

## Seat of the Storm.

From the New-York Courier.

### MYSTERIOUS.

The following has been received through the medium of the post-office, and is written in a hand laboriously disguised. The lines in italics and the words in small capitals are given exactly as in the original, which will be carefully preserved for the perusal of such as may feel an interest in the author.

Mr. Gardener—I conjure you to comply with this, my first and last request, by publishing the following lines. They may reach the eye of one person [here follow several lines carefully erased. Ed. Cour.] If, when you read this, you would know who I am, enquire at Liverpool; if you would know where I am, enquire of Neptune.

A STRANGER.

### THE GRAVE.

O! MAN, that is of woman born,  
Lives but a day, and lives to mourn!  
Life is a stormy sea, at best:  
The GRAVE the haven of his rest!

O many a sea I've cross'd to find  
A balm to heal a troubled mind:  
But I'll roam no more, by land or wave,  
For there's no rest but in the GRAVE!

I met a beggar by the way,  
With sunken cheeks and tresses grey—  
"Cold blows the wind," he sigh'd and said,  
"And thin and tatter'd is my plaid;  
"The rain beats hard, the north winds  
"rave:  
"But, there's a shelter in the GRAVE."

I saw a mother, who sat and cried,  
And wrung her hands, by the highway side—  
"Hush, hush! my babes! no bread-I have,  
"But there's no hunger in the GRAVE."

I saw in his field an aged man,  
The sweat down his wrinkled visage ran;  
O'ercome with toil he laid him down,  
I saw him weep, and I heard him groan,  
"O this is a life of toil at best,  
"But in the silent GRAVE there's Rest!"

A widow sat by her husband's tomb—  
Her eyes rain'd tears, and she wail'd her  
doom;  
I heard her sob, and heard her rave—  
"There is no mourning in the GRAVE!"

An old man stood by a willow tree,  
And wept and wail'd most bitterly—  
"My heart is broke, and my peace is gone,  
"For in that grave lies my only son:  
"God justly took what he kindly gave:  
"But there is comfort in the GRAVE!"

I went to the Lazar house to see  
The sick man's woe and agony:  
There, some were scorch'd by the fever's  
fire;  
And some were racked by convulsions  
dire:

By pale consumption some were blasted;  
Some groan'd aloud, some shriek'd amain,  
And cried, "this life's a life of pain:  
"Thy aid, O Death! thy aid I crave—  
"For there's no sickness in the GRAVE!"

I walked on the shore of the Ocean flood,  
When the waves were high, and winds  
were loud,  
And I saw a ship on the tossing main,  
She sunk with her crew, ne'er to rise again  
But the waves may roar, the winds may  
rave—  
There is no tempest in the GRAVE!

I wander'd forth in a lonesome grove  
And heard a Youth bewail his Love—  
"O sad is the hopeless lover's doom:  
"But there is quiet in the GRAVE!"

If life is a stormy sea, at best,  
And the GRAVE the Haven of our rest,  
Shall man the waves and tempest bear  
When the Port is nigh, and safety there?

### EXTRACT.

"It is a pleasing and instructive view of the Divine providence, to consider one and the same great design as carried on to maturity, in periods, and by persons the most remote from each other, without communication of intelligence, without concurrence or exertion among themselves; to behold the great God, moulding, guiding, subduing the various passions, purposes, and private interests of men, to his own sovereign will; to behold buildings of God rising in beauty, advancing towards perfection, by the hands of feeble workmen, who comprehend not the thousandth part of the plan which they assist in executing, and who instead of co-operating, frequently seem to counteract one another.—One digs his hour in the quarry;

another lifts up his axe and strikes a stroke or two in the forest; a third applies the square and the compass to the stone which his neighbor had polished. But their labours, their views, their abilities, however different, all promote the same end; and tho' they and their endeavors be frail and perishing, the work in which the Almighty employs them is progressive, is permanent, is immortal. Here a shepherd, there a little child, there a sage; here a legislator, there a conqueror, here a deluge, there a conflagration, fulfils the designs of high heaven; and the glorious fabric of redemption rises and rises, tho' patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles sink, one after another, into the dust. Man often begins to build, but is unable to finish, because he had not counted the cost; but God—seeth the end from the beginning." He can never want an instrument who hath heaven, earth and hell at his disposal."

