succession of their tuneful notes, is for ever new to me. I generally rise from bed about that indistinct interval, which, properly speaking, is neither night nor day; for this is the moment of the most universal vocal choir. Who can listen unmoved, to the sweet love tales of our robins, told from tree to tree? or to the shrill cat birds? The sublime accents of the thrush from on high, always retard my steps, that I may listen to the delicious music. The variegated appearances of the dew drops, as they hang to the different objects, must present, even to a clownish imagination, the most voluptuous ideas. The astonishing art which all birds display in the construction of their nests, ill provided as we may suppose them with proper tools, their neatness, their convenience, always make me ashamed of the slovenliness of our houses; their love to their dame, their incessant careful attention, and the peculiar songs they address to her, while she tediously incubates their eggs, remind me of my duty, could I ever forget it. Their affection to their helpless little ones, is a lively precept; and in short, the whole economy of what we proudly call the brute creation, is admirable in every circumstance; and vain man, though adorned with the additional gift of reason, might learn from the perfection of instinct, how to regulate the follies, and how to temper the errors which this second gift often makes him commit. This is a subject, on which I have often bestowed the most serious thoughts; I have often blushed within myself, and been greatly astonished, when I have compared the unerring path they all follow, all just, all proper, all wise, up to the necessary degree of perfection, with the coarse, the imperfect systems of men, not merely as governors and kings, but as masters, as husbands, as fathers, as citizens. But this is a sanctuary in which an ignorant farmer must not presume to enter.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

One anecdote I must relate, the circumstances of which are as true as they are singular. One of my constant walks, when I am at leisure, is in my lowlands, where I have the pleasure of seeing my cattle, horses, and colts. Exuberant grass replenishes all my fields, the best representative of our wealth; in the middle of that track, I have cut a ditch eight feet wide, the banks of which nature adorns every spring with the wild salendine, and other flowering weeds, which, on these luxuriant grounds, shoot up to a great height. Over this ditch I have erected a bridge, capable of bearing a loaded waggon; on each side I carefully sow every year some grains of hemp, which rise to the height of fifteen feet, so strong and so full of limbs, as to resemble young trees: I once ascended one of them four feet above the ground. These produce natural arbours, rendered often still more compact by the assistance of an annual creeping plant, which we call a vine, that never fails to entwine itself among their branches, and always produces a very desirable shade. From this simple grove I have amused myself an hundred times in observing the great number of humming birds with which our country abounds: the wild blossoms every where attract the attention of these birds, which, like bees, subsist by suction. From this retreat I distinctly watch them in all their various attitudes; but their flight is so rapid that you cannot distinguish the motion of their wings. On this little bird, nature has profusely lavished her most splendid colours; the most perfect azure, the most beautiful gold, the most dazzling red, are for ever in contrast, and help to embellish the plumes of his majestic head. The richest pallet of the most luxuriant painter, could never invent any thing to be compared to the variegated tints with which this insect bird is arrayed. Its bill is as long and as sharp as a coarse sewing needle; like the bee, nature has taught it to find out, in the calix of flowers and blossoms, those mellifluous particles that serve it for sufficient food; and yet it seems to leave them untouched, undeprived of anything that our eyes can possibly distinguish. When it feeds, it appears as if immoveable, though continually on the wing; and sometimes, from what motives I know not, it will tear and lacerate flowers into a hundred pieces: for, strange to tell, they are the most irascible of the feathered tribe. Where do passions find room in so diminutive a body? They often fight with the fury of lions, until one of the combatants falls a sacrifice and dies. When fatigued, it has often perched within a few feet of me, and on such favourable opportunities I have surveyed it with the most minute attention. Its little eyes appear like diamonds, reflecting light on every side: most elegantly finished in all parts, it is a miniature work of our great parent; who seems to have formed it the smallest, and at the same time the most beautiful of the winged species.

A JOURNEY WITH FRANKLIN.*

In the year 1787 I accompanied the venerable Franklin, at that time Governor of Pennsylvania, on a journey to Lancaster, where he had been invited to lay the corner-stone of a college, which he had founded there for the Germans. In the evening of the day of the ceremony, we were talking of the different nations which inhabit the continent, of their aversion to agriculture, &c., when one of the principal inhabitants of the city said to him:

"Governor, where do you think these nations came from? Do you consider them aborigines? Have you heard of the ancient fortifications and tombs which have been recently discovered in the west?"

"Those who inhabit the two Floridas," he replied, "and lower Louisiana, say, that they came from the mountains of Mexico. I should be inclined to believe it. If we may judge of the Esquimaux of the coasts of Labrador (the most savage men known) by the fairness of their complexion, the color of their eyes, and their enormous beards, they are originally from the north of Europe, whence they came at a very remote period. As to the other nations of this continent, it seems difficult to imagine from what stock they can be descended. To assign them an Asiatic and Tartar origin, to assert that they crossed Behring Straits, and spread themselves over this continent, shocks all our notions of probability. How, indeed, can we conceive that men almost

* Translated from St. John's Voyage dans la Haute Pennsylvanie, ch. ii.

naked, armed with bows and arrows, could have undertaken a journey of a thousand leagues through thick forests or impenetrable marshes, accompanied by their wives and children, with no means of subsistence, save what they derived from hunting? What could have been the motives of such an emigration? If it were the severe cold of their own country, why should they have advanced to Hudson's Bay and Lower Canada? Why have they not stopped on their way at the beautiful plains on the banks of the Missouri, the Minnesota, the Mississippi, or the Illinois? But it will be said, they *did* settle there, and those with whom we are acquainted are but the surplus population of these ancient emigrations. If it were so, we should discover some analogy between their languages: and it is ascertained beyond a doubt, that the languages of the Nadoussees and Padoukas no more resemble the Chippewa, the Mohawk, or the Abenaki, than they do the jargon of Kamschatka.

"On the other hand," he continued, "how can we suppose them to be the aborigines of a region like this, which produces scarcely any fruits or plants on which the primitive man could have subsisted until he had learned to make a bow and arrow, harpoon a fish, and kindle a fire? How could these first families have resisted the inclemency of the seasons, the stings of insects, the attacks of carnivorous animals? The warm climates, therefore, and those that abound in natural fruits, must have been the cradle of the human race; it was from the bosom of these favored regions that the *exuberant* portion of the early communities gradually spread over the rest of the world. Whence came the nations which inhabit this continent, those we meet with in New Zealand, New Holland, and the islands of the Pacific? Why have the people of the old world been civilized for thousands of ages, while those of the new still remain plunged in ignorance and barbarism? Has this hemisphere more recently emerged from the bosom of the waters? These questions, and a thousand others we might ask, will ever be to us, frail beings, like a vast desert where the wandering eye sees not the smallest bush on which it may repose.

"This planet is very old," he continued. "Like the works of Homer and Hesiod, who can say through how many editions it has passed in the immensity of ages? The rent continents, the straits, the gulfs, the islands, the shallows of the ocean, are but vast fragments on which, as on the planks of some wrecked vessel, the men of former generations who escaped these commotions, have produced new populations. Time, so precious to us, the creatures of a moment, is nothing to nature. Who can tell us when the earth will again experience these fatal catastrophes, to which, it appears to me, to be as much exposed in its annual revolutions, as are the vessels which cross the seas to be dashed in pieces on a sunken rock? The near approach or contact of one of those globes whose elliptical and mysterious courses are perhaps the agents of our destinies, some variation in its annual or diurnal rotation, in the inclination of its axis or the equilibrium of the seas, might change its climate, and render it long uninhabitable.

"As to your third question," continued the governor, "I will give you some reflections which occurred to me on reading the papers lately presented to our philosophical society by Generals Varnum and Parsons, and Captains John Hart and Serjeant, in relation to the entrenched camps and other indications of an ancient population, of whom tradition has transmitted no account to our indigenous population. In travelling through the parts of this state beyond the Alleghanies, we often find on the high ground near the rivers remains of parapets and ditches covered with lofty trees. Almost the whole of the peninsula of Muskinghum is occupied by a vast fortified camp. It is composed of three square inclosures; the central one, which is the largest, has a communication with the former bed of the river, whose waters appear to have retreated nearly three hundred feet. These inclosures are formed by ditches and parapets of earth, in which no cut stones or brick have been found. The centre is occupied by conical elevations of different diameters and heights. Each of these inclosures appears to have had a cemetery. As a proof of the high antiquity of these works, we are assured, as an undisputed fact, that the bones are converted into calcareous matter, and that the vegetable soil with which these fortifications are covered, and which has been formed merely by the falling off of the leaves and of the fragments of trees, is almost as thick as in the places around about them. Two other camps have been likewise discovered in the neighbourhood of Lexington. The area of the first is six acres, that of the second, three. The fragments of earthenware which have been found in digging are of a composition unknown to our Indians.

"On Paint Creek, a branch of the Scioto, there has been found a series of these fortified inclosures, extending as far as the Ohio, and even south of that river. Similar works have been discovered in the two Miamis, at a distance of more than twenty miles, and likewise on Big Grave Creek. These last are only a series of elevated redoubts on the banks of these rivers at unequal distances apart. Those which have been found on Big Black Creek, and at Byo Pierre, in the neighborhood of the Mississippi, appear to have been embankments intended to protect the inhabitants from the inundations of the river.

"At a distance of five hundred leagues from the sea, on the eastern shore of Lake Peppin (which is only an extension of the Mississippi), Carver found considerable remains of entrenchments made, like the former, of earth, and covered with high woods. The barrows lately discovered in Kentucky and elsewhere, are cones of different diameters and heights; they are covered with a thick layer of earth, and resemble, although smaller, those which are still seen in Asia and some parts of Europe. The first row of bodies lies upon flat stones, with which the whole of the bottom is paved: these are covered over with new layers, serving as beds for other bodies placed like the former, and so on to the top. As in the fortifications on the Muskinghum, we meet with no signs of mortar, and no traces of the hammer. The new state of Tennessee is full of these tombs, and several caves have also been discovered there in which bones have been found.

"In the neighborhood of several Cherokee villages, in Keowe, Steecoe, Sinica, &c., there have been found terraces, pyramids, or artificial hills, of great height, whose origin was unknown to the inhabitants whom the Cherokees drove out at the time of their invasion, nearly two centuries ago. The same artificial heights, the same proofs of the residence and power of ancient nations, are also found in the two Floridas, on the banks of the Oakmulgee, at Taensa, on the Alabama, &c.

"At what period, by what people, were these works constructed? What degree of civilization had this people reached? Were they acquainted with the use of iron? What has become of them? Can we conceive that nations sufficiently powerful to have raised such considerable fortifications, and who buried their dead with such religious care, can

have been destroyed and replaced by the ignorant and barbarous hordes we see about us at the present day! Could the calamities occasioned by a long state of war have effaced the last traces of their civilization and brought them back to the primitive condition of hunters! Are our Indians the descendants of that ancient people!

"Such are the doubts and conjectures which arise in our minds on contemplating the traces of the passage and existence of the nations which inhabited the regions of the west; traces which are not sufficient to guide us in the vagueness of the past. Although neither arms nor instruments of iron have yet been discovered, how can we conceive that they could dig such deep ditches, or raise such large masses of earth, without the aid of that metal! This ancient people must have had chiefs, and been subject to laws; for without the bonds of subordination, how could they have collected and kept together so great a number of workmen! They must have been acquainted with agriculture, since the products of the chase would never have sufficed to support them. The extent of these camps also proves that the number of the troops destined to defend these works, and that of the families to which, in moments of danger, they afforded an asylum, was immense. The cemeteries prove that they sojourned there a long time. This people must therefore have been much further advanced in civilization than our Indians.

"When the population of the United States shall have spread over every part of that vast and beautiful region, our posterity, aided by new discoveries, may then perhaps form more satisfactory conjectures. What a field for reflection! A new continent, which, at some unknown period, appears to have been inhabited by agricultural and warlike nations! Were it not for my advanced age, I would myself cross the mountains to examine those old military works. Perhaps a careful and minute inspection would give rise to conjectures which now elude all the combinations of the mind."

THE LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE first record of this institution is as follows:

The minutes of me, Joseph Breintnall, Secretary to the Directors of the Library Company of Philadelphia, with such of the minutes of the same directors as they order me to make, begun on the 8th day of November, 1731. By virtue of the deed or instrument of the said company, dated the first day of July last.

The said instrument being completed by fifty subscriptions, I subscribed my name to the following summons or notice which Benjamin Franklin sent by a messenger, viz.:

"To Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Hopkinson, William Parsons, Philip Syng, jun., Thomas Godfrey, Anthony Nicholas, Thomas Cadwalader, John Jones, jun., Robert Grace, and Isaac Penington.

Gentlemen,—The subscription to the library being completed, you the directors appointed in the instrument, are desired to meet this evening at 5 o'clock, at the house of Nicholas Scull, to take bond of the treasurer for the faithful performance of his trust, and to consider of and appoint a proper time for the payment of the money subscribed, and other matters relating to the said library.

Jos. BREINTNALL, Sec'y.

Philad., 8th Nov., 1731."

William Coleman was at this meeting elected treasurer, and signed a bond with sureties for the full performance of his duties. The price of shares was fixed at forty shillings each, and ten were at once disposed of, but some difficulty was experienced in collecting the amounts. At a meeting on the 29th of March, 1732, it was determined to proceed to the purchase of books, and Thomas Godfrey having reported that James Logan had expressed a willingness to give advice as to their selection, it was ordered that Thomas Godfrey wait on Mr. Logan, "a gentleman of universal learning and the best judge of books in these parts," and accept his offer.

The list was made out and intrusted to Thomas Hopkinson, who was about sailing for England, with a draft on London in his favor of £15 sterling. Charles Brockden (the uncle of Brockden Brown) having executed the original constitution without charge, was presented with a share in the association. Breintnall was excused from the payment of annual dues for six years in consideration of his services as secretary; Syng, two years, for engraving the seal of the company, and Franklin two years, for printing notices to delinquent subscribers.

The books arrived in October, 1732, with the addition of a donation of "Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy" and "Philip Miller's Gardener's Dictionary," from Peter Collinson. They were deposited in "Robert Grace's chamber, at his house in Jones Alley:" Louis Timothee, the occupant of the house, was appointed librarian, and the collection opened on Wednesdays from 2 to 3 P.M. and on Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. to subscribers, who were to be allowed to take books out, while "any civil gentleman" was to be permitted to examine the books on the premises. Both privileges were extended to Mr. Logan, though not a member of the Company.

In December, 1732, Dr. Franklin prepared and printed a catalogue without charge. "On the 22d of February, 1733, the full number of subscribers originally contemplated, was filled up by the addition of the fiftieth, Joseph Growden. The first American donor was William Rawle, who presented, on the 12th of March, 1733, a set of the works of Edmund Spenser, in six volumes. On the fifteenth of May following, an address was drawn up and presented to Thomas Penn, the son of William, proprietor of the colony, soliciting his aid, which was responded to by the gift of several articles, and in 1737, by the promise of a lot of ground for a building. In May, 1738, Penn presented an air-pump, accompanied by a complimentary letter, which commences—

"Gentlemen,—It always gives me pleasure when I think of the Library Company of Philadelphia, as they were the first that encouraged knowledge and learning in the province of Pennsylvania."

The praise is not ill deserved, as, at the time of its foundation, there was not even a good bookstore accessible nearer than Boston.

In 1738, the institution received a donation of £58 6s. 8d. from Dr. Walter Sydserfe, of Antigua.

On the 7th of April, 1740, the number of members having in the meanwhile increased to seventy-four, the library was removed "to the upper room of the westernmost office of the State House," by permission of the Assembly.

In 1762, the lot of ground promised in 1737 by the Penn family, was conveyed to the institution.

It was situated in Chestnut, near Ninth street, and for several years yielded a small revenue.

Franklin at various times served in the direction, which also includes the names of Charles Thomson, John Dickinson, Francis Hopkinson, and others of high reputation. In 1767, "a woman's hand, taken from an Egyptian mummy, in good preservation," from Benjamin West, was brought home by the librarian, Francis Hopkinson, for the museum. This collection received for some time donations of similar curious trifles, which were until recently exhibited in the rooms. In 1768 the price of a share was raised to £10, and on the thirteenth of March, the Union Library Company united with the institution, the books and library house in Third Street, in which they had been deposited, being included in the transfer. In 1771 the Association Library Company and the Amicable Company were also incorporated with the institution. The collections thus acquired seem to have been of small value.

In 1773 the books were removed to the second floor of Carpenters' Hall, which was rented for the purpose, and the library was for the first time opened daily, from two to seven P.M. The librarian's salary was fixed at £60. Large additions were made to the cabinet of coins about the same time.

On the assemblage of Congress, in 1774, the free use of its library was tendered to its members. The war retarded the progress of the company. In 1777 the room was occupied as a hospital. In the same year the company received a handsome bequest of books by the will of James Logan.

In 1784 the Library Company united with the American Philosophical Society in a petition for lots of ground on the state-house square, on which to erect buildings for their separate accommodation, which were to correspond in appearance, and face on Fifth and Sixth Streets. No action was taken on the petition, but the Philosophical Society finally succeeded in obtaining a grant on Fifth Street, the locality proposed for the Library Company. Subsequent endeavors, in which Dr. Franklin, as President of the Philosophical Society, took a prominent part, were made to unite the two institutions under the same roof, but without success.

The Philadelphia Library.

In 1789 the long contemplated intention of erecting a suitable building for the library was carried into effect, and the corner-stone of the edifice on Fifth Street, facing the state-house square, laid. It bears an inscription prepared by Franklin, with the exception of the portions relating to himself, which were added by the committee having the matter in charge.

Be it remembered,
In honour of the Philadelphia youth,
(then chiefly artificers)
that in MDCCXXXI,
they cheerfully
at the instance of Benjamin Franklin,
one of their number,
instituted the Philadelphia Library,
which, though small at first,
is become highly valuable, and extensively useful,
and which the walls of this edifice
are now destined to contain and preserve;
the first stone of whose foundation
was here placed
the thirty-first day of August, 1789.

The building, from the design of Dr. William Thornton, who received a share as his compensation, was completed, and the books removed and arranged by the close of the year 1790. The library was then opened daily from one o'clock to sunset, and the librarian's salary fixed at £100. William Bingham, a wealthy and liberal citizen, having heard that the directors intended to place a statue of Franklin on a niche in the front of the building, volunteered to present such a work to the institution. A bust and full length drawing of the original were sent to Italy for the guidance of the artist by whom the statue, which still graces the niche, was executed. During the construction of the edifice, a number of apprentices engaged on the work were allowed by their masters to give an amount of labor equivalent to the purchase money of a share, and thus constitute themselves members, an incident creditable to all concerned.

In January, 1791, the free use of the library was tendered to the President and Congress of the United States, and in the following year an addition made to the building, for the accommodation of the Loganian library, a collection of which we have already given an account.*

In the same year, the manuscripts of John Fitch, relating to the steam-engine, were deposited in the library, with a condition that they should remain unopened until the year 1823.

In 1788 a portion of the collections of Pierre du Simitière was purchased, on his decease.

John Adams, writing from Philadelphia, August 14, 1776, says—

> There is a gentleman here of French extraction, whose name is Du Simitière, a painter by profession, whose designs are very ingenious, and his drawings well executed. He has been applied to for his advice. I waited on him yesterday, and saw his sketches. For the medal he proposes, Liberty, with her spear and pileus, leaning on General Washington. The British fleet in Boston harbor with all their sterns towards the town, the American troops marching in. For the seal, he proposes, The arms of the several nations from whence America has been peopled, as English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, &c., each in a shield. On one side of them, Liberty with her pileus, on the other a rifler in his uniform, with his rifle gun in one hand, and his

* *Ante*, p. 78.

tomahawk in the other. This dress and these troops with this kind of armor being peculiar to America, unless the dress was known to the Romans. Dr. Franklin showed me yesterday a book, containing an account of the dresses of all the Roman soldiers, one of which appeared exactly like it. This M. du Simitière is a very curious man. He has begun a collection of materials for a history of this revolution. He begins with the first advices of the tea ships. He cuts out of the newspapers every scrap of intelligence, and every piece of speculation, and pastes it upon clean paper, arranging them under the head of that State to which they belong, and intends to bind them up in volumes. He has a list of every speculation and pamphlet concerning independence, and another of those concerning forms of government.

These scraps and pamphlets form a valuable, though by no means complete, collection of the fugitive literature of the period.

A collection of "Thirteen portraits of American legislators, patriots, and soldiers, who distinguished themselves in rendering their country independent, viz. General Washington, Gen. Baron de Steuben, Silas Deane, Gen. Reed, Gov. Morris, Gen. Gates, John Jay, W. H. Drayton, Henry Laurens, Charles Thomson, S. Huntingdon, J. Dickenson, Gen. Arnold. Drawn from the life by Du Simitière, painter and member of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and engraved by Mr. B. Reading," was published in London in 1783. The engravings are good, and that of Washington (a profile) is quite different from any others in circulation.

In 1793, the price of shares was changed to their present value, $40.

In 1799, a valuable collection of manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland, and including the original Correspondence of James I. with the Privy Council of that country, from 1603 to 1615 inclusive, was presented by William Cox, and in 1804 the institution was still further enriched by the bequest of one thousand pounds from John Bleakly, and of a very valuable collection of rare and curious books, including many richly illustrated volumes, from the Rev. Samuel Preston, a friend of Benjamin West, to whose suggestion the library is indebted for the gift.

Another bequest was received in 1828, by the will of William Mackenzie, of five hundred rare and valuable volumes.*

The library now numbers 65,000 volumes. It has, until recently, been for several years under the care of John Jay Smith, as librarian, a gentleman to whom the public are indebted for the publication of a large and valuable collection of fac-similes of manuscript documents and specimens of early and revolutionary newspaper and other curiosities.† On Mr. Smith's resignation, in 1851, he was succeeded by his son Lloyd P. Smith, Esq., under whose care an additional volume to the catalogue, published in two volumes 8vo., in 1835, has been prepared, which will render still more accessible to the public, the rare pamphlets and fugitive literature relating to the history of the country, scattered through the collection.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The name of Washington may be introduced in a collection of American literature, rather to grace it than do honor to him. In any strict sense of the word, Washington was not a literary man; he never exercised his mind in composition on any of those topics abstracted from common life, or its affairs, which demanded either art or invention. He prepared no book of elaborate industry.—Yet he was always scrupulously attentive to the claims of literature; elegant and punctilious in the acknowledgment of compliments from authors and learned institutions; and had formed a style

which is so peculiar that it may be recognised by its own ear-mark. He was for nearly the whole of his life actively employed, a considerable part of the time in the field, where the pen was oftener in his hand than the sword. Though he produced no compositions which may be dignified with the title of "works," the collection of his "writings," in the selection of Mr. Sparks, fills twelve large octavo volumes. As embraced in the folio series of Mr. Force, the number will be greatly increased. In the chronicle of American literature, if it were only for their historical material, some mention of these papers would be necessary. In 1754, Washington appeared as an author in the publication at Williamsburg, Virginia, and in London, of his Journal of his proceeding "to and from the French of the Ohio," a brief tract, which he hastily wrote from the rough minutes taken on his expedition.

The Letters of Washington early attracted attention, and several publications of them were made in 1777, in 1795 and '6, in the perusal of which the reader should be on his guard to note the authenticity, a number of these compositions being spurious. Washington's respect for his character led him to prepare a careful list of the fabrications, which he transmitted in a letter to Timothy Pickering, then Secretary of State.* The publication by Mr. Sparks of Washington's writings, a selection from the correspondence, addresses, messages, and other papers, was com-

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* Notes for a History of the Library Company of Philadelphia, by J. Jay Smith.

† Mr. Smith was for many years the editor of Waldie's Circulating Library. He is the author of

A Summer's Jaunt across the Water. By J. Jay Smith, Philadelphia, 2 vols. 12mo. 1846.

Michaux's Sylva of North American Trees. Edited, with notes, by J. Jay Smith. 3 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1851.

American Historical and Literary Curiosities. By J. F. Watson and J. Jay Smith. 2 vols. 4to. Philadelphia, 1847, and New York, 1851.

Celebrated Trials of all Countries. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1835.

Letters of Dr. Richard Hill and his descendants. Edited by J. Jay Smith. Privately printed. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1854.

* To Timothy Pickering, Philadelphia, March 3, 1797.—Sparks's Washington, xi. 196.

pleted by him in 1837; and is the most accessible work in which the mind of Washington can be properly studied, as he himself placed its decisions upon record.

As a question not long since arose with respect to Mr. Sparks's editorship, which enlisted several distinguished combatants, it may not be amiss to present a brief account of it.

The chief publications on the matter consist of, first, a paper by "Friar Lubin," in the Evening Post, Feb. 12, 1851, then the notice in the appendix of Lord Mahon's sixth volume of his History of England,* which drew forth from Mr. Sparks, *A Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and others, on the mode of Editing the Writings of Washington*, 1852; next a letter of Lord Mahon in 1852, addressed to Mr. Sparks, being *A Rejoinder to his Reply to the Strictures, &c.*, to which Mr. Sparks replied in his *Letter to Lord Mahon, being an Answer to his Letter addressed to the Editor of Washington's Writings*, dated Camb. Oct. 25, 1852. Here the matter rested, till Mr. William B. Reed published a *Reprint of the Original Letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, during the American Revolution, referred to in the Pamphlets of Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks*. Phil. Nov. 16, 1852. To meet this Mr. Sparks published a third pamphlet, *Remarks on a "Reprint," &c.*, dated April 20, 1853. The controversy may thus be summed up. Mr. Sparks was charged, on the evidences of discrepancies seen in a comparison of his reprint of Washington's Letters to Joseph Reed, with the Letters as published in the Reed Memoirs by W. B. Reed, with omissions and alterations affecting the integrity of the correspondence. The alterations were charged to be for the purpose of putting a better appearance on the war, and amending the style of the writer. To the omissions, Mr. Sparks replied that he never intended to publish the whole, as he had declared in his preface; and to this it was answered that if so, the omissions should have been noted where they occur by asterisks and foot-notes. Mr. Sparks justified himself from the imputation of a prejudiced or local purpose in the omissions. Several of the alleged alterations turned out to be defects, not in Mr. Sparks's edition, but in Mr. Reed's; and others arose from discrepancies between the letters sent by Washington, and his copy of them in the letter books. A few cases of alteration of Washington's phraseology Mr. Sparks acknowledged, but stated his sense of their slight importance, and his good intentions in the matter. It may be said that all parties were taught something by the discussion; for errors of party judgment and of fact were corrected on all sides.

There have been several distinct publications of parts of Washington's Writings, which afford matter of literary interest. Of these, the most important is in reference to the *Farewell Address to the People of the United States of America*.

The history of this composition would seem to refer its authorship in various proportions to Madison, Hamilton, and Washington himself. The first was charged by the President in 1792, on the approaching conclusion of his term of office, to assist him in the preparation of a farewell paper, for which he furnished the chief points. Madison put them briefly into shape; but Washington accepting a second term of office, the address was not called for at that time. On his subsequent retirement, his intimacy with Madison, in the course of political affairs, had somewhat abated, and Hamilton was consulted in the preparation of the required paper. Washington wrote his views, and committed them to Hamilton, who, instead of making amendments on the copy, wrote out a new paper, including Washington's original draft, which he sent to the President, who then appears to have re-written it and submitted it again for revision to Hamilton and Jay. The copy entirely in Washington's own handwriting, marked with corrections and erasures, which was sent to the printer, Claypoole, and from which the address was first published, is now in the possession of Mr. James Lenox of New York, by whom it has been printed with a careful marking of all the erasures.* It is considered by Mr. Lenox that this is Washington's second draft of the paper, altered by him after he had received the Hamilton and Jay revision.

It is impossible to determine accurately the respective shares of Hamilton and Washington in the language. The idea of the whole was projected by Washington, and so far as can be learnt, the parts were mostly contrived and put into shape by him. The deliberation and intelligent counsel bestowed upon the work, proved by the Madison, Hamilton, and Jay letters on the subject, so far from detracting from Washington's own labors, add further value to them. He had a public duty to perform, and he took pains to discharge it in the most effective manner. The pride of literary authorship sinks before such considerations. Yet the temper of this paper is eminently Washingtonian. It is unlike any composition of Madison or Hamilton, in a certain considerate moral tone which distinguished all Washington's writings. It is stamped by the position, the character, and the very turns of phrase of the great man who gave it to his country.

A publication representing a large part of Washington's cares and pleasures, was published in London in 1800, and "dedicated to the American People," the *Letters from his Excellency George Washington, President of the United States of America, to Sir John Sinclair, Bart., M.P., on Agricultural and other Interesting Topics. Engraved from the original letters, so as to be an exact fac-simile of the hand-writing of that celebrated character.*†

A folio volume of "Monuments of Washington's Patriotism," was published in 1841, in a third edition, containing among other things a fac-simile of Washington's *Account of his expenses during the Revolutionary War in his own hand-writing*—the only payment he would consent to

* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht. Vol. vi. Appendix. 1851.

* Claypoole preserved the manuscript with care, and it passed into the hands of his administrators, by whom it was sold at auction in Philadelphia, in 1850, Mr. Lenox becoming the purchaser for the sum of $2300. Mr. Lenox's reprint was limited to 229 copies in folio and quarto, for private circulation.

† These letters have been reprinted in fac-simile by Franklin Knight, Washington, 1844.

receive from the country. There are sixty-six pages of the accounts.*

The handwriting of Washington, large, liberal, and flowing, might be accepted as proof of the honesty of the figures.† Indeed this same handwriting is a capital index of the style of all the letters, and may help us to what we would say of its characteristics. It is open, manly, and uniform, with nothing minced, affected, or contracted. It has neither the precise nor the slovenly style which scholars variously fall into; but a certain grandeur of the countenance of the man seems to look through it. Second to its main quality of truthfulness, saying no more than the writer was ready to abide by, is its amenity and considerate courtesy. Washington had, at different times, many unpleasant truths to tell; but he could always convey them in the language of a gentleman. He wrote like a man of large and clear views. His position, which was on an eminence, obliterated minor niceties and shades which might have given a charm to his writings in other walks of life. This should always be remembered, that Washington lived in the eye of the public, and thought, spoke, and wrote under the responsibility of the empire. Let his writings be compared with those of other rulers and commanders, he will be found to hold his rank nobly, as well intellectually as politically. There will be found, too, a variety in his treatment of different topics and occasions. He can compliment a friend in playful happy terms on his marriage, as well as thunder his demands for a proper attention to the interests of the country at the doors of Congress. Never vulgar, he frequently uses colloquial phrases with effect, and, unsuspected of being a poet, is fond of figurative expressions. In fine, a critical examination of the writings of Washington will show that the man here, as in other lights, will suffer nothing by a minute inspection.

JOHN DICKINSON,

THE author of *The Farmer's Letters*, the spirited and accurate vindication of the rights of the Colonies against the pretensions of the British Parliament, and the writer of several of the most important appeals of the Old Continental Congress, was a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1732. His parents shortly removed to Delaware. He studied law at Philadelphia and prosecuted his studies at the temple in London. On his return to Philadelphia he practised at the bar. In 1764 he was one of the members for the county in the House of Assembly of the Province, when he defended in a speech the privileges of the state against the meditated innovations of the Government. It is characterized by the force of argument, weight and moderation of expression by which his style was always afterwards recognised. His *Address to the Committee of Correspondence in Barbadoes* who had censured the opposition of the northern colonies to the Stamp Act, published at Philadelphia, in 1766, is an eloquent and dignified defence of the proceedings of the colonies. In this he borrows an illustration since grown familiar in Congressional speaking. "Let any person," says he, "consider the speeches lately made in parliament, and the resolutions

said to be made there, notwithstanding the convulsions occasioned through the British Empire, by the opposition of their colonies to the stamp act, and he may easily judge what would have been their situation, in case they had bent down and humbly taken up the burden prepared for them. When the Exclusion bill was depending in the House of Commons, Col. *Titus* made this short speech—'Mr. Speaker, I hear a lion roaring in the lobby. Shall we secure the door, and keep him there: or shall we let him in, to try if we can turn him out again?'" *

The Farmer's Letters to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies were printed at Philadelphia in 1767. Dr. Franklin caused them to be reprinted in London the next year, with a Preface, which he wrote, inviting the attention of Great Britain to the dispassionate consideration of American "prejudices and errors," if these were such, and hoping the publication of the Letters would "draw forth a satisfactory answer, if they can be answered." In 1769, the book was published at Paris in French. It consists of twelve letters,

* It was published at Washington, "by the Trustees of Washington's Manual Labour School and Male Orphan Asylum, for the benefit of that institution."

† It is endorsed, by the same hand, "Accounts, G. Washington with the United States, commencing June, 1775, and ending June, 1783. Comprehending a space of eight years."

* Pictorial Hist. of England. Bk. viii. ch. 1, p. 732. Notes and Queries, vii. 318. The last application of this convenient parliamentary proverb, was in the Nebraska question in the debate of 1854. The versification of the story by the Rev. Mr. Bramston, in his adaptation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, supplies the usual form of quotation.

With art and modesty your part maintain;
And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane.
The trading knight with rants his speech begins,
Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, saints, and kings:
But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion bill was in suspense,
I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?

Dodsley's Collection of Poems, i. 265.

written in the character of "a farmer, settled, after a variety of fortunes, near the banks of the river Delaware, in the province of Pennsylvania," who claims for himself a liberal education and experience of "the busy scenes of life," but who has become convinced "that a man may be as happy without bustle as with it." He spends his time mostly in his library, and has the friendship of "two or three gentlemen of abilities and learning," and having been "taught by his honored parents to love humanity and liberty," proposes to try the political abuses of the times by these sacred tests. There is very little of the farmer about the work, unless the cool tempered style and honest patriotic purpose is a characteristic of the fields. The skill and force of the argument betray the trained constitutional lawyer. The immediate topics handled are the act for suspending the legislation of New York, the act for granting the duties on paper, &c., the propriety of peaceful but effective resistance to the oppression of Parliament, the established prerogative of the colonies invaded by Grenville, the grievance of an additional tax for the support of the conquests in America from the French, the necessity in free states of "perpetual jealousy respecting liberty" and guardianship of the constitutional rights of the British subject and colonist. There is little ornament or decoration in these writings; the style is simple, and, above all, sincere. You feel, as you read, that you are paying attention to the language of an honest gentleman. England should have taken Franklin's warning of the circulation of these letters, and should not have neglected the force of their mingled courtesy and opposition. With the firmest they breathe the fondest mind.* The attachment to England is constantly expressed, and was the feeling of the high-minded race of American gentlemen who became the Whigs of the Revolution. "We have," he writes, "a generous, sensible, and humane nation, to whom we may apply. Let us behave like dutiful children, who have received unmerited blows from a beloved parent. Let us complain to our parent; but let our complaints speak at the same time the language of *affliction* and veneration."

Thus early in the field in defence of American constitutional liberty was John Dickinson. In 1774, he published his *Essay on the Constitutional Power of Great Britain over the Colonies in America*, prepared as a portion of the Instructions of the Committee for the Province of Pennsylvania to their Representatives in Assembly. Elected to the Congress of 1774, he wrote the *Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec*, *the First Petition to the King*, *the Declaration to the Armies*, *the Second Petition to the King*, and *the Address to the Several States*. These are papers of strong and innate eloquence. *The Declaration of Congress of July* 6, 1775, read to the soldiery, contains the memorable sentences, "Our cause is just. Our Union is perfect. Our internal resources are great, and, if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as signal instances of the Divine favor towards us, that his providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy, until we were grown up to our present strength, had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified by these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before God and the world, declare, that exerting the utmost energy of those powers, which our beneficent Creator hath graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties; being with one mind resolved to die freemen rather than to live slaves." Its concluding appeal was:—"In our own native land, and in defence of the freedom that is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it—for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before. With an humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodness to protect us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war." When these sentences were read in camp to General Putnam's division, the soldiers "shouted in three huzzas, a loud Amen!"* They express Dickinson's feeling on the commencement of hostilities, and the principles which governed him when of all the members of the Congress of 1776 he only did not sign the Declaration of Independence. He was ready for war as a means of redress, but he would not, at that time, shut the door against reconciliation. His course was appreciated by his noble compatriots in Congress, who knew the man and his services; with the people it cost him two years of retirement from the public service. Though claiming the privilege of thinking for himself, he was not one of those impracticable statesmen who refuse to act with a constitutional majority. He proved his devotion to the cause of liberty by immediately taking arms in an advance to Elizabethtown. Retiring to Delaware, he was employed in 1777 in the military defence of that State, whose Assembly returned him to Congress in 1799, when he wrote the *Address to the States* of the 26th May. He succeeded Cæsar Rodney as President of Delaware in 1781. The next year he filled the same office in Pennsylvania, which he held till Franklin succeeded him in 1785. His *Letters of Fabius on the Federal Constitution*, in 1788, were an appeal to the people in support of the provisions of that proposed instrument, marked by his habitual energy and precision. In the reprint of this work he compares passages of it with the views and expressions of Paine's *Rights of Man*, as published three years after his original. Another series of letters, with the same signature, in 1797, *On the Present Situation of*

* The poet Crabbe's noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, who, With the firmest had the fondest mind.

* Humphrey's Life of Putnam.

Public Affairs, present a review of the relations of the country with France, in which there is a spirit of calm historical investigation, with much statesmanlike philosophical discussion, as in his remarks on the connexion of self-love and virtue, applied to the imputed interested motives of the French government in its American alliances. At this time he was living at Wilmington, in Delaware, where he superintended the collection of his political writings in 1801.* He passed his remaining years in retirement, in the enjoyment of his literary acquisitions, and the society of his friends, who were attracted by his conversation and manners, dying Feb. 14, 1808, at the age of seventy-six.

He had married in 1770 Mary Norris, of Fair Hill, Philadelphia county. John Adams, in 1774, dined with him at this seat, and notices "the beautiful prospect of the city, the river, and the country, fine gardens, and a very grand library. The most of his books were collected by Mr. Norris, once speaker of the House here, father of Mrs. Dickinson. Mr. Dickinson (he adds) is a very modest man, and very ingenious as well as agreeable." Again he describes him in committee duty of Congress "very modest, delicate, and timid," though he forfeited the character with Adams by what the latter thought an attempt to bully him out of his ardent pursuit of independence. Personally, Adams describes him at that time as subject to hectic complaints. "He is a shadow; tall, but slender as a reed; pale as ashes; one would think at first sight that he could not live a month; yet, upon a more attentive inspection, he looks as if the springs of life were strong enough to last many years."†

PELEG FOLGER.

Peleg Folger, a Quaker, was born at Nantucket in the year 1734. His boyhood was passed on a farm, where he remained until twenty-one, when he changed from land to sea, and for several years was engaged in the cod and whale fisheries. He kept a journal of his voyages, which is written in a much more scholarly manner than could be expected from his limited education. He introduced into it a number of poetical compositions, one of which is quoted in Macy's History of Nantucket.

DOMINUM COLLAUDANUS.

Praise ye the Lord, O celebrate his fame,
Praise the eternal God, that dwells above;
His power will forever be the same,
The same for ever his eternal love.

Long as that glitt'ring lamp of heaven, the sun,
Long as the moon or twinkling stars appear,
Long as they all their annual courses run,
And make the circle of the sliding year;

So long our gracious God will have the care
To save his tender children from all harms;
Wherever danger is, he will be near,
And, underneath, his everlasting arms.

O Lord, I pray, my feeble muse inspire,
That, while I touch upon a tender string,
I may be filled, as with celestial fire,
And of thy great deliverances sing.

My soul is lost, as in a wond'rous maze,
When I contemplate thine omnipotence,
That did the hills create, and mountains raise,
And spread the stars over the wide expanse.

Almighty God, thou didst create the light,
That swiftly through th' etherial regions flies;
The sun to rule the day, the moon the night,
With stars adorning all the spangled skies.

Thou mad'st the world and all that is therein,
Men, beasts, and birds, and fishes of the sea:
Men still against thy holy law do sin,
Whilst all the rest thy holy voice obey.

Monsters that in the briny ocean dwell,
And winged troops that every way disperse,
They all thy wonders speak, thy praises tell,
O thou great ruler of the universe.

Ye sailors, speak, that plough the wat'ry main,
Where raging seas and foaming billows roar,
Praise ye the Lord, and in a lofty strain,
Sing of his wonder-working love and power.

Thou did'st, O Lord, create the mighty whale,
That wondrous monster of a mighty length;
Vast is his head and body, vast his tail,
Beyond conception his unmeasured strength.

When he the surface of the sea hath broke,
Arising from the dark abyss below,
His breath appears a lofty stream of smoke,
The circling waves like glitt'ring banks of snow.

But, everlasting God, thou dost ordain,
That we poor feeble mortals should engage
(Ourselves, our wives and children to maintain,)
This dreadful monster with a martial rage.

And, though he furiously doth us assail,
Thou dost preserve us from all dangers free;
He cuts our boat in pieces with his tail,
And spills us all at once into the sea.

* * * * *

I twice into the dark abyss was cast,
Straining and struggling to retain my breath,
Thy waves and billows over me were past,
Thou didst, O Lord, deliver me from death.

Expecting every moment still to die,
Methought I never more should see the light:
Well nigh the gates of vast eternity
Environed me with everlasting night.

Great was my anguish, earnest were my cries,
Above the power of human tongue to tell,
Thou hear'dst, O Lord, my groans and bitter sighs,
Whilst I was lab'ring in the womb of hell.

Thou saved'st me from the dangers of the sea,
That I might bless thy name for ever more.
Thy love and power the same will ever be,
Thy mercy is an inexhausted store.

Oh, may I in thy boundless power confide,
And in thy glorious love for ever trust,
Whilst I in thy inferior world reside,
Till earth return to earth and dust to dust.

And when I am unbound from earthly clay,
Oh, may my soul then take her joyful flight
Into the realms of everlasting day,
To dwell in endless pleasure and delight,

At God's right hand, in undiminished joy,
In the blest tabernacles made above,
Glory and peace without the least alloy,
Uninterrupted, never dying love.

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* The Political Writings of John Dickinson, Esq., late President of the State of Delaware, and of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. 8vo. Wilmington: Bonsal and Niles, 1801.

† Adams's Diary. Works, ii. 360, 370, 466.

There angels and archangels still remain,
The saints in their superior regions dwell,
They praise their God, and in a heavenly strain,
The wond'rous works of great Jehovah tell.

And when I shall this earthly ball forsake,
And leave behind me frail mortality,
Then may my soul her nimble journey take
Into the regions of eternity.

Then may my blessed soul ascend above,
To dwell with that angelic, heavenly choir,
And in eternal songs of praise and love,
Bless thee, my God, my King, for evermore.

Folger was a man of pure and exemplary life, and on his retirement from the sea, much sought after for counsel by his neighbors. He died in 1789.

JOHN ADAMS.

The Adams family had been thoroughly Americanized by a residence of three generations in Massachusetts, when one of the most ardent heralds and active patriots of the Revolution, John Adams, was born at Braintree, the original settlement of his great-great-grandfather, the 19th October, 1735. His father, who was a plain farmer and mechanic, was encouraged by his aptness for books to give him a liberal education. He was instructed by Mr. Marsh, for Cambridge, at which institution he took his degree in the year 1755. At this period, his Diary, published by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, commences. It is a curious picture of an active and politic struggle with the world, full of manly and ingenuous traits. He kept this diary for thirty years. At its commencement* he is at Worcester, at the age of twenty, fresh from his college education, thinking of preaching, and, in the mean time, teaching school after the good American fashion, as a means of livelihood. He records his visits to the best houses of the place, while he studies character closely, and picks up knowledge where it is always most forcibly taught—in the oral, conversational lessons of men of weight and experience. He questioned points of the Calvinistic creed, discussed freely the Puritan theology:—in later life referred his Unitarian views to this period,—and the result was an abandonment of his proposed ministerial study for the law. His independent chopping of logic with the country gentlemen and clergy was good discipline for a revolutionist, who was to cope in the court room and the senate with British political authority.† His legal development as a student in the office of Samuel Putnam follows: stiff, formal, constrained reading in the days before Blackstone, with many soul and body conflicts, between flesh and spirit, all set down in the Diary:—memorials of idleness, pipe-smoking, gallanting ladies, reading Ovid's Art of Love to Dr. Savil's wife, and forming resolutions against all of them, in favor of Wood and Justinian, Locke and Bolingbroke. His self-knowledge appears to have been accurate and unflinching. It is sometimes displayed with considerable *naiveté*. We may smile at his modelling a professional manner upon that of his preceptor, where he says, "I learned with design to imitate Putnam's sneer, his sly look, and his look of contempt. This look may serve good ends in life, may procure respect;" and at his deliberate studies to ingratiate himself with the deacons by small conversational hypocrisies, and his intentions as a thing "of no small importance, to set the tongues of old and young men and women a prating in one's favor." His analysis of his vanity is frequent; a vanity which was the constant spur to action, allied to constitutional boldness and courage, balanced by ready suspicion of his motives and bearing. In his youth Adams was at once self-reliant and self-denying: a combination which guaranteed him success in the world. This training and formation of the man, as his own pen set it down from day to day, is a cheerful, healthy picture of conscientious exertion.

In 1765, he printed in the *Boston Gazette* the papers which form his *Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law*—a spirited protest against the ecclesiastical and political systems of Europe, with a general incitement to cultivate earnestly civil and religious liberty, and the principles of American freedom independently of England.

It is not necessary here to pursue his political career, which began in 1770 with his election to the legislature, after he had secured a position at the bar. In 1774, he travelled to Philadelphia a member of the first Continental Congress, and has left us some spirited notices of its eminent characters. He found time to write in the same year his *Novanglus; a History of the Dispute with America, from its Origin in 1754 to the Present Time*. This was a series of papers in the *Boston Gazette*, written in reply to the articles of "Massachusettensis," the productions of Daniel Leonard, which were much thought of on the Royalist side, and were reprinted by Rivington. Adams's language is direct and energetic, and meets Tory assumptions with at least equal vehemence.*

* It might be taken as an omen of the future undaunted revolutionist, that the first entry in this Diary, of the date of Nov. 18, 1755, relates to an earthquake in America: "We had a very severe shock of an earthquake. It continued near four minutes. I then was at my father's in Braintree, and awoke out of my sleep in the midst of it. The house seemed to rock, and reel, and crack, as if it would fall in ruins about us. Chimnies were shattered by it, within one mile of my father's house." This was a vibration of the great shock which destroyed the city of Lisbon. Other "shocks" of the political and social world were to be entered upon Mr. Adams's Diary and Correspondence.

† This is a marked trait of the Diary, and is commented upon by a writer in the North American Review (Oct. 1850), as "an important feature in the intellectual character of the times. Burke, in his admirable sketch of the love of freedom in the American Colonies, alludes to their religious character, and especially to the prevalence in the northern colonies of dissent from the Established Church of the mother country. The religious discussion and controversy between different parties among the dissidents from the Church, had escaped his penetration. It had no doubt contributed materially to sharpen the public mind and strengthen the existing predisposition of the people to canvass with acuteness, alike for the purposes of defence and opposition, important propositions on which they were called upon to make up their minds. Neither of the parties, arrayed against each other mainly under the influence of the preaching of Whitefield, allied itself with the government in the political struggle; and the entire force of the excitement of intellect and controversial skill, produced by these controversies, was, between the years 1761 and 1775, turned upon the discussion of the right of Parliament to tax America."

* These were republished at Boston in 1819, under the direction of Adams, as a reply to the claims of Wirt for the early Virginia movement, in his Life of Patrick Henry,—with the title, "Novanglus and Massachusettensis, or Political Essays, published in the years 1774 and 1775, on the principal points of Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies. The

John Adams

In the Congress of the next year, he had the honor of first nominating George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. Jefferson, with whom he was on the committee for preparing the Declaration of Independence, has celebrated his doughty championship of that instrument. The letter which he wrote to his wife when the act was resolved upon, has become familiar to American ears as "household words." Its anticipations have been fulfilled in every syllable. "The second day of July, 1776," he writes, "will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, for evermore."*

In 1777, Adams succeeded Silas Deane as Commissioner to France, where he was again sent in 1779, as minister, to negotiate peace. His pen was employed in Holland in exhibiting the ideas and resources of the United States. He arranged the treaty of peace of 1783, at Paris, with Franklin, Jay, and Laurens. In 1785, he became the first minister to the court of England. In 1787, in London, he published the first volume of his *Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America*, and the second and third the year following. This work was primarily suggested by a letter of Turgot, appended to the "Observations on the Importance of the American Revolution," by Dr. Richard Price, in which comments are made on the Constitutions of the States, the imitation of English usages objected to, and the preference given to a single authority of the nation or assembly, over a balanced system of powers. The reading which Adams brings to bear in the discussion of this subject is very great, as he describes the conduct of ancient and modern republics, and scrutinizes the opinions of historians and political philosophers. The Italian republics, in particular, occupy a large share of his attention. The work was prepared in great haste, and with some defects of form, which the editor of the Collected Works has endeavored to amend by changing the original style of letters to a friend into chapters, embracing the whole or a distinct portion of a particular topic, and by the arrangement of some dislocated passages.

On his return to the United States, in 1788, he was elected the first Vice-President of the United States, an office which he held during both terms of Washington's Presidency, to which he succeeded in 1797. His *Discourses on Davila; a series of papers on political history*, were published in 1790, in the *Gazette of the United States*, at Philadelphia, as a sequel to *the Defence*. In 1812, he wrote of this work: "This dull, heavy volume still excites the wonder of its author,—first, that he could find, amidst the constant scenes of business and dissipation in which he was enveloped, time to write it; secondly, that he had the courage to oppose and publish his own opinions to the universal opinion of America, and, indeed, of all mankind." The opinions to which he alludes were supposed to be of an aristocratical complexion. If Adams had a political system to convey, it is to be regretted he did not adopt a clearer and more methodical form of writing about it.*

The year 1817 brought to Adams a great personal affliction, in the death of his wife, his published correspondence with whom has created a lasting interest with posterity, in the intellectual and patriotic resources of his home. This lady, whose maiden name was Abigail Smith, was the daughter of a Congregational clergyman at Weymouth. She was married in her twentieth year, in 1764. Often separated from her husband by the employments of his public life, the correspondence between the two was a matter of necessity, and in her hands became a pleasure as well. Her style is spirited: she shows herself versed in public affairs; with a good taste in the poetic reading of the times.†

The last years of Adams were passed in the retirement of a scholar and a politician, at his farm at Quincy, till the dramatic termination of his

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former by John Adams, late President of the United States; the latter by Jonathan Sewall, then King's Attorney-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. To which are added a number of Letters, lately written by President Adams to the Hon. William Tudor." Adams then thought his opponent to have been Mr. Sewall.—Works of Adams, iv. 4; Kennedy's Life of Wirt, ii. 49.

* The letter in which this famous sentence of Adams occurs was written to Mrs. Adams, and was dated Philadelphia, July 3, 1776. It refers to the second of July, the day of the resolution in Congress to make the declaration. The *concurrence* of referring the sentence to the fourth is obvious.

* Fessenden (Christopher Caustic), in one of the notes to his *Democracy Unveiled*, speaks of "the tricks of the shuffling Jacobins of the present period (1806), who mutilate, garble, and misquote Adams's Defence of the American Constitution, in order to show that the author of a treatise written in defence of a republican form of government is at heart a monarchist."

† The letters of Mrs. Adams, with a memoir by her grandson, C. F. Adams, were published in two volumes, in 1840; followed, the next year, by a similar publication of the letters of John Adams, addressed to his wife. The latter are three hundred in number. The journal and correspondence of Miss Adams, the wife of Col. Smith, Secretary to the American Legation at London, the daughter of John Adams, were published in New York, in two vols. 1841-2. Edited by her daughter, Mrs. J. P. DeWint.

career, parallel with the death-bed of Jefferson, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, in his ninety-first year. Still in his ashes lived their wonted fires. On the morning of his last day, he was asked for a sentiment for the public celebration. "Independence for ever!" exclaimed the dying patriot, in almost his last words—words which carry back our thoughts of John Adams over the period of his political controversies—nearly a century—to the early days of the Revolution, when Otis was "a flame of fire," and the heart of the young Braintree lawyer beat high as he rode on his way through New England to the heroic old Continental Congress.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY.

