

# Star & Republican Banner

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1897.

[VOL. 8—NO. 52.]

## THE GARDEN.

"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care."  
THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.  
"Give me thy heart!"  
What shall we offer thee, than God of love!  
That thou didst build the heavens and mould the earth:  
That, when didst hang the sparkling stars above,  
And call'dst from darkness light and beauty forth  
From all the treasures of the earth and sea,  
What shall we offer thee?  
Shall we present thee gold and glittering gems,  
Such as might sweeten the brows of royalty;  
Shall we pluck roses from their slender stems,  
Such as in summers graceful bowers may be;  
And shall we lay them at thy holy feet,  
An offering fair and meet?  
Or shall we deck thy temple with the spoil  
Of mighty cities and rich palaces;  
Strew flowers, fling on the altar wine and oil,  
And pour around thee mingling melodies  
Of lutes and voices in soft harmony,  
Breathing up praise to thee?  
Or shall we bring thee treasures of the field,  
When the rich autumn fills her flowing horn;  
The rusest fruits the loadst branches yield—  
The clustering grapes, the golden waving corn—  
The flowers of summer—the sweet buds of spring—  
Oh! which, which shall we bring?  
There is a voice which saith: "Oh dearer far  
Than all the earthly treasures ye can give,  
The pure aspirations of the spirit are."  
When in the light of truth it loves to live?  
Such be our offering at thy holy shrine—  
Our hearts, our hearts be Thine!

## THE REPOSITORY.

FOR THE GETTYSBURG STAR AND BANNER.  
A STERN LESSON.  
By Mrs. Lydia Jane Peterson.  
"Justly, O! God, dost thou compel me to feel  
That which I never feared to see!" was the involuntary reflection of FREDERICK WILEY, as he toiled, harnessed to a car, with his fellow slaves, in the service of a Turkish master.  
F. WILEY was a young man, of gentle and amiable disposition, the son of a West India planter, who died in the prime of life, leaving his only son heir to a vast property in land and slaves. Accustomed from his infancy to the dire spectacle of enslaved humanity, his otherwise generous nature looked without shuddering at the miserable children of servitude.  
His mother was an English lady, who although possessed of the undivided affections of a truly beloved husband, and surrounded by the brightest halo of wealth and splendour, was still unhappy. The consciousness that all the affluence and luxuries which she enjoyed, were wrung by compulsion from the unwilling hand of slavery, lay ranker at her heart, embittering all her enjoyments. Her uneasiness was increased by the severity of her husband, who was himself an only son, and made by his father overseer of the laborers on a large plantation, at that age at which a boy feels himself wiser than seven men who can render a reason, and when those of an overbearing disposition are sure to assume the delegated authority and act the tyrant over men as dejected, or whatever is subjected to their sway.  
