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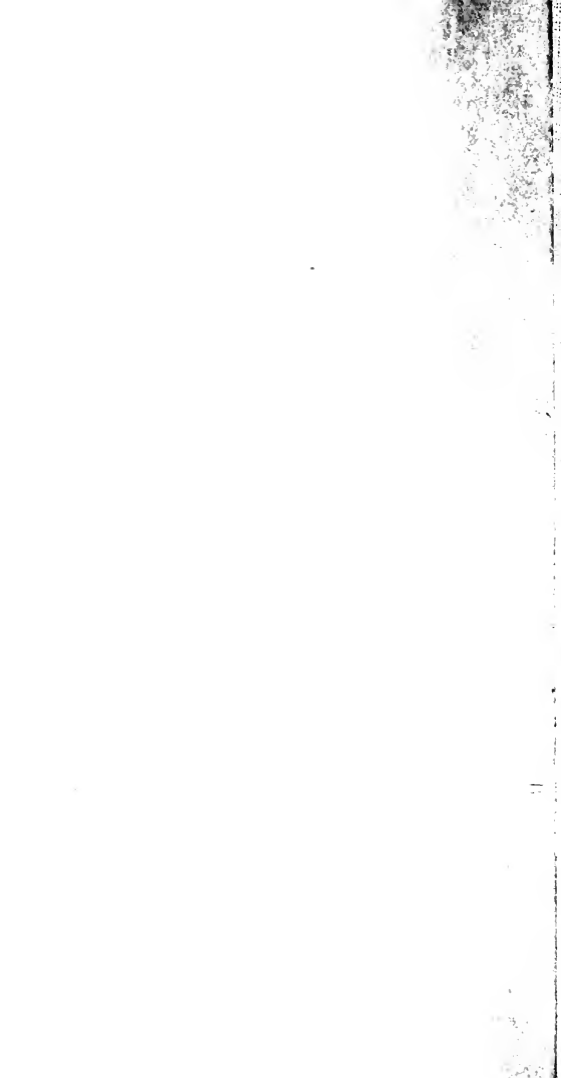
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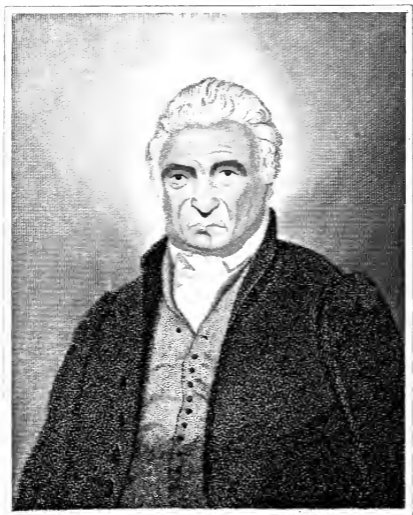
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T. Hurdon & Co.

Henry Cunningham

**PRACTICAL
INFIDELITY PORTRAYED**

And the Judgments of God made manifest.

A N A D D R E S S,

SUBMITTED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF
ROBERT D. OWEN, KNEELAND, HOUSTON,
AND OTHERS OF THE INFIDEL PARTY, IN THE
CITY OF NEW-YORK.

BY ABNER CUNNINGHAM.

“Christianity requires and challenges investigation.”

THIRD EDITION.—REVISED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE
AUTHOR.

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By ABNER CUNNINGHAM,
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INFIDELITY PORTRAYED.

YOU have propounded questions, and solicited answers from those who call themselves Christians, and who profess to be governed by the precepts, doctrines, and policy of JESUS CHRIST.

As your questions called for a reply, I ventured to make my appearance at your meetings, in order to answer you, to vindicate the Christian religion and policy, and to demonstrate their benign effects on the *Human Family*; but you have prohibited me from making such remarks as I thought appropriate and suitable to the nature of the subject. This prohibition I consider a personal attack on my character, which affords me an ample apology for coming before you and the world in the present form.

I shall endeavour to take up your questions in substance, as you have published them, expose your own comments, and follow with such remarks as may demonstrate the practical effects of your doctrines, by giving such examples as are in my pos-

session, and as have been personally known to me, and which I think appropriate to the occasion.

Here I would premise, that if I should show too little or too much, it can be chargeable to no Christian denomination, as I belong to none. I am most favourable to that sect, called Quakers, or Friends, and shall hold them up as models in the course of my remarks.

The first question to be considered and answered is, in substance, as follows: "Was there ever a revelation from any real or supposed Supreme Being; and, if so, what is the evidence?"

Your question admits the *possibility* of the existence of a *God*; and you wish to know, how it is possible for that *God*, so existing, to communicate his will to other intelligent beings, who, if your senses do not deceive you, you will readily admit do also exist. Now, one prominent feature of infidels, is to believe nothing which is not seen, smelt, heard, tasted, or felt; and, even then, they are not certain, *as their senses may deceive them*. Some of you admit the existence of a *God*, who gave spring and vigor to nature, of which you are a part. That mankind communicate to and with each other, you also admit. Now, why should it be considered strange for the *MAKER OF MAN* to possess the same, or more salutary mode of com-

munication with man, than that with which man has been endowed by his Creator—the Maker of mind to make communication to mind? And why should we not confide in *written evidence*, when circumstances co-operate to illustrate and support the truth of its author? You admit the existence of the celebrated historian, Josephus, the great conquerer, Alexander, and the notorious Thomas Paine. Of the two former, all the evidence you have, is founded upon the pages of history. This evidence would have been lost, unless *man* had possessed the faculty of communicating facts to after generations. This is *written evidence* sent down to us through the lapse of time, and yet you believe it. Important and interesting facts are revealed to you by a fellow-man; you receive them as such, and believe their truth. Of the latter, your own recollections will carry you back to the scenes of filth and degradation, in which he voluntarily plunged himself by his practical demonstration of scepticism in religion. Few men have been more bountifully favored with the gifts of nature, and expansion of intellect, than was Thomas Paine. His incomparable essays on the *political rights of man*, stand as a lasting monument of his genius, and exhibit a mind girded with strength; yet, notwithstanding this, his great success, and acknowledged

ability in effecting a *political* revolution, in attempting to bring about a *moral* revolution upon your plan, he revolted against God and common sense. His "*Age of Reason*" was his age of folly! He shut his eyes against rational evidence, denied the truth of the Christian religion, became a sceptic. This infatuated infidel was left to the fruits of his own doings, degraded himself, and died a fool!!!

In evidence to the foregoing, I will here take the liberty of introducing the following testimony:—

An intimate friend and relation of mine, visited the said Thomas Paine, during his sufferings, a short time before his death. The object of which visit was, as far as possible, to ascertain the true state of his mind, and to administer consolation to him in this trying moment. On being introduced to him, this friend found him much distressed in his body, and also in his mind. In conversation, he appeared to be bitter against the Roman Catholics, and the Church of England, on the account of their political influence; but very partial towards the Quakers, saying, if all were Quakers, there had been no need of revolution. Such seemed to be his belief in Quakers, that, he observed, when such and such visited him, it appeared as though the evil spirit which tormented him would depart, at least, for a season. Such was Thomas Paine,

and such the state of his mind, when this Friend visited him. All was darkness, gloom, and desperation. I was also well acquainted with another Friend who visited him during his last sufferings. This Friend was in the practice of visiting the sick, for the purpose of affording them consolation. He told me, he never saw a man in so much apparent distress. He sat with his elbow on his knee, and his head leaning on his hand ; and beside him stood a vessel, to catch the blood that was oozing from him in five different streams, like spider's-webs—one from the corner of his mouth, one from each eye, and one from each nostril! This Friend endeavoured to get him into conversation, but was only answered by horrible looks and dreadful groans. I was also acquainted with another, whose name I have, that visited him. This man was a preacher of the Methodist order. His object was, if possible, to get from him the truth in his dying hour, in relation to his future prospects with eternity. But all he could get from him, in answer to his questions, was awful groans, which seemed to unnerve the whole system. This man was with him until he drew his last breath, and his immortal spirit had fled.

In addition to the above, I would here introduce the reports that have long been in circulation in the

neighbourhood where he suffered, and died ; which I had from one of the aforesaid persons, and which has lately been handed to me in writing, of which the following is a correct detail :—

“ M. R. a religious, intelligent young woman, who resided in a family that was near neighbour to Thomas Paine, at Greenwich. She began visiting him a few weeks before his death, and saw him several times during his last illness. M. R. was taken unwell, and the same physician who attended Paine, was called in to her. She asked him how Paine was ; the doctor replied, very ill : we (meaning the physicians) think we have never before seen such a suffering object ; but he tells us to-day, added he, that his bodily distress is nothing compared to his mind.

