

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

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JOSEPH GALES & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—
one half in advance.
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be required to pay the whole amount of the year's
subscription in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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be charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction
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prices for advertisers by the year.

LETTERS to the Editors must be post-paid.

SERGEANT JASPER.

The following account of this dauntless
patriot soldier, we copy from the "Charleston
Mercury." The deed of noble daring
recorded below has long been familiar to us.
On the anniversaries of the 28th of June,
and on the 4th of July, the sons of Carolina,
in their flowing cups, ever freshly remem-
bered him. An attempt is going to be
made to get a pension for his daughter, who
is living, and in want. For the honor of
our country, let it not prove unsuccessful.

Cin. Exp. Post.

William Jasper emigrated at an early
age from Ireland, and settled and married in
one of the interior districts of South Caro-
lina, previous to the revolution. Imbued
with a national hatred of tyrants, he natu-
rally embraced with ardor the cause of the
Revolution, and was among the first who
took up arms and joined the troops which
Carolina marshalled at Fort Moultrie for
the defence of the harbor of Charleston.—
Upon the memorable 28th of June, 1776,
and when the fire upon the fort was the
hottest, the flag-staff was struck down by a
cannon ball, and the colors precipitated with
it over the walls of the fort. Dismay struck
consternation into the hearts of the assem-
bled citizens, who, from the wharves of the
city, witnessed the fight, for they thought
for a moment it was lost; but the gallant
Jasper was seen rushing over the ramparts
—he recovered the colors—he mounts the
perilous height—he turns—waves the colors
in the face of the enemy, and hurraing and
shouting "GOD SAVE LIBERTY AND MY COUNTRY!"
fixed them in their position and
resumed his place at the guns.

Heroism like this excited a correspond-
ing enthusiasm; the next day Governor
Rutledge visited the slaughter pen; called
for Jasper and offered him a commission.—
"No, sir, I am more at home, and can be
more useful as I am." "Noble Jasper!
accept then this sword," and his excellency
presented him his own. Often did he
make it drink the best blood of the enemy.
He was a powerful, strong, active, intelli-
gent, of the most fearless courage; eminent
in partisan warfare ever hovering a-
round the skirts of royalists, he struck them
many a terrible blow, and carried off many
a precious prize. Implicit confidence was
placed in him by the American officers, and
he was allowed to pick a few daring spirits
like his own, and go and come when and
where he pleased. Scarcely was a battle
fought in the South '76 and '79 without the
aid of the Sergeant, and many acts as dar-
ing as that of the celebrated "Rescue," are
told by fond tradition. Thus he went on,
proving the wisdom of those institutions
that have made America the terror of the
oppressors, as well as the asylum of the op-
pressed, until the period of the disastrous
attack of the combined French and America
can arms to dislodge the British from Sa-
vannah, on the 9th of October, 1779. It
was unsuccessful. The colors of the rig-
ment to which Jasper belonged were pre-
sented to it, with a special charge from the
noble donor, Mr. Elliot, to Jasper, to "guard
them well." Those colors were successively
borne by Lieutenants Bashe & Hume
upon that fatal day, and both were killed.
Jasper was resolved that they should not
fall into the hands of the enemy, and made
a prodigious effort to carry them off. In
that desperate act he was mortally wounded,
and there closed his brilliant career. Thus
has this gallant soldier, though serving in
the ranks, gained a renown and a histori-
cal name, which campaigns and the posses-
sion of empire have failed to give generals
and Kings. The name of Jasper is in the
mouths of our people, with those of Marion
and Sumpter, and Laurens and Rutledge.—
They remember it at their festivals, and
women and children speak of it with benediction.
History has embalmed his name
among those things she holds most precious,
and poetry has married it to vernal verse.
The genius of painting has evoked his hap-
piest efforts to illustrate his actions, and our
own townsman, Mr. White in his painting of
the "Rescue," has proved the glorious
power of the noble art. In short, Jasper
has been made illustrious by his own deeds,
and by the tribute of genius.

And yet the child of this man pines in
neglect, and as yet has received no aid from
the laws. She is a native of our city. Is
this proper—is it just—that the country for
which the father died, should suffer his off-
spring to sink beneath the power of want?
Where is the pay that was due to him?
Where is the warrant of bounty lands to
which he and his representatives are virtu-
ally entitled by the tender of commission
from Governor Rutledge?

