

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Goliath. **W**HERE is the mighty man of war, who dares

Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
 What victor king, what gen'ral drench'd in blood,
 Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
 What proud credentials does the boaster bring,
 To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,
 What ruin'd provinces, what slaughter'd realms,
 What heads of heroes, and what hearts of kings,
 In battle kill'd, or at his altars slain,
 Has he to boast? Is his bright armoury
 Thick set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail,
 Of vanquish'd nations, by his single arm
 Subdu'd? Where is the mortal man so bold,
 So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
 To dare the weight of this uplifted spear,
 Which never fell innocuous? Yet I swear,
 I grudge the glory to his parting soul
 To fall by this right hand. 'Twill sweeten death,
 To know he had the honor to contend
 With the dread son of Anak. Latest time
 From blank oblivion shall retrieve his name,
 Who dar'd to perish in unequal fight
 With Gath's triumphant champion. Come, advance!
 Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald,
 Sound for the battle straight!

Dav. Behold thy foe!

Gol. I see him not.

Dav. Behold him here!

Gol. Say, where!

Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.

Dav. I stand prepar'd; thy single arm to mine.

Gol. Why, this is mockery, minion! it may chance
 To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee:
 But tell me who, of all this num'rous host,

Expects

Expects his death from me? Which is the man,
 Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance?

Dav. Th' election of my sov'reign falls on me.

Gol. On thee! on thee! by Dagon, 'tis too much!
 Thou curled minion! thou a nation's champion!
 'Twould move my mirth at any other time;
 But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!
 And tempt me not too far.

Dav. I do defy thee,
 Thou foul idolater! Hast thou not scorn'd
 The armies of the living God I serve?
 By me he will avenge upon thy head
 Thy nation's sins and thine. Arm'd with his name,
 Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
 That ever bath'd his hostile spear in blood.

Gol. Indeed! 'tis wondrous well! Now, by my gods,
 The stripling plays the orator! Vain boy!
 Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
 And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior!
 Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,
 Of idle field-flowers? Where thy wanton harp,
 Thou dainty-finger'd hero? Better strike
 Its note lascivious, or the lulling lute
 Touch softly, than provoke the trumpet's rage.
 I will not stain the honor of my spear
 With thy inglorious blood. Shall that fair cheek
 Be scarr'd with wounds unseemly? Rather go,
 And hold fond dalliance with the Syrian maids;
 To wanton measures dance; and let them braid
 The bright luxuriance of thy golden hair;
 They, for their lost Adonis, may mistake
 Thy dainty form.

Dav. Peace, thou unhallow'd railer!
 O tell it not in Gath, nor let the sound
 Reach Askelon, how once your slaughter'd lords,
 By mighty Samson found one common grave:
 When his broad shoulder the firm pillars heav'd,
 And to its base the tott'ring fabric shook.

Gol.

Gol. Insulting boy; perhaps thou hast not heard
The infamy of that inglorious day,
When your weak hosts at Eben-ezer pitch'd
Their quick-abandon'd tents. Then, when your ark,
Your talisman, your charm, your boasted pledge
Of safety and success, was tamely lost!
And yet not tamely, since by me 'twas won.
When with this good right arm, I thinn'd your ranks,
And bravely crush'd, beneath a single blow,
The chosen guardians of this vaunted shrine,
Hophni and Phineas. The fam'd ark itself,
I bore to Ashdod.

Dav. I remember too,
Since thou provok'st th' unwelcome truth, how all
Your blushing priests beheld their idol's shame;
When prostrate Dagon fell before the ark,
And your frail god was shiver'd. Then Philistia,
Idolatrous Philistia flew for succour
To Israel's help, and all her smitten nobles
Confess'd the Lord was God, and the blest ark,
Gladly, with reverential awe restor'd!

Gol. By Ashdod's fane thou ly'st. Now will I meet
thee,

Thou insect warrior! since thou dar'st me thus!
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissever'd each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well!
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gash'd with wounds;
Thy lips, yet quiv'ring with the dire convulsion
Of recent death! Art thou not terrified?

Dav. No.
True courage is not mov'd by breath of words;
But the rash bravery of boiling blood,
Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
A feverish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
Or circumstances change. But inborn courage,
The gen'rous child of Fortitude and Faith,

Holds

Holds its firm empire in the constant soul;
And, like the stedfast pole-star, never once
From the same fix'd and faithful point declines.

