

T H E
U N I T E D S T A T E S
M A G A Z I N E :

Wm. B. Loomis
A

R E P O S I T O R Y

O F

H I S T O R Y, P O L I T I C S

A N D

L I T E R A T U R E.

V O L U M E I.

FOR THE YEAR, 1779.

P H I L A D E L P H I A ;

PRINTED AND SOLD BY FRANCIS BAILEY, IN FRONT-STREET.

P R E F A C E.

THE Preface of a publication means the same with the exordium of an oration, which is to conciliate the minds of the audience, and, in the words of Cicero, to render them teachable, attentive, benevolent§. We are so happy in assurances of good-will from the Public, that on this occasion, it will not be necessary to detain them with any great compliment and ceremony of this nature. They are themselves well pleased with our attempt (in the language of figure) to paint the graces on the front of war, and invite the mules to our country. They will be indulgent to the infancy and progress of the work; and if there are deficiencies, they will be disposed to forgive them, until full age shall have supplied every want, and brought it to perfection.

We are indeed happy to find a young and rising people so disposed to wish well to the labours of these men, who make it their study to contribute to the entertainment, and to raise the credit of the age in which they live, by useful works of literature, that are the solace, and at the same time the ornament, of human nature. For what is man without taste, and the acquirements of genius? A: Ovaran-Outan, with the human shape, and the soul of a beast.

It was the language of our enemies at the commencement of the debate between America and what is called the mother-country, that in righteous judgment for our wickedness, it would be well to leave us to that independency which we seemed to affect, and to suffer us to sink down to so many Ovaran-Outans of the wood, lost to the light of science which, from the other side of the Atlantic, had just begun to break upon us. They have been made to see, and even to confess the vanity of this kind of auguration. The British officers who are, some of them, men of understanding, on perusal of our

pamphlets

§ Reddere auditorem, docilem, attentum, benevolum.