Let that justice whose demands have
been too long neglected, answer. Let those
who are moved by a spirit of compassion
inquire. We opine, however, that the case
has not been made known to Mr. Legare.
We feel assured that when he does come to
know it he will endeavor to have justice
done to one of the bravest and most faithful
soldiers of South Carolina.

LEO.

DISCOVERY OF MISSISSIPPI.

BY MANN BUTLER, ESQ.

On the 27th March, 1512, fourteen years
after the discovery by Columbus of the main
land of America, Ponce de Leon discovered
Florida in his romantic search for the foun-
tain of youth. This was a spring, which
was extensively believed at that day, to pos-
sess the virtue of renewing the wasted pow-
ers of life. Notwithstanding this charmed
power in the waters of Florida, the discover-
er died mortally wounded in a contest with
the warlike natives. He was soon
followed by various adventurers, British
and Spanish. But Pamphilo de Narvaez
and Herando de Soto were the most dis-
tinguished. The former is supposed to
have landed on the 12th of April 1529,
near the bay now called Apalachee. After
passing six months in exploring Florida,
he coasted the Southern margin of this
State, and the whole party, except four,
were shipwrecked near the mouth of the
Mississippi. The survivors, after years
of captivity and hardship among the Indi-
ans, reached the city of Mexico. De Soto,
whose fame you so well commemorate in
one of the Northern counties of the State,
possibly in the path of his ancient explora-
tion, next followed. This most remarkable
adventurer, even at a time and in a nation
of unsurpassed enterprise, as if destined,
to realize the wildest visions of romance, had
participated with Pizarro in the conquest
of Peru. He had realized, in that fair
work, every thing it might well be supposed,
that love of fame or wealth desired.—
Still this favorite of fortune, the pride of the
knights of Old Castle, panted to intertwine
his heroic and wayward fate with the stately
forests of Mississippi. His keen passion
for adventure kindled at the news brought
to Spain by the surviving associates of
Narvaez; and he easily obtained from the
partiality and confidence of Charles V. then
Emperor of Germany and King of Spain
and the Indies, the government of Cuba and
of Florida.

In May, 1539, all but 300 years ago, the
Adelantado of Florida, landed at the Bay of
Espiritu Santo, the Tampa Bay of our modern
topography. Here, after establishing a
depot at the bay of Achucis, the modern
Pensacola, and concerting communications
with his noble wife, whom he had left in
charge of his government at Havana, he
proceeded into the interior.

Without expatiating on the desperate and
gallant contests between the native sons of
the forest, (most probably the ancestors of
the Seminoles,) and their warlike invaders,
I will barely select a few of the most
prominent and interesting points, which
have been identified in this boldest of the
European explorations of Alabama, Missis-
sippi and Arkansas. Tuscaloosa, or Tusca-
loosa, as it is now written is first presented.
He was, says the Peruvian historian, "one
of the most politic, proud and warlike of
the native chieftains of the south." He has
left his name indelibly stamped on a river,
and the capital of the neighboring State
of Alabama. His territories must have com-
prised a great part of what are now the
States of Alabama and Mississippi.

The Spaniards entered his town of Mau-
vila (evidently the origin of Mobile,) which
is supposed to have stood about the junction
of the Tombecbee with the Alabama river.
Here was the scene of one of the bloodiest
battles between the natives and their invad-
ers. The ruins of this town, sacked and
burned by the Spaniards, became the tomb
of the heroic chief of Tuscaloosa, and "several
thousand of his subjects." The plain a-
round the town was strewn with more than
2,500 bodies. Within the walls the streets
were blocked up by the dead. "In one
building a thousand perished in the flames,
a greater part of them females." It is some
compensation for this demoniac havoc; that
its authors did not entirely escape from
the calamities they had brought upon these
distant shores. Eighty-two Spaniards, cas-
ed as they were in armor of steel, perished,
and forty-two Spanish horses were killed
by the Indians, and mourned says the same
historian, "as if they had been so many
fellow-soldiers." The baggage and stores
of the Spaniards were consumed in the
flames of the town. The next point reached
by the expedition, of immediate interest
to us, is the province and town of Chicaza
or Chickasaw. This is supposed to have
been in the upper part of this State, on the
Western bank of the Zazoo, about 240
miles north-west of Mobile. Here the
Spaniards experienced a desperate night
attack from the Indians, losing many of
their men and more of their horses, then
unknown in America, and so precious to
their invaders.

