

The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

WILLIAM LEWIS,
JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR., PROPRIETORS.

"God—and our Native Land."

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Give gifts esteem, and then be given desert. He either finds equality, or makes it. Like death, he knows no difference in degrees. But flames and levels all.—(DIXON.)

Written for the Model American Courier.

A STORY OF MY WIFE.
AS TOLD BY CARRIE
CARROLL.

BY PHIL. BRENGLER.

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine!"

"This now is very comfortable!" I ejaculated, lazily turning on the sofa until I had a fair view of my wife's eyes.

She glanced towards me—her cheeks indented with the most fascinating dimples in the world—nodded assent, but made no other reply.

A long pause ensued, during which my half-closed eyes were fixed dreamily upon her, and I was meditating what to say. At last, I broke out with what I certainly did not, a moment before, intend to say.

"What a blessing it is, to have a rosy little wife with the warmest heart and the softest fingers, ever created, who knows how to talk when necessary, and how to keep silence when proper, who has the most delicate touch imaginable in arranging a pillow!"

"And who isn't at all jealous!" said Fannie, meeting my gaze with her own smile.

"Hush!" I stopped short, for I did not know how to proceed. What could she mean? After vainly puzzling myself in silence for some time, I gave up the task, well knowing that I should soon hear her meaning from her own lips. Sure enough, like a true daughter of Eve, she could not wait long with a mystery.

"Well, Philip, how do you like Carrie Carroll?"

"Mrs. Walter Granger, I suppose you mean? So then, this is it?"

"Never mind that, but how do you like her? Is she not the same Carrie Carroll whom I pictured to you a few weeks ago?"

"Yes," I replied, hesitatingly, "perhaps she is, but the opinion I have formed of her in the last three days, during her visit, is very different from that which my fancy had conjured from your description! Has not her character changed since marriage? Has she not borrowed some little strength of spirit from her husband?"

"A trifle, possibly, but my quiet, retiring friend was never deficient in the spirit, which you seem to think, belongs only to the harder sex."

"I can believe you, Fannie, for if I ever saw a dash of the secret vixen, just enough to make a wife charmingly pungent, I have seen it in the brown still eye of your friend. But I don't believe that she has more of this same spirit than yourself, and indeed, for her husband's sake, I hope she has no less. Take care how you vex her, for if a woman's eye can speak, she will have a little pleasant revenge, and I know what that is."

"The mischief is already done, so that your warning is too late."

"What do you mean?"

"This afternoon, we were chatting together, and incidentally mentioned our husbands. Yes, incidentally, sir. Somehow, she imagined from a chance word or two, that I had told you the story of her heart-affairs, and so, she charged me with the fact. I justified as well as possible, not very well, however, but could not deny her. She declared, that she would take the first opportunity to tell you some little matters out of my own early history, and then fell busily to work in collecting documents. After some trouble, she found a few foolish letters which I had written to her years ago. These she means to show you as soon as possible, and unless I'm very much mistaken, she will seize her opportunity to-night. Hush! there is her step at this very moment. Be careful now, and above all, don't be jealous!"

Sure enough, there was the lady her-

self, looking as demure and suggestive almost, as my Fannie ever could.—She took a seat by the side of her friend and instantly opened a conversation in a manner, which I had never before observed in her. Her whole appearance was changed. The quiet, beautiful woman was suddenly converted into the animated and graceful wit,—all through that pleasant malice which sometimes gives such delicious piquancy to the sex. As I looked at them, I could not help smiling at the contrast. The transformed rattle on with spicy gaiety, while Fannie, half bewildered by this appropriation of her own character, strove hardily to maintain her wonted superiority in tongue. Nor did she quite fail.

I was not allowed to amuse myself much longer as a spectator, for the fair disputants, with a little transparent manœuvring, soon managed to draw me into the conversation. It was very easy to see every movement as Mrs. Granger gradually edged up the subject to a point where it would seem natural, and be in perfect grace for her to commence the retaliation. Fannie made no effort to lead her away from the course, and I covertly encouraged it, for, if the truth must be told, I was somewhat anxious to know if my wife had told me all of her heart-history.—She seemed so fearless in regard to the matter, that I felt no hesitation in drawing out the whole affair.

