

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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## The Andersonville Prisoners.

A day or two since we had a long and exceedingly interesting interview with two escaped prisoners who were confined at Andersonville, Georgia, from February till September—a Mr. Stone, of Vermont, and Sergeant Cook of the 7th Michigan Cavalry. Both are highly intelligent and well educated men. Sergeant Cook has well returned to his regiment, now in Sheridan's army, and Mr. Stone intends to return in a few days. He is staying for a short time, to recuperate, with his brother, L. P. Stone, Esq., of this city.

Sometime in September last a large number of the prisoners were removed from Andersonville to Charleston, Savannah and other places, the rebel authorities, doubtless, thinking that Sherman was getting too close for safety. The prisoners, before leaving, were assured by the rebel officers, "on the honor of soldiers," that they were to be immediately exchanged; but these two men put no faith in their promises, and resolved, if possible, to escape from the train.

The train for Charleston, on which they were put, consisted of sixteen box cars, in each of which there were about sixty prisoners. The guards occupied the tops of the cars. After passing Macon, a few miles, and while the train was running round a curve, these two men jumped off. Mr. Stone managed to keep his feet when he struck the ground, but Mr. Cook fell violently, but received no injury. After running a short distance, they threw themselves down, just as the guard fired an ineffectual volley after them. But as the train was in motion, and as it was now nearly dark, no attempt was made to recapture them.

They were now at liberty, but still in a terrible predicament. Two weak, half-starved men, without food or money, far from the Union lines in the midst of enemies. But they had counted the cost and laid their plans. Being highly intelligent, they knew the direction of Atlanta, and they knew that Sherman was there; so they at once set off in that direction, going through the forest as much as possible, and avoiding the roads and dwellings.

For six days they travelled, guided by the sun when it shone; but sometimes, in cloudy weather, finding themselves a second time in the same place. One night they slept, without knowing it, within Hood's outposts; but fortunately they were not discovered, although they saw, from their hiding place, rebel officers riding to and fro. When they saw the clear stars they slipped out of that dangerous place, and resumed their travels. At one time they were kept in great anxiety, and on double quick pace, for nearly half a day by what they took to be the baying of blood-hounds, which they supposed were following their trail. But in this they were happily mistaken.

About the fifth day out they fell in with a negro, a bright, active fellow, who was, like themselves, trying to make his way to Sherman's lines. Of course he became their companion, their man Friday. From this on they traveled more cautiously—first one of the white men, then, about twenty paces in the rear, the negro, then the other white man twenty paces in his rear. This was done, so that if danger should assail, either from the front or rear, the negro might have a chance to escape; for it would have been death to him to be caught in such a place and in such company.

So they travelled until the night of the sixth day. They now caught the sound of drums in the Yankee army. A little after dark they came to a lonely cabin and determined if possible to get something to eat. Mr. Cook was left out as a guard, while Mr. Stone, with the negro as his servant, boldly entered and professed to be a rebel officer scouting around on some important service. The inmates of the cabin consisted only of an old man, an old woman and two or three girls. Soon the two men were in a quite friendly conference on the subject of the war, and Mr. Stone, having had access to rebel papers at Andersonville, was better posted as to Hood's movements than the old man. Presently the old lady proposed to get him and his servant some supper, which was, of course, thankfully accepted. After eating, he said he had a man outside holding the horses, and would like to give him some. All right; so he took poor Cook as much as he could carry in both hands, and then returned. The old man gave him cautions as to the way he should go, so as to avoid Sherman's pickets, and thus enabled him to form a good idea as to his route. Finally Stone asked him what he would do if he were a Yankee. The old man laughed and muttered something. The old lady said when she saw the blue coat under the gray one, she thought that they might be Yankees; but she now seemed to be sure that they

were not. "Well," said Stone, "I am a full blood Yankee, from Vermont, and more than that, we are escaped prisoners from Andersonville, and we are going to Sherman's line." The effect of this revelation was ludicrous. The old lady's lower jaw fell to an angle of about forty-five, her eyes dilated, and she sat as if petrified. The old gentleman, although greatly astonished, took it quite philosophically, but made no attempt to give any alarm, or impede the movements of the party.