After many similar adventures, all testifying
to the undaunted bravery and perse-
vering fortitude of the natives, the Spanish
party came in sight of the Mississippi, on
the Rio Grande, as they called it. Below

the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, the present
site of Memphis, just ten miles above the
northern limits of this State, is an ancient
and convenient passage over the Mississippi
river. Here De Soto is supposed to have
crossed the Mississippi, and left the terri-
tory of our State. It does not comport
with the purpose of this discourse to follow
this gallant, but unfortunate wanderer be-
yond the limits of the Mississippi. I will
barely mention, that, after penetrating to
the highlands of White river, 200 miles
from the Mississippi, to Little Prairie, the
Salines and Hot Springs of Washita, the
Spanish Captain reached the country about
the mouth of Red River. Here he sent out
a party to explore the country farther to the
south. The frequent bayous, the impass-
able canebrakes, and the dense woods,
permitted them to proceed but 40 miles
in eight days; thus obstructed, the party re-
turned with the disheartening intelligence
they had procured. This disappointment
added to the sorrows of his whole career in
these regions, so different from his fate on
the golden coast of Peru, and a defiance
sent him by a tribe of Indians near Natchez,
completed the work of melancholy, and
broke the heart of De Soto. He fell a prey
to a mortal disorder, and to conceal the
body of the dauntless associate of Pizarro,
the governor of Cuba and the first explorer
of these south-western regions, the corpse,
wrapped in a mantle and in the stillness
of midnight, was silently sunk in the Missis-
sippi. Thus the discoverer of the Missis-
sippi slept beneath its waters. "He had
crossed the continent in search of gold,"
says the eloquent and most learned Bancroft,
"and had found nothing so remarkable as
his burial place." Three hundred, out of
one thousand, who had embarked with De
Soto, alone lived to return to Mexico and
his heart-broken wife, the noble maladilla.

THE POISONED NOSEGAY.

On the eve of the fete of St. Louis, a
poor laborer arrived out of breath, at the
Hotel of the Lieutenant of the Police, in
Paris, and asked to speak with the Chief
Magistrate, the celebrated M. Bernin de
Bellisle; but it was one o'clock, the usual
dinner hour, at the period, and the elegantly
dressed valets would not disturb their
master for a "shabby looking workman."
The man insisted—they laughed at him
—he entreated—they ordered him out, and
at length, provoked at his importunity, they
took him by the shoulders and attempted
to force him into the street. While strug-
gling with them, he exclaimed—"I have
particular business with the Magistrate—
the King's life is in danger!" At these
words the menials desisted—and an officer
who was present, struck with the honest
countenance of the man, informed M. de
Bellisle of the circumstance, who immedi-
ately ordered him to be conducted to his
private room, where he soon joined him.—
The Magistrate had frequently been de-
ceived by persons who, in the hope of re-
ward, had rumped up some story of alarm-
ing danger to the King or the Government,
so that he listened to the workman's nar-
rative with a stern and distrustful counte-
nance.

It seems that while the poor fellow was
doing some repairs in one of the pleasure
houses with which Paris abounds, he over-
heard, through a chink in the partition, a
conversation carried on in an under tone
between two personages of the court; the
name of the King was frequently uttered
and the details he learned were of the most
terrible importance. Among the nosegays
which were to be presented to his Majesty
on the occasion of his fete one was to be
impregnated with a poison, so that it
would cause the instant death of any one
who should smell it. Master if so porten-
tous is a secret, the frotteur has left his work
unfinished, and without time to change his
working clothes, he had hastened to the
Hotel of the Police to reveal the dreadful
plot that was preparing. Bellisle sifted
him closely on the various points of his
story, but found him perfectly consistent,
and was at length convinced by his earnest-
ness, particularly as he offered to submit to
the torture to testify the truth of his words.
He took him in his carriage to Versailles,
where he had him placed under the surveil-
lance of the guard, while he went to the
King's apartment by a private staircase, in
order not to excite the fears of the conspira-
tors. At eight o'clock on the same even-
ing Louis XV. went to the grand saloon of
reception where he sat with a smiling coun-
tenance in the chair of State at the bottom
of the room. Before him was the splendid
round table of mosaic, which had been
presented to Louis XIV. by the Republic
of Venice, and was destined to receive the
brilliant nosegays which were to be offered
to his Majesty on the present joyful oc-
casion. Louis exchanged smiling glances
with madam de Pompadour, and with his
hand caressed his favorite spaniel, placed
on a stool at his feet. The ceremony at
length commenced. The King received one
by one the various bouquets offered him,
and under the pretext of playing with his
dog, whose indiscreet vivacity seemed
greatly to amuse him, he held each bunch
of flowers to the animal's nose, and then
aid it on the table. The members of the
diplomatic body first paid their homage to

his Majesty—then came the Royal Fam-
ily who had courteously yielded to them
the precedence. On Smelling the first
nosegay presented by them the dog fell
dead. Madame Pompadour turned pale,
and was about to scream out, when her
Royal lover whispered to her—"be not
alarmed—the danger is passed. Hide the
poor spaniel in a fold of your robe—he died
to justify the saying—brother, and
father of the King, and never the King
himself."