### On Honor and Integrity.

By HILARIOUS.

When you come upon the stage of action my dear Eugenio, as it is your duty so it will be your glory, to deal justly with all persons. Clear and round dealing is the characteristic of a virtuous and upright mind, and seems congenial to the dignity of human nature;—hate therefore but what is dishonest, fear nothing but what is ignoble, & love nothing but what is just and honorable.

If you wish to be a valuable member of society, a good subject to our country and a faithful servant to your Creator convince the world that your words are equal to your bonds, and that it is not so much the law, as honor that binds you to the performance of the duties of society.

Breaking your faith may gain you riches, but will never obtain you glory. He that breaks his promise, even in the most trifling circumstances, will do it in the greatest, if occasion serves; and whoever so forfeits his faith, destroys the principal bond of society; and let his rank and property be what they will, can never be considered as an upright and honest man. He may be a man of wealth, a man of rank, and a man of dignity, but never a man of honor.

Think therefore an hour before you speak, and a day before you promise; for remember, a man's word and the effects of it, ought to be as inseparable as fire and heat; and ever consider faith and honesty as the most sacred duties of mankind, not to be forced by necessity, or corrupted by reward. Faith is the foundation of justice, and justice the stay of the state and the support of society. A just man should hold nothing more precious than his word nothing more venerable than his faith, nothing more sacred than his promise. To deceive one who is not obliged to believe you is ill; but to cheat one whom your fair pretences have induced to put confidence in you, is bad indeed. And be assured, that he who in any one affair relinquishes, honesty, banishes from his breast all sense of shame in succeeding actions; and certainly no vice covereth a man with so much shame as to be found false and unjust; and however the world may think lightly of such proceedings, and whatever plausible excuses men may flatter themselves in the committing of them, be assured the vengeance of God reward all unjust actions with slow, but sure payment and full interest.

Have so much generosity of soul, as not to desert that which is just, but own it. Keep truth and faith in the smallest matters, that you may not deceive in greater; and the better to dispose yourself to perform things of weight and moment, ever consider a promise a just debt which you must take care to pay for honor & honesty are the securities.—A man of virtue and honor has such a natural repugnance to any thing vicious that if neither God knew when he did it nor man to punish, yet would he not commit it.

Whatever I do, I endeavor to do it as if it was my last act, and I immediately to give an account of it to my Creator, and therefore I do it with care and integrity. I think no longer on life than that which is now present; I forget the

past and for the future, with humble submission, I refer myself to Divine Providence, whom I consider as my best director. What others shall say or think of me or even act against, gives me not the least concern, whilst I am conscious in my own breast of having fulfilled my duties and engagements with honor and justice.

I dare confront the opinions of men, the slander of tongues, the insolence of the proud, the contempt of the rich, and the obloquy of poverty; but to enrich myself by any sordid means, I dare not; for in so doing I should distrust my God and destroy the honorable trust and confidence on his Divine Providence, and thereby break that original faith which ought to be held and ever due, from the creature to his Creator.

During your commerce with the world, you will hear much of honor and integrity, words common in almost every person's mouth, though I am afraid seldom in their hearts. False honor, indeed, frequents most companies from the highest to the lowest, but true honor seldom, expect among the virtuous and good.—Their characters are so diametrically opposite that they are seldom seen in the same place, and never accompany the same person.