Meditates the Choice of Hercules.

Braintree, Jan. 3, 1759.—The other night the choice of Hercules came into my mind, and left impressions there which I hope will never be effaced, nor long unheeded. I thought of writing a fable on the same plan, but accommodated, by omitting some circumstances and inserting others, to my own case.

Let Virtue address me: "Which, dear youth, will you prefer, a life of effeminacy, indolence, and obscurity, or a life of industry, temperance, and honor? Take my advice; rise and mount your horse by the morning's dawn, and shake away, amidst the great and beautiful scenes of nature that appear at that time of the day, all the crudities that are left in your stomach, and all the obstructions that are left in your brains. Then return to your studies, and bend your whole soul to the institutes of the law and the reports of cases that have been adjudged by the rules in the institutes; let no trifling diversion, or amusement, or company, decoy you from your book; that is, let no girl, no gun, no cards, no flutes, no violins, no dress, no tobacco, no laziness, decoy you from your books. (By the way, laziness, languor, inattention, are my bane. I am too lazy to rise early and make a fire; and when my fire is made, at ten o'clock my passion for knowledge, fame, fortune, for any good, is too languid to make me apply with spirit to my books, and by reason of my inattention my mind is liable to be called off from law by a girl, a pipe, a poem, a love-letter, a Spectator, a play, &c. &c.) But keep your law book or some point of law in your mind, at least, six hours in a day. (I grow too minute and lengthy.) Labor to get distinct ideas of law, right, wrong, justice, equity; search for them in your own mind, in Roman, Grecian, French, English treatises of natural, civil, common, statute law; aim at an exact knowledge of the nature, end, and means of government; compare the different forms of it with each other, and each of them with their effects on public and private happiness. Study Seneca, Cicero, and all other good moral writers; study Montesquieu, Bolingbroke, Vinnius, &c., and all other good civil writers."

What am I doing? shall I sleep away my whole seventy years? no, by every thing I swear I will renounce this contemplative, and betake myself to an active, roving life by sea or land, or else I will attempt some uncommon, unexpected enterprise in law; let me lay the plan, and arouse spirit enough to push boldly. I swear I will push myself into business; I'll watch my opportunity to speak in court, and will strike with surprise—surprise bench, bar, jury, auditors and all. Activity, boldness, forwardness, will draw attention. I'll not lean with my elbows on the table for ever, like Read, Swift, Fitch, Skinner, Story, &c.; but I will not forego the pleasure of ranging the woods, climbing cliffs, walking in fields, meadows, by rivers, lakes, &c., and confine myself to a chamber for nothing. I'll have some boon in return, exchange; fame, fortune, or something.

Here are two nights and one day and a half spent in a softening, enervating, dissipating series of hustling, prattling, poetry, love, courtship, marriage; during all this time I was seduced into the course of unmanly pleasures that Vice describes to Hercules, forgetful of the glorious promises of fame, immortality, and a good conscience, which Virtue makes to the same hero as rewards of a hardy, toilsome, watchful life in the service of mankind. I could reflect with more satisfaction on an equal space of time spent in a painful research of the principles of law, or a resolute attempt of the powers of eloquence. But where is my attention? Is it fixed from sunrise to midnight on Grecian, Roman, Gallic, British law, history, virtue, eloquence? I don't see clearly the objects that I am after; they are often out of sight; motes, atoms, feathers, are blown into my eyes and blind me. Who can see distinctly the course he is to take and the objects that he pursues, when in the midst of a whirlwind of dust, straws, atoms, and feathers?

Let me make this remark. In Parson Wibird's company something is to be learned of human nature, human life, love, courtship, marriage. He has spent much of his life from his youth in conversation with young and old persons of both sexes, married and unmarried, and yet has his mind stuffed with remarks and stories of human virtues and vices, wisdom and folly, &c. But his opinion, out of poetry, love, courtship, marriage, politics, war, beauty, grace, decency, &c., is not very valuable; his soul is lost in a dronish effeminacy. I'd rather be lost in a whirlwind of activity, study, business, great and good designs of promoting the honor, grandeur, wealth, happiness of mankind.

The Year 1765.

Braintree, December 18 of that date.—The year 1765 has been the most remarkable year of my life. That enormous engine, fabricated by the British Parliament, for battering down all the rights and liberties of America, I mean the Stamp Act, has raised and spread through the whole continent a spirit that will be recorded to our honor with all future generations. In every colony, from Georgia to New Hampshire inclusively, the stamp distributers and inspectors have been compelled by the unconquerable rage of the people to renounce their offices. Such and so universal has been the resentment of the people, that every man who has dared to speak in favor of the stamps or to soften the detestation in which they are held, how great soever his abilities and virtues had been esteemed before, or whatever his fortune, connections, and influence had been, has been seen to sink into universal contempt and ignominy.

The people, even to the lowest ranks, have become more attentive to their liberties, more inquisitive about them, and more determined to defend them, than they were ever before known or had occasion to be; innumerable have been the monuments of wit, humor, sense, learning, spirit, patriotism, and heroism, erected in the several colonies and provinces in the course of this year. Our presses have groaned, our pulpits have thundered, our legislatures have resolved, our towns have voted; the crown officers have everywhere trembled, and all their little tools and creatures been afraid to speak and ashamed to be seen.

This spirit, however, has not yet been sufficient to banish from persons in authority that timidity which they have discovered from the beginning. The executive courts have not yet dared to adjudge the Stamp Act void, nor to proceed with business as usual, though it should seem that necessity alone would be sufficient to justify business at present, though the act should be allowed to be obligatory. The stamps are in the castle. Mr. Oliver has no commission. The Governor has no authority to distribute or even to unpack the bales; the Act has never been proclaimed nor read in the Province; yet the probate office is shut, the custom-house is shut, the courts of justice are shut, and all business seems at a stand. Yesterday and the day before, the two last days of service for January Term, only one man asked me for a writ, and he was soon determined to waive his request. I have not drawn a writ since the first of November.

How long we are to remain in this languid condition, this passive obedience to the Stamp Act, is not certain. But such a pause cannot be lasting. Debtors grow insolent; creditors grow angry; and it is to be expected that the public offices will very soon be forced open, unless such favorable accounts should be received from England as to draw away the fears of the great, or unless a greater dread of the multitude should drive away the fear of censure from Great Britain.

It is my opinion that by this inactivity we discover cowardice, and too much respect to the Act. This rest appears to be, by implication at least, an acknowledgment of the authority of Parliament to tax us. And if this authority is once acknowledged and established, the ruin of America will become inevitable.

A very Pleasant Evening.

Boston, May 14, 1771.—A very pleasant evening. Otis gave us an account of a present from Doctor Cummings of Concord to Harvard College chapel, of a brass branch of candlesticks, such as Isaac Royal, Esq., gave to the Representatives' room, and that it was sent to N. Hurd's to have an inscription engraved on it. The inscription is—

> In sacelli hujusce ornatum et splendorem
> Phosphoron hoc munus, beatæ contulit
> Cumings, armiger, medicus, Concordiensis.

Danforth. "The inscription was much faulted by the wits at club, and as it was to be a durable thing for the criticisms of strangers and of posterity, it was thought that it ought to be altered." Doctor Cooper mentioned an old proverb, that an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy. Mr. Otis mentioned another, which he said conveyed the same sentiment,—An ounce of prudence is worth a pound of wit. This produced a dispute, and the sense of the company was, that the word wit in the second proverb meant, the faculty of suddenly raising pleasant pictures in the fancy; but that the phrase, mother wit, in the first proverb, meant natural parts, and clergy-acquired learning—book learning. Doctor Cooper quoted another proverb from his Negro Glasgow,—A mouse can build an house without trouble. And then told us another instance of Glasgow's intellect, of which I had before thought him entirely destitute. The Doctor was speaking to Glasgow about Adam's Fall, and the introduction of natural and moral evil into the world, and Glasgow said, they had in his country a different account of this matter. The tradition was, that a dog and a toad were to run a race, and if the dog reached the goal first, the world was to continue innocent and happy; but if the toad should outstrip the dog, the world was to become sinful and miserable. Every body thought there could be no danger; but in the midst of the career the dog found a bone by the way, and stopped to gnaw it; and while he was interrupted by his bone, the toad, constant in his malevolence, hopped on, reached the mark, and spoiled the world.

Col. Putnam's Indian Story.

Nov. 10, 1772.—Sunday. Heard Mr. Cutler of Ipswich Hamlet; dined at Dr. Putnam's, with Colonel Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor, and Colonel ——, and a Mrs. Scollay. Colonel Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, landlord?" says he; "last fall, you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three." "Oh!" says the landlord, "it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as a horse." "Ay!" says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he wont eat so much hay:—*Maybe he drink as much water.*" This was *sheer wit, pure satire*, and *true humor*. Humor, wit and satire, in one very short repartee.

Madame Helvetius.

Paris, April 15, 1778.—Dined this day with Madame Helvetius. One gentleman, one lady, Dr. Franklin, his grandson, and myself, made the company; an elegant dinner. Madame is a widow; her husband was a man of learning, and wrote several books. She has erected a monument to her husband, a model of which she has. It is herself weeping over his tomb, with this inscription.

> Toi dont l'Ame sublime et tendre,
> A fait ma Gloire, et mon Bonheur,
> Je t'ai perdu: pris de ta Cendre,
> Je viens jouir de ma Douleur.

Voltaire and Franklin.

Paris, April 29, 1778.—After dinner we went to the Academy of Sciences, and heard M. d'Alembert, as perpetual secretary, pronounce eulogies on several of their members, lately deceased. Voltaire and Franklin were both present, and there presently arose a general cry that M. Voltaire and M. Franklin should be introduced to each other. This was done, and they bowed and spoke to each other. This was no satisfaction; there must be something more. Neither of our philosophers seemed to divine what was wished or expected; they, however, took each other by the hand. But this was not enough; the clamor continued, until the explanation came out. "Il faut s'embrasser à la Françoise." The two aged actors upon this great theatre of philosophy and frivolity then embraced each other, by hugging one another in their arms, and kissing each other's cheeks, and then the tumult subsided. And the cry immediately spread through the whole kingdom, and, I suppose, over all Europe—"Qu'il était charmant de voir embrasser Solon et Sophocle!"*

FROM THE LETTERS.

John Adams to his Wife.

Philadelphia, May 22d, four o'clock in the morning. After a series of the severest and harshest

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* This anecdote is told in the Life of Voltaire, by Condorcet, *Œuvres Complètes*, vol. a. p. 161.—*Note to Works.*

weather that I ever felt in this climate, we are at last blessed with a bright sun and a soft air. The weather here has been like our old easterly winds to me and southerly winds to you. The charms of the morning at this hour are irresistible. The streaks of glory dawning in the east; the freshness and purity in the air, the bright blue of the sky, the sweet warblings of a great variety of birds intermingling with the martial clarions of a hundred cocks now within my hearing, all conspire to cheer the spirits.

This kind of puerile description is a very pretty employment for an old fellow whose brow is furrowed with the cares of politics and war. I shall be on horseback in a few minutes, and then I shall enjoy the morning in more perfection. I spent the last evening at the war office with General Arnold. He has been basely slandered and libelled. The regulars say, "he fought like Julius Cæsar" [at Danbury]. I am wearied to death with the wrangles between military officers, high and low. They quarrel like cats and dogs. They worry one another like mastiffs, scrambling for rank and pay, like apes for nuts. I believe there is no one principle which predominates in human nature so much, in every stage of life, from the cradle to the grave, in males and females, old and young, black and white, rich and poor, high and low, as this passion for superiority. Every human being compares itself in its imagination with every other round about it, and will find some superiority over every other, real or imaginary, or it will die of grief and vexation. I have seen it among boys and girls at school, among lads at college, among practitioners at the bar, among the clergy in their associations, among clubs of friends, among the people in town meetings, among the members of a House of Representatives, among the grave councillors, on the more solemn bench of Justice, and in that awfully august body, the Congress, and on many of its committees, and among ladies everywhere; but I never saw it operate with such keenness, ferocity, and fury, as among military officers. They will go terrible lengths in their emulation, their envy and revenge, in consequence of it.

So much for philosophy. I hope my five or six babes are all well. My duty to my mother and your father, and love to sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles. Pray how does your asparagus perform? &c. I would give three guineas for a barrel of your cider. Not one drop is to be had here for gold, and wine is not to be had under six or eight dollars a gallon, and that very bad. I would give a guinea for a barrel of your beer. The small beer here is wretchedly bad. In short, I can get nothing that I can drink, and I believe I shall be sick from this cause alone. Rum at forty shillings a gallon, and bad water will never do, in this hot climate, in summer, when acid liquors are necessary against putrefaction.

The same to the same.

Passy, April 25th, 1778. My Dearest Friend,—Monsieur Chaumont has just informed me of a vessel bound to Boston, but I am reduced to such a moment of time, that I can only inform you that I am well, and enclose a few lines from Johnny to let you know that he is so. I have ordered the things you desired to be sent you, but I will not yet say by what conveyance, for fear of accidents.

If human nature could be made happy by any thing that can please the eye, the ear, the taste, or any other sense, or passion, or fancy, this country would be the region for happiness. But if my country were at peace, I should be happier among the rocks and shades of Penn's hill; and would cheerfully exchange all the elegance, magnificence, and sublimity of Europe, for the simplicity of Braintree and Weymouth.

To tell you the truth, I admire the ladies here. Don't be jealous. They are handsome, and very well educated. Their accomplishments are exceedingly brilliant, and their knowledge of letters and arts exceeds that of the English ladies, I believe.

Tell Mrs. Warren that I shall write her a letter, as she desired, and let her know some of my reflections in this country. My venerable colleague [Dr. Franklin] enjoys a privilege here, that is much to be envied. Being seventy years of age, the ladies not only allow him to embrace them as often as he pleases, but they are perpetually embracing him. I told him, yesterday, I would write this to America.

Mrs. Adams to her husband.

Sunday, June 18th, 1775. Dearest Friend,—The day,—perhaps, the decisive day,—is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard, that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field, than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious days will be transmitted to you, no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us." Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.

Tuesday afternoon.—I have been so much agitated, that I have not been able to write since Sabbath day. When I say, that ten thousand reports are passing, vague and uncertain as the wind, I believe I speak the truth. I am not able to give you any authentic account of last Saturday, but you will not be destitute of intelligence. Colonel Palmer has just sent me word, that he has an opportunity of conveyance. Incorrect as this scrawl may be, it shall go. I ardently pray, that you may be supported through the arduous task you have before you. I wish I could contradict the report of the Doctor's death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory; those favorite lines of Collins continually sound in my ears;

"How sleep the brave," &c.*

I must close, as the Deacon waits. I have not

* Collins's Ode is too well known to need insertion.

pretended to be particular with regard to what I have heard, because I know you will collect better intelligence. The spirits of the people are very good: the loss of Charlestown affects them no more than a drop of the bucket. I am, most sincerely,

Yours, PORTIA.

Mrs. Adams to Mrs. Smith.

Quincy, Feb. 3d, 1794. MY DEAR MRS. SMITH,—I have not written to you since I received yours of January 5th. I go from home but very little, yet I do not find my time hang heavy upon my hands. You know that I have no aversion to join in the cheerful circle, or mix in the world, when opportunity offers. I think it tends to rub off those austerities which age is apt to contract, and reminds us, as Goldsmith says, "that we once were young." Whilst our presence is easy to youth, it will tend to guide and direct them.

"Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues ever kind,
And fix the padlock on the mind."

To-morrow our theatre is to open. Every precaution has been taken to prevent such unpleasant scenes as you represent are introduced upon yours. I hope the managers will be enabled to govern the mobility, or the whole design of the entertainment will be thwarted.

Since I wrote you last, a renewal of the horrid tragedies has been acted in France, and the Queen is no more.

"Set is her star of life;—the pouring storm
Turns its black deluge from that aching head;
The fiends of murder quit that bloodless form,
And the last animating hope is fled.

"Blest is the hour of peace, though cursed the hand
Which snaps the thread of life's disastrous loom;
Thrice blest the great, invincible command,
That deals the solace of the slumb'ring tomb."

Not content with loading her with ignominy, whilst living, they blacken her memory by ascribing to her the vilest crimes. Would to Heaven that the destroying angel might put up his sword, and say, "It is enough;" that he would bid hatred, madness, and murder cease.

"Peace o'er the world her olive branch extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend."

I wish, most ardently, that every arm extended against that unhappy country might be withdrawn, and they left to themselves, to form whatever constitution they choose; and whether it is republican or monarchical is not of any consequence to us, provided it is a regular government of some form or other, which may secure the faith of treaties, and due subordination to the laws, whilst so many governments are tottering to the foundations. Even in one of the freest and happiest in the world, restless spirits will aim at disturbing it. They cry "A lion! a lion!" when no real danger exists, but from their own halloo, which in time may raise other ferocious beasts of prey.

Mrs. Adams to her husband, on his election to the Presidency.

Quincy, February 8th, 1797.

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. "And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are, that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your A. A.

HUGH WILLIAMSON.

A PHYSICIAN, patriot of note and historical writer, was born of Irish parentage in West Nottingham township, Pennsylvania, Dec. 5, 1735. He was taught at the country academy of the Rev. Francis Alison. After leaving the college of Philadelphia, he became a Presbyterian preacher, which his ill health did not permit him to continue. He was then Professor of Mathematics in his college at Philadelphia, carrying on his medical studies, which he further prosecuted in a residence at Edinburgh in 1764; obtaining his medi-

cal degree at Utrecht. On his return to Philadelphia he was engaged in several important astronomical observations, which he published in the transactions of the Philadelphia and New York Philosophical Societies. He travelled in 1772 to the West India Islands, and the next year through Great Britain, to collect funds for an academy at Newark, in Delaware. He had the honor of reporting to the British Government the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, and prophesying before the Privy Council a civil war if the coercive policy was continued. It is not true, as has been stated, that he procured while in London the letters of Hutchinson which Franklin sent to America; for the letters had been received in Boston before he reached England. Returning home at the outbreak of the war, he employed himself as a mercantile trader at the South, offering his services in the army to the state of North Carolina, which were accepted. He was present at the battle of Camden, administering to the wounded of his countrymen in the enemy's camp, under the protection of a flag. In 1782 he was a member of the legislature of North Carolina, and afterwards of Congress, and in 1787 signed the Constitution of the United States. After 1790 he became a resident of New York. His chief literary productions are his anniversary discourse *On the Benefit of Civil History*, before the New York Historical Society in 1810; his *Observations on the Climate in different parts of America, compared with the climate in Corresponding parts of the other Continent*, and his *History of North Carolina*, published in 1812. He also wrote a number of medical papers, one

on the fascination of serpents, in the *Medical Repository and American Medical and Philosophical Register*. He was a contributor to Carey's *Museum* of several papers on languages and politics. An active promoter of the medical, literary, and philanthropical associations of New York, and of its material interests, especially in his advocacy of the canal policy, he enjoyed the friendship of the excellent society then at its height in New York, the Clintons, Hosacks, Mitchells, and others, till his death in his eighty-fifth year, May 22, 1819. In his personal character Williamson was a man of strength and integrity. No one could approach him with flattery or falsehood. The style of his writing is direct and forcible. His appearance was noticeable, tall, dignified, with strongly marked features. His portrait was painted by Trumbull.*

SAMUEL PETERS.

Samuel Peters, the "Parson Peters" of M'Fingal, and the reputed and undoubted author of a History of Connecticut, very generally read, but deservedly much impugned as an authority, belonged to that one family of Peters which has become so widely spread in the country, and of which, in its first generation in America, the celebrated Hugh Peters was the representative. There were three brothers who came to New England in 1634 to avoid star-chamber persecution, William, Thomas, and Hugh. The last succeeded Roger Williams at Salem, repudiating his alleged heresies, and remained there five years, paying much attention to its civil affairs, his proficiency in which led to his being sent to England to regulate some matters of trade in 1641. He there became the active parliamentary leader and preacher, and on the restoration was somewhat unnecessarily beheaded, as a return for his political career. His publications were sermons, reforming pamphlets, and poems. His *Good Work for a Good Magistrate*, in 1651, contained the radical proposition of burning the historical records in the Tower.

Hugh Peters, during his imprisonment in the Tower, wrote a book of religious advice and consolation, addressed to his daughter Elizabeth—*Mr. Hugh Peters's Last Legacy to an only Child*.† His great nephew, Samuel, says of it, "it was printed and published in Old and New England, and myriads of experienced Christians have read his legacy with ecstasy and health to their souls. No doubt but the book will be had in remembrance in America as long as the works of the Assembly of Divines (at Westminster) and the holy Bible."‡ Notwithstanding this prediction it would probably be difficult to procure a copy of the book now. Its spirit may be known by the rules which he sent to his daughter from his prison—

Whosoever would live long and
Blessedly, let him observe these
Following Rules, by which
He shall attain to that
Which he desireth.

Let thy	Thoughts	be	Divine, Awful, Godly.
	Talk		Little, Honest, True.
	Words		Profitable, Holy, Charitable.
	Manners		Grave, Courteous, Cheerful.
	Dyet		Temperate, Convenient, Frugal.
	Apparel		Sober, Neat, Comely.
	Will		Constant, Obedient, Ready.
	Sleep		Moderate, Quiet, Seasonable.
	Prayers		Short, Devout, Often, Fervent.
	Recreation		Lawful, Brief, Seldom.
	Memory,		Of Death, Punishment, Glory.

and by the verses which he wrote for her.

MY WISHES.

I wish your Lamp and Vessel
full of oyl
Like the Wise Virgins
(which all fools neglect),
And the rich Pearl,
for which the Merchants toyl,
Yea, how to purchase
are so circumspect:
I wish you that White Stone
With the new Name,
Which none can read
but who possess the same.

I wish you neither Poverty,
nor Riches,
But Godliness,
so gainful, with Content;
No painted Pomp,
nor Glory that bewitches;
A blameless Life
is the best monument:
And such a Soul
that soars above the Sky,
Well pleased to live,
but better pleased to dye.

I wish you such a Heart
as Mary had,
Minding the Main,
open'd as Lydia's was:
A hand like Dorcas
who the naked clad;
Feet like Joanna's,
posting to Christ apace.
And above all,
to live yourself to see
Marryed to Him,
who must your Saviour be.

The son of the eldest brother, William, settled at Hebron, Connecticut, in 1717, where his fifth son, Samuel, was born Dec. 12, 1735. He was graduated at Yale in 1757; travelled the next year to Europe; abandoned the family Puritanism and

* Biographical Memoir, by Dr. Hosack. Collections of the New York Historical Society, iii.

† A Dying Father's Last Legacy to an only Child; or Mr. Hugh Peters's Advice to his Daughter: written by his own hand, during his late imprisonment in the Tower of London; and given her a little before his death. London; Printed for G. Calvert and T. Brewster. 1660.

‡ History of the Rev. Hugh Peters, 77.

became a clergyman of the Church of England in 1760, when he returned to Connecticut, marrying a descendant of learned Dr. John Owen. He had charge of the churches at Hartford and Hebron. In 1774, he was compelled to leave the country

as a Royalist clergyman. The circumstances of this exit were characteristic of the times. He was considered by the Whigs who were conducting the Revolution, as an arrant Tory, who was meddling with and marring the work of Independence by his communications to his correspondents in England. If his humorous, voluble style is to be taken as evidence of his conversational powers, his tongue must also have been an unwelcome scourge of his rebellious townspeople. So a committee of the public paid him a domiciliary visit to secure from him a decided declaration of his opinions. Three hundred gathered at his house at Hebron, stated his offences, and hinted at a suit of tar and feathers. It was a committee with power; and they called for books and papers, demanding copies of the letters which he had forwarded, and of the malignant articles which he had sent to the newspapers. They procured from him a declaration in writing, that he had not "sent any letter to the Bishop of London or the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, relative to the Boston Port Bill, or the Tea affair, or the Controversy between Great Britain and the Colonies, and designed not to, during his natural life, as these controversies were out of his business as a clergyman; also, he had not written to England to any other gentleman, or designed Company, nor would he do it."

He gave them up, also, a copy of Thirteen Resolves which he had written for the press, which were found, when they came to be published and read, to be not satisfactory to the public mind. This was in August. In September, he received another visit from a committee, and undertook to defend himself by argument; but they were there to act and not to talk, and referred him to the sovereign people in full assembly without. He addressed the latter convocation in an harangue; and in the midst of it a gun was heard to go off in his house, notwithstanding his declaration that he had no serviceable fire-arms. He was allowed to go on, and another paper was proposed to be signed by him. He prepared one, and it was not satisfactory. The committee requested his signature to one of their own writing, which he declined. To cut short the parley, the whole body broke into the house by door and windows, and seizing Dr. Peters, carried him off to the meeting-house green, three quarters of a mile away. He was now convinced by this rough logic, and signed the required document. "During the affair," we are told, "his gown and shirt were torn, one sash of his house was somewhat shattered, a table was turned over, and a punch-bowl and glass were broken."*

After this the Doctor fled to Boston, on his way to England, smarting with the wrongs of the Yankees, and bent on revenge. His design was to accumulate stories of the desperate acts of the people of the state for the government in England, and procure a withdrawal of the Charter. This was suspected by his Connecticut friends, and they made sure of it by intercepting his letters. In one of these, dated Boston, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, of New York, he intimates as in prospect, that "the bounds of New York may directly extend to Connecticut River, Boston meet them, and New Hampshire take the Province of Maine, and Rhode Island be swallowed up as Dathan."*

Doctor Peters did not carry his point of dismembering Connecticut, but he punished the natives almost as effectually by writing a book—his history of the State.† It was published anonymously, but it was as plainly Peters's as if every page had been subscribed by him, like the extorted declarations. Looked at as history, we may say it is unreliable; but regarded as a squib, which the author almost had the opportunity of writing with quills plucked from his writhing body, and planted there by his over-zealous brethren of Hebron, it is vastly enjoyable and may be forgiven.

The General History of Connecticut is as good, in its way, as Knickerbocker's New York. The full-mouthed, humorous gravity of its style is irresistible. Its narrations are independent of time, place, and probability. A sober critic would go mad over an attempt to correct its misstatements; though the good Dr. Dwight thought the subject once of importance enough to do something of the kind in his Travels, where he amends the historian's account of the magnificent flight of steps which led up to the church at Greenwich, by stating that they were simply stones of the street placed there to protect visitors from the mud.‡

In the reprint of the work at New Haven, in 1829, illustrated by eight very remarkable engravings, there is a species of apologetic preface, which would lift the work into the dignity of history, after making liberal allowances for the author's "excited feelings," and particularly his revenge upon the Trumbull family for "that notable tetrastic," which was put into the mouth of the hero by the author of M'Fingal:—

> What warnings had ye of your duty,
> From our old rev'rend Sam Auchmuty;
> From priests of all degrees and metres,
> To our fag-end man Parson Peters.

But all this will not do. What are we to think of a sober writer, on the eve of the nineteenth century, publishing such a geographical statement

* Sabine's Loyalists, Art. Peters.

* Sabine's Loyalists, 894.

† A General History of Connecticut; from its First Settlement, under George Fenwick, Esq., to its latest period of amity with Great Britain, including a description of the Country, and many curious and interesting Anecdotes; to which is added an Appendix, wherein new and the true sources of the present Rebellion in America are pointed out; together with the particular part taken by the People of Connecticut in its Promotion. By a Gentleman of the Province. Plus apud me ratio valebit, quam vulgi opinio.—Cic. London, printed for the author. Sold by J. Bew, 1781.

‡ "This is the building pompously exhibited in that mass of folly and falsehood commonly called Peters's History of Connecticut."—Dwight's Travels, iii. 498.

of a well known river as that which we place in italics in the following paragraph:—

The middle river is named Connecticut, after the great Sachem to whom that part of the province through which it runs belonged. This vast river is 500 miles long, and four miles wide at its mouth: its channel, or inner banks, in general, half a mile wide. It takes its rise from the White Hills, in the north of New England, where also springs the river Kennebec. Above 500 rivulets, which issue from lakes, ponds, and drowned lands, fall into it; many of them are larger than the Thames at London. In March, when the rain and sun melt the snow and ice, each stream is overcharged, and kindly hastens to this great river, to overflow, fertilize, and preserve its trembling meadows. They lift up enormous cakes of ice, bursting from their frozen beds with threatening intentions of plowing up the frighted earth, and carry them rapidly down the falls, where they are dashed in pieces and rise in mist. Except at these falls, of which there are five, the first sixty miles from its mouth, the river is navigable throughout. In its northern parts are three great bendings, called cohosses, about 100 miles asunder. Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of the floods bury the northern country. At the upper cohos the river then spreads several miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands, that afterwards produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America. People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings, and surly motion of water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomenons in nature. *Here water is consolidated, without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that an iron crow floats smoothly down its current:—here iron, lead, and cork, have one common weight:—here, steady as time, and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible, if not swift, as lightning:*—the electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease, than does this mighty water. The passage is about 400 yards in length, and of a zigzag form, with obtuse corners.

or how can we accept for anything but a wag the narrator of this marvel at Windham:—

Windham resembles Rumford, and stands on Winnomantic river. Its meeting-house is elegant, and has a steeple, bell, and clock. Its court-house is scarcely to be looked upon as an ornament. The township forms four parishes, and is ten miles square.

Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds. There are about thirty different voices among them; some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whippoorwills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenades are not disturbed by them at their proper stations; but one night, in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped towards Winnomantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road 40 yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened; some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake, and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children; when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wight, Hilderken, Dier, Tete.* This last they thought meant *treaty;* and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water.

Such an incursion was never known before nor since; and yet the people of Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on this occasion. I verily believe an army under the Duke of Marlborough, would, under like circumstances, have acted no better than they did.

His story of Old Put and the Wolf too has some variations from acknowledged versions:—

We read that David slew a lion and a bear, and afterwards that Saul trusted him to fight Goliath. In Pomfret lives Col. Israel Putnam, who slew a she-bear and her two cubs with a billet of wood. The bravery of this action brought him into public notice: and, it seems, he is one of fortune's favorites. The story is as follows:—In 1754, a large she-bear came in the night from her den, which was three miles from Mr. Putnam's house, and took a sow out of a pen of his. The sow, by her squeaking, awoke Mr. Putnam, who hastily ran to the poor creature's relief; but before he could reach the pen, the bear had left it, and was trotting away with the sow in her mouth. Mr. Putnam took up a billet of wood, and followed the screamings of the sow, till he came to the foot of the mountain, where the den was. Dauntless he entered the horrid cavern; and, after walking and crawling upon his hands and knees for fifty yards, came to a roomy cell, where the bear met him with great fury. He saw nothing but the fire of her eyes; but that was sufficient for our hero: he accordingly directed his blow, which at once proved fatal to the bear and saved his own life at a most critical moment. Putnam then discovered and killed two cubs; and having, though in Egyptian darkness, dragged them and the dead sow, one by one, out of the cave, he went home, and calmly reported to his family what had happened. The neighbors declared, on viewing the place by torchlight, that his exploit exceeded those of Sampson or David. Soon afterwards the General Assembly appointed Mr. Putnam a Lieutenant in the Army marching against Canada. His courage and good conduct raised him to the rank of Captain the next year. The third year he was made a Major; and the fourth a Colonel. Putnam and Rogers were the heroes through the last war. Putnam was so hardy, at a time when the Indians had killed all his men, and completely hemmed him in upon a river, as to leap into a stream, which in a minute carried him

down a stupendous fall, where no tree could pass without being torn in pieces. The Indians reasonably concluded that Putnam, their terrible enemy, was dead, and made their report accordingly at Ticonderoga; but soon after, a scouting party found their sad mistake in a bloody rencontre. Some few that got off declared that Putnam was yet living, and that he was the first son of Hobbamockow, and therefore immortal. However, at length the Indians took this terrible warrior prisoner, and tied him to a tree; where he hung three days without food or drink. They did not attempt to kill him for fear of offending Hobbamockow; but they sold him to the French at a great price. The name of Putnam was more alarming to the Indians than cannon, and they never would fight him after his escape from the falls. He was afterwards redeemed by the English.

The sketch of the manners of the country is amusing. Passing over some graver topics we light upon this picture of a courtship.

An English gentleman, during a short residence in a certain town, had the good luck to receive some civilities from the Deacon, Minister, and Justice. The Deacon had a daughter, without beauty, but sensible and rich. The Briton (for that was the name he went by), having received a present from the West Indies, of some pine-apples and sweetmeats, sent his servant with part of it to the Deacon's daughter, to whom at the same time he addressed a complimentary note, begging Miss would accept the pine-apples and sweetmeats, and wishing he might be able to make her a better present. Miss, on reading the note, was greatly alarmed, and exclaimed "Mama! Mama! Mr. Briton has sent me a love-letter." The mother read the note, and shewed it to the Deacon; and, after due consideration, both agreed in pronouncing it a love-letter. The lawyer, justice, and parson, were then sent for, who in council weighed every word in the note, together with the golden temptation which the lady possessed, and were of opinion that the writer was in love, and that the note was a love-letter, but worded so carefully that the law could not punish Briton for attempting to court Miss without obtaining her parents' consent. The parson wrung his hands, rolled up his eyes, shrugged up his shoulders, groaned out his hypocritical grief, and said, "Deacon, I hope you do not blame me for having been the innocent cause of your knowing this imprudent and haughty Briton. There is something very odd in all the Britons; but I thought this man had some prudence and modesty: however, Deacon," putting his hand on his breast, and bowing with a pale, deceitful face, "I shall in future shun all the Britons, for they are all strange creatures." The lawyer and justice made their apologies, and were sorry that Briton did not consider the quality of the Deacon's daughter before he wrote his letter. Miss, all apprehension and tears, at finding no punishment could reach Briton in the course of law, cried out to her counsellors, "Who is Briton? Am I not the Deacon's daughter? What have I done that he should take such liberties with me? Is he not the natural son of some priest or foundling? Ought he not to be exposed for his assurance to the Deacon's daughter?"

Her words took effect. The council voted that they would show their contempt of Briton by neglecting him for the time to come. On his return home, the parson, after many and great signs of surprise, informed his wife of the awful event which had happened by the imprudence of Briton. She soon communicated the secret to her sister gossips, prudently cautioning them not to report it as from her. But, not content with that, the parson himself went among all his acquaintance, shaking his head and saying "O Sirs! have you heard of the strange conduct of friend Briton?—how he wrote a love-letter, and sent it with some pine-apples to the Deacon's daughter? My wife and I had a great friendship for Briton, but cannot see him any more." Thus the afflicted parson told this important tale to every one except Briton, who, from his ignorance of the story, conducted himself in his usual manner towards his supposed friends, though he observed they had a show of haste and business whenever he met with any of them. Happily for Briton, he depended not on the Deacon, Minister, or Colony, for his support. At last, a Scotchman heard of the evil tale, and generously told Briton of it, adding that the parson was supposed to be in a deep decline merely from the grief and fatigue he had endured in spreading it. Briton thanked the Scotchman, and called on the friendly parson to know the particulars of his offence. The parson, with sighs, bows, and solemn smirkings, answered, "Sir, the fact is, you wrote a love-letter to the Deacon's daughter, without asking her parents' consent, which has given great offence to that lady, and to all her acquaintance, of whom I and my wife have the honor to be reckoned a part." Briton kept his temper. "So then," said he, "I have offended you by my insolent note to the Deacon's daughter! I hope my sin is venial. Pray, Sir, have you seen my note?" "Yes," replied the parson, "to my grief and sorrow: I could not have thought you so imprudent, had I not seen and found the note to be your own writing." "How long have you known of this offence?" "Some months." "Why, Sir, did you not seasonably admonish me for this crime?" "I was so hurt and grieved, and my friendship so great, I could not bear to tell you." Mr. Briton then told the parson, that his friendship was so fine and subtle, it was invisible to an English eye; and that Gospel ministers in England did not prove their friendship by telling calumnious stories to everybody but the person concerned. "But I suppose," added he, "this is genuine New England friendship, and merits thanks more than a supple-jack!" The parson, with a leering look, sneaked away towards his wife; and Briton left the colony without any civil or ecclesiastical punishment, telling the Scotchman that the Deacon's daughter had money, and the parson faith without eyes, or he should never have been accused of making love to one who was naturally so great an enemy to Cupid. Of such or worse sort being the reception foreign settlers may expect from the inhabitants of Connecticut, it is no wonder that few or none choose to venture among them.

As a satirical and humorous writer Peters certainly had his merits; and with all its nonsense there is some "sharpened sly inspection" in his pages.

When the war was ended, Peters was chosen in 1794, bishop, by a convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Vermont, and accepted the office; but, on the ground that the act of Parliament limited the number of bishops for America, the Archbishop of Canterbury declined his consecration. Dr. Peters had gone so far, not only as to accept the proffered call, but to write an Episcopal letter, his pen armed with all the graces and dignity of St. Paul. He addresses his epistle "to the churches of Christ spread abroad in the State of Vermont, mercy, peace, and love be

multiplied;" and goes on with an apostolic unction, the humor of which is irresistible when we consider Saint Paul, Dr. Peters, and that the writer was no bishop after all. He was only trying on the mitre.

"Until I come," writes he, parodying the Apostle, "give attendance to reading, prayer, and faith. When present with you, by the grace of God, I will lead you through the wilderness of life, up to a world that knows no sorrow. I will guide you with mine eye, and feed your lambs and sheep, with bread more durable than the everlasting hills. While absent from you in body I am present with you in mind, thanking God always in every prayer of mine, and making request with joy for your fellowship in the gospel of his Son; that you may be of good cheer, and overcome a world yielding no content, the only wealth of man; and that you may know how to be abased, and how to abound; everywhere and in all things to be instructed to obey the laws of Christ. The spirit which heals all our infirmities, no doubt led you to glorify God in me, when you appointed the least of all saints to fill the highest station in the Church of Jesus Christ; duty and inclination (with feeble blood flowing in my veins) inspire my soul to seek and do you good in that sacred office to which you have invited me; being confident that you will receive me with all gladness, and hold me in reputation for the work of Christ, which brought me near to death, and shall finally make you my glory and my joy. * * Should my insufficiency in spiritual and scientific knowledge appear too manifest among you, my zeal and labors in the vineyard of the Lord shall, I trust, be your pride and boast: in this hope, and resting on the candor, order, morality, learning, piety, and religion of those over whom I am well chosen to preside, I shall with some degree of confidence undertake the charge, and claim the wisdom of the wise to enlighten my understanding, and the charity and prayers of all to remove any wants, and to lessen my manifold imperfections. * * Salute one another with faith and love."*

Peters seems to have resided in England till 1805, when he returned to America. He published in New York, in 1807, his *History of the Rev. Hugh Peters*,† a book which is set forth as a vindication of the character of that parliamentary divine. The appendix contains some interesting notices of his own, and of some of the royalist families in America. The calculation of the rapid growth of the Peters family in the country is curious. As a specimen of his waggery and skill in telling a story we may quote his account of an interview between Ward, the simple cobbler of Agawam, and Cotton Mather.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, being an eminent Puritan in England, disliked the spiritual and star-chamber courts under the control of the hierarchy of England; he fled to New England, and became minister of Agawam, an Indian village, making the west part of Springfield, in the State of Massachusetts. He was an exact scholar, a meek, benevolent, and charitable Christian. He used the Indians with justice and tenderness, and established one of the best towns on Connecticut river. He was free from hypocrisy, and stiff bigotry, which then domineered in New England, and which yet remain at Hadley and Northampton, not much to the credit of morality and piety. Mr. Ward had a large share of Hudibrastic wit, and much pleasantry with his gravity. This appears in his history of Agawam, wherein he satirized the prevailing superstition of the times; which did more good than Dr. Mather's book, entitled, *Stilts for Dwarfs in Christ to Wade through the Mud*, or his Magnalia, with his other twenty-four books. His posterity are many, and have done their part in the pulpit, in the field, and at the bar, in the six States of New England, and generally have followed the charitable temper of their venerable ancestor, and seldom fail to lash the avarice of the clergy, who are often recommending charity and hospitality to the needy stranger, and at the same time never follow their own advice to others. Mr. Ward, of Agawam, has left his children an example worthy of imitation. The story is thus related:

Dr. Mather, of Boston, was constantly exhorting his hearers to entertain strangers, for by doing so they might entertain angels. But it was remarked, that Dr. Mather never entertained strangers, nor gave any relief to beggars. This report reached Mr. Ward, of Agawam, an intimate *chum* of the Doctor while at the university. Ward said he hoped it was not true; but resolved to discover the truth; therefore he set off for Boston on foot, one hundred and twenty miles, and arrived at the door of Dr. Mather on Saturday evening, when most people were in bed, and knocked at the door, which the maid opened. Ward said, "I come from the country, to hear good Dr. Mather preach to-morrow. I am hungry, and thirsty, without money, and I beg the good Doctor will give me relief and a bed in his house until the Sabbath is over." The maid replied, "The Doctor is in his study, it is Saturday night, the Sabbath is begun, we have no bed, or victuals, for ragged beggars," and shut the door upon him. Mr. Ward again made use of the knocker: the maid went to the Doctor, and told him there was a sturdy beggar beating the door, who insisted on coming in and staying there over the Sabbath. The Doctor said, "Tell him to depart, or a constable shall conduct him to a prison." The maid obeyed the Doctor's order; and Mr. Ward said, "I will not leave the door until I have seen the Doctor." This tumult roused the Doctor, with his black velvet cap on his head, and he came to the door and opened it, and said, "Thou country villain, how dare you knock thus at my door after the Sabbath has begun?" Mr. Ward replied, "Sir, I am a stranger, hungry and moneyless; pray take me in, until the holy Sabbath is past, so that I may hear one of your godly sermons." The Doctor said, "Vagrant, go thy way, and trouble me no more; I will not break the Sabbath by giving thee food and lodging," and then shut the door. The Doctor had scarcely reached his study, when Ward began to exercise the knocker with continued violence. The Doctor, not highly pleased, returned to the door and said, "Wretched being, why dost thou trouble me thus? what wilt thou have?" Ward replied, "Entertainment in your house until Monday morning." The Doctor said, "You shall not, therefore go thy way." Mr. Ward replied, "Sir, as that point is settled, pray give me a sixpence or a shilling, and a piece of bread and meat." The Doctor

* The Churchman's Magazine, N. Y. June, 1807. Art. Supplement to American Episcopate.

† A History of the Rev. Hugh Peters, A.M., Arch-Intendant of the Prerogative Court of Doctors' Commons; member of the celebrated Assembly of Divines at the Savoy, Westminster; and Principal Chaplain to the Lord Protector and to the Lords and House of Commons, from the year 1640 to 1660. With an Appendix. By the Rev. Samuel Peters, LL.D. "Let us praise famous men, and our fathers who begat us; the Lord hath wrought great glory by them."—Ecclus. xliv. New York: Printed for the Author. 1807.

said, "I will give thee neither," and again shut the door. And then Mr. Ward thundered with the knocker of the door, and the Doctor returned in great wrath and said, "Thou art mad, or possessed with an evil spirit: what wilt thou have now?" Mr. Ward replied, "Since you, sir, will not give lodgings, nor money, nor food, nor drink to me, I pray for your advice; will you direct me to a stew?" The Doctor cried out, "Vagrant of all vagrants! the curse of God will fall on thee; thou art one of the non-elects. Dost thou, villain, suppose that I am acquainted with bad houses? What dost thou want at a stew?" Mr. Ward replied, "I am hungry, weary, thirsty, moneyless, and almost naked; and Solomon, the wisest king the Jews ever had, tells me and you, *that a whore will bring a man to a morsel of bread at the last.*" Now Dr. Mather awoke from his reverend dream, and cried, "Tu es Wardonus vel Diabolus." Mr. Ward laughed, and the Doctor took him in and gave him all he wanted; and Mr. Ward preached for the Doctor next day, both morning and evening. This event had its due effect on the Doctor ever after, and he kept the Shunamite's chamber, and became hospitable and charitable to all in want.

It corrected the Doctor's temper to such a degree, that six months after, he ceased to pray more against the pope and conclave of Rome, and supplied the vacuum, by praying for the downfall of the red dragon at Morocco, Egypt, and Arabia, on the east side of the Red Sea, even at Mecca and Medina; words which helped the sand to pass through the hour-glass, the orthodox length of a prayer.

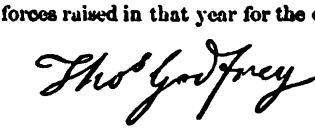
It is, perhaps, not the best manners to apply chronology to an anecdote, but if we look at the facts of this case, it is rather unfortunate for good Dr. Peters that Ward died ten years before Cotton Mather, whom the story was probably intended to fit, was born; and if, to give the joke another chance, we carry it back to Increase Mather, Ward left New England when that quaint divine was but eight years old, and died three years before that elder Mather graduated. If we were disposed still further to go into particulars, we might remark that Ward's Agawam was not on the Connecticut; that he did not write a history of that place; that the cobbler was not remarkably free from bigotry; and that Dr. Mather's "Stilts for Dwarfs" is not to be found mentioned in any respectable bibliographical work.

Dr. Peters made a journey to the West, to the Falls of St. Anthony, in prosecution of some land claims, in 1817. He died at New York, April 19, 1826, at the venerable age of 90.

In conclusion, if he may be allowed to be his own eulogist, "he is reputed," says he of himself, "to have the faculties of his uncle Hugh, the zeal and courage of his grand-parent, General Thomas Harrison, mixed with the benevolence that characterized his great-grand-parent, William Peters, Esq., of 1634."

THOMAS GODFREY.

THOMAS GODFREY was born in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1736. His father, a glazier by trade, was an accomplished mathematician, and the inventor of the quadrant,* commonly known as Hadley's Quadrant. He died a few years after the birth of his son, who, after receiving "a common education in his mother tongue," was apprenticed to a watch-maker by his relatives. The pursuit was one contrary to his inclinations, which were bent on the study of painting, but he remained at the trade until 1758, when he obtained a lieutenant's commission in the Pennsylvania forces raised in that year for the expedition



against Fort Du Quesne. On the disbanding of the troops he removed to Carolina, to accept a situation as a factor, which had been offered to him. Here he remained three years, during which he wrote his tragedy of *The Prince of Parthia.* He sent the manuscript on to a friend in Philadelphia, to be offered to the American company performing in that city in 1759, but it was never produced. On the death of his employer he returned to his native city, and, no opening offering there, sailed as a supercargo to the island of New Providence, returning from thence to North Carolina, where a few weeks after his arrival, by exposure to the sun on horseback, an exercise to which he was unaccustomed, he contracted a fever which put an end to his life after a week's illness, on the third of August, 1763.

Godfrey, in addition to his tragedy, wrote a poem of five hundred lines, entitled, *The Court of Fancy*, modelled on Chaucer's House of Fame, a number of short poems on subjects of the day, a few pastorals in the style then in vogue, and a modernized version of a portion of Chaucer's Assembly of Fowles. Most of these appeared during his lifetime in the American Magazine, published in Philadelphia, from which a portion were copied with commendatory remarks in the London Monthly Review. His poetical writings were published in Philadelphia in 1767, with a biographical preface by N. Evans, in which he "bespeaks the candour of the public in behalf of the collection, as the first of the kind which the Province has produced." The volume also contains an anonymous critical analysis of the poems, written by Dr. William Smith.* The whole work forms a quarto volume of 224 pages.

The Prince of Parthia was the first dramatic work written in America. It possesses much merit, with many marks of hasty composition, and want of mental maturity. The plot is drawn from an ancient story, and is well developed, though the fifth act presents the usual excess of bloodshed common to tragedies by youthful authors. The opening scene, descriptive of the triumphant return of the youthful hero, Arsaces, from a successful war, is one of the best in the play, but shows, like many subsequent pas-

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* Barlow, in his notices of the men of science in America in the eighth book of the Columbiad, pays this tribute to Godfrey:—

To guide the sailor in his wandering way,
See Godfrey's glass reverse the beams of day.
His lifted quadrant to the eye displays
From adverse skies the counteracting rays;
And marks, as devious sails bewilder'd roll,
Each nice gradation from the steadiest pole.

Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, supported his claims to the invention.

* Fisher's Early Poets of Pa.

sages, that the young dramatist had read Shakespeare.

FROM THE PRINCE OF PARTHIA.

Glad Ctes'phon
Pours forth her numbers, like a rolling deluge,
To meet the blooming Hero; all the ways,
On either side, as far as sight can stretch,
Are lin'd with crowds, and on the lofty walls
Innumerable multitudes are rang'd.
On ev'ry countenance impatience sate
With roving eye, before the train appear'd.
But when they saw the Darling of the Fates,
They rent the air with loud repeated shouts;
The mother show'd him to her infant son,
And taught his lisping tongue to name Arsaces:
E'en aged sires, whose sounds are scarcely heard,
By feeble strength supported, toss their caps,
And gave their murmur to the general voice.
Gotarzes. The spacious streets, which lead up to the temple,
Are strew'd with flow'rs; each, with frantic joy,
His garland forms, and throws it in the way.
What pleasure, Phraates, must swell his bosom,
To see the prostrate nation all around him,
And know he's made them happy! to hear them
Tense the gods, to shower their blessings on him!
Happy Arsaces! fain I'd imitate
Thy matchless worth, and be a shining joy!

The following lines are happily expressed:—

Vardanes. Heav'ns! what a night is this!
Lysias. 'Tis filled with terror.
Vardanes. Terror indeed! it seems as sick'ning Nature
Had given her order up to gen'ral ruin;
The heavens appear as one continu'd flame,
Earth with her terror shakes, dim night retires,
And the red lightning gives a dreadful day,
While in the thunder's voice each sound is lost;
Fear sinks the panting heart in ev'ry bosom,
E'en the pale dead, affrighted at the horror,
As though unsafe, start from their marble goals,
And howling through the streets are seeking shelter.

Fain would I cast this tiresome being off,
Like an old garment worn to wretchedness.

How sweet the eloquence of dying men!
Hence poets feigned the music of the Swan,
When death upon her lays his icy hand,
She melts away in melancholy strains.

With a license to be matched nowhere out of Thomas Heywood and a few other early English dramatists, he has introduced, amidst his Persian scenes, a song to *Phillis*.

Among his miscellanies is what may be called a patriotic version of the first Psalm. Its opening stanza is—

Blest is the man who never lent
To bold, designing men his ear,
Who, on his country's good intent,
From bribing offices is clear.

He also wrote *A Pastoral to the Memory of General Wolfe*, and an ambitious poem on Victory, which contains some forcible imagery.

POESY.—FROM THE COURT OF FANCY.

Sweet Poesy was seen their steps behind,
With golden tresses sporting in the wind;
In careless plaits did her bright garments flow,
And nodding laurels wav'd around her brow;
Sweetly she struck the string, and sweetly sung.
The attentive tribe on the soft accents hung.
'Tis her's to sing who great in arms excel,
Who bravely conquer'd or who glorious fell;
Heroes in verse still gain a deathless name,
And ceaseless ages their renown proclaim.
Oft to philosophy she lends her aid,
And treads the sage's solitary shade;
Her great first task is nobly to inspire
Th' immortal soul with virtue's sacred fire.

SONG.

Young Thyrsis with sighs often tells me his tale,
And artfully strives o'er my heart to prevail,
He sings me love-songs as we trace through the grove,
And on each fair poplar hangs sonnets of love.
Though I often smile on him to soften his pain,
(For wit I would have to embellish my train,)
I still put him off, for I have him so fast,
I know he with joy will accept me at last.

Among the gay tribe that still flatter my pride,
There's *Cloddy* is handsome, and wealthy beside;
With such a gay partner more joys I can prove
Than to live in a cottage with Thyrsis on love.
Though the shepherd is gentle, yet blame me who can,
Since wealth and not manners, 'tis now makes the man.
But should I fail here, and my hopes be all past,
Fond Thyrsis, I know, will accept me at last.