At last, with a natural turn to the conversation, Mrs. Granger exclaimed:—"Pray, Mr. Bregler, what do you think is the most proper penalty for revealing the little secrets of a friend?"

"Apply the *lex talionis*, of course."

"In all cases, without any exception?" she inquired doubtfully.

"I know of few cases where that law ought not to apply. But speak plainly, for you mean something."

"Do not blame me then, for remember, you have asked me to it. As for you, Fannie, I have no fear that you can dare to open your mouth. The fact is, sir, that I am strongly disposed to tell a story of your wife."

"I am all attention. Pray proceed."

And without farther preface, she playfully commenced her story.

Fannie was fourteen and I fifteen, when we were room-mates, and of course, intimate friends, in a boarding school of this city. Her young life was one long frolic at that age, as you can very well imagine, from seeing her now, when she has sobered—so slightly. So those thoughts who saw her in the every-day character only, but her friends well knew that her joyousness was only the language of a warm and high heart. You are blushing, Fannie, and I'll stop. Your husband needs no information as to your disposition.—My own temperament was very different.

One day, we were allowed to ramble in a beautiful wood, just out of the city. I believe, sir, that Fannie has told you some few particulars of that walk, but she did not tell you the whole that happened to us. She left that part to me.

As we were sauntering along in a delightful path, we came under a large, noble tree, so refreshingly enticing in its shade, that we sat down at once on a pile of soft moss, and began to chat. Hardly a dozen words had been said, before we heard a rustling in the tree above, and then a rough voice calling to us. We started to fly, but the owner of the voice was too quick for us, and before we could escape, he swung down from a lower limb, and stood directly in our way.

"Hallo! girls. Don't be frightened, and make fools of yourselves now."

We said nothing, but looked upon the young monster with perfect horror. I speak for myself, at least; for Fannie always declared there was nothing very frightful, only a little negligence in his appearance. There was something, however, which made him a new character to both of us. The boy was about our own age, with nothing very repulsive in the expression of his face, but then he was dirty, and so awfully ragged—a real young cub—that my heart sank within me, and I would almost have fallen, had not Fannie put her arm around my waist, and summoned up the utmost strength of her eye to look the boy down.—There is much power in those spirited eyes, as you know, sir, but it was lost on the hardened young wretch. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed—I really thought he did—but he stood up audaciously and smiled admiringly upon a look that would have made me drop my head.

"Well, girl, I'll be beat if you ain't one of the likeliest and prettiest of them that I ever see. Here, take my hat—but you don't want that. Take my bird's eggs, then. There's as handsome as any you ever see, and when you've strung 'em up and put 'em around your neck, just think of me, will you? (tell you what it is, now—it does me good to look at your bright face.)"

As the boy held out to her a tiny

nest, full of prettily speckled eggs, he actually wore through all his rough raggedness the earnest air of a suitor, making his first offer to the beautiful shrine he would fain worship. This, and the real meaning of his words showed us, that he had a large heart, uneducated and run to waste. Both of us were immediately a little reassured. In fact, Fannie felt somewhat pleased at this comical expression of his rude admiration, and spoke to him with less severity than she would otherwise have used. Her words poured forth quickly, and in the deepest flush of earnestness. I admired her in that attitude, almost as much as did the wonder-stricken boy myself.

"You are a very lazy and wicked boy to leave your work and come out here in this beautiful place to rob the poor birds. Could you find nothing to do at home? Have you not some way of spending your time, more profitable to yourself and every one else, than to roam about the woods, acting in such a heartless and contemptible way? You never thought, perhaps, how much real cruelty there is to the weak, innocent birds in this vile pleasure of stealing their very homes from them.—Now, if you are not altogether vicious in your heart, don't do this again.—Come out here in this beautiful grove as often as you please, for it ought to do you good. But in this silence and in the solemn shade of these old trees, how dare you be a thief?"

After she had stopped, the boy's gaze of admiration suddenly changed into a settled sullenness—almost painful to look upon. He spoke between his teeth, as he said slowly—

"Pretty well done, but you don't know what you are talking about. I can't help myself—I've got nothing else to do, and I'd rather be out here alone than around with the boys. I don't care if I do rob the bird's nests. Now, there you have it right square."

"Don't care!" cried Fannie, in high and beautiful indignation. "You can't find any thing else to do? Why, look at yourself, just as you are, and see if there is nothing to be done. You are ragged and dirty, and you might at least spend a little time in putting on clean clothes—"

"And more in getting them!" muttered the boy.