They then started, and after travelling about four miles, reached the Union pickets a short distance north of Atlanta. After making known who they were, they were at once conducted to headquarters, where they were cordially received by Gen. Sherman and his officers, and supplied with what clothing they most needed. The next morning, in the quarters of one of the officers, they found their darkie friend and fellow fugitive. He had already engaged as cook. They said he was the most grateful creature they ever saw, and by every little service in his power he expressed his gratitude. He said they saved his life, for he could never have got in without them. After staying at Atlanta a few days to rest and recuperate, our friends set off for the north.

Of the condition of things at Andersonville they give a calm, graphic and harrowing picture. They confirm the truth of the accounts heretofore published, and declare that it is impossible to convey to the minds of people surrounded with the comforts of home an adequate idea of the sufferings endured in that horrible stockade.

When they were taken there in February last from Belle Island, they found but few prisoners; but the number rapidly increased, until it exceeded thirty thousand. There was no shelter whatever provided for the rebels, and only those who were so fortunate as to have blankets, had anything to protect them against the scorching rays of the sun, the rains, and the chilling damps of night. Their food, which was served only once a day, consisted of a piece of coarse corn bread, made of the meal of corn ground cob and all, and not sifted, together with a small piece of ill-seasoned bacon. Early in the season this bacon was tolerably good, but when the weather became hot, it became so rancid that even starving men could not eat it.

This miserable ration was almost always devoured at once, the cravings of hunger rendering any other course impossible. One wretched and scanty meal a day, therefore, was all they had. The water was abominable for the greater part of the time, being supplied by a foul stream that ran through the stockade. At length they procured from the rebel authorities materials with which to construct windlasses and dig wells. These wells were sunk some 50 or 60 feet deep through a compact clay, and required no forks or cribbing, and when finished afforded an adequate supply of good water. To convey water about the camp, the prisoners made little pails out of pine billets, with no other tools than jack knives.

For a time great confusion and disorder prevailed, and the necessity of a kind of police organization forced itself upon the prisoners. Prior to this step a considerable number of desperadoes and scoundrels had banded together to commit depredations upon the little property of their fellow-prisoners. Their ringleader was finally discovered, and the movements of the gang closely watched. When the proper time arrived, the leader together with a large number of his followers was suddenly arrested and put in close confinement by the rebel authorities. The blanket belonging to the leader was searched, and the body of a man found buried near it, and immediately under it a box was found almost filled with watches, knives, money and many other things which had been stolen from the prisoners while asleep. A court was organized, a jury of twelve sergeants empanelled, and a real lawyer, a prisoner, assigned to conduct the defence. After a careful trial, which lasted six days, six of these miscreants, including the leader, were found guilty and sentenced to suffer death by hanging. In due time the execution took place. A scaffold was erected, and when all was ready, the six condemned men, together with their accomplices, were sent for. Being nearly one hundred in number, they had plotted among themselves to make fight upon re-entering the stockade, and thus prevent the execution; but when they entered and saw the long line of determined men drawn up, they cowered down and sullenly submitted. The six were led up and stood upon the fatal plank, the ropes were adjusted, the drop fell, and five were left suspended. But the rope of the leader broke, and he fell

to the ground. He begged hard for mercy, but in vain. He was led up again, and again the drop fell. After this they had no more trouble with scoundrels among themselves.

In this stockade there was a place called the dead line. To cross this line was instant death. One poor fellow dropped a piece of bread, which rolled over that line. He reached out his hand to get it, and had his arm broken by a bullet from the guard. If a man asleep near that line should stretch his feet beyond it, he was sure to have a ball put through them. Some, in despair, committed suicide by merely stepping across that fatal line.

But these men assured us that of all the horrors of that horrible place, nothing equalled the collection of the dead every morning, often exceeding one hundred in number. Wagons and men were sent in. One layer of bodies was thrown in with the heads against the front of the body of the wagon, then another with the heads against the hinder end, and so on alternately—the lower extremities overlapping—but if the wagon was full, then the load would be rounded up with as many as could be made to lie on. Not unfrequently a jolt of the wagon would throw a body off upon the wheels, and under the wheels, which would be thrown on again as men would throw on a sack or a billet of wood. Thus were brave, noble, intelligent Christian men carried to their burial every morning.