Thus Delia enliven'd the grove with her strain,
When Thyrsis the shepherd came over the plain;
Bright Chloris he led, whom he'd just made his bride,
Joy shone in their eyes, as they walk'd side by side;
She scorn'd each low cunning, nor wish'd to deceive,
But all her delight was sweet pleasure to give.
In wedlock she chose to tie the swain fast,
For shepherds will change if put off to the last.

A DITHYRAMBIC ON WINE.

I.

Come! let Mirth our hours employ,
The jolly God inspires;
The rosy juice our bosom fires,
And tunes our souls to joy.
See, great Bacchus now descending,
Gay, with blushing honours crown'd;
Sprightly Mirth and Love attending,
Around him wait,
In smiling state—
Let Echo resound
Let Echo resound
The joyful news all around.

II.

Fond Mortals come, if love perplex,
In wine relief you'll find;
Who'd whine for woman's giddy sex
More fickle than the wind?
If beauty's bloom thy fancy warms,
Here see her shine,
Cloth'd in superior charms;
More lovely than the blushing morn,
When first the op'ning day
Bedecks the thorn,
And makes the meadows gay.
Here see her in her crystal shrine;
See and adore; confess her all divine,
The Queen of Love and Joy
Heed not thy Chloe's scorn—

This sparkling glass,
With winning grace,
Shall ever meet thy fond embrace,
And never, never, never cloy,
No never, never cloy.

III.

Here, Poet, see, Castalia's spring—
Come, give me a bumper, I'll mount to the skies,
Another, another—'Tis done! I arise;
On fancy's wing,
I mount, I sing,
And now, sublime,
Parnassus' lofty top I climb—
But hark! what sounds are these I hear,
Soft as the dream of her in love,
Or zephyrs whisp'ring thro' the grove!
And now, more solemn far than fun'ral woe,
The heavy numbers flow!
And now again,
The varied strain,
Grown louder and bolder, strikes quick on the ear,
And thrills through every vein.

IV.

'Tis Pindar's song!
His softer notes the fanning gales
Waft across the spicy vales,
While, thro' the air,
Loud whirlwinds bear
The harsher notes along.
Inspir'd by wine,
He leaves the lazy crowd below,
Who never dar'd to peep abroad,
And, mounting to his native sky,
For ever there shall shine.
No more I'll plod
The beaten road;
Like him inspir'd, like him I'll mount on high;
Like his my strain shall flow.

V.

Haste, ye mortals! leave your sorrow;
Let pleasure crown to-day—to-morrow
Yield to fate.
Join the universal chorus,
Bacchus reigns
Ever great;
Bacchus reigns
Ever glorious—
Hark! the joyful groves rebound,
Sporting breezes catch the sound,
And tell to hill and dale around—
"Bacchus reigns"—
While far away,
The busy echoes die away.—*

THOMAS PAINE.

THE literary merits of Paine, associated with his services to the American cause during the Revolution, well entitle him to a place in this collection. The grossness of his pen in his attacks on the Christian religion, and the miserable last years of his life as painted by no friendly biographer, have thrown into the shade both his patriotism and the merits of his style, in those days when he came to America, and in clear trumpet tones sounded the notes of resistance to oppression, and faith in the success of the armies of Washington. In this mixed world of good and evil, we must learn to separate virtues and vices, and "pick our good from out much ill."

T. Paine

Thomas Paine was born of Quaker parentage, the son of a stay-maker, at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, England, January 29, 1736. He received a grammar-school education in his native town, and early developed a taste for poetry, which his parents discouraged, confining him at the age of thirteen, for the next five years, to his father's uninteresting and laborious calling. In his twentieth year, young Paine went to London, where he worked at his trade, relieving its monotony by a cruise in a privateer. In 1758 he is stay-maker again at Dover, and in 1759, in the same occupation at Sandwich, where he married the daughter of an exciseman, who died the following year. The occupation of his father-in-law opened a new prospect for him, and he abandoned his trade for an office in the excise, which he attained after some preliminary training in his home at Thetford, at the age of twenty-five. His business of exciseman was varied by employment as teacher in two London academies, a position which enabled him to acquire some philosophical knowledge from the lectures delivered in the metropolis. In 1768 he became established at Lewes, in Sussex, as exciseman, where he married the daughter of a grocer and tobacconist recently deceased, to whose trade he succeeded. He belonged to a club of the place, where he maintained his stiff Whig opinions with pertinacity and elegance of expression. He wrote at Lewes his ode *on the Death of General Wolfe*, which was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

His business as a grocer seems to have led him into some unwarrantable smuggling practices, for which he was dismissed the service in 1774, when he went to London as an adventurer, having previously parted with his wife by mutual

* As our Poet appears so warm on his subject it may not be amiss to remark here, that *he never drank any wine*, and that his *bumpers* are all *ideal*, which may serve, perhaps, as a refutation of that noted adage, that *a water drinker can never be a good Dithyrambic Poet.*

agreement. He was fortunate in procuring a letter to Benjamin Franklin from a commissioner of the excise, who had been impressed with the ability with which Paine had urged an increase of salary for the officers of that body, in a pamphlet which he had drawn up in their behalf. Franklin advised him to go to America, whither he set off immediately, reaching Philadelphia in the beginning of the year 1775, on the eve of the actual outbreak of the Revolution. He was at once employed by Aitken,* a bookseller of that city, with a salary of £25 currency a year, as editor of the *Pennsylvanian Magazine*, for which he wrote the introduction, a felicitous sentence of which has been noticed by his biographers. Alluding to the season, January, and the quite as chilling nature of such enterprises in those times, he says: "Thus encompassed with difficulties, this first number of the Pennsylvanian Magazine entreats a favorable reception; of which we shall only say, that like the early snowdrop it comes forth in a barren season, and contents itself with foretelling the reader that choicer flowers are preparing to appear." Dr. Rush, who was attracted by his clever conduct of the Magazine,† formed his acquaintance in Aitken's bookstore, and suggested to him the preparation of a popular book to meet the objections to separation from the mother country. This was the origin of the famous pamphlet *Common Sense*.‡ Paine thought of calling it "Plain Truth," when Rush suggested the title which it bears.

Its influence upon the American cause was very great. Rush says it was published "with an effect which has been rarely produced by types and paper in any age or country." "I think this pamphlet," says Ashbel Green, of Princeton, in his autobiography, "had a greater run than any other ever published in our country. It was printed anonymously, and it was a considerable time before its author was known or suspected. In the meantime large editions were frequently issued; and in newspapers, at taverns, and at almost every place of public resort, it was advertised, and very generally in these words: 'Common Sense, for eighteen-pence.' I lately looked into a copy of this pamphlet, and was ready to wonder at its popularity, and the effect it produced when originally published. But the truth is, it struck a string which required but a touch to make it vibrate. The country was ripe for independence, and only needed somebody to tell the people so, with decision, boldness, and plausibility. Paine did this recklessly, having nothing to do whether his suggestions were received favorably or unfavorably, while wiser and better men than he were yet maturing their minds by reflection, and looking well to every step which they took or advised. Paine's talent, and he certainly possessed it eminently, was, to make a taking and striking appeal to popular feelings, when he saw it tending towards a point to which he wished to push it, whether for good or for evil."*

"I sent you from New York," writes John Adams to his wife, Philadelphia, February 18, 1776, "a pamphlet intituled Common Sense, written in vindication of doctrines which there is reason to expect that the further encroachments of tyranny and depredations of oppression will soon make the common faith; unless the cunning ministry, by proposing negotiations and terms of reconciliation, should divert the present current from its channel."†

No copyright was taken out; it was printed to the number of a hundred thousand, and its author, in the midst of success, was in debt to his printer for the work.

Paine's subsequent pretensions to priority in his Common Sense in setting the ball of revolution in motion were simply absurd. He arrived a foreigner under difficulties, a few months before the battle of Lexington. John Adams, in a letter to Rush, May 1, 1807.‡ seriously notices these vaporings. The fact is that Paine, admitting his merits to the full, was a humble though useful servant of the cause, never its master.

The University of Pennsylvania made him Master of Arts, and the legislature voted him the substantial honor of five hundred pounds. In 1776 he served as a volunteer in the army, and was with Washington in his retreat before Howe to the Delaware. To arouse the spirit of the people and soldiery he commenced the publication of the series of patriotic tracts, *The Crisis*, the first number of which appeared December 19, 1776, and the last on the attainment of peace, April 19, 1783. There were eighteen numbers in all. Number one is now before us, as it may have been read to the corporal's guard in the camp—eight small octavo pages, in neat pica, and on very dingy paper. Its first stirring sentence is still familiar as a proverb:—"These are the times that try men's souls: the summer soldier

* Robert Aitken was a Scotchman who came to Philadelphia in 1769, and was a bookseller and printer. In the Revolution he sided with the American interest, and narrowly escaped a residence in the prison ships of New York. He published the Pennsylvania Magazine, or American Monthly Museum, from Jan. 1775, to June 1776. It had Francis Hopkinson and Witherspoon for contributors. Aitken died in 1802, at the age of sixty-eight.—Thomas's Hist. of Printing, ii. 76.

† The ode on Wolfe and some spirited Reflections on Lord Clive, from his pen, printed in the Magazine, were noticeable articles for the time.

‡ The original edition of "Common Sense" was published in Philadelphia by Robert Bell, with whom it is said that Paine was then employed as a clerk.—Notes on the Provincial Hist. of Penn. by T. J. Wharton. Penn. Hist. Soc. Memoirs, 1825, p. 151, where some amusing details are given of Bell. He was a Scotsman, who came to Philadelphia in 1768. He had been a partner as a bookseller in Dublin with the facetious George Alexander Stevens. He was first an auctioneer, and afterwards a bookseller in Philadelphia, where he published Blackstone's Commentaries by subscription in 1772, "a stupendous enterprise for the time." The Revolution broke up his business, and he turned auctioneer again and peddler, dying at Richmond, in Virginia, in 1784. He headed his auction announcements, "Jewels and diamonds to be sold or sacrificed by Robert Bell, humble provedore to the sentimentalists," and sought subscribers to Blackstone with the invitation, "International encouragers who wish for a participation of this sentimental banquet, are requested to send their names to Robert Bell."

* Life of Ashbel Green, 46. The following lines appear in Carey's American Museum, i. 167:—

American Independence.

When pregnant Nature strove relief to gain,
Her nurse was Washington, her midwife Paine:
The infant, Independence, scarce began
To be, ere he had ripen'd into man.
France his godfather, Britain was his rod,
Congress his guardian, and his father God.

† John Adams, in his diary of 1779, tells us that on his arrival in France in that year, he was greeted as the famous Adams on the strength of the authorship of this pamphlet, which was translated into French, having been ascribed to him.—Works, iii. 108.

‡ Works, ix. 591.

and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman." The rest was as good; sarcasm for the enemy, eulogy for Washington, and a picturesque account of the camp scenes in which he had been engaged. After this, as Cheetham remarks: "Paine's pen was an appendage almost as necessary to the army of independence, and as formidable, as its cannon;" and he attributes "much of the brilliant little affair" which in the same month followed at Trenton, to the confidence inspired by this first number. Paine wrote a second on that victory; a third at Philadelphia in April, 1777, in which month he was elected by Congress Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, a post which he held till 1779, when he was dismissed from the office for a violation of confidence in publishing a delicate statement affecting the loan or gift from France in opposition to the claim of the negotiator, Silas Deane. The remaining numbers of the Crisis were occupied, as occasion arose, with war or finance, the encouragement of the army at home, and witty disparagement of the enemy in America and in Parliament. General Sir William Howe and Lord North were particular objects of his invective. Of the honors paid to the former, he says: "There are knights of various orders, from the knight of the windmill to the knight of the post," and proposes as a final substitute for the Egyptian method of embalming the more frugal American plan: "In a balmage, sir, of humble tar, you will be as secure as Pharaoh, and in a hieroglyphic of feathers rival in finery all the mummies of Egypt."

In 1780, Paine was appointed clerk to the Assembly in Pennsylvania. In 1781, he accompanied Col. Laurens in his mission to France, to obtain a loan. They set out in February, and returned in August with two millions and a half of specie. In 1782, he had published at Philadelphia his *Letter to the Abbé Raynal;* a neat production, correcting erroneous statements touching the Revolution, in which he shows his own skill in rhetoric at the expense of the foreign writer.

Paine's services during the war time were properly acknowledged by the government. When Washington was about resigning his commission to Congress, and was at Rocky Hill in the neighborhood of Princeton, he sent a letter to Paine at Bordentown, acknowledging his services, offering to impress them upon Congress, and inviting him to his table. In 1785, Congress discharged the obligation by a grant of three thousand dollars; Pennsylvania presented him five hundred pounds, and New York conferred upon him a handsome estate at New Rochelle, confiscated from a Royalist, which embraced three hundred acres of land.

In 1787, Paine returned to Europe, carrying with him the model of an iron bridge, which he made some stir with in England. Finding his mother in want, he settled upon her a stated payment for her support. When Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution appeared, he published his reply, the *Rights of Man*, the first part in 1791; the second in 1792. It has been generally acknowledged to be a work of ability. Many of its points of attack upon the British constitution are strongly taken, and held with success. Its views of hereditary Kingcraft and of Democratic representations, have passed, in this country at least, into truisms. One passage is very felicitous in expression, where he is picturing in terms equal to the language of the great writer whom he is answering, that orator's oversight of the victims of despotism in his poetical commiseration for the fate of its royal perpetrators. "Not one glance of compassion, not one commiserating reflection, that I can find throughout his book, has he bestowed on those who lingered out the most wretched of lives, a life without hope, in the most miserable of prisons. It is painful to behold a man employing his talents to corrupt himself. Nature has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not affected by the reality of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird. Accustomed to kiss the aristocratical hand that hath purloined him from himself, he degenerates into a composition of art, and the genuine soul of nature forsakes him. His hero, or his heroine, must be a tragedy victim expiring in show, and not the real prisoner of misery sliding into death in the silence of a dungeon."

A state prosecution was on foot against him when a French deputation called him to France, to sit in Convention for the department of Calais. His reception on his arrival there in 1792 was sufficiently gratifying to his vanity. In the Convention, though he voted for the trial of the king, he endeavored to preserve his life by a speech, in which he recommended banishment to America. "Let," said he, "the United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn, from the constant aspect of public prosperity, that the true system of government consists in fair equal, and honorable representation." He was engaged in Constitution-making with Condorcet. He attracted the ill will of the extreme party, and was arrested and sent to prison by Robespierre, on the plea of being a foreigner, by the same vote which consigned famous Anacharsis Clootz to a dungeon and the guillotine. Paine escaped the latter fate by an accident. He was imprisoned (he writes in one of his letters) on a corridor of the Luxembourg, the door of his room opening outwards. While in this position it was marked by the officers for its supply of victims. When they came round the door was shut and the mark on the inside; so Paine was not guillotined; and the tyrant falling shortly after, Monroe, the American ambassador, reclaimed him and took him to his house. His imprisonment lasted eleven months, from Dec. 1793 to Nov. 1794. A first part of his infidel work, *The Age of Reason*, was published while Paine was in prison. The second part appeared in 1796.

In the same year with the completion of this wretched publication, Paine sent forth in Paris his Letter to George Washington, whom he charged with neglecting to use the influence of government for his release as an American citizen, and not content with this disonssion, depreciated for the lack of qualities which he had expressly attributed to him in his American publications.*

* Paine gave vent to his feelings in the following epigram-

He had now by these writings made enemies of every friend of religion and his country (for patriotism was identical with respect for Washington), and when he returned to America in 1802, it was to fall rapidly in public estimation, with the additional incumbrance of the personal neglect and vices of intemperance and avarice into which he fell in his old age. That the former had anticipated his return to America is proved by the Paris correspondence of Gouverneur Morris, who writes of him June 25, 1793, as "a little more drunk than usual," and the following year, March 6, "in the best of times he had a larger share of every other sense than of common sense, and lately the intemperate use of ardent spirit has, I am told, considerably impaired the small stock which he originally possessed."

He visited Jefferson at Washington, who, remembering his early position, had agreed to his request to bring him home in a national vessel; but the most ardent political reminiscences could not compensate for Paine's personal habits, and the popular contempt into which he had fallen. His friend and biographer Rickman takes Barlow to task for omitting any mention of him among the heroes of the American war in the Columbiad, and proposes to give him a snug place between Washington and Franklin in the fifth book of that poem. His last days at New Rochelle and New York have been ruthlessly brought to the gaze of the world by his American biographer, Cheetham, who sometimes forgets the decencies due even to drunkenness, and always to old age.* Paine's vanity was wounded by the neglect into which he had fallen; his early habits of neatness, when he was painted by Romney, and "looked altogether like a gentleman of the old French school," could not be detected in the filth into which he had fallen. His intemperance was notorious. His treatment of Madame Bonneville, whom he had induced to follow him from Paris, not without scandal, was cruel. He was arraigned in court for a petty debt, and exposed by his servants: one of whom is said to have attempted his life in revenge for his ill treatment. Jarvis, the painter, tolerated his presence in his bachelor's quarters, and has left us a melancholy memorial of his appearance in the plaster bust which is preserved in the rooms of the New York Historical Society. While the artist was at work upon it, he exclaimed, "I shall secure him to a nicety, if I am so fortunate as to get plaster enough for his carbuncled nose."* He would lodge at different places about town as opportunity served, his habits rendering frequent changes of lodging inevitable. One of his tenements, in not the most agreeable locality, he shared with a show of wild beasts. Death approaching, he desired, in recollection of his Quaker parentage, to be interred in the cemetery of that body, but this consolation was refused him,—a circumstance which is said to have affected him deeply. In his closing days he was visited by clergymen and others to convert him from his irreligion or testify to his infidelity. He died quietly in New York, June 8, 1809. His remains were taken to New Rochelle where he was interred on his farm, with an inscription on a stone, "Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense." In 1819, ten years afterwards, when Cobbett wished to create a sensation, he absurdly rifled the grave of the bones, which he carried to England.

The merit of Paine's style as a prose writer is very great. He had the art of saying a familiar thing in a familiar way, and at the same time imparting to it great spirit and freshness. He could sometimes introduce an apposite story almost as well as Franklin. His wit was ready, and generally pungent enough. After his return to America in 1802, he writes, "Some of John Adams' loyal subjects, I see, have been to present him with an address on his birth-day; but the language they use is too tame for the occasion. Birth-day addresses, like birth-day odes, should not creep along like drops of dew down a cabbage leaf, but roll in a torrent of poetical metaphor."† To Franklin's saying, "Where liberty is, there is my country," his retort was, "Where liberty is not, there is my country." A minister of a new sect came to him to explain the Scriptures, asserting that the key had been lost these four thousand years, and they had found it. "It must have been very rusty, then," was his reply. Some of his sentences are felicitous as Sheridan's for neatness and point. Thus in his letter to the Earl of Shelburne, of the loss of reputation: "There are cases in which it is as impossible to restore character to life, as it is to recover the dead. It is a phœnix that can expire but once, and from whose ashes there is no resurrection;" and to the same nobleman on obedience to outlandish authority: "For a thousand reasons England would be the last country to yield it to. She has been treacherous, and we know it. Her character is gone, and we have seen the funeral." To the Abbé Raynal he says, holding Britain to account for keeping the world in disturbance and war: "Is life so very long that it is necessary, nay even a duty, to shake the sand and hasten out the period of duration?" "Science," he says, "the partisan of no country, but the benevolent patroness of all, has liberally opened a temple where all may meet. The philosopher of one country sees not an enemy in the philosopher of another: he takes his seat in the

matic direction to the sculptor who should make the statue of Washington:

> Take from the mine the coldest, hardest stone,
> It needs no fashion, it is Washington;
> But if you chisel, let your strokes be rude,
> And on his breast engrave INGRATITUDE.

* Cheetham's revised private copy of the Life of Paine is in the New York Historical Society; the corrections in his own handwriting and intended for a second edition. In the preliminary address to Clinton, the strong animadversions on the despotism of Jefferson's democracy, and his fears of the duration of the Republic, are omitted. The style is generally improved by slight verbal alterations. In the description of his first interview with Paine in the Preface, the comparison of the philosopher's nose to Bardolph's, as described by Falstaff, is stricken out. Cheetham was an English radical from Manchester, who edited in New York the *American Citizen*, holding a trenchant pen for a newspaper. At first he was the friend of Paine. Paine has had numerous biographers, including Francis Oldys, a fictitious name on a partisan pamphlet, written by the refugee loyalist, the author of the Political Annals, George Chalmers. Paine's name is spelt Pain throughout this production. There is a volume of Memoirs by W. T. Sherwin, London, 1819; by Thomas Clio Rickman, of the same date; and a later volume by G. Vale, New York, 1841.

* Francis's Reminiscences of Printers, Authors, &c. There was an old couplet sung by the boys in the streets:—

> Tom Paine is come from far, from far,
> His nose is like a blazing star!

† Second Letter to the Citizens of the U. S. Nov. 19, 1803, in the Nat. Intell.

temple of science, and asks not who sits beside him." Literature, he calls "the tongue of the world." "War," he says in the Rights of Man, "is the Pharo table of governments, and nations the dupes of the game." It was this word and a blow, this powerful expression in ordinary symbols, which gained Paine the ear of the public during the Revolutionary war. His phrases put American resistance in an incontrovertible form.

Paine's slight claims as a poet depend upon a few showy pieces, more remarkable for their collocation of fine words than just thought or expression. He had fancy, but wanted poetic feeling.

In another light the study of Paine's character may be of importance to the world, in showing that a certain degree of really tact and ability, and a certain amount of benevolence, may consist with the utter absence of the higher philosophical and moral qualities. Paine had a great deal of wit and sagacity, but their exercise was confined to a narrow field. When he undertook his attack upon the Christian religion, it was without the learning, the thought, or the feeling requisite for its study. It is much to ask us to believe that he was sustained by any better motive than vanity. Notwithstanding his experience of the French Revolution in the cell of the Luxembourg, he could not relinquish the egotism and self-sufficiency productive of the excesses which had placed him there. Suffering from lawlessness, he was vain and empty enough to seek to inflict that curse upon the world in its most important relations. The *Age of Reason* is justly treated with contempt, but it points a most significant moral of the worthlessness of the shallow powers of the understanding divorced from the control of the higher faculties of the soul. "It must soon sink into infamy," said William Linn, from the pulpit, who had commended Paine's political writings in the same place, and "carry his own name along with it. There is nothing new in the performance, save the bold and indecent manner. Indeed it is provoking to see the Christian religion, after having withstood the roarings of the lion, insulted by the brayings of the ass."* The prophecy has been verified, and under the odium into which he cast himself few readers of the present day are familiar with the brilliant qualities which once excited our forefathers.

ODE, ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

In a mouldering cave where the wretched retreat,
  Britannia sat wasted with care;
She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaim'd against fate,
  And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptured around
  With the feats of her favorite son;
And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
  Was engraved with the deeds he had done.

The sire of the Gods from his crystalline throne
  Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And moved with her tears he sent Mercury down,
  And these were the tidings that came.

Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear
  For thy Wolfe so deservedly loved,
Your tears shall be changed into triumphs of joy,
  For thy Wolfe is not dead but removed.

The sons of the East, the proud giants of old,
  Have crept from their darksome abodes,
And this is the news as in heaven it was told,
  They were marching to war with the Gods;
A council was held in the chambers of Jove,
  And this was their final decree,
That Wolfe should be called to the armies above,
  And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
  He begg'd for a moment's delay;
He cry'd, Oh! forbear, let me victory hear,
  And then thy command I'll obey.
With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his eyes,
  And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore,
  Should induce him again to return.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LORD CLIVE.

Ah! the tale is told—the scene is ended—and the curtain falls. As an emblem of the vanity of all earthly pomp, let his monument be a globe, but, be that globe a bubble; let his effigy be a man walking round it in his sleep; and let Fame, in the character of a shadow, inscribe his honors on the air.

I view him but as yesterday on the burning plains of Plassey, doubtful of life, health, or victory. I see him in the instant when "To be, or not to be," were equal chances to a human eye. To be a lord or a slave, to return loaded with the spoils, or remain mingled with the dust of India. Did necessity always justify the severity of a conqueror, the rude tongue of censure would be silent, and however painfully he might look back on scenes of horror, the pensive reflection would not alarm him. Though his feelings suffered, his conscience would be acquitted. The sad remembrance would move serenely, and leave the mind without a wound. But, oh, India! thou loud proclaimer of European cruelties, thou bloody monument of unnecessary deaths, be tender in the day of enquiry, and shew a Christian world thou canst suffer and forgive.

Departed from India, and loaded with the plunder, I see him doubling the Cape and looking wistfully to Europe. I see him contemplating on years of pleasure, and gratifying his ambition with expected honours. I see his arrival pompously announced in every newspaper, his eager eye rambling through the crowd in quest of homage, and his ear listening lest an applause should escape him. Happily for him he arrived before his fame, and the short interval was a time of rest. From the crowd I follow him to the court, I see him enveloped in the sunshine of popular favour, rivalling the great in honours, the proud in splendour, and the rich in wealth. From the court I trace him to the country, his equipage moves like a camp; every village bell proclaims his coming; the wandering peasants admire his pomp, and his heart runs over with joy.

But, alas! not satisfied with uncountable thousands, I accompany him again to India. I mark the variety of countenances which appear at his landing. Confusion spreads the news. Every passion seems alarmed. The wailing widow, the crying orphan, and the childless parent remember and lament; the rival nabobs court his favour; the rich dread his power and the poor his severity. Fear and terror march like pioneers before his camp, murder and rapine accompany it, famine and wretchedness follow in the rear.

* Linn's Discourse, Fall of Antichrist. Series "Signs of the Times." 1794. An Epigrammatist wrote:

Here lies Tom Paine, who wrote in liberty's defence,
But in his "Age of Reason" lost his "Common Sense."

Resolved on accumulating an unbounded fortune, he enters into all the schemes of war, treaty, and intrigue. The British sword is set up for sale; the heads of contending nabobs are offered at a price, and the bribe taken from both sides. Thousands of men or money are trifles in an Indian bargain. The field is an empire, and the treasure almost without end. The wretched inhabitants are glad to compound for offences never committed, and to purchase at any rate the privilege to breathe, while he, the sole lord of their lives and fortunes, disposes of either as he pleases, and prepares for Europe.

Uncommon fortunes require an uncommon date of life to enjoy them in. The usual period is spent in preparing to live: and unless nature prolongs the time, fortune bestows her excess of favours in vain.

The conqueror of the East having nothing more to expect from the one, has all his court to make to the other. Anxiety for wealth gives place to anxiety for life; and wisely recollecting that the sea is no respecter of persons, resolves on taking his route to Europe by land. Little beings move unseen, or unobserved, but he engrosses whole kingdoms in his march, and is gazed at like a comet. The burning desert, the pathless mountains, and the fertile valleys, are in their turns explored and passed over. No material accident distresses his progress, and England once more receives the spoiler.

How sweet is rest to the weary traveller; the retrospect heightens the enjoyment; and if the future prospect be serene, the days of ease and happiness are arrived. An uninquiring observer might have been inclined to consider Lord Clive, under all these agreeable circumstances: one, whose every care was over, and who had nothing to do but to sit down and say, *soul, take thine ease, thou hast goods laid up in store for many years.*

The reception which he met with on his second arrival was in every instance equal, and in many, it exceeded, the honours of the first. 'Tis the peculiar temper of the English to applaud before they think. Generous of their praise, they frequently bestow it unworthily; but when once the truth arrives, the torrent stops, and rushes back again with the same violence. Scarcely had the echo of applause ceased upon the ear, than the rude tongue of censure took up the tale. The newspapers, fatal enemies to ill-gotten wealth, began to buzz a general suspicion of his conduct, and the inquisitive public soon refined it into particulars. Every post gave a stab to fame—a wound to his peace, and a nail to his coffin. Like spectres from the grave they haunted him in every company, and whispered murder in his ear. A life chequered with uncommon varieties is seldom a long one. Action and care will, in time, wear down the strongest frame, but guilt and melancholy are poisons of quick dispatch.

Say, cool deliberate reflection, was the prize, though abstracted from the guilt, worthy of the pains? Ah! no. Fatigued with victory, he sat down to rest, and while he was recovering breath he lost it. A conqueror more fatal than himself beset him, and revenged the injuries done to India.

As a cure for avarice and ambition, let us take a view of him in his latter years. Hah! what gloomy Being wanders yonder? How visibly is the melancholy heart delineated on his countenance. He mourns no common care—his very steps are timed to sorrow—he trembles with a kind of mental palsy. Perhaps 'tis some broken-hearted parent, some David mourning for his Absalom, or some Heraclitus weeping for the world. I hear him utter something about wealth—perhaps he is poor and hath not wherewithal to hide his head. Some debtor started from his sleepless pillow, to ruminate on poverty, and ponder on the horrors of a jail; poor man, I'll to him and relieve him. Hah! 'tis Lord Clive himself! Bless me, what a change! He makes, I see, for yonder cypress shade—fit scene for melancholy hearts! I'll watch him there, and listen to his story.

Lord Clive. Can I but suffer when a beggar pities me? Ere while I heard a ragged wretch, who every mark of poverty had on, say to a sooty sweep, "Ah, poor Lord Clive!" while he, the negro-colored vagrant, more mercifully cruel, curst me in my hearing.

There was a time when fortune, like a yielding mistress, courted me with smiles. She never waited to be told my wishes, but studied to discover them; and seemed not happy to herself, but when she had some favour to bestow. Ah, little did I think the fair enchantress would desert me thus, and after lavishing her smiles upon me, turn my reproacher, and publish me in folio to the world. Volumes of morality are dull and spiritless compared to me. Lord Clive is himself a treatise upon vanity, printed on a golden type. The most unlettered clown writes explanatory notes thereon, and reads them to his children. Yet I could bear these insults could I but bear myself. A strange unwelcome something hangs about me. In company I seem no company at all. The festive board appears to me a stage, the crimson-colored port resembles blood. Each glass is strangely metamorphosed to a man in armour, and every bowl appears a nabob. The joyous toast is like the sound of murder, and the loud laugh are groans of dying men. The scenes of India are all rehearsed, and no one sees the tragedy but myself. Ah! I discover things which are not, and hear unuttered sounds.

Oh, peace! thou sweet companion of the calm and innocent! whither art thou fled? Here, take my gold, and all the world calls mine, and come thou in exchange. Or thou, thou noisy sweep, who mix thy food with soot and relish it, who canst descend from lofty heights and walk the humble earth again, without repining at the change, come, teach that mystery to me. Or thou, thou ragged wandering beggar, who, when thou canst not beg successfully, will pilfer from the hound, and eat the dirty morsel sweetly—be thou Lord Clive, and I will beg, so I may laugh like thee.

Could I unlearn what I've already learned—unact what I've already acted—or would some sacred power convey me back to youth and innocence, I'd act another part—I'd keep within the vale of humble life, nor wish for what the world calls pomp.

> ——But since this cannot be,
> And only a few days and sad remain for me,
> *I'll haste to quit the scene; for what is life
> When ev'ry passion of the soul's at strife.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.—NUMBER ONE.

These are the times that try men's souls: The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly:—'Tis dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be

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* Some time before his death, he became very melancholy—subject to strange imaginations—and was found dead at last.—*Author's Note.*

highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared, that she has a right (*not only to* TAX, but) "*to* BIND ME *in* ALL CASES WHATSOEVER," and if being *bound in that manner* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to GOD.

Whether the Independence of the Continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves.* But no great deal is lost yet; all that Howe has been doing for this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jersies a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that GOD Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who had so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose, that HE has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: A common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that Heaven might inspire some Jersey Maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow-sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows thro' them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain for ever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a dignified Tory has lately shewn his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances, which those, who lived at a distance, know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being on a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on the defence. Our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores, had been removed upon the apprehension that Howe would endeavour to penetrate the Jersies, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer, than the enemy directs his force against the particular object, which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information, that the enemy with 200 boats had landed about seven or eight miles above: Major-General Green, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to his Excellency General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not chuse to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the waggons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and to march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We staid four days at Newark, collected in our out-posts, with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy on information of their being advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship, in not throwing a body of forces off from Staatan Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania: But, if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential controul.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and a martial spirit. All their wishes were one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked, that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that GOD hath blest him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs; and shall begin

* "The present winter" (meaning the last) "is worth an age, if rightly employed, but if lost, or neglected, the whole Continent will partake of the evil; and there is no punishment that man does not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful."—*Author's Note.*

with asking the following question, Why is it that the enemy hath left the New England provinces, and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New England is not infested with Tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to shew them their danger, but it will not do to sacrifice a world to either their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived, in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a Tory? Good God! what is he? I should not be afraid to go with a hundred Whigs against a thousand Tories, were they to attempt to get into arms. Every Tory is a coward, for a servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of Toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together: Your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms, and flock to his standard with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him, unless you support him personally; for 'tis soldiers, and not Tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the Tories: A noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as most I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "*Well! give me peace in my day.*" Not a man lives on the Continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent would have said, "*If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace;*" and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man may easily distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the Continent must in the end be conqueror; for, though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal never can expire.

America did not, nor does not, want force; but she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at first setting off. From an excess of tenderness, we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defence of a well meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to set bounds to the progress of the enemy, and thank God! they are again assembling. I always considered a militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city; should he fail on this side the Delaware, he is ruined; if he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against a part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be, that armies from both ends of the Continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the middle States: for he cannot go every where, it is impossible. I consider Howe as the greatest enemy the Tories have; he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish, with all the devotion of a Christian, that the names of Whig and Tory may never more be mentioned; but should the Tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the Continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two years' war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge, call it rather the soft resentment of a suffering people, who, having no object in view but the GOOD OF ALL, have staked their OWN ALL upon a seemingly doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness; eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardour of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out: I call not upon a few, but upon all; not on THIS State or THAT State, but on EVERY State, up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel, better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not, that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burthen of the day upon Providence, but, "*shew your faith by your works,*" that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, shall suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now, is dead: The blood of his children shall curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made *them* happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as strait and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief break into my house, burn and destroy my property, and kill or threaten to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "*bind me in all cases whatsoever,*" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it, is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman? whether it is done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case, and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel and welcome, I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing allegiance to one, whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being, who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him,

and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons too who see not the full extent of the evil that threatens them; they solace themselves with hopes that the enemy, if they succeed, will be merciful. It is the madness of folly to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice; and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war: The cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf; and we ought to guard equally against both. Howe's first object is partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms, and receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the Tories call making their peace; "*a peace which passeth all understanding*," *indeed!* A peace which would be the immediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon those things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are all armed: This perhaps is what some Tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties, who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one State to give up its arms, THAT State must be garrisoned by all Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is a principal link in the chain of mutual love, and woe be to that State that breaks the compact. Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction, and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the vapours of imagination; I bring reason to your ears; and in language, as plain as A, B, C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear, I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle, and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us, that, with an handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms thro' the country, the Jerseys had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the Continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and cloathed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils—a ravaged country—a depopulated city—habitations without safety, and slavery without hope—our homes turned into barracks and bawdy-houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it!—and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

Philadelphia, December 19, 1776.

LIBERTY TREE,

A Song, written early in the American Revolution.

TUNE—"Gods of the Greeks."

In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The GODDESS of LIBERTY came,
Ten thousand celestials directed her way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named LIBERTY TREE.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourish'd and bore:
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was LIBERTY TREE.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate,
Unvexed with the troubles of silver or gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea:
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honour of LIBERTY TREE.

But hear, O ye swains ('tis a tale most profane),
How all the tyrannical powers,
King, commons, and lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours.
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
Thro' the land let the sound of it flee:
Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
In defence of our LIBERTY TREE.

FROM THE CASTLE IN THE AIR TO THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.*

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My CASTLE of FANCY was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange-tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks, for the Gods and their Loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and roll'd,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay;
And when I look'd out in the morning, behold
My CASTLE was carried away.

* Mr. Paine, while in prison at Paris, corresponded with a lady under the signature of "The Castle in the Air," while she addressed her letters from "The Little Corner of the World." For reasons which he knew not, their intercourse was suddenly suspended, and for some time he believed his fair friend to be in obscurity and distress. Many years afterwards, however, he met her unexpectedly at Paris, in affluent circumstances, and married to Sir Robert Smith. The following is a copy of one of these poetical effusions.—*Note by Thos. Clio Rickman.*

It past over rivers, and vallies, and groves,
The world it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That NATURE in silence had made;
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gazed, and I envied with painful goodwill,
And grew tired of my seat in the air;
When all of a sudden my CASTLE stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down.
And placed me exactly in view,
When who should I meet, in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness, but you.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
I felt no more sorrow, nor pain;
But the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my CASTLE again.

ETHAN ALLEN.

ETHAN ALLEN, the hero of Vermont, was as proud of his literature as of his personal vigor and generalship. Indeed, no small part of the former was put into his writings. He wrote as he acted, a word and a blow. For a certain quick intense conception of things, the uninstructed *physique* of the mind, his narrative of his captivity is a model, like his own figure, of rude, burly strength. It is to be regretted that he did not choose a better province for the exercise of his intellect in his main work than a low form of infidelity and vulgar attack upon the Christian religion.

Ethan Allen, the son of a farmer in Connecticut, was born at Coventry in that state, Jan. 10, 1737. He removed to Vermont about the year 1772, and became the stalwart leader of the Green Mountain Boys in their resistance to the territorial claims of New York. His brilliant surprisal of Ticonderoga, in 1775, "*in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress*," need hardly be mentioned here. It was probably the success of that adventure which led to the rash attempt upon Montreal, where he was taken prisoner; a captivity which gave rise to his authorship of a volume which contains as much of the essence of military revolutionary whigism and anti-toryism, as it is possible to convey in the same space. This work tells a sad story of the lack of gallantry and of the oppression of the British service at that time. A prisoner taken in war by the English seems to have been regarded as something between an enemy and a convict, not entitled to the honorable courtesy due to the one, and not exactly responsible to the gallows assigned for the other. The intermediate term was a rebel, and the respect for consanguinity which England should have shown in the struggle, was lost in the contempt of familiarity—as an old-fashioned father would whip his own children and reverence those of other persons. In this humor of his conquerors, Allen was taken from Montreal confined hand and feet in irons, carried on board the Gaspee schooner-of-war, taken from Quebec to Liverpool in a government vessel, suffering the accommodations of a slave ship, landed with indignity at Falmouth; was kept a prisoner and a show at Pendennis castle; removed to the Solebay frigate, which putting into Cork, the stores which tender-hearted Irish friends sent him were confiscated for the use of the vessel; was brought to the coast of America, and kept in various degrees of restraint, latterly under freedom of parole at New York, till the victory of Saratoga brought about his release in 1778. He published the narrative of his captivity in the following year.

Ethan Allen

A few sentences of this production will show the man in the author. It opens directly with the affair of Ticonderoga:—"Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty." For a vivid picture of a personal encounter at a critical moment, witness his defence of himself against an Indian before Montreal, by seizing a British officer for a shield, and holding him before him:—

> The officer I capitulated with, then directed me and my party to advance towards him, which was done; I handed him my sword, and in half a minute after, a savage, part of whose head was shaved, being almost naked and painted, with feathers intermixed with the hair of the other side of his head, came running to me with an incredible swiftness; he seemed to advance with more than mortal speed; as he approached near me, his hellish visage was beyond all description; snake's eyes appear innocent in comparison to his; his features extorted; malice, death, murder, and the wrath of devils and damned spirits are the emblems of his countenance; and in less than two feet of me, presented his firelock; at the instant of his present, I twitched the officer, to whom I gave my sword, between me and the savage; but he leaped round with great fury, trying to single me out to shoot me without killing the officer; but by this time I was nearly as nimble as he, keeping the officer in such a position that his danger was my defence; but in less than half a minute, I was attacked by just such another imp of hell: Then I made the officer fly around with incredible velocity, for a few seconds of time, when I perceived a Canadian, who had lost one eye, as appeared afterwards, taking my part against the savages; and in an instant an Irishman came to my assistance with a fixed bayonet, and drove away the fiends, swearing by

—— he would kill them. This tragic scene composed my mind. The escaping from so awful a death made even imprisonment happy; the more so as my conquerors on the field treated me with great civility and politeness.

We hardly need his assurance, that while confined on board the Gaspee schooner in irons, he was "obliged to throw out plenty of extravagant language, which answered certain purposes at that time, better than to grace a history." The nonchalant humor of the man was defiant even of death. "The cause," says he, "I was engaged in I ever viewed worthy hazarding my life for, nor was I, in the most critical moments of trouble, sorry that I engaged in it; and, as to the world of spirits, though I knew nothing of the mode and manner of it, I expected nevertheless, when I should arrive at such a world, that I should be as well treated as other gentlemen of my merit." His characters of those about him show a subtle knowledge of human nature, as this hint at a fool in authority: "I now found myself under a worse captain than Symonds, for Montague was loaded with prejudices against every body and every thing that was not stamped with royalty; and being by nature underwitted, his wrath was heavier than the others; or at least his mind was in no instance liable to be directed by good sense, humor, or bravery, of which Symonds was by turns susceptible." His account of Loring, the British commissary of prisoners in the days of prison-ships at New York, is in his strongest manner.

This Loring is a monster!—There is not his like in human shape. He exhibits a smiling countenance, seems to wear a phiz of humanity, but has been instrumentally capable of the most consummate acts of wickedness, which were first projected by an abandoned British council clothed with the authority of a Howe, murdering premeditatedly, in cold blood, near or quite two thousand helpless prisoners, and that in the most clandestine, mean, and shameful manner, at New York. He is the most mean spirited, cowardly, deceitful, and destructive animal in God's creation below, and regions of infernal devils, with all their tremendous horrors, are impatiently ready to receive Howe and him, with all their detestable accomplices, into the most exquisite agonies of the hottest region of hell fire.

Probably the British were as glad to part with a gentleman who could employ his tongue as powerfully as his sword, when he was denied the latter weapon, as Allen was to be released by Elias Boudinot, sent by Congress for the service, and fall into the open arms of General Washington, at Valley Forge, "with peculiar marks of his approbation and esteem." It is told of one of Allen's word encounters with a British officer, that the latter replied to his challenge, to produce another woman who had seven such sons as his mother—that Mary Magdalene was a case in point, who was also delivered of seven devils.

His interview with Rivington, the pleasure-loving king's printer at New York, during his parole, is characteristic of both parties. Rivington had offended him by his allusions, and Allen swore "he would lick him the very first opportunity he had." The sequel is told by Rivington himself: "I was sitting," says he, "after a good dinner, alone, with my bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street, and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and, stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormous long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally cheered him with huzzas, of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more. My heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut my window and retired behind my table and my bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning had come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and, clasping his hands, said, "Master, he has come!" "I know it." "He entered the store and asked 'if James Rivington lived there?' I answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir,' I said; and now, master, what is to be done? There he is in the store, and the boys peeping at him from the street." I had made up my mind. I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. "Show him up," said I; "and if such Madeira cannot mollify him, he must be harder than adamant." There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs, his long sword clanking at every step. In he stalked. "Is your name James Rivington?" "It is, sir, and no man could be more happy than I am to see Colonel Ethan Allen." "Sir, I have come ——" "Not another word, my dear colonel, until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira." "But, sir, I don't think it proper ——" "Not another word, colonel. Taste this wine. I have had it in glass for ten years. Old wine, you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age." He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips, and shook his head approvingly. "Sir, I come ——" "Not another word until you have taken another glass, and then, my dear colonel, we will talk of old affairs, and I have some queer events to detail." In short, we finished two bottles of Madeira, and parted as good friends as if we had never had cause to be otherwise."*

After his captivity, Allen returned to Vermont, where he was received with a hearty welcome at Bennington. He again identified himself with the history of the independence of Vermont both against England and the neighboring states, and after that was secured in 1791, lived mostly in retirement, composing his infidel work, *Reason the only Oracle of Man*,† which appeared in 1784.

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* De Puy's Ethan Allen, p. 272.

† Reason the only Oracle of Man, or a compendious system of natural religion, alternately adorned with confutations of a variety of doctrines incompatible to it; deduced from the most exalted ideas which we are able to form of the Divine and Human characters, and from the universe in general. 8vo. pp. 417. Bennington, Vt. 1784. As the greater portion of this edition was destroyed by fire in its printing office, and it has not been reprinted entire, this is now a very scarce volume. A mutilated edition appeared about 1849 in New York.

When Graydon was a prisoner in New York in 1777, after the loss of Fort Washington, he met Allen, and has left in his Memoirs a striking account of his impressions of the man. "His figure was that of a robust, large-framed man, worn down by confinement and hard fare; but he was now recovering his flesh and spirits; and a suit of blue clothes, with a gold laced hat that had been presented to him by the gentlemen of Cork, enabled him to make a very passable appearance for a rebel Colonel. He used to show a fracture in one of his teeth, occasioned by his twisting off with it, in a fit of anger, the nail which fastened the bar of his handcuffs; and which drew from one of the astonished spectators the exclamation of "Damn

Of this book, Dr. Dwight, in his Travels, has remarked that "it was the first formal publication in the United States, openly directed against the Christian religion. When it came out, I read as much of it as I could summon patience to read. Decent nonsense may possibly amuse an idle hour; but brutal nonsense can only be read as an infliction of penal justice."*

The story of Allen's second marriage, illustrating these opinions, is told by his latest biographer, De Puy, in his interesting and valuable contribution to the history of Vermont.†

"General Allen, who had at various times resided at Bennington, Arlington, and Tinmouth, at last took up his residence on the Winooski. During a session of the court at Westminster, he appeared with a magnificent pair of horses and a black driver. Chief Justice Robinson and Stephen R. Bradley, an eminent lawyer, were there, and as their breakfast was on the table, they asked Allen to join them. He replied that he had breakfasted, and while they were at the table, he would go in and see Mrs. Buchanan, a handsome widow who was at the house. He entered the sitting-room, and at once said to Mrs. Buchanan, 'Well, Fanny, if we are to be married, let us be about it.' 'Very well,' she promptly replied, 'give me time to fix up.' In a few minutes she was ready, and Judge Robinson was at once called upon by them to perform the customary ceremony. Said Allen, 'Judge, Mrs. Buchanan and I have concluded to be married; I don't care much about the ceremony, and as near as I can find out, Fanny cares as little for it as I do; but as a decent respect for the customs of society requires it of us, we are willing to have the ceremony performed.' The gentlemen present were much surprised, and Judge Robinson replied, 'General Allen, this is an important matter; have you thought seriously of it?' 'Yes, yes,' exclaimed Allen, looking at Mrs. Buchanan; 'but it don't require much thought.' Judge Robinson then rose from his seat and said, 'Join your hands together. Ethan Allen, you take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife: you promise to love and protect her according to the law of God and——' 'Stop, stop, Judge. The law of God,' said Allen, looking forth upon the fields, 'all nature is full of it. Yes, go on. My team is at the door.' As soon as the ceremony was ended, General Allen and his bride entered his carriage and drove off."

Two anecdotes of Allen show the best nature of the man. He once gave a note to a citizen of Boston, who put it in collection in Vermont. Judgment was about being taken, when Allen employed a lawyer to stay proceedings. To his surprise, he heard, from a distant part of the court-house, his lawyer deny the signature; upon which he rushed forward, and in a loud, indignant tone, confronted him: "Mr. ——, I didn't hire you to come here and lie. That is a true note. I signed it; I'll swear to it; and I'll pay it! I want no shuffling. I want time. What I employed you for, was to get this business put over to the next court; not to come here and lie and juggle about it."* This proves his honor; another instance shows his humanity. When two children, daughters of a settler, were once lost in the woods of Vermont, search was made for them by the townspeople and given up. Allen mounted a stump, made an eloquent, pathetic appeal, rallied the company for a new expedition, and the children were restored to their parents. Another anecdote is somewhat ludicrous, but energetic. While at Tinmouth, he was one day in the house of the village physician when a lady was present for the purpose of having a tooth drawn. As often as the doctor was ready, the lady's timidity baulked his operations. Allen's big nature grew restive at the sight. "Here, Doctor, take out one of my teeth." "But your teeth are all sound." "Never mind. Do as I direct you." Out came a tooth. "Now, madam," says Allen to the lady, "take courage from the example." He once threatened to apply the *argumentum ad hominem* in this novel form on a somewhat larger scale. A man had been convicted of supplying the British with provisions, and been sentenced by a jury of six to be hung. A lawyer interposed for a new trial, as twelve must constitute a legal jury. The public was disappointed at the reprieve. Allen addressed them with an oath, advising to wait for the day next appointed, promising—"You shall see somebody hung at all events; for if Redding is not then hung, I will be hung myself."†

It was not long after the time of these stories, in the full possession of his powers, at the age of fifty, he was cut off suddenly by apoplexy, at Burlington, Vermont, February 12, 1789.

A brother of Ethan Allen, Ira Allen, wrote the Natural and Political History of the State of Vermont, published in an octavo volume in 1798.

CONQUEST OF TICONDEROGA.

Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations, doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt, at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully deter-

him, can he eat iron?" * * * His style was a singular compound of local barbarisms, scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness: and though unclassic and sometimes ungrammatical, it was highly animated and forcible. In the following sentence of his narrative, though it is not perhaps strictly correct in its construction, there is to me, a flash of moral pathos not unworthy a Robertson. 'When the fleet,' says he, 'consisting of about forty-five sail, including five men-of-war, sailed from the cove (of Cork) with a fresh breeze, the appearance was beautiful, abstracted from the unjust and bloody designs they had in view.' Notwithstanding that Allen might have had something of the insubordinate, lawless frontier spirit in his composition, having been in a state of hostility with the government of New York before the war of the revolution, he appeared to me to be a man of generosity and honor; several instances of which occur in his publication, and one not equivocally came under my own observation. General Washington, speaking of him in an official letter of May the 12th, 1788, observes, with a just discrimination, that there was an original something in him which commanded admiration."—Graydon's Memoirs, 248.

* II. 406.

† Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes of '76, with a sketch of the Early History of Vermont, by Henry W. De Puy, author of "Louis Napoleon and his Times," "Kossuth," &c. Buffalo. Phinney & Co., 1853.

* Lossing's Field Book, i. 186.

† De Puy, p. 232, who vouches for the authenticity of the two last stories. He shows reason to doubt the common story of the message sent by Allen's daughter to him on her death-bed.

mined me to take part with my country. And, while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now state) of Connecticut, to raise the Green-Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga, on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green-Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear-guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner, but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:—

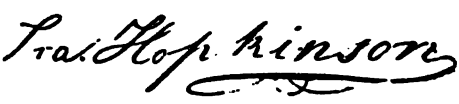
"Friends and fellow soldiers—You have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me, from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and at the head of the centre-file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me; I ran immediately towards him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him: My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept; he shewed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. De la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the Capt. came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand; when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it: I answered him, "*In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress.*" The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison: with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two serjeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the grey of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled to its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

HOPKINSON, the author of *The Pretty Story*, and the famous ballad, *The Battle of the Kegs*, was one of the prime wits of the Revolution, and may be ranked alongside of Trumbull for his efficiency in the cause. The genius of the two men may be readily distinguished. They had wit and humor in different combinations. The author of M'Fingal had more of the power, Hopkinson a larger proportion of that gentle quality which plays around the heart. The one had the advantage in verse, the other in prose. The works of both remain eminent ornaments of the literature of their country. We have had nothing better in their way since.