“ When M. R. had recovered, she again visited him : and in another apartment, found a French-woman (who had accompanied him from France) in great distress, wringing her hands, and lamenting, saying, she had forsaken her husband, friends, and religion, to embrace the principles of Paine, and that she had spent three years in following him ; but that now he told her those principles would not stand, and charged her not to build upon them ; and now, said she, I have none to look to. Paine asked M. R., if she had ever read any of his wri-

tings on religious subjects. She replied she had, when she was very young, and did not know better. He inquired what she thought of the books. She told him, she thought it was in effect more like a serpent than any thing she had ever read; that for days after perusing it, she could not think a good thought, but some of the reasonings would twine around her, and repel it: and seeing the other children of the family eager to take it up, she could find no peace until she had committed it to the flames. Paine then made an exclamation, denoting the horrors of his mind, saying, it had been better for my poor soul, if all the world, like you, had destroyed them: but the world was glad to have it so; adding, if satan ever had an instrument upon earth, to lead into the ways of darkness, I have been one. I have passed many sleepless nights, in endeavoring to pervert the right way. At a certain time, when some of the family were there in which M. R. resided, one of Paine's former friends, and an adherent, came, and opening the door, called out roughly—Paine, I have heard five lies about you: one is, that you are dead; another is, that you have recanted, and turned Quaker: as you have lived like a man, I hope you will die like one. When he had shut to the door Paine said, you see how I have lived; this has

been my heaven; those, my friends, can do nothing but afflict me. At another time, he said, if I am ever saved, then no poor wretch has any need to doubt. I will only add the circumstance of a French boy, who resided in the same family, who knew Paine when in France, telling her (M. R.) in his own broken way, that Paine was very sick, and that he prayed aloud most of the time, to that Jesus whom he tried to crush in their country, and did thereby a great deal of harm."

Do you not believe as much in the existence of the historian and conqueror, as in the modern profligate? If so, why not believe other well-authenticated documents? You contend we have no evidence of the existence of MOSES, of JESUS OF NAZARETH, or of the prophets and apostles; or, if they did exist, they were imposters. But what is the testimony of uncontradicted history? Is it not as clear, consistent, and rational, that JESUS CHRIST, the prophets and apostles existed, as that Alexander, Josephus, Voltaire, Confucius, and Paine existed? Do we not now find records of the existence of JESUS CHRIST and his apostles, and of his miracles made known both by friends and foes? Were not the Jews inimical to his person, doctrines, miracles, and precepts? And have they not now recorded facts in their *Talmud*, in relation to his

person, his miracles, his crucifixion, his resurrection, and his wonderful works? Do not these facts stand, uncontradicted, as a faithful memorial of what they both saw and heard at that time; and did not his life, his rejection by his countrymen, and his ignominious death, accord with the declarations of prophets antecedently made? Yet, notwithstanding all this array of *undeniable* evidence, because your eyes have not seen, your ears have not heard, and your hands have not handled the sacred personage, you, *you* will not believe!! What a comment upon your intellect, or your rectitud of purpose!! Universal conscience is tributary to illustrate the truth, that God exists, and that he has revealed his will to man.

You assume the imperfections of Christian professors, and their various sentiments, urging them as proof against the authenticity of the Christian religion. As well may you pass sentence of condemnation upon gold, silver, and bank notes, and say all were spurious, because some are counterfeits; and to prove a negative, you affirm that which I have never seen recorded in any authentic history, "that two Christian monks contended for preference, and one, in anger, threw a leaden inkstand at the other;" and infer from the phantasies of your own imaginations, that there can be no

truth in christianity. Suppose your imaginations to be true, does this affect christianity? Where do you find JESUS CHRIST teaching the art of throwing inkstands, or using carnal weapons? To you it belongs to show that foolish men act in accordance with the doctrines, examples, and precepts of JESUS CHRIST, when they manifest a hostile spirit one to another. So far from this, he teaches love, patience, meekness, long suffering, peace, quietness, goodness, &c. &c., and no where do you find him inculcating an opposite doctrine.

You farther assert, that all Christian teachers desire to dupe, deceive, and swindle their followers out of their money, in order to aggrandize themselves; to accomplish which, they have shed rivers of blood! Suppose again, (which is not admitted,) all this to be true, how does it affect christianity itself? I ask again for an example, in which the divine author sanctions oppression and blood. Is it in accordance with the doctrines, examples, and precepts of our Redeemer? Suppose graceless zealots jar and fight, where do you find a warrant from JESUS CHRIST for such scenes? I call upon you for one single example in his whole history, to encourage the shedding of blood, or the use of carnal weapons. Search the Christian's books, and find one example of any of the improprieties of

which you complain. But here is a charge against all Christians, in the face of truth, and contrary to the experience of two hundred years in modern times ; to say nothing of the apostolic period. It is an outrage upon the sects, called Shakers, Friends, and Moravians, as well as other religious denominations.

It is well known that the Shakers neither give nor receive money for teaching their religious tenets. Of them nothing more need be said.

The Moravians first rose into existence from the old church in Moravia and Bohemia, about three hundred and fifty years ago ; since which time, they have never split among themselves, or entered into contention with any other persuasion.

The Friends, for more than two hundred years, have protested against giving or receiving money for teaching their religious tenets. They have heroically submitted to bloody persecutions, rather than yield their conscientious system of duty to their God, and their fellow-men. I appeal to a candid world, not at this time, whether the Friends are better than other Christian denominations, but whether you have told the truth respecting them. It appears to me you have spouted forth the same poison of the double-tongued, many-headed monster ; and by your long tale, have been attempting

to throw arrows, venom, and death, at all within your reach. One of your arts, here practised, is to come before the world, clad in sheep's attire, professing the docility of a lamb, while from your hearts flow the venom of the serpent, and your recklessness shows the ferocity of the ravening wolf. And for what purpose? Why, to show that there has never been a revelation from God to man; a negative far, far beyond your logical powers to prove; but to accomplish which, you hesitate not to abuse, traduce, and slander all different denominations of Christians. You have committed a fraud on the society called Friends, which nothing can justify. Your course is pregnant with mischief, poison, and death, the evident fruits of ignorance and malignity. You show a corrupt mind, and a wilful intention to misrepresent. You may bewilder and mislead a few ignorant and superficial hearers; but your folly is too palpably the offspring of the infernal regions to affect any others. Infatuated by prejudice, ignorance, or wickedness, will such folly save you from death, or from irrevocable judgment? But you still say God has never made a revelation to man; and still attempt to prove a negative by slandering all Christian denominations, and in a manner that can have no bearing upon the question.

Allow me to suggest a plan, which, if accomplished, will seem to favour your object. Account for the existence of the Jews, as a separate, distinct, and peculiar people, known to be the descendants of the patriarch Abraham—for their history having been published by their father Jacob—confirmed by Isaiah and others, hundreds of years before their dispersion—for the history of JESUS CHRIST, his birth and death, written hundreds of years anterior to his appearance upon earth, proved by his coming and his subsequent history. I say, account for these phenomena, on any principles aside from the communications of God to his creature, man!!! But will you deny these positions, and say these things are not so? Then I will ask you to solve one more phenomenon, and tell me how it happens, that sacred and profane history so exactly accord? How happens it, that those who have been hostile to that which we call revelation, have historically confirmed the material facts of the Bible; and in no part of any well-authenticated history do you find any thing at variance with the facts set forth by the sacred writers. And how does it happen, that all the writers of the Old and New Testaments condemn evil practices, recommending the soundest policy and strictest morality, if they intended to deceive? The characters of

all the writers of sacred history afford strong evidence of their truth. Then why are not the facts of sacred history that are well supported by profane, as well as those facts not inconsistent with, nor disproved by profane history, to be received in evidence of the revelation of God to man ; and especially, when universal conscience responds to the fact that God exists, and that he has, and does make known his will to man ? Can any rational solution be made on any rational principles whatever, aside from an acknowledgment, that God is the common maker of *all*, and has revealed himself and his will to man, both by his works and his word ? In the language of Dr. Lathrop, “ it cannot be imagined, that a number of men (the sacred writers) should deliberately associate to sacrifice every thing that is dear in life, and even life itself, for the sake of imposing on the world a falsehood, which never would do mankind or themselves any good ; that they should presume in this design, after they began to feel its consequences ; that they should persist in it until death ; that never a single man should desert the cause, and discover the fraud. Not even Judas pretended any deception, but rather bore testimony to the innocence of Christ. I say, for men to sacrifice their lives, and all that life could hold dear, in order to foist upon

the world a fraud and falsehood, would be contrary to nature, contrary to good sense, and would be one of the greatest miracles of which we can conceive.

But you say, that the Bible is a cunningly devised fable, the manufacture of monks and friars ; and that no such persons as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, with their cotemporaries, ever existed ; and assign as a reason for this conclusion, that they do not tell exactly the same story, or in the same way. This objection is to me, as it will be to every man of common sense, undeniable evidence that there was no cunningly devised concert of action in those men, or any others, to deceive the world ; but that each wrote and published what he saw and heard, and not what another pretended he had seen and heard. If deception had been designed, they would undoubtedly have come together, compared, and made their narrations exactly in the same style, words, and figures ; but it is not so ; and yet there is nothing contradictory in all they have written. When Matthew says he saw a miracle performed by JESUS CHRIST, Mark does not say Matthew did not see it, though he might not have seen or made record of the fact himself. And so take the whole of what you call evidence against the sacred writings, and give all the apparent contradictions their due consideration, and you

find nothing against, but all to swell the evidence in favour of their truth ; and that no concert of action was ever attempted in order to deceive.

But again, you contend there has never been any such thing as a revelation from God to man, and that none have possessed the gift of prophecy. Your mode of reasoning appears to me to be rather paradoxical. In order to prove that none have possessed the gift of prophecy, you introduce the French prophets, Brutus, and others, who, you say, have seen visions, to prove that none ever were seen, and infer from thence, that JESUS CHRIST never foretold any event ; or, if he did, his intention was to commit a fraud. Why not disprove the declarations of the French prophets, Brutus, and others, as well as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and the declarations of the ancient writers ? But the peculiar characteristics of infidelity appear to be, to receive as truths, that of which you have no evidence, and condemn as false, that which shines with the sunbeams of truth, and has the sanction of approving conscience and common sense. But all this is owing, I suppose, to the uncommon credulity of infidelity and infatuated ignorance in religion, howsoever wise in other matters. We will return to the question. You demand evidence, but refuse written evidence.