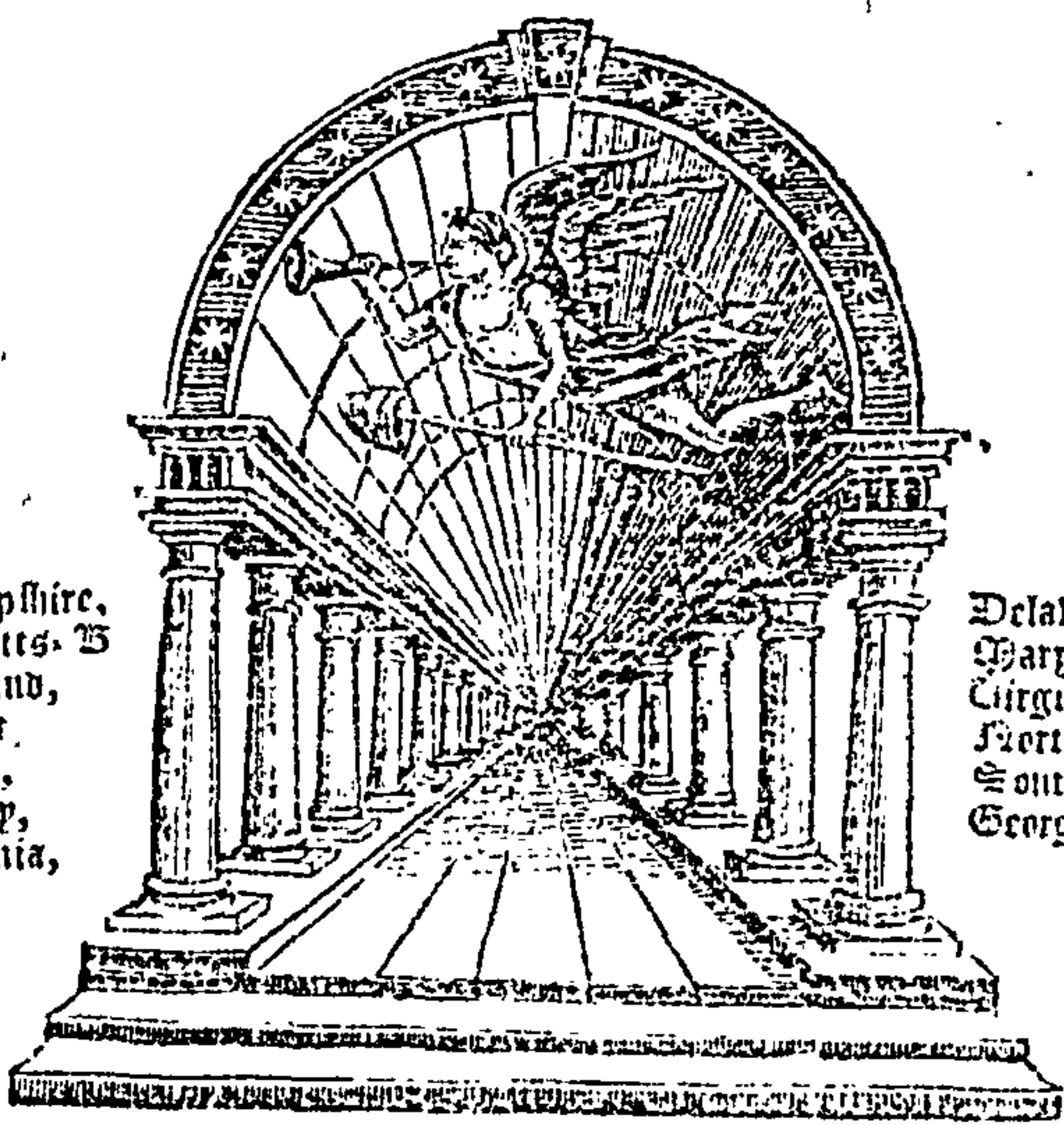
pamphlets in the course of the debate, and the essays and dissertations in the news-papers, have been forced to acknowledge, not without chagrin, that the rebels, as they are pleased to call us, had some d-mn'd good writers on their side the question, and that we had fought them no less successfully with the pen than with the sword. We hope to convince them yet more fully, that we are able to cultivate the belles lettres, even disconnected with Great-Britain; and that liberty is of so noble and energetic quality, as even from the bosom of a war to call forth the powers of human genius, in every course of literary fame and improvement.

It is our only doubt, that in this undertaking, the public will not sufficiently attend to the expences of the press; and from this circumstance will be disposed to complain that our publication is too highly rated. We shall in this case pray them to consider, that there is scarcely an article of commerce that is not thirty times the price it was formerly; and that from the great quantity of currency in circulation, they themselves can more easily command thirty prices now, than one price formerly; and therefore our publication will demonstrably be lower, and more convenient for the public to receive it, than any thing of this kind ever was at any former period.

These things premised and understood, we shall go on in good humour with the purchaser; and it will not be the fault of our intention, if we do not continue in good humour with him, as long as we shall publish the Magazine.

T H E

United States Magazine,



New-Hampshire,
Massachusetts, V
Rhode-Island,
Connecticut,
New-York,
New-Jersey,
Pennsylvania,

Delaware,
Maryland,
Virginia,
North-Carolina,
South-Carolina,
Georgia.

For JANUARY 1779.