Francis Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia in 1738. His father, Thomas, was an Englishman, who emigrated to that city, having secured, it is said, government patronage through his marriage with the niece of the Bishop of Worcester. He assisted Franklin in his discoveries in electricity, and actively promoted the liberal improvements of the day. Upon his death his widow directed the education of the son who was sent to the College, since the University of Pennsylvania. He afterwards studied law. In 1761 he served as secretary in a conference held on the banks of the Lehigh, between the government of Pennsylvania and several Indian nations. One of his poems,

The Treaty, celebrates the event. In 1765 he was in England, remaining there two years, and passing his time between town and country. On his return to America he resided at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he married Miss Ann Borden of that place. His *Pretty Story*, written in the fashion of Arbuthnot's John Bull, though in a milder vein, was published with great success in a pamphlet in 1774. It represents England as a nobleman, possessed of a valuable farm, and with a great number of children and grandchildren, for the government of whom he had entered into various compacts. Parliament is represented as his wife, chosen for him every seven years by the family. The fortunes of the American settlers are depicted, and the encroachments of parliament none the less forcibly presented in the humorous description. The chapters end with a broken prophetic sentence: "These harsh and unconstitutional proceedings of the overseer so highly irritated Jack, and the other families of the new farm, that ******. *Cetera desunt.*" The author's "Prophecy," in 1776, and "Political Catechism" in 1777, helped to work out the sequel. The latter is a set of queries and answers respecting Lord North and the conduct of the war, ending with a tribute to Washington. "Who has the chief command of the American army?" "His Excellency General Washington!" "What is his character?" "To him the title of Excellency is applied with peculiar propriety. He is the best and the greatest man the world ever knew. In private life he wins the hearts and wears the love of all who are so happy as to fall within the circle of his acquaintance. In his public character he commands universal respect and admiration. Conscious that the principles on which he acts are indeed founded in virtue and truth, he steadily pursues the arduous work with a mind neither depressed by disappointment and difficulties, nor elated with temporary success. He retreats like a General, and attacks like a Hero. Had he lived in the days of idolatry he had been worshipped as a God. One age cannot do justice to his merit; but a grateful posterity shall, for a succession of ages, remember the great deliverer of his country." Hopkinson represented New Jersey in the general Congress of 1776, and signed the Declaration of Independence. His *Battle of the Kegs*, written about this time, and celebrating an actual incident, has been the most popular of American Revolutionary ballads. His humorous handling of Rivington, the royal printer at New York, is among his best political squibs.

When the war was concluded, a new general government was to be established and local difficulties overcome. Hopkinson's pen here achieved some of its greatest triumphs in exposing the dissensions and absurdities of state politicians. His *New Roof*, an allegory, containing in substance the arguments of the debate in the Convention of Pennsylvania in 1787, met to consider the Constitution of the United States, is a masterly production, and his song on the subject has happily preserved its spirit in verse.

His sharp raillery in his essays did much to mitigate the excessive litigation and newspaper controversies of the day. In his *Typographical Mode of Conducting a Quarrel* he anticipated Southey's fashion of telling his Bear story in the Doctor, by gradations of type. The paper made two belligerents of the day, a merchant and a lawyer, who were oppressing the public in the newspapers, ridiculous. It proposed a new style of printing for different degrees of abuse and invective—various type, from five line pica to minion, through French canon downwards. "There is no looking," says he, "at the first page of the Daily Advertiser, without imagining a number of people hollowing and bawling to you to buy their goods or lands, to charter their ships, or to inform you that a servant or a horse hath strayed away. For my part, I am so possessed with this idea, that as soon as I take up the paper of the day, I turn over to articles of intelligence as quick as possible, *lest my eyes should be stunned by the ocular uproar* of the first page." His *Thoughts on the Disease of the Mind; with a scheme for purging the moral faculties of the good people of Pennsylvania*, proposes that a weekly and daily newspaper should be expressly set apart and acknowledged as receptacles for all the filth and scandal of the town. The treatment is rather Swiftian, in occasional coarseness, but the satire is truthful. He compares the humors of the mind to the secretions of the body: "A sarcasm is nothing more than spitting,—and so it is usual to say, 'he has spit his spite.' A crude attempt at humor is parallel with blowing one's nose, for such humors are apt to collect in cold constitutions; and a young poetaster may be put into a considerable perspiration by the scorching flames of love." Hopkinson was a reformer in the cause of education, and wrote various papers laughing at its grammatical, metaphysical, and scientific perplexities. His *Modern Learning: exemplified by a specimen of a collegiate examination*, in which a salt-box is put through the various categories of the sciences, is the best of his papers of this class. In his sketches of the minor morals and manners of the day, he was equally happy. His Essay on *White-Washing* was mistaken for the composition of Franklin, and published among his writings. His friend, Dr. Rush, was a great admirer of his genius in these productions.

Hopkinson took pride in his share in planning the grand Fourth of July Federal Procession at Philadelphia, in 1788; a minute account of which he prepared and has left in his writings. In 1779 he was made Judge of the Admiralty of Pennsylvania. His decisions while in office were collected by him for the edition of his writings. In 1790 he was appointed by the President, Judge of the District Court. He died the following year, May 9, of an apoplectic fit. Before his death he had prepared the carefully arranged collection of his literary productions for the press, which was published by Dobson in Philadelphia, "in the dress in which he left them," in three octavo volumes in 1792, bearing the title: *The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson, Esq.* A more finished and accomplished work has never issued from the American press.

The prose of Hopkinson is quite unique and original; simple in style, and ingenious in thought and invention; always neat and elegant in expression, and perfect in its gentle playfulness. His poetry is of an agreeable turn, his *L' Allegro* and

Il Penseroso being familiar adaptations of Milton. His constant sensibility frequently becomes eloquent; and his verses have many ingenious passages. Many of his poems are occasional addresses to the fair, in which the charms of Delia and Rosalinda have every attention paid to them.

In person, Hopkinson is described as a lively man, a little below the common size, with small but animated features.* He had many general accomplishments, in music, painting, and conversation. As a kindly trait of his character, it is told that he had a pet mouse which would come to him at table, and that his familiar pigeons were quite famous.† He corresponded on novelties in science, for which he had a decided taste, with Franklin and Jefferson. His portrait, from which our vignette is taken, is painted by Pine.

His son, Joseph Hopkinson, wrote the song, Hail Columbia.

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN AMERICA, TO HIS FRIEND IN EUROPE, ON WHITE-WASHING.

DEAR SIR,—The peculiar customs of every country appear to strangers awkward and absurd, but the inhabitants consider them as very proper and even necessary. Long habit imposes on the understanding, and reconciles it to any thing that is not manifestly pernicious or immediately destructive.

The religion of a country is scarcely held in greater veneration than its established customs: and it is almost as difficult to produce an alteration in the one as in the other. Any interference of government for the reformation of national customs, however trivial and absurd they may be, never fails to produce the greatest discontent, and sometimes dangerous convulsions. Of this there are frequent instances in history. Bad habits are most safely removed by the same means that established them, viz by imperceptible gradations, and the constant example and influence of the higher class of the people.

We are apt to conclude that the fashions and manners of our own country are most rational and proper, because the eye and the understanding have long since been reconciled to them, and we ridicule or condemn those of other nations on account of their novelty: yet the foreigner will defend his national habits with at least as much plausibility as we can our own. The truth is, that reason has little to do in the matter. Customs are for the most part arbitrary, and one nation has as good a right to fix its peculiarities as another. It is of no purpose to talk of convenience as a standard: every thing becomes convenient by practice and habit.

I have read somewhere of a nation (in Africa, I think) which is governed by twelve counsellors. When these counsellors are to meet on public business, twelve large earthen jars are set in two rows, and filled with water. The counsellors enter the apartment one after another, stark naked, and each leaps into a jar, where he sits up to the chin in water. When the jars are all filled with counsellors, they proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the nation. This, to be sure, forms a very grotesque scene; but the object is to transact the public business: they have been accustomed to do it in this way, and therefore it appears to them the most rational and convenient way. Indeed, if we consider it impartially, there seems to be no reason why a counsellor may not be as wise in an earthen jar as in an elbow chair; or why the good of the people may not be as maturely considered in the one as in the other.

The established manners of every country are the standards of propriety with the people who have adopted them; and every nation assumes the right of considering all deviations therefrom as barbarisms and absurdities.

The *Chinese* have retained their laws and customs for ages immemorial: and although they have long had a commercial intercourse with European nations, and are well acquainted with their improvements in the arts, and their modes of civilization, yet they are so far from being convinced of any superiority in the European manners, that their government takes the most serious measures to prevent the customs of foreigners taking root amongst them. It employs their utmost vigilance to enjoy the benefits of commerce, and at the same time guard against innovations that might affect the characteristic manners of the people.

Since the discovery of the *Sandwich* islands in the South-Sea, they have been visited by ships from several nations; yet the natives have shown no inclination to prefer the dress and manners of the visitors to their own. It is even probable that they pity the ignorance of the Europeans they have seen, as far removed from civilization; and value themselves on the propriety and advantage of their own customs.

There is nothing new in these observations, and I had no intention of making them when I sat down to write, but they obtruded themselves upon me. My intention was to give you some account of the people of these new states; but I am not sufficiently informed for the purpose, having, as yet, seen little more than the cities of *New-York* and *Philadelphia*. I have discovered but few national singularities amongst them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. For, previous to the late revolution, the Americans were taught from their infancy to look up to the English as the patterns of perfection in all things.

I have, however, observed one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of WHITE-WASHING, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. You will wonder what this privilege of *white-washing* is. I will endeavor to give you an idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege; but the latter end of May is generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of every thing about

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* "At Mr. Peale's painter's room I met Mr. Francis Hopkinson, late a Mandamus Counsellor of New Jersey, now a member of the Continental Congress, who, it seems, is a native of Philadelphia; a son of a prothonotary of this country, who was a person much respected. The son was liberally educated, and is a painter and a poet. I have a curiosity to penetrate a little deeper into the bosom of this curious gentleman. He is one of your pretty, little, curious, ingenious men. His head is not bigger than a large apple, less than our friend Pemberton, or Doctor Simon Tufts. I have not met with anything in natural history more amusing and entertaining than his personal appearance—yet he is genteel and well bred, and is very social."—John Adams to his wife. Phila. Aug. 21, 1776.

† Delaplaine's Repository, Art. Hopkinson.

her: these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected, yet they sometimes go off without any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard, a wheelbarrow, with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers and private property are kept, and putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than him. He has nothing for it but to abdicate, for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture—paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie huddled in heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows, chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under petticoats, and ragged breeches. *Here* may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. *There* a closet has disgorged its bowels—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of tea-pots, and stoppers of departed decanters—from the rag-hole in the garret, to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest, the words of *King Lear* unavoidably present themselves, and might with little alteration be made strictly applicable.

> "————Let the great gods
> That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads
> Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch
> That hast within thee undivulged crimes
> Unwhipt of justice————
> ————Close pent up guilt,
> Rive your concealing continents, and ask
> These dreadful summoners grace."

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes, dipped into a solution of lime called WHITE-WASH; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stone-cutter's sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the penthouse, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation: but after long argument it was determined that no damages could be awarded; inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. And so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law

These smearings and scratchings, these washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch—recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleansing match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things *clean*. It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles suffer mutilation or death under the operation. A mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made *clean* at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance: a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; a number of smaller prints are piled upon it, until the super-incumbent weight cracks the lower glass—but this is of no importance. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, till the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and deface the engraving—no matter! If the glass is clean and the frame shines it is sufficient—the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made a calculation, founded on long experience, and proved that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

This cleansing frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance: the storm abates, and all would be well again: but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should pass over without producing some consequences. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, sore throats, or severe colds, occasioned by exhalations from wet floors and damp walls.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, what I call *a custom*, as a real, periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was, that when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this out-post, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once in every year; to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher's: which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper. This is generally done. And though it does not abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. This paper is decorated with various fancies, and made so ornamental that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress. He generally has the sole use of a small

room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, even in the white-washing season, and stands like the land of *Goshen* amidst the plagues of *Egypt*. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever upon his guard; for should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the house-maid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes—takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*, to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. I can give you an instance.

A gentleman was sued at law, by the executors of a mechanic, on a charge found against him on the deceased's books to the amount of £30. The defendant was strongly impressed with a belief that he had discharged the debt and taken a receipt; but as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt. The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment should be obtained against him. He then sat down seriously to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied and displayed on a table for the purpose. In the midst of his search he was suddenly called away on business of importance. He forgot to lock the door of his room. The house-maid, who had been long looking for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and with great alacrity fell to cleaning the room and *putting things to rights*. One of the first objects that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table. These, without delay, she huddled together like so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action, a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which unfortunately happened to be the very receipt in question. As it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in a dust-pan to the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his books. The defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt amongst the dirt in the yard.

There is also another custom, peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied with the former. I mean that of washing the pavements before the doors every Saturday evening. I at first supposed this to be a regulation of the police; but, on further inquiry, I find it is a religious rite preparatory to the Sabbath: and it is, I believe, the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this large city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sunset and continues till ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings. He runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water dashed against his legs; but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance that a Philadelphian may be known any where by a certain skip in his gait. The streets of New York are paved with rough stones. These, indeed, are not washed, but the dirt is so thoroughly swept from between them that they stand up sharp and prominent, to the great annoyance of those who are not accustomed to so rough a path. But habit reconciles every thing. It is diverting enough to see a Philadelphian at New York. He walks the street with as much painful caution as if his toes were covered with corns, or his feet lamed by the gout: whilst a New Yorker, as little approving the plain masonry of Philadelphia, shuffles along the pavement like a parrot upon a mahogany table.

It must be acknowledged that the ablutions I have mentioned are attended with no small inconvenience; yet the women would not be induced by any consideration to resign their privilege.

Notwithstanding this singularity, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers in the world. And I don't doubt but you will join me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only for one week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

This letter has run on to a length I did not expect; I therefore hasten to assure you that I am as ever,

June, 1785. Your, &c. &c. &c.

MODERN LEARNING: EXEMPLIFIED BY A SPECIMEN OF A COLLEGIATE EXAMINATION.

Metaphysics.

* PROF. What is a salt-box?

STU. It is a box made to contain salt.

PROF. How is it divided?

STU. Into a salt-box, and a box of salt.

PROF. Very well!—show the distinction?

STU. A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

PROF. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

STU. Yes: by a partition.

PROF. What is the use of this partition?

STU. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

PROF. How?—think a little.

STU. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

PROF. To be sure:—it is to separate the fine from the coarse: but are not salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

STU. Yes: into *possible*, *probable*, and *positive*.

PROF. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

STU. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

PROF. Why so?

STU. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box *in fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

PROF. Very true:—for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

STU. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath six-pence in his pocket to pay the grocer: and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

PROF. Very good:—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box which hath no salt in it?

STU. I know of none.

PROF. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors: it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may yet be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

STU. They are further divided into *substantive* and

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* *Prof.* professor; *Stu.* student; *Gov.* governor of the institution.

pendant: a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

Prof. What is the idea of a salt-box?

Stu. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box, when no salt-box is present.

Prof. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

Stu. It is the idea of a salt-box, abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

Prof. Very right:—and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box: but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

Stu. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

Prof. True:—and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh; round or square; long or short: for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea, and an idea of salt.—Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

Stu. It is *essential*; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box, the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

Prof. Very well! very well indeed!—What is the salt called with respect to the box?

Stu. It is called its contents.

Prof. And why so?

Stu. Because the cook is content *quoad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

Prof. You are very right:—I see you have not misspent your time: let us now proceed to

Logic.

Prof. How many parts are there in a salt-box?

Stu. Three. *Bottom*, *top*, and *sides*.

Prof. How many modes are there in salt-boxes?

Stu. Four. The *formal*, the *substantial*, the *accidental*, and the *topsey-turvey*.

Prof. Define these several modes.

Stu. The *formal* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

Prof. Very well.—And what are the consequences of the *accidental* mode?

Stu. If the string should break the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion: and this is the accidental mode with its consequences.

Prof. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box?

Stu. The top of the box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all positions.

Prof. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom, and the uppermost part is the top.—How is it then if the bottom should be the uppermost?

Stu. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom: and this is called the *topsey-turvey* mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidental*, and frequently arises from it.

Prof. Very good.—But are not salt-boxes sometimes single and sometimes double?

Stu. Yes.

Prof. Well, then mention the several combinations of salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

Stu. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

Prof. Hold! hold!—you are going too far.

Gov. We cannot allow further time for logic, proceed if you please to

Natural Philosophy.

Prof. Pray, Sir, what is a salt-box?

Stu. It is a combination of matter, fitted, framed, and joined by the hands of a workman in the form of a box, and adapted to the purpose of receiving, containing, and retaining salt.

Prof. Very good.—What are the mechanical powers concerned in the construction of a salt-box?

Stu. The ax, the saw, the plane, and the hammer.

Prof. How are these powers applied to the purpose intended?

Stu. The *ax* to fell the tree, the *saw* to split the timber.

Prof. Consider. Is it the property of the mall and wedge to split?

Stu. The *saw* to *slit* the timber, the *plane* to smooth and thin the boards.

Prof. How! Take time! Take time!

Stu. To thin and smooth the boards.

Prof. To be sure—the boards are first thinned and then smoothed—go on—

Stu. The *plane* to thin and smooth the boards, and the *hammer* to drive the nails.

Prof. Or rather tacks.—Have not some philosophers considered *glue* as one of the mechanical powers?

Stu. Yes; and it is still so considered, but it is called an inverse mechanical power: because, whereas it is the property of the *direct* mechanical powers to generate motion, and separate parts; *glue*, on the contrary, prevents motion, and keeps the parts to which it is applied fixed to each other.

Prof. Very true.—What is the mechanical law of the *saw*?

Stu. The power is to the resistance, as the number of teeth and force impressed multiplied by the number of strokes in a given time.

Prof. Is the *saw* only used in slitting timber into boards?

Stu. Yes, it is also employed in cutting boards into lengths.

Prof. Not *lengths*: a thing cannot properly be said to have been cut into *lengths*.

Stu. Into *shortnesses*.

Prof. Certainly—into shortnesses. Well, what are the mechanical laws of the hammer?

Gov. The time wastes fast; pass on to another science.

Mathematics.

Prof. What is a *salt-box*?

Stu. It is a figure composed of lines and surfaces.

Prof. What are the external figures of a salt-box?

Stu. Four parallelograms and two squares.

Prof. How are these disposed?

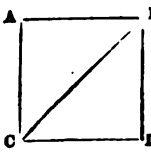
Stu. The four parallelograms are thus disposed: The *superior*, or top; the *anterior*, or front; the *inferior*, or bottom; and the *posterior*, or back; and the two squares form the two ends.

Prof. Very good.—Let us now consider one of the squares at the end of the salt-box. Suppose then a diagonal line to be drawn from one of the angles of this square to the opposite angle of the same, what will be the consequence?

Stu. It will divide the square into two equal and similar triangles.

Prof. Very true.—But can you demonstrate that these two equal and similar triangles are equal to each other?

Stu. I draw the square A B C D, whose sides are all equal, and the contained angles, all right angles. I then draw the diagonal B C, dividing the square into two equal parts. Then I say, that one of those equal parts, viz. the triangle A B C is equal to the other equal part or triangle B C D; and further, that those two triangles are not only equal but similar. For by the 105th proposition of the 49th Book of Euclid, if in two triangles, all the lines and angles of the one, are equal to all the corresponding lines and angles of the other, those two triangles will be equal and similar. But the leg A B of the triangle A B C, is equal to the leg C D of the triangle B C D, because they are two of the sides of the square A B C D, equal by construction: and the leg A C is equal to the leg B D for the same reason; and because the hypothenuse B C is common to both triangles, therefore the hypothenuse of the triangle A B C is equal to the hypothenuse of the triangle B C D. Now, because by the 115th proposition of the same book, equal legs subtend equal angles of the same radii; it follows, that all the angles of the triangle A B C are equal to the corresponding angles of the triangle B D C; *ergo*, those two triangles are equal and similar: and *ergo*, if a square be cut by a diagonal line into two equal parts, those parts will be equal. Q E D.



Prof. Very well! very well indeed!—Suppose now a right line to be let fall from a given point above a salt-box, till it shall touch the *superior* parallelogram, and another right line to be let fall from the same point till it should touch the *inferior* parallelogram of the same salt-box, can you demonstrate that these two lines must be unequal: or, in other words, can you prove that a line of 12 inches is shorter than a line of 18 inches in length?

Stu. If two lines—

Gov. We have just received intelligence that dinner is almost ready; and as the medical class is yet to be examined, we cannot afford time for this demonstration. Let the medical gentlemen come forward.

Anatomy.

Prof. What is a salt-box?

Stu. It is a body composed of wood, glue, nails, and hinges.

Prof. How is this body divided?

Stu. Into *external* and *internal*.

Prof. Very good—*external* and *internal*—very proper indeed.—And what are the *external* parts of a salt-box?

Stu. One *fundamental*, four *laterals*, and one *superlateral*.

Prof. And how do you find the *internal* parts of a salt-box?

Stu. Divided by a vertical membrane or partition into two large cavities or sinuses.

Prof. Are these cavities always equal?

Stu. They used to be so formerly; but modern joiners have thought it best to have them unequal, for the more convenient accommodation of the viscera or contents; the larger cavity for the reception of the coarser viscera, and the smaller for the fine.

Prof. Very true—thus have modern joiners, by their improvements, excelled the first maker of salt-boxes.—Tell me now what peculiarity do you observe in the *superlateral* member of a salt-box?

Stu. Whereas all the other members are fixed and stationary with respect to each other, the superlateral is moveable on a pair of hinges.

Prof. To what purpose is it so constructed?

Stu. For the admission, retention, and emission of the saline particles.

Gov. This is sufficient—our time is short—dinner must not wait—let us now proceed to

Surgery, and the Practice of Physic.

Prof. Mention a few of the principal disorders to which a salt-box is liable?

Stu. A cracked and leaky fundamental; a gaping of the joint in the laterals; luxation of the hinges: and an accession and concretion of filth and foulness external and internal.

Prof. Very well.—How would you treat those disorders?—begin with the first.

Stu. I would caulk the leak fundamental with pledgets of tow, which I would secure in the fissure by a strip of linen or paper pasted over. For the starting of the lateral joints, I would administer powerful astringents, such as the *gluten cornucæ*; and would bind the parts together by triple bandages until the joints should knit.

Prof. Would you not assist with chalybeates?

Stu. Yes—I would at—*tack* the disease with prepared iron, in doses proportioned to the strength of the parts.

Prof. How would you manage the luxation of the hinge?

Stu. I would first examine whether it was occasioned by the starting of the points which annex the processes to the *superlateral* or its *antagonist*, or to a loss of the fulcrum, or to an absolute fracture of the sutures. In the first case, I would secure the process by a screw; in the second, I would bring the sutures together, and introduce the fulcrum; and in the last, I would entirely remove the fractured hinge, and supply its place, *pro tempore*, with one of leather.

Prof. Very well, sir!—very well!—now for your treatment in case of accumulated foulness, external and internal—but first tell me, how is this foulness contracted?

Stu. *Externally*, by the greasy hands of the cook; and *internally*, by the solution and adhesion of the saline particles.

Prof. True.—And now for the cure.

Stu. I would first evacuate the *abominable* vessel, through the *prima via*. I would then exhibit detergents and diluents; such as the saponaceous preparation, with great plenty of *aqua fontana*.

Prof. Would not *aqua cælestis* do better?

Stu. Yes—plenty of *aqua cælestis* with the marine sand. I would also apply the friction brush, with a brisk and strong hand, until the excrementitious concrete should be totally dissolved and removed.

Prof. Very proper.—What next?

Stu. I would recommend the cold bath, by means of a common pump; and then apply lintal absorbents; and finally, exsiccate the body by exposition either in the sun, or before the kitchen fire.

Prof. In what situation would you leave the superlateral valve during the exsiccating operation?

Stu. I would leave it open to the extent, in order that the rarefied humidities might freely exhale from the *abominable* cavities or sinuses.

Chemistry.

Prof. You have mentioned the saponaceous preparation—pray, how is that procured?

Stu. By the action of a vegetable alkaline salt upon a pinguidinous or unctuous substance.

Prof. What is salt?

Stu. It is a substance *sui generis*, pungent to the taste, of an antiseptic quality, and is produced by crystallization on the evaporation of the fluid in which it is suspended.

PROF. How many kinds of salt occur in a salt-box?

STU. Two—coarse and fine.

PROF. You have said that the saponaceous preparation is produced by the action of a vegetable alkaline salt on a pinguidinous or unctuous substance—describe the process?

STU. If a great quantity of strong *lie* be procured by passing water through wood ashes, and if a very large body of a pinguidinous habit should be immersed in this *lie*, and exposed to a considerable heat, the action of the *lie*, or rather the salts with which it abounds, upon the pinguidinous body, would cause the mixture to coagulate and—[Here the examiner looked very sour, for he was *very fat*.]

At this instant a servant announced that dinner was on the table—the examination was concluded, and the parties separated—one rejoicing in the anticipation of a feast, and the examined happy in finding the fiery trial over.

May, 1784.

DIALOGUE ON THE ADDRESS OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY TO DR. FRANKLIN.

[*For the Pennsylvania Packet.*]

I have perused with some attention the several addresses made to the venerable Doctor Franklin, by public bodies and private societies on his arrival in this city. So far as they express a sense of gratitude and esteem for his integrity and abilities as a public agent and a philosopher, they have my hearty concurrence and approbation: but they also afford some literary amusement, when considered merely as compositions, with a design of observing the various forms which the same subject matter may assume, in passing through the varied machinery of different periaraniums.

Talking on this subject with Mr. B. the address of the American Philosophical Society engaged our attention, as distinguished from all the others by a dearth of sentiment, awkwardness of style, and obscurity of expression. I am surprised, said I—but it will be better to give it in the way of dialogue, to avoid the number of said *I's* and said *he's*.

A. I am surprised that our Philosophical Society, from whom we might expect, on such an occasion, at least ease and propriety, if not something more, should exhibit so barren, so stiff, and costive a performance, as their address seems to be: it must certainly have been seethed too long in the author's brain, and so become hard like an over-boiled egg.

B. I perceive, sir, you are not a member of the Philosophical Society.

A. No, sir; I have not that honor.

B. So I thought by your mentioning *brains*. Why, sir, we never make use of any in writing letters, or drawing addresses: we manage these things in quite a different way. How do you imagine our address was produced?

A. Some member, I suppose, was appointed to draft the address, which was afterwards read before the society; and being corrected, was finally approved of, and so delivered.

B. When you shall become a philosopher you will know better: no, sir, we conduct all our business by ballot, as they choose magistrates—according to the spirit of our excellent constitution.

A. No doubt, when new members, or officers of the institution are to be elected; but how an address can be composed by ballot, I confess, I cannot comprehend.

B. Well, I will inform you. You must know we have four boxes: in one are put a number of *substantives*, the best the dictionary affords; in the second, an equal number of *adjectives*; in the third, a great number of *verbs*, with their *participles*, *gerunds*, &c.; and in the fourth, a still greater number of *pronouns*, *articles*, and *particles*, with all the small ware of the syntax. The secretary shakes these boxes for a considerable time, and then places them side by side on a table, each bearing its proper label of distinction. This done, the members proceed to ballot for the composition, whatever it may be; each member taking out one substantive, one adjective, two verbs, and four particles from the boxes respectively; and so they proceed, repeating the operation, until they have drawn the number of words, of which, according to a previous determination, the composition is to consist. Some ingenious member is then requested to take all the ballots or words so obtained, and arrange them in the best order he can. In the present case, this task fell to *****; and you can see how he has worked up the materials which chance threw in his way.

A. If this is your method it will sufficiently account for the short broken sentences, the harshness of the periods, and general obscurity which distinguish your address.

B. What do you mean by *obscurity*? I am sure our address, if not elegant, is at least intelligible.

A. Pray, inform me, then, what is meant by this paragraph:—"The high consideration and esteem in which we hold your character, so intimately combine with our regard for the public welfare, that we participate eminently in the general satisfaction which your return to America produces:"—and of this—"We derive encouragement and extraordinary felicity from an assemblage of recent memorable events: and while we boast in a most pleasing equality, permanently ascertained," &c., &c.

B. The meaning of your first quotation is, that our high consideration for the doctor, combining and intimately mixing with our regard for the public welfare, occasion a kind of chymical solution or effervescence in our minds, producing a *tertium quid*, which causes us to *participate eminently*, and so on; if you know anything of chymistry, you would have understood it well enough.

A. Well! it appears to me something very like nonsense; but, I confess, I am no philosopher.

B. As to the other passage you mentioned—the truth is, we were a little unlucky—it would have been the most elegant paragraph in the whole composition but for an unfortunate accident. You must know, that whilst ***** was arranging the ballots, a puff of wind blew away a number of excellent explanatory words, and carried them out of the window; the whole sentence had like to have gone: a careful search was made in the street, but no more could be recovered than what you see. It was, indeed, proposed to ballot over again for as many words as had been lost: but some members were of opinion that this might prove a dangerous precedent, and so the passage was suffered to pass as it now stands.

A. I observe further, that you mention "the growth of *sciences* and *arts*;" would it not have read better, "the growth of *arts* and *sciences*;" according to the usual mode of expression? which has this to justify it, that arts were known and practised before *sciences* were investigated; and besides, the expression is more musical and pleasing to the ear.

B. We had a long debate upon this subject; and the very reasons you now give were urged in favor of the common way of placing those words; but the learned compositor insisted, that as the *sciences* were more abstruse, and more eminent in dignity than the *arts*, they ought to be mentioned first, especially by a philosophical society.

A. This reminds me of what the town-clerk says

in Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*:—"*To Cl.* Write down that they hope they serve God: and be sure to write God first; for God defend, but God should go before such villains."

B. It is in vain to attempt explanation to a mind so prejudiced as your's. I perceive you are determined to find fault, and so let us drop the subject.

A. Why, do you imagine I believe one word of your boxes and your ballots? You are either ridiculing, or endeavoring to excuse a performance, which would, indeed, disgrace a schoolboy.

When I compare this address with the president's short but elegant reply, I cannot but observe, how strongly the difference is marked between an author who sits down to think what he shall write, and one who only sits down to write what he thinks.

VERSES

Wrote in a blank book which once belonged to Mr. *Shenstone* the poet, and was given by the *Lord Bishop of Worcester*.

Come little book, the giver's hand,
Shall add such worth to mine,
That I will hold thee highly prix'd,
And joy to call thee mine.

Come little book; nor in my care,
An humbler lot refuse,
Tho' Worcester own'd thee once, tho' once
Design'd for *Shenstone's* muse.

Had *Shenstone* in thy spotless page
In glowing numbers plac'd,
All that is pleasing, great, and good,
With ev'ry virtue grac'd:

Fill'd thee with gentleness and love,
With piety and truth;
The wisdom of experienc'd years,
The brilliant powers of youth;

With all the condescending ease
Of manners most refin'd,
Then hadst thou been an emblem fit,
Of *Worcester's* generous mind.

Come little book; and let me boast
No small, no common fame,
That in thy once so honour'd page,
I write my humble name.

Hartlebury Castle, in Worcestershire, 1767.

DESCRIPTION OF A CHURCH.

As late beneath the hallow'd roof I trod,
Where saints in holy rapture seek their God;
Where heart-stung sinners suing Heav'n for grace,
With tears repentant consecrate the place.
Oh! how my soul was struck with what I saw,
And shrunk within me in religious awe:

The massy walls, which seem'd to scorn the rage
Of battering tempests and of mouldering age:
In long perspective stretched, till breadth and height
Were almost lost in distance from the sight;
With monumental decorations hung,
They spoke mortality with silent tongue.
There, sorrowing seraphs heav'nward lift their eyes,
And little cherubs weep soft elegies.
I trod—and started at the mighty noise;
The hollow pavement lifted up its voice;
The swelling arch receiv'd the rising sound,
Responsive to the stroke the walls around,
And sent it murm'ring to the vaults around,
Thro' lengthen'd aisles prolong'd the solemn sound.

Far in the west, and noble to the sight,
The gilded *organ* rears its tow'ring height:
And hark! methinks I from its bosom hear,
Soft issuing sounds that steal upon the ear
And float serenely on the liquid air.

Now by degrees more bold and broad they grow,
And riot loosely thro' the aisles below;
Till the full organ lifts its utmost voice,
And my heart shudders at the powerful noise:
Like the last trump, one note is heard to sound
That all the massy pillars tremble round:
The firm fixt building shivers on its base,
And vast vibration fills th' astonish'd place:
The marble pavements seem to feel their doom,
And the bones rattle in each hollow tomb.

But now the blast harmonious dies away,
And tapers gently in a fine decay:
The melting sounds on higher pinions fly,
And seem to fall soft oozing from on high;
Like evening dew they gently spread around
And shed the sweetness of heart-thrilling sound;
Till grown too soft, too fine for mortal ear,
The dying strains dissolve in distant air.
Methought I heard a flight of angels rise,
Most sweetly chaunting as they gain'd the skies:
Methought I heard their less'ning sound decay
And fade and melt and vanish quite away.

Hail heav'n born music! by thy pow'r we raise
Th' uplifted soul to acts of highest praise;
Oh! I would die with music melting round,
And float to bliss upon a sea of sound.

A MORNING HYMN.

Once more the rising source of day,
Pours on the earth his genial ray:
Withdraws the starry veil of night,
And smiles on ev'ry mountain height.

Once more my soul, thy song prepare,
Thy *God* approach in praise and pray'r
With early voice salute the skies,
And on the lark's fleet pinions rise.

This hand did me from danger keep
When nature lay entranc'd in sleep:
When ev'ry sense forsook its post,
And reason's guardian pow'r was lost.

Soon as dark night o'erspreads the skies,
Cold mists and drowsy damps arise:
Contagious streams their confines break,
And slumber o'er the sluggish lake.

Loud shrieks the melancholy owl,
And prowling wolves through deserts howl
The fancied spectre glides the green,
And midnight murder walks unseen.

Forlorn the wearied wand'rer strays,
Lost in a labyrinthian maze;
Where'er he treads, is danger there,
And his soul sickens in despair.

Whilst slumbers soft my eye-lids close,
And golden dreams and sweet repose,
Wear the sad hours of night away,
And hasten on the cheerful day.

My God! shall not such goodness move
My soul to gratitude and love!
Or shall my heart forget to raise,
Her loud hosannahs to thy praise!

When shall my eager spirit rise,
And soar above these floating skies!
Oh! when with hosts seraphic join,
To sing thy majesty divine!

In realms where no returns of night,
Shall e'er the tim'rous soul affright!
But one eternal blaze of day,
Shines forth with unremitting ray!

AN EVENING HYMN.

At length the busy day is done,
And yon bright orb, the glorious sun,
Deep in the west reclines his head,
Where misty curtains shroud his bed.

Oh! God of hosts! with this day's close,
How many sleep in death's repose?
And with the sinking sun's decline,
To thee their fleeting souls resign.

Hark! 'tis the tolling bell I hear,
And slow and dull it strikes mine ear:
E'en whilst I tune my pensive song,
The solemn fun'ral moves along.

He whom this night th' expecting tomb,
Shall wrap within its dreary gloom,
At yester-morn, devoid of care,
Up rose and breath'd the healthful air.

Gay Hope o'erlook'd the present day,
Prospects of years before him lay;
He hasten'd distant joys to meet,
Nor saw the grave yawn at his feet.

Ambition, stop thy mad career,
Look on that corse and drop a tear;
E'en when thy hand would grasp the prize,
The stroke is giv'n, and glory dies.

Let *Av'rice*, feeble, grey and old,
Whilst his broad palm protects his gold,
Lift up his eyes, and sighing say,
Death is a debt we all must pay.

Let thoughtless youth, too often found,
In *sensual joy's* enchanting round,
Behold, and as he trembling stands,
Let Pleasure's cup fall from his hands.

And thou, my soul, thy thoughts employ,
On *God* thy glory, wealth and joy:
Virtue alone is stable here,
Nought but religion is sincere.

When mortal pangs his frame shall seize,
And the chill'd blood begins to freeze;
When my fixt eyes must roll no more,
And life escapes thro' ev'ry pore.

Ah! what shall cheer my drooping heart?
Shall worldly honours joy impart?
Can sensual pleasure sweeten death,
Or wealth redeem one parting breath?

Therefore, my soul, thy thoughts employ,
On *God*, thy *Glory*, *wealth* and joy:
Virtue alone is stable here,
Nought but religion is sincere.

AN EPITAPH FOR AN INFANT.

Sleep on, sweet babe! no dreams annoy thy rest,
Thy spirit flew unsullied from thy breast:
Sleep on, sweet innocent! nor shalt thou dread
The passing storm that thunders o'er thy head:
Thro' the bright regions of yon azure sky,
A winged seraph, now she soars on high;
Or, on the bosom of a cloud reclin'd,
She rides triumphant on the rapid wind;
Or from its source pursues the radiant day;
Or on a sun-beam, smoothly glides away;
Or mounts aerial to her blest abode,
And sings, inspir'd, the praises of her *God:*
Unveiled thence, to her extensive eye,
Nature, and Nature's Laws, expanded lie:
Death, in one moment, taught this infant more
Than years or ages ever taught before.

A CAMP BALLAD.

Make room, oh! ye kingdoms in hist'ry renowned
Whose arms have in battle with glory been crown'd,
Make room for America, another great nation,
Arises to claim in your council a station.

Her sons fought for freedom, and by their own brav'ry
Have rescued themselves from the shackles of slav'ry,
America's free, and tho' Britain abhor'd it,
Yet fame a new volume prepares to record it.

Fair freedom in Britain her throne had erected,
But her sons growing venal, and she disrespected;
The goddess offended forsook the base nation,
And fix'd on our mountains a more honour'd station.

With glory immortal she here sits enthron'd,
Nor fears the vain vengeance of Britain disown'd,
Whilst Washington guards her with heroes surrounded,
Her foes shall with shameful defeat be confounded.

To arms then, to arms, 'tis fair freedom invites us;
The trumpet shrill sounding to battle excites us;
The banners of virtue unfurl'd, shall wave o'er us,
Our hero lead on, and the foe fly before us.

On Heav'n and Washington placing reliance,
We'll meet the bold Briton, and bid him defiance.
Our cause we'll support, for 'tis just and 'tis glorious
When men fight for freedom they must be victorious.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.*

Gallants attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran thro' the streets half naked.

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* This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharfs and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.—*Author's Note.*

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dream'd of harm as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter!

At his bed-side he then espy'd,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And rang'd before the city.

"The motly crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porrage

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

THE NEW ROOF: A SONG FOR FEDERAL MECHANICS.

I.

Come muster, my lads, your mechanical tools,
Your saws and your axes, your hammers and rules;
Bring your mallets and planes, your level and line,
And plenty of pins of American pine:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

II.

Come up with *the plates*, lay them firm on the wall,
Like the people at large, they're the ground-work of all;
Examine them well, and see that they're sound,
Let no rotten part in our building be found:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm, and our citizens free.

III.

Now hand up the *girders*, lay each in its place,
Between them the *joists*, must divide all the space;
Like assembly-men *these* should lie level along,
Like *girders*, our senate prove loyal and strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm over citizens free.

IV.

The *rafters* now frame; your *king-posts* and *braces*,
And drive your *pins* home, to keep all in their places;
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins be all made of American pine:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
A government firm over citizens free.

V.

Our *king-posts* are *judges*; how upright they stand,
Supporting the *braces*; the laws of the land:
The laws of the land, which divide right from wrong
And strengthen the weak, by weak'ning the strong:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Laws equal and just, for a people that's free.

VI.

Up! up! with the *rafters*; each frame is a *state*:
How nobly they rise! their span, too, how great!
From the north to the south, o'er the whole they extend,
And rest on the walls, whilst the walls they defend:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
Combined in strength, yet as citizens free.

VII.

Now enter the *purlins*, and drive your pins through,
And see that your joints are drawn home and all true,
The *purlins* will bind all the rafters together:
The strength of the whole shall defy wind and weather:
For our roof we will raise, and our song still shall be,
United as states, but as citizens free.

VIII.

Come, raise up the *turret*: our glory and pride;
In the centre it stands, o'er the whole to *preside*:
The sons of Columbia shall view with delight
Its pillars and arches, and tow'ring height:
Our roof is now rais'd, and our song still shall be,
A federal head o'er a people that's free.

IX.

Huzza! my brave boys, our work is complete;
The world shall admire Columbia's fair feat;
Its strength against tempest and time shall be proof,
And thousands shall come to dwell under our roof:
Whilst we drain the deep bowl, our toast still shall be,
Our government firm, and our citizens free.

JACOB DUCHÉ,

Who, at the suggestion of Samuel Adams, opened the old Continental Congress of 1774 with prayer, was for a time Chaplain to the Congress of 1776, and was much admired for his ease and elegance as a preacher in his day; was also a writer of some pretensions. Of Huguenot descent, he was

a native of Philadelphia, born about 1738. He took orders in England, and became a rector of the Episcopal church in his native city. In 1771 appeared from his pen the *Letters of Tamoc Caspipina*, an acrostic on his designation as Assistant Minister of Christ's Church, and St. Peters, in Philadelphia, in North America.* They have reference to the English politics of the times. One of them has an allusion to Sir William Draper, who was about that time in America, urging him to a fresh encounter with his antagonist Junius, "the knight of the polished armour."† The letters are addressed by Tamoc Caspipina to Right Hon. Viscounts, Lady Carolines, Lord Bishops, &c.; and give an easy account, with not too much matter, of some of the institutions of Philadelphia, a few trite moralities of religion, two or three feeble poems,

> Soon, Myrtilla, must thy friend
> Hasten to a distant shore, &c.,

and a passing mention of the volumes of Godfrey and Evans. In one of the letters there is a contemplation of the rising greatness of America, which is expressed in a flowing style—probably a very good specimen of the author's rhetorical manner in his sermons, which, joined to a good delivery, might readily produce the effect assigned to Duché's pulpit eloquence. This collection was several times reprinted. In an elegant edition, in two small volumes, published at Bath in England in 1777, there is an allusion to two prior ones; and there is one still later, published at London in 1791. To the Bath edition is appended, *A Brief Account of the Life of William Penn, Esq., Proprietor and Governor of Pennsylvania; in which his settlement of that Province is included, and to which is added his Character.*

The incidents of Duché's first services in the Continental Congress were striking. John Adams has given an account of the scene in a letter to his wife dated September 16, 1774. Duché appeared "with his clerk and his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect (psalter) for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we heard the horrible rumor of the cannonade of Boston. I never saw a greater effect upon an audience. It seems as if Heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning. After this Mr. Duché, unexpectedly to everybody, struck out into an extemporary prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such earnestness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime—for America, for the Congress, for the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon everybody here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there was any faith in the Sortes Virgilianæ or Sortes Homericæ, or especially in the Sortes Biblicæ, it would be thought providential. Mr. Duché is one of the most ingenious men, and best characters, and greatest orators in the Episcopal order upon this continent—yet a zealous friend of liberty and his country."

He published two revolutionary sermons, a fast sermon before Congress, and another address to the militia. *The Duty of Standing Fast in our Spiritual and Temporal Liberties*, was the title of his discourse preached in Christ church, July 7, 1775, before the First Battalion of the city. He addressed his audience from the text, *Stand fast, therefore, in the Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free*, as freemen both in the spiritual and temporal sense. It is temperate to England, but animated for independence. In one sentence he indulges in a bit of sarcasm. "We wish not to possess the golden groves of Asia, to sparkle in the public eye with jewels torn from the brows of weeping nabobs, or to riot on the spoil of plundered provinces."

The American Line, was his fast-day sermon, delivered before the honorable Continental Congress the same month, in which he looks to the past prosperity of the country and invokes its continuance. He gave the pay of his chaplaincy to the families of the Whigs slain in battle. Though a man of conscientious views, and a lover of right, his judgment unfortunately wavered from timidity or the pressure of society around him on the British occupation of Philadelphia, and he felt himself called upon to write an unfortunate letter to General Washington,* urging him to abandon the cause of Independence, which Washington prudently laid before Congress, and which Duché's brother-in-law, Francis Hopkinson, replied to with great spirit and directness.† This action caused his retirement from the country. He was well received in England, where he published two volumes of sermons in 1780, and a sermon before the Humane Society in 1781. After the war he returned to Philadelphia in 1790, where he died in 1794.

FROM CASPIPINA'S LETTERS.

To the Right Honorable Lord Viscount P——, Queen Street, Westminster.

* * * My attachment to America, I am apt to think, in a great measure proceeds from the prospect of its growing greatness, to which every day seems more or less to contribute. In Europe, the several arts and sciences are almost arrived at their meridian of perfection; at least, new discoveries are less frequent now than heretofore. Architecture, gardening, agriculture, mechanics are at a stand. The eye is weary with a repetition of scenes, in which it discovers a perpetual sameness, though heightened by all the refinements of taste. Excellency itself, in works of human art, cloys the faculties, if the mind is not now and then relieved by objects of inferior beauty. After roving over the magnificence of churches and palaces, we are glad to fix a while upon a simple farm-house, or straw-built cottage. We feel a particular delight in tracing the windings of a beautiful river from its first springs till it empties itself into the vast ocean. The mind pursues it through an immense tract of variegated country, and

* Caspipina's Letters. Observations on a variety of subjects, literary, moral, and religious; in a series of original letters, written by a gentleman of foreign extraction who resided some time in Philadelphia. Philadelphia. 1774.

† Graydon's Memoirs. Littell's Ed., p. 98.

* October 8, 1777.

† This letter was thought of importance enough to be published in England, in Bath, 1777, in 4to.

seems to flow and increase and widen along with it, till it loses itself in the abyss of waters.

The objects of art, as well as those of nature, in this new world, are at present in such a state, as affords the highest entertainment to these faculties of the mind. The progression is begun: here and there, in the midst of venerable woods, which, scarce a century ago, were the uncultivated haunts of roaming savages, the power of cultivation presents itself to the traveller's view, in opening lawns, covered with the richest verdure, fields of corn, orchards, gardens, and meadows fertilized by well directed streams. Hamlets, villages, and even populous cities, with their towering spires, excite our admiration. We are struck with the charm of novelty wherever we go. The comparison is always at hand—for, within the compass of a short mile, we may behold at once, nature in her original rusticity, and art rising by rapid advances to perfection.

The progress of the human mind may here likewise be observed to keep equal pace with the external improvements: the gradual polish of manners, from awkwardness itself even to courtly civility; from superstitious notions, and bigoted religious attachments, to genuine spiritual devotion, may very readily be traced by a thoughtful and inquisitive mind. All the powers of nature seem to be upon the stretch, as if they were in pursuit of something higher still, in science, in manners, in religion itself, than the mother country can afford.

Indeed, my Lord, I feel my heart expand at the immense prospect that irresistibly opens upon me. I see new kingdoms and empires rushing forth from their embryo state, eager to disclose their latent powers; whilst the old ones on the other side of the Atlantic, "hide their diminished heads," lost in a superior lustre. I see learning stripped of all scholastic pedantry, and religion restored to gospel purity. I see the last efforts of a powerful Providence exerted in order to reclaim our wandering race from the paths of ignorance and error. I see the setting rays of the *Sun* of *Righteousness* shining forth with seven-fold lustre to the utmost bourn of this Western Continent.

Wonder not then, my Lord, at my attachment to this favoured spot. I tread the hallowed soil with far higher pleasures from *anticipation* than your classic enthusiasts feel from *reflection*, whilst they kiss the floor of *Tusculum*, or walk the "*Eternal Mint by Consuls trod.*"

There is one thought, indeed, that throws a damp upon that ardour of joy, which such speculations generally produce in my breast. From the strange propensity of human nature to abuse the richest gifts of Providence, (of which history as well as experience affords us so many sad examples) I fear, lest the old leaven of wickedness should insinuate itself again by degrees, till it has corrupted the whole mass; lest the melancholy scenes we have beheld in the kingdoms and churches of the East should be acted over again in the West; and the declension of sound knowledge and virtuous practice, should be more rapid than their increase and advancement.

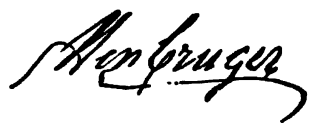
Your lordship has seen the works of the divine Herbert. You may remember how excessively fond Dr. R——y was of his poems, and how earnestly he would recommend his excellent little treatise, called *The Country Parson*, to all his pupils who were to be candidates for holy orders. Lest you should not have the book by you, I must beg leave to transcribe a very remarkable passage from a poem entitled *The Church Militant*, which, as it relates wholly to America, and breathes a kind of prophetic spirit, has generally been called "Herbert's Prophecy." The language is uncouth and the measure far from harmonious—but there is something very striking and animated in the sentiment:—

> Religion stands on tip-toe in our land
> Ready to pass to the American strand, &c.*

You see, my Lord, from the short sketches which I have given you, that *Herbert's Prophecy*, if it may be so called (though it is no more than what our schoolmen have styled reading from *analogy*), is fulfilling fast. Arts and religion still keep pace with each other; and 'tis not impossible, as he conjectures, that their return to the East will be the "*time and place where judgement shall appear.*"

HENRY CRUGER.

Henry Cruger was the first American who sat in the British House of Commons. He was a member of a leading family in the society and politics of the colony and city of New York, and a nephew of John Cruger, mayor of New York, and speaker of the Colonial Assembly at the time of the passage of the stamp act, and a proposer, and afterwards prominent member of the first Provincial Congress held in New York, in 1765. The "Declaration of Rights" issued by that body was written by him. Henry Cruger was born in New York, in 1739, and on arriving at manhood became connected in business with his father, who had established himself at Bristol, which then held a position, in reference to American commerce, similar to that of Liverpool at the present day, and was elected mayor of the city. The father's popularity seems to have been shared by the son, as he was also chosen mayor, and in 1774 one of the two representatives of the city, in the House of Commons, his colleague being Edmund Burke.



The election was a sharply contested one. Burke was introduced on the hustings by Cruger, and made a brief speech, at the conclusion of which, a Mr. C—— is reported in the newspapers of the day to have exclaimed, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke." The story has passed into the jest books, and been fastened upon Cruger, who, as he had just before spoken, is not likely to have spoken again; or if he did, would not, as his future career shows, have expressed himself so briefly. The true author of this famous speech was a Mr. Carrington.

Cruger made his maiden speech December 16, 1774, in the debate on the Army Estimates. Josiah Quincy, Jun., was present in the gallery, and mentions the circumstance in one of his letters. A New York clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Vardell, of Trinity Church, was also an auditor, and wrote home the following enthusiastic account of the new member, in a letter, which we find printed in the Memoirs of Peter Van Schaick:—

Mr. Cruger's fame has, I suppose, by this time reached his native shore. His applause has been universally sounded in this country. *Administra-*

* See Art. Berkeley, *ante*, p. 163.

tion applauds him for his moderation; *Opposition* for the just line he has drawn, and all men for his modest eloquence and graceful delivery. His enemies are silenced by the strongest confutation of their charges against him of illiberal invective against the people of England, by his manly defence of his country, and honorable approbation of his opponents wherever he thought them justifiable. I was in the house on the debate. It was remarkably crowded with members, and the galleries were filled with peers and persons of distinction. When Mr. Cruger rose, there was a deep silence. He faltered a little at first, but, as he proceeded, the cry of "Hear him! hear him!" animated him with resolution. Hood, the Irish orator, sat behind me. He asked, "Who is that? who is that? A young speaker? Whoever he is, he speaks more eloquently than any man I have yet heard in the house." I took great pains to learn people's sentiments, and found them all in his favor. Mr. Garrick, a few days after, in a discussion on the subject, said, "he never saw human nature more amiably displayed than in the modest manner of address, pathos of affection for his country, and graceful gesture, exhibited by Mr. Cruger in his speech." I am thus particular because you must be curious to know what reception the first American member met with in the most august assembly in Europe. My heart beat high with anxiety; I trembled when he arose with the most awful and affecting jealousy for the honor of my country. When "Hear him! hear him!" echoed through the house, joy rushed through every vein, and I seemed to glory in being a New-Yorker.

In this speech, while he dissents from many of the measures pursued by the Americans, he praises them for their love of liberty; dwells on the importance of the colonial trade to Great Britain; urges the necessity of conciliation, and the uselessness of coercion.