What then shall I give you? What will satisfy you? Will you receive the existence of Christianity itself as evidence in support of the existence of God, and his revelation to man? What can I give you more glaring than the fact, that Christianity does now, and has, for ages, surmounted the dislikes, taunts, and persecutions of its opposers? Will you deny the fact, and take refuge under your favorite doctrine, that your senses may deceive you? I would then ask, what are you fighting against? Is it not Christianity? And have you not been preceded by a Voltaire, a Bolingbroke, a Hume, a Paine, and many others, who have spent the measure of their fury against Christianity, and are in eternity, whilst the object of their hatred still survives? Were not many of the primitive as well as more modern Christians, put to ignominious death by bigoted infidels?

Christianity was first taught by a few obscure, unlearned, plain, but honest fishermen, as they were inspired by the Divine Author. No splendid retinue of worldly dignitaries—no dazzling array of military glory—no violence has been exerted, by which to force its way, and spread its triumphs through the world. It marches forth in its own light and beauty. Its own consistency and incomparable value impress themselves upon the

minds and consciences of all reflecting, consistent, reasonable, and honest men. Though many maniacs, from its introduction into the world, have toiled to destroy the noblest of systems, and have caused rivers of blood to flow in the mighty conflict, yet it still lives an indestructible monument of its truth and goodness, and has fully vindicated its Author in his bold declaration, when he says, "The gates of hell shall not prevail." But you say all this is false, all imagination, all a delusion; your senses deceive you; they are treacherous; they must not be relied on, especially in matters of religion. I shall not attempt to prove that the senses of an infidel may not deceive him; but I do ask, if they are so subject to being deceived, what man of the quantum of sense absolutely necessary for a Christian to have, could place any confidence in the opinions or belief of such a person?—and what folly it must be for a Christian to adopt such bigotry and disbelief? Your senses, it appears, are so treacherous as to lead you to construe all rational evidence of revealed religion into a perversion of the senses and false imagination, making the bitter sweet, and the sweet bitter. To be a Christian, is to be a disciple of rational evidence; to love and yield obedience to the truth; to go nowhere without, but any where with, rational evidence. Chris.

tianity requires and challenges investigation. He that believeth, shall (as well he may) know of the doctrine. He hath the witness in himself. His senses do not deceive him. Christianity still exists; the testimony of which does not depend on written evidence; and all your efforts, conjointly, with all that have gone before, and all that may come after you, will only serve to illustrate the fact, that Christianity exists, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. It is now founded on the basis of eternal truth, the Rock of Ages, against which all the minions of apostates shall never prevail. No carnal weapons are used, no force employed to sustain it in its onward march. Calmly and harmoniously it bears its gentle sway, making captivity captive, and procuring peace, happiness, and salvation for man. No enlightened or honest man can do less than hail its royal approach. In its own light and beauty, it stamps itself upon the consciences and understandings of men, brings them into its own similitude, and throws around them the panoply of eternal truth in purity, preparing its own votaries for beatific and ecstatic joys. But what have been the machinations of infidels to prevent the spread of Christianity, and its happy results through this darkened and benighted world? They have put to death those who

have professed the Christian name. Fire, faggot, and sword, have been employed to impede its progress. Only one of the twelve apostles was suffered to escape the tortures of a most barbarous character; all the rest suffered most cruel and bloody deaths by the hands of infidels. Not one of those illustrious martyrs ever raised his arm in his own defence, but yielded his life a sacrifice and seal to the truth and excellence of the Christian religion. I challenge you to point out the individual Christian, living under the influence of his chartered rights, (I mean revealed religion,) who ever raised a carnal weapon in his defence, with the approbation or sanction of JESUS CHRIST, much less to assail, or be engaged in any offensive contest against his fellow-man. It is only when infidelity has assumed the Christian name, destroyed the Bible, and arrogated to itself the right of keeping the consciences of its fellows, and *only* then, that fire, faggot, and sword, would be tolerated. You may go to pagan Rome, or any other country that thirsts for power at the expense of blood, for examples; but do they learn this from the Bible? Do they diffuse and teach scripture knowledge, and Christianity, as CHRIST himself taught it? I answer, No! the more ignorance, the better; the more darkness, the more blood. They will not

come to the light, that their deeds may be reprov'd. Yet, because infidels call themselves Christians, and under the Christian name imbrue their hands in their brethren's blood, true Christianity must be condemn'd ! As well may you condemn gold and silver, because counterfeit coins are put in circulation. Such positions should make a rational being blush, and hide his head, and be ashamed to think himself a man. But, say you, Christians fight among themselves. I say again, it is the effect of customs and traditions, the commencement of which was with the infidel, Cain, at the time he killed his brother. Cain would not believe God, when he assured him, if he did well, he should be accepted. He was a fatalist and an infidel, but did his unbelief make the faith of God of no effect ? Christianity is not in fault ; the fault lies in not having it. It is infidelity and pagan cruelty.

I again ask for an example of cruelty to be found in the Christian's book of discipline ; and again affirm, that all disorder, cruelty, and blood, are the results of paganism and infidelity, and not the fault of Christianity. Your objections are absurd and ridiculous, and must fall to the ground. You object again, and say, that about one hundred Christians in the United States, have become mentally deranged, most of whom belonged to the

Methodist Society. You offer a pamphlet, in evidence of this fact, in which you attempt to show the fallacy of the Christian religion. Let us examine this matter. It appears from the records, that five hundred and thirteen thousand one hundred and fourteen Methodists are now in the United States. Suppose them to constitute one third part of all the Christians in this country, we shall then have, collectively, one million five hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and forty-two Christians of all denominations, out of which number, one hundred have lost their mental faculties. Hence, you infer, Christianity cannot be true. Let us look a little further. I have seldom seen an infidel possessing a sound mind, that continued so all his days. I have known about two hundred persons professing infidelity, out of which a large majority have manifested undeniable insanity, and have met with disgraceful deaths, the fruits of their own corrupt propensities and vicious habits. Now, if the fact of one hundred, out of one million five hundred and thirty-nine thousand three hundred and forty-two, dying in a state of agitation of mind, is evidence against the truth of the Christian religion, how much stronger evidence against the truth of infidelity, where a large majority, out of about two hundred active infidels, are

guilty of murder, suicide, stealing, robbery, perjury, house-breaking, house-burning, and other impurities and enormities of the most beastly character, and die most ignominious deaths to satisfy the violated laws of their country. This is a fair proportion, and shows the contrast between the two systems of Christianity and infidelity. I make this statement, not from pamphlets, but from known facts :—many of them were my neighbours, some of whom were my schoolmates, and some apostatized from sober habits and a Christian profession. I repeat that many of these fatal consequences of infidelity have come within my own knowledge. I have seen the ends of many of these deluded victims; and where I have not been an eye-witness, I have received my information from the most respectable, nay, undoubted sources. I have never known a professed Christian to forsake that profession, and become a better man by becoming an infidel; but I have known profligates, drunkards, and infidels, eventually become Christians and good men, ornaments to society, and a blessing to their families and to the world. You have declared this to be false; but in my answer to your next question, I shall enter more minutely into the facts and circumstances, and *prove* what I have here stated.

I will refer you to one witness more, in proof of

the revelation of God to man: that is, the inward operations and dictation of the holy spirit within the soul of man! This is the best testimony I can offer, in addition to what has already been presented. The existence of God is self-evident, and your own consciences must respond to the doctrine that God exists, and that he has revealed himself to man. I will give you an instance to show, that even infidels, as well as Christians, may have communications from God. C. G., a neighbour of mine, a proselyte to blind Palmer, rose in the morning, called his children together, washed them, combed their hair, kissed them, and said he had a presentiment that he should never see them again. He went out, and not more than about forty rods from his own house, he mounted a hay-stack—a sudden flash of lightning struck him—he fell, never again to rise. I myself saw the flash, and felt the shock.

I have never charged one individual with infidelity from mere hearsay—not one but whom I have heard avow the doctrine. A part of the victims I shall speak of were in Orange county, and Smith's Clove, more than fifty years ago, whose deaths were foretold by Daniel Haviland; part about thirty years ago, at Newburgh, and other parts of Orange county, and a third part since that period in the city of New-York.

