



When life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm she meets the friendly shore,
Who lived averse to sin;
Such peace on virtue's path attend,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends
The Christian's joys begin.

See smiling patience smooth her brow,
See the kind angels waiting now,
To lift her soul on high!
While eager for the blest abode,
She joins with them to praise the God
Who taught her how to die.

Presented to the
A WARNING VOICE
Stonington Historical Society.
FROM A
WATERY GRAVE!

OR A

SOLEMN PROOF OF THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE,

AND

**IMPORTANCE OF AN EARLY PREPARATION FOR
DEATH!**

**IN THE INSTANCE OF THE MELANCHOLY AND UNTIMELY
FATE OF THE MUCH ESTEEMED AND LAMENTED**

MISS SOPHIA W. WHEELER,

*Who was one of the many unfortunate victims who perished by the
awful conflagration on board the ill-fated steamboat LEXINGTON,
on her passage from New-York to Stonington, Jan. 13, 1840.*

MISS WHEELER was but 18 years of age, of respectable connexions,
and for her strict piety and amiable disposition, deservedly be-
loved by all her acquaintance, and was on her return to the east,
from a visit to the south, with not only the fond expectations of
soon meeting her friends, but, (agreeable to a previous engage-
ment,) of being united in marriage in one week from the evening
of the awful disaster! Truly may it be said that "in the midst
of life we are in death!"

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER,

By SACKETT & SARGENT, No. 1 Nassau, cor. of Wall-street.

1840.

[Entered according to Act of Congress; in the year 1840, by C. WEILD, in
the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New-York.

A WARNING VOICE, &c.

The recent truly melancholly event of the destruction of the steamboat Lexington, and the loss of life of almost every soul on board, to the number of nearly one hundred and fifty (men, women and children,) has filled the hearts of probably more than one thousand mourners with deep sorrow—many of whom, like the disconsolate Rachel, will not be comforted because their friends are not! As there may be some into whose hands this pamphlet may fall, who have not yet been made acquainted with the particulars of this peculiarly awful disaster, the writer deems it not unimportant here to introduce them—the said ill-fated Steamer left New-York for Stonington, Conn. at the usual hour of departure, Monday 13th January, at 3 o'clock, P. M. with arising 150 souls on board, more than one hundred of whom were passengers!—the boat was proceeding safely and expeditiously (as was supposed by all on board) to her destined port, until between the hours of 6 and 7 P. M. when she was discovered to be on fire!—such attempts as the fear and consternation of the poor devoted souls on board would admit of, at this alarming crisis, were made to extinguish the flames, but, without success!—the next thing attempted, and the only alternative left them to save life, was by the fatal Steamer's boats, three in number—but, alas, in this they also failed, they either becoming water-logged or dashed into pieces by the wheels of the Lexington, which were kept sometime in motion, but which finally stopping, and all hopes thereby being destroyed of reaching the shore, the scene of misery and distress which the unhappy sufferers at that moment presented, (as related by the few survivors who were miraculously preserved from the dreadful conflagration,) is indeed almost beyond the power of human conception! the unfortunate passengers (among whom were several women and children,) to escape from the scorching element, clung to various parts of the vessel until compelled by the approaching flames to loose their holds, and to drop into the chilling and boisterous ocean! and if not immedi-

ately engulfed, while permitted to float for a moment on bales of goods or some detached parts of the burning boat, distracted mothers were heard calling to their children, and their perishing offspring to their mothers, for that help, that assistance, which they, poor souls, had it not in their power to afford them—neither had they power to save themselves!—but, to their surviving friends, it should be a consolation, that the sufferings of such were probably of short duration! as nature having become soon exhausted, their heart-piercing cries ceased, and they almost instantly were buried in the deep! and, as has been truly said, (in relation to the poor devoted victims) every human being lost in that ill-fated vessel, has left behind a circle of mourning, and in some cases, heart-broken friends—every one of them was dearly prized in private, and the loss of each makes a void in the family circle at least, which can never be filled again on earth!—but, as it is the purpose of the writer to speak more particularly of *one*, with whom she was endeared by a personal acquaintance, and whose praiseworthy love of *piety*, and views of the importance of attending *early* to the sacred truths of *revealed Religion*, were congenial to her own; and one, who, although her mortal body (with that of many others of the poor victims) lies yet buried in the deep, her immortal spirit, we doubt not, has been borne by her guardian angels, to her God, and numbered with Christ's visible flock.