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P H I L A D E L P H I A :

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him, as if towards the heights of Morristown; but fearing a circumvention equal to the former, he did not chuse to trust appearances, and therefore when in the dusk of night, he came upon the heights above the town of Brunswick, he halted, and called a council; and sent out scouts to gain intelligence. He was not without his fears that the rebel general had made himself master of the village, and was now lurking there to take the royal troops unguarded at their entrance. In the mean time, a few escaping from the massacre of Princeton, had given information to the brigade in the town of what had happened, and moreover added, that General Washington was on his march in the very neighbourhood of Brunswick, that he had already thrown a division across the Raritan above, to prevent their retreat to Amboy; so that nothing remained but death, or to be made prisoners by the rebels. A council of officers deliberate a long time: At last it was determined to send out scouts. These falling in with the scouts from his Lordship Cornwallis, confirm each other in the opinion, the one that the rebels were in possession of the town, and had poinarded the garrison; the other that General Washington was upon the heights, and ready to come down upon them. This mistake was the foundation of much distress to both; and the events consequent upon it, make the subject of our poem.

CONTRAST *between the Death of a DEIST and a CHRISTIAN,*
David Hume, and Samuel Findley.

Letter from Adam Smith, L.L.D. to William Strahan, Esq. giving some Account of Mr. Hume, during his last Sickness.

Kirkaldy, Fife-shire, Nov. 9. 1776.

Dear Sir,

I T is with a real, though a very melancholy pleasure, that I sit down to give you some account of the behaviour of our late excellent friend, Mr. Hume, during his last illness.

Though, in his own judgment, his disease was mortal and incurable, yet he allowed himself to be prevailed upon, by the entreaty of his friends, to try what might be the effects of a long journey. A few days before he set out, he wrote that account of his own life, which, together with his other papers, he left to your care. My account therefore, shall begin where his ends.

He set out for London towards the end of April, and at Morpheth met with Mr. John Home and myself, who had both come down from London on purpose to see him, expecting to have found him at Edinburgh. Mr. Home returned with him, and attended him during the whole of his stay in England, with that care and attention which might be expected from a temper so perfectly friendly and affectionate. As I had written to my mother that she might expect me in Scotland, I was under the necessity of continuing my journey. His disease seemed to yield to exercise and change of air; and when he arrived in London, he was apparently in much better health than when he left Edinburgh. He was advised to go to Bath to drink the waters, which appeared

ed for some time to have so good an effect upon him, that even he himself began to entertain, what he was not apt to do, a better opinion of his own health. His symptoms, however, soon returned with their usual violence, and from that moment he gave up all thoughts of recovery, but submitted with the utmost cheerfulness, and the most perfect complacency and resignation. Upon his return to Edinburgh, tho' he found himself much weaker, yet his cheerfulness never abated, and he continued to divert himself, as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends; and, sometimes in the evening, with a party at his favourite game of whist. His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements run so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. "I shall tell your friend, Col. Edmonstone," said doctor Dundas to him one day, "that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery." "----" Doctor," said he, "as I believe you would not chuse to tell any thing but the truth, you had better tell him, that I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." Colonel Edmonstone soon afterwards came to see him, and take leave of him; and on his way home, he could not forbear writing him a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him, as to a dying man, the beautiful French verses

in which the Abbe Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend, the Marquis de la Fare. Mr. Hume's magnanimity and firmness were such, that his most affectionate friends knew, that they hazarded nothing in talking or writing to him as to a dying man, and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by it. I happened to come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received, and which he immediately showed me. I told him, that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed to be still so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, "Your hopes are groundless. An habitual diarrhoea of more than a year's standing, would be a very bad disease at any age: at my age it is a mortal one. When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning, I feel myself weaker than when I lay down in the evening. I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must soon die." "Well, said I, if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity." He said, that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading a few days before, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, among all the excuses which are alledged to Cha-
ron

ron for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him; he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself. "I could not well imagine, said he, what excuse I could make to Charon in order to obtain a little delay. I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do, and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them; I, therefore, have all reason to die contented." He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very furly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. "Upon further consideration, said he, I thought I might say to him, Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition. Allow me a little time that I may see how the public receives the alterations." But Charon would answer, "When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses; so honest friend, please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. "You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many

hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue."

