# THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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VOL. XXXIV. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1851. No. 28.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY **SATURDAY MORNING,**

BY

**GRAHAM & JOHNSON.**

J. A. JOHNSON, EDITOR.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription. In no case will the above terms be deviated from. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers.

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## THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I'm thinking, Charles, 'tis just a year,
Or will be, very soon,
Since first you told me of your love,
One glorious day in June.

All nature seemed to share our bliss—
The skies hung warm above,
The winds from opening roses bore
The very breath of love!

We sought the still, deep forest shades,
Within whose leafy gloom
Few ardent sunbeams stole to kiss
The young buds into bloom!

The birds caught up our tones of love,
In songs not half so sweet,
And earth's green carpet, violet-flowered,
It scarcely felt our feet!

Ah, APROPOS of carpets, Charles,
I looked at some to-day,
Which you will purchase—won't you, dear?
Before our next SOIREE?

And then remember you how lost
In love's delicious dream,
We long stood silently beside
A gently gliding stream?

'Twas Nature's mirror—when your gaze
No longer I could bear,
I modestly cast down my eyes,
Yet but to meet it there!

And APROPOS of mirrors, love,
The dear gift of your mother
In quite old fashioned—and to-day
I ordered home another.

Ah, well do I remember, Charles,
When first your arm stole round me—
You little dreamed how long your soul
In golden chains had bound me!

And APROPOS of chains, my own,
At Allen's shop last week,
I saw the SWEETEST LOVE, so rich,
So tasteful and unique!

The workmanship is most superb,
The gold most fine and pure—
I quite long, Charles, to see that chain
Suspend your miniature!

I've heard sad news while you were out—
My nerves are much affected—
You know the navy officer
I once for you rejected;

Driver to despair by your success,
Made desperate by my scorn,
He went to sea—and has been lost
In passing round Cape Horn!

Ah, APROPOS of capes, my love,
I saw one in Broadway,
Of lace as fine as though 'twere wove
Of moonlight, by a fay!

You'll purchase the exquisite thing?
'Twill suit your taste completely;
Above the heart that loves you, Charles,
'Twill rise and fall so sweetly!

## The Dangers of Flirtation.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"The world would hardly be worth living in if it were not for flirtations," exclaimed the gay and thoughtless Isabel Lee, as she laughingly entered her aunt's room.

Her aunt, a sober, beautiful, middle-aged lady, raised her large eyes, with a sorrowful expression, to the young girl's glowing face.

"I hope you are not serious," she said.

"There's nothing like flirtations!" cried the merry Isabel. "But you look reproachful—angry——"

'Oh, I am not angry," replied Mrs. Berford, with a melancholy smile.

"But you are displeased?"

"Your words awaken recollections which cause me to feel sad, Isabel; that is all. Sit down here by my side; and you shall hear a story of one of my flirtations, which may change your mind."

Isabel sat down, looking thoughtful, and her aunt continued.

"When I was young like you, dear child, I was quite as gay and thoughtless as yourself. I was called a coquette, and, I shame to confess it, gloried in the name—until the occurrence of the painful events I am about to relate.

"Half a dozen times a year, I used to visit C——, and spend a week or two in the pleasant society of our friends in that place. There I frequently met a pale, handsome, sensitive young man, named Gilborne, who paid me very flattering attentions, making me the theme of numerous poetic effusions, and with whose partiality I was very well pleased."

"I was warned by many well-meaning friends against encouraging the addresses of so impulsive a person as Gilborne, who, they said, was more serious than I, and who might end by falling more deeply in love with me than I expected or desired. I laughed at the idea; and finding the attentions of the young poet still agreeable, I continued to receive them until it was too late."

"Too late? how so, aunt?"

"Why, to my astonishment he one day made a passionate declaration of love, and offered me his hand."

"And you did not love him?"

"No, child. I was merely pleased with him. But even then I did not suppose that his love was more than the result of a sudden impulse, which would pass away with my visit to C——. So I respectfully declined his offer, laughed at the idea of my marrying at that age, and begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind. On the following day I left C—— and returned home.