Gol. The curses of Philistia's gods be on thee!
This fine-drawn speech is meant to lengthen out
That little life thy words pretend to scorn.

Dav. Ha! says't thou so? Come on then! Mark
us well.

Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield!
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defys't!
Yet though no shield I bring; no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use;
Yet all expos'd, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day I mean
To make th' uncircumcised tribes confess
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,
Through her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial!

Gol. Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

Dav. I trust in Heaven!
The God of battles stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardour, not its own.

AN ORATION ON THE POWERS OF ELOQUENCE, WRIT-
TEN FOR AN EXHIBITION OF A SCHOOL IN BOSTON,
1794.

A MIDST the profusion of interesting and brilliant
objects in this assembly, should the speaker be able

to engage the attention of a few eyes, and a few ears, he will esteem his reception flattering. To another is allotted the pleasing task of closing the evening, with remarks on Female Education.* It is mine to recommend the POWERS OF ELOQUENCE, and to show the influence which it justly challenges, over the senses, passions, and understandings of mankind.

Eloquence consists in a capacity of expressing, by the voice, attitude, gesture, and countenance, the emotions of the heart. To this art, Demosthenes and Cicero owe their immortality; by this, the late earl of Chatham gained his celebrity; and to this, are the great politicians, now in Europe, indebted for their distinction. Eloquent men begin to be heard with attention in our Congress; pulpit orators gain crowds, and eloquent lawyers gain causes.

When the enlightened Statesman is discussing the interests of a country, on which are grafted his fortune, fame and life, he *must* be eloquent. When the general harangues a brave soldiery, at the eve of a battle, on which depend their liberties and lives, he *must* be eloquent. When the compassionate lawyer, without hope of reward, advocates the cause of the suffering widow, or injured orphan, he *must* be eloquent.

But when true Eloquence is introduced into the sacred desk, how elevated is the subject of the passion on the cross! With what animating zeal can the preacher call on his hearers, to "open a highway for their God!" With what rapture can he burst from the gloom of types and figures, into the brightness of that everlasting Gospel which brought "life and immortality to light!" With what heaven-taught joy can he hail the star in the East! and with what semblance of reality may he lead the imaginations of his audience to a sight of the babe in the manger! If he *feel* such subjects, he *must* be eloquent and irresistible.

May we now look back and trace the progress and influence of Eloquence on different subjects, and at various

* See American Preceptor, p. 47.

various periods? How do we feel its power, when we hear David expressing the appearing of the Highest! "He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet; he rode upon a cherub, and did fly, and he was seen upon the wings of the wind."

Who can hear, without emotion, the sublime eloquence of the prophet Isaiah, when he announces the future glory of the church? "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land; wasting nor destruction within thy borders: but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates, Praise."

But in what language has the prophet Habakkuk described the majesty of the Creator? "Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet: he stood, and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations: the everlasting mountains were scattered: the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting." Let us pass in respectful silence the eloquence of Him, who "spake, as never man spake." But our attention is immediately arrested by the defence of Paul before Agrippa; in which he describes a light from heaven, above the brightness of the mid-day sun; when he declares his conversion, and commission to be a minister, and a witness of those things, which he had seen, and of those things, in which the Saviour would appear unto him. "Whereupon," says he, "O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Nor can we fail to mention that eloquence, which made Felix tremble on his throne. Nor can we read, unmoved, Paul's solemn account of the resurrection; when, "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the dead shall be raised, and we shall be changed." But when we come to the vision on the isle of Patmos, where the glory of heaven was unveiled to a man of God, we are lost in the majesty and sublimity of the description of things, which must be hereafter; and must close the sacred scriptures, convinced of the irresistible

sistible Powers of Eloquence, when employed upon divine subjects.

Among themes less interesting, is there *one*, on which these powers have been unsuccessfully employed? We read how the eloquence of one man governed all hearts in Greece, and how astonishing was its effect from the immortal Orator at Rome. All civilized nations can furnish facts and arguments on this subject. Wherever arts and sciences have found a residence, oratory has been a sure attendant.

I am obliged to pass, with regret, the characters of D'Espremenil, Mirabeau, Burke, Fox, Flood, and Grattan, who, within our own days, have made the Senates of three different kingdoms ring with their eloquence. With greater reluctance must I pass the memorable time, when all the senses, passions, and almost breath of five thousand people were suspended at the admirable eloquence of Sheridan, while he described the cruelties of Hastings on the banks of the Ganges; when with unfeeling madness that despot reddened the waters with the blood of mothers and their infants, and made even the river blush for the honor of the British name.

