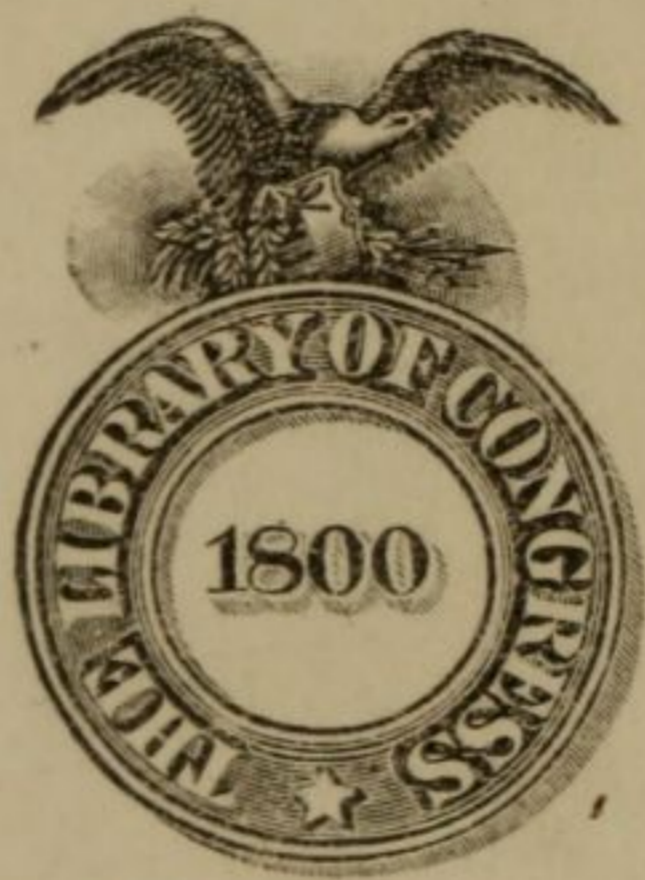


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THE

**ELEVENTH HOUR,**

OR

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**CONFESSION OF A CONSUMPTIVE.**

*Levenson*  
**By Robert S. Coffin.**

*The Boston Bard.*

I will return unto my father, and will say, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son."  
[New Testament.]

—  
BOSTON:

INGRAHAM AND HEWES, PRINTERS.

.....  
1827.

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*District of Massachusetts....to wit:*

DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixth day of Jan-  
[L. s.] uary, A. D. 1827, in the fifty first year of the Independ-  
ence of the United States of America, ROBERT S. COFFIN, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:—

*“The Eleventh Hour, or, Confession of a Consumptive.— I will return unto my Father, and will say, ‘Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no longer worthy to be called thy son.’ New Testament.—By Robert S. Coffin.”*

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned:” and also to an Act entitled “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints.”

[Signed] JNO. W. DAVIS, { Clerk of the District  
of Massachusetts.

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TO

**REV. JAMES MORSS,**

OF

**ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,**

**NEWBURYPORT.....MASSACHUSETTS;**

I BEG leave to inscribe the pages following; and publicly acknowledge the gratitude felt for repeated acts of kindness, exercised at various times, toward the remnant of my father's family, when fast sinking beneath neglect. That PROVIDENCE may continue its smiles to you and yours, is the prayer of your grateful debtor,

**ROBERT S. COFFIN.**

*Newburyport, Ms. }  
January 1, 1827. }*



## Confession, &c.

---

“Tell them, I AM!—Jehovah said;  
And smitten to the heart,  
All nature, without voice or sound,  
Replied, O LORD, THOU ART!”

IT is night: I rest my feeble limbs upon a bed of straw;—alas! my disease will not allow me the indulgence of a softer. Ought I to utter a complaint against the decrees of Almighty Justice? Let me consider:—Had I pursued a course of *temperance*—had I lived but a strict life of even *morality*—had I not mixed with the *dissolute*, the *riotous*, and the *profane*—should I at this early period of human existence, have subjected myself to the innumerable and spirit-breaking pains of a disease, against whose silent ravages the power of medicine, and the influence of climate, have never yet been known effectually to contend, and prevail? My answer is, “*I should not.*” It is true the hand of Heaven lies heavy upon me; but, alas! my sins placed its weight where it now sinks me in the dust, and humbles the deplorable pride of my heart. It was in a moment of stubborn self-sufficiency, rejecting all advice and control, I put on the poison linen, whose subtle effects, within fifteen

minutes, were felt throughout the whole vital system, and shook to its centre the feeble tenement of life! More than two years have elapsed, and yet the "golden bowl" is not broken, and the light of Heaven visits me still, and gladdens my eyes with the blessed view of the stupendous work of creation! And what service, even throughout the whole course of my earthly existence, have I rendered to Heaven, or to my fellow-men, that I should have been spared thus long, when thousands of less criminal lives—I say criminal, for I will not palliate my *sins* by calling them merely *errors*—have fallen victims to death, by tempest, flood and fire? Let me for a moment recollect, and present to the view, the imminent dangers from which I have, at various periods of time, escaped without personal injury. In fording the river Brandywine, my horse sprung from the vehicle, and, holding firmly by the reins, dragged me into the current with him, and an invalid also, my companion, who held by my coat; the middle of the stream ran rapidly—yet the animal swam with us to the opposite shore; the chaise floated some distance down the current, and stopped on a shoal, from whence it was recovered. The river, at this fording place, is not deep—but at this time had swollen much by recent heavy rains, of which I was not sufficiently aware. Alas! wretched, wretched indeed would have been my exit from life, had I perished thus in the very act and commission of sins abhorrent to ALMIGHTY GOD: I had broken the Sabbath, and was inebriated by ardent spirits! - Oh, that I