The next question put by you is the following :
“ Which has done the most good or evil in the world, Christianity, or any other system ? ”

This question, on a fair and impartial examination, will hardly admit of two views. To call infidelity a *system*, is an insult to the understanding. Infidelity a *system* ? preposterous idea !! Infidelity can never be called a system, because there is nothing in it to hold it together ; it has nothing to offer to its votaries !! From the day on which Cain slew his brother, we have seen the fruits of infidelity, with all their concomitant evils ; in contrast of which, we have seen the principles of truth and goodness in their ponderous weight in the opposite scale ; and which, as taught, explained, and enforced by JESUS CHRIST, are as old as GOD himself, and have been impressed on all good men, in all ages of the world. The Maker of mind and conscience has stamped upon them that sensibility, which, if cherished and cultivated, will be admired and venerated by the wise and virtuous. None but skeptics in religion can ever steel themselves against the stupendous, thrice royal principles taught by the Prophet of Nazareth. Even the consciences of the vicious approve them. Cain was an infidel—Abel was a believer ; and so imbued was he with the spirit of his prospective

Lord, that he raised not his arm in his own defence. The first murderer, of whom we have any account, was an infidel; and no reasonable doubt can be entertained, that his murderous disposition was the fruit of his skepticism in religion; and why? because he believed not the declarations of God. He became a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth. I shall endeavour to show, in the course of my remarks, that like causes will produce like effects, in all ages of the world; that ordinarily, and as a general rule, infidels, like their progenitor, become fugitives and vagabonds; a disgrace to themselves, and a curse to the world. And this is nothing more than the natural consequences of wrong sentiments in religion. Erroneous opinions produce erroneous actions. In this, I will admit your position, "that we are creatures of circumstances, driven by motives." If we are the children of a murderer, most probably we shall appropriate to ourselves the murderous sentiments of our father. If our father be a thief, or otherwise dishonest or oppressive, we shall most likely follow his footsteps; and, by appropriation, make our father's sins our own.

If our father be a Christian, and under the influence, and actuated by the principles and precepts of Christianity, we shall most probably appropriate

them to ourselves, and be devotees to the same
And what does Christianity inspire and enjoin
Search the Christian's book, there you will find that
the Christian must possess the attributes of love, pa-
tience, long-suffering, temperance, meekness, humi-
lity, and every grace which can make a man useful
and virtuous, is necessary for him to possess. So
you will ordinarily find a depraved, bloodthirsty, cruel
father, followed by children of similar habits and dis-
positions. There is no sin in having a corrupt father ;
the sin is in approving our father's acts, in appro-
priating them to ourselves, and making them our
own. So we see, from your own premises, the ne-
cessity of teaching our own children correct habits.
History abounds with narrations in proof of this
position. My own experience and observation
would furnish volumes in favour of Christian sen-
timents, and against those of infidelity ; the one
requiring every principle that can make men good,
useful and happy ; and the other unhinging society,
by introducing discord, anarchy, confusion and
blood. In proof of this, I shall introduce, and dwell
upon known and recorded facts. Christianity con-
sists in " doing to others, as you would have others
do to you ;" to possess, cultivate, and exercise love
and good-will to all men ; to appreciate, admire,
and strictly adhere to the truth ; to believe rational

evidence, and to be governed by it ; to hate deceit, falsehood, and all improprieties ; to believe nothing without rational evidence ; to deal justly, love mercy, walk humbly with God ; to relieve the fatherless and widow, and keep unspotted from the world. To do these, from choice, is the sum, substance, and principle of Christianity. I understand you, that infidelity is the reverse of Christianity. In this light, I shall proceed to examine both in their order. Since the murder of Abel by his brother, two distinct characters have been recognised in the world :—one, murderous and cruel ; and the other, good, kind, meek, sober, and benevolent. These characteristics have marked the world of mankind in every age, and in every clime, in which the light of revelation has shed its beams. Some of the best of men may have given way to the customs and practices of infidels, by whom they have been surrounded ; but where are the instances in which, in their retiring, reflecting moments, they have not manifested deep and rational penitence for their evil deeds, evinced to the world by their after lives ; and that infidelity had gained an ascendancy, in their unguarded moments, over their better judgments, and spontaneous and cordial dispositions ?—they saw their error, turned from it, and died in the triumph of faith. The sentiments which you

advance, and call a system, have been tried, and found destitute of system, and void of common sense. They offer nothing but ignorance and unbelief, as a solace to just apprehensions of evil, to lead men to hope for annihilation, like the brute; and all you can claim as systematic, is your mode of warfare against Christianity. You are systematic in your slander and misrepresentations of Christians of different denominations, as I remarked in my former communication. You systematize a falsehood, and then urge the phantasies of your own perverted imaginations and wilful misrepresentations, in order to show that the Christian religion is a curse to the world. You use the hypocrisy of infidels, and many who profess Christianity, for the same effect. This proves the contrary doctrine, in point of fact. If Christianity were not valuable, and in unison with the dictates of enlightened conscience, you would find no one man, or set of men, attempting its counterfeit; nor would you find spurious Christianity, or rather hypocrisy, in circulation. Much alloy may be found; but does this afford an argument against or in favour of the validity and benign effects of the Christian religion in its purity? Let us examine the subject. Who are the tenants of the penitentiaries and state prisons? Do you find an humble Christian, one

living up to his profession, or one who is acknowledged and owned as a member of any regular evangelical Christian church, among the number? If such has happened, show us an example. One of the keepers of our state prison, (not a member of any Christian church,) I have been informed, said, that he had made it a rule to inquire into the histories of all the convicts confided to his care during several years, while he had the oversight of that wretched and degraded class of human beings, that he had found none who had received an early Christian education, or who had been blessed with a pious mother. Ignorance, depravity and crime, had ever met the common fate of infamy. It is also alleged, to be a well-confirmed historical fact, that not one regular Sabbath school scholar, since the establishment of these institutions, (now more than thirty years,) has ever yet been convicted of crimes; not one who has been brought under the moral influence which those institutions are calculated to inspire. In these institutions, Christianity is taught in its purity; the sacred scriptures are read without note or comment; no sectarianism is encouraged; nothing like infidelity is taught; and children of the same neighbourhood, those who are brought up under Christian influence, and those under the influence of infidelity, grow

up together ; the one, active, sober, industrious, useful members of society ; the other, fugitives and vagabonds, or convicts for crime. I have never known or heard of one of Quaker sentiment, and never has there been one sold at auction, or sent to the poor-house. Their system offers the bounties of a kind, benignant Providence in this life, and happiness imperishable in the life to come ; while the system (if it may be called so) you advocate, offers nothing but darkness and ignorance ! not even the solace and comfort of a competence in this life, much less any thing in the life to come. I have known many possessing your sentiments, well educated in human science, for the want of Christian philanthropy, actually to starve to death in the midst of you. The next, and only thing you have to offer, is to die as the brute, only with the hope of transmigration into some ravenous beast, quadruped, or some loathsome reptile ; and of this *glorious* change you are not quite certain. With you, all is uncertainty. But, suppose your hopes be fully realized, and, for a time, you enjoy the felicity of the monkey, or of the caterpillar, what is there desirable in all this ? Who but an infidel would raise his voice in support of such folly ?—to advocate a sentiment inconsistent with natural philosophy, and which consigns the nobility of our

natures to so horrid and loathsome a change? —But I return to your allegations against the Quakers. You say, that they are a deluded, infatuated people, having some claims to morality, but that they are good to none but their own sect; and that you have read history!!! Some of you have travelled in France, Scotland, &c., &c., and, I presume, among the Hottentots; and yet, by your own allegations, you prove yourselves ignorant of the history of your own times. What advantage have you gained by your boasted travels, or derived from history, while such ignorance marks your paths? If you had one tenth of the knowledge you profess, and honest hearts, how could you make such declarations? What are the historical facts of William Penn, Fox, Reynolds, Barclay, and a host of others, in whose philanthropic bosoms have throbbed universal peace and good-will to all mankind? As you appear to be ignorant of the history of some of the leading members of that class of Christians, I will here give the language of the historian of one of the many who have received similar unsought and unexpected honours. The Christian's book was their charter and their guide.

The author of "The Friend of Peace" gives us the following short sketch of the life of Richard Reynolds, of England.

“A NOBLE MONUMENT.”

“In past ages, the world has been in the habit of bestowing its highest praises on martial deeds, and the warrior has been regarded as the glory of the human race. But a revolution in public opinion has commenced. Men begin to see that the **BENEFACTORS** of mankind have higher claims than the *destroyers*.

“Perhaps on no occasion has this change of opinion been more apparent than in the respect which has been shown to the memory of Richard Reynolds, of the Society of Friends, who died at Cheltenham, in England, September 10th, 1816. Like his Lord and Master, he literally ‘went about doing good,’ relieving the wants and distresses of his fellow-beings. When he fell, England felt the shock, and people of all ranks and denominations united to bewail the public loss, and to do honour to the memory of one who had long shone as a light in the world, and as the **FRIEND OF GOD AND MAN**.

“Many years prior to the decease of this good man, on hearing of Lord Nelson’s victory at Trafalgar, the late worthy John Bertill, of Bristol, placed a marble tablet in a private chapel, in his dwelling-house, bearing this inscription :

JOHN HOWARD,
JONAS HANWAY,
JOHN FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
RICHARD REYNOLDS.

'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory.'

Beneath some ample hallowed dome,
The warrior's bones are laid,
And blazon'd on the stately tomb,
His martial deeds displayed.

Beneath a humble roof we place
This monumental stone,
To names the poor shall ever bless,
And charity shall own.

To soften human woes their care,
To feel its sigh, to aid its prayer
Their work on earth, not to destroy,
And their reward their master's joy.

“After the death of Richard Reynolds, the people of Bristol, the city of his late residence, formed a charitable institution to perpetuate his memory, with the name of REYNOLDS' COMMEMORATION SOCIETY. This institution is perhaps the noblest monument which was ever raised to the memory of a man.”

In reference to this tribute of respect, James Montgomery wrote the verses entitled, “A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT,” from which the following lines are selected; and I hope their beauty will justify my insertion of them in this place.