The ceremony was soon afterwards con-
cluded, and Louis returned to his private
apartment, where he sent for the Lieu-
tenant of Police. "You were well informed,
M. de Bellisle," said he, "last year, the
poniard of Damiens—a nosegay this time—
and all from the same source! But in this
case I cannot punish as I should. You
will please keep silent on this dreadful mys-
tery. As to the man who has saved me, I
wish to see him—present him to me."—
The Magistrate made some excuses about
the frotteur's humble dress and appearance,
but was interrupted by the good natured
Monarch with—"So much the better!—
The working dress is the people's dress of
glory! Bring your frotteur here—I will
treat him better than a prince!" Bellisle
went out—and soon returned holding by
the hand his protegee, trembling, and not
daring to lift up his eyes. Louis XV. ad-
vanced to him; "embrace your King, wor-
thy man," said he, "let that be your first
reward." "Ah, sir!" exclaimed the man,
trying to throw himself at his feet, "am I
worthy of such excess of honor and good-
ness!" The King drew him to his bosom,
warmly embraced him, and kissed him on
the forehead. Louis asked him in what
way he could serve him? "Well then,
sir, (he answered) I should be happy to
live near your Majesty, here in the neigh-
borhood park. If you will permit me to see
you sometimes, I will always be happy."
"Is that all," said Louis—"in fifteen days
a house shall be built for you, my worthy
friend—and every morning you will bring
me a nosegay—which will make me re-
member that I have owed my life to your
loyalty and affection." The King kept
his promise—a beautiful cottage was built
for his humble friend near Trianon—a pen-
sion of 120 louis a year was settled upon
him, and he lived in uninterrupted happi-
ness till the end of his days.

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

During the late American war, a soldier
who had been wounded and honorably dis-
charged, being destitute and benighted,
knocked at the door of an Irish farmer,
when the following dialogue ensued:
Patrick. And who the devil are you, now?
Soldier. My name is John Wilson.
Pat. And where in the devil are you go-
ing from, John Wilson?
Sol. From the American army at Erie,
sir.
Pat. And what in the devil do you want
here?
Sol. I want shelter to-night, will you
permit me to spread my blanket on your
floor and sleep to-night?
Pat. Devil take me if I do, John Wilson,
that's flat.
Sol. On your kitchen floor, sir?
Pat. Not I, by the Hill o' Howth, that's
flat.
Sol. In your Stable, then?
Pat. I'm d—d if I do that either, that's
flat.
Sol. I'm dying with hunger: give me
but a bone and crust: I ask no more.
Pat. Devil blow me if I do, sir, that's flat.
Sol. Give me some water to quench my
thirst, I beg of you.
Pat. Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such
thing that's flat.
Sol. Sir, I have been fighting to secure
the blessings you enjoy: I have assisted in
contributing to the glory and welfare of the
country which has hospitably received you,
and can you so inhospitably reject me from
your house?

Pat. Reject you? who in the devil talked
a word about rejecting you? May be I
am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to
be, John Wilson. You asked me to let
you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or
in my stable; now by the powers, d'ye
think I'd let a perfect stranger do that
when I have a half a dozen feather beds all
empty? No, by the Hill o' Howth, John,
that's flat. In the second place you told
me you were dying with hunger, and want-
ed a bone and a crust to eat; now honey,
d'ye think I'll feed a hungry man on bones
and crust, when my yard is full of fat pul-
lets, and turkeys, and pigs? No, by the
powers, not I, that's flat. In the third
place, you asked me for some simple water
to quench your thirst; now as my water is
none of the best, I never give it to a poor
traveller without mixing it with plenty of
wine, brandy, whiskey, or something else
wholesome and cooling. Come into my
house, my honey; devil blow me, but you
shall sleep in the best feather bed I have;
you shall have the best supper and break-
fast that my farm can supply, which, thank
the Lord, is none of the worst: you shall
drink as much water as you choose, provid-
ed you mix it with plenty of good wine,
or spirits, and provided also you prefer it.
Come in my hearty, come in, and feel your-
self at home. It shall never be said, that

Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily
who has been fighting for the dear country
which gives him protection—that's flat.

