

I generally unacquainted made to transport them on board for this country. I use the only alternative delivered up to Russia. Attachments; and the first who had been imprisoned make an impression on their arrival in America, and the unworthy set aside. I must, necessarily unknown, seek an acquaintance with manners, and habits, but, resting on that account do not aid. Like those suffering which we are happily free, to do our duty, under the

live among us as a living and whenever we look upon the nation—"Here is a victim such as our ancestors would have this alternative—slavery or has endured that arbitrary would not submit, but redden."

versing with some of these had sent them among us at sign. We have been so religion and violence, so long and lawless rule as mere at when sentiments are depending strongly that way, in many of us look on with in wall of impenetrable brass These melancholy and silent, to beware of ourselves, our if their presence shall render all lead us to reflect more in-

tently on the inestimable privileges we possess, of the delicate and responsible trust committed to us for the benefit of mankind, in being made the depositories of free institutions and Christian light and liberty, it will not have been in vain that our sympathy for them has been painfully excited, or that they have been deprived of property, friends, and home.

Some eminent musicians have said that the most important part of an air is the end; and that, no matter what are the merits of a composition, if there be appropriate harmony in the closing note, the impression must be delightful, and the hearers will be content: so gourmands, sometimes, take special pains to lay by their choicest morsels for the last, that the final bit may convey to the palate the richest flavours and spicery—because its taste is to be lasting. How mortifying then, to an author, who would not intentionally violate any of the great rules of *taste*, to find that no such advantage, as he could wish to make a happy close, is allowed him. Here I am suddenly admonished, by the amount of paper I have blotted, that I must bring my hasty remarks to an end. It is in vain for me to plead that I have a heap of materials lying yet untouched before me, scenes of nature, both in ink and crayon, words of the wise, and oracles of fools, remarks of chance-travellers, and thoughts of my own, with snatches from Greek and Latin authors, unaccountably preserved from the chaos of my early studies, now applied, well or ill, to modern affairs—it is in vain to declare that a book, to be appropriate, should be neither far in advance of, nor behind society, and that all these materials will deteriorate and perish in a season. Indeed, the fact is, I have found things so rapidly moving around me while I have been making this volume, that I have been on a constant race to keep up. Now out of breath, indeed, but not exhausted nor entirely discouraged, I am advised to desist; and, even while I hesitate, am chagrined to think that I already begin to be distanced.

I feel, in short, that I am in much the same condition in