

as it conveys to the mind some idea of what those unfortunate victims of remorseless ambition must have suffered and felt, before the vital spark became extinct and their numerous corpses were left to swell the funeral pile.

It is said to be by a person who went over the field of battle after the defeat of the Russians by the King of Prussia at Soldin, and if any person can read it without being moved, he must have feelings very different from the writer.

"At one o'clock (says this gentleman) the cannonading ceased, and I went out on foot to Soldin, in order to learn to whose advantage the battle turned out towards evening, seven hundred of the Russian fugitives came to Soldin, a pitiful sight indeed! some holding up their hands, cursing and swearing; others praying, and praising the King of Prussia, without hats, without clothes; some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up, some dragging along by the stirrups, others by the horse-tails. When the battle was decisive, and victory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading was. After walking some way, a Cossack's horse came running full speed towards me, I mounted him, and on my way for seven miles and a half, on this side, the field of battle, I found the dead and wounded lying on the ground, sadly cut in pieces. The farther I advanced, the more these poor creatures lay heaped one upon another; this scene I shall never forget! the Cossacks, as soon as they saw me, cried out, 'Water, water, water. Righteous God, what a sight!' men, women, children, Russians and Prussians, carriages, horses, oxen, chests, baggage, all lying ere upon another, to the height of a man, seven villages around me in flames, and the inhabitants massacred, or thrown into the fire.

The poor wounded still firing one at another in the greatest exasperation. The field of battle two miles and a half long, and wholly covered with dead and wounded, there was not even room to set my foot without treading on some of them. Several brooks were so filled up with Russians, that I do affirm it, they lay heaped up one upon another as high as two men, and appeared like hills to the even ground, I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me, sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy, pray show me that compassion which God has not for me, and dispatch me at once.

REFLECTION.

If there is a God who delights in acts of humanity and virtue, how must he detest the author of such calamities to his creatures! And if vengeance belongs to this God, what must that monster expect who, regardless of the groans of the wounded, the tears of the orphan, and the widow's cries, works his way to dominion through scenes like these, and whose adamant and callous heart, cares not how many victims bleed, providing his ambitious views are promoted.

The rapidity of his motions, or singular good fortune as he may be pleased to call it, may for a while save him from his merited fate, but a day of retribution sooner or later will come, when he may wish with regret that his had been the sentiments expressed by such a prince, can-

not be hailed but as happy prognostics of the happiness of nations, I shall conclude with an extract from this admirable letter, dated at Lubbock, on the 7th of December last: "How happy are we, my dear Son, when we can prevent the shedding of tears! How sound and quiet is our sleep! If all men could be convinced of this truth there would be no more conquerors, and nations would be ruled by just kings."

A LOVER OF PEACE.

A SELF-MADE MAN.—Rodger Sherman, of Connecticut, was the son of poor parents. His business marked out to him for his was the sedentary and laborious employment of a shoemaker. But while his hand wrought in this humble, though useful occupation, providential occurrence led him to aspire after a higher station in life. He was requested by a friend to seek for him legal advice in a neighbouring town. The precision and accuracy with which he made known the case to the attorney consulted, excited surprise, and led to the intimation that his mind was fitted to higher pursuits. But how could this hint be improved? The advantages of education were not in his reach. Even should he relax his daily toil, want and suffering were near to him and to those he loved.

"Alone the oar he pled, the rapid night—
To pause but for a moment, was to die,

Neither at that time were there kind, liberal patrons of generous associations to which he might look with the hope of assistance. He saw that all his resources were in himself, and he resolved that the power of these resources should be tried, and in the strength of this resolution he rose from the bench of the shoemaker, and seated himself in the halls of our Congress, and when there he took his place with the first. For powers of discrimination, and for solidity of judgment, he had not a superior in that mighty assembly of men. Yes, this was the man whom Fisher Ames, when he had been prevented from hearing a debate, felt it safe to follow in his vote; for he always voted right. This is the man too, of whom the late illustrious Jefferson declared that he never said a foolish thing in his life, and yet this same person was a self-made man.

Prof. Newman.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The most barren ground, by manuring, may be made to produce good fruits; the fiercest beasts, by art, are made tame; so are moral virtues acquired by custom.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he was sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

Most men judge according to their interests, and abound in their own sense. Let two be of a contrary opinion; yet each presumes to have right on his side. But reason, that hath always been faithful, never had two faces.

POETRY.

Addressed to the Mother and Sisters of ———,
of P——.

O grieve not for him, with the wildness of sorrow,
As those that in hopeless despondency weep,
From God's holy word consolation we borrow,

For souls that in Jesus confidently sleep.

Lament not your loved one, but triumph the rather
To think of the promise, the prayer of the Law
"Your joy shall be full"—and, "I will, O Father!
That those whom thou gav'st me may be whole
I am."

His own sacred lip the assurance hath given—
Believe in your God, in your Saviour believe;
"I go to prepare you a mansion in Heaven,
And quickly returning my own will receive."

And was it not so with your darling when sleeping
The gate would uncloso and the Saviour appear
Like Stephen, the glory of Jesus surveying,
He breathed out his spirit with "Lord I
here."

And where is that spirit? washed white in
fountain,
Presented unblameably pure at the throne,
The love and the mercy of Jesus recounting
To souls that are dwelling in joy like his own.

In rapture unsated, in glory unclouded,
He rests before God with the angels of light;
Till the form in corruption, and darkness a
shrouded,
Shall rise at the trump, with the soul to unite.

Refined from its grossness, and purged from
heaven,
Its sins blotted out, and its sorrows all fled,
Made meet for a bright habitation in Heaven!
O who would not rest with the justified dead!

Nay, weep not for him—for the flower of the
morning
So dear to your bosoms, so fair to your eyes,
But weep for the souls unbelievingly scorning
The counsel and truth of the "God only wise.

He came to the cross, while his young cheek was
blooming,
And raised to the Lord the bright glance of his
eye;
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was
glooming
The cross did uphold him—the Saviour was
nigh.

I saw the black pall o'er his relics extended,
I wept—but they were not the tear-drops of woe.
The prayer of my soul that in fervour ascended,
Was, "Lord, when thou callest, like him may
I go."

"At present the way of Providence in general is dark and mysterious. There is a depth in it for which we have no line. There are many seals on it not fit as yet to be opened. But when the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall open the seals, and show the meaning of all the dark passages in that mysterious book, and every one is made to view that part of it that related to the way in which they were brought through manifold tribulation to the kingdom; then they will all strike up on the highest key, and sing, 'He hath done things well!'"