Miss Wheeler (to whose melancholly death we have alluded, and whose early exit produced the preceding imperfect tribute to her memory,) was a native of Massachusetts; and after a few months residence at the south, (where the writer became first acquainted with her,) was on her return to her native State and friends, and where, agreeable to a previous engagement, she was in expectation of being united in marriage to a respected friend, the week following that of the dreadful disaster!—but, alas! it was God's will that her fond anticipations of a happy and joyful meeting, with near and dear friends, should not be realized—it was His wise decree that they should no more behold each other's faces in this world!—that the appointed bridal day should be turned into a day of deep sorrow and mourning!—alas, sad disappointment! how sudden and unexpected the change!—truly it may be said that human life is "but a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth

away!"—when sickness wears away the constitution by the "cold gradations of decay," the surviving friends are, in a measure, prepared for the awful change that is to succeed—but, where we behold at one moment, as it were, the face of a dearly beloved friend, beaming with *joy*, and in the full enjoyment of youthful *health*, and, to receive in the next, the melancholly tidings of their sudden dissolution, and that they at that moment lie embraced in the cold icy arms of *death*, the change is so sudden, awful and unexpected, that the heart sinks under the weight of its pressure!—may every mourning friend (who have been thus bereaved and afflicted,) permit memory to supply what death has taken away, and by following the footsteps of one, who at the age of eighteen, without a moment's notice, dropped her mantle of clay, and joined (we trust) her kindred spirits, be prepared for a dissolution as sudden, and leave behind them a character equally revered.

The sudden and unexpected exit of Miss W. as well as that of so many others, (some younger than herself) who found a *watery grave* by the shocking disaster of which we have spoken, ought most seriously to impress the minds of all, that "from death's arrest no age is free!"—that youth, beauty and vigour, are but feeble barriers to the fatal shafts of mortality. Such an alarming instance of the instantaneous and unexpected loss of so many lives, speaks in a voice that cannot, and ought not to be stifled, or misconstrued—a voice indeed from a watery grave—"Be ye also ready!" proceeding, as it were, from the lifeless corse of nearly one hundred and fifty persons, young, old and middle aged; husband and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, who, as has been already observed, "went forth so thoughtless of what that day was to bring forth!—perhaps from the social and festive board—with a smile, perhaps, saying "such a day I shall return!" and then that in a very few hours after they set foot on that deck, they should have been dead!—that it all should have been so sudden—in a moment—one moment sitting and conversing with a friend, and the next moment meeting death face to face! Kind reader, permit us here to make the important inquiry—does not this sudden and melancholly instance of mortality suggest to all the necessity of a preparation?—can any harm accrue from having our lamps trimmed and burning, ready for our departure hence?—to contemplate the

hour of dissolution, is the indispensable duty of transitory mortals—did we know the moment of departure, repentance might perhaps be procrastinated—but as the Deity has, for wise and benevolent purposes, shut futurity from our view—as the next moment may be the harbinger of death, the call for preparation is *loud and imperious*.

Time, like a long flowing stream, makes haste into eternity, and is forever lost and swallowed up in it; and while it is hastening to its period, it sweeps away all things, which are not immortal—there is a limit appointed by providence to the duration of all the pleasant and desirable scenes of life—the moment is hastening when the decree of Heaven shall be uttered, and providence shall pronounce upon every glory of the earth, “its time shall be no longer!”—the grave opens and reduces all to a perfect equality—youth, health, beauty, fortune, talents, honors, serve for a short time to distinguish one worm of the earth from another; and could we but have an internal view of that watery sepulchre, where still lies buried so many of the lifeless bodies of those who but yesterday were in active life, with the fond expectation, perhaps, of participating in the enjoyments thereof, what a spectacle should we there behold—the melancholly, if not frightful remains of that amiable and beloved daughter, so late fair and gay, and whose sudden and unexpected exit, at this very moment probably wrings the heart and moistens the eyes of her afflicted parents! and there too the lifeless corse of that promising son, who was late the idol of their soul, and the hope of his bereaved parents declining years!—and there might we behold the remains of that tender beloved infant, so late prized above all price, by that affectionate mother, whose cold and inanimated body still lies by its side, or, perhaps, with it still pressed to her bosom, as if unwilling to be separated from her precious charge, even in death!—the afflicted widow might there too behold the melancholly remains of the husband of her youth, whose unstrung arms can no longer yield her protection, or contribute to her support—who but the very day previous, was in active life, and probably anticipating the happiness he should experience in once more and so soon, meeting his beloved wife and children! alas! “how vain are all things here below!” how uncertain and transitory our dearest possessions, and our purest joys! how careful should we