From the Microcosm.

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY!

DEAR SIR: A duel extraordinary occurred
here this morning, which has excited much
interest in the social circle. Two colored
young gentlemen quarrelled—the cause was
usual a trifle. One claimed 50 cents of the
other—the other as resolutely denied the
justness of the claim. At last, such insults
were passed between them as no gentleman
of true honor could or would tolerate.—
What? (you say with surprise,) kill a man
who refuses to pay you fifty cents! But
the insult, my dear sir! Well, you exclaim,
what was it?—a mere breath—a man's
breath—a negro's breath!—a puff of malig-
nant passion! I see, my dear sir, you don't
understand the rules of honor. They must
fight. What will the black and yellow
wenches say? Coward! Think of it, sir
"None but the brave deserve the fair."
Their first meeting with pistols was pre-
vented by the interference of civil authori-
ty. But men whose honor has been insulted
are restless—they vowed revenge and
resolved to have satisfaction. The masters
met and consulted upon it, and arranged a
code, which I venture to recommend to all
future combatants, whose honor is so sensi-
sative and so fugitive as to need mercurious
satisfaction, to glut their devilish pride
with malignity. Yes, from the member of
Congress down to the most outcast profligate;
for we read that all men lay claim to honor.

Well, sir, they met—coats off—these
honorable black heroes. The masters stood
seconds. They had each a cowhide placed
in their hands, and were then ordered to
listen to the rules of combat. 1. "If you
strike my negro in the face, I'll knock you
down with this cane, and if my negro
strikes you in the face, your master will
knock him down. 2. You will strike each
other five blows at once—then stop, and
say whether you are satisfied—if not, go
on till you are. Are you ready? One,
two, three, four, five." And they poured
it into each other so hard that you could not
distinguish between the crack of the cow-
hides. They were not satisfied, and the
word was again given. From the way
these negroes fought, you would have
thought they had been practised to it from
their youth. They kept up their honora-
ble itching for revenge till they had each
received 39 lashes, laid on as hard as honor
insulted could inflict—equal you see, sir,
to seven shots and four-fifths! By this
time their anger was cooled down to the
very zero of satisfaction—their courage ap-
proved and the debt settled. Of one of the
combatants; I cannot speak of my own
knowledge, but I know the other was so
little disabled, that he waited at our dinner
table, in seeming good health and spirits.
Indeed, I thought him decidedly improved
by the discipline of the cowbat.

LAM LASH.

Raleigh, August 1.

"Cowbat, from "cow," and "battere," French,
to cow-beat.

NEW WAY TO DETECT A THIEF.

The father of the great American states-
man (Mr. Webster) was a very humorous
jocose personage. Innumerable are the
anecdotes that are related of him. As he
was once journeying in Massachusetts, and
far from his native town, he stopped rather
late one night at an inn in the village of
— In the bar room were about twenty
different persons, who as he entered, called
out for him to discover a thief. "One of the
company it appeared, had a watch taken
from his pocket, and he knew the offender
must be in the room with them."
"Come Mr. Almanac maker, you know
the signs of the times, the hidden things of
the season; tell who is the thief!"
"Fasten all the doors of the room, and
let no one leave it; and here landlord go
and bring your wife's brass kettle."
"Wh—ew! want to know! my stars?
my wife's—wh—ew!" quoth boniface.
"Why you wouldn't be more struck up,
if I told you to get a pbt."
Boniface did as commanded. The great
brass kettle was placed in the middle of the
floor, its bottom up—as black, sooty, and
smoky as a chimney back? The landlord
got into his bar and looked on with eyes
as big as saucers.
"You don't want any hot water or noth-
ing, to take off the brides of no critter, do
you squire? said the landlord, the prepara-
tions lookin a little too much like hog kill-
ing—the old woman's gone to bed, and
the well's dry."
"Now go into the barn and bring the
biggest cockfowl you've got."
"Why!—you want bite him, will ye—
heu's a tough one. I can swear, squire,
he did't steal the watch. The old rooster
knows when to crow without looking at a
watch!"
"Go along, or I won't detect the thief."
Boniface went to the barn, and soon re-
turned with a tremendous great rooster,
cackling all the while like mad.
"Now put him under the kettle, and
blow the light out."
"Now gentlemen, I don't suppose the

thief is in the company, but if he is, the
old rooster will crow when the offender
touches the bottom of the kettle with his
hands. Walk round in a circle, and the
cock will make known the watch stealer.
The innocent need not be afraid you know."
The company then, to humor him, and
carry out the joke, walked around the ket-
tle in the dark for three or four minutes.