“When heroes fall triumphant on the plain—
For millions conquer'd, and ten thousand slain,
For cities level'd, kingdoms drenched in blood—
Navies annihilated on the flood—

The pageantry of public grief requires
 The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;
 And genius moulds impassioned brass to breathe
 The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
 Calls marble honour from its cavern bed,
 And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these ;
 No blood of widows stains his obsequies,
 But widows' tears, in sad bereavement fall,
 And foundling voices on their father call.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
 'Midst slaughtered legions, he resigned his life
 But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
 His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
 And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
 They seem'd with him to enter into rest.

Go build his monument—and let it be
 Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
 Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
 Yet be the dome expansive as the sky ;
 On crystal pillars resting from above,
 Its sole supporters —*works of faith and love.*

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
 With this, and only this, inscription graced,
 The song of angels at Emmanuel's birth—
 'Glory to God ! good-will, and peace on earth.'”

Further particulars of Richard Reynolds might be given, but I pass on to say something respecting the life of John Howard. This man was well known by the virtuous part of the population, and particularly by the poor in England, though he possessed a princely fortune. He took a deep interest in the welfare of imprisoned debtors, and

their families, and made great exertions and sacrifices for the relief of suffering humanity. He travelled again and again through Great Britain; and also into France, Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland; he published the state of prisons in England and Wales, with preliminary observations. He also travelled upon his mission of benevolence, into Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Portugal, and Spain. He became so extensively known for his character of benevolence, that his friends proposed that a subscription should be opened to erect a statue to his honour. This proposition was so well received, that more than six thousand pounds were raised by six hundred and fifteen persons. When Mr. Howard was informed of the proposed honour, he said—"Have I not one friend in England to put a stop to such a measure?" He finally fell a victim to his humanity; for, having visited a young lady sick of an epidemic fever, for the purpose of administering some medical assistance, he caught the distemper himself, and was carried off by it in 1790. The name of Howard will live in the memories of many who have received relief from suffering, and from being pointed by him to the Saviour of the world. His death was more glorious and fuller of hope than his life!! Such is the end of the devoted Christian. He

comes to a dying bed triumphing in God, his hope, trust, and salvation. His spirit takes its flight to those mansions prepared for all who rest their hopes upon the foundation revealed and brought to light by the gospel of JESUS CHRIST!!

By your folly, the dumb are doomed to eternal silence,—the lame to drag out a life, chained to his couch, in gloomy dejection and despair, and for ever. By my system, the lame shall leap like the hart—the dumb shall chant forth the praises of their Creator, and reverberate the songs of Moses and the Lamb for ever!!! This view dispels the darkness of the grave, and tunes the poet's lyre :

“Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die;
This favour can't be priz'd too high.”

With raptures inexpressible, the Christian meets that King of Terrors as a messenger from, and a passport to, worlds of endless bliss.

But, say you, “all this is a delusion, but that it is a happy delusion.” Suppose it is a delusion, as you say. He who is deluded will never find it out. It will last while the man has any hope, fear, or dread; and who but a demon would tear away the only solace in the last moments of a man's existence? Envious demons! miserable yourselves, you would wake us out of those dreams of pleasure, for no other purpose than to make us as miserable

as yourselves ; but suppose still, that, in fact, you are correct, that Christianity is a delusion and a dream, what harm is to result from it to man, or to the world ? You must be virtuous in order to enjoy these dreams of pleasure, in hope of a blissful immortality ; and without virtue, the same system of delusion and dreams awakes most fearful apprehensions of future evil : and a guilty conscience goads the vicious, and admonishes him to reform. I have never known bad men to become better by professing infidelity : a drunkard to become its bold professor, never did, and never will, become a sober and good citizen ; but let him become a Christian, and, if he be a husband, he will be a kind one ; a father, affectionate ; a neighbour, a liberal supporter of all good and wholesome rules of order and propriety. Drunken infidels, abusive, abandoned husbands and unnatural fathers, have become Christians ; and, as a natural consequence, sober, kind, affectionate husbands and fathers, ornaments to society, and blessings to their families and the world. A man can be a Christian only in name, while he approves of different doctrines, precepts, and examples, from those taught, published and practised by JESUS CHRIST : “ Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you ; love mercy ; walk humbly before God ; and keep your-

self unspotted,"—is the divine command. Let every man adopt these principles and practice, and our state prisons, penitentiaries and jails, may be converted into places for peaceful family altars, domestic retirement, and social enjoyment. Our courts of law and criminal jurisprudence would become useless, and all our judges, lawyers, sheriffs, marshals, and constables, no longer be permitted to surfeit and fatten upon the fruits of depravity and perverseness of judgment. Let infidelity gain an ascendancy in the world, and our police must be extended, new branches established in every street in our city, and the strong arm of the law exerted; then it will be well if our dwellings are not burnt over our heads, our families broken up, our daughters disgraced, and anarchy and confusion pervade every department of life. You would have no God but the corporation, and no dread but Jacob Hayes and his associates. If you can secure the favour of the former, and escape the vigilance and detection of the latter, you would do quite well. I say, let your doctrines become extensive in the world, and, if our houses are not plundered and burnt over our heads, we shall have no cause to thank infidelity for the escape. I make no assertions which I am not ready and willing to prove. I

will illustrate my sentiment by the following facts, which took place within my own knowledge.

I knew a party, formed more than fifty years ago, in Orange County and Smith's Clove, in the State of New-York, for the avowed purpose of destroying Christianity and religious government. They claimed a right to indulge in lasciviousness, and to recreate themselves as their propensities and appetites should dictate. Those who composed this association were my neighbours; some of them were my schoolmates. I knew them well both before and after they became members. I marked their conduct, and saw and knew their ends. Their number was about twenty men, and some females. After this association was formed, I attended a religious meeting, at which Daniel Haviland, a Quaker, was present, from the county of Dutchess, who rose in the meeting, with trembling limbs, and tears rolling over his furrowed cheeks were sprinkled on the floor, and said—"I saw a vision of those who conspire against my Master! Friends, keep from them! Keep your children from them! I saw the wild boar of the forest making inroads upon them, and every footstep marked with blood! I shall think strange if they do not die some unnatural and bloody death." You ask for an explanation of what is meant by natural or unnatural death.

I will tell you what I understand by a natural and unnatural death. A natural death is to die of sickness, on a bed. An unnatural death is to die as they *did*!! Of these, some were shot; some hung; some drowned; two destroyed themselves by intemperance, one of whom was eaten by dogs, and the other by hogs; one committed suicide; one fell from his horse, and was killed; and one was struck with an axe, and bled to death. Not one of the original combination survived the term of five years from the prophecy of Haviland. I can give you names and particulars of the persons who thus sacrificed their lives and reputation to the folly which *you* call liberal. For the sake of the living, I will introduce the initials of their names only, except a few.

Joshua Millar was a teacher of infidelity, and was shot off a stolen horse, by Colonel J. Woodhull. N. Millar, his brother, was shot off a log, while he was playing at cards on first day morning, by Zebid June, on a scouting party for robbers. Benjamin Kelly was shot off his horse by a boy; the son of the murdered, for the murder of one Clarke; he lay above ground until the crows picked his bones. J. Smith committed suicide, by stabbing himself, while he was imprisoned for crime. W. Smith was shot by B. Thorpe and others, for rob-

bery. S. T. betrayed his own confidential friend for five dollars; his friend was hung, and himself afterwards was shot by D. Lancaster, said to be an accident; I heard the report of the gun, and saw the blood. J. A. was shot by Michael Coleman, for robbing Abimel Young, in the very act. J. V. was shot by a company of militia. J. D., in one of his drunken fits, laid out and was chilled to death. J. B. was hanged for stealing a horse. T. M. was shot by a continental guard, for not coming to, when hailed by the guard. C. Smith was hung for the murder of Major Nathaniel Strong. J. Smith and J. Vervellen were hung for robbing John Sacket. B. K. was hung for stealing clothes. One other individual hung for murder, (name not recollected.) N. B. was drowned, after he and J. B. had been confined for stealing a large ox, sent to General Washington as a present, by his friend. W. T. and W. H. were drowned. C. C. hung himself. T. F. Jr. was shot by order of a court-martial, for desertion. A. S. was struck with an axe, and bled to death. F. S. fell from his horse, and was killed. W. Clark drank himself to death: he was eaten by the hogs before his bones were found, and they were known by his clothing. He was once a member of respectable standing in the Presbyterian church. While he remained with

them; and regarded their rules and regulations, he was exemplary, industrious, sober, and respectable; and not until he became an infidel, did he become a vagabond. His bones, clothing, and jug, were found in a corn-field, belonging to John Coffee, and they were buried without a coffin. J. A——, Senr., died in the woods, his rum-jug by his side. He was not found until a dog brought home one of his legs, which was identified by the stocking; his bones had been picked by animals. J. H., the last I shall mention in communication with that gang, died in a drunken fit. Most of the foregoing had but commenced their career of folly and degradation, when Daniel Haviland uttered his prophecy against them, and said, “he saw the wild boar of the forest making inroads upon them, and every footstep marked with blood;” and most of them were in eternity, in less than three years from that time; and not more than two were spared to exceed ten years. Like causes produce like effects. The fruits of your sentiments and folly are seen, only to be deplored. Whenever, and wherever you gain an ascendancy, fugitives and vagabonds are multiplied. The conduct of the females who associated with this gang, was such, as to illustrate its practical effects upon them. I shall only say, that not one of them could or would pretend to

know who were the fathers of their offspring. Perhaps hell itself could not produce more disgusting objects than were some of them; and none of them were fit associates of decent, refined, and moral society.