be to place our affections on the “friend that sticketh closer than a brother,” and who will not like earthly friends, die and leave us. It is indeed gain for the Christian to die, however sudden and unexpected his or her death; as thereby they are removed from this world of sorrow and imperfection—however desirous we are of long life, and however great the terrors of the grave, we must acknowledge that but small is the portion of pure and unmixed happiness which we here enjoy—even the most prosperous have their share of suffering—if such is the state of those whose “cup runneth over,” what must be the condition of such as are exposed to adversity and subjected to the various calamities daily occurring in the humbler walks of life? Poverty and want, sickness and sorrow, anxiety and disappointment, form a *bitter draught*, and in a great measure justify the declaration of Job, “that he would not live always.” In the morning of our days, before we have experienced the cares and sorrows of the world, we imagine the prospect before us to be altogether fair and beautiful—we suppose the path of life to be smooth and easy, strewn with roses, where no thorn is found, and beset on every side with sources of enjoyment—but, no sooner do we enter on this path, than we find how egregiously we were deceived—cares and toils in constant succession, cloud our sky—the tender buds of hope are nipped by the killing frost of disappointment—the airy visions of youthful expectation are dissolved by the touch of real life—we find the world stored with fewer enjoyments than we imagined—we see that nothing is to be gained without labor, toil, and unceasing exertion—we behold around us a fleeting and transitory scene—our fathers are removed into the land of forgetfulness, and leave us to prosecute our journey alone—old age advances, with hasty steps, attended with infirmity and disease, destitute of enjoyment, and leaving us nothing to wish for, but that death (if prepared therefor) would come to conclude our sorrows.

My dear youthful readers, permit me to assure you that all opportunities for attending to religion, beside the present, are totally uncertain! nothing is more common than procrastination in this great concern; yet nothing is more dangerous; nothing more frequently fatal—the *convenient season*, never present, yet ever in imagination near, has lured thousands to their eternal ruin! no doubt there

were some on board that ill-fated steamer (the Lexington) who had resolved that they would, at some future period, choose the better part, and make the important preparation—but, flattered themselves that there was yet time enough! and so flattered themselves even until the very moment that a single hour's longer existence in this world was denied them!—the young it is well known are too generally prone to expect a long life, and to flatter themselves that they will have sufficient opportunity to receive religion hereafter, though the present should be neglected!—vain flatteries! delusive expectations!—for how often has the giddy unprepared youth been summoned into eternity, just as he was laying the deepest plans, and indulging in the fondest expectations of worldly happiness!—My dear young friends, we are all dying creatures—we have seen many of our friends and relatives laid in the grave; many as young as ourselves, and apparently as likely to live—some we have seen carried off by long and lingering disease, and some, (as was the unhappy fate of the poor sufferers to whom we have alluded,) cut down suddenly, without scarcely a moment's warning! God only knows when we are to follow them into the eternal world—we know not the day of our death—our times are in God's hand—it may be to-night—we are certain the moment of death must come—we are certain that it cannot be at no great distance, but know not how near.

Few indeed there are who will deny that it is not a great thing to be prepared to die! to collect fortitude of soul, to pass through a scene, at which the stoutest heart is appalled—it is to be feared that there is too little of this preparation for death in our depraved world—the busy scenes of this life ought not to expel from our minds, the awful certainty of death!—we should remember that we must die; that soul and body must be parted, the one to return to dust, the other to appear a naked spirit before the presence of that God, who gave it! To die, is one of the most weighty and serious things that ever creatures experience—death is so terrible to some, that they cannot bear the mention of the name, yet it is what cannot be avoided by any one of the human race!—several things concur to make it the king of terrors—strong pains, conflicts and agonies go before; fears and terrors attend it!

“Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless wo!
Attend on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!”

It is much to be feared that those who pass over the season of youth, without attending to the important preparation for eternity, as recommended, will remain unprepared forever! We would not limit the grace of heaven—nor would we drive the aged sinner to despair—he is in the hand of God, and *with God* nothing is impossible; yet the melancholly apprehension just suggested, is but too well confirmed by the ordinary course of divine dealings with mankind,—indeed, it perfectly corresponds with the nature of the case; the period of youth is most exempt from worldly cares, anxieties and engagements—it affords, of course, the best opportunities for giving a vigorous and undistracted attention to the things of religion, and for devoting all the ardor and energy of the soul to the love and service of God. But when persons have once plunged into the solicitude and employments of the world, they have ordinarily little time or thought to bestow on the *one thing needful*—to make the all important preparation to meet their God at a moment's notice!—what number there were of the poor sufferers on board that fatal boat, thus prepared, we know not, but hope there were not a few, as since the dreadful occurrence, it has been ascertained that there were a number among the poor victims, who were of great respectability, and whose untimely fate has been very justly lamented by a large circle of friends and acquaintances—nor is it improbable that there were some among them, who, at the melancholly moment, with uplifted hands, prayed, that never prayed before, and with resolutions that if their lives could then be spared, they would never cease to pray to their dying day!—but, alas, poor souls, the day of their probation was at an end, and their petitions for longer life could not be granted!—it was the will of our Heavenly Father that our dear friends should thus for his own best pur-