A prayer meeting was held every evening by the prisoners, and was well attended. This fact will afford a sweet drop of consolation to many a crushed and sorrowing heart at home. They will see, by faith, what the king of Babylon saw, one walking with their loved ones in the furnace, whose form was like the Son of God.

The rebel hospital attached to this vast stockade prison was a wretched affair—almost destitute of medicine, totally without comfort and nourishing food, and poorly supplied with nurses.

To while away the time, which dragged heavily, the resources of these suffering men were taxed to the utmost. Some formed themselves into little clubs for discussion and debate; some engaged in such small games as they could get up; while others taxed their mechanical powers in the construction of bone rings and a thousand other things that could be whittled out of wood or bone with jack-knives.

Their ingenuity, but especially the digging of the wells, astonished the natives greatly, who would collect in crowds from the surrounding country and peep at them through the chinks of the stockade, affording our men no little amusement by their uncouth manners and the oddities of their provincialisms. For example: a fellow would sing out in true Georgia drawl, "What made you uns come down here to fight we uns?" Or, as another fellow, who was encountered by some of our cavalry scouts, expressed it: "What for you uns come here, critter-back, to fight we uns? We uns don't go up north to fight you uns." These are about fair samples of their vernacularisms.

The common people are excessively ignorant, and can give no intelligible reason why they are at war with the Government. On the other hand, the blacks seem to comprehend the matter perfectly, and know very well that their freedom or slavery hangs upon the issue of the struggle. These gentlemen are very confident the negroes will never fight on the rebel side. One of them asked a shrewd, brisk fellow, that he saw at Andersonville, what they would do if their masters were to make soldiers of them, and set them to fighting the Yankees. With a sly chuckle he replied, "Golly, massa, we would charge—and forget to come back!" Both these gentlemen said emphatically that as a class the negroes are much more intelligent than the poor whites.

A large majority of these prisoners have lately been removed from Andersonville to other places, the greater part to Charleston and Savannah, where their condition is said to be materially improved. Let us hope that soon the survivors will all be exchanged.

Messrs. Stone and Cook assured us that the friends of prisoners need not conclude that their captive friends are dead because they receive no letters. They both wrote many letters to friends at home, none of which reached their destination except one that a paroled prisoner managed to carry out; neither did they receive any from home. While at Belle Island Mr. Cook said that he saw a cart load of soldier's letters dumped into the river.—*Pitts. Gaz.*

There are persons who would show their liberality to a starving man by sending him a costly toothpick instead of food.

## A SERMON.

The following sermon was preached on the day of National Humiliation and prayer—the 4th of August last—in the Presbyterian Churches of Mt. Nebo and Portersville. It was hastily written, without the slightest thought that it would ever be heard beyond the bounds of the Congregations where it was preached. But many persons in the first named congregation, having, without cause, taken high offence at it, and having much abused me, and greatly misrepresented the views set forth in my sermon, therefore, at the request of many friends, I have consented to have it published, that it may be known just what I did say; and that my statements are sustained by the Word of God, and the declaration of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

### THE AUTHOR.

#### SERMON

Rev. William P. Harrison.

Text: Hosea, 6-1. "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

The true position of guilty sinners is bowed in profound self-abasement and lowliness before God's mercy seat. And the true characteristics by which they should be marked, are contrite spirits, and broken and penitent hearts, which we are assured God will not despise.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Psal. 51-17.

The words of the text are an expression of sincere and genuine repentance, and deep humiliation before God, on account of sin and rebellion against him. In the preceding part of this prophecy, and especially in the preceding chapter, the prophet Hosea had predicted the terrible desolations and dreadful calamities that were coming on the people of Israel and Judah, by the invasion and ravages of the Assyrians and Chaldeans. God's ancient people had forgotten him, and rebelled against him, and he tells them that he would visit them with his sore judgments for their wickedness. Though God greatly delights in mercy, and generally dwells with his people at the mercy-seat; yet sometimes he leaves his throne of grace, to execute vengeance upon them for their iniquities.