George WILBY ruled his slaves on his plantation with a rod of iron, and his father, who knew not the extent of his cruelty, commended him highly for the order and regularity with which all the business of his plantation was conducted. Of course he grew more arbitrary and cruel daily, and the least neglect, or even inability amongst his miserable laborers was punished with the utmost rigor. They feared him as they most devoutly did they pray that he might never succeed his father; indulging hopes that he would die, and so they obtained another master. A worse one they felt that they could not have. But the poor creatures kept these thoughts close in their own bosoms, and lived upon this forlorn hope, even in the very furnace of despair and agony.  
But George WILBY still lived, and during a visit to Charleston, South Carolina, became acquainted with Miss ANNA MITLER, a lady of great beauty, and an amiable disposition. He soon succeeded in winning her affections, for he was handsome, and of a gentlemanly and winning demeanor.  
The day on which he brought home his young bride, was a blessed day for his slaves; but it brought a wound to her spirit, which no balm on earth could ever heal. Her husband attended her to look at his fine farm and well cultivated plantations; and above all, his fine looking and well disciplined slaves. It was the first such spectacle she had ever seen. The poor degraded creatures were toiling in the fierce sun beams, half naked; and here and there amongst them strutted a driver with his scourge, inflicting brutal blows on such as lagged, or even raised their blood-shot eyes from the ground. A groan, or yell of pain, was the only demonstration of feeling evinced, for they dared not pause in their labour, or even lay their hand on their smacking stripes. Mrs. WILBY looked on, and shuddered; she felt all the anguish of their lot pressing upon her sensibilities, and it was with difficulty she supported herself; she could not restrain her tears; and sobbing and trembling, begged her dear George to attend her home.  
"I fancy, my sweet Anna," said WILBY, "that you are not accustomed to see these blacks."  
"I am not, indeed," she replied. "Oh, the sight is dreadful!"  
"You will become accustomed to it," returned WILBY, "and then you will think no more of seeing negroes labouring than you do of seeing cattle at work. We consider them as a kind of cattle, only having reasoning faculties; they are vindictive and revengeful, which obliges us to keep them under rigid subjection."  
"Yet," said Anna, "they are human beings, and susceptible of gratitude. Would they not be won by humane treatment, to labor cheerfully, without the attendance of those brutal drivers?"  
"I think not," he replied; "they cannot appreciate kindness. If treated with indulgence, they are sure to abuse it. But we will dismiss the subject to a peaceful subject. You will in time become reconciled to it."  
"I hope, indeed," she answered, "if this painful spectacle is ever to be before me, I shall learn to regard it calmly. I have felt myself sinking, to see a brutal groom abuse a poor horse, and have been forced to hurry from the sight."  
That day as they sat at dinner, a black boy, apparently about fourteen, was charged with having sat, as an overseer was punishing a delinquent, and wished the wicked devil's arm would fall from his shoulder. This was considered an offence of too