pose be in an unexpected moment removed from us, and *his* will must be done? under a deep sense of our frailty, we should submit to his chastenings, who orders all things for our good; from seeming evil, he often brings forth the greatest possible benefits; and it is often the case, that what at first seemed dark and intricate is at last made apparent to us as the noon day sun, as having been planned for our benefit. That all wise Being, who is the former of our bodies, and the father of our spirits, would never afflict us were it not for our good. He will not break the bruised reed, he will not lacerate the already bleeding heart; but he will in his own due time, administer the oil and wine of consolation, and say to the boisterous waves of adversity, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther, and here shalt thou be stayed."

All consolation which the mind receives under afflictions, is from that benevolent source from which the chastisement proceeds; we should therefore consider that if we murmur against the dealings of Providence, when they are adverse to our corrupt wills, that we also find fault with the author of our blessings. It is a blessing that we live; and if we improve that blessing aright, the holy book of inspiration teaches us that it is a still greater blessing to *die*—for we are then released from the troubles and cares of life, and leaving this frail tenement of clay, the joyful spirits seeks the haven of its nativity, and reposes in the bosom of its Father and its God." Many in sickness and sorrow are inclined to say, that some other affliction would be better suited to promote their best good, and that some time would be a more fit time than the period that was chosen, but how incompetent judges are we, what is wisest and best to be done? If we were to be our own judges in such cases, we might strive to pitch upon a trial and for a time of suffering, which would lead us to avoid the cross, and leave us strangers to our own hearts; God who knoweth our particular frame and temper, best knoweth when and how to try us, and how long to continue us under the rod, if we derive spiritual benefit from the afflictions which we endure, we shall not say that any other affliction, or any other time to endure it rather than the present; but we shall say "O Lord, thy will be done, both as to the kind and continuance of affliction; oh, cause me to adore thy justice and thy wisdom, and humbly to implore thy mercy."

The knowledge of the certainty that all *must* die, and that the passing hour may be the last---that we may be hurried as instantaneously and unexpectedly into eternity, as were those poor mortals who fell victims to the awful conflagration (which we have attempted to describe) ought to convince the careless and unconcerned of the propriety and importance of spending some portion of *life* in preparation for *death*---the blessed religion of the bible strongly urges the importance of this preparation, as well as prepares the mind of man for all the events of this inconstant state, and instructs him in the nature of true happiness; early weans him from an undue love of this world; afflictions do not attack him by surprise, and therefore do not overwhelm him; he is equipped for the storm, as well as the calm, in this dubious navigation of life---he is not overcome by sorrow and disappointment when that which is mortal dies---when that which is mutual begins to change, and when that which he knew to be transient passes away! Cold and insensible indeed is that heart which is a stranger to *religion*---it is lost to the best feelings, the sweetest and the noblest sensibilities which can possess the human bosom---it was that, and that alone we think, that could have afforded consolation to those of the unfortunate sufferers on board the Lexington, (in their last moments) who had been its sincere votaries---in that melancholly moment, when the poor victims saw death approaching on every side, and without the most distant prospect of an escape, or of being rescued from the all devouring flames by the interposition of any human aid, it was that alone that could have sustained them! Virtue and Religion are the two permanent pillars which support the fabric of temporal enjoyments and eternal felicity, human nature wants something more substantial than mere external objects to constitute happiness; and the possession of these excellencies will render life pleasing in every circumstance, it is not the situation that we are in which regulates the feelings. What can afford a more delightful prospect, than a youth devoting his early life, his undisturbed thoughts, to the pursuits of Religion? and how rarely are we gratified with such a scene? melancholly truth! that so many who call themselves christians, should shun the paths of peace---some cautiously avoid religion when young through fear of being ridiculed by their acquaintances for being serious! are we ashamed to confess our love for that fountain from whence streams

of every comfort flow? for that Parent to whom we alone look for aid in time of our deep afflictions? Religion does not indeed preclude any satisfactory enjoyment, it leads us to most honorable and praiseworthy gratifications that vain nature can bestow, or that immaculate heaven can offer---it is that alone that consoles the aching heart of the afflicted, and reconciles the unhappy to their misfortunes. Without the aid of this, the near relatives of those unhappy beings who were so suddenly and awfully deprived of their earthly existence, could not have withstood the shock! the afflicted husband, or bereaved wife, or grieved parent, who in one fatal moment buried in the deep all that they held dear on earth, is alone comforted by the flattering persuasions of religion, they are assured by it, that if they walk in virtue's ways, they shall revisit their dear departed friends in that place where dwells every felicity, and where sorrow and affliction will no more attend them---

Through shades and solitudes profound,
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light;
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of night!