"Then you are ignorant, too. You ought to be ashamed of that, when there is a school in every street, where you can study, if you will. Don't say you are too poor, for a little work—a very little, compared with your laziness—would send you to one of them. You are not afraid to do this—you, who can steal their homes away from the birds! I couldn't do that—I have not courage enough to steal."

"Look here, now. I am poor and ignorant, but perhaps I can tell you a thing or two for all that. It's all very easy for a rich girl, who don't know any thing about work, to preach it to those who can't find it. You don't know what a life we poor folks are obliged to live. If I knew how to do better, I would, there's an end of it.—But I can't."

"Here is some money," cried Fannie hastily, "take that, and begin upon it. Many men have made fortunes on less than even this little sum."

"No!" said the boy passionately, and with a different spirit gleaming from his eyes. "No, I won't take your money—I can't do that—but I'll tell you how you can help me. Just give me your advice how to begin."

"I really don't know what to say," exclaimed Fannie, in some perplexity. "Yes, that is it! I thought so. I don't know much about it, but I would learn if I were in your place.—You may take this for certain, that there have been poor boys, who set themselves hard at work—upon any thing at first—and have become great men. There's Dr. Franklin now—he was a poor printer's boy once. There's Roger Sherman;—he was a shoemaker when he was young—"

"No, no, Fannie, I whispered, "I happen to know that the common story is wrong here. He was a retail boot and shoe merchant, but not a shoemaker."

"Don't spoil it, Carrie. There are Mr. Girard and Mr. Astor, and a host more—enough to clear the way for you, so that it will look bright ahead. Now, do go to work, and make a man of yourself. Don't be afraid. Why, I know, I could do it in your place, and you are stronger than myself."

"Now, I really wish you knew a little more about how to begin," said he.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

The beautiful seedling *Camelia* raised by Peter Mackenzie. Spruce-street, Philadelphia, named "*Jenny Lind*," has been sold to Messrs. Henderson & Son, of London, for two hundred pounds, or one thousand dollars, and will be shipped in the steamer *City of Manchester*, on her next voyage to Manchester.

WM. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq.—Our gifted fellow-townsmen has finished his course of lectures, four in number, on "Poetry and the Practical," and "The Character of Hamlet," before the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. Throngs of both sexes assembled to hear him, and he earned their approving suffrages, and covered himself with laurels. He was to take a run North for a week, and then, on his way home, deliver a couple of lectures at Richmond.—*Charleston Courier*.

We have been favored, by a friend, with the sight of a few copies of "Green & Russell's Boston Post-boy & Advertiser," published at Boston in 1760, which according to the list of "the first news papers published in North America" which list we publish in this issue, was the *Sixth paper* ever published in America. We take from it the following extracts for the amusement of our readers and if permitted will hereafter make others form them.

All the copies we have been favored with, have interested us very much. The sheets themselves present an appearance quite as quaint and antique as the pictures we sometimes see of our old Grandames who lived a hundred years ago with their narrow hoop-skirts and powdered hair, &c., and are quite interesting themselves. The letters are all old fashioned ones and a body has to study awhile before he can make out what is printed. And as to the matter contained we make no comments, but leave others to judge, from the samples offered, for themselves. There is one thing about these papers which strikes the reader very forcibly, and that is the great anxiety and expectation with which they all at that day looked for the new arrivals from the mother-land and the avidity with which the news from old home was caught up and devoured. The editor when he had obtained news however scanty, from Old England, seemed to think very openly and plainly that he had an excellent issue for his readers and frequently boasted of it; and these arrivals were all regarded as new eras in their lives, and were headed with large and flourishing notices of "News from England" &c.

After reading these papers the mind can but reflect how hard and unjust must have been the treatment of the Mother country, and how strong the love of liberty that could estrange from all that seemed so dear to them, hearts so loving and loyal as theirs. But here are some of the extracts. They had a queer way of giving notices in those days and we must congratulate the merchants of the present day upon the improvement in advertising. If any are curious enough to desire to see these papers, they can be found at Dr. DARGAN'S Drug Store, who we have no doubt will be pleased to exhibit them to any and to all, and perhaps while you are there, he may be able to sell you some of those fine things he has just advertised.