Even should coercive measures reduce them to an acknowledgment of the equity of Parliamentary taxation, what are the advantages that will result from it? Can it be believed that Americans will be dragooned into a conviction of this right? Will severities increase their affection and make them more desirous of a connection with, and dependence on Great Britain? Is it not, on the contrary, reasonable to conclude that the effect will be an increase of jealousy and discontent? That they will seek all occasions of evading laws imposed on them by violence? That they will be restless under the yoke and think themselves happy in any opportunity of flying to the protection of some other power, from the subjection of a mother whom they consider cruel and vindictive?

I would not be understood, sir, to deny altogether the good intentions of administration. The abilities of the minister,* it seems, are universally acknowledged. But, sir, I must add the maxim of "*Ammanum est errare.*" And though an American, I must applaud his zeal for the dignity of parliament, and must think the impolicy and inexpediency of the late measures may reasonably be imputed to the difficulty and embarrassments of the occasion, and the unsettled and undefined nature of the dependence of the Colonies on the mother country. But, on the other hand, candor must admit the same apology for any violence or mistakes of the Americans.

But, sir, since these measures have been found, by sad experience, to be totally inexpedient; since they have served only to widen the breach instead of closing it—have diminished the obedience of the Colonies instead of confirming it—have increased their turbulence and opposition instead of allaying them—it may well be hoped that a different course of conduct and of treatment may be pursued; and some firm, enlightened, and liberal constitution be adopted by the wisdom of this House, which may secure the Colonists in the enjoyment of their liberties, while it maintains the just supremacy of parliament.

In the debate on the Disturbances in North America, Feb. 2, 1775, Colonel Grant remarked, "That he knew the Americans well, and was certain they would not fight," and was responded to so warmly by Cruger, that the latter was called to order by the Speaker. Cruger also spoke in the debate on the Representation and remonstrance of the General Assembly of New York, May 15, 1775, and in that on Mr. Fox's motion for an Enquiry into the cause of the ill-success of the British Arms in North America, February 20, 1776. We quote the conclusion of this, which is one of his most successful efforts.

Admitting for the present, sir, that a force sufficient to subdue the colonies can be sent out—admitting that this country will patiently bear the enormous weight of accumulated taxes, which so distant and unequal a war will require—admitting that foreign powers (the natural enemies of Britain) will, with composure and self-denial, neglect so favorable an opportunity of distressing their rivals—admitting that your fleets, unopposed, shall level to the ground those cities which rose under your protection, became the pillars of your commerce, and your nation's boast—admitting that foreign mercenaries spread desolation, that thousands fall before them, and that, humbled under the combined woes of poverty, anarchy, want, and defeat, the exhausted colonies fall suppliant at the feet of their conquerors—admitting all this will be the case, (which cannot well be expected from the past,) there necessarily follows a most momentous question; What are the great advantages that Great Britain is to receive in exchange for the blessings of peace and a lucrative commerce, for the affection and loyalty, for the prosperity, for the lives of so many of its useful subjects sacrificed? Would the bare acknowledgment of a right in Parliament to tax them, compensate for the millions expended, the dangers incurred, the miseries entailed, the destruction of human happiness and of life that must ensue from a war with our colonies, united as they are in one common cause, and fired to desperate enthusiasm by apprehensions of impending slavery? Or can you be so absurd as to imagine that concessions extorted in a time of danger and of urgent misery, will form a bond of lasting union? Impoverished and undone by their exertions, and the calamities of war, instead of being able to repay the expenses of this country, or to supply a revenue, they would stand in need of your earliest assistance to revive depressed and almost extinguished commerce, as well as to renew and uphold their necessary civil establishments.

I am well aware, sir, that it is said we must maintain the dignity of Parliament. Let me ask what dignity is that which will not descend to make millions happy—which will sacrifice the treasures and best blood of the nation to extort submissions, fruitless submissions, that will be disavowed and disregarded the moment the compulsory, oppressive force is removed? What dignity is that which, to enforce a disputed mode of obtaining a revenue,

* Lord North.

will destroy commerce, spread poverty and desolation, and dry up every channel, every source, from which either revenue or any real substantial benefit can be expected!

Is it not high time then, Mr. Speaker, to examine the full extent of our danger, to pause and mark the paths which have misled us, and the wretched, bewildered guides who have brought us into our present difficulties? Let us seek out the destroying angel, and stop his course, while we have yet anything valuable to preserve. The breach is not yet irreparable, and permit me, with all deference, to say, I have not a doubt but that liberal and explicit terms of reconciliation, with a full and firm security against any unjust or oppressive exercise of parliamentary taxation, if held out to the colonies before the war takes a wider and more destructive course, will lead speedily to a settlement, and recall the former years of peace, when the affections and interests of Great Britain and America were one.

But, sir, if, on the contrary, we are to plunge deeper into this sea of blood; if we are to sacrifice the means and materials of revenue for unjust distinctions about the modes of raising it; if the laurels we can gain, and the dignity of Parliament we are to establish, can be purchased only by the miseries of our fellow-subjects, whose losses are our own; if the event is precarious, and the cause alien to the spirit and humanity of Englishmen; if the injury is certain, and the object of success unsubstantial and insecure, how little soever the influence my poor opinion and arguments can have on this House, I shall at least free my conscience by having explicitly condemned all such impolitic, unjust, inadequate, injudicious measures, and by giving to this motion my most hearty concurrence and support.

In the debate on Mr. Wilkes's motion for the Repeal of the American Declaratory Act, December 10, 1777, Cruger says: "From my connections in America I have had an opportunity of collecting the sentiments of men of all orders and parties, and have reason to believe that independency is not yet the great object of the majority of the people." On the 5th of May, 1780, in the debate on General Conway's bill for quieting the troubles in America, "Mr. Cruger contended that the bill by no means went far enough. He said the American war, the real source of all our distresses and burdens, should be put an end to at all events; in order to do this, the independency must be allowed, and the thirteen provinces treated as free states." This is the last mention of his name in Hansard's Reports. He spoke only on American affairs, and was evidently not desirous of a separation between the colonies and the mother country, but when such a step became inevitable, acquiesced. Had he lived in America, he would no doubt have been prominent on the side of independence.

It is characteristic of the manner in which families were divided in political opinions, during the Revolution, that while Henry Cruger was in parliament, one of his two brothers in America was a colonel in the royal army, and employed in the southern campaign, while the other, a New York merchant, trading with the West Indies, though taking no active part in the contest, was identified with the Whig side, and a friend of General Washington.

Henry Cruger returned to New York after the war, and was elected to the state senate, while still a member of the British House of Commons, his term of service not having expired. He does not appear to have taken any active part in the Legislature, nor in any public affairs after the expiration of his term of office. He died in New York on the 24th day of April, 1827.

He was noted throughout his career for his frank, and at the same time polished manners; qualities which, combined with a handsome figure, no doubt contributed their share to his great personal popularity in Bristol, and his high social position in his native city. He was not forgotten after resuming his residence in New York, by his old constituents on the other side of the water; a spirited election ballad of 1812 referring to past triumphs under his leadership, as an incitement to exertion in favor of a distinguished successor, Romilly. We quote its opening stanzas:

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF HARRY CRUGER.

Eight-and-thirty years ago,* by a resolute exertion,
Bristol's independent sons broke the fetters of coercion;
And so glorious was the triumph, that it gain'd the approbation
Of ev'ry liberal-minded man throughout the British nation.

Chorus—
O the golden days of honest HARRY CRUGER!
With pleasure we reflect upon the days of HARRY CRUGER.

Then the minions of corruption, and the weight of their long purses,
Were scarcely more regarded than their promises or curses:
Each freeman was impelled by disinterested principle—
A stimulus that renders every honest cause invincible.
O the golden days, &c.

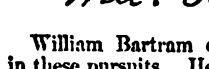
The patriot-fire that warm'd the heart on such a bright occasion,
Requires no more at present than a little renovation;
What freemen did in SEVENTY-FOUR, to rid themselves of slavery,
They very well may do in TWELVE, 'gainst arrogance and knavery.
O the golden days, &c.

WILLIAM BARTRAM.

COLERIDGE, whose love of universal knowledge and constant desire to gratify the imagination, led him to be a diligent reader of the reports of travellers, particularly those who made original observations in regions of adventure and discovery, of the fidelity and essential value of whose narratives he was a most discriminating judge, said of these productions, "the latest book of travels I know, written in the spirit of the old travellers, is Bartram's account of his tour in the Floridas. It is a work of high merit every way."† The author, who was the honored subject of this eulogy, was William Bartram, who printed in Philadelphia in 1791, in an octavo volume, his *Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee*

* Thirty-eight years before Mr. Cruger was first chosen Member of Parliament.
† Specimens of the Table Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, March 19, 1827.

Country, the Extensive Territories of the Muscogulges or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Choctaws. Containing an account of the soil and natural productions of those regions; together with observations on the manners of the Indians. The style of this work is distinguished by its simple love of nature and vivacity. It breathes of the freshness of a new land: every sensation is pleasurable, welcomed by health. The writer lived before that stage of the civilization of great cities which silences the voice of natural emotion raised in the expression of gratitude to Heaven or affection to man. Perhaps the simple life and pure tastes of the Quaker facilitated his lively gratification of the senses and emotions. All his faculties are alive in his book, whether he describes a tree, a fish, a bird, beast, Indian, or hospitable planter. He detects fragrance, vitality, and health everywhere in the animal world.



William Bartram came naturally by his tastes in these pursuits. He was the fourth son of John Bartram—born in Pennsylvania in 1699—the earliest of American botanists, and the founder of the first Botanical Garden in the country. His acquaintance with medicine and occupation as a farmer had led him to the study of plants. The specimens which he collected were sent to London, and secured him the correspondence of Peter Collinson, the Quaker lover of science and the friend of Franklin. He was a great traveller in search of his favorite objects in natural history in the old provinces, making his way to the head waters of the lakes and rivers of New York and Pennsylvania, through what was then a wilderness, and accomplishing, when he was nearly seventy, a full exploration of the St. John's river in Florida. In 1751 some observations made by Bartram on his travels from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario, and communicated to his friends in London, were published by them in a thin octavo, with an appendix containing the account of Niagara by the Swedish traveller Kalm.* The style of Bartram is crude, but his observations show the genius of the naturalist.

Of his southern journey an account was published in 1766.† It consists of a description of the country in its main features of climate, soil, natural productions, and opportunities for cultivation, with a journal appended of actual observations (Dec. 9, 1765, Feb. 11, 1766). These are introduced in the edition before us by a dedication and recommendation from the pen of Dr. William Stork, who had the settlement of the country at heart. Bartram's observations are plainly set down, and his tract has the interest of most original notices of the kind. His mention of the staple productions of the several colonies in 1766, is a point from which to measure the development of the country:—"Since every colony in America seems to have, as it were, a staple commodity peculiar to itself, as Canada the fur; Massachusetts Bay, fish; Connecticut, lumber; New York and Pennsylvania, wheat; Virginia and Maryland, tobacco; North Carolina, pitch and tar; South Carolina, rice and indigo; Georgia, rice and silk."

In a letter to Jared Eliot, dated Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1775, introducing John Bartram, Franklin writes, "I believe you will find him to be at least twenty folio pages, large paper, well filled, on the subjects of botany, fossils, husbandry, and the first creation." Hector St. John, in his Letters of an American Farmer, has a long description of an alleged visit paid by a Russian gentleman to John Bartram, which is evidently an account of his own observations of the amiable naturalist. He mentions an inscription over the door of his greenhouse,

> Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
> But looks through nature up to nature's God.

The character of John Bartram was marked by its strength and simplicity, and by his love for the moral precepts of the Bible. Born and educated a Quaker, he did not escape some imputations of imperfect orthodoxy. His natural piety was witnessed by the inscription engraved by his own hands upon a stone placed on the outside of his house, over the front window of his study—

> 'Tis God alone, Almighty Lord,
> The Holy one, by me adored.
> JOHN BARTRAM, 1770.

He died September 21, 1777.

It was at the Botanic Garden on the banks of the Schuylkill, which the father founded, and in the house also built by his own hands, that William Bartram, the son, was born, February 9, 1739. He had for his tutor Charles Thomson, subsequently the honest and spirited republican of the old Continental Congress. He had an early talent for drawing, which led him to think of the congenial pursuits of printing and engraving; but he adopted the life of a merchant, which he soon abandoned; for before he was thirty years of age

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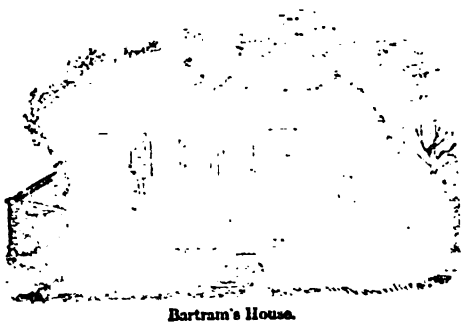
* Observations on the Inhabitants, Climate, Soil, Rivers, Productions, Animals, and other matters worthy of notice, made by Mr. John Bartram, in his Travels from Pennsylvania to Onondago, Oswego and the Lake Ontario, in Canada. To which is annexed a curious account of the Cataracts at Niagara, by Mr. Peter Kalm, a Swedish gentleman who travelled there. London. J. Whiston & White. 1751. 8vo. pp. 94. Kalm was a pupil of Linnæus at Upsal, and came to America at his instigation. From 1748–51 he was in America, where he was intimate with Colden, Logan, Franklin, and Bartram. His three volumes of travels in this country were translated from the Swedish into German, and thence into English by J. Reinold Forster, in 1771. Kalm died in 1779.

† A Description of East-Florida, with a journal, kept by John Bartram, of Philadelphia, Botanist to His Majesty for the Floridas; upon a journey from St. Augustine up the river St. John's, as far as the Lakes. With explanatory botanical notes. Illustrated with an accurate Map of East Florida, and two plans, one of St. Augustine, and the other of the Bay of Espiritu Santo. The third edition, much enlarged and improved.

> Hic Segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ
> Arborei Fœtus alibi, atque hirsuta virescunt
> Gramina. Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus Odores,
> India mittat Ebur, molles sua Thura Sabæi?
> *Virgil, Georgic.*

London; sold by W. Nicoll, at No. 51 St. Paul's Church Yard; and T. Jefferies, at Charing-Cross, Geographer to his Majesty. MDCCLXIX.

we find him accompanying his father on his Florida tour, and engaging in the cultivation of indigo. His own travels in that region were com-



Bartram's House.

menced in 1772, at the request of Dr. Fothergill, the distinguished botanist and liberal and benevolent friend of science, and he occupied five years in his natural history pursuits in Georgia, South Carolina, and the Floridas. On his return to Philadelphia he quietly passed his time in scientific occupations, residing at the old Botanic Garden at Kingsessing, never marrying, though occasionally rallied on the subject by his London friend Collinson. In 1782 he was elected Professor of Botany in the University of Pennsylvania, but did not accept the position on account of his health. He assisted Wilson in his American Ornithology. His friend Barton was indebted to his pencil for drawings of the plates of his *Elements of Botany*. In 1789 he wrote a reply to a series of questions proposed to him on the condition of the Creek and Cherokee Indians, of whose manners he had been a diligent and curious observer, which has been lately reprinted from the original manuscript in the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society. The name of his correspondent in this work has been lost, but the probability rests with Dr. B. S. Barton, who refers in his Memoir on the *Origin of the American Nations*, to a MS. of Bartram on these subjects in his possession.* His views of the character of the Southern Indians in this sketch, as well as in his Travels, place them in a very favorable light, for their possession of many honorable personal qualities.

In May, 1797, he was visited by Dunlap, in company with Brockden Brown, at the Botanic Garden, and the curious historiographer and painter has left a sketch of his appearance:—"Arrived at the botanist's garden, we approached an old man, who, with a rake in his hand, was breaking the clods of earth in a tulip bed. His hat was old and flapped over his face: his coarse shirt was seen near his neck, as he wore no cravat or kerchief; his waistcoat and breeches were both of leather, and his shoes were tied with leather strings. We approached and accosted him. He ceased his work, and entered into conversation with the ease and politeness of nature's nobleman. His countenance was expressive of benignity and happiness. This was the botanist, traveller, and philosopher we had come to see. He had pointed out many curious plants."†

Bartram appears to have been engaged in these friendly pursuits of science to the last, for it is recorded he wrote an article on the natural history of a plant, a few minutes before his death, which happened suddenly, by the rupture of a bloodvessel in the lungs, July 22, 1823, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The correspondence of the Bartrams and Humphry Marshall, who was the cousin of John Bartram and author of a valuable *Treatise on the Forest Trees of North America*, with their scientific friends in Europe and at home, is of interest for its simple, unaffected character, and the curiosity and information of many of its details. This correspondence was published in 1849, with many other interesting memorials, by William Darlington.‡

EPHEMERA.

Leaving Picolata, I continued to ascend the river. I observed this day, during my progress up the river, incredible numbers of small flying insects, of the genus termed by naturalists Ephemera, continually emerging from the shallow water near shore, some of them immediately taking their flight to the land, whilst myriads crept up the grass and herbage, where remaining for a short time, as they acquired sufficient strength, they took their flight also, following their kindred to the main land. This resurrection from the deep, if I may so express it, commences early in the morning, and ceases after the sun is up. At evening they are seen in clouds of innumerable millions, swarming and wantoning in the still air, gradually drawing near the river. They descend upon its surface, and there quickly end their day, after committing their eggs to the deep; which being for a little while tossed about, enveloped in a viscid scum, are hatched, and the little Larvæ descend into their secure and dark habitation, in the oozy bed beneath, where they remain gradually increasing in size, until the returning spring; they then change to a Nymph, when the genial heat brings them, as it were, into existence, and they again arise into the world. This fly seems to be delicious food for birds, frogs, and fish. In the morning, when they arise, and in the evening, when they return, the tumult is great indeed, and the surface of the water along shore broken into bubbles, or spirted into the air, by the contending aquatic tribes; and such is the avidity of the fish and frogs, that they spring into the air after this delicious prey.

Early in the evening, after a pleasant day's voyage, I made a convenient and safe harbor, in a little lagoon, under an elevated bank, on the West shore of the river; where I shall entreat the reader's patience, whilst we behold the closing scene of the short-lived Ephemera, and communicate to each other the reflections which so singular an exhibition might rationally suggest to an inquisitive mind. Our place of observation is happily situated under the protecting shade of majestic Live Oaks, glorious Magnolias, and the fragrant Orange, open to the view of the great river and the still waters of the lagoon just before us.

* Prefatory note, by E. G. Squier, to Observations on the Creek and Cherokee Indians, by William Bartram.—Transactions Am. Eth. Soc. vol. iii. pt. 1.

† Hist. Am. Theatre, 176.

‡ Memorials of John Bartram and Humphry Marshall, with Notices of their Botanical Contemporaries, by William Darlington, 1849.

At the cool eve's approach, the sweet enchanting melody of the feathered songsters gradually ceases, and they betake themselves to their leafy coverts for security and repose.

Solemnly and slowly move onward, to the river's shore, the rustling crowds of the Ephemera. How awful the procession! innumerable millions of winged beings, voluntarily verging on to destruction, to the brink of the grave, where they behold bands of their enemies with wide open jaws, ready to receive them. But as if insensible of their danger, gay and tranquil each meets his beloved mate in the still air, inimitably bedecked in their new nuptial robes. What eye can trace them, in their varied wanton amorous chases, bounding and fluttering on the odoriferous air! With what peace, love, and joy, do they end the last moments of their existence!

I think we may assert, without any fear of exaggeration, that there are annually of these beautiful winged beings, which rise into existence, and for a few moments take a transient view of the glory of the Creator's works, a number greater than the whole race of mankind that have ever existed since the creation; and that, only from the shores of this river. How many then must have been produced since the creation, when we consider the number of large rivers in America, in comparison with which, this river is but a brook or rivulet!

The importance of the existence of these beautiful and delicately formed little creatures, whose frame and organization are equally wonderful, more delicate, and perhaps as complicated as those of the most perfect human being, is well worth a few moments' contemplation; I mean particularly when they appear in the fly state. And if we consider the very short period of that stage of existence, which we may reasonably suppose to be the only space of their life that admits of pleasure and enjoyment, what a lesson doth it not afford us of the vanity of our own pursuits!

Their whole existence in this world is but one complete year; and at least three hundred and sixty days of that time they are in the form of an ugly grub, buried in mud, eighteen inches under water, and in this condition scarcely locomotive, as each larva or grub has but its own narrow solitary cell, from which it never travels or moves, but in a perpendicular progression of a few inches, up and down, from the bottom to the surface of the mud, in order to intercept the passing atoms for its food, and get a momentary respiration of fresh air; and even here it must be perpetually on its guard, in order to escape the troops of fish and shrimps watching to catch it, and from whom it has no escape, but by instantly retreating back into its cell. One would be apt almost to imagine them created merely for the food of fish and other animals.

CROCODILES ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

The evening was temperately cool and calm. The crocodiles began to roar and appear in uncommon numbers along the shores and in the river. I fixed my camp in an open plain, near the utmost projection of the promontory, under the shelter of a large live oak, which stood on the highest part of the ground, and but a few yards from my boat. From this open, high situation, I had a free prospect of the river, which was a matter of no trivial consideration to me, having good reason to dread the subtle attacks of the alligators, who were crowding about my harbour. Having collected a good quantity of wood for the purpose of keeping up a light and smoke during the night, I began to think of preparing my supper, when, upon examining my stores, I found but a scanty provision. I thereupon determined, as the most expeditious way of supplying my necessities, to take my bob and try for some trout. About one hundred yards above my harbour began a cove or bay of the river, out of which opened a large lagoon. The mouth or entrance from the river to it was narrow, but the waters soon after spread and formed a little lake, extending into the marshes: its entrance and shores within I observed to be verged with floating lawns of the pistia and nymphea and other aquatic plants; these I knew were excellent haunts for trout.

The verges and islets of the lagoon were elegantly embellished with flowering plants and shrubs; the laughing coots with wings half spread were tripping over the little coves, and hiding themselves in the tufts of grass; young broods of the painted summer teal, skimming the still surface of the waters, and following the watchful parent unconscious of danger, were frequently surprised by the voracious trout; and he, in turn, as often by the subtle greedy alligator. Behold him rushing forth from the flags and reeds. His enormous body swells. His planted tail, brandished high, floats upon the lake. The waters like a cataract descend from his opening jaws. Clouds of smoke issue from his dilated nostrils. The earth trembles with his thunder. When immediately from the opposite coast of the lagoon, emerges from the deep his rival champion. They suddenly dart upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marks their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commences. They now sink to the bottom folded together in horrid wreaths. The water becomes thick and discoloured. Again they rise, their jaws clap together, re-echoing through the deep surrounding forests. Again they sink, when the contest ends at the muddy bottom of the lake, and the vanquished makes a hazardous escape, hiding himself in the muddy turbulent waters and sedge on a distant shore. The proud victor exulting returns to the place of action. The shores and forests resound his dreadful roar, together with the triumphing shouts of the plaited tribes around, witnesses of the horrid combat.

My apprehensions were highly alarmed after being a spectator of so dreadful a battle. It was obvious that every delay would but tend to increase my dangers and difficulties, as the sun was near setting, and the alligators gathered around my harbour from all quarters. From these considerations I concluded to be expeditious in my trip to the lagoon, in order to take some fish. Not thinking it prudent to take my fusee with me, lest I might lose it overboard in case of a battle, which I had every reason to dread before my return, I therefore furnished myself with a club for my defence, went on board, and penetrating the first line of those which surrounded my harbour, they gave way; but being pursued by several very large ones, I kept strictly on the watch, and paddled with all my might towards the entrance of the lagoon, hoping to be sheltered there from the multitude of my assailants; but ere I had half-way reached the place, I was attacked on all sides, several endeavouring to overset the canoe. My situation now became precarious to the last degree: two very large ones attacked me closely, at the same instant, rushing up with their heads and part of their bodies above the water, roaring terribly and belching floods of water over me. They struck their jaws together so close to my ears, as almost to stun me, and I expected every moment to be dragged out of the boat and instantly devoured. But I applied my weapons so effectually about me, though at random, that I was so successful as to beat them off a little; when finding that they de-

signed to renew the battle, I made for the shore, as the only means left me for my preservation; for, by keeping close to it, I should have my enemies on one side of me only, whereas I was before surrounded by them; and there was a probability, if pursued to the last extremity, of saving myself by jumping out of the canoe on shore, as it is easy to outwalk them on land, although comparatively as swift as lightning in the water. I found this last experiment alone could fully answer my expectations, for as soon as I gained the shore, they drew off and kept aloof. This was a happy relief, as my confidence was, in some degree, recovered by it. On recollecting myself, I discovered that I had almost reached the entrance of the lagoon, and determined to venture in, if possible, to take a few fish, and then return to my harbour, while daylight continued; for I could now, with caution and resolution, make my way with safety along shore; and indeed there was no other way to regain my camp, without leaving my boat and making my retreat through the marshes and reeds, which, if I could even effect, would have been in a manner throwing myself away, for then there would have been no hopes of ever recovering my bark, and returning in safety to any settlements of men. I accordingly proceeded, and made good my entrance into the lagoon, though not without opposition from the alligators, who formed a line across the entrance, but did not pursue me into it, nor was I molested by any there, though there were some very large ones in a cove at the upper end. I soon caught more trout than I had present occasion for, and the air was too hot and sultry to admit of their being kept for many hours, even though salted or barbecued. I now prepared for my return to camp, which I succeeded in with but little trouble, by keeping close to the shore; yet I was opposed upon re-entering the river out of the lagoon, and pursued near to my landing (though not closely attacked), particularly by an old daring one, about twelve feet in length, who kept close after me; and when I stepped on shore and turned about, in order to draw up my canoe, he rushed up near my feet, and lay there for some time, looking me in the face, his head and shoulders out of water. I resolved he should pay for his temerity, and having a heavy load in my fusee, I ran to my camp, and returning with my piece, found him with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, in search of fish. On my coming up he withdrew sullenly and slowly into the water, but soon returned and placed himself in his former position, looking at me, and seeming neither fearful nor any way disturbed. I soon dispatched him by lodging the contents of my gun in his head, and then proceeded to cleanse and prepare my fish for supper: and accordingly took them out of the boat, laid them down on the sand close to the water, and began to scale them: when, raising my head, I saw before me, through the clear water, the head and shoulders of a very large alligator, moving slowly towards me. I instantly stepped back, when, with a sweep of his tail, he brushed off several of my fish. It was certainly most providential that I looked up at that instant, as the monster would probably, in less than a minute, have seized and dragged me into the river. This incredible boldness of the animal disturbed me greatly, supposing there could now be no reasonable safety for me during the night, but by keeping constantly on the watch; I therefore, as soon as I had prepared the fish, proceeded to secure myself and effects in the best manner I could. In the first place, I hauled my bark upon the shore, almost clear out of the water, to prevent their oversetting or sinking her; after this, every moveable was taken out and carried to my camp, which was but a few yards off; then ranging some dry wood in such order as was the most convenient, I cleared the ground round about it, that there might be no impediment in my way, in case of an attack in the night, either from the water or the land; for I discovered by this time, that this small isthmus, from its remote situation and fruitfulness, was resorted to by bears and wolves. Having prepared myself in the best manner I could, I charged my gun, and proceeded to reconnoitre my camp and the adjacent grounds; when I discovered that the peninsula and grove, at the distance of about two hundred yards from my encampment, on the land side, were invested by a cypress swamp, covered with water, which below was joined to the shore of the little lake, and above to the marshes surrounding the lagoon; so that I was confined to an island exceedingly circumscribed, and I found there was no other retreat for me, in case of an attack, but by either ascending one of the large oaks, or pushing off with my boat.

It was by this time dusk, and the alligators had nearly ceased their roar, when I was again alarmed by a tumultuous noise that seemed to be in my harbour, and therefore engaged my immediate attention. Returning to my camp, I found it undisturbed, and then continued on to the extreme point of the promontory, where I saw a scene, new and surprising, which at first threw my senses into such a tumult, that it was some time before I could comprehend what was the matter; however, I soon accounted for this prodigious assemblage of crocodiles at this place, which exceeded everything of the kind I had ever heard of.

How shall I express myself so as to convey an adequate idea of it to the reader, and at the same time avoid raising suspicions of my veracity! Should I say, that the river (in this place) from shore to shore, and perhaps near half a mile above and below me, appeared to be one solid bank of fish, of various kinds, pushing through this narrow pass of St. Juan's into the little lake, on their return down the river, and that the alligators were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless! What expressions can sufficiently declare the shocking scene that for some minutes continued, while this mighty army of fish were forcing the pass! During this attempt, thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of them were caught and swallowed by the devouring alligators. I have seen an alligator take up out of the water several great fish at a time, and just squeeze them betwixt his jaws, while the tails of the great trout flapped about his eyes and lips, ere he had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws, their plunging amidst the broken banks of fish, and rising with their prey some feet upright above the water, the floods of water and blood rushing out of their mouths, and the clouds of vapour issuing from their wide nostrils, were truly frightful. This scene continued at intervals during the night, as the fish came to the pass. After this sight, shocking and tremendous as it was, I found myself somewhat easier and more reconciled to my situation; being convinced that their extraordinary assemblage here was owing to this annual feast of fish; and that they were so well employed in their own element, that I had little occasion to fear their paying me a visit.

It being now almost night, I returned to my camp, where I had left my fish boiling, and my kettle of rice stewing; and having with me oil, pepper, and salt, and excellent oranges hanging in abundance

over my head (a valuable substitute for vinegar), I sat down and regaled myself cheerfully. Having finished my repast, I rekindled my fire for light, and whilst I was revising the notes of my past day's journey, I was suddenly roused with a noise behind me toward the main land. I sprang up on my feet, and listening, I distinctly heard some creature wading in the water of the isthmus. I seized my gun and went cautiously from my camp, directing my steps towards the noise: when I had advanced about thirty yards, I halted behind a coppice of orange trees, and soon perceived two very large bears, which had made their way through the water, and had landed in the grove, about one hundred yards' distance from me, and were advancing towards me. I waited until they were within thirty yards of me: they there began to snuff and look towards my camp: I snapped my piece but it flashed, on which they both turned about and galloped off, plunging through the water and swamp, never halting, as I suppose, until they reached fast land, as I could hear them leaping and plunging a long time. They did not presume to return again, nor was I molested by any other creatures except being occasionally awakened by the whooping of owls, screaming of bitterns, or the wood-rats running amongst the leaves.

EVENING SCENE IN FLORIDA.

We approached the savanna at the south end by a narrow isthmus of level ground, open to the light of day, and clear of trees or bushes, and not greatly elevated above the common level, having on our right a spacious meadow, embellished with a little lake, one verge of which was not very distant from us; its shore is a moderately high, circular bank, partly encircling a cove of the pond, in the form of a half moon; the water is clear and deep, and, at the distance of some hundred yards, was a large floating field (if I may so express myself) of the Nymphæa nelumbo, with their golden blossoms waving to and fro on their lofty stems. Beyond these fields of Nymphæa were spacious plains, encompassed by dark groves, opening to extensive pine forests, other plains still appearing beyond them.

This little lake and surrounding meadows would have been alone sufficient to surprise and delight the traveller; but being placed so near the great savanna, the attention is quickly drawn off, and wholly engaged in the contemplation of the unlimited, varied, and truly astonishing native wild scenes of landscape and perspective, there exhibited: how is the mind agitated and bewildered, at being thus, as it were, placed on the borders of a new world! On the first view of such an amazing display of the wisdom and power of the supreme author of nature, the mind for a moment seems suspended, and impressed with awe.

This isthmus being the common avenue or road of Indian travellers, we pitched our camp at a small distance from it, on a rising knoll near the verge of the savanna, under some spreading Live Oaks; this situation was open and airy, and gave us an unbounded prospect over the adjacent plains. Dewy evening now came on; the animating breezes, which cooled and tempered the meridian hours of this sultry season, now gently ceased; the glorious sovereign of the day, calling in his bright beaming emanations, left us in his absence to the milder government and protection of the silver queen of night, attended by millions of brilliant luminaries. The thundering alligator had ended his horrifying roar; the silver plumed gannet and stork, the sage and solitary pelican of the wilderness, had already retired to their silent nocturnal habitations, in the neighbouring forests; the sonorous savanna cranes, in well-disciplined squadrons, now rising from the earth, mounted aloft in spiral circles, far above the dense atmosphere of the humid plain; they again viewed the glorious sun, and the light of day still gleaming on their polished feathers, they sung their evening hymn, then in a straight line majestically descended, and alighted on the towering Palms or lofty Pines, their secure and peaceful lodging places. All around being still and silent, we repaired to rest.

EDWARD BANCROFT.

Of this political writer, who figured in England during the Revolution, we find an account in the Autobiography of John Adams,* from which it appears that he was a native of Massachusetts Bay, in the town of Suffield; that he had been a pupil of Silas Deane, when that negotiator was a schoolmaster; that after "some education" he had been apprenticed to a trade, from which he ran away and went to sea, in debt to his master; that he was successful in his adventures, and returned to his native town to make honorable compensation to his employer: after this that he "went to sea again," reappearing in England, where he took up his residence and published his *Natural History of Guiana*, "a work, considering the advantages of the author, of great merit;" that in addition he wrote in England the *History of Sir Charles Wentworth*, "a novel which no doubt was recommended to many readers, and procured a considerably better sale, by the plentiful abuse and vilification of Christianity which he had taken care to insert into it;" that "he had also been in the intimacy and confidence of Dr. Franklin, who had recommended him to the editors and proprietors of the *Monthly Review*, in which his standing share was to review all publications relative to America." Adams adds that he had this latter information from Franklin himself, and says—"I understood this very well, as I thought—to wit that Bancroft was the ostensible reviewer, but that Franklin was always consulted before the publication." The other details given by Adams are curious. "Bancroft," he goes on to say from information given by the personage himself, "was a meddler in the stocks as well as reviews, and frequently went into the alley, and into the deepest and darkest retirements and recesses of the brokers and jobbers, Jews as well as Christians, and found amusement as well perhaps as profit, by listening to all the news and anecdotes, true or false, that were there whispered or more boldly pronounced." Bancroft became afterwards "a confidential associate of Franklin in Paris." "He had," continues Adams, "a clear head and a good pen. He wrote some things relative to the connection between France and America, with the assistance of Franklin and Deane as I presume, which were translated into French by M. Turgot or the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, I forget which, and printed in a publication called *Affaires de l'Angleterre et de l'Amerique*, and which were very well done. After the peace he obtained a patent in France for the exclusive importation of the bark of the yellow oak for the

* Works, iii. 141.

dyers, and then he went to England and procured a similar patent there, by both of which together he is said to have realized an income of eight hundred a year."

The work on Guiana alluded to, was published in London in 1769.* It is in the form of letters addressed to his brother from River Demerary, in 1766, and is dedicated to Dr. William Pitcairn, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in London. Bancroft was a member of this society, as also a Fellow of the Royal Society. In his book are described the wourali poison, and other novelties for that time, of the country. It is a readable account mainly of the savages and animals in a picturesque region. In the same year he published a volume in support of American Colonial Rights, entitled *Remarks on the Review of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies*, the author of the review in question being William Knox, Under-Secretary of State.†

When Bancroft went to Paris, as stated by Adams, it was to meet Deane and render assistance to the American cause. He is also remembered as the authority, with Priestley, for the story of Franklin's having worn the Court suit of "spotted Manchester velvet," in which he was dressed at the Privy Council meeting with Wedderburn, again at the signing of the treaty with France. Bancroft was present at the Privy Council scene, and subsequently gave an account of the whole affair to William Temple Franklin.‡ His name appears occasionally in the Franklin Correspondence.

In 1794, Bancroft published the first volume of a work entitled *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of Permanent Colors, and the best means of producing them by dyeing, calico printing*, &c., followed by a second in 1813.

He never returned to America. His death occurred in 1821.§

BENJAMIN CHURCH.

Benjamin Church was born at Newport, Rhode Island, August 24, 1734. He was the son of a deacon of the same name in Dr. Byles's Church in Boston, and entered the Latin school of that city in 1745. In 1754 he was graduated at Harvard. His first poetical production, *The Choice, a poem, after the manner of Mr. Pomfret, by a young Gentleman*, was composed while he was at college.* It is smoothly written, and among the best of the many imitations of that pleasant castle in the air.

In this poem the author warms with his favorite tastes in books, for rural and domestic life. In the first he shows his attachment to the ruling poet of the day, "unequalled Pope." His choice in a wife and a country-seat is to be commended. With Freneau he has the honor of helping Campbell with a line and an idea. Noticing the physician Boerhaave, he writes of his death—

> At length, fatigu'd with life, he bravely fell,
> And Health, with Boerhaave, bade the world farewell;

which will recall the lines in the Pleasures of Hope, written nearly half a century later, where

> Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
> And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell.

The coincidence is creditable to Benjamin Church at the age of eighteen.

He appears to have next studied medicine in London, and while in England married Miss Hannah Hill of Ross (Pope's Ross). He returned to Boston, where he established himself in the practice of his profession. He contributed one or two English poems to the *Pietas et Gratulatio*, a volume of congratulatory verses in Latin, Greek, and English, addressed to George III. on his accession, by members of Harvard College. In 1765 he published *The Times, a poem by an American*, in an anonymous pamphlet of sixteen pages. It was written soon after the passage of the stamp act, and its satire is chiefly directed against that measure and its abettors. In 1766 he wrote an Elegy on the death of Dr. Mayhew, which is characterized by much more than the ordinary vigor sufficient for such productions. His introduction invoking the spirit of truth over the ashes of the dead, has such lines as these:—

> Great is the task and glorious is the end,
> When the chaste Muse in Virtue's cause engage;
> Tis her's to patronize, protect, defend,
> And hold th' exemplars to a distant age.
>
> Deep into times rolled by—to dart her ken,
> At the tribunal of her lowly mind,
> T' arraign the conduct of the mightiest men,
> Acquit, or doom the Nimrods of mankind:

and in 1769 *An Address to a Provincial Bashaw. By a Son of Liberty. Printed in (the Tyrannic Administration of St. Francisco*†) 1769. Like The Times, it is full of the warmest expressions of sympathy with the popular cause, of which the author was now one of the recognised leaders. In 1770 he examined the body of Crispus Attucks, the mulatto slain in the Boston massacre, and his deposition appears in the narrative published by the town. In 1773 he delivered an oration on the fourth anniversary of the contest in the Old South church, which was so densely crowded that the orator and moderator of the meeting, John Hancock, had to be introduced through a window. Public expectation was not disappointed, the address being received with "univer-

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* An Essay on the Natural History of Guiana in South America, containing a description of many curious Productions in the Animal and Vegetable Systems of that Country. Together with an Account of the Religion, Manners, and Customs, of several tribes of its Indian inhabitants, interspersed with a variety of Literary and Medical Observations; in several letters from a gentleman of the Medical Faculty during his residence in that country. London: Becket. 1769. 8vo. pp. 402.

† Remarks on the Review of the Controversy between Great Britain and her Colonies, in which the Errors of its Author are exposed, and the Claims of the Colonies vindicated, upon the evidence of Historical Facts and authentic records, to which is subjoined a proposal for terminating the present unhappy dispute with the Colonies; recovering their Commerce; reconciliating their Affection; securing their rights; and establishing their dependence on a just and permanent basis. Humbly submitted to the consideration of the British Legislature. By Edward Bancroft.

> Consilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
> Et perdunt operam et deridentur turpiter.
> Phæd. Fab. xxv.

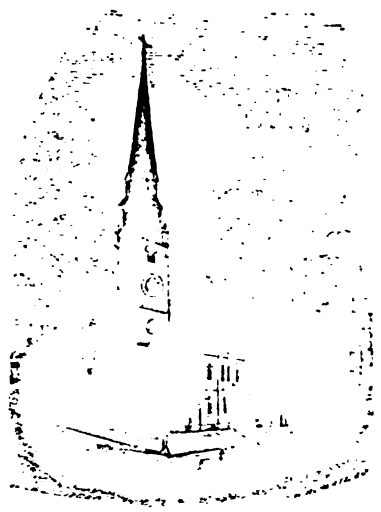
London: Printed in the year 1769. New-London, in New England: Reprinted and Sold by T. Green. 1771. 8vo. pp. 136.

‡ Sparks's Franklin, iv. 468.

§ Rees, Biog. Dict.

* It is so stated in a reprint of the poem in 1868, by Isaiah Thomas.

† Governor Bernard.



The Old South Church.

sal applause," and soon after printed by request. It maintains its place in public estimation as one of the best of the Boston Massacre orations. In addition to these productions Church wrote *An Elegy to the memory of that pious and eminent Servant of Jesus Christ, the Reverend Mr. George Whitefield*, on his death September 30, 1770, and was a frequent contributor of political essays and popular songs to the periodicals of the day. He was chosen a member of the Massachusetts Legislature and of the Provincial Congress in 1774, and in the same year physician-general to the American army.

Church resided in an elegant mansion at Raynham, on Nippenickett pond, near Boston, which he had erected about the year 1768, and where he appears to have led an extravagant and licentious life. Want of money to support wasteful expenditure seems, as in the case of Arnold, to have led to the treason which suddenly changed a career of honor to one of infamy. In 1774 Church was found to have written parodies of popular songs composed by himself in favor of liberty, for the Tory journals. It was also noticed that his articles in defence of the American cause were followed by ably written answers in the government journals. General Gage was also found to be constantly informed in relation to the patriot movements. Soon after the battle of Lexington in 1775 further suspicion was excited by a visit which Church made to Boston on the pretext of obtaining medicines for the use of the army. He stated on his return that he was arrested on crossing the lines and taken before General Gage, who examined him; but on the subsequent testimony of Deacon Caleb Davis, who happened to call at Gage's house at the same time, he appears to have visited Gage more as a friend than a prisoner. The charge of treasonable conduct seems to be further established by the testimony of "a gentleman who studied with Church," who stated to Paul Revere, of Boston, a year or two after, that he knew for certain that, a short time before the Battle of Lexington—for he then lived with him and took care of his business and books—he had no money by him, and was much drove for money; that all at once he had several hundred new British guineas.

This double dealing was soon to be closed. On the fifth of October of the same year Washington writes to Hancock: "I have now a painful, though necessary duty to perform, respecting Dr. Church, director-general of the hospital. About a week ago, Mr. Secretary Ward of Providence, sent up to me one Wainwood, an inhabitant of Newport, with a letter directed to Major Cane in Boston, in characters; which he said, had been left with Wainwood some time ago, by a woman who was kept by Dr. Church. She had before pressed Wainwood to take her to Capt. Wallace, at Newport, Mr. Dudley the collector, or George Rowe, which he declined. She then gave him a letter, with a strict charge to deliver it to either of those gentlemen. He suspecting some improper correspondence, kept the letter, and after some time opened it; but not being able to read it, laid it up, where it remained until he received an obscure letter from the woman, expressing an anxiety after the original letter. He then communicated the whole matter to Mr. Ward, who sent him up with the papers to me. I immediately secured the woman; but for a long time she was proof against every threat and persuasion to discover the author. However, at length she was brought to a confession, and named Dr. Church. I then immediately secured him, and all his papers. Upon his first examination, he readily acknowledged the letter; said it was designed for his brother Fleming, and when deciphered would be found to contain nothing criminal. He acknowledged his never having communicated the correspondence to any person here but the girl, and made many protestations of the purity of his intentions. Having found a person capable of deciphering the letter, I, in the meantime, had all his papers searched, but found nothing criminal among them. But it appeared, on inquiry, that a confidant had been among the papers before my messenger arrived."

Church was convicted by the General Court, notwithstanding an eloquent defence made by himself, in which he endeavored to prove that his communications to the enemy were designed to impress them with "a high opinion of the strength of the Americans, in order that the meditated attack might be delayed till the continental army was stronger,"* and to obtain information from the royalist forces which he had imparted to the American leaders and used for the benefit of his country.† He was expelled from the House of Representatives of the State, and convicted by a court-martial at which Washington presided. His sentence was referred to Congress, and that body resolved that he be closely confined in some secure jail in Connecticut, without the use of pen, ink, and paper; and that no person be allowed to converse with him except in the presence and hearing of a magistrate, or the sheriff of the county.‡ He was consequently imprisoned in Norwich jail, but his health failing, was re-

* Kettell, i. 167.
† Church's Defence is published in the Mass. Hist. Coll.
‡ Holmes's Annals, ii. 203.

leased in May, 1776, and permitted to leave the country. He sailed from Boston* for the West Indies in a vessel which was never afterwards heard from. His family received a pension from the English crown.

THE CHOICE—A POEM.

If youthful fancy might it's Choice pursue,
And act as natural reason prompts it to;
If inclination could dispose our state,
And human will might govern future fate;
Remote from grandeur, I'd be humbly wise,
And all the glitter of a court despise:
Unskil'd the proud, or vicious to commend,
To cringe to insolence, or fools attend;
Within myself contented and secure,
Above what mean ambition can endure;
Nor yet so anxious to obtain a name,
To bleed for honour on the fields of fame;
Empty parade, is all that heroes know,
Unless fair Virtue hover in the show.

But in these walls, where Heav'n has fix'd my stay,
One half of life I'd wish to breathe away:
The fall and winter of each future year
I'd humbly hope to spend contented here;
'Mid the fierce ravage of a wintry storm,
Kind friends to cheer me, moderate wine to warm,
Securely happy we'd delude the day,
And smile the seasons cheerfully away,
No needless show my modest dome should claim,
Neat and genteel without, within the same:
Decently furnish'd to content and please,
Sufficient for necessity and ease;
Vain is the pomp of prodigal expense,
Frugality denotes the man of sense;
My doors the needy stranger should befriend,
And hospitality my board attend;
With frugal plenty be my table spread,
Those, and those only, whom I love be fed:
The meek and indigent my banquet share,
Who love the master, and approve the fare;
Thy mellow vintage, Lisbon! should abound,
Pouring a mirthful inspiration round;
While laughing Bacchus bathes within the bowl,
Love, mirth, and friendship swallow up the soul.

I'd have few friends, and those by nature true,
Sacred to friendship, and to virtue too;
Tho' but to few an intimate profest,
I'd be no foe, nor useless to the rest:
Each friend belov'd requires a friendly care,
His griefs, dejections, and his fate to share;
For this my choice should be to bounds confin'd,
Nor with a burst of passion flood mankind.

Above the rest, one dear selected friend,
Kind to advise, and cautious to offend;
To malice, envy, and to pride unknown,
Nor apt to censure foibles, but his own;
Firm in religion, in his morals just,
Wise in discerning, and advising best;
Learn'd without pedantry, in temper kind,
Soft in his manners, happy in his mind;
Is there in whom these social virtues blend,
The Muse lisps *Pollio*, and she calls him friend:
To him, when flush'd with transport I'd repair,
His faithful bosom should my solace share;
To him I'd fly when sorrows prove too great,
To him discover all the stings of fate:
His social soul should all my pangs allay,
Tune every nerve and charm my griefs away.
O how I wish to join the friendly throng,
Elude the hours, and harmonize the song;
Each generous soul still sedulous to please,
With calm good temper, and with mutual ease;
Glad to receive and give, the keen reply,
Nor approbation to the jest deny.

But at a decent hour with social heart,
In love and humour should my friends depart:
Then to my study, eager I'd repair,
And feast my mind with new refreshment there;
There plung'd in tho't my active mind should tread
Through all the labours of the learned dead;
Homer, great parent of heroick strains,
Virgil, whose genius was improv'd with pains;
Horace, in whom the wit and courtier join'd,
Ovid, the tender, amorous and refin'd;
Keen Juvenal, whose all-correcting page,
Lash'd daring vice, and sham'd an impious age:
Expressive Lucan who politely sung,
With hum'rous Martial tickling as he stung;
Elaborate Terence, studious where he smil'd,
Familiar Plautus, regularly wild;
With frequent visit these I would survey,
And read, and meditate the hours away.

Nor these alone should on my shelves recline,
But awful Pope! majestically shine,
Unequal'd bard! Who durst thy praise engage!
Not yet grown reverend with the rust of age;
Sure Heav'n alone thy art unrival'd taught,
To think so well, so well express the thought;
What villain hears thee, but regrets the smart!
But tears the lurking demon from his heart!
Virtue attends thee with the best applause,
Conscious desert! great victor in her cause,
She faithful to thy worth, thy name shall grace,
Beyond all period, and beyond all space:
Go, shine a seraph and thy notes prolong
For angels only merit such a song!

Hail Briton's genius, Milton! deathless name!
Blest with a full satiety of fame:
Who durst attempt impertinence of praise!
Or sap insidious thy eternal bays!
For greater song, or more exalted fame,
Exceeds humanity to make, or claim.
These to peruse, I'd oft forget to dine,
And suck refection from each mighty line.
Next Addison's great labours should be join'd,
Prais'd by all tongues and known to all mankind:
With Littleton the tender and correct,
And copious Dryden, glorious in defect;
Nor would I leave the great and pious Young
Divinely fir'd, and sublime in song.
Next would I add the unaffected Gay,
And gentle Waller, with his flowing lay;
Last nature-limning Thomson should appear,
Who link'd eternity within his year.
These for diversion, with the comic throng,
Should raise my fancy, and improve my song;
Extend my view, 'till opening visions roll,
And all Pieria bursts upon my soul.

But to inform the mind, and mend the heart,
Great Tillotson and Butler, light impart;
Sagacious Newton, with all science blest,
And Locke, who always thought and reason'd best.

But lo! for real worth, and true desert,
Exhaustless science, and extensive art,
Boerhaave superior stands; in whom we find
The other Saviour of diseas'd mankind:

* The authorities differ both as to the birth-place of Dr. Church and the port from which he finally left his country; Boston being assigned as the scene of both exploits by some, and Newport by others. We have followed in both cases the narrative of Mr. Loring, in the Hundred Boston Orators, which he states to be derived from a descendant of Hannah, the daughter of Dr. Church, and wife of William Kirkby, a merchant of London.

Whose skilful hand could almost life create,
And make us leap the very bounds of fate;
Death, tyrant death, beholding his decline,
That Boerhaave would his kingdom undermine,
Arm'd with his surest shafts attack'd this foe,
Who long eluded the repeated throw,
At length fatigu'd with life, he bravely fell,
And health with Boerhaave bade the world farewell.
Thus 'till the year recedes, I'd be employed,
Ease, health and friendship happily enjoy'd;
But when the vernal sun revolves its ray,
Melting hoar winter with her rage away,
When vocal groves a gay perspective yield,
And a new verdure springs from field to field:
With the first larks I'd to the plains retire,
For rural pleasures are my chief desire.

Ah doubly blest! on native verdure laid,
Whose fields support him, and whose arbours shade;
In his own hermitage in peace resides,
Fann'd by his breeze, and slumb'ring by his tides;
Who drinks a fragrance from paternal groves,
Nor lives ungrateful for the life he loves.

I'd have a handsome seat not far from town,
The prospect beauteous, and the taste my own;
The fabrick modern, faultless the design,
Not large, nor yet immoderately fine;
But neat economy my mansion boast,
Nor should convenience be in beauty lost:
Each part should speak superior skill and care,
And all the artist be distinguish'd there.
On some small elevation should it stand,
And a free prospect to the South command;
Where safe from damps I'd snuff the wholesome gale,
And life and vigour thro' the lungs inhale;
Eastward my moderate fields should wave with grain,
Southward the verdure of a broad champaign;
Where gamesome flocks, and rampant herds might play,
To the warm sunshine of the vernal day;
Northward, a garden on a slope should lie,
Finely adjusted to the nicest eye;
In midst of this should stand a cherry grove,
A breezy, blooming canopy of love!
Whose blossom'd boughs the tuneful choir should cheer,
And pour regalement on the eye and ear:
A gay parterre the vivid box should bound,
To waft a fragrance thro' the fields around;
Where blushing fruits might tempt another Eve,
Without another serpent to deceive.
Westward, I'd have a thick-set forest grow,
Thro' which the bounded sight should scarcely go;
Confus'dly rude, the scenery should impart,
A view of nature unimprov'd by art.—

Rapt in the soft retreat, my anxious breast
Pants eager still for something unpossess'd;
Whence springs this sudden hope, this warm desire?
To what enjoyment would my soul aspire?
'Tis love! extend my wishes, and my care,
Eden was tasteless 'till an Eve was there:
Almighty love! I own thy powerful sway,
Resign my soul, and willingly obey.