Thus mortals blind and weak below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain!

'Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

The guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart,
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way and leads the soul.

At her approach the grave appears,
The gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

Baptized with the renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, forever reign.

It is to be lamented that such is the present prevailing thirst for worldly wealth, (to the unpardonable neglect of securing a more important interest in Heaven,) that it is to be feared, that there will be many in their last expiring moments, who will not derive that consolation which Religion is alone capable of affording them---of such we would inquire, that when brought so near death's door, that there remains but one single step between themselves and eternity, what value would they then place on countless sums of gold and silver? Alas, of what value did the poor suffering mortals, (who perished on board the Lexington,) consider the useless pelf of which they were possessed, when on that solemn occasion, millions would have been insufficient to have purchased a single additional moment to their earthly existence! Of so little value did they, poor helpless souls, view it, that they cast it into the sea, (as we have been creditably informed,) as so much worthless dross, that the boxes that contained it might be put to the more important and immediate use, in the conveyance of water to quench the devouring flames! Indeed in the pocket of one of the unfortunate victims, (whose lifeless body was brought by the tide to the shore, a few hours after the fatal disaster)

there were found many thousands of dollars! Yet, however great the sum, a single treasure in Heaven would have been far more valuable to its late unfortunate possessor! My dear friends, you who are so prone vainly to pride yourselves in the accumulation and possession of worldly riches, are you more secure from the sudden stroke of death than were those poor victims, to whose untimely fate we have alluded? Be assured that it is not an *abundance of riches* that can secure to you (not only that degree of happiness and tranquility of mind that you are so anxious to experience, but) a single moment of your precious lives.

We ought all to bear constantly in our minds, that we are but sojourners here on earth--that not one of us have a lease of our lives--that we are all fast hastening to our long homes; and may the benign anticipation of happiness hereafter, enable us to triumph over adversity, and instruct us the proper improvement of afflictions, that they may efficaciously work out for us a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Suitably impressed with the hopes of consummated happiness and fruition in the realms of peace, and with minds dilated above the annoying influence of worldly troubles and adverse events, we can tranquilly withstand all the buffeting billows of time, and welcome the auspicious hour, which transports us from these tenements of clay, to an "inheritance incorruptable, undefiled, and fadeth not away." With this *hope* alone, can the sorely afflicted mourners become reconciled to the late melancholly and unexpected bereavement of their near and dear friends--to whom, (in the language of the poet) we would say:

"Murmur not, nor weep, nor pine,

Ye friends that bear the cross!

For God therein had some design---

He will repair the loss.

And though the vale of death is dark,

His light shall guide thee on,

Nor wreck'd shall be that HEAVENLY BARK,

Like LEXINGTON!

But built by God's own viewless hand,

And guided by his power,

It shall conduct thee safe to land,

Despite the clouds that lower!
And when from that far distant tide,
The GOAL OF LIFE is won,
Thou shalt behold each friend that died
On Lexington!

Yes, and there, (if we die the death of the righteous,) we shall behold our beloved SAVIOUR, who has gone before us to that happy place---we cannot see him here, but we hope and trust that we shall be of that happy number who will behold him there! There is a sweet enthusiastic melancholy that sometimes steals upon the soul, even thought itself is for a while suspended, and every scene in nature, seems to wear an image of the mind; how delightful are the sensations at such a time! though felt they cannot be described; it is a kind of anticipation of those pleasures we are taught to expect hereafter; the soul seems entirely abstracted from every earthly idea, wrapped up in the contemplation of future happiness. Ask yourself, Christian reader, in one of these moments, what there is in this world worth a thought; and you will answer nothing; its sublunary pleasure is but a dream, and vanishes like a shadow; this should convince us more than any thing, that there is a future state. Our souls are formed to taste higher delights, more refined sensations than any thing in this life can excite; and something from within tells us we shall one day enjoy them; else why these ideas? why these expectations? of what use would be those noble sentiments, with which the mind is sometimes impressed, if we were only to act an insignificant part for a few years in this troublesome life, and then sink into nothing? No, there must be a future state, and that *immortal!* 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man; it is this belief that can alone render the bed of the dying Christian "as soft as downy pillows are!" for who but him can look with steadfastness and serenity, nay, often with joy and gladness, on the approach of that solemn hour which will not only separate him from the most loved earthly scenes and companions, but convey his spirit to an untried, unchangeable state, and bring him into the awful presence of an infinitely great and holy God? Infidelity will indeed sometimes, though seldom, steel the heart against such important considerations; and the lamentable ignorance in which most men

live, both of God and themselves, may draw a veil over these tremendous scenes, and sooth them into a fatal stupor and security—but it is the sincere disciple of Christ alone who can resign his soul with the most perfect composure, and a hope full of immortality, into the hand of him who made it.