"All done gentlemen?"
"All done!" was the cry—"where's
your crowing, we heard no cockadooleo!"
"Bring us a light."
A light was brought as ordered.
"Now hold up your hands good folks."
One held up his hands after another.—
They were of course black, from coming
in contact with the soot of the kettle.
"All up?"
"All up?" was the response.
"All black?"
"A—ll—Don't know, here's one fellow
who has'nt held up his hand!"
"Ah, ha, my old boy: let's take a peep
at your paws!"
They were examined, and were not black
like those of the rest of the company.
"You'll find your watch about him—
now search."

And so it proved. This fellow not be-
ing aware any more than the rest, of the
trap that was set for the discovery of the
thief, had kept aloof from the kettle, lest
when he touched it, the crowing of the
rooster should proclaim him as the thief.
As the hands of all the rest were black-
ened, the whiteness of one showed of course
that he dared not touch the old brass kettle,
and that he was the offender. He jumped
out of the frying pan into the fire, and was
soon lodged in as uncomfortable a place as
either, to-wit, the jail.

DEATH OF SAILORS.

How affecting, how appalling the state-
ment, that "for every sixteen sailors who
died of all diseases, eleven died by drown-
ing, or in wrecks."

It appears, by a report of a committee of
Parliament on the extent of loss of property
and lives at sea, that between 1833 and
1835, inclusive, there were 1573 vessels
stranded or wrecked, and during the same
period there were 120 vessels missing or
lost, making a total of 1720 vessels wrecked
and missing in the period of 3 years.—
The amount of property in those vessels
was believed to be £8,510,000, while 2682
lives were lost at the same time.

On our own coast, it appears by the
Sailor's Magazine, for January, 1837, that
316 vessels and 829 lives were lost in 1836.
Now estimate the value of each vessel an
cargo at \$20,000, we have the amount of
\$6,320,000 lost the last year by ship-wrecks.

Well indeed, might an ancient philoso-
pher enquire, when distributing the hu-
man race into the two classes of the living
and the dead, "who can determine in which
class we are to enter the names of those on
the sea?" At this moment, perhaps, while
the reader is quietly perusing these lines,
the sea in some parts, is lashed into fury.
Deep is calling into deep. A vessel is
staggering and plunging from the mountain
waves down into roaring caverns. Death
is raging around it, seeking for its prey.
moment longer a nail starts, and
the masts plunge over the
and the vessel disappears,
and emphatically true is it of the sea,
that there is but a step between him and death!

How affecting to think that a great major-
ity of those who have perished at sea, were
cut off suddenly in the prime of life. The
earth is the grave of infantine weakness,
of deceased emancipation, of worn-out age,
but the ocean is the tomb of the young, the
vigorous, the brave. While they were full
of heart and hope, buoyant as the bark in
in which they had careered over, the
lightning smote them, or the boom struck
them overboard; they fell from aloft, or the
restless wave washed them from the deck;
the ship sprung a leak, or stranded or struck;
the boat sunk, or the tempest gathered,
burst and overwhelmed them. "Thou didst
blow with thy wind, the sea cover them,
they sank like lead in the mighty waters."
Under circumstances the most unfavorable
reflection or prayer "in a moment, in the
twinking of an eye," they passed into the
presence of their Judge!

"How affecting to anticipate the day when
"the sea shall give up the dead which were
in it," when—

"From out their watery beds, the Ocean's dead,
Renewed, shall, on the unstirring billows, stand,
From pole to pole; thick covering all the sea."

How appalling to reflect, that of the
countless hosts which the sea shall then
surrender up—more numerous than its
waves—the great mass perished suddenly,
"went down quick," and oh! what ground
there is to fear that they died unprepared—
died in anger with death, and "gave
no sign," but that of impotence—died,
and offered no prayer but that of horrid im-
precation—died amidst noise and tumult,
hostile to salutary reflection!

And shall we wait till the sea give up its
dead, before we awake to a sense of our
responsibility? Shall we delay till we are
then standing for judgment, before we be-
gin to weigh their claims, or to consider the
consequences of our guilty neglect? Shall
the host of those who will then arise, un-
prepared, go on augmenting, and we mak-
no combined effort to prevent it.