Allow me to exemplify my positions by giving further proof of the blighting influence of your pernicious doctrines. Blind Palmer appears to have been the pillar and pride of your club. He collected together a number who were willing to hear and follow his instructions, in the county of Orange and different parts of the country. They espoused the cause and drank of its consequences. They organized themselves in opposition to the Christian religion, attempted to destroy the Bible and all its influence. One of their first acts of folly, and deeds of darkness, was to commit the sacred volume to the flames. The objects of their association seemed to be, to blaspheme against the GOD of HEAVEN; to show their contempt for his law, his religion, and his examples; as also to defile the pure altars of the Most High with mockery and ridicule. They called their association a Liberal Meeting; and at one of their cabals at Newburgh, administered, as I was informed by those present, the ordinance of baptism, and the Lord's Supper, to cats and dogs, with all the apparent solemnity of those who be-

lieve those ordinances to be necessary acts of worship to him who instituted them. Most of those who belonged to that club, soon became vagabonds, and most of them were followed by the immediate judgments of God, and their days were sealed by death. At the meeting to which I have alluded, they burnt the Bible, baptized a cat, partook of the sacrament and administered it to a dog. One of them who partook of the sacrament, on his way home exclaimed, "my bowels are on fire, die I must,"—and die he did, that same night. Dr. H., one of the same company, was found a lifeless lump of clay in his bed, the next morning. D. D., their printer, fell in a fit within three days after, and died. Three others were drowned within a few days, or a short period at most. D. M., another, and a well-educated man, was drowned that same season. His remains were found fast in the ice; the fowls of the air had picked his bones above, and the inhabitants of the watery element had picked his bones below the ice. He, with the last five mentioned, were in my employment. On seeing the fate of his cotemporaries, he expressed fearful apprehensions of his own approaching end. He said he had been disobedient to his parents, had not followed their directions, nor answered the ends for which they had educated him. They had de-

signed him for the gospel ministry, and had expended much on his education, for that vocation. B. A. was a well-educated lawyer, and attended the meeting to which I have alluded. He came to his death by starvation. C. C. was also educated for the bar, a man of mind superior to many, and inferior to few of his time. He, by want, hunger, and filth, was thrown into a fever, of which he died, a martyr to his own folly. S. C. hung himself. J. B. went to the state prison for perjury. J. M. state prison for house-breaking. J. G. state prison for stealing a horse. J. L. was whipped and banished for stealing grain. J. H. whipped and banished for stealing a watch. D. D. was hired to shoot a man for ten dollars, and was hung. G. C., state prison for stealing a horse. The fate of C. G. I have before stated. J. M., state prison for forgery. S. flogged and banished for stealing a horse. J. N. and his son, state prison for stealing cattle. The father was for five, and the son for two years and a half. The son is, at this day, the most respectable man belonging to your company. He is industrious, and, I believe, makes an honest living; though he yet remains a public advocate for your cause. H. S. absconded from the state, for taking a false oath. S. B. sent to state prison, on conviction for manslaughter; and, since his discharge,

has taken a false oath, to my knowledge. He knocked down James McKinney, a man eighty years of age, for asking a blessing at the table, and beat him till his life was in danger. He was among the earliest and most active advocates of blind Palmer. S. came to his death by taking laudanum. M., a school teacher, and of the same club, was sent to the state prison, for embezzlement. J. M., a brewer, took a false oath. It was proved to be false, to the satisfaction of the court. D. H. W. took a false oath, though supported by several of his party. I could here give fifteen more who, in the same case, swore false; but to save labour and paper, I shall omit giving names. I knew it to be false, and so decided the court. R. J., your printer, was hung for shooting a woman. F., an advocate for the same doctrines, attempted suicide, by cutting his own throat. Dr. C. C. B. was disowned by the Society of Friends, for having become a proselyte to Frances Wright. To my knowledge he read a letter falsely twice before arbitrators, and was detected. Indeed, few can be found of your whole clan, who do not degrade themselves to the most brutal and bloody acts of barbarism, and become public nuisances, fugitives, and vagabonds—a disgrace to themselves, and a curse to the world.

As a further illustration of the beauties of infi-

delity, allow me to mention a few more facts. Fathers attempting to violate the chastity of their own daughters; and sons their mothers!!! Is this too brutal and offensive to sound in your modest and refined ears? What, then, is the deed itself? And yet such events have happened among your votaries and friends. A daughter entered a complaint to my wife against her own father; and I, myself, interfered and succeeded in getting her from him, and placed her under the guardian care of her uncle for safety. This man was of respectable connexions, a man of wealth and standing, before he became an infidel and a brute. A family lived in a house that belonged to myself, of whom it was alleged, that the son slept with, and held criminal connexion with his mother. The neighbourhood was roused to a just indignation against such brutal conduct. I went to see and remonstrate with them, for pursuing such a course of life. The son contended there was no impropriety in it, and attempted to justify his conduct. I then talked with his step-father, husband to the mother who thus debased and brutalized herself. The old man boldly avowed it, in his opinion, to be lawful and right; that the brute creation knew no relations, and made no distinction; and that we had no occasion for a different course of life!!! The neighbourhood be-

came indignant at their contaminating examples and doctrines, and tore their house from over their heads, as a seal of their disapprobation of their conduct, and of their own approval of the sound morality which a different sentiment inspires.

One example more. Not long since, I was passing through one of the streets of this city; and seeing a collection of several persons at the door of a house, curiosity led me to join the by-standers, and inspect the scene. There was a woman who supposed she was about to die, cursing her mother in language not fit to be repeated. A more horrid spectacle you can seldom see than was here exhibited; a scene better imagined than described. A daughter retorting upon her mother for teaching such destructive doctrines, and their practical effects upon her and her sisters, to which she ascribed her disgrace and ruin, both for life and for eternity.

One more example, and I have done. One of the females attached to the first association of which I have given an historical synopsis, held to the same doctrines and sentiments as taught by that Jezebel beast of a woman, Frances Wright, that man and wife might make and unmake their bargains at pleasure, and that either might leave, when dissatisfied with the other. This she taught her children of several reputed fathers to believe.

They all followed her footsteps, and thus became the inmates of brothels. She was finally arrested for harboring robbers, cast into prison, and afterwards banished the country.

I have followed up this subject, and given the most striking exemplifications of the practical effects of infidelity. I have shown it to be the opening of the very flood-gates of iniquity, a violation of the principles of propriety, a disgrace to the intellect of man, and a curse to the world. These examples are all within my own knowledge, and not from hearsay. My eyes have seen, and my ears have heard, all that I have hear related. I know the facts. But, that it may be as “a nail driven in a sure place,” to that of my own knowledge and testimony, I will here introduce the testimony of several respectable individuals, who certify to many of the awful scenes set forth in the above development “of God’s judgments upon the wicked.”

“*New-York, May, 1834.*”

“I, Henry Daines, of the County of Orange, do certify, that I have read a pamphlet, written by Abner Cunningham, addressed to the Infidel Party; I am well acquainted with many of the facts contained therein. I saw Claudius Smith, Solomon Gordon, and James Dilemar, hung on the same gal-

lows at one time ; also at another time, on the same gallows, James Smith, the son of the above Claudius Smith, with James Verwillin, Samuel Mc-Heath, and James McCormic. I was acquainted with Silas Allen, who became state's evidence against the four last-mentioned persons. Said Allen went into New-Jersey, was there convicted of robbery, and hanged. I also knew William Smith, the brother of the above-mentioned James Smith, and saw him after he was shot by Benjamin Thorpe, before his death, which took place on the evening of the same day. I also knew Benjamin Kelly, who was shot off his horse by a boy, for the murder of his (said boy's) father. He went some distance into the woods, where he died a miserable death ; and was not found till the crows had actually picked his bones. These facts I learned from the militia guards, who were eye-witnesses of this awful judgment. I was well acquainted with Calvin Gardner ; I knew him to be one of Blind Palmer's advocates. I was within thirty rods of him when he was killed by lightning. I saw the flash, and I was told by John Jones, that when he begged of him to come down from the hay-stack, he audaciously replied, that ' he could drink a gill of lightning at any time.' I knew, also, William Clark, when he was a man of steady habits, and a mem-

ber of the church ; who afterwards drank himself to death. I found his bones and clothes in a corn-field belonging to John Coffee. The hogs had eaten a considerable part of his flesh, and the remainder had become as dung upon the earth. He had become an advocate for the infidel party some time before his death. I have no doubt of the truth of many other circumstances and statements made by Abner Cunningham, relative to Joshua Miller, as mentioned in the first part of his book. I was well acquainted with the men, and frequently heard the facts of their deaths from those who knew the circumstances well. I am now sixty-eight years of age, and reside in the county of Orange. I further knew Hugh Dobbins, of the same party ; he was drowned. Also William Horton ; reported by his son to have fallen overboard, and was also drowned. I well knew Joshua Miller, Jun., and his uncle ; the former was sent to the prison for robbing the store of Joseph Little, in the town of Monroe. The uncle of this man was shot off his horse by Col. J. Woodhull. I also knew Dolly Thompson ; and being in the office of constable at the time, I often had to stop at her house, she at the same time keeping a tavern. I have often heard her declare, that she would as soon have sexual intercourse with her son, or brother,

as any body else. I knew Nathaniel Biggs; he was said to have been drowned. I also knew Heppney Smith; he took a false oath, and for perjury was obliged to fly his country. I knew Isaac Horton, who was said to have died in a drunken fit. I knew T. P., mentioned by the said Cunningham; he lost the use of his legs, and moved about on his hands, sliding on his posteriors for a period of ten years, or thereabouts. I knew J. L., alluded to; I saw him whipped, who was also banished. Also David Duning, who was hanged for the murder of Jennings. Also J. D., who was frozen to death. Also Thomas Fitch, who, as I was informed, drank himself to death, and was not found until the animals had picked his bones. His clothes and rum-keg were found with his bones. I was told this at the time of the occurrence. I also knew Jewel Smith, the brother of Claudius, who, as I was told, stabbed himself, and thus put an end to his existence while under guard. Solomon Thompson was shot by David Lancaster, as the said David afterwards told me. I belonged to the guards at the time the first three were executed. Isaac Nichols was sheriff at the time.