False honor is selfish, ostentatious, proud and over bearing; loves the greetings in the market-places, the notice of the multitude, and has her principal reliance on the breath of fame, whom she constantly courts to sound her praise.—True honor, on the contrary, is reserved, silent and modest. She acts from integrity only, and not from the loves of fame, whom she never courts. The former consequently associates with the vain the selfish, the proud, the ostentatious, and the ambitious, and is not unfrequently companion to the most vicious. But the latter is only to be found among the truly virtuous and good.

It is as impossible for a bad man to have true honor, as for a good man to have the false; so true it is every tree may be known by the fruit thereof.

If a man boasts much to you of his honor and integrity, and swears frequently upon his honor, depend upon it, he has neither the one nor the other; at least he is only acquainted with false honor, for the true never speaks of herself.

But let it be your care to form an alliance with the true honor, and shun the false; eschew evil and it will fly from you, so court honor and she will never forsake you.

The scene of marriage was originally laid, not amongst "the thorns and thistles" of the curse, but in the blissful benediction was pronounced upon the conjugal union of man and woman: and in no wise is it evincive of the narrowness of superstition to indulge a religious belief, that virtuous marriage has, generally, in some respect or other, been crowned with the blessing of God, from the time it was first consummated in the Garden of Eden up to the present day.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!  
Thou art the nurse of Virtue."

A well chosen conjugal relation tends to smooth the natural asperities of man, to soften his manners, to sweeten his temper, and to expand his heart. The bachelor thinks of himself; the married man of his family. The former comes to be the more selfish by reason that he has none but self to look after and provide for; the latter the more benevolent for his having a wife and offspring dependent upon the daily kindnesses of his attentions. Having learnt first to show kindnesses at home, he is the better disposed and qualified to extend the charities of life to those about him in the circle of society. Other things being equal, the single circumstance of his having a family of his own, so it connects him more closely with society, so it renders him a more feeling, a more beneficent, and a more estimable member of it.

### Blank Warrants,

For Sale at this Office.

From the Boston Patriot.

"JOURNAL of a Young Man, of Massachusetts, a Prisoner of War with the British confined first, at Melville Island, (Hull) then at Chatham, England, & last at Dartmoor Prison."

The popularity and rapid sale of this work has been so extensive, that the first edition (of 4000 copies,) is entirely absorbed, and a second one demanded with increased eagerness. This is now in the press of Row & Hoopes, Boston, on an entire new type, with many additions, notes and remarks, tending to illustrate the work—and will be completed in the month of October.

If there be any of our readers who have not yet perused, it we beg to recommend it to their consideration, not as a work of great literary merit, for it is modest in its pretensions, but as one which relates, in a style vigorous and sprightly, facts interesting to the feelings of us all as Americans.

Britain has often been reproached for cruelty towards our captive prisoners.—The charges have frequently been vague and indefinite, of doubtful authenticity and limited circulation. The sufferings of an individual have been communicated to his friends, by himself, if he survived them, if not, by some fellow companion of distress. With in their own circles, these relations have produced strong and deeply founded sentiments of indignation, and the frequency of such cases has made this indignation at times quite general. But the story soon becomes too well known for repetition in the same circle; those individuals die, and facts are forgotten. Other generations succeed, who have heard the whisper of British cruelty, but look in vain for accuracy of detail, or for authenticity of reports. The subject is then forgotten or disregarded, and the feat of all the virtues is placed in the same little island which contains the bulwark of religion; the clemency and humanity of England is announced with hosannas, in the same breath which proclaims that she has done us no essential injury.