God is represented in the preceding chapter as saying, "I will be unto Ephraim as a Lion, and as a young Lion to the house of Judah: I, even I, will tear and go away; I will take away, and none shall rescue him. I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face, in their affliction they will seek me early." Hos. 5-14, 15.

And having visited their transgressions and their wickedness with his chastisements, and his judgments, he tells them he would as it were "return to his place, and leave them under their punishment, till they should repent, or plead guilty, and confess their sins, and seek his favor and protection." He knew that though they had wandered far from him, yet their afflictions sanctified to them by his grace, would be the means of leading them back to him; to seek his face and favor, and bow in humble penitence at his feet.— And having thus been brought to a deep sense of their sinfulness, and their need of divine help, and deliverance, they are represented in the text as saying one to another, "Come and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

And the sentiment of the text is of universal application. It is appropriate to men in every age of time; whether considered as individual persons, or states and nations. And never was there in the history of nations a time when this language was more fit to be used than by us now. And never was there a nation whom it more became to adopt this language of penitence and humility before God, than we of the United States. We have sinned grievously, we have done very wickedly; we have transgressed God's righteous and holy laws; we have abused his great and manifold mercies.— The judgments of God are abroad in the land. His hand is pressing heavily upon us. The storm cloud of civil war which has so long enveloped us, is still hovering over us. It has long hurried upon us a tempestuous flood of blood and carnage and death. And still this terrific storm of civil strife rages with even fiercer fury than before; scattering desolation and sorrow all over this once happy country.

Surely in the midst of all this darkness and calamity; this streaming blood, these shrieks of anguish and unutterable death-groans; this dismal wail of mourning and lamentation that fills the whole land; in view of these tokens of God's righteous displeasure against us on account of our sins as a nation, we should be humbled before God, and repent in dust and in ashes. With broken and contrite hearts

we should say as did God's ancient people, "Come and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

The first thought, clearly implied in the words of the text is, that that we have departed from God. All men in their natural state have departed from God.— They have rebelled against his moral government. They are sinners in heart, and sinners in life. Alienated and enemies to God, in their minds and by wicked works. And as the individuals are corrupt and depraved, the whole mass of humanity must likewise be corrupt and degenerated. The call of God's ancient people one to another to return to him, implied that they had wandered away from him. And so also we people have, departed from God. We would not have a controversy with us as a nation had we not forsaken him. He would not be contending with us had we not sinned against him. We would not be called upon to return unto him, had we not departed from him.

God has always been mindful of us, and greatly blessed us, and prospered us as a nation. He has enlarged our borders. He has immensely increased our wealth. He has augmented our power. And the light of our national greatness and glory, shone in every land on the surface of the globe. But we had forgotten him, and transgressed against him. "We have forgotten God that made us, and lightly esteemed the Rock of our salvation." A growing spirit of pride and arrogance has prevailed in our land. At the commencement of the civil war which is now casting gloom, desolation and sorrow, all over our country, it was thought by many that 75,000 men would be sufficient to crush out the rebellion. But since then one call after another has been made, until now more than a million and a half of men have been marshaled on the field of conflict; but with all this we have not been able yet to subdue it: still the rebellion presents a defiant front, and threatens the very life of the Republic. God is humbling our pride, and showing us that of ourselves we are powerless. We have been self-sufficient, and vain-glorious as a nation. We have exalted ourselves and conducted ourselves as if there were no God, who had established his throne in the heavens, and who is the Sovereign Ruler among the nations. We have failed distinctly to recognize the existence and government of God over us in our National Constitution. And we have generally been criminally negligent to elect men of sound moral and religious principles to rule over us, to make laws for us, and to execute judgment and justice among us. A bad party spirit that has left christian patriotism out of view almost altogether has controlled our people. And an almost entire want of sound moral and political principles, and a fearful degree of corruption has characterized the great majority of our public men. And even under the pressure of all our present calamities, there seems to be but little evidence of true national humility and repentance in the sight of God. There seems to be no real improvement of God's dealing with us, by the great mass of our people. Nay, on the other hand the nation seems to be growing worse and worse, and plunging deeper into folly and sin. Bribery and corruption, fraud and extortion, speculation and swindling, abound, and are permitted to go on a great measure unpunished. Supreme wickedness and a spirit of wild and reckless speculation, is rushing like a fierce tornado over the land. Gold is the god to which multitudes of our people are bowing down, with more than the devotion of a Hindoo idolatry. Ambition is the phantom idol which others are fervently worshipping. And many more are kneeling in lowly homage at glory's dazzling shrine. Yet, we have forsaken God, the God of our Fathers, who has made us great, and raised us to be the glory of all lands; and surely it is no wonder that his wrath is aroused, and that he is executing vengeance upon our guilty land.