With pleasure I bring my subject to the scenes of my native country; and here could, with the enthusiasm of Columbus in his vision, present before you the lofty Andes, the majestic Mississippi, the beautiful Ohio, the falls of Niagara, and the lakes of the north. I might take a view of this country, extending through the five zones, comprehending all the climates, and producing all the varieties of the earth.

Our ears have heard what wonders have been wrought in United America. Our eyes see its present happy situation. After many toils and convulsions, we at length find ourselves safe on the top of Nebo, and our Moses yet alive at the head of our rulers. Hence we look forward to the flattering prospects of futurity. Our orators and poets have announced blessed things in the latter days. Our prophets have taught

taught us to expect the reality of golden dreams. The leaves of our future history are gilded, and the pages are left to be filled up, with the actions of a long list of *unambitious* Cæsars.

We are told, that on this our native spot of earth, slavish government and slavish hierarchies shall cease; that here, the old prophecies shall be verified; that here shall be the last, universal empire on earth, the empire of reason and virtue; under which the gospel of peace shall have free course and be glorified; that here "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard with the kid, and that nation shall no more lift up sword against nation."

When the philosopher of the East foresaw the beauty and excellence of this Western Continent, its immense rivers, lakes, and mountains; cities rising from the midst of desolation; "men like trees walking," where once were the haunts of savage beasts; arts and manners improving; the rose budding in the desert, and the flowers of the garden in the solitary place, rich indeed was the prospect. But *his* visions have become *our* realities. We live to enjoy blessings, more numerous than Columbus could count.

We see schools, academies, and colleges, opening their treasures to every family; and are taught, that religion, liberty, and science, are constellations in the heavens, which, amidst the revolution of empires, visit in succession, all the kingdoms and people of the earth. We see one half of the world involved in darkness, and oblivious sleep; while the other is enjoying the blessings of day, and of vigilant industry.

The day of American glory has at length dawned. No more shall meteors of the air, and insects with gilded wings, lead astray the benighted traveller, nor the bleaking buzzards of the night triumph over the bird of Jove. Prejudice, ignorance, and tyranny, are flying on the wings of the wind. While this day is ours, let us be up and doing.

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May I now introduce my subject within these walls? And here, how extensive is the theme for my feeble powers of Eloquence! yet may I employ them, in suggesting the motives which your sons and daughters have to cultivate their minds. Gratitude to their parents; your patronage; their own ambition; their prospects of future profit, usefulness, and honest fame, are among the first.

But highly important is rendered this morning of life and privilege to us, from a consideration, that we are born in the best of countries, at the best of times. While some of the human race are suffering the extreme heats of burning zones, and others are freezing beyond the influence of benignant rays, we live in a climate, temperate, salubrious, and healthful. While some inherit from their parents poverty and slavery, we are the heirs of private, public, and social benefits.

Our eyes have been opened in a country, where the Father of mercies has been pleased to condense his blessings. On us beams the sun of Science: ours is the hemisphere of Freedom: here are enjoyed **THE RIGHTS OF MAN**; and upon us shine, with ceaseless splendour, the rays of the **STAR OF BETHLEHEM**.

Blest in the dispensations of nature, providence, and grace, on us depends a faithful improvement of our numerous talents. Early taught the shortness and value of life, and the importance of improving each hour of youth, while we have leisure, and the assistance of instructors, we early learn to be diligent. Observing, that with our parents, the shadows of the evening begin to lengthen, and that soon the wheel will cease to turn round at the cistern; that soon they must leave us, and that we must fill their places, we learn to be ambitious and emulous to excel. But beyond these, we have, with all other children of the universe, an argument still higher to improve these precious days. We live not only for ourselves, for our parents, friends, and country; but for the Giver of life: we live for immortality. Young as we are, and just entered the bark of being;

being; yet like you, we are on a boundless ocean, and an eternal voyage.

As **ELOQUENCE** is my theme, perhaps I may be indulged in dwelling for the few remaining moments, on this last most interesting subject. While enjoying the blessings of health, and the festivities of youth, we stand on this bridge of life, careless of the rapid currents of yesterdays and to-morrows; yet reflection teaches that the hour is rapidly hastening, when "the cloud-capt towers; the gorgeous palaces; the solemn temples; yea, the great globe itself, with all which it inherits, shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a reck behind." We shall survive.