“Signed, HENRY DAINES.

“*Sworn before me, this 7th day of June, 1834.*

“WM. W. COWAN, *Justice of Peace.*”

“ *City of New-York.* ”

“ John Moffat, of the said city, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that he has been acquainted with the above-named Henry Daines, a number of years. Considered him always a respectable and worthy man; and further deposeth, that he saw the said Henry Daines subscribe his name to the foregoing affidavit, in the presence of the deponent.

“ *Sworn before me, this 28th day of June, 1834.* ”

“ JOHN MOFFAT.

“ WM. L. MORRIS, *Counsellor.* ”

A second testimony is the certificate of John Demarest, and is as follows:—

“ I, John Demarest, do certify, I am eighty-eight years of age. I have known Abner Cunningham more than sixty years. I have lately read his pamphlet on the subject of Infidelity, wherein he has described an Association in the County of Orange, that took place about fifty years ago; I know nearly all the principal parts to be true. That of Daniel Haviland, I not being present, did not hear it, but all the others I know full well. I also know many more facts that are not stated in his book. I know that the said Cunningham, with his father and family, were considered of the first respectability; and that they were always friendly to the cause of liberty. The party alluded to, frequently

met at the house of Dolly Thompson, who was afterwards put in prison, and then banished. I was myself at the head of a party that surrounded her house, and took four or five prisoners; some of them have been mentioned by said Cunningham, and some have not. There was a party of five or six of them, who robbed at night and slept in the woods in the day. They usually set a man to watch, but we came upon them while they were sleeping behind a log; the watchman started to run away, but we shot him in the legs and wounded him. We took the whole of them, and they were sent to prison. How they all fared, I do not now recollect; but some were hanged. I pursued those who stole the ox, and found the place where they killed it in the woods. I was present and assisted in taking Claudius Smith, and saw him with two others hanged at one time. I also recollect four others of the infidel party, hanged at another time.

“JOHN DEMAREST.”

“I, George B. Thorpe, of the city of New-York, formerly of Orange county, have been acquainted with Abner Cunningham, about fifty years. I have also read a pamphlet on Infidelity written by him. I have also been acquainted with the above-named John Demarest, from my childhood;—I know him to be a man of veracity, and highly respectable;

from these circumstances I know all to be true that they have said on the foregoing ; although young at the time, I did not go out with my father, yet I remember well that it was the most common talk of my father, with Demarest, and Cunningham ; they living within the report of a musket, which, together with other circumstances, leaves not the shadow of a doubt on my mind, on the subject. The said Demarest was a very active man in bringing them to justice, and so was my father and brothers ; B. Thorpe, mentioned on page 43, was a brother of mine. I know that Cunningham and family were friendly to the cause of liberty, and men of fair standing.

“G. B. THORPE.”

“I, David Clark, do certify, that I have been acquainted with Abner Cunningham, for more than forty years ; I have lately read a pamphlet published by him against Infidelity ; many of the facts therein stated are well known to me, and I have not the least doubt of all therein being strictly true, as the said Cunningham, and his connections, were considered of the first respectability, in Orange county.

“The story of William Clark, therein mentioned, I am well satisfied is true ; he was a distant relation of mine ; the prophecy of Daniel Haviland,

I presume to be true, from the circumstance of its being talked of about the neighborhood, and also from his putting up at my father's house frequently.

“DAVID CLARK.”

“I accidentally met with a book, written by Abner Cunningham, entitled an address submitted to the consideration of R. D. Owen, and others; the said book contains a remarkable account of a singular prophecy, by my late honored friend, Daniel Haviland; and the remarkable collections of singular events, bearing every visible mark of divine judgments, which followed upon so many of the parties, in a most wonderful manner, that it is hardly possible, for any reasonable man, not to feel instructed and astonished, at hearing and believing such singular occurrences; that I might not mislead any person respecting this case, I have carefully inquired into the character and conduct of the said Abner Cunningham, and find him by all with whom I have conversed, as worthy of belief; and therefore entitled to full credit for any matter of fact which he may make; so far as I have inquired, I have been anxious to consider the matter as if I were investigating and sifting matters to give evidence and integrity their just weight; and were I in that situation to render a verdict, it must be that the facts stated by Abner

Cunningham are strictly true and correct ; and as he is about to publish a second edition of this valuable little work, in which he intends to add many corroborating occurrences, that befel the unhappy sufferers, I heartily wish him success in his well-meant endeavors ; I fully anticipate that much good will result from its publication ; I hope and trust that it will be a warning voice, against the deceitful snares and treacherous devices, of the sceptical and unbelieving champions of Infidelity ; I therefore wish him good success and encouragement, and to this end subscribe my name.

“JOSEPH LANCASTER.

“P. S. I was well acquainted with Daniel Haviland, and love and honor his memory, as an upright dedicated Minister of the Christian religion, and I know many persons who believe that on several occasions his ministry was as prophetic as in the case of the Orange county Infidels. J. L.”

The following certificates and recommendations are from eminent men and Ministers well known.

“I have read the pamphlet published by Abner Cunningham, and think it cannot fail to have a moral tendency and influence.

“JOHN M. BRADHURST.

“*New-York City.*”

“I have read the pamphlet referred to in the above recommendation, and think it calculated to do good.

“*New-York City.* N. BANGS, D. D.”

“We, the subscribers, having read the address of Abner Cunningham, on Infidelity, think it will have a moral and useful tendency.

J. BROADHEAD, Pres. Minister.

DUNCAN DUNBAR, Bap. Minister.

DR. D. M. REESE, Meth. Minister.

LUKE DAVIS.

S. JONES, Chief Justice.

W. C. BROWNLEE, Pres. Minister.”

“I certify, that I have heard from the most respectable Ministers in Orange county, a similar relation of facts to this of Mr. Cunningham, and I have no doubt of its truth; I therefore cordially recommend it to the notice of believers and Infidels.

“*New-York City.* H. G. LUDLOW, Pres. Min.”

“To the sentiments of the above, we would cheerfully subscribe our names.

THOMAS C. LEVINS, Cath. Min.

MICHAEL LACOST, Meth. Min.

DANIEL COOLEGE.

JOHN SEE.

SAMUEL H. COX, Pres. Min.

“*New-York City.*”

“ Having read the pamphlet of Abner Cunningham, on the subject of Infidelity, and having been acquainted with him in Orange county, for several years, and knowing that the facts which he has stated, as far as they relate to occurrences at Newburgh, are correct ; I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of any part of his statement of facts in the said pamphlet.

“ ISAAC LEWIS, Pres. Min.

“ *New-York City.*”

“ I, John Vanarsdale, of the City of New-York, aged seventy-nine years, have been acquainted with Abner Cunningham and his family, fifty-five years ; I knew his family during the Revolutionary war, his family residing in Orange county during and after the war ; through all this time I knew Cunningham’s family to have aided the American arms, in every possible manner ; in fact, two members of his family were under my command, in Col. Willet’s regiment ; as for Abner Cunningham, he was at this time but a boy. In conclusion, not one member of the family was ever active in aiding the British, as some have stated.

“ JOHN VANARSDALE.

“ N. B. John Vanarsdale is at present Captain of the Veterans and Survivors of ’76.”

“I have done considerable business with Abner Cunningham ; he has made several purchases and sales of real estate on my account, to my satisfaction ; I think him well qualified to deal in lands, as a broker, and his ideas as to location, either for profitable investments or speculation, very correct.

“EDWARD DOUGHTY, City Surveyor.

“*New-York, April, 1835.*”

In addition to the foregoing documents, I could present my readers with many more, were it not for swelling this little work to a size unintended when I commenced it, and believing I have introduced enough testimony, and that of such character and weight, as to for ever hush the tongue of slander, and sweep away the calumny that was intended in former attacks upon my character, I believe for no other purpose, than to strike into oblivion the first edition of my address to Infidels ; but amidst it all, it has gone forth, and so far as I can learn, it has been attended with great good to many, and many that were fearful to read it at first, are now valuing it highly from this fact, and in the increase of population the inquiry is, where can they be found ? This has induced me to present my fellow-beings with another edition, somewhat enlarged and improved.

I am now in the seventy-second year of my age.

I cannot expect to remain long upon earth. I expect soon to be called to my last account. The foregoing may be considered among my last, perhaps my dying acts ; and my humble desire is, that they may be the cause of breaking down the delusive hopes of those, who, in unguarded moments, have yielded to the folly and delusion of darkness, bigotry, and superstition ; that the Christian religion, in its purity, may have free course and be glorified ; and that a fallen world may be brought under its peaceful and benign influence.

A D D E N D A .