But, though Mr. Hume always talked of his approaching dissolution with great cheerfulness, he never affected to make any parade of his magnanimity. He never mentioned the subject but when the conversation naturally led to it, and dwelt no longer upon it than the conversation happened to require: it was a subject indeed which occurred pretty frequently, in consequence of the inquiries which his friends, who came to see him, naturally made concerning the state of his health. The conversation which I mentioned above, and which passed on Thursday the 8th of August, was the last, except one, that I ever had with him. He had now become so very weak, that the company of his most intimate friends fatigued him; for his cheerfulness was still so great, his complaisance and social disposition were still so entire, that when any friend was with him, he could not help talking more, and with greater exertion, than suited the weakness of his body. At his own desire, therefore, I agreed to leave Edinburgh, where I was staying partly upon his account, and returned to my mother's house here, at Kirkaldy, upon condition that he would send for me whenever he wished to see me; the physician who saw him most frequently, Dr. Black, undertaking, in the mean time, to write me occasionally an account of the state of his health.

On the 22d of August, the doctor wrote me the following letter:

"Since

“ Since my last, Mr. Hume has passed his time pretty easily, but is much weaker. He sits up, goes down stairs once a day, and amuses himself with reading, but seldom sees any body. He finds that even the conversation of his most intimate friends fatigues and oppresses him; and it is happy that he does not need it, for he is quite free from anxiety, impatience, or low spirits, and passes his time very well with the assistance of amusing books.”

I received the day after a letter from Mr. Hume himself, of which the following is an extract:

Edinburgh, 23d August, 1776.

“ *My dearest Friend,*

I am obliged to make use of my nephew's hand in writing to you, as I do not rise to-day.

“ I go very fast to decline, and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness, but unluckily it has, in a great measure, gone off. I cannot submit to your coming over here on my account, as it is possible for me to see you so small a part of the day, but Doctor Black can better inform you concerning the degree of strength which may from time to time remain with me. Adieu, &c.”

Three days after I received the following letter from Dr. Black:

Edinburgh, Monday, August 26. 1776.

“ *Dear Sir,*

“ Yesterday about four o'clock afternoon, Mr. Hume expired. The near approach of his death

became evident in the night between Thursday and Friday, when his disease became excessive, and soon weakened him so much, that he could no longer rise out of his bed. He continued to the last perfectly sensible, and free from much pain or feelings of distress. He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience; but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderness. I thought it improper to write to bring you over, especially as I heard that he had dictated a letter to you, desiring you not to come. When he became very weak it cost him an effort to speak, and he died in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it.”

Thus died our most excellent, and never to be forgotten friend; concerning whose philosophical opinions men will, no doubt, judge variously, every one approving or condemning them, according as they happen to coincide or disagree with his own; but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion. His temper, indeed, seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded, not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his

his mind, or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify; and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight, even those who were the objects of it. To his friends who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities, which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his life-time and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit. I ever am, dear Sir,

Most affectionately yours,
ADAM SMITH.

*Some of the last choice Words of that eminently Pious Servant of God, Samuel Finley **

Friday, July 11. 1766.

THE Rev. Mr. Richard Treat came to visit the Doctor,

* The late Dr. Finley, President of the college of New Jersey.

who desired that he would pray by him. Being asked what he should pray for; he answered, "Beseech God that he would be pleased to let me feel, just as I did at that time when I first closed with Christ, at which time I could scarce contain myself out of heaven."

Dr. S—— acquainted him that he could live but a few days longer; at which he lifted up his eyes with much composure, saying, "Then welcome Lord Jesus." He declared himself under the greatest obligations to the Doctor for his kind and diligent attendance during his illness, and said, "I owe a large catalogue of debts to my friends, which will never be charged to my account; God will discharge them for me."