The conduct of a power towards its captive prisoners, is often assumed as a criterion of its civilization: at any rate it has stated as one of the great objects of refinement, to lessen the extent of individual suffering, without impairing the efficiency of belligerent measures. The superior policy of modern times, if not their greater refinement, has exacted from an enemy the utmost tenderness towards prisoners; and a disregard of this duty is viewed as the infraction of a principle of national law. There never was a nation whose regard for this principle has been so uniform and inflexible, as our own, if we may infer from the absence of all complaint on the part of our enemies, and the frequency of their acknowledgments of acts of peculiar delicacy and kindness from individuals; nor has any nation manifested a deeper solicitude to provide for the wants of her own citizens when in the hands of an enemy. But the sufferings of our countrymen are not always known; it is but seldom they possess both the ability and the opportunity to give them the notoriety of a publication. In the present instance, however, this has happened. The public are taken by the hand and conducted into the interior of British prisons; the provisions for sustenance are placed before their eyes; they hear the complaints of the sick, while they behold the frigid indifference of the keeper; and if a new source of suffering can be opened to victim of a pestilential dungeon, they may perceive it in contumelious and opprobrious appellations bestowed on the government and nation of their prisoners.

The advantage is not a common one of having a minute account of the treatment of our prisoners, contained in a journal, narrating facts as they occur, by one of the prisoners, and having almost translated into it the feelings of hope, of despondency and solicitude which agitate the sufferers; but the opportunity is still more rare having such an account in a vigorous and animated style, and accompanied with much acute and accurate discrimination of national

character. These objects are exceedingly well accomplished in the Journal of the Prisoner of War, but those who have strong American attachments, will be still further gratified in finding the influence of foreign oppression, in exciting those unhappy party animosities, &c. what to us appear anti national prejudices, but too much indulged in by federalists at home. Americans abroad, constitute but one party, and that party is for their country. There the cold apathy, the treacherous indifference to national misfortune, is felt by no person of whatever party he may be, under the fallacious pretence that it is the administration that suffers, and not the country. The young American finds abroad that the administration is identified with the government, and the government with the country; that the degradation of his rulers involves an indignity to himself; and the national pride which he feels excited in his breast is equally gratified with the success of his government, as if it had been administered by the party of which he is a member.—Among Americans in Europe there are no advocates of Hartford Conventions; no worshipper of Strong for advocating the cause of our country's enemy; no infatuation which surrounds with the mantle of Washington a man of very ordinary talents, whose patriotism was never displayed but in embarrassing his own government, and in eulogizing the avowed enemy of his country. In foreign prisons, the native American feelings prompt the true expressions of indignation which such conduct excites. Federalists and democrats are lost in the broader character of American; and Hartford conventionists, Massachusetts federalists, and the red allies of England, are grouped and execrated in the same breath, which shouted for Madison and American triumph.

But some persons whose national attachments were never suffered to slumber, to promote the selfish objects of party, disapprove of a publication which has a tendency to excite indignation against a power with whom we are at peace, and whose friendship we are disposed to cultivate.—They think it better the sponge of oblivion should be drawn across the records of our injuries, with one hand, when the other accepts the proffered emblem of peace. We, however, think this sentiment not only unwise but unjust. Not that we are desirous of exciting any feelings incompatible with subsisting amicable relations.—But that the people should understand the true character of foreign nations, not only as means of regulating their amicable pretensions, but also to prepare against the repetition of such improper usages in a renewed belligerent relation. It is unjust to our countryman who have been made the victims of barbarity. When the usages of civilized states have been disregarded to their injury; when a foreign nation has used their power over prisoners in a manner that makes humanity sicken—the victims cherish one sentiment that breaks like a ray of heaven on the darkness of their despair—that their countrymen will commiserate their misfortunes, and if possible, avenge their injuries. If vengeance be precluded by the sudden intervention of peace, it is neither a political nor a moral virtue that we should be insensible to their wrongs, and shut our ears to the murmurs of their complaints. The record of such transactions should be imperishable; they should be imprinted on our hearts while our country has a name, and awaken feelings of commiseration so much the more acute, as the complaints were unavailing, and their sufferings unavenged. According to such men, the story of the Jersey prison ship should be obliterated from the annals of the revolution; and future Americans should never know that the liberties which descend to them as the first of earthly blessings, were achieved against the oppression of our mother country, and were the price of sufferings that history cannot record without the language of commiseration, nor humanity perceive without a sentiment of vengeance.

Subscription to the above work, will be received at the Office of the American.