high a character to be passed lightly by, and he was accordingly brought to his master's notice. WILEY raised his tearful eyes, and meeting Mrs. WILBY's look of commiseration, assumed the courage to say, in a tremulous tone, "He was whipping my father, who is old and feeble, and could not do his task!"  
Mrs. WILEY rose; "Dear sir," she said, addressing her husband; "I have never asked a favor of you till now. I beseech you give me this poor boy."  
"Anna," he cried, "I cannot refuse your first request; yet, be assured, I am by no means pleased with it. This fellow should receive an hundred lashes, as an example to the rest; but you will reward his insolence, and this will encourage contempt and insubordination amongst the black rascals; can you not recall this request? I will grant you any thing; only do not interfere with the discipline of the slaves."  
"My dear Mr. WILEY," she said, almost choked with emotion; "grant this one request, I beseech you; I cannot recall it; I have no other to make."  
"It is granted," he answered with as good a grace as he could assume.  
She thanked him fervently, and bade the poor boy go to the kitchen, and await her orders. "Good, blessed mistress," faltered the trembling creature, "let me go to the field and work, and let my poor father come to the kitchen; he is sick and cannot work."  
Mrs. WILEY turned to her husband; he observed her supplicating look, and rising suddenly, went out to avoid her importunity. He went, however, and finding the slave in question really sick, discharged him from labor until he should be better. Of this, Mrs. WILEY gave her no information.  
Mr. WILEY was evidently disconcerted by this first request of his wife and its probable consequences, anticipating nothing less than a revolt of all his slaves as soon as this favored boy was old enough to lead it. But Mrs. WILEY felt assured that gratitude would bind a mind like his, while severity would most likely drive him to desperation. Accordingly, she kept him comfortably clad and busily employed; providing for his instruction in the common branches of education. He was named Moses, in consequence of an observation of Mrs. WILEY, that he would be the Moses who would deliver his slaves from bondage. But his gratitude was unbounded, and he not only displayed great capacity for learning, but an active and acute mechanical genius. After he became of age, he married and maintained his family comfortably and creditably.  
Meantime the condition of his fellow slaves was greatly ameliorated by the humane influence of Mrs. WILEY, at whose suggestion a physician was employed, to examine any of the laborers who seemed to droop; and if he pronounced them ill, they were exempted from hard labor until recovered. Other humane arrangements were made; and Mr. WILEY boasted that no negroes on the island were so well treated as his. His only son Frederick, the subject of our story, was not placed as himself had been in authority, before he was right from wrong. His mother sought to imbue his young mind with the spirit of philanthropy, and so far succeeded, that although by nature wild, volatile and fond of sport, he was not cruel or vindictive.  
He had just attained his eighteenth year, when that fearful destroyer, Yellow Fever, broke out in the island. Its ravages amongst the blacks was dreadful; and many of the white inhabitants, notwithstanding every precaution, fell victims to the dire disease. Mr. WILEY's plantations seemed desolate to utter desolation, so fierce, and so fatal, was the fever at its first appearance amongst his slaves; and so terrified were the poor wretches, to whom a free person would suppose death should be not only welcome, but desirable, that they fled from each other in panic terror, to avoid infection. Even mothers, as soon as their children exhibited symptoms of the disease, threw them from them, and left them to perish on the bare ground, or in the deserted cabin. Then were seen the blessed fruits of education, and the divine influence of Christianity. Moses, Mrs. WILEY's freed man, went fearlessly amongst them, attending and administering to the dying; directing the burial of the dead, and removing all the sick, who were able to bear it, to a large barn, where his family nursed them, under his direction. And Moses was a true and zealous Christian; he had taught Christ amongst his sable brethren, and now exerted himself for the souls, as well as the bodies of the sufferers. Truly affecting it was, to see him supporting the languid head, administering to the agonized body, and pleading with the dying sufferers, to accept of the Saviour whom he exhibited to them in his word. Many died in hope, and some recovered, to exhibit the meek spirit of religion, by unmurmuring submission and forbearance, even in slavery.  
Mr. WILEY was an interested, but silent spectator of all this; his heart was busy with plans for the future, when he was violently attacked by the epidemic in the most virulent manner. His brain was so much affected, that from the first hour of his illness, he was bereft of reason. Mrs. WILEY, Frederick, and the faithful Moses, attended him with the utmost assiduity, although they felt but small hope of his recovery. The crisis of the disorder came, the pallor of death settled upon his haggard countenance; and as the fever died upon the exhausted nerves, reason came back to her tottering citadel. He looked calmly upon the dear group of weepers, who were striving to alleviate his agony.  
"It is all over," he said. "Anna! you have been my life's angel; many will bless God with me, that he gave you to teach me humanity and the love of God. Frederick! enfranchise all your slaves when I am gone, and rely upon your mother for advice as to the most expedient method of bringing this important business to an auspicious issue. Moses! You are more experienced in these things than my poor boy. Be an instrument in his hand to perform this blessed work. And I charge you, never to lose sight of him, or to forget what you owe to his angel mother."  
"I will be her and his faithful servant till I die!" answered Moses.  
"God bless you all, and receive me into rest, for Jesus' sake!" faltered Mr. WILEY, and after a convulsive struggle, the form and features settled into the calm and peaceful picture of death!  
Mrs. WILEY sunk into insensibility, for she was exhausted with watching and anxiety. She was