"Letters and poetry followed me, breathing the most passionate devotion, and burning with the eloquence of love. They bore no name, but I knew they were from Henry Gilborne, and I was beginning to be very much annoyed. I took counsel with my friends, and resolved to send all future epistles back to him unopened. I returned two letters in this manner, and received no more; but three or four weeks after I received a newspaper, in which there was a sonnet, addressed to me under a fictitious name, and signed with his initials. He had discovered a new mode of reaching me with his passionate effusions; and from that time a sonnet or a song signed 'H. G——,' came to me in the C—— Gazette nearly every week.

"At this time Mr. Berford was paying me his addresses; he was one of nature's noblemen—frank, generous, firm in what he considered right, and a gentleman in his manners. Having learned a lesson from the unhappy termination of my last flirtation, I received Mr. Berford's attentions in a different manner from what I had been accustomed to do, and in a short time we were married.

"The ceremony took place in church. I loved Mr. Berford, Gilborne was at the moment quite forgotten, and I was perfectly happy. I had not a thought to disturb my peace of mind—the calm repose of my heart, which I had so willingly, gladly given away—until, as we were passing from the church, my eyes fell upon a wild, haggard figure, standing near the door.

"It was Gilborne! His face was deathly pale, his lips ashy, his eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and he trembled in every limb.

"I started, uttered a suppressed cry, and shuddering, clung to my husband's arm. A pang went through my heart—a pang of remorse and dread, which I shall never forget.

"What is the matter?" Edward asked.

"I could not reply. But he saw my eyes fixed upon the haggard object in the doorway, and knew why I shuddered, for I had told him something of my unfortunate flirtation.

"'Is that Gilborne?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I murmured.

"By this time all eyes were fixed upon the wretched man. It was not his pale face and wild eyes alone that attracted attention; his dress was disarranged, his long dark hair fell in disordered locks about his cheeks, and his garments were covered with the dust of travel. But while all eyes were fixed on him, his were fixed on me alone; and in my alarm and confusion, I felt the blood at first forsake my cheeks, then burn in them like fire.

"Gilborne fell back as we approached the door, and bowed solemnly with his hand upon his heart, while we passed out. I was glad to lose sight of him, and I ardently hoped that his passion would now be cured.

"But his image, as he stood there in the doorway, haunted my brain, and it was many hours before I could compose myself.

"I was beginning, however, to feel at ease again in the midst of our wedding guests, when a domestic came to me to say that a person wished to see me in the hall. Thinking it was some invited friend who had arrived at a late hour, I hastened to the door alone. Imagine my consternation when I saw the wild figure of Gilborne standing before me!

"'How do you do?' he asked, addressing me by my maiden name. 'Won't you shake hands with me?'

"I gave him my hand.

"'You tremble,' said he, fixing his wild eyes upon my face. 'You are not afraid of me, I hope?'

"'Oh, no,' I replied, in an agitated voice—for his strange manner frightened me. 'Why should I be afraid? Come in.'

"'No, thank you; you have company, I see—and I make one guest too many. And you see I am not dressed for a party,' said he glancing at his disordered attire. 'So you will excuse me. Ha! ha! wouldn't I cut a pretty figure?'

"'But I cannot talk with you here,' said I.

"'Oh, I will not detain you a minute! I have—ha! ha!—I have a question to ask which is really so absurd, when I think of it, that I can't help laughing! They told me,' he said, in a pleasant, confidential tone—'they told me—ha! ha! think of the absurdity of the thing—they told me that you were married!'

"And he burst into a wild laugh.

"'I knew better,' he continued; 'but they said it was so, and to satisfy them I determined to come and ask you; for I suppose you ought to know if anybody. You are *not* married! Ha! ha! ha! I had such a queer dream! I thought I was standing in the church door, and saw you coming out with your husband; and you would not speak to me. Wasn't it queer?—and I knew all the time you would never marry anybody but me. And *we* are not married yet, are we? But who is here to-night? I never saw you dressed so beautifully before! Ah!' he added, striking his forehead, I *dreamed* you were dressed so at your wedding!'

"Thus the wretched man went on, sometimes laughing, and sometimes shedding tears. I knew he was insane; I tried to stop him, but was too much frightened to speak. In my agitation, I took hold of the bell-wire, and rang. A domestic came; and I sent her in haste for Mr. Berford.