July 13th, Sunday noon. Dr. C—— came to his bed-side, and told him there appeared a very visible alteration in his countenance, by which he judged death was not far off. He raised himself from his pillow, and broke out, "Then may the Lord bring me near to himself---I have waited with a *Canaan hunger* for the promised land---I have often wondered that God suffered me to live---I have wondered more that ever he called me to be a minister of his word. He has often afforded me much strength, and though I have abused it, he has returned in mercy. O! how sweet are the promises of God! Oh! that I could see him as I have seen him heretofore in his sanctuary! Although I have earnestly desired death as the hireling pants for the evening shade, yet will I wait my appointed time. I have struggled with principalities

ties and powers, and have been almost brought to despair---Lord let it suffice.”

He now closed his eyes, and fervently prayed that God would shew him his glory before he departed hence,---that he would enable him to endure patiently to the end---and, particularly, that he might be kept from dishonouring the ministry. He resumed his discourse saying, “I can truly say that I have loved the service of God---I know not in what language to speak of my own unworthiness: I have been undutiful: I have honestly endeavoured to act for God, but with much weakness and corruption.” Here he lay down, and spoke as follows---“A Christian’s death is the best part of his existence. The Lord has made provision for the whole way, provision for the soul and for the body. O! that I could recollect Sabbath blessings. The Lord has given me many souls as a *crown of my rejoicing*. Blessed be God, eternal rest is at hand: Eternity is long enough to enjoy my God. This has animated me in my severest studies. I was ashamed to take rest here. O! that I could be filled with the fulness of God! that fulness which fills heaven.”

One asked him, if it was in his choice either to live or die, which he would prefer; he replied, “To die. Though I cannot but say I feel the same difficulty with St. Paul. But should God by a miracle prolong my life, I will still continue to serve him: His service has ever been sweet to me. I have loved it much. I have tried my Master’s yoke, and will never shrink my neck

from it---*His yoke is easy, and his burden light.*” You are more cheerful, Sir, said one of the company: “Yes, I rise or fall as eternal rest appears nearer or farther off.” It being observed to him, that he always used that expression ‘*Dear Lord,*’ in his prayers; he answered “Oh! he is very dear, very precious indeed! how pretty for a minister to die upon the Sabbath! I expect to spend the remaining part of this Sabbath in heaven.” One said, You will soon be joined to a blessed society; you will forever converse with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob---with the spirits of just men made perfect---with old friends, and many old fashioned people. “Yes, Sir (he replied with a smile) but they are a most polite people now.”

He frequently expressed great gratitude to his friends around him, but very particularly to the kind family he was in; and said, “May the Lord repay you for your tenderness of me --May he bless you abundantly not only with temporal but spiritual blessings.” Addressing himself to all that were present, he said, “Oh that each of you may experience what, blessed be God, I do, when ye come to die! may you have the pleasure of reflecting in a dying hour, that with *faith and patience, zeal and sincerity*, you have endeavoured to serve the Lord; that each of you may be impressed as I have been, with God’s word, looking upon it as substantial, and not only fearing, but unwilling to offend against it.”

To a person about to return to Princeton, he said, “Give my love to the people of Princeton, tell them I am going to die, and that

that I am not afraid of death." He would sometimes cry out, "The Lord Jesus take care of his cause in the world."

Monday 14th. Waking this morning, "Oh! what a disappointment have I met with; I expected this morning to have been in heaven." His great weakness prevented his much speaking to day: what few words he uttered, breathed the language of triumph.

Tuesday 15th. With a pleasing smile and strong voice he cried out, "O! I shall triumph over every foe! The Lord hath given me the victory---I exult, I triumph. O! that I could see untainted purity! Now I know that it is impossible that faith should not triumph over earth and hell---I think I have nothing to do now but to die. Perhaps I have; Lord shew me my task."

After expressing some fears that he did not endeavour to preserve his remaining life, through eagerness to depart; and being told he did nothing inconsistent with self-preservation, he said, "Lord Jesus into thine hands I commit my spirit. *I do it with confidence ---I do it with full assurance.* I know that thou wilt keep that which I have committed unto thee. I have been dreaming too fast of the time of my departure. I find it does not come; but the Lord is faithful, and will not tarry beyond his appointed time."