could portray in “words that burn,” the dreadful evils of intemperance;—this is the fiend that has marred my peace—destroyed my hopes—blighted my fame—and, if PROVIDENCE had not checked his career, would have sent me down to the grave, a mass of putridity and sin; from which the eye even of the fiend himself would have turned away with fear and abhorrence!—Here let me correct a prevalent error among too many men, even of good sense and information upon most other subjects. The error to which I would allude is this:—“That the greatest poets cannot write well, until they are half intoxicated—and that it is *indispensable* they should partake deeply of the ‘care-killing bowl,’ ere the pen glides over the paper!” *It is false*—unless in cases where men have been habitually under the influence of wine, or ardent liquors—then, indeed, the flagging spirits need renovation, and the shaking hand steadiness, which cannot be given instantly, but by resorting again to the eventually liquid death! *Rising GENIUS of America!* spurn the man who, a drunkard himself, would make you believe that *fame, virtue, and almost religion* itself, lie hidden at the bottom of a wine-cup—and that in order to obtain them, you must destroy health and fortune, nay, *life itself*, by madly swallowing the deleterious contents! Spurn—I repeat it—spurn such a man; listen not a moment to his words—fly quickly from his presence—the Upas of JAVA is not more fatal than his breath;—fly, or you are *lost!* Oh, listen to one, who at midnight, warns you of an enemy that

would steal away your senses, and in that state, destroy, if possible, your *souls!* Of what crime has not this fiend, **INTEMPERANCE**, been guilty? Look upon his frenzied eye:

“A spark of hell lies burning there!”

Mark his shaking hand—it trembles not *now* from the effects of the bowl—no; he has stained it with the life-blood of his fellow, and he will presently embrue it in his own! He rushes unprepared into the presence of his **GOD**, and —————;—we shudder at his doom, and tremble at the idea of the punishment strict justice may inflict! **YOUTH of my Country!** hearken to one, whose only object in confessing his own fatal sin, is to show *you* the dreadful precipice upon which the confirmed drunkard reposes, and heeds not the yawning, fathomless abyss which lies beneath him;—listen to a man, who hopes for pardon from his **GOD**, by humbling his once proud spirit even to his fellow-men, by a confession of his sins, and bearing with patience the “*world’s dread laugh,*” and perhaps the derisive smile of his former associates, whom he hopes may eventually be led to reflection, and be induced to believe that *religion* is not a subject of *minor importance*, or the mere project of priestcraft to luxuriate upon themselves, while they silently jest with the blindness of its followers:

“With wits profane, in sin to range,  
Ne’er be the hand extended;  
An Atheist’s laugh’s a poor exchange  
For **DEITY** offended.”

[**BURNS.**

The reason I dwell so long upon the subject of Intemperance is this; I conceive it to have been my *own ruin*, both in regard to *property, peace of mind*, and indirectly, of *health*—and I see the overthrow of my *country's freedom* in potations of ardent spirits, if some measure is not speedily taken to check the march of *inebriety*—for *freedom* cannot exist without *strength*—and *inebriety* and *physical strength* are *mortal foes*—the *first must* and *will effectually prostrate* the latter! But what, in comparison, is the loss of *political liberty*, to the ultimate destruction of the *soul*? I have not been an habitual drinker of intoxicating draughts, yet I would not pursue the course of life which I have done, for the value of such a world as we inhabit. Ask you, why? I am free to explain:—The man who has had the temerity to endeavor to disbelieve in the death and resurrection of his SAVIOUR, shall now have courage to *confess* and *abjure* his sin! *Drinking* led me into the company of men without principle; who, by imperceptible degrees, awakened doubts, surmisings and conjectures, on the DIVINITY of JESUS CHRIST;—my mind was harrassed, and I was unhappy. I never could *thoroughly disbelieve* what had been so deeply impressed upon my mind in childhood and youth; yet, whenever I met with these men, frequenters of public houses, though by the world generally esteemed respectable, and good members of society, the glass circulated, and I joined in ridiculing (*Oh, execrable, execrable sin!*) the birth, sufferings and death of Him, whom I would not again deny to save my life, provid-

ed God gave me fortitude to endure the tortures which might be inflicted upon me to produce a denial—“*for of myself I can do nothing.*” The cock has thrice crowed, and I have wept bitterly:—may God forgive me my sin. Let not any, judging from my past life, impute the *Confession of my Faith* to the weakness of my mind, and the approach of death:

“Death-beds are the detectors of the heart.”

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;” and that I may die thus, is it not necessary, that those who may have imbibed my former principles, and are now under the same error, should by my public renunciation of the same, be put in the right path, and return to Him they have forsaken, and thus crucified again? I do not believe that a confession of sins *before men*, is of any importance, only as such confession may be of *benefit to others*, by warning them of the shoals and rocks which shipwrecked the peace and happiness of the confessor;—in this point of view, a candid and public acknowledgment of our transgressions, is proper, if not absolutely a duty. If I *fear* the *raillery* of sinful men—of those with whom I have associated as companions in wickedness, and who have no disposition to “*turn from the evil of their ways,*”—if I dread their *contempt* and *laughter*, when my soul is at hazard, by persisting in my evil course, how shall I summon fortitude to stand in the presence of an *offended* God, and in view of assembled worlds,—aye, beneath the eye of an *insult-*

ed SAVIOUR, hear my sins proclaimed aloud, and the sentence of eternal justice passed upon me, to be *revoked no more forever!* Dreadful, dreadful thought!—“LORD, *I believe—help thou mine unbelief.*” No; companions of my early follies, and ye who have designedly led me astray, I am not of your number any more;—you may jest with what you will call my *weakness*—but in that very *weakness* lies my *strength*;—you will suppose me under the influence of priestcraft, and dreading its anathemas, like a man troubled with horrible dreams, which, when he awakes, vanish, and his courage again returns; for he perceives that he has only been dreaming, at the worst;—in your hours of unhallowed mirth, I shall be the object of your ridicule, if not contempt; but, rest assured, that if this brief sketch shall prove, by the blessing of Heaven, the cause of reclaiming *one sinner* from a living death, and inducing him to turn aside from the path which leads to destruction, I shall enjoy more heartfelt satisfaction, than all that *wealth, fame or power* can bestow.

“He that *confesseth* his *sins* shall find mercy.”

“*Believe* on the Lord JESUS CHRIST, and ye shall be saved.”