"'Berford? who is he?' cried Gilborne, grasping my arm. 'They told me that was the name of your husband! Say—you are—you are *not* married, are you?'

"'Yes, Mr. Gilborne,' I replied, trembling so that I could hardly speak. 'I am married—and here is my husband!'

"To my great relief I saw Mr. Berford advance into the hall. Gilborne started back, and fixed his eyes upon my husband with a wild and fierce expression, which caused me to fear for him.

"But Edward was undaunted. Returning Gilborne's gaze with a calm, steady, commanding look, he advanced toward him, and demanded what he wanted.

"The dangerous spirit of the insane man was completely subdued. He hung his head, and burst into tears.

"'Nothing,' he murmured—'I want nothing now! I have been dreaming, I will not trouble you again. May you be happy!'

"He turned and staggered out of the door; and I heard his unsteady footsteps die away in the distance.

"'Poor wretch!' muttered Edward, as he kindly took my hand; 'he is to be pitied! But you are agitated; I hope,' he added, in an anxious tone, 'I hope you have nothing to blame yourself for, in this matter?'

"'I wish I had not!' I exclaimed, fervently. 'But oh, Edward, I feel that I have acted wrong—although heaven knows I never intended he should love me!'

"'Well, do not reproach yourself too severely, he replied, in a mournful voice. 'Let us go back to the parlors, and forget what has taken place.'

"We returned together, and Edward's presence alone sustained me for the rest of the evening. Fear, pity and remorse made my heart faint and my cheek pale, and I was wretched."

"I think I understand your feeling," said Isabel, who had listened with deep interest. "I know how *I* should have felt under a conviction that any thoughtlessness of mine had ruined a fellow being's happiness—perhaps shattered his intellect!—But you heard from Gilborne again?"

"Listen. He disappeared. For more than a year he was absent, and nobody knew what had become of him. At length his friends heard of a thin, haggard youth, who wandered about the country, begging his bread from door to door, and giving in return for charity the touching songs which he sung in a soft, melancholy voice, and the musical tones of an accordion he carried about with him, and which he played with peculiar feeling and skill. Everybody treated him kindly, for, although he was evidently of insane mind, there was a mildness—a melancholy enthusiasm about him—which won all hearts.

"Search was made for him. His friends were not mistaken in their suspicions.—He was the wandering Gilborne!"

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Isabel, tears filling her eyes.

"They carried him back to C——. For several weeks he seemed contented to remain at home; but at length his disposition to wander returned, and he disappeared again.

"One chilly, rainy day, I was sitting alone in my room, amusing myself with my first child—then a beautiful creature some six months old—when there was a ring at the door. Our domestic had gone out, and there being nobody in the house but me, I left little Ella playing on the floor, and went to open the door.

"I started back with an exclamation of alarm. Gilborne, drenched with the cold rain, was standing on the steps. My first impulse was of fear, and would have shut the door in his face, had he not looked up at me and said, in a melancholy voice—

"'It rains. May I come in?'

"I was touched. I held the door open while he entered. There was a fire in the sitting room, and I made him sit down before it to dry his clothes. For ten minutes not a word was spoken by either of us; but his wild eyes followed me about the room wherever I went. I trembled with indefinable dread; and oh! how ardently I longed to hear the footsteps of Edward in the hall. I tried to speak to the wretched man, but for some reason I could not; and his eyes still followed me in silence.

"At length, to my dismay, I heard Ella crying in the next room. Gilborne started.

"'Is that your child?' he asked.

"I trembled as I replied that it was.—Turning deadly pale, he started from his seat, and approached the room whence the cry proceeded. Much as I feared him, I caught his arm. The thought that in a moment of frenzy he might do violence to my child, made me desperate.

"'You must not go there!' I said.

"I can hardly tell what followed. I remember that his eye glared upon me with a momentary blaze of maniac passion—that he pushed me from him—that a dizzy sickness came over me, and that I fell upon the floor.

"When I recovered my senses, I saw him bending over my darling Ella, as she lay on the rug, gaping up with baby wonder into his face. With a cry of terror I sprang forward. But my fear vanished in an instant. He raised his head. There was no frenzy in his eyes; but tears gushed from them, and rolling down his sallow cheeks, fell like rain upon the face of my child.