Grant me, kind heav'n, the nymph still form'd to please,
Impassionate as infants when at ease;
Fair as the op'ning rose; her person small,
Artless as parent Eve before her fall;
Courteous as angels, unreserv'dly kind,
Of modest carriage, and the chastest mind;
Her temper sweet, her conversation keen,
Not wildly gay, but soberly serene;
Not talkative, nor apt to take offence,
With female softness join'd to manly sense;
Her dress and language elegantly plain,
Not sluttish, forward, prodigal, or vain;
Not proud of beauty, nor elate with praise,
Not fond to govern, but by choice obeys;
True to my arms in body and in soul,
As the touch'd needle to th' attractive pole.
Caution, oppos'd to charms like these were vain,
And man would glory in the silken chain;
Unlike the sensual wish that burns and stains,
But where the purest admiration reigns;
Give me, O give me! such superior love,
Before the nectar of the gods above;
Then time on downy wings would steal away,
And love still be the business of the day.

While sporting flocks in fond rotations court,
And to the thicket pair by pair resort;
While tuneful birds in tender murmurings plead,
Chanting their amorous carols thro' the mead;
Link'd arm in arm we'd search the twilight grove,
Where all inspires with harmony and love:
Ye boughs, your friendly umbrage wide extend!
Guard from rude eyes, and from the sun defend:
Ye wanton gales! pant gently on my fair,
Thou love-inspiring goddess meet us there!
While soft invited, and with joy obey'd,
We press the herbage, and improve the shade.

But is th' Almighty ever bound to please?
Rul'd by my wish, or studious of my ease?
Shall I determine where his frowns shall fall?
And fence my grotto from the lot of all!
Prostrate, his sovereign wisdom I adore,
Intreat his mercy, but I dare no more:
No constant joys mortality attend,
But sorrows violate, and cares offend;
Heav'n wisely mixt our pleasures with alloy,
And gilds our sorrows with a ray of joy;
Life without storms a stagnant pool appears,
And grows offensive with unruffled years.
An active state is virtue's proper sphere,
To do, and suffer is our duty here:
Foes to encounter, vices to disdain,
Pleasures to shun, and passions to restrain;
To fly temptation's open, flow'ry road,
And labour to be obstinately good.

Then, blest is he who takes a calm survey,
Of all th' events that paint the chequer'd day;
Content, that blessing makes the balance even,
And poises fortune, by the scale of heav'n.

I'll let no future ill my peace destroy,
Or cloud the aspect of a present joy;
He who directed and dispens'd the past,
O'errules the present, and shall guide the last,
If Providence a present good has giv'n,
I clasp the boon in gratitude to heav'n:
May resignation fortify my mind,
He cannot be unhappy that's resign'd.
Guard my repose, thou Lord of all within!—
An equal temper, and a soul serene;

O! teach me patience when oppos'd to wrong,
Restrain the mad'ning heart, and curb the tongue;
May prudence govern, piety control,
All slander, rage, and bitterness of soul:
Peace, plenty, health and innocence be made,
The blissful tenants of my tranquil shade.

O let me not malliciously comply,
To that curst action that shall raise a sigh;
Or cause the wretched orphan to complain,
Or see the widow's tears, and see in vain:
From a remorseless soul O set me free,
And prompt a pang for every wretch I see.

Whatever station be for me design'd,
May virtue be the mistress of my mind:
May I despise th' abandon'd and the base,
Tho' opulent, or dignified with place;
And spurn the wretch, who, meanly lost to shame,
Thinks wealth or place, a substitute for fame:
If wisdom, wealth, or honour, heav'n lend,
Teach me those talents happily to spend;
Nor make so blest, as I would wish to live,
Beyond those moments Heav'n is pleas'd to give;
Then when life trembles on the verge of rest,
And brings expended minutes to the test;
Absolve me conscience, thou imperial power!
O bless me with a self-approving hour.

ELIZABETH FERGUSON.

Elizabeth, the youngest child of Dr. Thomas Graeme, a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, and a grand-daughter on the mother's side of Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, was born in the year 1739. Her early years were passed at Graeme Park, the country seat of her father, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, a place celebrated alike for its cultivated beauties and the hospitalities of its host; where she enjoyed the society of a numerous and refined circle of persons. In her seventeenth year she became engaged to a young gentleman. The marriage was to be celebrated after his return from a residence in London, for the completion of his legal studies. The match was for unexplained reasons broken off, an event productive of much mental suffering to Miss Graeme. To divert her mind by occupation, she commenced and completed a translation of *Fenelon's Telemaque* in English blank verse. It has never been published, but the MS. has been deposited in the Philadelphia Library. She devoted herself so closely to this task that her health was impaired, and a voyage to Europe became necessary, as a means of restoration. Her mother urged her departure not only from solicitude for the daughter's health, but from a strange wish that her mind might not be distracted from spiritual contemplation by her daughter's presence at her anticipated speedy dissolution.

The daughter departed, and the mother died, as she had anticipated, during her absence.

Miss Graeme was accompanied in her visit to England by the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, by whom she was introduced to many of the leading literary men of the day. Accidentally taking a seat at the York races, next to Lawrence Sterne, her remark on betting a small sum on one of the horses in the rear at the outset, that "the race was not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," attracted his notice, and turning to her he requested the honor of her acquaintance. The incident was followed by a long and agreeable conversation.

She was much visited on her return, and a Journal which she had prepared of her travels, was much sought after. She was urged to publish it, but declined. Her society was eagerly sought, and on Saturday evenings, when she remained at home to receive her friends, her father's house was thronged by delighted guests.

One of these Saturday evening visitors was Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson, a handsome young Scotchman, who was so charmed by his hostess, that, though ten years her junior, he offered her his hand. He was accepted, and in a few months married. They settled at Graeme Park, which, by the death of her father, had become Mrs. Ferguson's property, where they resided until the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775; when the husband took the side of the Crown, and the pair separated, and were not again united. Mrs. Ferguson remained at her country residence, where she performed in an unostentatious manner many acts of benevolence, among which are recorded the gift of a large quantity of linen to the American prisoners taken at the battle of Germantown, and the gift of twenty dollars, the eighth part of her income at the time, to a ruined merchant thrown into jail by his creditors. She refused to give her name to the beneficiary, and the good deed was only discovered by his description of her person being identified.

Mrs. Ferguson figures in the history of the Revolution as the bearer, immediately after the British occupation of Philadelphia, of an offensive letter from the Rev. Mr. Duché to Washington. The General sent the letter to Congress, and hinted to Mrs. Ferguson, that he "highly disapproved the intercourse she seemed to have been carrying on, and expected it would be discontinued." She does not seem to have profited by this, as we soon after find her mixed up in the proposal of Governor Johnstone to offer Joseph Reed "ten thousand guineas and the best post in the government" to exert his influence with Washington, and in other directions, "to settle the contest," the only result of which was the memorable reply of Reed reported by Mrs. Ferguson in a narrative of the transaction, which she afterwards published in her own defence. "My influence is but small, but were it as great as Governor Johnstone would insinuate, the king of Great Britain has nothing within his gift that would tempt me."*

Mrs. Ferguson's correspondence is spoken of as exerting a wide influence, and evidencing high intellectual power. Several of her letters have been printed in the Port Folio. Her social influence was also great and beneficial: under her care her nephew, John Young, when a boy of twelve, is said to have been strangely imbued with a taste for literature by being locked up for twenty-four hours for some offence by his aunt in her father's library, where he, to relieve his imprisonment, took up a book and became so interested in its contents that he not only read other books under more favorable circumstances, but in due time made a contribution to literature by translating D'Argent's Ancient Geography. He died a Lieutenant in the British army. The copy of his translation in the Philadelphia library contains a tribute to his memory by Mrs. Ferguson.

Although nearly ruined in consequence of the war, Mrs. Ferguson steadily refused to receive any of the pecuniary aid pressed upon her by her friends; her simple mode of life rendering her independent. She took much interest in theology; and to impress the Bible more firmly on her memory, transcribed its entire contents.

During the latter part of her life, she suffered severe pain from sickness. She died on the twenty-third day of February, 1801, at the house of a Quaker, Seneca Lukens, near Graeme Park, and was interred, in accordance with her previously

* Life of Joseph Reed, by Wm. B. Reed. i. 267.

expressed request, beside her parents in the graveyard of Christ Church, Philadelphia.*

The poems of Evans contain a poetical correspondence between Miss Graeme, under the name of Laura, and himself, growing out of a passage in Pope, which presents a pleasant specimen of the lady's early versification. We extract the whole, as the individual portions mutually illustrate each other; and the Rev. Nathaniel Evans being but a few years the lady's junior, is soon to be in due course presented to the reader.

SOME LINES OUT OF MR. POPE'S ELOISE TO ABELARD.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind;
Each prayer accepted and each wish resign'd:
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

A PARODY ON THE FOREGOING LINES BY A LADY ASSUMING THE NAME OF LAURA.

How happy is the country Parson's lot!
Forgetting *Bishops*, as by *them* forgot;
Tranquil of spirit, with an easy mind,
To all his *Vestry's* votes he sits resign'd:
Of manners gentle, and of temper even,
He jogs his flocks, with easy pace, to heaven.
In Greek and Latin, pious books he keeps;
And, while his clerk sings psalms, he—soundly sleeps.
His garden fronts the sun's sweet orient beams,
And fat church-wardens prompt his golden dreams.
The earliest fruit, in his fair orchard, blooms;
And cleanly pipes pour out tobacco's fumes.
From rustic bridegroom oft he takes the ring;
And hears the milk-maid plaintive ballads sing.
Back-gammon cheats whole winter nights away,
And Pilgrim's Progress helps a rainy day.

N. B. The foregoing *Parody* occasioned the following epistolary contest, and poetical *Battlery*, between our Author and *Laura*.

AN EPISTLE TO LAURA, ON HER PARODY.

I lately saw, no matter where,
A parody by Laura fair;
In which beyond dispute, 'tis clear,
She means her country friend to jeer;
For, well she knows, her pleasing lays,
(Whether they banter me or praise,
Whatever merry mood they take)
Are welcome for their author's sake.

Tobacco vile, I never smoak,
(Tho' Laura loves her friend to joke)
Nor leave my flock all in the lurch,
By being lullaby'd in church;
But, change the word from clerk to priest,
Perhaps I lull my sheep to rest.

As for the table of Back-*gammon*,
'Tis far beyond the reach of Damon:
But, place right *gammon* on a table,
And then to play a knife—I'm able.

"*How happy is my lot*," you say,
Because from *Bishops* far away!
Happy I am, I'll not deny,
But then it is when you are nigh;
Or gently rushes o'er my mind
Th' idea of the nymph refin'd;
In whom each grace and virtue meet,
That render woman-kind complete;
The sense, the taste, the lovely mien
Of *Stella*, pride of *Patrick's Dean*.

O Laura! when I think of this,
And call you friend—'tis greater bliss,
Than all the "*fat church-wardens' schemes*."
Which rarely "*prompt my golden dreams*."
Yet, if the happiness, fair maid,
That sooths me in the silent shade,
Should, in your eye, appear too great,
Come, take it all—and share my fate!

LAURA'S ANSWER.

LAURA to *Damon* health doth send,
And thus salutes her *saucy* friend.

Because you would exert your wit,
You take the cap ne'er made to fit;
And then your sprightly verse display,
To prove me out in every way—
But I'll proceed, nor care one farthing;
Nor shall you make me sue for pardon,
Nor once recant what I asserted,
Tho' from my pen in haste it flirted.

Truly, because you do inherit
Some portion of the *Dean's* queer spirit,
You want to prove, in wondrous haste,
That *Laura* too has *Stella's* taste;
As if it must directly follow,
Since you are favour'd by Apollo,
That he his choicest gifts must send,
To ev'ry scribbling female friend.
I thank you, sir—you're wond'rous kind!
But think me not so vain or blind,
As to believe the pretty things,
Your muse, with ease, at Laura flings.

'Tis true, the moments I beguil'd,
And at a *country parson* smil'd;
Unhappy me! who ne'er could dream,
That you should think yourself the theme;
Unless my muse, thro' rank ill-nature,
Had turn'd what follows into satyr—

"A manner frank and debonnair,
A heart that's open and sincere,
Plain sense, stript of pedantic rules,
And formal precepts, hatch'd in schools;
Firm honesty without parade,
Simplicity in truth array'd;
A sprightly vein of humour too,
Known only by a favour'd few."

Had *Madam Muse*, in spleen or spight,
Plac'd all those graces in a light,
To make us laugh, more than admire—
Then Damon might have taken fire,
And said—*'tis past dispute and clear,*
I meant my country friend to jeer.

Yet, e'er I close—allow me time,
But just to add another rhyme.
Since I esteem your bliss so great,
In penance you will chuse a mate,
And tell me—"I may share your fate!"
The scheme is good, I must confess,
If you have bliss, to make it less!
Yet take a hint, before resolv'd,
And in the *dragging chain* involv'd,
While youthful joys around you shine,

* The Portfolio, quoted in Hazard's Pennsylvania Register, iii. 304.

Haste not to bend at Hymen's shrine;
Let friendship, gen'rous friendship, be
The bond to fetter you and me,
Vestal, Platonic—what you will,
So virtue reigns with freedom still.
But if, in matrimonial noose,
You must be bound—and have a spouse;
The faithful rib that heav'n shall send,
I'll fondly greet, and call her friend.

TO LAURA; IN REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

LAURA, for once excuse, I pray,
The pertness of a rural lay:
And I will ne'er again offend,
Or need the name of *saucy* friend;

Stella, (for now I see it clearly,
Who loves a little mischief dearly)
Resolv'd to carry a gay farce on,
Told me I was the country parson,
Described in your melodious strain:
To which I now return again.

I, like my namesake without* guile,
Thought in my turn that I might smile,
So seiz'd my pen, in a brisk sally,
Determin'd to pay off the tally;
And, in a fit of *warm regard*,
Dropt a few words—*quite off my guard*;
For which I Laura's mercy crave,
And shall remain her humble slave—
She's pleas'd to say, that "I inherit,
Some portion of the DEAN'S *queer spirit*."
If aught in me was ever seen.
Resembling Patrick's boasted Dean:
It was his faults, I fear—rank pride,
Which, for my life, I cannot hide,
And one less vain than Swift—or me,
Might e'en both proud and *saucy* be,
When such fine things of him are said
By Laura, the harmonious maid;
Yet still her compliments, I fear,
Are only sent her friend to *jeer*,
Or sugar o'er a little *smart*,
And close the bleedings of a heart—
Thus, without cause, when children cry,
And put their finger in their eye,
Kind *mamma* gives them aught that's handy,
Cakes, marmalade, or sugar-candy.

Fair Laura hints—the hint I take,
And honour for its mistress' sake—
Yet when great Cupid is inclin'd,
To fix his empire o'er my mind,
A *silken* cord, no "dragging chain,"
Shall lead me to his sacred fane;
For none, I trust, shall e'er discover,
In me aught like the whimp'ring lover:
The fault'ring voice, the sigh of care,
The languid look, the dying air.
When abject thus behaves the muse,
May I kind Laura's friendship lose,
That friendship which I dearer hold,
Than silver heaps or shining gold.

And now, farewell!—may ev'ry hour
Fresh happiness on *Laura* pour—
Whether in sacred wedlock join'd,
Or to the *Vestal* state inclin'd;
May constant joys before her rise,
Till, for low earth, she gains the skies!

* Nathaniel.

JAMES ALLEN.

JAMES ALLEN, the son of a wealthy merchant of Boston, was born in that city, July 24th, 1739. He entered Harvard College, but owing to his indolent habits and a supposed want of orthodoxy, left the institution at the end of the third year of his course. He resided, after this, in Boston, occasionally amusing himself by writing essays or verses, but without any serious devotion to literary or professional pursuits. He died, a bachelor, in 1808.

The publication of his chief production, *Lines on the Massacre*, is due more to accident than design. It was written at the request of Dr. Warren, to accompany the oration on the same subject, which the doctor had been appointed to deliver. The poem was submitted to the committee having the matter in hand, who decided that it should be printed with the oration, but afterwards, owing to suspicions as to the writer's political faith, it was suppressed. Allen, with his usual indolence, gave himself no trouble about the matter, but his friends, indignant at the treatment the poet had received, procured a copy from him, and published it, with extracts from *The Retrospect*, another poem by the same hand, which they accompanied by a commentary by themselves, exhibiting the author's political soundness and poetical merits.*

Allen also wrote a patriotic epic, entitled *Bunker Hill*, but after making arrangements for its publication, was too listless to proceed further, and the manuscript is now supposed to be lost. These, with the exception of a few slight magazine pieces, form the whole of his writings.

FROM THE POEM ON THE MASSACRE.

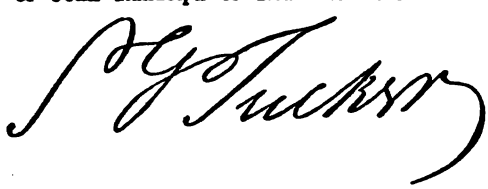
From realms of bondage, and a tyrant's reign,
Our godlike fathers bore no slavish chain.
To Pharaoh's face the inspired patriarchs stood,
To seal their virtue, with a martyr's blood;
But lives so precious, such a sacred seed,
The source of empires, heaven's high will decreed;
He snatch'd the saints from Pharaoh's impious hand,
And bid his chosen seek this distant land:
Thus to these climes the illustrious exiles sped,
'T was freedom prompted, and the Godhead led.
Eternal woods the virgin soil defaced,
A dreary desert, and a howling waste;
The haunt of tribes no pity taught to spare,
And they opposed them with remorseless war.
But heaven's right arm led forth the faithful train,
The guardian Godhead swept the insidious plain,
Till the scour'd thicket amicable stood,
Nor dastard ambush trench'd the dusky wood:
Our sires then earn'd no more precarious bread,
Nor 'midst alarms their frugal meals were spread.
Fair boding hopes inured their hands to toil,
And patriot virtue nursed the thriving soil,
Nor scarce two ages have their periods run,
Since o'er their culture smiled the genial sun;
And now what states extend their fair domains,
O'er fleecy mountains, and luxuriant plains!
Where happy millions their own fields possess,
No tyrant awes them, and no lords oppress;
The hand of rule, divine discretion guides,
And white-robed virtue o'er her path presides,
Each policed order venerates the laws,

* The Poem which the committee of the town of Boston had voted unanimously to be published with the late oration. Boston, E. Russell, 1772. Pp. 23.

And each, ingenuous, speaks in freedom's cause;
Not Spartan spirit, nor the Roman name,
The patriot's pride, shall rival these in fame;
Here all the sweets that social life can know,
From the full fount of civil sapience flow;
Here golden Ceres clothes th' autumnal plain,
And art's fair empress holds her new domain;
Here angel Science spreads her lucid wing,
And hark, how sweet the new-born muses sing;
Here generous Commerce spreads her liberal hand,
And scatters foreign blessings round the land.
Shall meagre mammon, or proud lust of sway,
Reverse these scenes—will heaven permit the day?
Shall in this era all our hopes expire,
And weeping freedom from her fanes retire?
Here shall the tyrant still our peace pursue,
From the pain'd eyebrow drink the vital dew?
Not nature's barrier wards our father's foe,
Seas roll in vain, and boundless oceans flow.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

JUDGE TUCKER, of Virginia, was born in the island of Bermuda, June 29, 1752 O. S., went to college at William and Mary, in Williamsburg, and in 1778 married Mrs. Randolph, the mother of John Randolph of Roanoke. He became



Judge of the Court of Appeals in 1803, on the death of Edmund Pendleton. He published an essay on the question, How far the Common Law of England is the Common Law of the United States; a treatise on Slavery, in 1796; a letter on the Alien and Sedition Laws, 1799, and an annotated edition of Blackstone. He died in Nelson county, Virginia, in November, 1827. He was a man of literary taste, great amiability, and thorough patriotism in the revolutionary struggle. These fugitive stanzas, attributed to his pen, are much admired:—

STANZAS.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and grey;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye should fall:
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray:
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay.

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight:
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

ELIAS BOUDINOT.

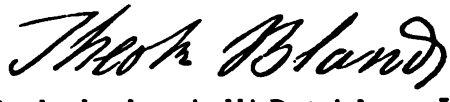
ELIAS BOUDINOT, of one of the numerous Huguenot families which, taking refuge in America from persecutions in France, made its return in patriotic efforts when America was to be defended, was born in Philadelphia, May 2d, 1740. He studied law with Richard Stockton, and his first wife was a sister of that distinguished statesman. He married, afterwards, a lady of New York, of the Beekman family, who survived him.

Boudinot became distinguished as a member of Congress, of which body he was President in 1782, and was rewarded by Washington with the appointment of Director of the Mint, as the successor of Rittenhouse, in 1796. He was the first president of the American Bible Society, on its creation in 1816. He took great interest in the cause of missions, particularly with reference to the Indians, the question of whose descent he endeavored to solve in his elaborate volume, *A Star in the West; or a humble attempt to discover the long lost ten tribes of Israel, preparatory to their return to their beloved city, Jerusalem.* This he published at Trenton, in New Jersey, in 1816. It is a curious work, which displays considerable diligence in the collection of facts and conjectures, and is written with an unaffected tone of sincerity, The writer evidently regarded the work as a religious duty. From his study of the sacred writings, his own observations of the Indian character, and the writings of Adair (who had taken this view), Colden, Brainerd, and others furnishing facts exhibiting similarity of customs, he established himself in the conclusion that the American Indians were the descendants of the lost tribes.

He also published, in 1790, *The Age of Revelation; or the Age of Reason an Age of Infidelity;* an oration before the Society of Cincinnati, 1793; and *The Second Advent of the Messiah*, 1815. He was generous and public-spirited, giving the Bible Society on one occasion ten thousand dollars, and founding in his lifetime a costly cabinet of natural history at Princeton. He left numerous liberal legacies at his death, for charitable uses.

THEODORIC BLAND. RICHARD BLAND.

COL. THEODORIC BLAND was of an old Virginia family, and the uncle of John Randolph. He was born in 1742. He was educated in Great Britain, at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, at a school to which Richard Henry Lee had been sent, and at Edin-



burgh, where he received his Doctor's degree. In 1764 or '5, he returned to America, and practised medicine in Virginia. At the outbreak of the Revolution he celebrated the Battle of Lexington, in some verses, and took part in the struggle as a captain of Virginia cavalry. Col. Bland was present at the Battle of Brandywine, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of Washington, who frequently corresponded with him. He was a member of Congress from 1779 to 1783, and was again elected to the new Congress, in attendance upon which, at New York, he died June 1, 1790.

Col. Bland held a correspondence with the leading actors of the Revolution, which he preserved with care, but which was exposed to the

disaster of two fires. What escaped those injuries was nearly lost by negligence, a negro man on one occasion offering eggs for sale in a basket lined with the manuscripts of Washington, picked from the damaged remnants of the collection in a cellar. John Randolph in vain endeavored to get possession of the papers. The remnants were at last secured by a Virginia gentleman of antiquarian tastes, Mr. Charles Campbell, by whom they were published as *The Bland Papers*, in 1840 and 1843.*

Mr. Campbell has preserved in his memoir portions of the verses, the manuscript of which was considerably broken. This is the close:—

Shall Brunswick's line, exalted high,
And freely placed on Britain's throne,
See hapless freedom prostrate lie,
And trampled on by Brunswick's son.

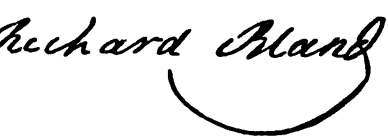
Ye nobles great, ye barons bold,
Remember glorious Runnymede,
Your ancestors, nor bought nor sold,
Stood ready for their rights to bleed.

Then spurn the proffered bribe with scorn—
The chartered rights your sires have won
Purely transmit to those unborn—
Let not the sire [enslave] the son.

Your brothers free in distant climes,
With noble ardor on you call,
Prepared to meet tempestuous times,
And prop the fabric ere it fall.

The collection is one of the most interesting memorials of our Revolutionary History, with its notices of old Virginia manners, and the public events of the times. Besides Col. Bland's own letters, the correspondence includes letters of Henry St. George Tucker, Arthur Lee, Jefferson, and others.

Col. Theodoric Bland is not to be confounded with his partial contemporary, Richard Bland,



"the Virginia Antiquary," who bore a prominent part as a political writer in the Revolution. He published in 1767, *An Inquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies*, after the House of Burgesses had declared the independence of the people of Virginia of the Parliament of Great Britain in matters of taxation.† Wirt, in a note to the Life of Patrick Henry, commemorates him as "one of the most enlightened men in the colony; a man of finished education, and of the most unbending habits of application. His perfect mastery of every fact connected with the settlement and progress of the colony, had given him the name of the Virginia Antiquary. He was a politician of the first class, a profound logician, and was also considered as the first writer in the colony." He died in 1778.

NATHANIEL EVANS.

Nathaniel Evans was born in Philadelphia, June 8, 1742. He was educated at the Academy of that city, and then apprenticed to a merchant. At the expiration of his indentures he entered the college, which had in the meantime been established. At the Commencement in 1765 he received the degree of Master of Arts, although he had not taken that of Bachelor, in consequence of the interruption in his studies. He immediately after left for England, for the purpose of being ordained, and returned in December of the same year, having passed a highly successful examination as one of the missionaries of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and was stationed in Gloucester county, New Jersey, where he remained, occupied with the duties of his profession, until his death, October 29, 1767.

One of his fellow-passengers on his return voyage from England was Miss Elizabeth Graeme, afterwards Mrs. Ferguson. The acquaintance formed on shipboard ripened into a friendship which was only interrupted by his death. Several of his poems are addressed to her as *Laura;* the title of his *Ode written at G——me Park*, shows that he visited at her family country-seat; and the Rev. Dr. Smith acknowledges her aid in the preparation of the collection of her friend's poems,* which he published, with a brief memoir, in 1772. This volume contains, in addition to the pieces already mentioned, and a brief poetical correspondence between Laura and himself, a few fugitive verses on contemporary topics, including an *Ode to the Memory of General Wolfe*, and a similar composition on the *Peace*, with an *Imitation of Horace* addressed to Thomas Godfrey, and an *Elegy* to the memory of the same friend, with paraphrases of a few of the Psalms, and two or three pastorals. One of his poems is addressed to *Benjamin Franklin, Esq., LL.D.*, occasioned by hearing him play on the harmonica.

His verses are smoothly written in the taste of the period, but do not possess high literary merit. The lines which we select are a version of a Latin poem, also by the author, addressed to a friend.

AD GULIELMUM LAUDERUM, P.P.

Caseus pinguis, pyra, mala, nectar
Te manent mecum, Gulielme, sextam
Occidens quum Sol properabit horam
Axe fugaci.

Diligit pullos nitidumque nidum
Uxor, at tecum gradiatur audax:
Filio quisquam nec erit venusto
Gratior umbra.

Risus et musæ comitentur almæ,
Innocens et te jocus et lepores:
Linque sed curas, et amara vitæ
Linque severa.

* The Bland Papers, being a selection from the MSS. of Col. Theodoric Bland, Jr., of Prince George County, Va., to which are prefixed an Introduction and a Memoir of Col. Bland. Edited by Charles Campbell. Petersburg: Edmund and Julian C. Ruffin. 1840–3.

† Jefferson's Notes on Va., Qy. xxiii., where another revolutionary pamphlet, The Monitor's Letters, by Arthur Lee, 1769, is mentioned.

* Poems on Several Occasions, with some other Compositions. By Nathaniel Evans, A.M., late Missionary (appointed by the Society for Promoting the Gospel) for Gloucester county, in New Jersey, and Chaplain to the Lord Viscount Kilmorey, of the Kingdom of Ireland. Philadelphia, 1772.

Hanc moram rugis sapiens futuris
Ponito: quamvis viridem senectam
Cautus arceto, remorare vitæ
Gaudia blandæ.

Vive nunc: ætas fugit impotentis
Fluminis ritu, volucrisve venti:
Vis stitit nulla, et revocavit horas
Nulla volantes.

Umbra seu pulvis fumus, aut inanis
Fumus, et nostrum remanebit olim
Nil nisi virtus, monumenta sacra
Ingeniique.

TO WILLIAM LAUDER, P.P.

Pears, apples, cheese, dear Will, and wine,
If thou wilt grace mine house, are thine
(For these are in my pow'r).
When the last ray of yon bright sun,
Shall round its whirling axle run,
And hasten the sixth hour.

Thy wife delights in her neat home
And babes, but let her boldly come,
Provided she's at leisure.
Thy beauteous boy shall also find,
Although unask'd, a welcome kind,
And be receiv'd with pleasure.

And with thee haste the virgin Muse,
And jest that laughter shall diffuse,
And mirth that cheers the soul:
Banish afar corroding care,
Severity with gloomy air,
That might our joys control.

More wisely thou procrastinate
These evils to a wrinkled state,
When life's no more inviting:
E'er age comes on, while yet thy blood
Flows in a sprightly vig'rous flood,
Be cheerful and delighting.

Live! live, my Will, for now's the day;
Time, like a current, glides away,
Or th' evanescent wind;
Unstaid by stout Herculean force,
Nought can protract its rapid course,
And fleeting moments bind.

Shadows we are, or empty dust,
And vapor-like dissolve we must,
Nor are we more secure;
Nought can escape the dreary pit
But virtue and immortal wit,
Which endless shall endure.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON.

This eminent political leader was born in South Carolina in 1742. He was educated in England, at Westminster School and at the University of Oxford. He was appointed in 1771 Privy Councillor for the Province, and in 1774 Assistant Judge; distinguishing himself by his maintenance of the rights of the colonists. On the eve of the meeting of the Continental Congress he published a pamphlet under the signature of "Freeman," in which he marked out the line to be pursued, and submitted a "bill of American rights." In consequence of this publication he lost his place in the colonial judiciary. In 1775 he became president of the Provincial Congress, and was soon appointed by that body Chief Justice of the Colony, when he delivered his celebrated political charge to the Grand Jury of Charleston, April 23, 1776, on the Necessity of Independence. It is one of the masterly state papers of the Revolution.* Its enumeration of royal grievances gave something more than a hint to Jefferson for his draft of the Declaration of Independence. The address was an assertion of the rights of the people of South Carolina in forming the administration under which he acted. Its language was direct, and its line of argument legal and convincing. "I proceed to lay before you," said he, "the principal causes leading to the late revolution of our government, the law upon the point, and the benefits resulting from that happy and necessary establishment. The importance of the transaction deserves such a statement, the occasion demands, and our future welfare requires it. I will expound to you the constitution of your country." He thus directly states the precedent of the revolutionary course which had been pursued:—

> The house of Brunswick was yet scarcely settled in the British throne, to which it had been called by a free people, when in the year 1719, our ancestors in this country, finding that the government of the lords proprietors operated to their ruin, exercised the rights transmitted to them by their forefathers of England; and casting off the proprietary authority, called upon the house of Brunswick to rule over them—a house elevated to royal dominion, for no other purpose than to preserve to a people their unalienable rights. The King accepted the invitation; and thereby indisputably admitted the legality of that revolution. And, in so doing, by his own act, he vested in them our forefathers, and in us their posterity, a clear right to effect another revolution, if ever the government of the house of Brunswick should operate to the ruin of the people. So the excellent Roman Emperor Trajan delivered a sword to Suburanus, his captain of the Pretorian guard, with this admired sentence, "Receive this sword, and use it to defend me if I govern well, but against me if I behave ill."

He then proceeds to draw out the legal argument of the Revolution of 1688, and closes with a review of the conditions of accommodation with England, which he summed up in this vigorous phrase:—

> In short, I think it my duty to declare in the awful seat of justice, and before Almighty God, that, in my opinion, the Americans can have no safety but by the Divine favor, their own virtue, and their being so prudent *as not to leave it in the power of their British rulers to injure them.* Indeed the ruinous and deadly injuries received on our side, and the jealousies entertained, and which, in the nature of things, must daily increase against us on the other; demonstrate to a mind, in the least given to reflection upon the rise and fall of empires, that true reconcilement never can exist between Great Britain and America, the latter being in subjection to the former. The Almighty created America to be independent of Britain. Let us beware of the impiety of being backward to act as instruments in the Almighty hand, now extended to accomplish his purpose; and by the completion of which alone, America, in the nature of human affairs, can be secure against the craft and insidious designs of her enemies who think her prosperity and power already

* It is mentioned by Paine in the third number of the Crisis, as "of the first rank in America."

by far too great. In a word our piety and political safety are so blended, that, to refuse our labors in this divine work is to refuse to be a great, a free, a pious, and a happy people.

And now, having left the important alternative, political happiness or wretchedness, under God, in a great degree in your own hands; I pray the Supreme Arbiter of the affairs of men, so to direct your judgment, as that you may act agreeably to what seems to be his will, revealed in his miraculous works in behalf of America, bleeding at the altar of liberty.

Drayton also published a pamphlet in opposition to Lord Howe's plan of reconciliation with the mother country. In 1777 he was made President of South Carolina, and the next year took his seat in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia; and while connected with this body, died suddenly in that city at the early age of thirty-six.* In addition to his political pamphlets he prepared a large body of materials for a history of the American Revolution, which were put into shape by his son John Drayton and published in two volumes in 1821.† John Drayton had previously published, in 1802, an *Historical View of South Carolina*. He died in Charleston in 1822 at the age of sixty, holding the office of District Judge of the United States.

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

The author of the Declaration of Independence, was born on his father's estate at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia, in the neighborhood of Monticello, April 2, 1743. On the father's side his ancestry was Welsh, "from near the mountain of Snowdon," he notices in his Autobiography, and adds, "the highest in Great Britain." His grandfather, who was settled in Virginia, left three sons, of whom the youngest, Peter, married Jane Randolph of Goochland in the state, and of Scottish descent. Of eight children by this marriage Thomas was the first born. The father was a man of "a strong mind and sound judgment, and eager after information," as his son afterwards described him, whose neglected education in youth did not prevent his accomplishing himself sufficiently to be employed on a boundary survey between Virginia and North Carolina, and making the first actual map of the state on record. He died when his son was in his fifteenth year, having placed him on the track of a liberal education—under the instruction of Mr. Douglass, a clergyman from Scotland, who taught him French with the elements of Greek and Latin. On the death of his father, he was educated by the Reverend Mr. Maury, "a correct classical scholar," for two years, when in 1760 he entered William and Mary College, where he also remained two years. At the college his intellectual habits were greatly formed by the lectures and personal friendship of Dr. William Small, the Professor of Philosophy, from Scotland, a man of an active and liberal mind, who had a happy art of communicating his information on science, ethics, and the belles-lettres. "This acquaintanceship," says Jefferson, looking back to these early years, when he commenced his Autobiography at the age of seventy-seven, "was my great good fortune, and probably fixed the destinies of my life." The Professor introduced him to George Wythe, the able lawyer and patriot, with whom he studied law. The Autobiography recalls the *partie carree* which these three friends formed, in company with Governor Fauquier at his table, where conversation never lacked intelligence. Small returned to Scotland in 1762.

Jefferson has left the warmest acknowledgments in his Correspondence and Autobiography, of his obligations to Wythe, who led him into business at the bar, and lived for forty years his friend.*

At the age of twenty-six, he entered public life as member of the legislature from his native county. In 1772 he married a widow lady of the age of twenty-three, the daughter of John Wayles, a lawyer of position and attractive personal qualities, a share of whose property on his death in 1773, doubled the fortunes of the pair. Jefferson had inherited from his father the land on which

* Ramsay's Hist. Rev. S. C. i. 94. Hist. S. C. ii. 454.
† Memoirs of the American Revolution.

* In his notes for a biography of Wythe, prepared in 1800, Jefferson thus draws his character. "No man ever left behind him a character more venerated than George Wythe. His virtue was of the purest flint; his integrity inflexible and his justice exact; of warm patriotism, and devoted as he was to liberty, and the natural and equal rights of man, he might truly be called the Cato of his country, without the avarice of the Roman; for a more disinterested person never lived. Temperance and regularity in all his habits gave him general good health, and his unaffected modesty and suavity of manners endeared him to every one. He was of easy elocution, his language chaste, methodical in the arrangement of his matter, learned and logical in the use of it, and of great urbanity in debate; not quick of apprehension, but with a little time, profound in penetration and sound conclusion. In his philosophy he was firm, and neither troubling, nor perhaps trusting, any one with his religious creed, he left the world to the conclusion, that that religion must be good which could produce a life of exemplary virtue. His stature was of the middle size, well formed and proportioned, and the features of his face were manly, comely, and engaging. Such was George Wythe, the honor of his own, and the model of future times."

he was born, and the adjacent grounds of Monticello.

His early opposition to the British colonial policy is well known. The details belong to political rather than literary history. His views on the position of the country were expressed in a draft of instructions which he prepared for delegates to a general Congress, to be sent from the convention at Williamsburg, in 1774. The paper was read by the members, and not brought up to be adopted, but it was published in a pamphlet form with the title *A Summary View of the Rights of British America.* Edmund Burke, when it reached London, interpolated some passages in it, in which form it passed through several editions.* In 1775, Jefferson succeeded Peyton Randolph in his seat in Congress at Philadelphia. He was thirty-two years of age, and the youngest man but one in that body. He was immediately engaged in its affairs, his legal and literary abilities† being called for to assist the committee to prepare a declaration of the causes of taking up arms. The draft which Jefferson prepared was too ardent for his colleague, Dickinson, and the latter substituted a statement in milder form. When the consideration of the question of Independence arose, Jefferson was appointed chairman of the Committee of Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, to prepare a Declaration. "The committee," he says, in his Autobiography, "desired me to do it: it was accordingly done." A few verbal corrections appear in the fac-simile of the original draft in the hand-writing of Franklin and Adams. The paper was reported on Friday, 28th June, 1776, laid on the table, and on Monday referred to a committee of the whole, discussed for the three following days, abridged of several superfluous phrases and some passages bearing severely upon Great Britain and affecting the question of slavery. On the evening of the memorable Fourth it was adopted in its present form.

A discussion has arisen with respect to the authorship of several striking phrases of this document, alleged to have been anticipated by the Mecklenburg North Carolina Resolutions of May 20, 1775. In the last mentioned paper the following language occurs: "That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby *dissolve the political bands* which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connexion, contract, or association with that nation. * * * That we do hereby declare ourselves a *free and independent* people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no person, other than that of our God, and the general government of Congress; to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly *pledge to each other*, our mutual co-operation, *our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.*" The lines which we have marked in italics suggest plagiarism from one quarter or the other. The comparison between the two was brought up in a letter from John Adams to Mr. Jefferson, dated June, 1819. Jefferson in reply, at the age of seventy-six, when he may have forgotten the contemporary report of the affair, doubted the authenticity of the paper. The fact of the declaration at Mecklenburg and the words of the Resolutions were maintained afterwards by a report of the legislature of North Carolina, which investigated the evidence. Professor Tucker, in his Life of Jefferson, published in 1837, admits the agreement and the plagiarism lying between the two, and does not question the fact that a declaration was made at Mecklenburg, but argues that the Jeffersonian phrases were interpolated subsequently from the Declaration of Congress.*

But whatever coincidences of expression may be noticed by the curious students of such matters, in the language of Webster on the solemn occasion of the funeral eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, "as a composition, the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him, clearly and absolutely. To say that he performed his work well would be doing him injustice. To say that he did excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say, that he so discharged the duty assigned him, that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved upon him."†

Leaving Congress in September after the Declaration, Jefferson's faculties were employed in legal reforms in the legislature of his state, of which he became Governor in 1779, retaining the office till 1781, when he resigned it, thinking a man of military education was required for the conduct of affairs. He was offered several foreign appointments, to negotiate treaties in Europe, and finally embarked from Boston in 1784, to join Franklin and Adams in Paris for this purpose. When Adams was appointed minister to London, and Franklin returned home in 1785, Jefferson was left minister in Paris. He remained in that situation, travelling in France and visiting Holland and Piedmont till 1789, when he returned to America. On his arrival in Virginia he was met by the appointment from Washington of Secretary of State, which office he entered upon in New York, retaining it till the close of 1793. He then passed three years in retirement, from which the Vice-Presidency withdrew him, succeeded at the end of the term in 1801 by his election to the Presidency. After eight years, he retired to Monticello for the remainder of his career, and lived the life of a planter and student. His interest in education led him to be appointed chairman of the commission which formed the University at Charlottesville, in his vicinity, of which he became the rector.

In 1815, his pecuniary circumstances having become straitened, he sold his library of about seven thousand volumes to Congress, for which he received twenty-three thousand dollars. It was arranged by him on the Baconian plan of

* Autobiography, Works, i. 7. Ed. 1829.

† "Mr. Jefferson came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent of composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression."—John Adams's Letter to Timothy Pickering, Aug. 6, 1822.

* Art. on Tucker's Life of Jefferson, New York Review, No. I. March, 1837. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, a lecture by the Rev. Francis L. Hawks before the N. Y. Historical Society, Dec. 16, 1848.

† Works, i. 196.

a division under Memory, Reason or Judgment, and the Imagination. The departments showed a liberal range of study on science and literature, including an allowance of the Fine Arts. In the fire in the Library Room in 1852, most of these books were destroyed.

Jefferson's last days were passed in the rural enjoyments of Monticello, and with unimpaired mental pleasures. He died on the fourth of July, 1826, on the completion of fifty years from the date of his signing the Declaration of Independence.

Jefferson's popular literary reputation will mainly rest on the stirring sentences of this Declaration. There is abundant material in the nine octavo volumes of his writings,* but little of it is coined for current circulation. The autobiography, written in extreme age, has nothing of the repose and relish of Franklin's; the reports, messages, and other political writings may be sometimes referred to, but will seldom be perused; while the Correspondence, when perfectly arranged and annotated, will remain the best and most agreeable picture of the man.

The *Notes on the State of Virginia* were written at the suggestion of M. Marbois of the French legation in Philadelphia, who in 1781, in accordance with the wishes of his government for information, proposed to Jefferson a set of queries. As the latter had always been in the habit of jotting down memoranda of statistical and useful matters relating to the country, he took this opportunity of arranging them in order. Copies were in request among the author's friends, and for their satisfaction the work was privately printed, an edition of two hundred copies in Paris, in 1784, and distributed abroad and in America. One of the European copies, on the death of its owner, was obtained by a bookseller, who had it bunglingly translated by the Abbé Morellet into French, the author hearing of it in time to make some corrections and changes, when it appeared—*Observations sur la Virginie, par M. J***, traduites de l'Anglois*, 8vo. Paris, 1786. The next year, Jefferson gave the original to an English publisher.†

The correspondence of Jefferson, as published by his grandson,‡ contains the finest specimens of his literary powers. Many of the letters are written with a care that smells of the lamp. There is scarcely one of them which does not contain something suggestive or useful. During his residence in France he was very industrious as a correspondent, and his letters on the political affairs of the country, during the early period of the Revolution, addressed to Washington, Jay, and others, are valuable for their observation and sagacity. Madison is his chosen correspondent on American political ideas. He addresses John Adams on state affairs in France, and when they both become veterans, in retirement from public life, Braintree and Monticello exchange notes on topics of ethics and religion. He interests himself while in Europe, in all the liberal pursuits of his friends. He writes to Rittenhouse on points raised in the *Notes on Virginia;* to Francis Hopkinson concerning his musical improvements and inventions, and asks (in 1786) "what is become of the lunarium for the king?" He is solicitous for Houdon the sculptor, Tom Paine's iron bridge and its mathematical principles, the ethnological promises of Ledyard's travels, his friend Buffon's museum, that it be furnished with American specimens, and cheerfully fills the duties of a Paris commissioner in supplying the libraries of his friends at home with foreign books. His letters to his nephew Peter Carr show the warmth of his family attachments, and his zealous study of the nature of a practical education for mind and body; and the politician and philosopher can gaily unbend from graver studies to compliment his lady correspondents with his refinements of expression. To Mrs. Cosway he addresses the fine dialogue between Head and Heart on American nature, and discourses very prettily to Mrs. Bingham on the fopperies of Parisian life.

In 1787, on the 28th February, suffering from a dislocated wrist, Jefferson set out, by advice of his physician, on a tour to the mineral waters of Aix. By the time he returned to Paris, in June, he had passed through the heart of the country, and traversed the boundaries of France on the south and west, advancing in Italy along the Mediterranean as far as Genoa. He was greatly impressed with the architecture of that noble relic of antiquity, the *Maison Quarrée*, at Nismes. He writes to Madame la Comtesse de Tesse, on the beauties of a statue; to La Fayette, calling upon him to make the same journey,—"and to do it most effectually, you must be absolutely *incognito*, you must ferret the people out of their hovels as I have done, look into their kettles, eat their bread, loll on their beds, under pretence of resting yourself, but in fact to find if they are soft. You will feel a sublime pleasure in the course of this investigation, and a sublimer one hereafter, when you shall be able to apply your knowledge to the softening of their beds, or the throwing a morsel of meat into their kettle of vegetables." His memoranda apply to the wines of Burgundy, the agriculture and labor of the Rhone districts, the mode of living of the peasantry, the agricultural improvements;—the itinerary of an useful, intelligent, and active-minded tourist. Approaching the close of life, in 1816, he writes to John Adams,—"You ask, if I would agree to live my seventy, or rather seventy-three years over again? To which I say, yea. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. * * My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail; but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy."

This was the cheerful close of a life of activity. His intellectual habits were those which wear well; keen, subtle, sagacious in thinking and acting as a politician, he was neat in composition, skilful in statement, curious and philosophical in speculation. Quick, active, versatile, he exercised the ingenuity of a man of talent, rather than

* This is the new edition edited by H. A. Washington, prepared from the MS. bequeathed to Thomas Jefferson Randolph, his grandson, and purchased by Congress in 1848.

† Autobiographical Memoir, p. 80.

‡ Memoir, Correspondence, and Miscellanies, from the papers of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph. 4 vols. 8vo.

the unconscious instinct of a man of genius. His mind was clear on objects which admitted of being presented in a transparent light and profound on material issues. Politics he made an art, and was sensitive to every fibre of the web of political intrigue. He was not an orator or a great debater, but a good talker, an artful writer, master of that cunning instrument the pen—and an adept in personal management. In politics and philosophy what force he employed was rectilinear and progressive. His writings lack weight for the man of deep thought or feeling. They are agreeable studies for the philosophical amateur, and profitable ones for the politician who follows out in action his far-sighted speculations.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HEAD AND HEART.

In a Letter to Mrs. Cosway, Paris, Oct. 12, 1786.

My Dear Madam,—Having performed the last sad office of handing you into your carriage, at the *pavillon de St. Dénis*, and seen the wheels get actually into motion, I turned on my heel and walked, more dead than alive, to the opposite door, where my own was awaiting me. Mr. Danquerville was missing. He was sought for, found, and dragged down stairs. We were crammed into the carriage, like recruits for the Bastille, and not having soul enough to give orders to the coachman, he presumed Paris our destination, and drove off. After a considerable interval, silence was broke, with a "*Je suis vraiment affligé du depart de ces bons gens.*" This was a signal for mutual confession of distress. We began immediately to talk of Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, of their goodness, their talents, their amiability; and though we spoke of nothing else, we seemed hardly to have entered into the matter, when the coachman announced the *rue St. Dénis*, and that we were opposite Mr. Danquerville's. He insisted on descending there, and traversing a short passage to his lodgings. I was carried home. Seated by my fireside, solitary and sad, the following dialogue took place between my Head and my Heart.

Head. Well, friend, you seem to be in a pretty trim.

Heart. I am indeed the most wretched of all earthly beings. Overwhelmed with grief, every fibre of my frame distended beyond its natural powers to bear, I would willingly meet whatever catastrophe should leave me no more to feel, or to fear.

Head. These are the eternal consequences of your warmth and precipitation. This is one of the scrapes into which you are ever leading us. You confess your follies, indeed; but still you hug and cherish them; and no reformation can be hoped where there is no repentance.

Heart. Oh, my friend! this is no moment to upbraid my foibles. I am rent into fragments by the force of my grief! If you have any balm, pour it into my wounds; if none, do not harrow them by new torments. Spare me in this awful moment! At any other, I will attend with patience to your admonitions.

Head. On the contrary, I never found that the moment of triumph, with you, was the moment of attention to my admonitions. While suffering under your follies, you may perhaps be made sensible of them; but, the paroxysm over, you fancy it can never return. Harsh, therefore, as the medicine may be, it is my office to administer it. You will be pleased to remember, that when our friend Trumbull used to be telling us of the merits and talents of these good people, I never ceased whispering to you that we had no occasion for new acquaintances; that the greater their merit and talents, the more dangerous their friendship to our tranquillity, because the regret at parting would be greater.

Heart. Accordingly, Sir, this acquaintance was not the consequence of my doings. It was one of your projects which threw us in the way of it. It was you, remember, and not I, who desired the meeting at Legrand and Motinos. I never trouble myself with domes nor arches. The *Halle au blés* might have rotted down, before I should have gone to see it. But you, forsooth, who are eternally getting us to sleep with your diagrams and crotchets, must go and examine this wonderful piece of architecture; and when you had seen it, oh! it was the most superb thing on earth! What you had seen there was worth all you had yet seen in Paris! I thought so too. But I meant it of the lady and gentleman to whom we had been presented; and not of a parcel of sticks and chips put together in pens. You then, Sir, and not I, have been the cause of the present distress.

Head. It would have been happy for you, if my diagrams and crotchets had gotten you to sleep on that day, as you are pleased to say they eternally do. My visit to Legrand and Motinos had public utility for its object. A market is to be built in Richmond. What a commodious plan is that of Legrand and Motinos; especially, if we put on it the noble dome of the *Halle au blés*. If such a bridge as they showed us can be thrown across the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, the floating bridges taken up, and the navigation of that river opened, what a copious resource will be added, of wood and provisions, to warm and feed the poor of that city! While I was occupied with these objects, you were dilating with your new acquaintances, and contriving how to prevent a separation from them. Every soul of you had an engagement for the day. Yet all these were to be sacrificed that you might dine together. Lying messengers were to be despatched into every quarter of the city, with apologies for your breach of engagement. You, particularly, had the effrontery to send word to the Duchess Danville, that on the moment we were setting out to dine with her, despatches came to hand which required immediate attention. You wanted me to invent a more ingenious excuse; but I knew you were getting into a scrape, and I would have nothing to do with it. Well; after dinner from St. Cloud, from St. Cloud to Ruggieri's, from Ruggieri's to Krumfoltz; and if the day had been as long as a Lapland summer day, you would still have contrived means among you to have filled it.

Heart. Oh! my dear friend, how you have revived me, by recalling to mind the transactions of that day! How well I remember them all, and that when I came home at night, and looked back to the morning, it seemed to have been a month agone. Go on, then, like a kind comforter, and paint to me the day we went to St. Germains. How beautiful was every object! the *Port de Reuilly*, the hills along the Seine, the rainbows of the machine of Marly, the terras of St. Germains, the *chateaux*, the gardens, the statues of Marly, the pavilion of Lucienne. Recollect, too, Madrid, Bagatelle, the King's garden, the Desert. How grand the idea excited by the remains of such a column. The spiral staircase, too, was beautiful. Every moment was filled with something agreeable. The wheels of time moved on with a rapidity of which those of our carriage gave but a faint idea. And yet, in the evening, when one took a retrospect of the day, what a mass of happiness had we travelled over! Retrace all those scenes to

me, my good companion, and I will forgive the unkindness with which you were chiding me. The day we went to St. Germains was a little too warm, I think; was it not?