Though the loss of parents and friends; though the frequent infirmities and vicissitudes of life, teach us gloomily to reflect, that "An angel's arm can't snatch us from the grave," yet a sure prospect of a resurrection to ceaseless life, bids us say with triumph, "Legions of angels can't confine us there." We look back on the ages which have passed, and see the millions of men, who, since the days of Adam, have been laid in the dust. We see nine hundred and fifty millions of rational beings, now in full life, who must, in a few years, be cold and in death; and in every day of our lives, no less than eighty-six thousand of the human race, are laid in the grave. What oceans of tears have been shed by surviving friends!

How have mourning, lamentation, and woe been heard not only in Rama, but throughout every quarter of the inhabited earth! We contemplate the time, when these bodies of ours, now full of life and motion, shall be cold. We elevate our thoughts to that scene, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat; when the sun shall be darkened, and the moon no more give light: when the stars of heaven shall fall from their places, and all nature be tumbling into ruins.

Then the trump of God shall sound; then shall he, who once said, "Lazarus, come forth," descend from heaven, with a mighty shout. Then, shall the dead

dead hear the voice of the Son of God; then shall they burst the bands of death, and rise, never to sleep again. Then shall this mortal put on immortality, and death be swallowed up of life.

We shall be present at this august resurrection! Soon shall we cease to see the blue canopy of the day, and the starred curtain of the night; to hear the rolling of the thunder, or see the lightning of the heavens; scenes, which now impress us with awe and delight. We look round creation, and see all living nature, below our rank, dissolving to dust; never to revive. We see the flowers of spring die, and the leaves of autumn fade; never to resume their beauty and verdure. But contemplating the soul of man, we are led to the language of the poet,

“ See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom,
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

This subject, itself so full of Eloquence, is also full of instruction and argument. Whatever elevates the dignity of our natures, and extends our views, teaches us to live; daily to improve our minds; daily to better our hearts. May ELOQUENCE ever be improved in the cause of learning and virtue; ever employed in addressing important truths to the mind, in a most forcible and expressive manner.

May the daughters of America wear their charms, as attendants on their virtue, the satellites of their innocence, and the ornament of their sex. May her sons early learn the principles of honor, honesty, diligence, and patriotism; and when called to leave these happy seats, where care is a stranger, and where learning is a free gift, be prepared for the burden and heat of the day, and ever prove as a munition of rocks to their country.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CITY GENTLEMAN OF THE
TON, AND A COUNTRY FARMER.

Gentleman. HALLOO! there, Master! What have you got in your wallet?

Farmer. Fowls, Sir, at your service.

Gent. And what do you ask a pair?

Farm. Fifty cents a pair for ducks, and seventy-five cents apiece for geese and turkeys.

Gent. What is the fellow talking about? I inquired the price of fowls; not of geese and turkeys.

Farm. And pray, Mister, what is the difference between a fowl and a goose? My bible teaches me, that all the feathered tribe are ranged under the general name of fowl.

Gent. Why, you numskull! don't quote scripture to me, to prove such palpable absurdities. I can teach you, that a goose, or turkey, is no more like a fowl, than a human being is like one of the animal creation!

Farm. I crave your pardon, Mister. I begin to see that I never was larn'd the right use of language; for, since I come among these fine gentlefolks, I don't understand one half that's said to me.

Gent. So it seems. However, you have now entered a good school to learn civilization. What I wanted, was, a pair of those creatchures that lay eggs, vulgarly called hens.

Farm. Why, begging your pardon, Sir, and hoping no offence, I should suppose, that, at least, one of the sorts I have in my wallet lays eggs, from the multitude of *goslins* I see about your streets.

Gent. Why, you fool; where were you bred? I should imagine you come fifty miles off, where they tell me the people are almost savages; and that you were never in market before.

Farm. It is true, I live more than fifty miles off, and never was in this great city before; and in fact, I

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begin to think I never shall desire to be again; for I have hitherto met with pretty rough handling, I assure you.

Gent. No wonder that such ignorance should expose you to insults. A man like you, who has been brung up among savages, and not able to speak intelligibly, must expect to receive severe discipline, when he first visits a land of *civilization*.

Farm. I begin to see what a sad thing it is, especially in such a place as this, to be so destitute as I am of the right kind of larning. I confess, that, so far from *civilization*, I have never received but little more than *christianization*. But I should think, even that ought to entitle an honest, well-meaning man to better treatment than I have met with this morning.