"He kissed her, and rising from his knees, begged my pardon in a soft, melancholy voice, and in words so delicate and touching that I burst into tears. Before I could speak he was gone."

"How singular!" exclaimed Isabel.

"Hear what is more singular still. From that day Gilborne's insanity disappeared. He is now a minister in C——."

"Is that the man? the pious, benevolent, mild preacher, whom everybody loves so well?"

"The same. He turned to heaven the affections which were thrown away upon my unworthy self. I believe he is happy; but even now, when I hear of thoughtless flirtations, I am pained by the reflections they call up."

"But they seldom have such a melancholy termination, dear aunt," timidly suggested Isabel.

"True. Disappointments in love generally leave sorrow in the heart without shattering the brain. But there are beings of such fine and sensitive natures, that the health of both mind and body depends upon the soundness of their affections."

Isabel bowed her fine head to hide a blush and a tear; and from that day she was never known to indulge in thoughtless flirtations.—*Ladies National, for July.*

## THE COSDEN MASSACRE.

### Sentence of Shelton, Taylor and Murphy.

CHESTERTOWN, June 25, 1851.

Yesterday having been designated by the court as the day on which sentence of death should be pronounced upon William Shelton, Abraham Taylor and Nicholas Murphy, convicted of the murder of William Cosden and family, a great concourse of people assembled at the appointed hour, 12 M., to hear the sentence.

*The prisoners, having been manacled together, were brought into court and placed in the dock.* The Chief Judge then, addressing the prisoners in order, inquired what cause they could show why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon them. To this Shelton replied, "I have nothing to say, except that I was not there, and know nothing about it." Taylor's reply was, "I am as innocent as that boy in the bar; the witnesses, Shaw and Drummond have sworn falsely.—There is not a word of truth in what they said, except in the statement of Shaw that I took a drink with him at the spring."—Murphy replied, "I am not guilty, I know neither part nor parcel of the matter."

Judge Chambers then proceeded to address the prisoners, and to pronounce the sentence, as follows:

*William Shelton, Abraham Taylor and Nicholas Murphy*—You have each been convicted of murder of the darkest, deepest grade. You have had the assistance of most able legal defence. Nothing has been omitted to secure to you every possible advantage. Your Counsel have exhausted every effort which untiring industry in preparation of means, and the most ingenious, intelligent and zealous employment of them could suggest. Yet, you have each, by a separate Jury, selected with the strictest regard to their dispassionate and unprejudiced feelings, been convicted, with a unanimity which seems to have been attained immediately on hearing the facts; and which even the powerful appeals of your Counsel, renewed on each occasion with increased earnestness, could not for a moment avert. No voice has since been heard to whisper a doubt of the truth and accuracy of the verdict. Alas! we may add, no voice has been heard suggesting aught to mitigate the enormity of your guilt. The fiendish act has been marked with features of such peculiar, such unprovoked, such unparalleled atrocity, as to make it the theme of remark from one end of this wide spread Union to the other.—The records of crime furnish no instance of such wanton discharge of every feeling which can distinguish a human from an infernal being.

On the morning of the 27th of February last, there lived, in the quiet of their humble home, a worthy family, consisting of Wm. Cosden and his wife, then lately the mother of an infant child; with a sister of each in the morning of youth: one in the pride and bloom of health and beauty, the other languishing on a bed of sickness.—The honest head of this family had gone through his daily round of labor and duty, and sitting at his fire-side, in fancied security surveyed the objects of his affection, doubtless revolving new thoughts how to-morrow's labor should be best applied to multiply their comforts and his own.

That God, in whom we all live, and move, and have our being, had granted him life and health, and an honest heart had given the will to devote them to the honorable pursuit of the peculiar duties of his station. In a land of law, where, the rights and the life of the humblest citizen are regarded and protected with as sedulous care as those of the most exalted, he could feel no alarm from the approach of lawless outrage; from personal malignity he had no cause to dread injury, because with his dying breath he uttered his belief that he had not an enemy upon the wide surface of the earth.