TAKEN UP BY WILLIAM DOLLEY in Cambridge River on the first of this instant, an old Boat, or small Canoe. Whoever has lost the same may have it again, by applying to said Dolley in Cambridge, paying the charge.

IN THE LATE GREAT FIRE, a Mohogany Chest of an ordinary Wood was carried from the House I lived in to *Andrew Oliver, jun, Esq.*, and among some of his Goods were carried to the top of Fort Hill, and was there seen by several persons with my name written on it.—It's desired of the Person who took the Chest away, whether by Mistake or by Design, they would be so kind as to return it, as they have had full Time to determine whether it be their own or not, I promise no questions shall be asked, and they will very much oblige.

Edmund Quincy jun

JOHNATHAN MOSON, Hereby informs his Customers, (since the late terrible fire by which his Dwelling House and Store were consumed) that he now improves part of Messrs. John Fieat's Shop at the Heart & Crown on Cornhill, and a Store in School-house Lane, near Mr. Anthony Brackets; And has to Sell by Wholesale and Retail, all sorts of Ironmongery, Braizery, cutlery and Pewter Ware, Window Glass, Alum, Copperas, Pipes, English and German Steel, &c. &c. at the lowest Rate for Cash or short Credit.

N. B. The Printers and booksellers Business is still carried on at the Hart

& Crown by Messrs Thomas and John Fleet.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED,
(Sold at the New Printing Office, near the Town House, Price Eight Pence, L. M.)

A VERY REASONABLE AND EARNEST Address to the Citizens of London, soon after the dreadful fire which consumed the greatest Part of that famous Metropolis in the year 1666. By that revered and faithful Minister Mr. James Janeway.

To which is added, Dr. Smollett's Account of said conflagration, and the Impotent Causes thereof. Taken from his history of England.

Likewise, An account of the Boston Fire in the Year 1711. Together with a Relation of THE GREAT FIRE OF BOSTON, Which broke out March 20th, 1760. And an elegant original Essay on those Sober Facts which no Body should be found ignorant of, and with which every Body must needs be affected—concerning that great Fire.

The above-mentioned Address is a truly remarkable Performance, and wrote in that plain honest old Style which the most unlearned Reader can easily understand.

Extract of a letter from Paris, }
January 21, 1760. }
Councils are frequently called, and the subjects under consideration are of the utmost importance. The ministry will not give ear to any proposals of peace, unless they be advantageous and honorable; the cup is filled, and we must drink it. The King's coffers are full; his armies are numerous and in good order. France will have on foot, next campaign, at least three hundred thousand combatants, by land and sea, and they only long for an opportunity to restore to our arms that lustre and eclat which have been tarnished by some adverse turns of fortune. Our enemies all put together, are not able to find or maintain so many troops: they are drained of men and provisions, through the devastation occasioned by the great number of troops with which they have been successively over run, since the beginning of this fatal war.

We hear that a great number of troops are ordered to be in readiness on the shortest notice, which it is thought are designed for the coast of France; and we hear a compliment has been made to some of the gentlemen of the militia, if they have any inclination for going.

BOSTON.—We hear that Saturday seventh the dwelling House of Mr. John Bachelor of Reading, was burnt down, and great part of what was in it destroyed. Wednesday the Rev. Mr. Joseph Jackson, was ordained at Brookline, to the pastoral Office of the Church in that Town: The Rev. Mr. Storer, of Watertown, began the Solemnity with prayer; the Rev. Mr. Cooper of Boston, preached a sermon well adapted to the Occasion, from 2 Tim. 1. 7. The Rev. Mr. Appleton of Cambridge, gave the charge; the Rev. Mr. Cheley, Sen. of Boston, gave the Right Hand of Fellowship; and the Rev. Mr. Pemberton, of Boston, made the concluding Prayer.—The whole was performed with great decency and propriety.