Gent. You have no right to complain. Such a blundering blockhead as you are ought to think himself fortunat, if he is suffered to pass the streets without having his head broke.

Farm. Indeed, I have hardly escaped that. I have been accosted a hundred and fifty times since I entered the big town, by all sorts and sizes of folks, both male and female. Which, at first, indeed, appeared civil enough; for not a child in the street but what *master d* me, as mannerly as though I had teach'd school all my days. But whenever I approached them, it was old daddy, old man, old fellow, and so on; rising by degrees to such genteel language as your Worship seems to be master of. I hope no offence, Sir. The first time I had the honor to be noticed, a fine gentlewoman called to me from her window. So I civilly entered her door; when she squalled out, "You filthy brute! Have you the impudence to come in at my front door?" Did you not call me, madam? replied I. Yes, truly, says she; but I thought you had more *civilization*, than to set your ugly, square toed shoes upon my carpet. I craved her ladyship's pardon; told her I hoped I should learn *civilization* from such good example; and got off as well as I could.

Gent.

Gent. It is evident you know nothing of the world.

Farm. How should I, since I live a hundred miles off, and never read scarcely any thing but my bible and psalm book?

Gent. Aye, sure enough. You are much to be pitied. Why, according to the rules of civilization, you offended the lady insufferably.

Farm. So I perceive; though, at first, I could not conceive, for the life of me, what harm there could be in entering the front door, since there was no other in the house; nor how my shoes could give offence, inasmuch as they were perfectly clean.

Gent. Why, did you not just acknowledge they were unfashionable?

Farm. Aye, right. And mayhap she discovered the nails in the heels; though I could have assured her they would not scratch; for they were well drove, and the heads smooth. Well, as I was saying, soon after I escaped from her ladyship's civilities, I was stopped by a 'Squire-looking gentleman, whose palate was set for the same dainty that yours was, fowls. I told him I had as fine ones as ever were hatch'd. So I shewed him the whole contents of my wallet; when, after examining it critically, he exclaimed, "You insulting puppy! I have a mind in my conscience to cane you. What, sirrah! tell me you have fowls to sell, when you have nothing but a parcel of poultry!" So, giving me a kick or two, he tells me to go and learn *civilization*.

Gent. And served you right enough too.

Farm. So as I proceeded peaceably through the street, I met a stripling, in his soldier's coat, making the same use of his sword as I did of my staff. Having a heavy load, and tripping my foot a little, I unfortunately jostled this beardless hero. "What do you mean, you dirty scoundrel!" he instantly exclaimed, lifting up his sword at the same time. "Have you no more *civilization* than to treat an officer of the navy in such a rude manner?" I beg pardon, says I. It was purely

purely an accident. If you were not beneath my notice, says he, swearing a big oath, which I dare not repeat; if you were not beneath the notice of a gentleman, I say, I would soon lay you upon your beam ends, you fresh water lobster! You are as destitute of *civilization*, as if you had never been out of sight of land in all your life.

Gent. You will learn in time to keep at a respectful distance from gentlemen of the sword. It is fortunate for you, that the officer did not make daylight shine through you.

Farm. I believe it dangerous, I confess, to venture very near *gentlemen*, if these may be called such. Well, the next person I met, I took, from his brogue, to be a "wild Irishman." At any rate, he was a funny fellow, and discovered some marks of *civilization*. Maister, says he, have you any very good weal in your vallet? I do not understand Irish, Mister, replied I. Irish! Irish! old mutton-head, said he; nor I neither. It is enough for me that I am able to speak good English. I ax'd you what you had to sell. I am fitting out a wessel for Venice; loading her with wariuous keinds of prowisions, and wittualling her for a long woyage; and I want several undred weight of weal, wenison, &c. with a plenty of inyons and winggar, for the preservation of ealth. I assured him I did not comprehend his meaning. It is wery natural, replied he, to suppose it, as you are but a poor countryman and want *civilization*. So he peaceably withdrew. And now, good Mister, (*Squire*, perhaps I ought to say; for, before you stopped me, I heard you administering oaths;) I say good *Squire* as you have condescended to give me some useful instruction, pray be so kind as to tell me, to what species of animals a creature would belong, which should be, in every respect, exactly like yourself, excepting the addition of a pair of long ears?