conveyed to bed, and with returning consciousness came the powerful conviction that she too was a prey to the life drinking fever! At first, she felt the shuddering of nature which shrinks instinctively from dissolution; but holy hope, and faith in God, soon raised her above the fears of nature's dissolving agonies; and love divine lent its strong consolation to the maternal heart, which yearned for the orphan mourner. Fervently did she commend all her interests to her God and Saviour; resigning herself into His merciful hands with full assurance of His eternal love and power. Meantime, Frederick had stolen silently into the room, and fancying her still insensible, approached the bed cautiously; but, Oh! what a pang thrilled his bosom, as he saw too evident the hue of fever upon her face! His parents were all the world to him, and he came from weeping over the cold form of the one, to look on the dying agonies of the other! He burst into the most violent weeping; he felt as if his heart was breaking. His mother laid her hand on his head, as he knelt, with his face upon the bedside.  
"Frederick! my dear child!" she said, but the voice of his anguish fell too forcibly upon the bereft, dying mother's heart; for a few moments she sobbed heavily, as if despair and agony were in her bosom; when this burst of feeling had subsided, she spoke with a calm and tremulous voice. "Don't lament so, Frederick! you distress me exceedingly. 'Tis God who is dealing with us. Pray to Him for consolation; He is able to support you. You will soon be an orphan, but not poor and homeless, as many are. Think of this, and be thankful. Do not mourn for me. I feel a strong and blessed assurance of eternal happiness, through Him who is able to save to the utmost. And now, perhaps I have but a few moments to spend to you before my senses wander. You remember your father's dying injunction. I never do to turn your poor blacks loose, and dismiss them from your service, in their present ignorant and helpless condition. I therefore advise you to put in practice a system of emancipation of which I have often dreamed, and which I still consider practicable. Institute a school; Moses will serve as teacher; have all the children instructed in the common branches of learning. Provide mechanics to teach them trades, and let such as manifest a genius for any business be put to it. And let it be understood, that all such as approve themselves docile, attentive and industrious, shall be free as soon as they come of age; while the obstinate and vicious shall be retained in slavery. Then, as your candidates for freedom come of age, it will become you to give employment and honorable wages to all such as prefer remaining with you. By this method of proceeding you will in time rid your hands of the dark stain of slavery, and if any should be so devoid of gratitude, and every amiable feeling, as to prove insensible to the blessings of liberty, proving themselves indolent, perverse and malicious, sell them away, and you will at length find yourself surrounded by a happy and grateful people."  
"Oh! my dear, good mother," sobbed the wretched child, "I shall never live to put your humane plan in practice!"  
"Time, my child, will soften your sorrows," she replied; "and I pray God, that you may find His rich consolations. Oh, Frederick! there is a balm in Gilead; there is a Physician there. Apply to Jesus; He is able, and abundantly willing; He will give you peace, such as the world cannot give, and not as the world giveth; for naught on earth can take it away."  
Her voice sunk into low moans, and a stupor came over her senses, which was only interrupted by intervals of harrowing agony, till death put an end to the dreadful conflict!  
Poor Frederick was nearly distracted. So sudden, so dreadful was his bereavement, that in his frantic sorrow he prayed for death, and longed to lie down in the grave beside his parents! Moses sought by every method to divert and amuse his mind, and he became naturally of a volatile temperament, the violence of his grief consumed itself. He soon became calm, and in a few short months seemed quite happy, except at intervals when the gloom of sadness would overshadow his spirit in his lonely solitude. He often thought of his father's charge, and his mother's plan of emancipating his slaves; but although he firmly resolved to follow their injunctions, he still delayed commencing his operations. Indeed, the condition of his blacks would have been deplorable but for Moses, who assumed an authority, which not being disputed by Frederick nor Mr. WILEY, held the drivers all in check.  
At length, WILEY married the daughter of a neighboring planter, a modern fine lady—that is to say, an effeminate, full grown lady, who must be petted and humored at all events, or she will deem herself bitterly aggrieved! who considers herself created, not for a rational companion to man, but just for a pretty plaything, to be dressed, exhibited and caressed.  
Of course, his house was now to be newly furnished; and a round of parties of pleasure, and amusements of every fashionable description, was commenced and persevered in, to the exclusion of every serious thought or worthy action. At length his lady's health began to fail; for a constitution which can endure labour and exposure, will sink under continued dissipation, late hours, and uneasy costume.  
What was to be done! The physician advised a trip to Europe, to Spain or Italy. There was novelty in the idea, and a deal of pleasure promised, in a visit to classic Italy. It took Mrs. WILEY's fancy at once. Her husband hesitated; and wept and complained that he did not love her, and was not solicitous for her health and life, &c. So, poor WILEY kissed away her tears, and made arrangements for the long and expensive voyage!  
And now, as he was about to leave home, he thought again of his mother's dying words, and communicated her plan to the faithful Moses.  
"Do you think, my faithful servant," he said, "that you could bring this experiment into operation?"  
"I can try, sir," said Moses; "and if God bless my endeavors, all will go well."  
"Then I leave it to your discretion," answered WILEY; "and entrust you with the management of my affairs until I return."  
"I shall be faithful to your trust," said Moses, "for your good mother's sake."  
WILEY marked the big drops gathering in his eyes, and his own heart smote him. He began to compare the present Mrs. WILEY with her who had nurtured him; he turned from the contrast! It is