For some time past we have been concerned about several missing Vessels, viz. Capts. Bradford and Sherrard from London, and Capt. Sloper from Bristol, who sail'd the middle of November last bound to this part: But last Tuesday Night, Capt. Brown, who was a Passenger on board Capt. Bradford, came to town from Newbury, where he arrived in 18 days from Eustatia, and informs that from the 1st of December to the 1st of last January, Capt. Bradford was beating upon the Coast endeavoring to get in, and had once got within 8 leagues of Cape Cod; but the violent North-West winds successively coming on, and the weather extreme cold, they were obliged to stand away for the West Indies; and sometime in February last intending for Antigua, he was attacked by a French Privateer Sloop of 12 Carriage guns, number of Swivels and about 100 Men, with which he stood an engagement two Hours, and would have beat her off, had not a calm come on, when the Privateer g't out her oars, and kept under the Ship's Quarters, so that she could not bring her guns to bear upon them; and the enemy keeping an incessant Fire upon them, tore the ship very much; and the men being much fatigued, and some of their joints frost-bitten, they were obliged to surrender, having stood a brave Resistance as long as they were able; The enemy, as some of them gave out, had 12 Men kill'd and some wounded.—None of Capt. Bradford's men were killed, and only a Passenger, (Capt. Philips of this town) slightly wounded. The enemy carried Capt. Bradford into Martinico, from whence he was released, with Capt. Brown, Capt. Philips, and others

who got to Goudaloupe and from thence to Eustatia, who may be expected by the first Opportunity. The Enemy took from Capt. Bradford's people all they had except the clothes that were upon them.—That Capt. Sloper from Bristol, was also blown off the coast, and taken and carried into Martinico, by two Privateers before Capt. Bradford was.—And, by Capt. Kitchen, in a London ship, who arrived at Goudaloupe from Barbadoes they were informed that Capt. Sherrard, who was also beat off this Coast, had arrived at that Island, his Ship very much shattered, and great part of his Cargo damag'd; that in the hard Gale they met with, they were obliged to cut away their mizen mast, and throw their Guns over board; and when Capt. Kitchen was at Barbadoes, they were surveying the Goods taken out to estimate the Damage; and that Capt. Sherrard was refitting and hoped to be ready to sail by the 12 of March, with a convoy that was appointed to see the Vessels outward bound clear off the Island.

Capt. Brown also informs, of several Vessels belonging to those Parts being lately taken and carried into Martinico, viz: Capt. Bruce in ship from this place bound to Antigua, Capt. Bryant, also from this port, and Capts. Turle and Cook from Salem.

He also says that some of the French people gave out, that they intended to come and cruise off these coasts.

Yesterday Capt. McFarland arrived here from Penobscot; in whom came four of the Chiefs of that tribe of Indians, in order to treat with this Government for a lasting and honorable peace. We hear there are now 18 of that tribe, men, women and children, at Fort Powell.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1760.

Extract of a letter from Paris, Jan. 11. "We find that the proposition of the Kings of Great Britain and Prussia for the holding of a congress will not prevent England and her allies from making the greatest efforts, offensive as well as defensive, in Germany and elsewhere. We even see that since the public declaration of Saxony, it is true that the continuation of the war will require fresh expenses, which the belligerent powers will find it difficult to support; but in that respect our court will not be more embarrassed than the others. For finding the necessary funds, the means, of which the Parliaments have complained, will give way to other operations more than their taste and less burthensome to the subjects. Money is as scarce with the English as with us, and we know it is with difficulty enough they bear the immense weight of their national debt. Besides, we hope that France is not to be always unfortunate and that the state which has the same interest with her, to maintain the equilibrium of maritime power, and the liberty of navigation, will at length take measures relative to those two grand objects."

If the French court cannot be brought into a pacific temper before next spring, or if they have already given sufficient evidence of their intention to continue the war with the utmost vigor on the side of Germany it is not improbable that a strong squadron and a body of land forces will soon be sent upon an expedition against the French settlements on the Mississippi. That country, which is called Louisiana, by its vast extent and the fertility of its soil, greatly exceeds in value all the late conquests we have made in North America, and may be put on much better footing than Canada. As it is situated in a very mild climate, fit for producing a great variety of the conveniences as well as the necessaries of life, it may in process of time make the French of two much importance in America, if they are suffered to remain in possession. The great river of St. Louis that waters it is navigable for 900 leagues from the sea; the natives have always known it by the name of the Meact Ohassissippi, which signifies Grand Father of all rivers; but the French naturally careless in pronouncing foreign names, elipt to Mississippi. As we are already masters of the river St. Lawrence, we need only get possession of the country at the mouth of the Mississippi; after which there will be no reason to be uneasy about what numbers of French may remain in the inland parts of North America; for as they would be deprived of all communication with Old France, if such a project should take place, they would gradually lose all thoughts of their mother country, and either dwindle away, or mix with our colonists, and submit to the British government.