Surely if peace, a domestic peace, a peace which even a demon would hesitate to invade, can be pictured to the eye of fancy, it is to be found in such a scene as was to be witnessed at the family circle of Wm. Cosden, on that evening when, after the toils of the day, he sat reclining at his own fire-side, with the wife of his bosom busied at the table with her domestic duties, his infant of three months in the cradle beside him, and the sister of his affections playfully amusing herself with her little relative, to make all more cheerful. To that scene the fell spirit of mischief directed your steps on that fatal evening.—Guiltless and harmless themselves, no member of that innocent family had suspected danger or used any means to divert it.

With a willing obedience to the call which every morning's dawn sends from Heaven to man, "to rise and pursue labor until night," his window was unbarred, with no suspicion that a visiter less welcomed than the light of Heaven, would seek admittance there. Poor man! how awfully were all your hopes in one sad hour blasted—and forever. The tale of horror is too dark, too black to allow us to find appropriate words to narrate it. Credulity falters at the belief of a deed so damning and so vile. But it is too true. True, that three men, or creatures in human form, could relentlessly, inhumanly, indiscriminately imbrue their savage hands in the blood of this innocent, this happy and unsuspecting family.

Yes, 'tis too true that you three men, and men you should not be termed, if your condition did not in some measure disarm even just indignation of its feeling, *you* were capable of this wanton, unprovoked, and most foul tragedy. When you had, by the first fatal aim through the window, laid poor Cosden a bleeding victim before your eyes, weltering in his gore, and in agony fast breathing out that life which was the prop and staff of the helpless females, and still more helpless infant, did no emotion of remorse penetrate the dark recesses of those hearts of stone? Did not nature for one instant assert her claim and tell you "that man is a brother—an unoffending brother? One who with the stamp of God's own image on his soul, should have time and means to prepare that soul for its never dying destiny?" No, no.

It would seem that nature's laws were strangled, nature's sympathies dead, in your souls. Like the wild beast of the desert, you were maddened by the human blood you had caused to flow. But let not the ferocious tiger be dishonored by the comparison. He yields obedience to the instincts and the appetites which have been impressed upon him as the law of his being. *You* could only reach this depth of depravity by violating the holy will and every commandment of your Maker. I shudder to speak of the hellish spirit which urged you to the rapid succession of heartless, inhuman, revolting crimes which but befit the inmates of infernal regions, whose wicked propensities have been cultivated and increased from the beginning of time. The mangled person of your first victim, mortally perforated by bullets, and lying half lifeless at his hearth, was permitted to witness the cold-blooded slaughter of his sister and his wife, and then to become the object of further brutal, more than brutal violence, by stabbing and stamping.

But, if there be degrees of deep and desperate degradation in this scene of more than savage barbarity, perhaps the last act of this terrific tragedy may be regarded as the climax. A poor helpless female, with a face pale from disease, and doubly pale from terror, lay prostrate on her bed. To the monster who approached her, she raised her eyes, her hands, and her prayers, imploring that her life might be spared. The untamed savage of the aboriginal forest, with no knowledge of woman's claims, or man's obligations, which all in civilized life recognize, obeying only the instincts of his untortured nature, yet wars not on female helplessness. The scalp of an innocent, inoffensive woman, murdered in cold blood, when in sickness and fright imploring mercy would add no honor to the decoration of a savage whose trade is blood.—But to you that pallid face, the wasted form, the piercing, earnest, agonizing cry for mercy—for life—all were addressed in vain. There—in her bed—helpless—feeble—unresisting—a suppliant—appealing to that God who made woman dependent, and man her protector—you, with souls dead, callous to every emotion that makes distinction between man and devils—you murdered, butcherd Miss Webster.