Gent. I will not disgrace myself by keeping your company any longer. [*Exit.*]

Farm

Farm. [*alone.*] What a strange run of luck I have had to-day! If this is *civilization*, I desire to return to my savage haunt again. However, I don't despair yet of meeting with people of *real* civilization; for I have always been told that this place is not without its share. Yet I fear they have greatly degenerated from the simple manners of their forefathers. Their placing mere civility above Christianity is a plain proof of it. The ancestors of this people were anxious mainly to teach their posterity Christianity, not doubting but civility would naturally attend it. What vexes me most is, that I can't understand their language. For my part, I think they have but little reason to laugh at my pronunciation. This is the first time I ever heard that turkeys, geese, and ducks were not fowls. They might as well tell me, that oxen, bulls, and cows are not cattle. I take this last chap to be of the race of coxcombs; and I think it is sometimes best, to indulge them in their own exalted opinion of themselves, till experience teaches them their folly. I know I am but a plain man; and no one feels the want of larning more than I do. But I am certain I cannot appear more contemptible in this coxcomb's eyes, than he does in mine.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE
NEW-YORK SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE MANU-
MISSION OF SLAVES, APRIL 12, 1797. BY REV.
SAMUEL MILLER.

I HAVE hitherto confined myself to the consideration of slavery as it exists among ourselves, and of that unjust domination which is exercised over the Africans and their descendants, who are already in our country. It is with a regret and indignation which I am unable to express, that I call your attention to the conduct of some among us, who, instead of diminishing, strive to increase the evil in question.

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While the friends of humanity, in Europe and America, are weeping over their injured fellow-creatures, and directing their ingenuity and their labors to the removal of so disgraceful a monument of cruelty and avarice, there are not wanting men, who claim the title, and enjoy the privileges of American citizens, who still employ themselves in the odious traffic of human flesh.

Yes, in direct opposition to public sentiment, and a law of the land, there are ships fitted out, every year, in the ports of the United States, to transport the inhabitants of Africa, from their native shores, and consign them to all the torments of West-India oppression.

Fellow citizens! is Justice asleep? Is Humanity discouraged and silent, on account of the many injuries she has sustained? Were not this the case, methinks the pursuit of the beasts of the forest would be forgotten, and such monsters of wickedness would, in their stead, be hunted from the abodes of men.

OH AFRICA! unhappy, ill-fated region! how long shall thy savage inhabitants have reason to utter complaints, and to imprecate the vengeance of Heaven against civilization and Christianity? Is it not enough that nature's God has consigned thee to arid plains, to noxious vapours, to devouring beasts of prey, and to all the scorching influences of the torrid zone? Must rapine and violence, captivity and slavery, be superadded to thy torments; and be inflicted too by men, who wear the garb of justice and humanity; who boast the principles of a sublime morality; and who hypocritically adopt the accents of the benevolent religion of Jesus?

OH AFRICA! thou loud proclaimer of the rapacity, the treachery, and cruelty of civilized man! Thou everlasting monument of European and American disgrace! "Remember not against us our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; be tender in the great day of inquiry; and show a Christian world, that thou canst suffer and forgive!"

A FORENSIC

A FORENSIC DISPUTE, ON THE QUESTION, ARE THE ANGLO-AMERICANS ENDOWED WITH CAPACITY AND GENIUS EQUAL TO EUROPEANS?

A. MY opinion is decidedly on the affirmative of this question. In this opinion I am confirmed by sound argument and undeniable facts.

If nature has lavished her favours on some countries, and dealt them out with a sparing hand in others, the Western world is far from being the scene of her parsimony. From a geographical survey of our country, directly the reverse will appear.

This continent, extending through all the different climates of the earth, exhibiting on its immense surface the largest rivers and lakes, and the loftiest mountains in the known world, shews us that nature has wrought on her largest scale on this side the Atlantic.

The soil is neither so luxuriant as to indulge in sloth, nor so barren, as not to afford sufficient leisure from its own culture, to attend to that of the mind. These are facts, which existed before the migration of our ancestors from Europe. The argument I shall deduce from them, to me appears conclusive.

The soil and climate of every country is in some measure characteristic of the genius of its inhabitants. Nature is uniform in her works. Where she has stinted the productions of the earth, she also cramps her animal productions; and even the mind of man. Where she has clothed the earth with plenty, there is no deficiency in the animate creation; and man arrives to his full vigour.

In the application of these physical causes to our nature, there is an effect produced on the mind, as well as the body. The mind receives its tincture from the objects which it contemplates. This we find confirmed by the opposite sensations we feel, when viewing a beautiful and variegated landscape, and plodding our course