“He that *cometh to me*, I will in no wise cast out.”

“I would that *all men* should be saved.”

“There is more joy in Heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth, than over *ninety and nine* just men which need no repentance.”

But to return to a narrative of the dangers I have escaped:—I fell overboard while fishing from a Bath House, anchored in very rapid water, in the river

Delaware, opposite the City of Philadelphia, and by the great force of the tide, was instantly swept under its floor, where I could scarcely breathe, the water being almost as high as the boards;—by great exertion I made the people above hear and understand at what bath I was holding; an old man, named **ROBINS**, jumped into the water, and cut or knocked away the slat next to which I held with one hand, and with the other was endeavoring to break away the second, so as to enable me to get space sufficient to come up under the water, or rather through the water, which was effected. Had **ROBINS** made a wrong blow, my hand would have been dissevered, and I must, in all human probability, have perished; but **GOD** saved me this time also from personal injury. At this narrow escape from death, the architect, or carpenter of the building, who knew the intricacies of the labyrinth below, was utterly astonished; declaring, that although he was an expert swimmer himself, he should never have dared to venture such personal risk. Let it be recorded, that I *never swam* a stroke in my life. “Great are thy mercies, O Lord **GOD** of Israel.”

My life has been a series of “hair breadth escapes:”—Once, while a prisoner of war, on board an English frigate, while crossing the Atlantic, I came very near being precipitated from the head of the vessel, while she was sailing, I suppose, at the rapid rate of ten and a half miles per hour—she being the fastest sailer in the British navy, or, perhaps, any other navy in the world. No human arm would, or

could have saved me from the voracity of the shark, had I but touched the water; for the vessel would have passed directly over me! At this time I had broken a commandment of Heaven, given by the prophet MOSES to the whole human family, viz: I had gone to sea against the wishes and commands of my parents; and I should scarcely have had time to ask forgiveness of the MOST HIGH, ere I should have been summoned into his presence: “Surely, the way of the *transgressor* is hard.”

COMPANIONS of my sins!—partakers in my guilt!—peruse with attention the confession of my shame, and turn from the evil of your ways;—fear not the jeering of the world—heed not the taunts of the disbeliever, nor let your cheeks redden at the revilings of the wicked: “*Why will ye perish?*” I do not urge you to a melancholy worship—a reverence founded on fear of punishment hereafter;—this is not the “*religion of the heart.*” True religion is love to GOD—unfeigned sorrow when we make a momentary departure from virtue, and an *immediate desire to return to our duty with double diligence and pleasure*:—there is no greater pleasure than serving our MERCIFUL FATHER:

“Live while you live, the EPICURE will say,  
And seize the fleeting pleasures of to-day;  
Live while you live, the reverend PREACHER cries,  
And give to GOD each moment as it flies;  
LORD, in my view, let *both* united be—  
*I live to PLEASURE when I live to THEE.*”

Religion is the *language of the soul to its MAKER*;—

it is a voice pleasant to the ear of Omnipotence, and angels delight in its harmony; like the harp of the “shepherd King of JUDAH,” it soothes the madness of despair, and drives the foul spirit of even murder far away; it has the power to tame every hateful passion, and its brow is adorned with a wreath of immortality; clouds disappear before its sunny presence, and the storm wings its flight afar:

“Oh wide they wander from the path of truth,  
Who paint RELIGION with a *brow of gloom*;  
Her steps are buoyant with unfading youth,  
And she can *smile o'er NATURE's general doom!*”

I have written much;—*fame* and *pleasure* have not been withheld;—my writings have generally been of a tendency to benefit mankind; but, alas! how have I injured myself, by my follies,—acting so inconsistently with that course of life which I have pointed out to others, as the only sure way to *live in peace, and die in hope* of obtaining the “crown of glory” reserved for the righteous at the last day!—How much too have I written of no value to the cause of religion, or even to that of morality—mere idle scribbling, for a little of the “dirty ore,” lavished away almost as soon as obtained! Had I devoted the one talent God has given me, to His glory alone, how different should I feel in this my hour of darkness and distress! To me, “*much has been given*”—of me, “*much will be required.*” And have I no hope? Is there no city to which I can fly from the avenger? No harbor, in which my shattered barque may seek a shelter from

the storm of wrath, which would drive her on the rocks of despair and destruction? Shall I sink beneath the load of guilt which oppresses me? Let me turn my eyes to the now desolate plains of "JERUSALEM *the beloved*;" what means the gathering of the multitude, and the noise of many horsemen! Oh, God of righteousness! the spear hath pierced thy SON, and in the agony of humanity he cries to thee, *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!*—[St. MARK, XV. v. 34.]—*He dies!*—and man, sinful man, through his death, is offered *forgiveness of sins*, and *happiness eternal!* Unbounded mercy!—Love unspeakable! Oh, that my erring heart should once have "rejected so great salvation." At the foot of the cross I bow in the dust,

And cling with hope to Calvary.

Here shall I find refuge; here shall my soul anchor her hope; here shall my heart free itself from despair, and my spirit find repose. *Blessed SAVIOUR*, the unknown period which remains to me on earth, shall be spent in asserting the truth of thy mission, and in endeavors to firmer fix the faith of the believer, and to make unbelievers wise unto salvation; for "*there is no OTHER name under heaven by which men can be saved.*"

The sleep of sin, and error's dreams

Were o'er, when JESUS bled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Angel of MERCY! speed thy flight

To those who grope in heathen night;

Bear on thy wings, Oh, MERCY, bear,

The purport of the christian's prayer;

Through the wide world this truth proclaim,  
 "Salvation's by IMMANUEL's name."