It is not to make you more odious to the community that we have given this recital of your foul deeds. It would probably be a vain effort, were we to attempt to aggravate the universal horror which has been felt. Surely it is with no design to gratify any unkind purpose of ourselves towards you. Far, very far from it. Our only object is to use this last occasion we shall ever have, to do you good. The ways of an Infinite God are truly mysterious, and past finding out. To finite feeble mortals, it must be so. Why you should be permitted to revel and riot in the blood of an innocent family, is a mystery—while a whole innocent family should, by a murderer's hand, be hurried from a scene of harmless, happy, domestic enjoyment, to their dread account at the bar of God, is awfully mysterious; but a greater mystery than all this we now announce to you. That mystery is, in the rich provision made for the salvation of even the vilest sinner, through the blood of a crucified Saviour. Wonderful is that scheme of divine and infinite wisdom and goodness, which can reconcile the claims of severe justice with the indulgence of unbounded mercy. 'Tis to impress on your minds the perfect conviction, that on this mysterious dispensation of mercy, must all your hopes rely. From man's mercy you can have no hopes. The obligations of justice are imperative—alike imperative by human and divine law. We cannot make these consistent with the mercy which would rescue you from punishment. To God alone this attribute belongs; to be exerted in a future world, and to disembodied spirits. His awful fiat here is—"He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." You cannot wonder nor complain that the whole country has been engaged in searching out the history of this unparelleled outrage. You cannot wonder nor complain that every effort has been used by an offended, insulted community, to bring its authors to condign punishment for the bold and daring inroad upon its peace, which threatens danger and death in the midst of fancied security and comfort. You cannot complain of the untiring industry, the highest intellectual devotion, the soul-stirring appeals of the counsel who have prosecuted you, nor of the honest, truthful jurors who convicted you. As well might you complain of the omnipotent ruler of all events, who wills not that the murderer shall escape, who has not only ordained that his blood, in just retribution, shall be shed by men, but generally, in the order of his providence, so arranges his proceedings that the blood-stained criminal shall be detected.

You are soon to be separated from this world and all it contains—let no delusive, lingering hope of escape lessen your earnest efforts to prepare for another and better world Abandon all such vain, and in your condition, ruinous expectations.

You are to be taken from all which should be dear to your affections. You have, each of you, families—two of you children, and both amongst these an infant, one of a few weeks, the other a few months old. These children you were bound to nourish and protect, and to educate them for honest usefulness, as much as you were bound by the more formal pledge to cherish and comfort the mother who bore them. All these you are to leave helpless and unprotected; nay worse, you are to leave them the legacy of a name steeped in infamy and crime. May it never happen, that while the hot blood they derive from you courses in their veins, excited to redoubled action by some allusion to the hated memory of him whom they should have loved, they may be tempted to curse the father that begat them.

You have brought desolation and death to husband, parent, wife and sister. They sleep their last sleep in the silent tomb; but the tear of pity, of regret and sorrow, has embalmed their memory.

You have in turn brought death upon yourselves, being husbands, fathers, brothers, sons; for you fill all these several relations. Alas! no tear of pity or of sorrow will mark your ignominous exit from a world in which the law regards you as unfit to live.

But carry with you no thought of hatred or unkindness to those you leave behind. Their only sin is that they have performed their duty. When a thought of unkindness would rise up in your minds against a witness, remember that if you had not committed crime, he would not have testified of it. If a harsh feeling should be excited towards the counsel, or the jurors, who have contributed by their voice to bring you to an infamous death, remember that your bold defiance of the laws of God, and of your country, left them no option but to deliver you to its awful penalties; and lastly, remember that we, who now announce your doom, are but the ministers of that law to make known its unrelenting sentence.

—Our sole object is, to persuade you to a better and safer course. Go before an angry an offended God. Bow down your heads and your hearts at his footstool. Remember and confess that he has given you life, and breath, and health and strength, and that you have employed these, his gifts, in destroying your fellow man. Think that the mental faculties given by his goodness to promote his glory and the happiness of his creatures have been abused to vile and fiendish machinations of rapine and blood. Think of the desolation which you have caused in that retired household, where, until polluted by your presence, peace and comfort reigned. Think of the dreadful appearance which your affrighted soul is yet to encounter at the bar of infinite justice—where, before the face of Him "from whom no secrets are hid," you are to meet the murdered, mutilated corpses of those unoffending victims whom you have sent before you, without one moment's time for preparation; but, above all, think of that dark, deep abyss of untold horror, where you may be everlastingly consigned to "the fire that is never quenched, and the worm that never dieth." Let thoughts like these prepare you to adore that wondrous and redeeming love which has made provision for the vilest sinner—even for your escape.—Shudder on the brink of the lake of fire,

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