To conclude—the living ought certainly to reflect that time is progressive, and that every past year is to us a year of added life; which of consequence, is so much subtracted from the period of our mortal existence. But, in general, how improvident are we of time, though it is not in our power to recall or retard it! We can scarce say, that the present moment is our own, so soon is it elapsed; and who can tell that we shall enjoy the next! It is the duty of *life* to prepare ourselves for *death*; and there is not an hour we live, that does not remind us of our mortality. Meditation on death is always useful, and is particularly salutary in a long and dangerous illness, which leaves us in possession of all our intellectual faculties; to meditate with advantage on death, it should be contemplated closely, with a religious mind; this contemplation is not without pleasure—it produces a sublime emotion, of which no other sentiment can convey an idea; it elevates, it fills the whole soul; it confuses but it exalts the imagination in the most delightful manner; how great and affecting must be the thoughts of a virtuous man on the bed of death! in another moment he will depart to see, to know every thing, he will be eternally united with the only source of all perfection; in short, to the dying saint, religion is his only true comfort; a strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition obviously probable, that every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at least nearly four thousand years, have in some mode or other, firmly believed it.

'Tis this my friend that makes our morning bright,

'Tis this that gilds the horror of our night,

'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart—

Disarms affliction, or repels his dart;

Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,

Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.

As it may be the desire of many of our readers to possess and retain the names and places of residence of those unfortunate persons

who perished on board the ill-fated Lexington, we here annex them as far as they have been ascertained, to wit:—Mrs. Russel Jarvis and two children, New-York; Mr. Fowler, do. Stephen Waterbury, do. Thomas James, do. Rev. Doct. Follen, Boston; John Winslow, Providence; Mrs. Alice Winslow, (who was accompanying the corpse of her husband to Providence, for interment,) Providence; John L. Winslow, (father of the above,) do. Charles Bosworth, New-York; H. C. Craig, do. Robert Shultz, do. Charles Brackett, do. Charles P. Noyes, do. Richard W. Do, Brooklyn, Long Island; Albert E. Harding, New-York; E. B. Patten, do. Mr. McKenny, do. Hezekiah Lawrence, do. Mr. Bullard, do. Thomas I. Taylor, do. Adolphus S. Harnden, Boston; William Ray, Kennebunk; Wyman Osborn, N. F. Dyer, Pittsburg; Capt. Eben S. Kimball, Salem; Capt. John D. Carver, Plymouth; Mr. Pierce, Portland; John L. Low, Boston; Theophilus Smith, Dartmouth; Benjamin Foster, Providence; Mr. Smith, Dedham; Chester Hilliard, (saved) Norwich; William A. Green, Maine; Samuel Henry Boston; Charles H. Phelps, Stonington; C. W. Woolsey, East Boston; John Brown, do. John Hoyt, (Mail Contractor,) Boston; Mr. Everell, (returning from the burial of a brother,) do. Henry J. Finn, Newport; Charles Eberle, Boston; Royal T. Church, Baltimore; Richard Pickett, Newburyport; John W. Kearle, Baltimore; Mr. Walker, do. Mr. Weston, lady and child, do. John G. Brown, New-Orleans; Master Woodard, (a youth,) Philadelphia; J. A. Leach, Boston; Jesse Comstock, Providence; James Walker, Cambridgeport; John Gordon, do. Nathaniel Hobart, Boston, H. C. Bradford, do. Charles Lee, Esq. (son of Gen. Samuel Lee,) Barre, Mass.; John G. Stone, do. John Lemirt, Roxbury; Jonathan Linfield, Stoughton; Philo Upton Egremont; P. Van Cott, Stonington; Mr. Stuyvesant, Boston; Captain Mattison; Robert Williams, Cold Spring; Samuel Henry, Manchester, (England,) J. Porter Felt, Salem; W. A. Mason, Gloucester, Mass.; Robert Blake, Wrentham; A. Green, (firm of Green & Allen,) Providence; Isaac Davis, Boston; Miss Sophia W. Wheeler, Massachusetts; Abraham Howard, (firm of Howard & Mersey,) do. P. O. Swan; Noah Hinckly, Portland; Isaac Davis, Boston; John Corey, Rhode Island; William Nichols, Massachusetts; T. H. M. Lyon, Boston; Robert Blake, (President Wren-

tham Bank,) Wrentham; Mr. Bosworth, Royalton, Vt.; James Smith, Charlestown; Mr. Brooks, Boston; Erastus Coleman, do.; John B. Marshall, New-York; Mr. Baum, do. J. G. Davenport, Middletown, N. J.; Mr. Martin and son, Manchester, England; William H. Wilson, Williamsburg; Thomas Bleeker, Dedham; John Brown, New-York; Daniel McFarlan, do. William Nichols, Providence; Joshua Johnson, do.

