

me deeply. It presented me with new and exalted views of the providence of God and the destination of Man. It diffused a soft and tender melancholy over my mind, and I aspired to Immortality.

IN July 1786, having passed the usual examinations in the Classics, I was admitted into Harvard University, the first literary Institution, in age and renown, upon the American Continent. The Presidency was then filled by the Reverend Joseph Willard. Among my fellow-students at college was the celebrated John Quincy Adams, then a senior-sophistic: and was, at that immature age, a finished Scholar, Philosopher and Politician. That distinguished orator in Congress, Josiah Quincy, was my class-mate.

THIS was the æra of Daniel Shay's famous insurrection. The sound of the drum and fife inspired me with a thirst for military glory. Too young, however, to enroll myself for war, I was merely an impatient spectator of toils and dangers which I could not share. My reading was consonant with this ardor of mind, and letting the dust gather upon books of every other description, Voltaire's *History of Charles XII.*, whose exploits engrossed every faculty of my soul, was ever waking, in my hand; and sleeping, under my pillow. Addison's *Cato* had already turned my head to *Stoicism*.—I resolved to pass unmoved through all the varying scenes of life—unelated by prosperity, and undepressed by adversity.

MY Mother falling sick and dying, I was withdrawn from the University, before I had completed the year of my Freshmanship. I returned to Salem, and after a few months solitary application to miscellaneous studies, in April, 1788, I began