\* \* \* \* \*

During these latter days of my illness, I have denied myself to the generality of my friends, who have called upon me; and have thus, without doubt, offended a few, who have, perhaps, been of some little service to me;—but I had formed a determination to "*commune with myself, and be still*;"—I wished to reflect *alone* upon my past life, and satisfy myself, without any advice from others, of the merits of HIM crucified, whose *Divinity* I almost denied; and the result is, that my mind is much tranquilized, for I am certain, that a belief in *Jesus Christ*, as a Mediator between GOD and man, is absolutely necessary to salvation; and, although I knock at the *eleventh hour*, the portal of mercy is still open, and a voice of fatherly love tells me, "*there is yet room*."—I wish to *undo*, if possible, whatever of wrong I have done,—by *unhesitatingly* declaring my belief in the doctrines of christianity. Respecting the *moral* tendency of my poems, I have nothing to fear—but all of them are not of a *religious* nature; nor do I feel any sorrow or regret—for morality is a step towards true religion;—he who acts morally from *good principles*, and not from respect or fear of his fellow-man, in my opinion, cannot be a distant follower of christianity—and, that there are *such men*, is quite evident. Do not let me be misunderstood; true christian religion, warm from the heart, is the *only* passport to Heaven; for *this* religion is the

sincere love of **GOD**, and faith in the death and resurrection of **JESUS**, who was crucified, and now sits at the right hand of **DEITY**, of **OMNIPOTENCE**, pleading mercy for sinful man; and who at the last day, will have full power to reward and punish, according to the works done in the body, *good or evil*.

“The *body* shall return to *dust*; but the *spirit* unto **GOD**, who gave it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

NO.—**MAN** *ne'er dies!*—Thro' flood and flame;  
 Unharm'd shall march the soul;  
 Its birth-right blest shall it reclaim,  
 And reach its destined goal.

I pray that **PROVIDENCE** may bless to the edification of the unbeliever, this **CONFESSION** of **FAITH**, made by one, whose proud heart, only a few months since, would have revolted at an idea, which he would have supposed so humiliating and idle. My sufferings during the greater part of two years, have often been severe; and he who puts off repentance until racked with disease, and especially the pains of *Pulmonary Consumption*, will hardly feel a disposition to commence it at all;—the disorder completely unnerves the whole system, and makes childish the strongest spirit: no man can describe its various aches, weaknesses and wants; at one moment it tyrannically demands such and such food for its appetite—the next instant, it rejects with abhorrence what it so recently craved with all the eagerness of gluttony;—to-day, the heart expands with hope, and pain takes its seem-

ing departure; but, alas! with the going down of the beautiful sun, combined in a close phalanx, return the enemies of peace, and the destroyers of our hopes!— Can this be esteemed the *most fit time* for *prayer* and *praise*, and *saving repentance*? Indeed it is not! In *youth*—in the *enjoyment of health*—in the *height of prosperity*, are proper periods to devote ourselves to **GOD** and to laud his name; to thank **HIM** for the manifold mercies we enjoy, and impart a portion of this world's goods, while it is in our power, to those of our fellow-men, less fortunate than ourselves: “Remember thy **CREATOR** in the days of thy *youth*.” “Procrastination is the thief of time.”

During hours usually allotted to repose, I have written thus much—and my disease will not permit me to write more at present; but I feel satisfied that **GOD** will prosper my efforts to accomplish what good I yet have strength to do, during the remainder of my earthly pilgrimage;—and that my afflictions may prove the cause of my own future happiness, and that of others, into whose hands my voluntary and sincere **CONFESSION** may fall, is my ardent prayer.

**ROBERT S. COFFIN.**

*Newburyport, Mass.* }  
*Jan. 1, 1827.* }

The following is from the pen of CHARLES MINER, Esq. editor of the "*Village Record*;" it will serve to show how poor, but happy I felt myself in the pursuit of fame—the phantom, fame!

---

### WHO IS HE?

IT was noon, on one of the most sultry days in July, 1819, that a fair faced stranger presented himself at our office door, leaned against the door post half a minute, and then said—but it is, as yet, no matter what he said, or how he said it; let us in the first place describe him. His face was fair, and there was but a light down on his chin in the place of a beard; his face was nearly round; the features were well proportioned—rather handsome than otherwise; but there was little expression in his countenance more than you could find in a regiment, were you to examine them as the roll is called, except that his light blue eye twinkled with vivacity. On his neck was no handkerchief, and his shirt collar was open, showing a white skin except where a little embrowned by the sun, air, and dust. A light grey was his outer coat, which had been new when a different fashion prevailed, although that assertion does not, of itself, prove it to have been very old. The trowsers were of tow, or cotton bagging—Whether stockings covered his feet is a subject of doubt, but it is certain that the shoes brought by the Gibeonites to deceive Joshua could not have been more worn. In height the stranger was about five feet six inches, plump and round in form, and although comely but rather effeminate, on one side of his head his hat was worn in that sort of care-for-nothing way, that would lead you to

ask—what independent feeling fellow is that? “Is this the office of the Village Record,” inquired he, in accents somewhat peculiar, and which shewed that he was from a distant neighbourhood, and few who had ever been in New-England would have hesitated a moment to guess that he was a Yankee.

‘I have had a plaguy long walk, and a foolish one too’—said he, ‘for I set out to come here, and the first I knew I had got to Old Chester, and then I was almost as far from Westchester as I was when I left Philadelphia.’ There was an artlessness—a simplicity about the man, that awakened kind feelings towards him, and I am not sure that the Yankee *tang* upon his tongue, did not, like sounds familiar in childhood, make something in his favour. He was evidently poor—yet there was nothing of solicitation in his looks—so far otherwise, besides the cock of his hat, there was that in his air which said as distinctly as an air could speak—‘I care not a fig for any body.’ He had come to find the Village Record office, old Robert the scribe, or John Harwood. He cannot, surely, be an ordinary journeyman printer, thought I, for such an one would certainly have known, or at least inquired, where the Record was printed, and not have mistaken Chester for Westchester. ‘And this is Mr. Miner, I suppose,’ said he carelessly. ‘It is my name sir,’ said I, ‘and who may it be that asks?’ ‘You have heard of the BOSTON BARD I ’spose,’ said he. ‘Certainly, often, and with pleasure.’ This was our first personal knowledge of that eccentric child of genius and misfortune. Where is he now?