And then added to all this, the great original and procuring cause of all our troubles; the wicked and detestable system of African Slavery; the dreadful curse of human bondage; which has blighted and darkened this once fair and peaceful land; of ours; and made it a Golgotha, a great charnel house of death; and a vast Aeldadam, a field of blood. It is true that we of the North, are not directly connected with the sin of slavery. Both that and the guilt of plunging us into this causeless, and wicked rebellion, rests most rest upon the people of the South. And we have all been indirectly and greatly guilty in this matter, in too long, and too often yield-

ing to the despotic, and ever increasing demands of the slave power. And many among us excuse and palliate, and some even justify the execrable system of oppression: and some there are in our midst who even go so far, as to take the word of God to prove that slavery is right, and in accordance with the Divine Will.

The Bible indeed recognizes a condition of service regulated by the precepts of the gospel of Christ, which is not sinful. But the system of human slavery established by law in the Southern States of this Republic; where human beings, intelligent and immortal creatures are absolute property, mere chattels: where they are bought and sold, like cattle in the stalls, and sheep in the pens: where they are deprived of the right of marriage; deprived of parental rights; deprived of the right to mental and moral improvement; deprived of the right to read the word of God for themselves; and deprived of the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and the requirements of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is sinful, and only sinful continually.

The celebrated Chatham we are told, once said he would never come into the British House of Parliament with the Statute Book doubled down in dog's ears to prove that liberty was the birth-right of British subjects. And the Hon. William Maxwell, a distinguished and able Lawyer and Statesman, and an eminently pious Elder in the Presbyterian Church, in a debate on slavery in the Synod of Virginia more than thirty years ago, referring to the language of the noble English earl and statesman, said: "Nor will I come into this Synod with my Bible doubled down in dog's ears to prove that slavery is wrong. No, sir, I will not undertake such a work of supererogation! One need read but the first chapter in the word of God, to be convinced that slavery is wrong. How was man created? with dominion over the soul and body of his fellow man? No! There was no slavery in Eden. It is preposterous to go to the Bible to defend slavery. Its universal spirit is against the institution gloriously against it." Slaveholders therefore, and all who are apologists and defenders of such a system of injustice and iniquity, are guilty of a heinous sin in the sight of God. And it has called down the righteous judgments of Heaven upon our devoted country.

Slavery is not the only great sin in our land it is true. There are other sins of fearful magnitude. Drunkenness and profanity, Sabbath-breaking and uncleanness, lying and perjury, theft and murder, and with them this gigantic system of cruelty and oppression. It is these great crimes that have brought the displeasure of a just and holy God upon us. It is for these he is visiting us in his anger. It is in punishment for these things that he has torn us with his justice, and is making us writhe in anguish under the strokes of his avenging rod. And my dear friends, stroke will follow swift upon stroke, until we are truly humbled, and brought to genuine repentance before the majesty of heaven, and say with God's ancient people, "come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

The second thought presented to us in the text is, the duty of individuals and nations in these solemn circumstances. The duty is clearly and definitely stated. It is to repent and return unto God. "Come let us return unto the Lord." With a feeling sense of our guilt and unworthiness, and with deep humiliation on account of it, we must confess our sins unto God, and implore pardon, and mercy, and divine help. A mere verbal confession of guilt, a mere outward and formal humiliation, will not find acceptance with God. We must not only say that we have sinned against God, but we must feel in the depth of our soul-consciousness that we have sinned, and sinned grievously against him, and we must prostrate ourselves at the footstool of sovereign mercy; and cry for forgiveness, and for the favor and interposition of Jehovah.