OFFICERS &c. OF THE LEXINGTON.

George Childs, Captain; Edward Thurber, First Mate; David Crawley, Second Mate; (saved,) Cortland Hempstead, Chief Engineer; William Qumby, second do.; S. Manchester, Pilot, (saved) Martin Johnson, Wheelsman; H. P. Newman, Steward; R. B. Shultz, Fireman; Benjamin Cox, do. Charles Smith, do. (saved,) Charles Bow, do. Charles Williams, deck hand; Benjamin Laden, do. C. Humber, do. Joel Lawrence, do. Silas Thorburn, do. Joseph Robinson, Cook, (coloured,) Oliver Howell, do. do. Robert Peters, do. do. Susan C. Hucomb, (colored Chambermaid,) Jacob Sands, do. head waiter; Daniel Aldridge, waiter; J. Gilbert, do. do. King Cade, do. do. J. Rostin, do. do. John B. Tab, do. do. E. Parkson, do. do. John Masson, do. do. Benjamin Askons, do. do. Isaac Putnam, do. do.

The foregoing are the names and places of residence of the only number of passengers, &c. that have been ascertained to have been on board the Lexington at the time of the disaster, in addition to which, there is too much cause to fear that there were several among the unfortunate number, whose names &c. have not yet been ascertained, as the list containing them was consumed with the boat, the whole number of the unfortunate victims who thus perished can only be determined as they are missed and reported by their surviving friends! Of the whole number on board, the melancholy fact is well known, that but four were saved! and of the bodies of those that perished, to this moment, but the comparatively small number of ten have been recovered, the remainder (one hundred and forty or more,) still slumber in the ocean, a very great number of which in all probability may never be found; not one of the bodies of the unfortunate females who were on board have yet been recovered.

"Among the passengers who perished, was Mr. James G. Brown,

of Boston; a young gentleman of devoted religious character, and greatly endeared to all who knew him. On the morning of the fatal 13th he took leave of his friends in Newark, N. J., where he had recently formed a most tender connection. Among his baggage, since found on the beach, and restored to his friends, is his pocket Bible, a little volume called "Daily Food," consisting of texts of scripture for every month and day of the year. The texts for *January 13th*, (the fatal day) were with singular appropriateness, these—"He that endureth to the end shall be saved,"—"Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." These passages were marked by his own hand, by a turned down leaf, and from his known habits, had doubtless been the theme of his meditation just before the melancholy catastrophe. The portion of scripture marked as recently read, is the 23d Psalm, embracing the triumphant exclamation of David: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

The following was written on the melancholy occasion soon after the loss of the *Lexington* was announced.

Death follows in the wake of Time and sweeps
Away the aged and the blooming young:
Scarce opes the eye' before it droops and weeps;
Or smiles the lip, before the heart is strung.

Within the vessel dashing through the wave,
How many thoughts and hopes of earth were crushed!
How few then deemed they tottered o'er the grave
Where soon their plaints and joys must e'er be hushed!

The shrieking mother clasped the shiv'ring child---
The pallid maid her flowing ringlets tore:
The tortured youth yelled startingly and wild,
And men bowed down that never prayed before!

No help was nigh in the dread night of gloom---
No life for them, nor hope beyond save Heaven:
But He whose eye beheld their dreadful doom,
May still have rescued, pitied and forgiven.

It has been a principle object of the writer of the foregoing pages, to pay at least, a small tribute of respect to the memory of a departed and beloved female friend, as well as to admonish the young of the danger of delay in making the necessary preparation for an exit, perhaps as sudden and unexpected as was her's! it is a painful and distressing thought, to the living, that the friend whom for her virtues we so much loved and respected should so suddenly be taken from us; nor do we consider it doing more than our duty to manifest some degree of respect for her memory---the sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we feel unwilling to be hastily relieved; every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Who even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her whom he or she most dearly loved, would accept of consolation that must be brought by forgetfulness? who can look down upon the grave, even of one whom we never knew, and not feel a compunction that he should ever treated otherwise than with respect, the poor handful of earth that is mouldering before him! but, the grave of one whom we most sincerely loved; what a place for meditation; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, and manifested love and affection of the parting scene! bidding the last farewell! and taking the last fond look, as anxious to give one more assurance of affection, even when entering, unconsciously, upon the threshold of eternity!--such, as described was the parting scene, the writer's last interview with one whose gentle spirit we have much reason to believe now inherits another and better world.