## APPENDIX.

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I number among my friends, in earlier life, the following ladies and gentlemen:—

CHARLES MINER, Esq., and family. Member of Congress from West Chester County, Pennsylvania. He employed me, as a printer, and occasional contributor to the poetical department of the "*Village Record*;" he wrote a criticism on the volume of poems published in Philadelphia, in the year 1818; assisted me in sickness, and always proved himself a gentleman, a good citizen, and last and best, a true *follower* and *believer* in JESUS CHRIST.

ENOS BRONSON, Esq., and the members of the Philadelphia "New England Society," of which I was unanimously chosen a member. This society, since broken up, gave me the sum of \$25 as a means of partly defraying the expenses incurred by the typhus fever. From this disease I suffered severely; yet I afterwards pursued the same sinful course of life I had done before. Oh, God, thou art, indeed, a God of long suffering, and of unlimited mercy, or I should not, at this time, be known among the living.

Mr. WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, of Philadelphia, who has written much good poetry; and, also, Mr. W. LEMIST, since deceased, a partner of Mr. T. in business, were of much service to me.

G. W. WAITE, and R. WAITE, Jr. have been kind and most generous to me, when almost destitute of even food.

ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, publishers of the "*Saturday Evening Post*," Philadelphia. Also, Mr. G. HELM-

BOLD, since deceased, editor of the "*Independent Balance*." He gave me a home, and supplied me with money—he was charitable to the last degree;—if he had errors, let the grave conceal them. Mrs. H. always treated me with great kindness. Writing for the "*Balance*," led me to associate with men who openly urged me to *intoxication*, and almost every other vice without the pale of the law; and now it was that a *disbelief* in CHRISTIANITY became my unhappiness. I drank—I sung—I endeavored to be merry;—nevertheless, at heart, I was sick! Fame and applause did not calm the storm within; but GOD alone saw it. I never confessed my feelings to any one. I could write such lines as this—

"Oh, take the maddening bowl away, &c."

yet I *persisted* in the *sin*! Oh, how weak is man, unsupported by that religion, which may be called the *arm* of JEHOVAH!

JOHN BURT, A. M., now resident of Somerset, N. J., a minister of the gospel, was, and I suppose is still a true friend to me; gladly would he have turned my soul from the evil into which it had fallen; but, alas! he saw his efforts vain, and he left the hopeless task. Ah, he had a kind heart—would that I had early listened to his counsel, and been wise.

Some friend of the "*FRIEND'S SOCIETY*," in Philadelphia, thus corrects the stanzas to my mother. I laughed at him when the piece appeared—he now has my thanks for the correction:

*From "POULSON'S DAILY ADVERTISER."*—"I am sorry to have detected an *impropriety*—to give it no harder name—in the sweet little address of the '*BOSTON BARD*' to his mother, which very much lessens its value in my estimation: that is, the substitution of *Heathen* Deities, for the *one* true GOD of CHRISTIANS.  
A FATHER."

The members of the SOCIETY OF FRIENDS have uni-

formly treated me with great humanity, in every section of country through which I have passed, and where they have had a residence; I love them much—they *never* injured me—the best of the bounties of PROVIDENCE have been set before me—and they gave without grudging; never judging my sins half so severely as they deserved, if at all. I respect them, for they “*respect themselves*;” I honor them, for they are an *honor to society*. I select the following, as proof of the influence their kind and parental advice has had over me: It is from the “HONEY BEE,” a literary paper, printed, edited, and published by me, at Philadelphia, in the year 1820.

ADVICE.—Whether good advice will have a good effect or not, depends, in a great measure, on the manner in which it is given. Good advice, if rendered with an air of haughtiness and indifference, is seldom productive of any lasting profit; it is deemed an insult to our understanding, and if pardoned, is not regarded. I remember, when I resided in the country, about two years ago, of being in the woods amusing myself with shooting small birds, of various kinds; I had just seated myself on a log, my head reclining on the breech of my gun, when two men, of the society of Friends came toward me, and introduced themselves to my acquaintance; when I first saw them, at a considerable distance, I imagined their errand, and—I speak it with shame—determined not to be convinced that the mere killing a few little birds was an amusement unbecoming a man and a christian. I prepared myself to meet stern and unforgiving countenances: I was, however, agreeably disappointed; not one look seemed to say, ‘we are holier than thou;’ on the contrary, every expression of their looks proclaimed, “we are mortal like thyself!” My resolution gave way; I listened attentively to their arguments; I could not deny the truth of their assertions; I was convinced, and we parted as friends and as brothers.—Now, if during our conversation, I had marked but one look that indicated superiority over me, or one frown that seemed to imply contempt, I think it not improbable, but that I should have renewed my then amusement with greater ardour, and should, for that afternoon, at least, have heard in the sweet notes of the “songsters of the grove,” the unwelcome voice of my advisers. Thank heaven! it was not thus.—This fact is men-

tioned merely to shew how good advice should, from man to man, be given; and, also, how easy it is to defeat the intended good by an unforgiving look, or an improper expression.

D. HEWITT, A. M., a professor of stenography, has proved, whenever we have met, a substantial friend—relieving my pecuniary wants, and often supplying me with clothing; for, alas! *intemperance will bring the proudest GENIUS to beggary and rags*, while it renders its unhappy victim insensible to shame and loss of reputation! *Oh, miserable infatuation! Oh, detestable VICE!* how much of this world's misery may be placed to thy account! Look into the cells of our prisons—examine our houses of correction—take a view of our hospitals—ask why so many victims of crime, want and disease, have here taken a miserable abode, many for life—shut out from society, and debarred the common privileges of their fellow-men; nay, scarcely enjoying the blessed light of Heaven! Let me answer, for I have visited them, and beheld their misery—“**RUM! RUM! RUM!**” has almost invariably been the reply of the shaking hand—the racked limbs—the guilty cheek of the inmates of these receptacles of shame, anguish and despair!