Head. Thou art the most incorrigible of all the beings that ever sinned! I reminded you of the follies of the first day, intending to deduce from thence some useful lessons for you; but instead of listening to them, you kindle at the recollection, you retrace the whole series with a fondness, which shows you want nothing but the opportunity to act it over again. I often told you, during its course, that you were imprudently engaging your affections, under circumstances that must cost you a great deal of pain; that the persons, indeed, were of the greatest merit, possessing good sense, good humor, honest hearts, honest manners, and eminence in a lovely art; that the lady had, moreover, qualities and accomplishments belonging to her sex, which might form a chapter apart for her; such as music, modesty, beauty, and that softness of disposition which is the ornament of her sex, and charm of ours: but that all these considerations would increase the pang of separation; that their stay here was to be short; that you rack our whole system when you are parted from those you love, complaining that such a separation is worse than death, inasmuch as this ends our sufferings, whereas that only begins them; and that the separation would, in this instance, be the more severe, as you would probably never see them again.

Heart. But they told me they would come back again the next year.

Head. But, in the mean time, see what you suffer: and their return, too, depends on so many circumstances, that if you had a grain of prudence, you would not count upon it. Upon the whole, it is improbable, and therefore you should abandon the idea of ever seeing them again.

Heart. May Heaven abandon me, if I do!

Head. Very well. Suppose, then, they come back. They are to stay two months, and when these are expired what is to follow? Perhaps you flatter yourself they may come to America?

Heart. God only knows what is to happen. I see nothing impossible in that supposition: and I see things wonderfully contrived sometimes to make us happy. Where could they find such objects as in America for the exercise of their enchanting art; especially the lady who paints landscapes so inimitably? She wants only subjects worthy of immortality to render her pencil immortal. The Falling Spring, the Cascade of Niagara, the Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Mountains, the Natural Bridge; it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see these objects; much more to paint and make them, and thereby ourselves, known to all ages. And our own dear Monticello; where has nature spread so rich a mantle under the eye!—mountains, forests, rocks, rivers. With what majesty do we there ride above the storms! How sublime to look down into the workhouse of nature, to see her clouds, hail, snow, rain, thunder, all fabricated at our feet! and the glorious sun when rising as if out of a distant water, just gilding the tops of the mountains, and giving life to all nature! I hope in God, no circumstance may ever make either seek an asylum from grief! With what sincere sympathy I would open every cell of my composition to receive the effusion of their woes! I would pour my tears into their wounds; and if a drop of balm could be found on the top of the Cordilleras, or at the remotest sources of the Missouri, I would go thither myself to seek and to bring it. Deeply practised in the school of affliction, the human heart knows no joy which I have not lost, no sorrow of which I had not drank! Fortune can present no grief of unknown form to me! Who, then, can so softly bind up the wound of another, as he who has felt the same wound himself? But Heaven forbid they should ever know a sorrow! Let us turn over another leaf, for this has distracted me.

Head. Well. Let us put this possibility to trial, then, on another point. When you consider the character which is given of our country by the lying newspapers of London, and their credulous copyers in other countries; when you reflect that all Europe is made to believe we are a lawless banditti, in a state of absolute anarchy, cutting one another's throats, and plundering without distinction, how could you expect that any reasonable creature would venture among us?

Heart. But you and I know that all this is false: that there is not a country on earth where there is greater tranquillity; where the laws are milder, or better obeyed; where every one is more attentive to his own business, or meddles less with that of others; where strangers are better received, more hospitably treated, and with a more sacred respect.

Head. True, you and I know this, but your friends do not know it.

Heart. But they are sensible people, who think for themselves. They will ask of impartial foreigners, who have been among us, whether they saw or heard on the spot any instance of anarchy. They will judge, too, that a people occupied, as we are, in opening rivers, digging navigable canals, making roads, building public schools, establishing academies, erecting busts and statues to our great men, protecting religious freedom, abolishing sanguinary punishments, reforming and improving our laws in general; they will judge, I say, for themselves, whether these are not the occupations of a people at their ease; whether this is not better evidence of our true state than a London newspaper, hired to lie, and from which no truth can ever be extracted, but by reversing every thing it says.

Head. I did not begin this lecture, my friend, with a view to learn from you what America is doing. Let us return, then, to our point. I wish to make you sensible how imprudent it is to place your affections without reserve on objects you must so soon lose, and whose loss, when it comes, must cost you such severe pangs. Remember the last night. You knew your friends were to leave Paris to-day. This was enough to throw you into agonies. All night you tossed us from one side of the bed to the other; no sleep, no rest. The poor crippled wrist, too, never left one moment in the same position; now up, now down, now here, now there; was it to be wondered at if its pains returned? The surgeon then was to be called, and to be rated as an ignoramus, because he could not divine the cause of this extraordinary change. In fine, my friend, you must mend your manners. This is not a world to live at random in, as you do. To avoid those eternal distresses, to which you are for ever exposing us, you must learn to look forward before you take a step which may interest our peace. Every thing in this world is matter of calculation. Advance, then, with caution, the balance in your hand. Put into one scale the pleasures which any object may offer; but put fairly into the other the pains which are to follow, and see which preponderates. The making an acquaintance is not a matter of indifference. When a new one is proposed to you view it all round. Consider what advantages it presents, and to what inconveniences it may expose you. Do not bite at the bait of pleasure till you know there is no hook beneath it. The art of life is the art of avoiding

pain; and he is the best pilot who steers clearest of the rocks and shoals with which it is beset. Pleasure is always before us; but misfortune is at our side; while running after that, this arrests us. The most effectual means of being secure against pain is to retire within ourselves, and to suffice for our own happiness. Those which depend on ourselves are the only pleasures a wise man will count on; for nothing is ours which another may deprive us of. Hence the inestimable value of intellectual pleasures. Ever in our power, always leading us to something new, never cloying, we ride serene and sublime above the concerns of this mortal world, contemplating truth and nature, matter and motion, the laws which bind up their existence, and that Eternal Being who made and bound them up by those laws. Let this be our employ. Leave the bustle and tumult of society to those who have not talents to occupy themselves without them. Friendship is but another name for an alliance with the follies and the misfortunes of others. Our own share of miseries is sufficient; why enter then as volunteers into those of another? Is there so little gall poured into our cup that we must need help to drink that of our neighbor? A friend dies, or leaves us: we feel as if a limb was cut off. He is sick: we must watch over him, and participate of his pains. His fortune is shipwrecked: ours must be laid under contribution. He loses a child, a parent, or a partner: we must mourn the loss as if it were our own.

Heart. And what more sublime delight than to mingle tears with one whom the hand of Heaven hath smitten! to watch over the bed of sickness, and to beguile its tedious and its painful moments! to share our bread with one to whom misfortune has left none! This world abounds indeed with misery: to lighten its burthen we must divide it with one another. But let us now try the virtue of your mathematical balance, and as you have put into one scale the burthens of friendship, let me put its comforts into the other. When languishing, then, under disease, how grateful is the solace of our friends! how are we penetrated with their assiduities and attentions! how much are we supported by their encouragements and kind offices! When Heaven has taken from us some object of our love, how sweet is it to have a bosom whereon to recline our heads, and into which we may pour the torrent of our tears! Grief, with such a comfort, is almost a luxury! In a life where we are perpetually exposed to want and accident, yours is a wonderful proposition, to insulate ourselves, to retire from all aid, and to wrap ourselves in the mantle of self-sufficiency! For assuredly nobody will care for him, who cares for nobody. But friendship is precious, not only in the shade, but in the sunshine of life; and thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine. I will recur for proof to the days we have lately passed. On these, indeed, the sun shone brightly! How gay did the face of nature appear! Hills, valleys, chateaux, gardens, rivers, every object wore its liveliest hue! Whence did they borrow it? From the presence of our charming companion. They were pleasing, because she seemed pleased. Alone, the scene would have been dull and insipid: the participation of it with her gave it relish. Let the gloomy monk, sequestered from the world, seek unsocial pleasures in the bottom of his cell! Let the sublimated philosopher grasp visionary happiness while pursuing phantoms dressed in the garb of truth! Their supreme wisdom is supreme folly: and they mistake for happiness the mere absence of pain. Had they ever felt the solid pleasure of one generous spasm of the heart, they would exchange for it all the frigid speculations of their lives, which you have been vaunting in such elevated terms. Believe me, then, my friend, that that is a miserable arithmetic, which could estimate friendship at nothing, or at less than nothing. Respect for you has induced me to enter into this discussion, and to hear principles uttered, which I detest and abjure. Respect for myself now obliges me to recall you into the proper limits of your office. When nature assigned us the same habitation, she gave us over it a divided empire. To you she allotted the field of science; to me that of morals. When the circle is to be squared, or the orbit of a comet to be traced; when the arch of greatest strength, or the solid of least resistance is to be investigated, take up the problem; it is yours; nature has given me no cognizance of it. In like manner, in denying to you the feelings of sympathy, of benevolence, of gratitude, of justice, of love, of friendship, she has excluded you from their control. To these she has adapted the mechanism of the heart. Morals were too essential to the happiness of man to be risked on the uncertain combinations of the head. She laid their foundation, therefore, in sentiment, not in science. That she gave to all as necessary to all: this to a few only, as sufficing with a few. I know, indeed, that you pretend authority to the sovereign control of our conduct, in all its parts: and a respect for your grave saws and maxims, a desire to do what is right, has sometimes induced me to conform to your counsels. A few facts, however, which I can readily recall to your memory, will suffice to prove to you that nature has not organized you for our moral direction. When the poor wearied soldier, whom we overtook at Chickahominy, with his pack on his back, begged us to let him get up behind our chariot, you began to calculate that the road was full of soldiers, and that if all should be taken up, our horses would fail in their journey. We drove on, therefore. But soon becoming sensible you had made me do wrong, that though we cannot relieve all the distressed, we should relieve as many as we can, I turned about to take up the soldier; but he had entered a by-path, and was no more to be found: and from that moment to this, I could never find him out to ask his forgiveness. Again, when the poor woman came to ask a charity in Philadelphia, you whispered, that she looked like a drunkard, and that half a dollar was enough to give her for the ale-house. Those who want the dispositions to give, easily find reasons why they ought not to give. When I sought her out afterwards, and did what I should have done at first, you know, that she employed the money immediately towards placing her child at school. If our country, when pressed with wrongs at the point of the bayonet, had been governed by its heads instead of its hearts, where should we have been now? Hanging on a gallows as high as Haman's. You began to calculate, and to compare wealth and numbers: we threw up a few pulsations of our blood; we supplied enthusiasm against wealth and numbers; we put our existence to the hazard, when the hazard seemed against us, and we saved our country: justifying, at the same time, the ways of Providence, whose precept is to do always what is right, and leave the issue to him. In short, my friend, as far as my recollection serves me, I do not know that I ever did a good thing on your suggestion, or a dirty one without it. I do for ever, then, disclaim your interference in my province. Fill paper as you please with triangles and squares: try how many ways you can hang and combine them together. I shall never envy nor control your sublime delights. But leave me to decide when and where friendships are to be contracted. You

say I contract them at random. So you said the woman at Philadelphia was a drunkard. I receive none into my esteem till I know they are worthy of it. Wealth, title, office, are no recommendations to my friendship. On the contrary, great good qualities are requisite to make amends for their having wealth, title, and office. You confess, that, in the present case, I could not have made a worthier choice. You only object that I was so soon to lose them. We are not immortal ourselves, my friends; how can we expect our enjoyments to be so? We have no rose without its thorn; no pleasure without alloy. It is the law of our existence; and we must acquiesce. It is the condition annexed to all our pleasures, not by us who receive, but by him who gives them. True, this condition is pressing cruelly on me at this moment. I feel more fit for death than life. But when I look back on the pleasures of which it is the consequence, I am conscious they were worth the price I am paying. Notwithstanding your endeavors, too, to damp my hopes, I comfort myself with expectations of their promised return. Hope is sweeter than despair; and they were too good to mean to deceive me. "In the summer," said the gentleman; but "In the spring," said the lady; and I should love her for ever, were it only for that! Know, then, my friend, that I have taken those good people into my bosom; that I have lodged them in the warmest cell I could find; that I love them, and will continue to love them through life; that if fortune should dispose them on one side the globe, and me on the other, my affections shall pervade its whole mass to reach them. Knowing, then, my determination, attempt not to disturb it. If you can at any time furnish matter for their amusement, it will be the office of a good neighbor to do it. I will, in like manner, seize any occasion which may offer, to do the like good turn for you with Condorcet, Rittenhouse, Madison, La Cretelle, or any other of those worthy sons of science, whom you so justly prize.

I thought this a favorable proposition whereon to rest the issue of the dialogue. So I put an end to it by calling for my nightcap. Methinks, I hear you wish to Heaven I had called a little sooner, and so spared you the *ennui* of such a sermon. I did not interrupt them sooner, because I was in a mood for hearing sermons. You, too, were the subject; and on such a thesis I never think the theme long; not even if I am to write it, and that slowly and awkwardly, as now, with the left hand.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

To Dr. Walter Jones, Monticello, Jan. 1814.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:—

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed; refraining, if he saw a doubt; but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying, at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agricultural and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

MORALITIES.

To Thomas Jefferson Smith, Monticello, Feb. 21, 1825.

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its councils. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life, into which you have entered, be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And, if to the

dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

Monticello, February 21st, 1825.

The Portrait of a Good Man, by the most sublime of Poets, for your imitation.

Lord, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair;
Not, stranger-like, to visit them, but to inhabit there!
'T is he, whose every thought and deed by rules of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak, the thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge, his neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report, by malice whispered round.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power, can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though cloth'd in rags, religiously respect.
Who to his plighted vows and trust, has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss, he makes his promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe, the guiltless to destroy.
The man, who by this steady course has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand, by Providence secured.

A Decalogue of Canons for observation in practical life.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

NATHANAEL EMMONS

Was a native of Connecticut, born in the town of East Haddam, county of Hartford, May 1, 1745. In his Autobiography, written towards the close of his life, he tells us that his parents, finding him of "a volatile, trifling spirit," as a schoolboy, altered their purpose of sending him to college, and determined to make a farmer of him; a resolution which put him upon his mettle for study. He bought a Latin accidence and grammar with his own money, before he attended a grammar-school. In 1763, he entered Yale, where he was a classmate of the poet Trumbull, and found himself, on the completion of his course, by the loss of his parents, without money or a home. School-keeping was the obvious and uniform resource in such cases, and Emmons taught school for some months, till he entered the family of the Rev. Nathan Strong, of Coventry, Conn., teaching his children, and himself acquiring theology. He also placed himself under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Smalley.*

In 1769, he was licensed by the South Association in Hartford county. In 1773, he was ordained to the pastoral care of the Second church, in Wrentham, Mass., the name of the district from which the town of Franklin was subsequently organized in 1778, receiving its name in honor of the philosopher.

After having sustained a pastoral relation with his congregation of more than fifty years, he retired from his ministry at the first decided warning of the loss of his powers, in May, 1827. He still, however, though fully relinquishing his office, retained a connexion with its new ministry, and at the time of his death had been for seventy years, in all, connected with the church at that place.

Emmons was thrice married; to the first wife, Miss Deliverance French, the daughter of Moses French, of Braintree, Mass., who died three years after, in 1775; in less than two years after, he married the daughter of the Rev. Chester Williams, of Hadley, Mass., who was his partner till 1829, for a period of nearly fifty years; and in 1831, in his eighty-seventh year, he was married (her third ministerial husband) to Mrs. Abigail M. Mills, the widow of a clergyman of Sutton. The loss of several children in advanced life caused him much affliction, and drew from him, on the death of a favorite daughter, one of the most touching passages of his discourses. His death occurred September 23d, 1840, in his ninety-sixth year. While his memory and personal vivacity and activity were somewhat impaired, in the few latter years of his life, he was still a great reader. "When he was ninety years of age," says his biographer, the Rev. A. R. Baker, "and often found it difficult to remember the name of yesterday's visitor, he would relate the contents of the last book he read with surprising accuracy, and would make extemporaneous criticisms upon it which would have ornamented the pages of a quarterly."†

The writings of Emmons are numerous. He published, Prof. Park tells us, "more than seven thousand copies of nearly two hundred sermons, besides four labored dissertations and numerous essays for periodicals." The collection of his works, by his son-in-law, Dr. Ide, containing two hundred and twenty-two sermons, fills six large octavo volumes; and the editor remarks, that he has the material for ten more in his hands, as valuable as those which he has published.‡ Besides these sermons, Emmons's uncollected writings include more than a hundred articles, mostly on religious topics, in the New England Ecclesiastical reviews and periodicals, the Massachusetts Missionary Magazine, the Connecticut Evangelical Magazine, the Hopkinsian Magazine, and the Christian Magazine.

The style of Emmons as a writer is clear and

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* This divine was born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1734, and died in 1820. He was minister at Berlin, Conn.; published sermons on Natural and Moral Inability, 1760; sermons on Connected Subjects, 1813, with other sermons and occasional publications.

† Memoir, Am. Quar. Reg. xv. 121.

‡ The Works of Nathanael Emmons, D.D., late Pastor of the Church in Franklin, Mass., with a Memoir of his Life. Edited by Jacob Ide, D.D. 6 vols. 8vo. Boston: Crocker & Brewster, 1842.

plain, direct and forcible, without richness or ornament. His own theory on the subject is expressed in one of his aphorisms,—"Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window; a heavy sash will obscure the light. The object is to have as little sash as will hold the lights, that we may not think of the frame, but have the most light." This is true in some respects, though genuine ornament is part of the substance, and when the sash is provided, much depends upon the purity of the glass and the force of the sun.

With respect to Emmons's theological views, as the author of his memoirs remarks, "A perusal of his works is that only which can give the reader a full and accurate knowledge of his opinions." They involve many niceties of metaphysical and polemical discussion on the freedom of the will and the work of conversion. Dr. Ide has arranged two volumes of the discourses under the title, Systematic Theology, though the author himself never prepared a professed system. He appears to have engrafted on the doctrine of total depravity a theory of "the free, voluntary, selfish affections," and he held that "men are active and not passive in regeneration."* When once asked, "What is the difference between natural depravity and original sin?" he replied, in his quick way, "Natural depravity is the truth; original sin is a lie."

His Jeroboam sermon, on the annual fast of April 9th, 1801,† shortly after the inauguration of Jefferson, has been generally understood to have been levelled at the new President. It could hardly be mistaken, as it plays off Solomon against the infidel Rehoboam with artful parallelism to the new nineteenth century. It is long drawn, solemn, and withering. Reading it with the substitution of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson for their scriptural prototypes, and taking the federal politics of the time into view, it is a curious analogy—for example:

Jefferson as Secretary of State.—And Solomon, seeing the young man that he was industrious, made him ruler over all the charge of the house of Joseph. His appointment to such an office, by such a penetrating prince, is an infallible evidence of his popular talents and pleasing address. These excellent and amiable accomplishments, had they been properly directed to the public good, would have rendered him a great benefit to the nation.

Jefferson in Paris.—His flight into Egypt seems to have been the most fatal period in Jeroboam's life. * * He could not have lived among a more dangerous people than the Egyptians, who were then the most noted nation in the world for learning, magnificence, superstition, and the grossest idolatry. Hence his residence in Egypt prepared him to return to his native country a more bitter enemy to the God of Israel, and a more malignant opposer of all his sacred rites and institutions than any pagan priest or Egyptian philosopher. Such was the ominous character of Jeroboam the son of Nebat before he reached the object of his wishes, and was placed in the first seat of Government.

Jeroboam's new appointments to office.—He was resolved to shake every sacred as well as civil officer from his seat rather than to lose his own. We are not, indeed, informed whom he appointed to stand around his person and assist him in the administration of government; but who can doubt whether he did not display the same corruption of heart in appointing the officers of state which he had displayed in appointing the officers of religion?

His powers of conversation.—It appears from his character and conduct in early life, that he possessed in a high degree the art of captivating and corrupting all sorts of people with whom he conversed. And when he was clothed with the ensigns of royalty his power and opportunity of corrupting his subjects greatly increased. He became the standard of taste and model of imitation. His sentiments and manners became a living law to his subjects. In his familiar intercourse with all around him he undoubtedly seized those soft moments which were the most favorable to his malignant design of seduction. This he could do without departing from the dignity of his station.

If terms and phrases like these needed any "improvement," they had it in the sequel of the doctor's discourse:

It is more than possible that our nation may find themselves in the hands of a Jeroboam, who will drive them from following the Lord, and whenever they do they will rue the day, and detest the folly, delusion, and intrigue which raised him to the head of the United States.

And he asks the pertinent question—

Who can say that men in power may not catch the spirit of the times, and follow the example of Jeroboam, or rather that of the late apostates in Europe? We are becoming more and more connected with those infidel nations, whose politicians and philosophers are the bold patrons and preachers of infidelity. This mutual intercourse affords a peculiar opportunity to try the whole force of their infatuating philosophy upon us in America. And it is beyond a doubt that our rulers are the most exposed to their fatal delusions.

Emmons's federal politics were clearly announced in his sermon on American Independence, July 5, 1802, in which he claims not only all the sound principles of government for his friends, but also the right of celebration of the National Jubilee. "It is presumption," he said from the pulpit, "in republicans to claim this day as their own."*

There is a well drawn and interesting account of Emmons, entitled *Miscellaneous Reflections of a Visiter upon the character of Dr. Emmons*, in "a familiar lecture" to the senior class in Andover Theological Seminary, by Prof. Edwards A. Park. It is prefixed to the collection of the works, where it forms forty-five closely printed octavo pages. We may best gather from this the memorabilia of this extraordinary man. "In person he was not more than five feet and seven inches high, but he stood erect, and was in all senses upright. When he appeared in the streets of a New England city, in his latter days, with his three-cornered hat, the bright buckles on his shoe and knee, his white locks flowing down his shoulders, the boys flocked after him, as after a military general. System characterized his movements. His guests would

* Schedule of doctrines found among his papers.—Ide's Memoir, lxxvii.
† Works, ii. 394.

* Works, ii. 228.

always find his hat hanging on the same nail in the study. Every chair was in its place; every book on its shelf, save the one he was reading; and that was put into the book-case as soon as a visitor arrived. His style of writing was neat as his white locks. He was always attentive to his chirography, and wrote a better hand at the age of seventy-five than at thirty-five."

The doctor was an odd man, but there was method in his oddity, and his wit was not always to be encountered. "A certain divine," Prof. Park tells the story, "the junior of Dr. Emmons by several years, unequal to him in acumen and theological knowledge, and under some peculiar obligation to treat him with deference, was fond, although doubtless a very good man, of appearing like a metropolitan before the minister of Franklin, and as he was physically at least a great man, much superior in altitude to the doctor, he was inclined to look down on the country parson, as the smaller of the two. This domineering treatment was endured with patience until patience ceased to be a virtue. Having read Dr. Emmons's sermon on the Atonement, a sermon which was encountering at that time some opposition, he sent to the Franklin minister the following epistle: 'May 1st. My Dear Brother, —I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it. Yours affectionately, A. B. C.' These admonitory words were no sooner read than the following was written and sent to the post-office: 'May 3d. Dear Sir,—I have read your letter and laughed at it. Yours, Nathanael Emmons.'" To a young preacher he said, "Your sermon was too much like Seekonk plain, long and level." A drunken sceptic asked him, "What is understood by the soul of man?" "No," said the doctor, "I can't tell a man that hasn't got any." Conversing once with a lapsing theological opponent, whom he had pressed hard, when the victim took refuge in the assertion, "Well, every tub must stand upon its own bottom"—"Yes, yes," said the doctor, "but what shall those tubs do that haven't any bottoms?"

His shrewd, vigorous sense is exhibited in many a dogmatic utterance. On being asked what was the best system of rhetoric for a clergyman, he gave these two rules:—"First, have something to say; second, say it." Many of his terse conversational aphorisms have been preserved. "Of the two Edwardses," he said, "the father had more reason than his son, but the son was a greater reasoner than his father." "Great men," was one of his maxims, "always committed great errors." Of the pulpit, it was his remark, "Preach with animation enough to produce a great excitement of the natural sympathies, which will make persons think they have some native goodness;" and, "Be short in all religious exercises. Better leave the people longing than loathing. No conversions after the hour is out." "A man must not only know the truth, but know that he knows it." "The worst books," he said, "were the best: they compel us to think."

The doctor kept a jealous eye upon his flock, sedulously guarding them from sectarian wolves. That we do not use the last word unadvisedly may be learnt from an anecdote illustrating Emmons's downright brusque manner, preserved in the memoir of Ide. "A very respectable clergyman of another denomination was solicited by a gentleman in Franklin to come and preach at his house, and, as Dr. Emmons thought, with a view to make an impression upon his people in favor of the peculiarities of that denomination. Shortly after receiving the invitation, this clergyman met Dr. Emmons in Boston, and told him that he had been invited to come and give his people a sermon. The doctor very pleasantly replied, 'You have a very important sphere of labor assigned you where you are. You need not take the trouble to come to Franklin. I can take care of my own flock.' 'But,' said the clergyman, 'you will not object to my coming?' The doctor, understanding by this that he was still inclined to come, notwithstanding the hint which had been given him, made the following characteristic reply: 'I do object, and if you come to Franklin in our present circumstances I'll consider and treat you as a wolf in sheep's clothing.' This clergyman never came."

There are some interesting observations by Prof. Park in his notes on Emmons, with respect to the habits of study, and longevity of the clergy of New England. "We read of the two Edwardses, Hopkins, Smalley, Stiles, Chauncy, and Dwight, as at their books thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and sometimes eighteen hours of the day. Dr. Emmons, in this respect, equalled any of them. Mr. Stoddard of Northampton died at eighty-six; Dr. Increase Mather at eighty-four; Dr. Cotton Mather at sixty-five; Dr. Stiles at sixty-eight; Dr. Johnson at seventy-six; Dr. Hopkins at eighty-three; Dr. Bellamy at seventy-two; Dr. Hart at sixty-nine; President Chauncy, of Harvard, and Dr. Chauncy, of Boston, at eighty-two; Dr. Smalley at eighty-six; Dr. West* at eighty-four; Dr. Strong at sixty-eight; Dr. Lothrop at ninety. These divines lived abstemiously, but neglected physical exercise. 'I do not ascribe my long continued health,' said Dr. Emmons, 'to any whimsical care of my diet; what has hurt me I have not eaten. I have avoided stimulating liquids, have seldom drunk coffee unless it were half milk and half sugar, have been always temperate in the use of simple food, and have secured good sleep.'"† There

* There were three Wests of repute in the old New England churches: Samuel, the minister of New Bedford, who died in 1807, at the age of seventy-seven. He published, among other doctrinal writings, "Essays on Liberty and Necessity," in two parts, in 1793 and 1795, in which he reviewed the arguments of Edwards. Another Samuel West, born at Martha's Vineyard, in 1738, was minister at Needham and in Boston. He died in 1808, having published a number of sermons and the Essays, in the Columbian Centinel, of "an Old Man," in 1806 and 7. Stephen West, the minister of Stockbridge, published an Essay on Moral Agency in 1772, and was also the author of a Treatise on the Atonement. He was born in Tolland, Conn., 1736, and died in 1819. Joseph Bellamy was a native of Connecticut, born at New Cheshire, in 1719. He died in 1790. His works were collected in three volumes, in 1811, and were reprinted in two volumes octavo, in 1853, by the Doctrinal Tract and Book Society, Boston. His True Religion Delineated was published in 1750.

† Emmons sat in the same study chair more than half a century, and when about ninety years of age he relaxed the severity of his mental toil, he fully consented to abandon the old arm chair for a new and easier one. "I should like well enough to travel," he said in his latter days of leisure, "if I could take my study with me. Habits are stubborn things; and I have become so accustomed to this room, to this desk, to this chair, and to this spot where I sit, that I do not feel at home anywhere else. I cannot talk anywhere else." He had a regular hour for conversation with his students and friends; and a peculiar movement of his body towards the study table was equal to a sheriff's order that the room should be cleared, and he be left alone.—Prof. Park's Notices.

was much, too, in the assurance of a settled position, and the absorption of care in "the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

JAMES MOODY,

A LOYALIST of the American war, whom the outbreaking of the Revolution found at his farm in New Jersey, has left a well written account of his celebrated partisan warfare, which gave much trouble to the movements of Washington, in a pamphlet published in London in 1783, entitled *Lieut. James Moody's Narrative of his Exertions and Sufferings in the Cause of Government, since the year* 1776, with certificates from Gov. Wm. Franklin, of New Jersey, the Rev. Dr. Inglis of New York, and others. He went through many perilous, hair-breadth adventures, preserving his life in extraordinary emergencies by his self-possession and bravery. As his pamphlet is now very scarce, we present one or two of these scenes in his well written narrative.* Here is an anecdote of his ubiquitous presence; for like the true partisan, he was everywhere, at least to the imagination of his enemies; with an affecting story of a true man, who deserved a better fate:—

Returning again into Sussex county, he now heard that several prisoners were confined, on various suspicions and charges of loyalty, in the jail of that county; and that one of them was actually under sentence of death. This poor fellow was one of Burgoyne's soldiers, charged with crimes of a civil nature, of which, however, he was generally believed to be innocent. But when a clergyman of the Church of England interposed with his unrelenting prosecutor, and warmly urged this plea of innocence, he was sharply told, that, though he might not perhaps deserve to die for the crime for which he had been committed, there could be no doubt of his deserving to die, as an enemy to America. There was something so piteous, as well as shameful, in the case of this ill-fated victim to republican resentment, that it was determined, if possible, to release both him and his fellow-prisoners. For this purpose, Mr. Moody took with him six men; and, late at night, entered the country town, about seventy miles from New York. The inhabitants of the town were but too generally disaffected. This suggested the necessity of stratagem. Coming to the jail, the keeper called out from the window of an upper room, and demanded what their business was? The Ensign instantly replied, He had a prisoner to deliver into his custody. "What! one of *Moody's* fellows?" said the jailor. "Yes," said the Ensign. On his inquiring what the name of this supposed prisoner was, one of the party, who was well known by the inhabitants of that place to be with Mr. Moody, personated the character of a prisoner, and spoke for himself. The jailor gave him a little ill language; but, notwithstanding, seemed highly pleased with the idea of his having so notorious a Tory in his custody. On the Ensign's urging him to come down, and take charge of the man, he peremptorily refused; alleging, that in consequence of Moody's being out, he had received strict orders to open his doors to no man after sunset; and that therefore he must wait till morning. Finding that this tale would not take, the Ensign now changed his note; and, in a stern tone, told him, "Sirrah, the man who now speaks to you is Moody: I have a strong party with me, and if you do not this moment deliver up your keys, I will instantly pull down your house about your ears." The jailor vanished in a moment. On this Mr. Moody's men, who were well skilled in the Indian war-whoop, made the air resound with such a variety of hideous yells, as soon left them nothing to fear from the inhabitants of New Town, which, though the county town, consists only of twenty or thirty houses. "The Indians! the Indians are come," said the panic-struck people; and happy were they who could soonest escape into the woods. While these things were thus going on, the Ensign had made his way through a casement, and was met by a prisoner, whom he immediately employed to procure him a light. The vanquished jailor was now again produced, and most obsequiously conducted Mr. Moody to the dungeon of the poor wretch under sentence of death.

It may seem incredible, but it is an undoubted fact, that, notwithstanding all the horrors and awfulness of his situation, this poor, forlorn, condemned British soldier was found fast asleep, and had slept so sound as to have heard nothing of the uproar or alarm. There is no possibility of describing the agony of this man, when, on being thus suddenly aroused, he saw before him a man in arms, attended by persons, whom, though they were familiarly known to him, so agitated were his spirits, he was utterly at a loss then to recognise. The first, and the only idea that occurred to him was, that, as many of the friends of Government had been privately executed in prison, the person he saw was his executioner. On Mr. Moody's repeatedly informing him of his mistake, and that he was come to release him in the name of *King George*, the transition from such an abyss of wretchedness to so extravagant a pitch of joy had well nigh overcome him. Never before had the writer been present at so affecting a scene. The image of the poor soldier, alternately agitated with the extremes of despair and rapture, is, at this moment, present to his imagination, as strong almost as if the object were still before him; and he has often thought, there are few subjects on which a painter of taste and sensibility could more happily employ his pencil. The man looked wild, and undoubtedly was wild, and hardly in his senses; and yet he labored, and was big with some of the noblest sentiments and most powerful passions by which the human mind is ever actuated. In such circumstances it was with some difficulty that the English got him away. At length, however, his clothes were got on; and he, with all the rest who chose to avail themselves of the opportunity, were conducted into safety, notwithstanding a warm pursuit of several days.

The humane reader, Mr. Moody persuades himself, will not be less affected than he himself was, at the mournful sequel of this poor soldier's tale. In the course of war he was again taken, and again conducted to the dungeon, and afterwards actually executed on the same sentence on which he had been before convicted; though he left the world with the most solemn asseverations of his innocence as to any crime of which he had been accused, excepting only an unshaken allegiance to his sovereign.

A few other particulars respecting this poor man, who, though but a common soldier in a marching regiment, was, in all the essential and best parts of the character, an hero, the writer cannot excuse himself from the relation of. His situation and circumstances in the rebel country being peculiar, Mr. Moody not thinking it proper himself to return thither so soon, took the earliest means he could to

* We are indebted for a copy of this work to the courtesy of Mr. W. J. Davis, of this city.

have him conveyed safe to New York. But no arguments, no entreaties could prevail with him to leave his deliverer. "To you," said he, "I owe my life; to you and in your service let me devote it. You have found me in circumstances of ignominy; I wish for an opportunity to convince you that you have not been mistaken in thinking me innocent. I am, and you shall find me, a good soldier." It was to this fatal but fixed determination that he soon after owed the loss of his life.

When he was brought to the place of execution, the persons who had charge of him told him they had authority to promise him a reprieve; and they did most solemnly promise it to him, on condition only that he would tell them who the loyalists in the country were, that had assisted Moody. His reply was most manly and noble; and proves that real nobility and dignity of sentiment are appropriated to no particular rank or condition of life. "I love life," he said, "and there is nothing which a man of honor can do, that I would not do to save it; but I cannot pay this price for it. The men you wish me to betray must be good men, because they have assisted a good man in a good cause. Innocent as I am, I feel this an awful moment. How far it becomes you to tempt me to make it terrible, by overwhelming me in the basest guilt, yourselves must judge. My life is in your power; my conscience, I thank God, is still my own."

Another extraordinary circumstance is said to have befallen him, which, as well as the preceding, Mr. Moody relates, on the testimony of an eye-witness, yet living. Though he was a small and light man, yet the rope with which he was suspended broke. Even still this poor man's admirable presence of mind and dignity of conscious innocence did not forsake him. He instantly addressed himself to the surrounding multitude, in the following words: "Gentlemen, I cannot but hope that this very extraordinary event will convince you of what I again solemnly protest to you, that I am innocent of the crime for which you have adjudged me to die." But he still protested in vain.

The supposed crime for which he suffered was, the plundering and robbing the house of a certain furious and powerful rebel. But it would be unjust to his memory not to certify, as Mr. Moody does, that he has since learned, from the voluntary confession of a less conscientious loyalist, that this honest man was charged wrongfully, inasmuch as he himself, without the knowledge of the other, on the principles of retaliation and revenge, had committed the crime. The name of the above-mentioned honest soldier and martyr was Robert Maxwell, a Scotsman, who had had a good education.

He made a famous attempt to secure the person of Gov. Livingston, of New Jersey, in which he failed from information given by one of his comrades. His favorite exploit was to cut off the American despatches, which he frequently brought into New York. He was taken and imprisoned at West Point, where he found General Arnold a rigorous jailor. Writing some time after Arnold's treason, he naively says, "Under new masters, it is hoped, General Arnold has learned new maxims. Compelled by truth, however, Mr. Moody must bear him testimony, that he was *then* faithful to his employers, and abated not an iota in fulfilling both the letter and the spirit of their general orders and instructions." His subsequent escape is thus told:—

The ways of Providence are often mysterious, frequently bringing about its ends by the most unlikely means. To this inhuman treatment in General Arnold's camp, Mr. Moody owed his future safety. On the 1st of September, he was carried to Washington's camp, and there confined near their Liberty pole. Colonel Skammel, the Adjutant General, came to see him put in irons. When they had handcuffed him, he remonstrated with the Colonel, desiring that his legs, which were indeed in a worse situation than even his wrists, might be examined; farther adding only, that death would be infinitely preferable to a repetition of the torments he had just undergone. The Colonel did examine his legs; and on seeing them, he also acknowledged that his treatment had indeed been too bad; and asked if General Arnold had been made acquainted with his situation. Mr. Moody feels a sincere pleasure in thus publicly acknowledging his obligations and his gratitude to Colonel Skammel, who humanely gave orders to the Provost Marshal to take good care of him, and by no means to suffer any irons to be put on his legs, till they were likely to prove less distressing.

Mr. Moody attended the rebel army in its march over the New Bridge; and had an opportunity of observing their whole line, and counting their artillery. Everything seemed smooth and fair; and he felt himself much at ease, in the prospect of being soon exchanged; when, very unexpectedly, he was visited by an old acquaintance, one of their Colonels, who informed him that he was in two days' time to be brought to trial; that Livingston was to be his prosecutor, and that the Court Martial was carefully picked for the purpose. He subjoined that he would do well to prepare for eternity, since, from the evidence which he knew would be produced, there was but one issue of the business to be expected. Mr. Moody requested to be informed, what it was the purpose of this evidence to prove? It was, his well-wisher told him, that he had assassinated a Captain Shaddock and a Lieutenant Hendrickson. These were the two officers who had fallen fairly in battle near Black Point, as has been already related. The Ensign replied, that he felt himself much at ease on that account, as it could be sufficiently cleared up by their own people, who had been in, and had survived the action, as well as by some of their officers, who were at the time prisoners to him, and spectators of the whole affair. "All this," said his friend, "will be of little avail; you are so obnoxious; you have been, and are likely to be, so mischievous to us, that, be assured, we are resolved to get rid of you at any rate. Besides, you cannot deny, and it can be proved by incontestable evidence, that you have enlisted men, in this state, for the King's service, and this, by our laws, is death."

Ensign Moody affected an air of unconcern at this information; but it was too serious and important to him to be really disregarded; he resolved, therefore, from that moment, to effect his escape, or to perish in the attempt.

Every precaution had been taken to secure the place in which he was confined. It was nearly in the centre of the rebel camp. A sentinel was placed within the door of his prison, and another without, besides four others close round, and within a few yards of the place. The time now came on when he must either make his escape, or lose the opportunity forever. On the night, therefore, of the 17th of September, busy in ruminating on his project, he had, on the pretence of being cold, got a watch-coat thrown across his shoulders, that he might better conceal, from his unpleasant companion, the operations which he meditated against his handcuffs.

While he was racking his invention, to find some possible means of extricating himself from his fetters, he providentially cast his eye on a post fastened in the ground, through which an hole had been bored with an auger; and it occurred to him that it might be possible, with the aid of this hole, to break the bolt of his handcuffs. Watching the opportunity, therefore, from time to time, of the sentinel's looking another way, he thrust the point of the bolt into the above-mentioned hole, and by cautiously exerting his strength, and gradually bending the iron backwards and forwards, he at length broke it. Let the reader imagine what his sensations were, when he found the manacles drop from his hands! He sprung instantly past the interior sentinel, and rushing on the next, with one hand he seized his musket, and with the other struck him to the ground. The sentinel within, and the four others who were placed by the fence surrounding the place of his confinement, immediately gave the alarm; and in a moment the cry was general—"Moody is escaped from the Provost." It is impossible to describe the uproar which now took place throughout the whole camp. In a few minutes every man was in a bustle; every man was looking for Moody, and multitudes passed him on all sides, little suspecting that a man whom they saw deliberately marching along, with a musket on his shoulder, could be the fugitive they were in quest of. The darkness of the night, which was also blustering and drizzly, prevented any discrimination of his person, and was indeed the great circumstance that rendered his escape possible.

But no small difficulty still remained to be surmounted. To prevent desertion, Washington had surrounded his camp with a chain of sentinels, posted at about forty or fifty yards' distance from each other; he was unacquainted with their stations; to pass them undiscovered was next to impossible; and to be discovered would certainly be fatal. In this dilemma Providence again befriended him. He had gained their station without knowing it, when luckily he heard the watchword passed from one to another—"Look sharp to the chain: Moody is escaped from the Provost." From the sound of the voices he ascertained the respective situations of these sentinels; and throwing himself on his hands and knees, he was happy enough to crawl through the vacant space between two of them, unseen by either. Judging that their line of pursuit would naturally be towards the British army, he made a detour into the woods on the opposite side. Through these woods he made as much speed as the darkness of the night would permit, steering his course, after the Indian manner, by occasionally groping and feeling the white oak. On the south side the bark of this tree is rough and unpleasant to the touch, but on the north side it is smooth; hence it serves the sagacious traverser of the desert, by night as well as by day, for his compass. Through the most dismal woods and swamps he continued to wander till the night of the 21st, a space of more than fifty-six hours, during which time he had no other sustenance than a few beech leaves (which, of all that the woods afforded, were the least unpleasant to the taste, and least pernicious to health), which he chewed and swallowed, to abate the intolerable cravings of his hunger.

In every inhabited district he knew there were friends of Government; and he had now learned also, where and how to find them out, without endangering their safety, which was always the first object of his concern. From some of these good men he received minute information how the pursuit after him was directed, and where every guard was posted. Thus assisted, he eluded their keenest vigilance: and, at length, by God's blessing, to his unspeakable joy he arrived safe at Paulus Hook.

Moody went to England, at the close of the war, with recommendations to Government from Sir Henry Clinton, and afterwards settled on his half pay in Nova Scotia, where he died at Sissibou, in 1809, at the age of sixty-five.*

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

EDMUND, the first of the name of Quincy, in New England, landed at Boston with John Cotton, the eminent divine, in September, 1633. We hear in 1635 of a grant of land on Mount Wollaston to him by the town, and soon after of his death, at the age of thirty-three. His only son, Edmund, born in England in 1627, who lived on the lands at Mount Wollaston, afterwards called Braintree, was a country magistrate, and died in 1697. He had two sons, Daniel and Edmund, both of whom died before him. Daniel left a son John, born in 1689, who served for forty years as a representative of his district in the Provincial Legislature, and as a member of the Executive Council, and died a day after the birth of his great-grandson, John Quincy Adams.

The youngest son of Daniel's brother, Edmund, was born in 1681, and died at London in 1738, while engaged as the agent of the colony in pressing her claims in the dispute as to the boundary between her territory and that of New Hampshire. During the latter part of his life he filled the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Josiah, the youngest of his two sons, was born in 1709, and in 1755 appointed by Governor Shirley to negotiate with New York and Pennsylvania for the establishment of the frontier post of Ticonderoga. He executed other important public trusts, and died in 1784. His youngest son, Josiah Quincy, Jr., was born at Boston, Feb. 22, 1744, and educated at the school of Mr. Joseph Marsh in Braintree. He entered Harvard in 1759, and was a hard student, not only of the Greek and Latin but also of the English classics. A closely written manuscript of seventy pages quarto, filled with extracts from Shakespeare, is still extant with the date 1762. On taking his Master's degree in 1766, he delivered an English oration on Patriotism, a fitting commencement of his public career. He had previously to this, in 1763, commenced the study of law with the distinguished Oxenbridge Thacher of Boston. He succeeded, on the death of his instructor, in July, 1765, to the care of the office, and on his admission to the bar, to a large practice. A number of MS. volumes of Reports from his hand at this time proves his industry and enthusiasm in his profession. He is said to have been the first

* Sabine's Biographical Sketches of American Loyalists, p. 471.

lawyer who put his name on a "shingle" at his office door.

Quincy commenced his career as political writer by the publication of two articles in the Boston Gazette, in September and October, 1767, on the recent restrictions on the commerce and enlargement of the military forces of the colonies. One of these contains this spirited passage.

In defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the world; with the God of armies on our side, even the God who fought our fathers' battles, we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and die enthusiasts.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen. Well do we know that all the regalia of this world cannot dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy, with which a slave shall quit his existence. Neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom, though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the newly erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his conscience he will go off the stage. A crown of joy and immortality shall be his reward. The history of his life his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sire shall excite their emulation.

He followed these by others of a similar character during the next year. The landing of troops in October called forth a vigorous appeal.

Oh, my countrymen! what will our children say, when they read the history of these times, should they find we tamely gave away, without one noble struggle, the most invaluable of earthly blessings! As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred; any regard to the dearest treasure on earth;—if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the whole world;—let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear,—we will die,—if we cannot live freemen!

Be not lulled, my countrymen, with vain imaginations or idle fancies. To hope for the protection of Heaven, without doing our duty, and exerting ourselves as becomes men, is to mock the Deity. Wherefore had man his reason, if it were not to direct him? Wherefore his strength, if it be not his protection? To banish folly and luxury, correct vice and immorality, and stand immovable in the freedom, in which we are free indeed, is eminently the duty of each individual, at this day. When this is done, we may rationally hope for an answer to our prayers; for the whole counsel of God, and the invincible armour of the Almighty.

However righteous our cause, we cannot, in this period of the world, expect a miraculous salvation. Heaven will undoubtedly assist us, if we act like men; but to expect protection from above, while we are enervated by luxury, and slothful in the exertion of those abilities with which we are endued, is an expectation vain and foolish. With the smiles of Heaven, virtue, unanimity, and firmness will insure success. While we have equity, justice, and God on our side, Tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

His increasing practice prevented him from supervising the printing of these essays, but an inscription on one of his MSS., "Let Samuel Adams, Esq., correct the press," shows that this duty also was in patriot hands. In October, 1769, he married a daughter of William Phillips, a Boston merchant, who afterwards rendered liberal financial assistance to the great cause. He still continued his communications under various signatures, and on the 12th of February, 1770, said in one of these—

From a conviction in my own mind, that America is now the slave of Britain; from a sense that we are every day more and more in danger of an increase of our burdens, and a fastening of our shackles, I wish to see my countrymen break off,—*off for ever!*—all social intercourse with those, whose commerce contaminates, whose luxuries poison, whose avarice is insatiable, and whose unnatural oppressions are not to be borne. That Americans will know their rights, that they will resume, assert, and defend them, are matters of which I harbour no doubt. Whether the arts of *policy*, or the arts of *war*, will decide the contest, are problems, we will solve at a more convenient season. He, whose heart is enamoured with the refinements of political artifice and finesse, will seek one mode of relief; he whose heart is free, honest, and intrepid, will pursue another, a bolder, and more noble mode of redress. This reply is so intelligible, that it needs no comment or explanation.

The Boston Massacre occurred on the fifth of March following, and Quincy, to his surprise, was chosen by Colonel Preston, the English commander, as his counsel. He accepted and discharged the duty with his colleague, John Adams, notwithstanding the opposition of his friends and the censure of an excited public opinion. That opinion has long since justified a prediction contained in a letter to his father, explanatory of his course.

I dare affirm, that you and this whole people will one day rejoice, that I became an advocate for the aforesaid "criminals," *charged* with the murder of our fellow-citizens.

I never harboured the expectation, nor any great desire, that all men should speak well of me. To inquire my duty, and to do it, is my aim. Being mortal, I am subject to error; and conscious of this, I wish to be diffident. Being a rational creature, I judge for myself, according to the light afforded me. When a plan of conduct is formed with an honest deliberation, neither murmuring, slander, nor reproaches move. For my single self, I consider, judge, and with reason hope to be immutable.

There are honest men in all sects,—I wish their approbation;—there are wicked bigots in all parties,—I abhor them.

Preston was defended and acquitted, but the opinions of his counsel remained unchanged on the political bearing of the act. In a communication published February 11, 1771, he laments "hearing so little discourse relative to a decent, manly, and instructive commemoration of the melancholy tragedy of the fifth of March, 1770." An oversight which was speedily corrected, the "Boston Massacre Orations" having been commenced on the first anniversary of that event, and continued for several years.

At the close of 1772, symptoms of pulmonary disease having begun to develope themselves in

consequence of Mr. Quincy's intense application to business, he sought relief in a voyage to Charleston. He returned by land, and his journal, containing a curious though brief sketch of the places he visited, is printed in his life by his son. He returned in May with improved health. During the next month the celebrated letters of Hutchinson and others were discovered and transmitted to the colonies by Franklin. Soon after their publication Quincy wrote a series of papers with the signature of *Marchmont Needham*, one of which contains this passage:—

If to appear for my country is treason, and to arm for her defence is rebellion,—like my fathers, I will glory in the name of rebel and traitor,—as they did in that of puritan and enthusiast.

In May, 1774, he published a political pamphlet, *Observations on the act of Parliament, commonly called "The Boston Port Bill," with Thoughts on Civil Society and Standing Armies.* It is sound and forcible in its reasoning, and contains passages of much eloquence.

In September, 1774, Mr. Quincy sailed for England, with the double hope of reinvigorating his constitution and effecting something for the benefit of his country with the home government. He became acquainted in London with Lord North and other leading statesmen of both parties, and also with Franklin. Of the last he writes, November 27, 1774—

Be careful what parts of this letter you publish; without absolute necessity, do not publish any. Dr. Franklin and others complain much of their letters being made public. It is a fear of that, that prevents him and many more from writing to you.

Dr. Franklin is an American in heart and soul. You may trust him; his ideas are not contracted within the narrow limits of exemption from taxes, but are extended upon the broad scale of total emancipation. He is explicit and bold upon the subject, and his hopes are as sanguine as my own, of the triumph of liberty in America.

His correspondence soon bears witness to the hopelessness of negotiation, and the necessity of firmness and resolution on the part of America. He continued to reside in London, attending the American debates in Parliament, visiting, and now and then going to see Garrick, but without improvement to his health. On the 16th of March, 1775, he sailed for Boston. When not more than three days at sea, he dictated to a seaman a farewell letter to his friends at home, anticipating that he should not live through the voyage. In it he says:—

Foreseeing that there will be many inexplicable circumstances in the way of my friends, to account for many things relating to my conduct, I should have been glad, if God had spared my life, to converse with them once more. But this, his holy Providence seems fully settled to deny. Some few matters I have prevailed with a friend on board to minute for their information.

My going to America at this time was very considerably against my inclinations, especially as Doctor Fothergill was of opinion that Bristol waters would be of great advantage to me. But he did not dissuade me from going to America, but advised it very strongly in preference to my staying in London, or its environs.

The most weighty motive of all that determined my conduct, was the extreme urgency of about fifteen or twenty most staunch friends to America, and many of them the most learned and respectable characters in the kingdom, for my immediately proceeding to Boston. Their sentiments what ought to be the conduct of Boston, and of the continent, at this, and the approaching season, I had heard very often in the social circle; and in what things they differed I perfectly knew. It appeared of high importance that the sentiments of such persons should be known in America. To commit their sentiments to writing, was neither practicable nor prudent at this time. To the bosom of a friend they could intrust what might be of great advantage to my country. To me that trust was committed, and I was, immediately upon my arrival, to assemble certain persons, to whom I was to communicate my trust, and had God spared my life, it seems it would have been of great service to my country. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Ever since I have been out, almost everything has been different from what I expected. Instead of pleasant weather, the most inclement and damp, which removes me entirely from the deck, and when I was flattered with the hope of getting into port six days ago, I am yet here, as distant from it as when the encouragement was given me. Had Providence been pleased that I should have reached America six days ago, I should have been able to converse with my friends. I am persuaded that this voyage and passage are the instruments to put an end to my being. His holy will be done!