When one who attended him told him his pulse grew weaker, he expressed with pleasure "That it was well." He often would put forth his hand to his physicians, and ask them how his pulse beat; and would rejoice when he was told it was fluttering or irregular.

In the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Spencer came to see him, and said, I am come, dear Sir, to hear you confirm by facts the gospel you have preached. Pray how do you feel? The Doctor replied, "Full of triumph. I triumph through Christ. Nothing clips my wings but the thoughts of my dissolution being prolonged. O! that it was to night. My very soul thirsts for eternal rest." Mr. Spencer asked him what he saw in eternity to excite such vehement desires in his soul? He replied, "I see a God of love and goodness---I see the fulness of my Mediator---I see the love of Jesus. O to be dissolved to be with him! I long to be clothed with the complete righteousness of Christ, not only *imputed* but *inherent*." He desired Mr. Spencer to pray before they parted, "Pray that God would preserve me from evil---that he would keep me from dishonouring his great name in this critical hour, and support me in my passage *through the valley of the shadow of death.*" He spent the remaining part of the day, in bidding farewell to, and blessing his friends, and exhorting such of his children as were with him. He would frequently cry out, "Why move the tardy hours so slow."

July 16th. His speech failed him; he made many efforts to speak, but seldom so distinct as to be understood. Mr. R-b-rd-u desired him to give some token whereby his friends might know whether he still continued to triumph; he lifted up his hand, and said, "Yes." This afternoon he uttered several sentences, but little could be collected from them.

Some of his very last words concerning himself were, "After one or two more engagements the conflict will be over."

About nine o'clock he fell into a sound sleep, and appeared much freer from pain than for several days before. He continued to sleep without moving in the least till one o'clock; when he expired without a sigh or a groan, or any kind of motion, sufficient to alarm his wife, and those friends who were about his bed.

During his whole sickness, he was never heard to utter one repining word. He was at times tortured with the most excruciating pains; yet he expressed in all his behaviour an entire resignation to the Divine will. In all his affecting farewells to his relations and friends, he was never seen to shed a tear, or shew the least mark of sorrow. He often checked his affectionate wife when she was weeping; and he expressed his unshaken confidence in the promises of his God, whenever he spoke of his dear children.

His truly polite behaviour continued to the last, and manifested itself whenever he called for a drop of drink to wet his lips. Every one around him was treated with that same sweetness and ease that were so peculiar and natural to him. In fine, he was a most striking example of that *faith* which kindles love in the heart, and produces the sweet fruits of meekness, gentleness, patience, and every Christian grace and virtue.

B—

Reply of CONTINENTAL CURRENCY, to the Representation and Remonstrance of Hard Money.

To the People of America,
Citizens,

IT is extremely disagreeable to a man who wishes to cultivate benevolence of heart to all the world, to be under the necessity of entering into a debate with any person whatsoever. Nevertheless, as the man who neglects to defend his life when it is attempted, is, in some sort, accessory to the taking it away; so it is a kind of suicide of one's reputation to refuse to defend it, when it is unjustly calumniated and traduced. For this reason, I have thought proper, upon mature deliberation, to take some notice of the Representation and Remonstrance of *Hard Money*, more especially as he has addressed himself to you, the citizens of these states; for I wish to debate the matter at no more favourable and impartial bar, than that of this virtuous and free country. From my temper, which leads me to wish to act the gentleman, and from the respect I owe to your presence, I shall endeavour to preserve the utmost decency of language, and though to the words *rag-born*, *paper-waster*, *kite-faced*, which he very courteously throws out, it might be in my power to re-join those of *copper-nosed*, *yellow-visaged*, *jaundice-faced*, yet I waive every epithet of this nature, and leave them to my adversary, who in this kind of eloquence is so greatly and so confessedly my superior.

You