Behold yon wretched female form,  
 An outcast from her home;  
 Bleached in affliction's blighting storm  
 And doomed in want to roam:  
 Go—ask yon weeping orphan near,  
 Why mother is so poor;  
 He'll whisper in thy startled ear,  
 'Twas *Father's* “*One glass more!*”

I could recount, and name, fifty of my former associates, who, within eight years, have fallen from all that ennobles man, by an *indulgence* in *inebriety*; and are now slumbering in an untimely grave, forgotten

by all, except a parent, sister or brother, whose affections cannot be obliterated, even after the frail one's death. Yes, the above number, at least, of my youthful companions have died; many of them regardless, even in the *hour of dissolution*, of their *future destination*, and *unrepentant of their sins!* *Dreadful thought!* The soul recoils within itself with horror at the idea, and would gladly believe the *reality* but a *fiction*—the effect of *weakness*, and *disorder* of the *imagination*;—alas! the dull, cold marble proclaims the *truth*; and if this proof was wanting, the *hoary head* of the *parent*, bowed down by the *sorrows* of the *heart*, would be enough. The *shame*, *remorse*, and *agony*, suffered by the drunkard, at each return of reason, leads him to wish for *annihilation*, rather than a future existence;—he dreads the *presence* of a **GOD**, and *rejects*, as an *idle tale*, the love of *that GOD* for wretched man, made manifest in the cruel sufferings and death of his **SAVIOUR**, the **LAMB** whose “blood taketh away the sins of the *world*.” Thus the *intemperate* man loses *all* happiness upon *earth*, and *forfeits* his inheritance in the *Heavens*—and for what? For the momentary gratification of *liquid stupefaction*, or “*horrid mirth*,” until he becomes a mass of moving putridity, too abhorrent for humanity to endure, or commiseration to approach. *He dies*: and where is the *beast* that *perisheth* like him? Is the picture *dark*?—darker is the *doom* of the *drunkard*—darker the *despair* of the *intemperate*—when he awakes from his dream of madness, and sees the *climax* of his *guilt* in the *denial* of his **GOD**! Do you *tremble*, ye who have advanced but *a step* in the indulgence of the bowl?—Pause not *a moment* in spurning it from your lips; dash it on the earth; reject it from your *houses*; be content to lose your *dearest companions*, and roam a *lonely pilgrim* through *life*, rather than subject yourselves for a moment longer to its *fatal control!* What

is the loss of the *dearest objects* around you, to the loss of your souls; and the *depravity* of the heart is almost invariably a dreadful *consequence* of *drunkenness*. Oh, listen for an instant, to the words of one who had *become* its *victim*—and who now, at the hour of midnight, suffering severely from a *Pulmonary Consumption*, offers you a few pages of *undeniable truths*; read them—ponder upon them, and let me have the heart-felt satisfaction of knowing that, by the *humiliating confession of my own sins*, I have saved even but *one* wretched fellow-being from destruction, and I shall esteem my present sufferings as nothing, in comparison to the good they, perhaps, may be the means of effecting towards my fellow-men.

Why should the man who has dared to brave the *wrath* of his **GOD**, fear the *momentary laughter*, and *idle jests* of the *wicked*? It is not enough that my *poems* have been subservient to the cause of religion, patriotism or morality; it does not satisfy *me*, that the world at large has not stigmatized me with the name of **DRUNKARD**; it is no calm to my mind, that my *companions* in guilt have respected me, and lavished encomiums upon my works;—my soul tells me silently how poorly I have deserved the praises bestowed upon me by the good—for **GOD** sees not as man sees; the heart is bare before him, at all times, and in all places—and if that be *wicked*, how shall the *works* of its possessor prosper, and be the cause of “*turning many to righteousness?*” *These pages* will be perused with *utter astonishment* by many who knew my *pride*, and *unwillingness to confess an error of any kind*; and the whole book may be denounced as an *extortion* from my *weakness*; but two years of suffering have not destroyed or much impaired my understanding—and it is a length of time since I first determined to make known my sin, that others might profit by my humiliation.

I early saw how *utterly useless*, nay, worthless and dangerous, would be many of the *poems* of BYRON, after his decease. I saw the "*noble bard*," in the *last hours of his life*, deeply lamenting the *laciviousness and blasphemy* with which many of his poems abound;—I heard his bitter *reproaches against himself*, for endeavoring to wrestle against GOD and religion, in the *vain*, the *worse than idle* hope of *conquering both*, and leaving behind him a halo of unfading glory, and a wreath of fame imperishable! While the highly gifted bard was yet *living*, I wrote the following severe stanzas, in the hope that they would meet his eye;—and, emanating in a distant clime, and in a land of which he seems to have been particularly fond, he would be led to *reflect* upon the course he was pursuing, and tune his harp to religion and morality. The poem, I believe, was republished in *England*, and his lordship saw it in *Italy*; but what effect it had on *his mind*, I do not know. It is probable BYRON died a repentant man; he had a noble and patriotic spirit, and struggling GREECE will hallow his memory.

## BYRON.

"*His soul is dark as Erebus.*"

SATAN his harp to Byron gave,  
And said—"Go, sweep it well;  
Thy throne, the murderer's reeking grave,  
Thy theme, the feats of hell.

The place of skulls thy home shall be,  
Thy bed the couch of shame;  
Plunge in pollution's putrid sea—  
There rest thy hope of fame.

To misery's child new misery add—  
Tell him no pardon's given;  
Drive, drive the shuddering sinner mad,  
And break his hold on heaven.

Sweep, sweep the lyre to godless themes—  
 For vice a chaplet twine;  
 Of horrors be thy waking dreams—  
 Of horrors that are mine.

Of agonies in hell that rise—  
 Of darkness that is felt;  
 Of reeling worlds—of sundering skies—  
 Of terrors yet unspelt.

Dark be the picture—let no light,  
 Not one dim ray illumine;  
 Dark, dark as never-ending night—  
 As self-destroyer's doom!

Man's hope, man's peace forever mar,  
 Eclipse religion's sun;  
 Tread out salvation's golden star,  
 And see thy work WELL DONE!"

He said: his lordship took the lyre,  
 And swept the strings along;  
 And Satan stole from heaven the fire,  
 To gild the godless song.