Messrs. GREEN & RUSSELL.
Please to insert the following in your next, and you will oblige one of your constant readers.

Boston: how art thou distressed? How art thou fallen of late? thy beauty

is consumed, thy streets are laid waste! the raging flames have destroyed thy goodly house; a deluge of fire hath swept away thy buildings! Great are the losses of thy merchants, and the distress of thy merchants, and the distress of thy poor inexpressible.—The desolation of fire hath made my dwellings an heap of ruins.—My soul mourneth for thy heavy afflictions, and mine eyes weep bitter tears for thy calamities. The horrors of that fatal night, that breathed terrors and destruction on the town, when the spiral flames of indignation roll'd like a torrent, and carried everything before them. When disdaining to be controlled, and unbridled in their fury, they flew on the wings of the wind.—The impetuous rushing of their force was irresistible! they met like contrary seas, rising in mountains to the skies and dashing their rebounding waves, they overwhelmed thine houses, and made thee an heap of ashes!—What ruinous terror, when the angel of wrath flow thro' thy streets with a flaming sword in his hand. He was kindled with burning rage, and the flames sparkled from his eyes; a consuming fire was breathed from his nostrils, which swift as lightning, put the town in a blaze: It's threatening appearance confounded and astonished the most daring and turned wisdom into folly and surprise.—The prudent lost their sagacity; and men of understanding knew not what they did.—The conflagration was an emblem of that awful day, in which dissolution and confusion shall heap terrors on a distracted world! When the flames that reach to the skies, shall bend their lofty spires, and suddenly creep along the ground consuming every thing they meet: When the pillars of the Heavens shall be moved, and the earth shaken from her foundations: When the hollow depths of the sea shall be filled up with the ruins of the mountains, and the waters shall hiss in burning flames; When the surging billows shall be lost in vapor and steam and the ocean scatter'd into dew; When the Heavens shall melt with the fervency of fire; and the sun become like a sea of blood; When the Moon shall loose her lustre, and be veiled in eternal darkness; When the stars shall sick and fade, and cast off their glittering splendor; When conservation and fear shall seize the minds of men, and the secrets of all hearts shall be opened.—O that the thoughts of the terrors of that day, that dreadful day, may open our hearts to goodness, to works of goodness, to works of charity and benevolence.—May a due reflection and sense of the sufferings of our brethren.—May the distresses of the once affluent and prosperous, and the present miseries of the poor; may the thoughts of the like calamities being incident to us; may christian charity and universal love, and the divine precepts of our Saviour; may an imitation of that great and glorious Being, who communicates happiness and love to mankind, of unlimited goodness and mercy; may the duty, the obedience and reverence due to the divine majesty; may the grateful remembrance of all his blessings and favours; He who is the author and giver of all things, as well as the protector of mankind, who continues to us all we possess; may he inspire us with pity, and enlarge our minds to a suitable liberality on this dreadful occasion. May he also dispose the provinces and isles to contribute to rebuild this once famous town; one of the first and most considerable on the continent; to raise it to its former condition; and relieve its distressed inhabitants. And may our brethren of Great Britain and Ireland, whose charitable donations (extensive as the greatness and nobleness of their souls) have flowed in streams of exhaustless liberality, from the Thames to the Tagus, and o'er the atlantic to the main; remarkable for their humanity and generous love to mankind; as merciful, as brave and as tender-hearted, as they are honest and true. May we not hope that they will commiserate our misfortune: Those that are compassionate and good in their natural dispositions: Who raised Carolina from a heap of ruins restored her to her former splendor? May they who heaven has blessed in a distinguished manner, the supporters of the Protestant religion, the strong, the impregnable barrier of liberty, the admiration and glory of the whole world; May these sons of wisdom, charity and benevolence stretch out their hands to save their sinking brethren, and assist them to restore and repair the buildings of one, that was once an English town, the most populous and flourishing on the whole continent of North America: A great part of it now lies in a ruinous heap of ashes: and Boston now looks like a frightful skeleton; whose substance has been worn and melted down by an inward heat and burning, from a goodly habit to the meagreness of a galloping consumption.