Sad and solemn to the thoughts are news of death;
Yet doubly sad and sorrowful the tidings
When friend or kindred dies—we such tidings hear.
A friend and kindred too is summoned hence—Death
But lately chose her for his victim. The morn
Of life was gilding brightly all her future
Prospects. Her friends much joy anticipated

SOPHIA's voice is heard no more. No longer
Are the smiles of hope seen on her countenance,
Her eye no longer beams with joy and gladness.
For thee, departed friend, the tear of sorrow

Freely flows. With grief we mourn thine early doom.
Could human aid or art thy life have ransom'd
From an early grave, thou hadst not died.
But heaven's decree ordain'd it thus; and heaven's king
Can never err. Then let us feel submission.

CONCLUSION.

A circumstance so truly lamentable as that of the recent destruction of the steamboat Lexington, and loss of so many valuable lives, not only exceeds that of any similar disaster that ever took place within the waters of our own country, but is, in all probability, without a parallel in any part of the civilized world. In the eve of that fatal night, when reposing in imaginary security, unconscious of danger, nearly one hundred and fifty unfortunate beings, composed of men, women and children, (the principle part of whom were of the first respectability,) were *hastened into eternity!* Although some time has elapsed since the awful catastrophe, yet the very general excitement produced thereby, is to the present moment, very little, if any abated---no, the shock was too severe and heart-piercing to be so soon forgotten by a thoughtful and sympathising community! Nay, Heaven grant that it may continue to remain fresh in our memories, until every reflecting mortal be thereby taught a lesson of *mortality*, that may ultimately prove productive of their everlasting good; by an event as sudden as it was awful, may they be made sensible of the importance of an *early preparation*, and of the solemn proof that "*from death's arrest no age is free!*" Although we lament that there may be some few among us who *profess* to believe that "death is an eternal sleep," and that "soul and body are both deposited in one and the same grave!" And who may doubt whether the melancholy event (to which we have alluded,) ought to have the moral effect which we have expressed a desire that it may have; yet notwithstanding it is truly gratifying to the writer, to know that we

yet live in a *christian land*, where dwells those who not only detest such absurd principles, but will believe with us that an event so truly melancholy, ought long to be remembered; and so far from declining the present opportunity of becoming possessed of a true and faithful record thereof, will receive it with gladness, as not only a suitable publication for the perusal of their families, but as a *Moral Gift*, a very proper one to be presented to their Christian friends.

LATEST ACCOUNT OF THE UNHAPPY SUFFERERS.

To acquaint our readers with the latest and most important particulars relative to the late fatal disaster, and awful destruction of the lives of so great a number of our unfortunate fellow beings, we here annex some particulars and probable conjectures relative thereto, which we believe have not been before published, and which are derived from one of the fortunate survivors, who last left the burning wreck. About one half of the persons on board it was supposed were either lost by attempts made to save themselves by means of the Steamer's boats, or by floating on shore on bales of cotton, boxes of goods, trunks, or detached parts of the ship as could be seized on at the awful and confused moment, and of which number but four succeeded in reaching the shore alive! others were provided with Life Preservers, and cast themselves into the sea, with the hope of thereby saving their lives, but so intense was the cold that not one life was saved thereby! several others it is believed (including many of the poor helpless women and children) remained on the fatal deck until driven therefrom by the fire and smoke into the sea, where, as they almost instantly disappeared, it is supposed their struggles must have been very short---and it is thought as equally probable that others remained on board until so suffocated by the smoke as to be unable to attempt an escape in any manner, and unconsciously sunk to the bottom of the ocean with such parts of the burning vessel as remained unconsumed!---that such was the final fate of most or all the unfortunate victims is the conclusion of many, from the fact that the survivors who last left the ill-devoted wreck saw remaining on board but a very few of the male, and not one of the female passengers!----That so few of the bodies of the poor victims should as yet have been found (agreeable to the anxious desires of their mourning friends,) is to us unaccountable, although there are various conjectures as to the reason why: while it is the opinion of some that they may have been conveyed out to sea, by the current and tide, and may never hereafter be recovered,) others express as strong belief that very many of them yet remain buried within a very short distance of the fatal spot where the disaster occurred, and will soon hereafter arise and be found either floating in the sound or deposited by the tide on the shores thereof---which opinion will prove most correct, a very few weeks will probably determine---we can only add that it is our sincere prayer that the consolation which the recovery of the bodies of the unfortunate victims must afford their bereaved friends, may not be denied them.