whose gratitude knew no bounds. As soon as he heard of the dreadful situation of Mr. and Mrs. WILEY, he communicated it to his fellows, telling them that now was the time to prove their gratitude, by making every exertion and every sacrifice to ransom their Master and his family. Accordingly, every exertion was made: Venues were proclaimed, at which were sold various articles of their manufacture, displaying ingenuity, and judgment; together with all the loose property of the farms; for not knowing how great a ransom would be demanded, Moses thought it expedient to go well provided. He went on board a vessel as a hand, to save the expense of his passage; and now stood a messenger of release before his astonished friends at this fearful crisis! He had paid their ransom, which was not high, as they were not profitable slaves, and the vessel which belonged to Charleston, the United States being at peace with the States of Barbary, having discharged her cargo, received the passengers, and after a quick and prosperous voyage, Moses had the pleasure of bringing Mr. WILEY and his family back to their old home.  
But what a change had there taken place! Instead of the files of sullen naked slaves, attended by their drivers, unwillingly and laboriously breaking the ground with hoes, were seen a cheerful and well dressed people, performing their labour with ingenious implements of their own manufacture and invention; while the mechanic's saw and hammer resounded from the tidy shops, groups of decent looking children were running with glad and laughing voices to their school; and cheerful and intelligent conversation, mingled with the songs of the birds, came on the balmy breathings of spring!  
As soon as Moses and his companions were recognized, wild shouts of heart-felt joy arose, and were re-echoed from field to field, until all the rejoicing population were assembled around them. Mrs. WILEY sobbed convulsively, and found no other way of expressing the mingled emotions of her soul; and while some of the people were addressing the child, WILEY looked around, and raised his hands in gratitude to heaven.  
"Come all of you, my ransomed brethren!" he cried, "rejoice with me, and be happy! Let us thank God together. I can now rejoice with you in your emancipation, and also thank HIM who has permitted Adversity to teach me this STERN LESSON!"  
WILEY told him that she would die and her master lose her ransom.  
"Her labor is very light," answered the Turk, "not sufficient to compensate for her board; but why do you talk about her? You Christians never love."  
WILEY thought how lightly he had treated the agonies of slaves, as parent and child, husband and wife, were torn asunder by the inhuman traffickers. He felt as if he were smiting the very foundations of his own house, and he murmured, that they knew not the yearnings of affection. Oh! I am taught a stern lesson!  
Many a night as he lay on his mattress, tossing his weary limbs, lame and sore with unwanted toil, and agonizing with the thoughts of the anguish of his poor Celeste's lot, did he wonder how his heart could ever have been so insensible to the miseries of slavery, so void of feeling for the pains, sorrows and despair of the poor degraded blacks! I used to consider them an inferior race of beings, thought he; so do the Mohammedans consider us, who libel the name of Christians! Oh! God, he would say, thou dearest justly with me; only in judgment remember mercy!  
One morning, when he had been about a year in slavery, the child who brought now and then a message from his wife, came to him saying, "Poor Celeste is sick, and wishes you would try to see her before she dies!" This was like a thunder-stroke to his very soul. Celeste dying! O what would become of his poor boy! he reeled under his anguish, as if he had received a violent blow upon the head. What could be done? See her he must. In the distraction of the moment, he forgot all caution, all dread of consequences, and followed the child, recklessly, to Celeste's bed side. Oh, what a sight! worn to a skeleton, embrowned with exposure to the sun and fire, shorn of her bright glossy tresses, haggard, and apparently stricken in years, lay the ruins of the once tender and beautiful Celeste WILEY! A poor skinny child, whose eyes seemed to protrude unnaturally beyond its sunken cheeks, and whose entire nakedness displayed its revolting emaciation, was crying vehemently beside her, and smoothing her haggard face with his little meager hand. As WILEY entered, the poor thing threw its little bony arms over her, exclaiming, imploringly, in broken words, "Pray do not strike mammy! Mammy will go and work! Only give me and mammy dinner! See, mammy is hungry!"  
This was too much. WILEY fell to the earth with a groan of agony. Celeste started at the sound, his face was turned towards her, she knew him! At this moment, the overseer who had followed him, entered with his aid, a tall, hard-featured Algerine, with a heavy, blood-stained scourg in his hand. They laid hold of WILEY just as another deep moan spoke returning sensation. Celeste saw, and shrieked piteously. "Silence, slave!" cried the overseer; "your worthless state shall not prevent your taking part in his punishment!" The many similar scenes acted in their native island, and where it was usual to force the slaves, not excepting the nearest relatives, to witness the inhuman punishments inflicted as a terror to them all, now flashed fearfully on the memories of the sufferers. The agony of that moment was of surpassing intensity. WILEY was bound, and the executioner began to lay on his inhuman blows, at every lash Celeste shrieked as if pierced to the heart's centre!  
"Hold!" cried a stern voice, and the Bashaw stood before them, accompanied by Moses! The angels of God, who receive the spirits of the ransomed as they burst from the agonizing struggle of death, were never more welcome than was this faithful man to his suffering Master and Mistress! One of the crew of the vessel in which the WILEYS were taken captive, had found opportunity to write to a brother, who resided near their plantation, and by this means Moses received information of their situation; for they had fallen into such inhuman hands, that they could find no means of transmitting any intelligence. During the four years of their absence, Moses had exerted himself for the amelioration of the condition of the beings entrusted to his care; and without losing sight of the interests of his master, had made his blind the blessed home of a joyful and intelligent people,