But we must not only confess our sins to God as individuals, and as a nation; but we must repent of our sins, and forsake them, and return unto God. The scriptures teach us most clearly that, "he that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. 28-13. And God calls upon us to, "break off our sins by righteousness; and our iniquities by showing mercy to the poor." Dan. 4-27. That repentance whether personal, or national, which does not lead to reformation of life and conduct, is not true repentance in God's sight. The genuineness of our repentance must be evidenced by our works. We must turn from our intem-

erance and profanity, from Sabbath-breaking and lewdness, from corruption and fraud, from extortion and swindling, and from every form of evil that abounds in our land. The moral sense of the nation must be aroused, from the pulpit and through the press, and on the platform, and in every proper way, to oppose these outrageous sins that prevail amongst us. And the people of this nation must awake, and put forth every lawful effort for the suppression and removal of these dreadful evils; and for securing the reign of Bible morality, and the all-conquering power of the principles of the religion of Jesus Christ. Not until we turn from our evil ways, and practice justice, and honesty, truth, and righteousness, will God lift upon us the light of his favor, and give us peace.

And with regard to the great and bitter, erto vexed question of the continuance of African Slavery in our country, the darkness and difficulty seem to be in a great measure removed, and the path of duty to be made plain. The Providence of God we believe, appears clearly to indicate the speedy and complete liberation of this long and sorely oppressed race. Ever since the commencement of our national struggle the hand of God has been, and still is, so controlling and guiding events, as soon to bring about the fulfillment of ancient prophecy, that poor, downtrodden and bleeding "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God"; and all her sons and daughters enjoy both civil and spiritual freedom. Even those who with your speaker, in the days of peace were unfavorable to the scheme of immediate emancipation; cannot but now hear the voice of God in his Providence, speaking loudly, and in no uncertain language, saying, "give liberty to the enslaved;" "let the oppressed go free." Even those who in time past were highly conservative, cannot now resist the mighty current of Providential events, which is leading on surely and rapidly to the liberation of this long enslaved and suffering people. A distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Musgrave, said on the floor of the late General Assembly, "I was formerly a high conservative, hating even the very shadow of Abolitionism, but now I am for all the President's Proclamations."— And he but represents the sentiment and feelings of the great majority of our ministers and people. He must be blind indeed who does not see the hand of God, in the prolonging of this fearful and bloody conflict, which is still raging in our land. Whatever may be the designs of ambitious and wicked men, and doubtless they have no reference to the Divine Will. God has his purposes, and he will work them out; and one of these purposes, evidently, is the destruction of the accursed system of human bondage which has so long existed in, and been a foul blot upon the name and glory of our country. And we should all cheerfully acquiesce in his Providential Will; and aid with all our hearts in carrying forward his glorious purposes.

As we hear the din and the roar of battle, the echo of dying groans, and see the garments rolled in blood and all the intelligence of late reverses and calamities are borne to us on this day of national humiliation and prayer,\* let us show the genuineness of our repentance and humility before God, by our works. Let us hear and obey the voice of God, uttered both by his Providence, and in his word, saying, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke." Isa. 58-6. He who refuses to acquiesce in the purpose of God clearly revealed in the dispensations of his providence, oppose's the will of Jehovah, and fights against God. O! let none of us be found resisting the Almighty.— Let none of us be clasping the chains upon those whom God would make free!

\*On 7th the hand, and peace shall be, and we shall live where the palm-trees grow, and the fig-tree and the olive-tree shall be, and the fragrance of Salvation, shall be in our nostrils. But if, with Philistia's spite eye, we calmly wash when blood is spilled, Or dream a cold supping sigh, Absolves us from the stain of guilt. Or if like Jacob's recreant train, who traffic'd in a brother's war, We thus the suppliant plead in vain, Or mock his tears that wildly flow, Will not the judgments of the skies, Which threw a shield round Joseph's side, Be caused by fettered Africa's cries, And change to dross the oppressor's gold?

As we bow in penitence and humiliation before God this day, let our prayers go up to his throne for pardoning mercy for our grievous sins; and in one great heart-throb of love and desire, for the triumph of the cause of universal liberty and humanity in our land, and throughout the whole world. Thus our hearts, and our conduct will correspond with our words of contrition, as we say, "come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up."

\*Written just after a repulse before Petersburg.