During my residence with my good and long-suffering friends, the family of ABRAHAM J. UNDERHILL, *Yorktown*, West Chester county, New York, whose kindness, without fee or reward, continued unabated until my departure for New England, I accidentally laid my hands upon a "*History of Jacobinism*" in France, written by the Abbe BARRUEL, who seems to have been master of his subject; in this work I found an account of the death of VOLTAIRE—he who vaunted that "*although it took TWELVE men to plant the tree of CHRISTIANITY, ONE man alone (himself!) should be found sufficient to root it up.*" The horrid description of this wretched infidel's death, as given in the pages above cited, cannot fail to make the most hardened sinner, if he peruses it with attention, shudder and tremble at thought of the punishment he might be sentenced to endure in a future existence beyond the confines of

the tomb! VOLTAIRE'S most *intimate* and courageous, or rather *desperate* companions, in the struggle to overthrow the CROSS of CHRIST, could not *endure* the sight of their *dying master*;—nor could the sentinels, stationed outside his door, listen but for a time to his dreadful agonies, mixed with the *bitterest imprecations, blasphemy* and *yells of utter despair!* Thus died a man, endowed with the brightest talents—the most fertile genius, and calculated in all respects, perhaps, to have been the means, under PROVIDENCE, of saving his country from the *very delusion* into which he became the *most active* instrument in plunging her!

### THE DEATH OF VOLTAIRE.

“*The way of the transgressor is hard.*”

HOLY WRIT.

Elate with hope, in health, in pride,  
The godless Exile\* came;  
And Paris threw her portals wide,  
And gave her wreaths of fame.

Fresh round his brows the flowerets fair  
Their sweetest odours shed;†  
His triumph filled the burthened air;  
The “*wretch was crushed,*” was dead!

One moment, and the sinner saw  
Religion prone in dust;  
Unscathed, defied the broken law,  
Denied his GOD, and cursed:

One moment, and the vital flood  
The tongue blasphemous hushed;  
Forth from his heart the startled blood  
A crimson deluge rushed!‡

\* His friends, near the throne, obtained the Royal assent to his return: he was at this time in his 84th year.—*Abbe Barruel.*

† The Theatres decreed their crowns, and entertainments rapidly succeeded each other, in honour of the impious chief.—*ib.*

‡ In the midst of his triumphs, a violent hemorrhage raised

The pangs of death; and horrors dread,  
 His frame, his soul possess;  
 The spirits of his victims dread  
 Before his vision press;

And on the wall,\* in words of light,  
 In letters traced in flame,  
 He sees, and sinks in endless night!  
 “*Escrsez L’infame!*”†

How deeply to be regretted the error of PAINÉ!—  
*Error?* SIN, I should have said! He, who next to  
 our virtuous and lamented WASHINGTON, effected the  
 most toward the emancipation of America, by his pen,  
 which he knew so well how to wield in defence of an  
 injured people, struggling for independence, and ap-  
 pealing to Heaven for the justice of their cause! Be-  
 hold this powerful writer at his desk, illuminating each  
 page, and elucidating or connecting the opinions of  
 profound statesmen, by the magical touch of a pen  
 seemingly “*dipped in mind;*”—he breathes of freedom  
 —of national thraldom—of wrongs and aggressions too  
 frequent and multiplied to be longer borne—and, lo!  
 even the stripling listens—understands—and, desert-  
 ing the half-felled oak in the forest, leaves the axe at  
 its roots, and seizing the tube of death, he stands un-  
 daunted in the “fore-front” of the hottest strife!—

apprehensions for his life; these apprehensions were realized on  
 the 30th of May, 1778.—*ib.*

\* The hand which had traced in writ the sentence of an impious  
 revelling king, seemed to trace before his eyes, ‘Crush him, do  
 crush the wretch!’—*ib.*

† “Ecr: L’Inf.”—an obscure abbreviation of *Escrsez L’In-  
 fame*, (i. e. crush the wretch, meaning Christ,) generally conclu-  
 ded all Voltaire’s letters to his friends on subjects of “Philoso-  
 phism.” In his last moments, he could be heard alternatively  
 supplicating or blaspheming that God he had conspired against: so  
 dreadful were his agonies, that the Mareschal de Richelieu flew  
 from the bedside, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sus-  
 tained.—*ib.*

Alas! reverse the picture; behold this same writer—this patriot, and friend to the “rights of man,” laboring to destroy the *soul* of the *body* he has just saved from the yoke of slavery, by *inculcating* a *disbelief* in the martyred SAVIOUR of the world! Oh, GOD, have mercy upon him at the last day, and obliterate his sin; it is the prayer of a nation, on whom thou hast looked with kindness, and blessed beyond all others, with freedom, peace, and a knowledge of thyself. For a moment let us consider if there might not be found a secret cause, which kept the sinner unrepentant, and daily hardened his heart, and blinded his soul to a sense of the sin he persisted in; yes, there was—and I will answer, although the victim reposes in death. PAINE was a lover of “*strong drink*,” and this alone is an answer why he *continued* to deny the DIVINITY of CHRIST—for the moment reason was about to return, which would have brought with it the bitterness of remorse, he took still larger quantities of rosy death, to kill the worm within. He died “as a fool dieth,” and a vagabond has made use of his bones for his purposes! Had PAINE *lived a sober man*, he would (*if he did not*) have *died a christian*!

Hence—hence; away, thou deadly foe!

I spurn thy base control:

Hence—hence; away—I feel thy blow,

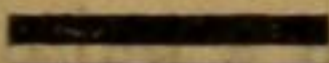
Thou palsy of the soul!

Henceforth I’ll stoop no more to thee,

Destroyer of our race;

But to a HEAVENLY *fountain* flee,

And drink the *dews of grace*.



While settling my accounts with the world, I wish here to discharge a debt of gratitude, and publicly acknowledge a favor in which myself and family are deeply interested:—

Captain SLEEPER, of the ship Hogarth, generously erected a stone in the burial ground of the *Helder*, (Holland) to the memory of my brother; and himself,

officers and crew, attended his remains to the grave. The blessings of the widow and orphan are his earthly reward, and Heaven, hereafter, will be mindful of the deed.