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Don't be Discouraged.  
"Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life, in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hills, and generally tough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure what is to be endured, with as much cheerfulness as possible, and to show our way as easily as we can through the great crowd, hoping for little yet striving for much is perhaps the true plan. But  
"Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents happen, miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that prospects are, like the skies in April, sometimes clouded, and sometimes clear and favorable; and as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun before to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since in the common course of things she may be surely expected to smile again. And again—  
"Don't be discouraged, if you are deceived in the people of the world. It often happens that more borrowed characters, as well as borrowed clothes, and sometimes those who have long stood fair before the world, are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions; but to these you must become used; if you are so most people, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust more cautiously, and examine their characters closely, before you allow them great opportunities to injure you.  
"Don't be discouraged, under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men, though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious; be frugal; be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse, and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be as happy."  
**A Short Sermon on long ones!**  
Text—Be Short!—Colton, Malher.  
My friends, I have forty times against my sermons, but for the sake of brevity, I shall omit but two.  
1st. Long sermons seldom effect the object of preaching—the design of the preacher is to convince, instruct, and persuade.  
Now, to convince, it is not necessary to dig a channel to the understanding as long as the Ohio Canal—and, generally, two good reasons clearly presented, and powerfully urged, will produce more conviction than twenty. To INSTRUCT—neither a whole system of theology, nor a world of illustration, nor a vocabulary of words, are necessary. Such surfeiting the mind rejects. To PERSUADE, it is not necessary to thunder long and loud—the oak is riven by a single stroke of lightning—and PERASUADE, the man that cannot be moved in half an hour, will not be teased into submission in an hour and a half. So that all beyond a sermon, is lost, and worse than lost, the lover of truth leaves the house of God, with a weary body, a jaded unweary mind, and a heavy heart, not because the preaching was not evangelical, or was inappropriate, but because of its unreasonable length.  
2d. Long sermons drive not a few from the house of God. How often is the excuse made—"I would attend church, but—but—who can endure an endless sermon."  
Such an apology may indeed arise from an aversion of heart to truth, but let the cause be removed, and this excuse at least will die.  
Two REMARKS—1st. We see one reason why some Ministers are so unsuccessful in their preaching. Were they to condense their thoughts, and urge them home briefly, vividly, and fervently, with the blessing of God, glorious results would follow.  
2d. Let not Ministers complain that hearers sleep, nor of inattention, when they take the very way to produce it.  
**TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.**—The tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eye; the least dust that gathers into it affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid, than to observe, what impression small sins (as they are improperly named) make upon them; if we are not very careful to avoid all appearance of evil, and to shun whatever looks like sin, if we are not much troubled at the vanity of our thoughts, and words, at the rising up of sinful motives and desires in us, as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened, and our consciences are stupified; for a tender conscience will no more allow of what are called, small sins; than of great sins.  
**MARRIED LADIES.**—A married lady, alluding in conversation to the 48th Psalm, observed, that while young men and maidens, old men and children, were expressly mentioned, not a word was said about married women. An old clergyman, whom she was addressing, assured her they had not been omitted, and that she would find them included in one of the preceding verses, under the description of vapors and storms! Horrified!  
**MUSICAL TASTE.**—The Montreal Courier says—Last Sunday, a gentleman, enraptured with the Divine melody at Christ Church, turned round to his less enchanted and drowsy companion, and exclaimed—"Do not the strains of HAYDN open the door to sentiment!" to which the other, with the most imperturbable gravity, replied—"The door should not be opened at all if it cannot be done without straining the handle."  
"Woe—Pray sir," said a gentleman to a wag, upon one of our wood-wharfs, the other day, "Pray, sir, what is wood now?" "Wood is wood now!" replied the wag; "why, cross cut down and chopped up."  
A paper at the eastward, says that stealing fruit is a trees-able offence.  
The maker of this pun is no sapping; as leaves we are not inclined to bark at it, as some barking wough cynics would, (would.)