He grew weaker and weaker, and on the twenty-sixth of April, within sight of land, and almost within hearing of the news of the battle of Lexington, expired "in solitude, amidst suffering, without associate, and without witness; yet breathing forth a dying wish for his country, desiring to live only to perform towards her a last and signal service."* His remains were brought into port in the ship at Gloucester, and the siege of Boston having dispersed his relatives and friends, were buried there by kind but strange hands. As soon as the district was sufficiently tranquil, they were removed by his aged father to the burial-ground at Braintree. A monument was raised over his resting-place after his widow had been, in 1798, placed beside him, with an inscription by John Quincy Adams, closing with these well-turned lines:—

STRANGER,

In contemplating this monument, the frail tribute
Of filial gratitude, and affection,

Glows thy bold breast with patriotic flame!
Let his example point the paths of fame!
Or seeks thy heart, averse from public strife,
The milder graces of domestic life!
Her kindred virtues let thy soul revere,
And o'er the best of mothers drop a tear.

JEREMY BELKNAP.

THIS eminent New England clergyman and historian was born June 4, 1744, in Boston, where the family resided for three generations. His habits in childhood showed the future antiquarian and historian. At ten years of age he made neat

* Life by J. Quincy, p. 362.

abstracts of the sermons at the Old South Church; and from his entrance at Harvard, at fifteen, kept, through his life, series of interleaved annotated almanacs, a favorite mode of diary of the Eastern clergyman, of which some curious specimens are preserved. He had, too, his manuscript books, *Quotidiana Miscellanea, &c.*, for extracts from the authors he read. The first entry on the first page of these is significant of his tastes thus early forming, from Eckard's Roman History:—"there are required so many qualifications and accomplishments in an historian, and so much care and niceness in writing an history, that some have reckoned it one of the most difficult labors human nature is capable of." He left Harvard with the class of 1762, and became, like so many others, a schoolmaster. After four years in this employment, and when he had fully established his resolution, he was ordained as a preacher. He married Ruth Eliot, of Boston, and became pastor of the church in Dover, New Hampshire, in 1767, where he passed twenty years. His historical tastes soon developed themselves; but they were somewhat interrupted by the opening scenes of the Revolution, in which Belknap bore the part of a good Whig, counselling the people by his pen. He was chosen chaplain to the troops of New Hampshire at Cambridge, but declined the appointment. In 1787 he left Dover for the charge of the Federal Street Church in Boston, a position which he held till his death, caused suddenly by paralysis, June 20, 1798. He had himself in some lines of poetry, found among his papers, invoked a speedy departure.

When faith and patience, hope and love,
Have made us meet for heaven above,
How blest the privilege to rise
Snatched in a moment to the skies!
Unconscious, to resign our breath,
Nor taste the bitterness of death.
Such be my lot, Lord, if thou please,
To die in silence and at ease.
When thou dost know that I'm prepared,
O seize me quick to my reward.
But if thy wisdom sees it best
To turn thine ear from this request—
If sickness be the appointed way,
To waste this frame of human clay;
If, worn with grief and racked with pain,
This earth must turn to earth again;
Then let thine angels round me stand—
Support me by thy powerful hand;
Let not my faith or patience move,
Nor aught abate my hope or love;
But brighter may my graces shine,
Till they're absorbed in light divine.

His distinct historical labors commenced with his residence in New Hampshire, where he engaged in the study and preparation of manuscripts, using great diligence in his pioneer work. Before the Revolution, Belknap had studied his subject in the steeple of the Old South Church, among the books collected by his pastor, Mr. Prince. In the preface to his first volume, Belknap suggests a public repository for MSS., under proper regulations. This first volume of his *History of New Hampshire* appeared at Philadelphia in 1784, under the superintendence of Ebenezer Hazard, the Postmaster-General, and compiler of the State Papers. The second appeared at Boston in 1791, and the third in the same city, in the following year. To assist him in the work, which at the time of the publication of the last volume had fallen short of the actual expenses, the Legislature of New Hampshire granted him fifty pounds. Its merits at the present day would secure it a better reception. The first volume comprehends the events of one complete century, from the discovery of the river Pascataqua; the second, seventy-five years, from 1715; the third is occupied with a geographical description of the state; with sketches of its natural history, productions, improvements, and present state of society and manners, laws and government.

The candor and agreeable style of this work are no less remarkable than its historical tact and fidelity. It has long ranked at the head of the local state histories of the country. The author had everything to acquire and arrange. He overcame these difficulties, and seized his subject with the grasp of an earnest thinker and accomplished writer. The interesting chapters in the third volume on physical geography and natural history show that he took no narrow view of the relations of his subject.

On the completion of this work, an editor of a newspaper in Keene, N.H., made the modest announcement to his readers that "to render his paper as useful and entertaining as possible, he proposed to commence upon the Rev. Mr. Belknap's late History of New Hampshire, and continue a small part of the same weekly. As every member of the community is equally interested in this much-approved History, the editor flatters himself that the above attempt to please will meet with the approbation of his generous patrons. This information is given to accommodate those who have a desire of becoming subscribers for the *Cheshire Advertiser*, that they may apply in season, and not be disappointed of the first part of this valuable History." To which cool proposition, when the author was informed of it by his friend, Isaiah Thomas, he replied: "As I am particularly interested in the success of that literary adventure, I beg you would set me down as a subscriber for the Cheshire Advertiser for one year, to commence from the first portion of the said History which you may reprint, and send the papers to me regularly by the post. If you are desirous of reprinting the certificate from the Clerk of the Federal Court, which secures the copyright of the said History to me and my heirs, agreeably to the laws of the United States, be so good as to let me know it, and I will send you an authenticated copy."

In 1790, Belknap projected the Massachusetts Historical Society, which became long since an established precedent for similar organizations throughout the country. At the request of this body he delivered, Oct. 28, 1792, a centennial *Discourse intended to commemorate the Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus*, on the completion of the third century since that event. Four dissertations are added on points raised by the address. The whole is well filled with ingenious philosophical suggestions.

In the same year with this address appeared in successive numbers of the Columbian Magazine, a production entitled *The Foresters, an American tale, being a sequel to the history of John Bull*

the Clothier, in a series of letters to a friend. This was written by Dr. Belknap. The papers were collected in a volume, and printed again with two additional letters, continuing the story, in 1796.

The Foresters is an apologue, written after the manner of Arbuthnot's John Bull, in which the leading states and interests of the American continent are represented under catch-words of easy interpretation. The Foresters themselves are the people of the United States; Onontio is Canada; Robert Lumber, New Hampshire; John Codline, Massachusetts; Peter Bull-Frog, New York; Walter Pipeweed, Virginia; his grandson, General Washington; Charles Indigo, South Carolina; Ethan Greenwood, Vermont. The several settlements of the country are related in neatly turned phrase, together with the incidents of the Revolution and the circumstances out of which it arose, followed by a graphic picture of the new constitution, and the attempt of Genet at French interference. There is much sly humor in this book, hit off in a neat quiet style.*

In 1793 he published anonymously a *Life of Watts*, in connexion with Kippis's Life of Doddridge. In the conclusion of this life he states what he interpreted as the views of Watts in relation to the Trinity. This portion has been added by his grand-daughter to the judicious memoir she has published of Belknap.†

In 1794 Belknap published the first volume of a series of American biographical sketches—*An Historical account of those persons who have been distinguished in America as Adventurers, Statesmen, Philosophers, Divines, Warriors, Authors, and other remarkable characters, comprehending a recital of the events connected with their lives and actions.*

The second volume of the Biographies was completed and in press at the time of the author's death.

The next year he issued a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, which was in use for a while with the New England Congregational churches. Several of these were written by himself.

In 1795 appeared Dr. Belknap's *Dissertations on the Character, Death, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and the Evidence of his Gospel, with Remarks on some sentiments advanced in a book entitled "The Age of Reason."*

As an anecdote of Dr. Belknap's historical accuracy, it may be mentioned, that the year before his death he sailed from New Bedford to ascertain the island discovered by Gosnold in 1602, which he had stated incorrectly in the first volume of his Biographies. Finding the exact locality on the island of Cuttyhunk, he rewrote the life for the second volume, and introduced a description of the spot.

THE OLD CONFEDERATION —FROM THE FORESTERS.

When the foresters had broken their connexion with Bull, it was uncertain what connexions they might form abroad, but it was judged expedient for them to be united among themselves, that no one family should connect itself in trade with any merchant or factor, without the consent of the others. In short, it became necessary for them to enter into a partnership for their mutual interest and convenience. To do this was a nice point, and required much delicacy. It was to them a new subject, and they had an untrodden path before them. After much consultation and inquiry, their ingenuity suggested to them the idea of an original social compact. "Why should we (said they) look abroad for precedents, when we have enough among ourselves? See the *beavers* in our own brooks and meadows, how they work in complete partnership, each family has its own cell, and a number of cells are placed in one pond. They carry on their operations with peace and unanimity, without even the appearance of a *master*. Here is a perfect republic, a complete equality, a striking example of order without subordination, of liberty without jealousy, of industry without coercion, of economy without parsimony, of sagacity without overbearing influence. Every one knows his own business and does it, their labour goes on with regularity and decency; their united efforts serve the common cause, and the interest of every one is involved in that of the whole. Let us go and do likewise." The hint took, and a plan of CONFEDERATION, as it was called, was drawn up on principles of the purest equality; each family retaining the entire control of its own domestic concerns, without any interference of the others, and agreeing to contribute *voluntarily* its proportion of labour and money to support the common interest.

This was, in theory, a very pretty device, exactly suited to a set of people who thought themselves

* This production was pleasantly revived on a late occasion by the poet Bryant, at the semi-centennial celebration of the New York Historical Society. In a speech at the dinner at the Astor House, Nov. 20, 1854, he spoke of the Foresters, "a work which sought to embellish our history with the charms of wit and humor," in connexion with the American Biography, which he recollected as amongst his earliest reading and assigned to Belknap "the high merit of being the first to make American history attractive." "Sixty-two years ago" Mr. Bryant continued, "he published the Foresters, long a favorite at New England firesides."

† Life of Jeremy Belknap, D.D., the Historian of New Hampshire, with selections from his correspondence and other writings. Collected and arranged by his grand-daughter. Harper & Brothers. 1847.

completely virtuous. But as it often happens that great ingenuity exists without much judgment or policy, so it proved here. These foresters did not consider that their intellects were not, like those of the beavers, confined to a few particular objects; that they were not, like the beavers, void of passions and prejudices, void of ambition, jealousy, avarice, and self-interest. With all the infirmities of humanity, they were expecting to establish a community on a plan similar to that in which no such deformities can possibly find admittance.

Though for a while, and during the period of the law-suit, when common danger impelled them to keep themselves close together, this plan answered the end better than none; yet *in fact* the notion of *independence* had so intoxicated their minds, that having cast off their dependence on Mr. Bull, they thought themselves independent of all the world beside. When they had got entirely clear of the controversy with him, they were in the condition of a young heir just come of age, who feels proud of his freedom, and thinks he has a right to act without control. Each family felt its own importance, and expected a degree of respect from the others, in proportion to its numbers, its property, its exertions, its *antiquity*, and other trifling considerations, which ought never to have had any place in a partnership of complete equality; and in consequence of this intoxicating idea of independence, each family claimed the right of giving or withholding its consent to what was proposed by any or all of the others.

In the club room, among a number of ingenious devices, there was a clock, of a most curious and intricate construction, by which all the common concerns of the partnership were to be regulated. It had *one* bell, on which *thirteen* distinct hammers struck the hours. Each hammer was moved by independent wheels and weights, each set of wheels and weights was inclosed in a separate case, the key of which was kept, not as it ought to have been, by the person who represented the family at club, but in each mansion house; and every family claimed a right either to keep the key at home or send it to club, when and by whom they pleased. Now as this clock, like all other automatons, needed frequently to be wound up, to be oiled and cleaned, a very nice and particular adjustment of circumstances was necessary to preserve the regularity of its motions, and make the hammers perform their functions with propriety. Sometimes one or two of the hammers would be out of order, and when it came to the turn of one to strike it would be silent; then there must be a running or sending home for the key, and the houses being at a considerable distance, much time was spent in waiting Sometimes the messenger arrived at an unseasonable hour, when the family was asleep, or abroad in the fields, and it would take up a considerable time to collect them, and lay the case before them, that they might deliberate and determine whether the key should be sent or not; and before this could be done, the clock would get more out of order. By this means, the club was frequently perplexed; they knew neither the hour of the day, nor the day of the month; they could not date their letters, nor adjust their books, nor do business with any regularity.

Besides this, there was another inconvenience. For though they had a strong-box, yet it was filled with nothing but bills of parcels, and accounts presented for payment, contracts of loans, and indentures for services. No money could be had from any of the families, but by their own voluntary consent; and to gain this consent there was great difficulty. Some had advanced what they supposed to be more than their proportion; others had paid less. The former would give no more, till the latter had made up their quotas, and there was no authority which could call any one to account, or make him do his duty. Their whole estates were mortgaged for the money which they had borrowed of Mr. Lewis and Mr. Frog; and yet they could carry on no business in partnership. In fact they had formed such an unheard of kind of partnership, that though they could run themselves in debt, yet they could not oblige one another to raise any money to discharge their debts.

Each family, however, carried on a separate trade, and they contrived to undersell each other, both at home and at market. Each family also had a separate debt, which some were providing means to discharge, and others neglected. In one or two of the families they went to loggerheads among themselves. John Codline's family was, for several days, a scene of confusion and disorder; nothing was seen or heard, but cursing and calling names, kicking shins and pulling noses. John at first tried to silence them by gentle means, but finding these ineffectual, he at length drew his hanger, and swore he would cut off the ears of the first that should dare to make any more noise. This threatening drove two or three turbulent fellows out of doors, after which the house was tolerably quiet. Something of the same kind happened in Robert Lumber's family, but he made so good a use of his fist as quelled the disturbance at once.

In the family of Roger Carrier there seemed to be a predominant lurch for knavery, for he publicly advertised that he was ready to pay his debts by notes of hand, subject to a discount, the amount of which was indefinite, because continually increasing; and that whoever did not take his pay, when thus offered, might go without. The other families were alarmed at his conduct; but had no power to oblige him to deal honestly, and he carried his roguery so far as to bid them all defiance.

In this state of debility and distraction, it became necessary to consult on some measures for a better plan of union. They began to be convinced that they were not *bearers*, nor capable of subsisting in such a state of society as had been adopted from them. Something more energetic was wanted to compel the lazy, to check the knavish, to direct the industrious, and to keep the honest from being imposed upon. It had been often in contemplation to amend the mode of partnership; but now the disorders in some of the families became so alarming, that though they had been quelled for the present, it was uncertain whether they would not break out again, especially as one whole family seemed determined openly to patronize roguery. These considerations served to hasten the change which had been contemplated. It was accordingly moved in the club, that each family should appoint one or more persons to meet together and consult upon some alterations and improvements in the partnership.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

The professed design of the meeting was to reform and amend the plan; but in fact when they came to examine it, they found themselves obliged to pass the same sentence on it that was once delivered concerning the famous poet Alexander Pope, whose usual ejaculation was *God mend me!* "Mend you," said a hackney coachman (looking with contempt on his dwarfish form and hump back), "it would not be half so much trouble to make a new one."

A new one was accordingly entered upon, and the fundamental principle of it was, not to suppose men as good as they ought to be, but to take them as

they are. "It is true," said they, "that all men are naturally free and equal; it is a very good idea, and ought to be understood in every contract and partnership which can be formed; it may serve as a check upon ambition and other human passions, and put people in mind that they may some time or other be called to account by their equals. But it is as true that this equality is destroyed by a thousand causes which exist in nature and in society. It is true that all beasts, birds, and fishes are naturally free and equal in some respects, but yet we find them unequal in other respects, and one becomes the prey of another. There is, and always will be, a superiority and an inferiority, in spite of all the systems of metaphysics that ever existed. How can you prevent one man from being stronger, or wiser, or richer than another? and will not the strong overcome the weak? will not the cunning circumvent the foolish? and will not the borrower become servant to the lender? Is not this noble, free and independent creature man, necessarily subject to lords of his own species in every stage of his existence? When a child, is he not under the command of his parents? Send him to school, place him out as an apprentice, put him on board a ship, enrol him in a company of militia, must he not be subject to a master? Place him in any kind of society whatever, and he has wants to be supplied, and passions to be subdued; his active powers need to be directed, and his extravagances to be controlled, and if he will not do it himself, somebody must do it for him. Self-government is indeed the most perfect form of government in the world; but if men will not govern themselves, they must have some governors appointed over them, who will keep them in order, and make them do their duty. Now if there is in fact such an inequality existing among us, why should we act as if no such thing existed? We have tried the *brarer* scheme of partnership long enough, and find it will not do. Let us then adopt the practice of another kind of industrious animals which we have among us—Let us imitate the *bees*, who are governed by one supreme head, and, under that direction, conduct their whole economy with perfect order and regularity."

On this principle they drew up an entire new plan, in which there was one chief steward, who was to manage their united interest, and be responsible to the whole for his conduct. He was to have a kind of council to advise and direct him, and several inferior officers to assist him, as there might be occasion; and a certain contribution was to be levied on the trade, or on the estates of the whole, which was to make a common stock for the support of the common interest; and they were to erect a tribunal among themselves, which should decide and determine all differences. If nine of the families should agree to this plan, it was to take place; and the others might or might not adopt it; but if any one should finally refuse, or if any should adopt it and afterward fall from it, he was to be looked upon as an outcast, and no person was to have any connexion with him.

The meeting having continued a long time, everybody became extremely anxious to know what they were about; the doors were kept shut, and no person whatever was let into the secret till the whole was completed. A copy was then sent to each family, for them to consider at their leisure.

Though curiosity was now gratified, yet anxiety was not relaxed. The new plan of partnership went by the name of *the fiddle;* those who were in favour of it called themselves *fiddlers*, and those who opposed it were styled *antifiddlers*. The former said it was the best plan that human wisdom had ever contrived. The latter imagined it "pregnant with mischief." The former compared it to a strong fence about a rich field of wheat. The latter compared it to the whale that swallowed up Jonah.

In each family a consultation was held on the question, Whether it should be adopted or not? and liberty was given for every one to speak his mind with the utmost freedom. The objections, answers, replies, rejoinders, and rebutters, which were produced on this occasion, would make a curious collection, and form an important page in the history of man. The *fiddlers* were extremely fond of having it examined, because they said it was like a rich piece of plate, which the more it be rubbed shines the brighter. The *antifiddlers* said it was like a worm-eaten bottom of a ship, the defects of which would more evidently appear, the more it was ripped to pieces; they were therefore for rejecting it at once, without any examination at all.

When they were urged to point out its defects, they would say, "It is dangerous to put so much power into the hands of any man, or set of men, lest they should abuse it. Our liberty and property will be safe whilst we keep them ourselves, but when we have once parted with them, we may never be able to get them back again."

If the plan was compared to a *house*, then the objection would be made against building it too high, lest the wind should blow it down. How shall we guard it against fire? how shall we secure it against robbers? and how shall we keep out rats and mice?

If it was likened to a *ship*, then it would be asked, how shall we guard it against leaking? how shall we prevent it from running on the rocks and quicksands?

Sometimes it would be compared to a *clock*, then the question was, how shall we secure the pendulum, the wheels and the balance from rust? who shall keep the key, and who shall we trust to wind it up?

Sometimes it was represented by a *purse*, and then it was said to be dangerous to let any one hold the strings. Money is a tempting object, and the best men are liable to be corrupted.

In short, the whole of the arguments against it might be summed up in one word—JEALOUSY; which is well known to be the highest degree of republican virtue.

To show the futility of these arguments, it was observed by the opposite party, that it was impossible to put it into any man's power to do you good, without at the same time putting it into his power to do you hurt. If you trust a barber to shave your beard, you put it into his power to cut your throat. If you trust a baker to make your bread, or a cook to dress your meat, you put it into the power of each to poison you; nay, if you venture to lie in the same bed with your wife, you put it into her power to choak you when you are asleep. Shall we therefore let our beards grow till they are long enough to put into our pockets, because we are afraid of the barber? shall we starve ourselves because the baker and the cook *may* poison us? and shall we be afraid to go to bed with our wives? Fie, fie, gentlemen, do not indulge such whims: Be careful in the choice of your barbers, your bakers, your cooks, and your wives; pay them well, and treat them well, and make it their *interest* to treat you well, and you need not fear them.

After much debate and discussion, some of the families adopted it without exception, but in others, the opposition was so strong that it could not be made to pass, but by the help of certain *amendments*, which were proposed; and of these amendments every family which thought proper to make any, made as many as they pleased. The new plan with

its appendage of amendments, cut such a grotesque figure, that a certain wag in one of the families, like Jotham, the son of Gideon, ridiculed it in the following fable:

"A certain man hired a taylor to make him a pair of *small clothes*; the taylor measured him and made the garment. When he had brought it home, the man turned and twisted and viewed it on all sides; it is too small here, said he, and wants to be let out; it is too big here, and wants to be taken in; I am afraid there will be a hole here, and you must put on a patch; this button is not strong enough, you must set on another. He was going on in this manner, when his wife overhearing him, said, have you put on the small clothes, my dear? No, said he. How then, replied she, can you possibly tell whether they will fit you or not? If I had made such objections to a gown or a pair of stays before I had put them on, how would you have laughed at my *female* wisdom? The man took his wife's advice, and saved the taylor a deal of trouble."

In like manner the new plan of partnership was *tried on*, and was found to fit very well. The amendments were thrown by, for future consideration; some of them have been since adopted, but they are so few and so trifling, as to make no essential difference.

ELIJAH FITCH.

Elijah Fitch was born in 1745. He was educated at Yale, and received an honorary degree of A.M., from Harvard, in 1770. He became a clergyman at Hopkinton, Massachusetts, where he died, as we learn from a notice accompanying his poems, "on the sixteenth of December, 1788, in the forty-third year of his age, and seventeenth of his ministry." He wrote *The Beauties of Religion, a poem addressed to youth*, in five books, and a short poem entitled *The Choice*, which were published at Providence in 1789.

The objects of the principal poem are concisely stated in the "Advertisement of the Author." "The design of these Essays is to paint religion in her native beauties. They are principally intended for youth, to give them just views of religion, and to persuade them to love and practise it. The subject required me to study perspicuity more than elegance, and truth more than poetical embellishments."

In the first three books the desires of the soul, the sufficiency of the Gospel to supply its longing, the goodness of God in the material creation, and the need of religion to hallow it to our use, the happiness of a holy life, the evils produced by sin, especially war, are enforced, with occasional narrative episodes. Book IV. contains the soliloquy of an infidel, who, "after a debauch, awakes with a resolution to pursue nothing but the pleasures of the world." He is unable to escape the rebukes of conscience, and expires in misery. An animated description then follows of the beauty and variety of nature, and the sufficiency of harmless pleasures to secure happiness. In the last book the "soliloquy of a believer" is given, in which the happiness of a holy life of devout meditation and participation in the ordinances of public worship is dwelt upon.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

See now the man of wond'rous birth,
Born from above, but dwells on earth,
Whose heart religion fills;
By wisdom guided in his way,
On wings of faith he mounts to-day
Towards everlasting hills.

Lord of himself, his noble mind,
From fetters free and unconfined,
A flight sublime maintains;
But little his concern to know,
What's done by mortals here below,
Who drag about their chains.

Pleased with himself and satisfied,
While streams of pleasure gently glide
From fountain-head on high;
Possesses all beneath the sun,
And smiles to see how mortals run,
To catch those things which fly.

Pleased with the present, he enjoys
Himself at ease, nor wants those toys
Which little minds call great;
Crowns, riches, honours, and such things,
Which please the vulgar, yea and kings,
He treads beneath his feet.

In love with that fair Goddess bright,
Who sits enthroned in realms of light,
No meaner flame can burn;
'Tis she that leads to Jesus' arms,
And gives possession of his charms;
Christ and religion's one.

Love this fair Goddess; and serene
She'll make you pass thro' life's dark scene,
And gild your passing day:
Grace your last moments with her light,
Then waft your soul to regions bright,
To join angelic lays.

THE CHOICE.

Would Heaven's high sov'reign condescend
To crown my wish, and let me spend
The days on earth he's pleased to give,
In that fair place I'd choose to live,
Where upon a rising ground,
A little distance from the town,
Far beyond the noisy rout
Of carts and waggons driv'n about.
Or the more confounded din
Of men contending for a pin:
Where Aurora spreads her light
First in the morn, and last at night;
Where sweet Zephyr's breath is pure,
Which all diseases helps to cure,
Fresh at ev'ry hour should come,
Wafting spices, myrrh, and gum;
And at eve more fragrant grows,
Like the sweet-briar and the rose.
A placid stream with gentle tide,
Meand'ring thro' a mead, should glide,
Enamel'd o'er with every hue,
Which on the earth yet ever grew,
And lofty pine and oak in rows,
And the elm with careless boughs,
On each side should raise their head,
Shading fishes in their bed.
To the east this stream should run,
As emulous to meet the sun,
Whose beams, reflected from that glass,
Make double morn my life compass;
While pleasure-boats, with silken sails,
And streamers gay, delight the vales.
Men of all professions there
Should issue forth to take the air;
Two or three in ev'ry line,
Should be invited to my wine:
Such whose tempers were serene,
And had with books familiar been.

A garden interspersed with trees,
Waving to the gentle breeze,
Laden with all kinds of fruit
Which the climate e'er could suit:
Peaches, apples, plums and cherries,
Pears and apricots, with berries,
Creeping latent through the grass
All other pleasure should surpass,
Surprising oft the eye with joy,
And to the grateful touch not coy.
A purling rill, with winding course,
Now gentle, and then sounding hoarse,
Thro' arbours and by pleasant walks,
Where flowers should grow on all their stalks,
The pink, and rose, and daffodil,
Lady's delight, which crowns the hill,
Narcissus fair, with tulip gay,
Which finely dress themselves in May.
With all the summer's shining train,
Which breathe more fragrant for the rain,
And afford a sweet repast
For busy bees which love their taste;
There humming-birds, with plumage gay,
Shining bright as flow'rs in May,
Around my head should sprightly play;
On nimble wings they seem to dance,
Suspended *still* without advance,
And then away as swift as light,
So sudden that they 'scape the sight;
Their plumes of scarlet, gold and green,
A lively hue as e'er was seen;
These o'er my flow'rs should rove at pleasure,
Partake the joy, not spoil the treasure,
But with their little tube-like bill
From op'ning blossoms drink their fill:
And on farina fine they feed,
Which fully satisfies their need.

Frequent here would I resort,
To enjoy the blissful sport,
And to view with pleasing eye
All that blooms beneath the sky;
See where the primrose dips her bill
Among the dew-drops on the hill,
And where the lily hangs her head
O'er the violet's purple bed;
All bestrew'd with green and gold,
Where pretty birds sweet dalliance hold.
There the lark his mate invites
To pass with him the summer nights,
And early in the morn awake,
Together the first dawn partake,
And on their silver pinions rise,
And sing their mattins to the skies;
With sweetest notes they fill the air,
And call forth shepherds to their care.
I'd hear the bleating flocks of sheep,
When the dawn begins to peep,
And from my couch would rise alert,
To join and share the sweet concert;
Hear the dulcet harmony
Warble sweet from ev'ry tree,
From the meads and from the vales,
On the hills and in the dales;
Various notes of flocks and herds,
Mingling with the singing birds,
Should echo fast from hill to hill,
Till ev'ry part of air they fill.

I'd have a little grove fast by,
There to repair in milder sky:
My morn and ev'ning walk should be,
To view the birds perch'd on the tree,
Their shiny glossy plumes would fill
My ravish'd eye with pleasure still.

There the linnet, thrush, and quail,
There the mock-bird, feme and male,
There the sparrow, with robin-hood,
And ev'ry bird that loves the wood,
Should live at ease, secure from fear,
No cruel fowler should come near;
The whip-poor-will should cheer the night
With her sweet notes, which sleep invite;
About my farm tame fowls should rove,
Geese and turkeys, ducks and dove;
Nor would I want the guinea-hen,
Which imitates the chatt'ring wren;
And the proud cock, who struts and crows
Defiance to his neighb'ring foes.
Martins and swallows, chatt'ring sweet,
In friendship round my house should meet;
The peacock, with majestic mien,
And richest plumes, should oft be seen,
Spreading his waving glories high,
With dazzling lustre charm the eye.

Nor would I want those joys refin'd,
With holy wedlock which are join'd;
For Hymen's mystic knot unites
Sublimest joys and sweet delights.

With one fair in love I'd join,
Whose pleasing words should cheer like wine;
Whose soul to mine so near was grown,
No striking difference could be known,
But blended in sweet bands of love,
In concert both should always move,
And dimpled smiles, with mutual glance,
Should joys reciprocal advance.

To crown the whole, and give a relish
To all the pleasures life embellish,
On holy days I would not lose
The pleasure which from worship flows;
And near my house should be the seat
Where those who love to praise should meet,
To tread the courts of God most high,
And hear his message from the sky,
From one who knows how to dispense
The joyful truths sent down from thence,
And join with those whose souls were graced
With love, and truth, and righteousness;
To pray and praise, adore and sing
Loud anthems to th' eternal King;
With joy my heart should more dilate,
Than all the favours of the great.
But give me such a pleasing spot,
And I'll not envy kings their court.

LINDLEY MURRAY.

The reader who takes up the autobiography of Lindley Murray with no other previous preparation than his early schoolboy recollections of the grammar, will have a sensation as agreeable as unexpected. It is like meeting the schoolmaster after we have grown up, and finding him a pleasant courteous gentleman instead of the monster we had so often vowed to thrash on arriving at the vigor of manhood prerequisite for the achievement.

Lindley Murray made a dolorous entrance into life: for six months after his birth, in 1745, he was, says the editor of his autobiography, "almost perpetually crying." After that time he grew healthier. In 1753, he removed with his parents from Swetara, near Lancaster, Pa., to the city of New York. After receiving the rudiments of an English education he was placed in the counting-house of his father, a prosperous merchant, who was naturally desirous that his son

Lindley Murray

should step into the opening he had provided for him. This, however, did not suit the son's wishes, which were bent upon the law. He ascribes his dislike to his father's calling to the strictness of the rule to which that parent subjected him, a strictness which led to an outbreak on the son's part, the only ripple in the placid stream of his existence.

I have sometimes hesitated, respecting the propriety of communicating this little piece of my history. But as it is intimately connected with events of this period, and contains some traits of disposition and character in early life, I have at length concluded to relinquish my scruples on this subject. The following is the occurrence to which I allude.

Though my father, as the events already mentioned demonstrate, had an earnest desire to promote my interest and happiness, yet he appeared to me, in some respects, and on some occasions, rather too rigorous. Among other regulations, he had, with true parental prudence, given me general directions not to leave the house, in an evening, without previously obtaining his approbation. I believe that his permission was generally and readily procured. But a particular instance occurred, in which, on account of his absence, I could not apply to him. I was invited by an uncle to spend the evening with him; and trusting to this circumstance, and to the respectability of my company, I ventured to break the letter, though I thought not the spirit, of the injunction which had been laid upon me. The next morning, I was taken by my father into a private apartment, and remonstrated with for my disobedience. In vain were my apologies. Nothing that I could offer, was considered as an extenuation of my having broken a plain and positive command. In short, I received a very severe chastisement; and was threatened with a repetition of it, for every similar offence. Being a lad of some spirit, I felt very indignant at such treatment, under circumstances which, as I conceived, admitted of so much alleviation. I could not bear it; I resolved to leave my father's house, and seek a distant country, what I conceived to be an asylum, or a better fortune. Young and ardent, I did not want confidence in my own powers: and I presumed that, with health and strength which I possessed in a superior degree, I could support myself, and make my way happily through life. I meditated on my plan; and came to the resolution of taking my books and all my property with me, to a town in the interior of the country; where I had understood there was an excellent seminary, kept by a man of distinguished talents and learning. Here I purposed to remain, till I had learned the French language, which I thought would be of great use to me; and till I had acquired as much other improvement as my funds would admit. With this stock of knowledge, I presumed that I should set out in life under much greater advantages than I should possess by entering immediately into business, with my small portion of property, and great inexperience. I was then about fourteen years of age. My views being thus arranged, I procured a new suit of clothes, entirely different from those which I had been accustomed to wear, packed up my little all and left the city, without exciting any suspicion of my design, till it was too late to prevent its accomplishment.

In a short time I arrived at the place of destination. I settled myself immediately as a boarder in the seminary, and commenced my studies. The prospect which I entertained was so luminous and cheering, that, on the whole, I did not regret the part I had acted. Past recollections and future hopes combined to animate me. The chief uneasiness which I felt in my present situation, must have arisen from the reflection of having lost the society and attentions of a most affectionate mother, and of having occasioned sorrow to her feeling mind. But as I had passed the Rubicon, and believed I could not be comfortable at home, I contented myself with the thought, that the pursuit of the objects before me was better calculated than any other, to produce my happiness. In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the scenes around me. And the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart. But my continuance in this delightful situation was not of long duration. Circumstances of an apparently trivial nature concurred to overturn the visionary fabric I had formed, and to bring me again to the paternal roof.

I had a particular friend, a youth about my own age, who resided at Philadelphia. I wished to pay him a short visit, and then resume my studies. We met according to appointment, at an inn on the road. I enjoyed his society, and communicated to him my situation and views. But before I returned to my retreat an occurrence took place which occasioned me to go to Philadelphia. When I was about to leave that city, as I passed through one of the streets, I met a gentleman who had some time before dined at my father's house. He expressed great pleasure on seeing me; and inquired when I expected to leave the city. I told him I was then on the point of setting off. He thought the occasion very fortunate for him. He had just been with a letter to the post-office; but found that he was too late. The letter, he said, was of importance; and he begged that I would deliver it with my own hand, and as soon as I arrived at New-York, to the person for whom it was directed. Surprised by the request, and unwilling to state to him my situation, I engaged to take good care of the letter.

My new residence was at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. I travelled towards it rather pensive, and uncertain what plan to adopt respecting the letter. I believe that I sometimes

thought of putting it into the post-office; sometimes, of hiring a person to deliver it. But the confidence which had been reposed in me; the importance of the trust; and my tacit engagement to deliver it personally; operated so powerfully on my mind, that after I had rode a few miles, I determined, whatever risk and expense I might incur, to hire a carriage for the purpose, to go to New York as speedily as possible, deliver the letter, and return immediately. My design, so far as it respected the charge of the letter, was completely accomplished. I delivered it, according to the direction, and my own engagement. I was, however, obliged to remain in New York that night, as the packet boat, in which I had crossed the bay, could not sail till next morning. This was a mortifying circumstance, as I wished to return very expeditiously. The delay was, however, unavoidable. I put up at an inn, near the wharf from which the packet was to sail in the morning, and waited for that period with some anxiety.

I thought I had conducted my business with so much caution, that no one acquainted with me had known of my being in the city. I had, however, been noticed by some person who knew me; and, in the evening, to my great surprise, my uncle, whom I have mentioned before, paid me a visit. He treated me affectionately, and with much prudent attention: and, after some time, strenuously urged me to go with him to my father's house; but I firmly refused to comply with his request. At length he told me, that my mother was greatly distressed on account of my absence; and that I should be unkind and undutiful, if I did not see her. This made a strong impression upon me. I resolved, therefore, to spend a short time with her, and then return to my lodgings. The meeting which I had with my dear and tender parent was truly affecting to me. Every thing that passed, evinced the great affection she had for me, and the sorrow into which my departure from home had plunged her. After I had been some time in the house, my father unexpectedly came in: and my embarrassment, under these circumstances, may easily be conceived. It was, however, instantly removed, by his approaching me in the most affectionate manner. He saluted me very tenderly; and expressed great satisfaction on seeing me again. Every degree of resentment was immediately dissipated. I felt myself happy, in perceiving the pleasure which my society could afford to persons so intimately connected with me, and to whom I was so much indebted. We spent the evening together in love and harmony: and I abandoned entirely, without a moment's hesitation, the idea of leaving a house and family, which were now dearer to me than ever.

He resumed his studies under the charge of a private tutor, and his father at last granted him permission to pursue the profession of his choice. He was a fellow student with John Jay; was admitted and commenced practice with good success, which continued until the commencement of the American Revolution, when finding nothing to do in the courts, and wishing to recruit his health, he retired with his wife (he had become a married man some years before) to Islip, Long Island. Here he remained four years, and then becoming tired of country sports and comparative inaction, returned to the city and entered into mercantile business with such success, that at the close of the war he found himself possessed of a handsome property. He retired from business to a beautiful country-seat, Bellevue, then a few miles from the city, but long since included in its limits, where he resided for three years. He was then forced to leave this pleasant home in quest of health. After passing some time with the Moravians at Bethlehem, he sailed to England by the advice of his physicians, in order to avoid the rigors of a New York winter. His sojourn was not designed to be extended beyond a year; but, though he earnestly desired to return to his native country, the state of his health would not permit the change, and he passed the remainder of his long life in England, at a small country-seat in the vicinity of York. The disease with which he was afflicted was a weakness in the lower limbs, which precluded him from walking, and after a time from any exercise whatever. His Christian fortitude and cheerfulness, however, enabled him to bear up against this calamity: and just at the time when his life seemed about to become useless to himself, it began to be pre-eminently useful to others. With a well educated and active mind, he naturally turned to literature as a pursuit, and he has recorded the beneficial results to his health which this course produced.

In the course of my literary labours, I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them, was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded, that if I had suffered my time to pass away, with little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and perhaps my life considerably shortened. I have therefore reason to deem it a happiness, and a source of gratitude to Divine Providence, that I was enabled, under my bodily weakness and confinement, to turn my attention to the subjects which have, for so many years, afforded me abundant occupation. I think it is incumbent upon us, whatever may be our privations, to cast our eyes around, and endeavour to discover, whether there are not some means yet left us, of doing good to ourselves and to others; that our lights may, in some degree, shine in every situation, and, if possible, be extinguished only with our lives. The quantum of good which, under such circumstances, we do, ought not to disturb or affect us. If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable in the sight of Him, who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions, by comparing them with our disposition and ability.

His debut in literature was a modest one. He prepared a work, *The Power of Religion on the Mind*, giving the testimony of many eminent men "in recommendation of religion, as the great promoter of our happiness here and hereafter," and printed five hundred copies at his own expense, which he presented anonymously to the principal inhabitants of the vicinity. It was so well received that the author was induced to publish it in the ordinary manner. It met with a large sale; other editions were called for, and on the issue of the sixth, he was induced to put his name to the title-page.

His next work was the English Grammar. This originated in the following manner. A school had been established in York for the education of young ladies. Mr. Murray was desirous that the

close study of the English language should form a portion of the course pursued. As the young teachers at first employed themselves needed instruction in this branch of knowledge, he assembled them in his own house for oral instruction. They found themselves so much benefited by his exertions, that they urged him to write an English grammar for the use of their pupils. This he consented to do. The work was published in 1795, and was followed by a volume of exercises, and a key explanatory of their construction. These were published in 1797, and an abridgment, by the author, of his grammar for the use of schools appeared the same year.

The series was completed by the issue of a volume of extracts from the best authors of the language, under the title of the *English Reader*. He soon after published a volume of similar character devoted to French literature.

The author's autobiography* closes with the year 1809. It was continued by the Friend to whom it was addressed, Elizabeth Frank, to the close of his long life of 81 years, February 16, 1826. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, survived him. They had no children. His will provided for the investment of his property, after the death of his wife, in the hands of trustees in the city of New York, and the expenditure of its yearly income

In liberating black people who may be held in slavery, assisting them when freed, and giving their descendants or the descendants of other black persons, suitable education: in promoting the civilization and instruction of the Indians of North America; in the purchase and distribution of books tending to promote piety and virtue, and the truth of Christianity, and it is his wish that "The Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the Approach of Death," with the author's latest corrections and improvements, may form a considerable part of those books; and in assisting and relieving the poor of any description, in any manner that may be judged proper, especially those who are sober, industrious, and of good character.

The lines "To my Wife" have been generally attributed to Lindley Murray. They were published in the Southern Literary Messenger, for October, 1836, from a manuscript copy, endorsed *Lindley Murray to his Wife*, "apparently written as far back as 1783," found among a parcel of letters from the sisters of the grammarian to a lady friend. They, however, appear, with the exception of the last stanza, in the Weecamical Chaplet, a selection of original poetry, comprising smaller Poems, serious and comic; classical trifles; sonnets, inscriptions, and epitaphs; songs and ballads; mock heroics; epigrams, fragments, &c. Edited by George Huddesford. Cr. 8vo., pp. 223, 6s. bds. Leigh & Sotheby, 1805; a collection which derives its name from the circumstance, that all its contributors were educated at Winchester school, founded by William of Wickham. The Poem in question, with the title, "Song—Mutual Love," is quoted as one of the novelties, or new poems, of this publication in the Monthly Review, for February, 1806; and is stated to be, with many of the best pieces of the volume, by Huddesford, who is spoken of as a "legitimate (literary) descendant of Mat Prior."

Huddesford published in 1801, Poems, including Salmagundi, Topsy Turvy, Bubble and Squeak, and Crambe Repetita, Lond. 1801. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. Most of these had previously appeared in a separate form. The shorter pieces are interspersed with poems by his friends. In 1805, he published his Champignons du Diable, or Imperial Mushrooms, a mock heroic poem in five cantos; including a Conference between the Pope and the Devil, on his Holiness' Visit to Paris, illustrated with Notes. 12mo. (Noticed in Monthly Review, 38, p. 272.)

Huddesford's Poems show great ease and spirit in versification, with abundant wit. He seems to have thrown off effusions on subjects of the day, being probably a gentleman of easy fortune, writing for amusement. His Chaplet is dedicated by permission to Lord Loughborough: and among his school associates at Winchester were the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and other distinguished persons.* His claim to the verses in question appears superior to that of Murray, but neither deserves any greater praise than that of an adapter, as the lines in question are taken with slight alteration from the song, "Matrimonial Happiness," by John Lapraik, a Scotchman, who was born in 1727; published a volume of Poems in 1778; and died the keeper of the post-office at the village of Muirkirk, in 1807. Burns hearing the song sung at a "rockin, to ca' the crack and weave the stockin," was so struck with its beauty, that he addressed a rhyming epistle to the author. In it he says,

> There was ae sang amang the rest,
> Aboon them a'it pleased me best,
> That some kind husband had addrest
> To some sweet wife;
> It thrill'd the heart strings through the breast,
> A' to the life.
>
> I've scarce heard ought described sae weel,
> What generous manly bosoms feel;
> Thought I, can this be Pope, or Steele,
> Or Beattie's work!
> They tould me 'twas an odd kind chiel
> About Muirkirk.

The letter, as it well might, led to a correspondence, which includes two other poetical Epistles by Burns,† between the poets. Burns says that Lapraik "often told him that he composed the song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes," which consisted in the loss of their small estate at Dalfram, near Muirkirk; "which little property he was obliged to sell, in consequence of some connexion, as security, for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, *The Ayr Bank*."

Having thus traced the poem to the original source, we present it in its successive stages.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

[*By John Lapraik.*]

> When I upon thy bosom lean,
> And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a Series of Letters, written by himself; with a preface, and a continuation of the Memoirs. By Elizabeth Frank. New York. 1827.

* Southern Lit. Messenger, April, 1837.
† Chambers's Life and Works of Burns, i. 115, 129, 189. Book of Scottish Song, p. 301.

I glory in the sacred ties
That make us one, wha ance were twain.
A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the meltin kiss:
E'en years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? It's a' for thee!
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze;
Weel pleased they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
And aye, when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
And, if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drop a tear.
Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

SONG—MUTUAL LOVE.

[*From the Waccamical Chaplet.*]

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss,
The tender look, the melting kiss.
Even years have not destroyed;
Some sweet sensation ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee.
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleased to see our happy days,
And bid us live and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come,—
Thy bosom is my softest home;
I'll lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Additional stanza, added in the copy attributed to Lindley Murray:—

Have I a wish? 'tis all her own;
All hers and mine are roll'd in one,
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

JOHN JAY.

THE literary reputation of Jay is incidental to his political career, and attaches to the national state papers which he sent forth from the Continental Congress, which did much to prepare the way for American liberty, and to his contributions to the Federalist, by which he assisted in permanently securing that liberty which he was one of the first to promote. His "Address to the people of Great Britain," in 1774, called forth the admiration of Jefferson. It is marked by moral earnestness and patriotic fervor, qualities shared by his address to the inhabitants of Canada and the people of Ireland. The appeal of the Convention of the State of New York to the people in 1776, and the address of Congress to the country in 1799, meeting the financial condition of the times, and his Address to the people of the State of New York, in support of the adoption of the Constitution, are his other chief productions of this kind. He wrote five papers of the Federalist; the second, third, fourth, and fifth, on Dangers from foreign force and influence, and the sixty-fourth on the treaty-making power of the senate. He would have furnished others had he not received an injury in the interim, in his vindication of the law in the Doctors' mob of the city of New York.

Of Huguenot descent, Jay was a native of the city of New York, born December 12, 1745, a graduate of Columbia College, a delegate to the first revolutionary Congress at the age of twenty-eight, three years later Chief Justice of his State, Minister of Spain and negotiator of the peace with Great Britain, Secretary of State, Chief Justice of the United States, Governor of his own State: abundant honors and employment, which still left him nearly thirty years of rural retirement at Bedford, where he died May 17, 1829, at the age of eighty-four. Moral worth and sober judgment have had no finer exemplification in our best political annals. His life, written by his son William Jay, contains a Selection from his Correspondence.

FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE NEW YORK CONVENTION, 1776.

"Under the auspices and direction of Divine Providence, your forefathers removed to the wilds and wilderness of America. By their industry, they made it fruitful—and by their virtue, a happy country. And we should still have enjoyed the blessings of peace and plenty, if we had not forgotten the source from which these blessings flowed: and permitted our country to be contaminated by the many shameful vices which have prevailed among us.

"It is a well known truth, that no virtuous people were ever oppressed; and it is also true, that a scourge was never wanting to those of an opposite character. Even the Jews, those favourites of Heaven, met with the frowns, whenever they forgot the smiles of their benevolent Creator. By tyrants of Egypt, of Babylon, of Syria, and of Rome, they were severely chastised; and those tyrants themselves, when they had executed the vengeance of Almighty God, their own crimes bursting on their own heads, received the rewards justly due to their violation of the sacred rights of mankind.

"You were born equally free with the Jews, and have as good a right to be exempted from the arbitrary domination of Britain, as they had from the invasions of Egypt, Babylon, Syria, or Rome. But they, for their wickedness, were permitted to be scourged by the latter; and we, for our wickedness, are scourged by tyrants as cruel and implacable as those. Our case, however, is peculiarly distinguished from theirs. Their enemies were strangers, unenlightened, and bound to them by no

ties of gratitude or consanguinity. Our enemies, on the contrary, call themselves Christians. They are of a nation and people bound to us by the strongest ties. A people, by whose side we have fought and bled; whose power we have contributed to raise; who owe much of their wealth to our industry, and whose grandeur has been augmented by our exertions. * * * * * * * *

"You may be told that your forts have been taken; your country ravaged; and that your armies have retreated; and that, therefore, God is not with you. It is true, that some forts have been taken, that our country hath been ravaged, and that our Maker is displeased with us. But it is also true, that the King of Heaven is not, like the king of Britain, implacable. If we turn from our sins, He will turn from his anger. Then will our arms be crowned with success, and the pride and power of our enemies, like the arrogance and pride of Nebuchadnezzar, will vanish away. Let a general reformation of manners take place—let universal charity, public spirit, and private virtue be inculcated, encouraged, and practised. Unite in preparing for a vigorous defence of your country, as if all depended on your own exertions. And when you have done all things, then rely upon the good Providence of Almighty God for success, in full confidence that without his blessing, all our efforts will inevitably fail. * * * * * * * *

"Cease, then, to desire the flesh-pots of Egypt, and remember her task-masters and oppression. No longer hesitate about rejecting all dependence on a king who will rule you with a rod of iron: freedom is now in your power—value the heavenly gift: remember, that if you dare to neglect or despise it, you offer an insult to the Divine bestower—nor despair of keeping it. After the armies of Rome had been repeatedly defeated by Hannibal, that imperial city was besieged by this brave and experienced general, at the head of a numerous and victorious army. But, so far were her glorious citizens from being dismayed by the loss of so many battles, and of all their country—so confident were they in their own virtue and the protection of Heaven, that the very land on which the Carthaginians were encamped, was sold at public auction for more than the usual price. These heroic citizens disdained to receive his protections, or to regard his proclamations. They invoked the protection of the Supreme Being—they bravely defended their city with undaunted courage—they repelled the enemy and recovered their country. Blush, then, ye degenerate spirits, who give all over for lost, because your enemies have marched through three or four counties in this and a neighbouring State—ye who basely fly to have the yoke of slavery fixed on your necks, and to swear that you and your children shall be slaves for ever. * * *

"Rouse, brave citizens! Do your duty like men; and be persuaded that Divine Providence will not permit this western world to be involved in the horrors of slavery. Consider, that from the earliest ages of the world, religion, liberty, and reason have been bending their course towards the setting sun. The holy gospels are yet to be preached in these western regions; and we have the highest reason to believe that the Almighty will not suffer slavery and the gospel to go hand in hand. It cannot, it will not be.

"But if there be any among us, dead to all sense of honour, and love of their country; if deaf to all the calls of liberty, virtue, and religion; if forgetful of the magnanimity of their ancestors, and the happiness of their children; if neither the examples nor the success of other nations—the dictates of reason and of nature; or the great duties they owe to their God, themselves, and their posterity, have any effect upon them—if neither the injuries they have received, the prize they are contending for, the future blessings or curses of their children—the applause or the reproach of all mankind—the approbation or displeasure of the Great Judge—or the happiness or misery consequent upon their conduct, in this and a future state, can move them;—then let them be assured, that they deserve to be slaves, and are entitled to nothing but anguish and tribulation. Let them banish from their remembrance the reputation, the freedom, and the happiness they have inherited from their forefathers. Let them forget every duty, human and divine; remember not that they have children: and beware how they call to mind the justice of the Supreme Being: let them go into captivity, like the idolatrous and disobedient Jews; and be a reproach and a by-word among the nations. But we think better things of you,—we believe and are persuaded that you will do your duty like men, and cheerfully refer your cause to the great and righteous Judge. If success crown your efforts, all the blessings of freemen will be your reward. If you fall in the contest, you will be happy with God in heaven."

BENJAMIN RUSH.

THE benevolent and ingenious Dr. Benjamin Rush, the friend of Franklin, was born on his father's farm near Philadelphia, December 24, 1745. One of his ancestors, John Rush, a captain of horse under Cromwell, emigrated from England to the state among its first settlers. In his boyhood he was fortunate, after the death of his father, in being placed under the instruction of his aunt's husband, Dr. Finley, afterwards President of Princeton, then at Nottingham, a country town in Maryland, remarkable for the simplicity and purity of its people. At fourteen he entered the College at Princeton, then presided over by the eloquent and patriotic Davies. He was graduated the next year, studied medicine with Dr. Redman, translated the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and wrote a Eulogy on the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, the associate of Whitefield, at Philadelphia, passed to Edinburgh, where he took his degree in 1768, returning the next year to America after a residence in London and Paris. He then became connected with the College of Philadelphia as Lecturer on Chemistry, and afterwards, when that institution became the University of Pennsylvania, as a Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, delivering courses of medical lectures for forty-four years. His theories, and the story of his success in the treatment of the yellow fever of 1793, in which he derived aid from the acumen of Dr. Mitchell of Virginia,* of which he published an account in 1794, belong to the annals of medical science.

His political principles were displayed in his zeal on the breaking out of the Revolution, when

* John Mitchell, an Englishman, Fellow of the Royal Society, settled in Virginia as physician about 1700, wrote on botany, and also an Essay on the Causes of the Different Colours of People of Different Climates, attributing the variation to climate, published in the Philosophical Transactions. His paper on the Yellow Fever of Virginia, in MS., was communicated by Franklin to Rush, who made one of its hints on the use of purgatives, the basis of his medical practice in that disease. He died about 1750.—Ramsay's Eulogy on Rush, Thacher's Med. Biog. Miller's Retrospect, i. 316.