*To the Commander, Officers, and late crew of the ship Hogarth, of Boston.*

Captain SLEEPER will confer a lasting favour upon myself, and the remaining part of my father's family, by accepting himself, and tendering to his officers and late crew, on board the Hogarth, our warmest thanks for the truly disinterested attentions shown by them, in depositing the remains of my beloved brother in the burial ground of the Helder, who was killed by lightning, off the Texel, on the 7th July, 1826. My brother, sir, on entering the ship at Boston, must have been a stranger to every man and officer on board; consequently his merits alone could have advanced him so rapidly in the esteem of both—this fact is certainly of much moment and consolation to his surviving relatives, and acquaintances.—Whatever ship, sir, you may hereafter command, will have the prayers of the widow and the orphan for her safety, and the welfare of yourself, and those whom you may command; and, rest assured, dear sir, that a breeze of heartfelt gratitude, has saved many a fine and gallant bark from the dangers of a lee shore, or an inhospitable coast:—

And he who lends a ready hand  
To save a sinking brother,  
An arm unseen, his soul shall draw  
From this world up to t'other.

Suffering myself from a painful and fatal disease, I beg you, once more, to accept this brief tribute of respect and gratitude, and tender the same to your amiable wife and family.

Yours, truly,

**ROBERT S. COFFIN.**

*Newburyport, Mass. }  
Nov. 6, 1826. }*

## INSCRIPTION ON THE GRAVE STONE.

Here lies the body of

**CAZNEAU B. COFFIN,**

Who was killed by lightning, on board the American ship

HOGARTH, OF BOSTON,

*Off the Texel, July 7th, 1826,*

Aged 25 Years.

This stone is erected by the Officers and Crew of the ship, as a tribute to departed worth, and a memorial of their esteem.

N. B. The expenses of the funeral were heavy, but were willingly defrayed, both by the officers and men.

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**POEMS**

WRITTEN SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF THE

***Oriental Harp.***

---

*Killed, on board the ship Hogarth, off the Texel, by lightning, Mr. CAZNEAU B. COFFIN, brother of the Boston Bard.*

Aye, higher swell, destructive sea,

The dark, insatiate wave;

The spirit, in its majesty,

Hears not thy billows rave;

The thunder's voice, the lightning's flame,

The spirit laughs to scorn;

What time was scathed the mortal frame,

Was life's eternal morn.

Not for thy fate, my brother brave,

Will I a tear-drop shed;

The love I bore thee hath no grave—

It dies not with the dead;

Adieu!—The Texel's stormy tide

Thy requiem wild shall be;

Such dirge alone best suits the pride

Of Brethren of the Sea.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I KNOW not why the heart should bleed,  
 Or why the soul despair,  
 When, from this vale of sorrows freed,  
 The spirit walks the paths that lead  
 To all that's good and fair.

I know not why maternal tears  
 For innocence should flow,  
 When, casting off its robe of fears,  
 It wings its way to brighter spheres,  
 And leaves its house of wo.

Oh, could we pause and cast around  
 A meek, attentive eye,  
 Might not great cause of joy be found,  
 Whene'er we tread the little mound  
 Where guiltless relics lie?

Yes: then instead of rending sighs  
 That heave the tortured breast,  
 To HIM who walks the vaulted skies  
 Our fervent prayers would daily rise,  
 To take us to his rest.

It is not sin to mourn the doom  
 Of virtue's early flower;  
 But, Oh, to sink in cheerless gloom  
 Oft leaves the heart sufficient room  
 To doubt Almighty power:

And this *is* sin. We should not weep  
 As those of hope denied;  
 We know a voice shall wake the sleep  
 Of that we lay beneath this heap,  
 And to his care confide.

What in HIS likeness he has made,  
 By HIM will guarded be;

And whether in the waters laid,  
Or 'neath the willow's mournful shade,  
Shall ne'er corruption see.

---

### LOVE OF LIFE.

Man quits not such a world as this,  
Nor deems his journey brief;  
For still there blooms a flower of bliss  
With every thorn of grief.

How glorious from the azure deep  
Ascends yon orb on high!  
Why should we its *departure* weep?  
We do not wish to die!

The storm is still; an arch appears  
'Neath heaven's unsullied veil;  
Mercy has smiled away our fears—  
Yet, DEATH! who bids *thee* hail?

Even I, O world! who sadly sigh,  
By pain and penury prest,  
Shall leave thee with a moisten'd eye,  
And with a heaving breast.

---

### STANZAS

*On a pet sheep, worried to death by a ferocious dog.*

'Tis thus with man: though innocent  
As was this victim's life,  
By malice foul his heart is rent,  
And knawed by dogs of strife.

Like this meek sufferer, oft the breast  
Of innocence is pained;  
And virtue often sinks distressed,  
With its own life-blood stained.

Man loves not man: his rage is fate—

His vengeance feeds the grave;

His fellow falls to glut his hate—

His soul is passion's slave.

Not so with thee: thy spirit meek

Nor hate nor anger knew;

Passion ne'er roused thy spirit weak,

Thy fellows to subdue,

Refreshed from woman's liberal hand,

And screened from winter's blast,

E'er sportive with the urchin band;

'Twas joy too pure to last.

Emblem of love and gentleness!

With each returning spring

Thy fancied grave with flowers we'll dress,

And thy sad story sing.

---

### IMPROMPTU

*On hearing the Rev. Mr. Summerfield.*

May he who touched Isaiah's lips with fire,

Continue still thy spirit to inspire;

Pour from thy lips the accents mild of truth,

The aged waken—guide the feet of youth;

Breathe o'er the fainting heart, and bid it beat,

And pour its sorrows all at Jesus' feet;

Stretch forth thy hand, and bid the weary come;

In Mercy's mansion there is always room;

Proclaim to those with heavy woes oppressed,

In Christ confide, and he will give you rest.

Fear not the vile, but on undaunted march,

Thine eye forever fixed on Heaven's high arch;

Thus thou and thine shall reach that goal sublime,

Where faith shall triumph over death and time.







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