AS FURTHER proof, I also state that I was personally acquainted with David Sands. I have heard him relate the following circumstance of his being robbed, by some seven or eight soldiers belonging to West Point. They came on a snowy night, after the family were all in bed; they had shirts over their clothes, and handkerchiefs tied on their heads, and their faces blackened. When he heard them coming, he jumped out of the window, and they shot at him, but did not touch him; he keeping a dry-goods' store at the time, they got about seven hundred dollars' worth of his goods, and about two hundred dollars in money, as near as I can recollect. In the morning, a deep snow had fallen, and not a track was to be seen. One Spencer Smith, that I well knew, was his hired man at the time; he went in all directions to see if he could trace them. On the road leading towards West Point, he kicked up a handkerchief that was taken out of his store. Arrangements were made

a short time after, with the commanding officer, to parade his men, and they were drawn up in line, with knapsacks, as though they were to march, and there was a file of men sent with David Sands, to see if he could pick the thieves out, as they were drawn up in line. He began at one end of the line, and he had not passed three men before he selected one, and continued selecting them from the line, until he got them all but one. And he went the line over again, and said the man was not there. They then took them to the marquee, about eight of them, and they all denied; and one answered and said, you must be entirely mistaken, as we were all at home. Then David fixed his eyes upon him, and told him to open his bosom, and he put his hand on his naked breast, and looking him steadfastly in the eyes, said, thou art the man. He then burst into tears and confessed that he was the man, and that he had picked them all but one, and that one tried to pass the guard and was shot; and what was more singular, he picked one man who had not been at his house, but being the ringleader of the plot, had secreted the goods by falling a tree, so that the top would cover them, and cut off the butt of the tree and split it up, and carried it into the camp. This man and the men that shot at him, were sent to Goshen jail, to be

tried for their lives. David Sands never appeared against them; and they were returned to West Point, but they would not receive them in the ranks again. Some years after, David Sands was travelling towards Canada, in the ministry, and after a meeting, there was a stranger came up to him and said, "Do you know me?" "I do not." "I am the soldier that shot at you, and if it had not been for your lenity, I should now have been where hope and happiness never come; but now, I have repented and become a better man." This great and good man I well knew, and he did tell many things that were not visible to human eyes.

The British Journal, No. 30, of 1723, gives the following character of Robert Barclay's Apology.

"I AM not ashamed to own, that I have, with great pleasure, read over Mr. Barclay's Apology for Quakerism, and do really think it to be the most masterly, charitable, and reasonable system, that I have ever seen. It solves the numerous difficulties raised by other sects, and by turns thrown at one another; shows all parts of scripture to be uniform and consistent; and, as Sir Isaac Newton, by allowing him gravitation, has

accounted for all the phenomena of nature ; so, if we allow Mr. Barclay those operations of the Spirit, which the Quakers pretend to feel, and which, he says, every man in the world has, and may feel, if he watches its motions, and does not suppress them ; then I think all the jangling, vain questions, numerous superstitions, and various oppressions, which have plagued the world from the beginning, would cease, and be at an end.”

JUSTICE HOTHAM, who received George Fox kindly at his house, said—“ If God had not raised up this principle of light and life which he [G. F.] preached, the nation had been over-run with rantism, and all the justices in the nation could not have stopped it with all their laws, ‘ because,’ said he, ‘ they would have said as we said, and done as we commanded, and yet have kept their own principle still.’ ”—*George Fox’s Journal, 3d edition, page 58.*

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It is remarkable, that Richard Baxter himself, whose controversy lay for many years against the doctrine of the Spirit, as it was so prominently held forth by our honorable predecessors, should, latterly

in life, have been brought thus far to acknowledge : —“I am now,” he says, “much more apprehensive than heretofore, of the necessity of well grounding men in their religion, especially of *the witness of the indwelling Spirit*,—for I more *sensibly* perceive, that *the Spirit is THE GREAT WITNESS of Christ and Christianity to the World.*”—Orme’s Life of Baxter, Vol. 2, page 349.

MARY FISHER, a maiden, and one of the first Friends that visited New-England, being come to Smyrna, to go from thence to Adrianople, was stopped by the English consul, and sent back to Venice, from whence she came by another way to Adrianople, at the time that Sultan Mahomed the Fourth was encamped with his army near the said town. She went alone to the camp, and got somebody to go to the tent of the grand vizier, to tell him that an English woman was come, who had something to declare from the Great God to the Sultan. The vizier sent word, that next morning he should procure her an opportunity for that purpose. She then returned to the town, and repaired next morning to the camp again, where being come, she was brought before the Sultan, who had his great men about him, in such man-

ner as he was used to admit ambassadors. He asked, by his interpreters, (whereof there were three with him) whether it was true what had been told him, that she had something to say to him from the Lord God? She answered, "Yea." Then he bade her speak on; and she not being forward, weightily pondering what she might say, and he supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her, whether she desired that any might go aside, before she spoke. She answered, "No." He then bade her speak the word of the Lord to them, and not to fear, for they had good hearts, and could hear it. He also charged her, to speak the word she had to say from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would. Then she spoke what was upon her mind.

The Turks hearkened to her with much attention and gravity, till she had done; and then the Sultan asked her whether she had any thing more to say. She asked him whether he understood what she said. And he answered, "Yes, every word," and farther said, that what she had spoken was truth. He then desired her to stay in that country, saying, that they could not but respect such a one, as should take so much pains to come to them so far as from England, with a message

from the Lord God. He also proffered her a guard to bring her into Constantinople, whither she intended. But she not accepting this offer, he told her it was dangerous travelling, especially for such a one as she; and wondered that she had passed so safe so far as she had; saying also, it was in respect to her, and kindness that he proffered it, and that he would not for any thing she should come to the least hurt in his dominions. She having no more to say, the Turks asked her, what she thought of their prophet Mahomet? She answered warily, that she knew him not; but Christ the true prophet, the Son of God, who was the light of the world, and enlightened every man coming into the world, him she knew. And concerning Mahomet she said, that they might judge of him to be true or false, according to the words and prophecies he spoke; saying farther, "If the word that a prophet speaketh, come to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord hath sent that prophet; but if it come not to pass, then shall ye know that the Lord never sent him." The Turks confessed this to be true; and Mary having performed her message, departed from the camp to Constantinople, without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff. And so she returned safe to England.

WAR ELEGY.

THE following lines were written by Mr. Fawcett, and are a part of an elegy which he composed on the following tragical account, in the Cambridge Intelligencer, for August 15th, 1795. "A poor woman, having lost her husband in the war, and having implored relief at several doors in vain, in the town of Liverpool, in a fit of desperation, took her child, about three years old, in the public street, and dashed its head against the wall. Immediately surgical aid was called, but in vain. Upon opening the body of the child, the surgeon gave it as his opinion, that its stomach had not received food for three days before. The miserable mother is committed to Lancaster castle."

The poet represents the mother as saying:

Come, kill the mother who her child has kill'd!
 Haste, righteous judges, and avenge the deed!
 Yes, men of justice, I've for ever still'd
 The raging famine that I could not feed.

"Murderess!"—'Tis false; did *I* the murder do?
 Say not 'twas *I*, that stain'd the walls with gore;
 Ye hard, unmelting sons of wealth, 'twas *you*!
 In vain I wept for succor at your door.

Ye would not let my little cherub live ;
Rocks ! ye refus'd to lend it longer breath ;
A mother gave it all she had to give—
Gave it a beggar'd mother's blessing—Death.

Heavens! how I strove my innocent to save,
Till my worn spirit could no longer strive,
No more endure to hear the breath I gave
All spent in cries for bread I could not give.

For thee, long days my wondrous patience bore
Those ne'er to be forgot, heart-piercing cries ;
Bore to behold thy pining looks deplore—
Bore the dumb hunger of thy hollow eyes.

Here, what but wolves, but fierce destroyers dwell ?
They tore my husband from my helpless side,
And when the father in their battles fell,
A little bread his famish'd babe denied.

When surfeit swells, while wasting thousands die,
When riot roars amidst surrounding groans,
Whence springs the patience of the quiet sky ?
What keeps ye silent, ye unruffled stones ?

Farewell, thou dreary scene of want and woe !
The poor to dust where hard oppressors grind ;
Force seas of blood and seas of tears to flow,
And revel in the torments of mankind.

Such a description of individual suffering, will probably excite more sympathy and horror, than a pompous description of a battle, in which twenty thousand men were slain, and twice the number wounded.

Lines by Dr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, on receiving from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, a piece of the tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. The tree had been blown down in 1812.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 The war-fiend rais'd his horrid yell,
 And midst the storm which realms deplore,
 Penn's honored tree of concord fell.

And of that tree, that ne'er again
 Shall spring's reviving influence know,
 A relic o'er the Atlantic main
 Was sent—the gift of foe to foe.

But though no more its ample shade,
 Wave green beneath Columbia's sky;
 Though every branch be now decayed,
 And all its scattered leaves be dry;

Yet midst the relic's sainted space,
 A health-restoring flood shall spring,
 In which the angel-form of Peace,
 May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.

So once the staff the prophet bore,
 By wondering eyes again was seen
 To swell with life through every pore,
 And bud afresh with foliage green.

The withered branch again shall grow,
 Till o'er the earth its shade extend;
 And this—the gift of foe to foe—
 Become the gift of friend to friend.

William Penn, after publishing some account of the province of Pennsylvania, and the terms upon which land might be obtained there, was careful to make the Indians understand that they should be treated with justice and candor. He, therefore, stipulated that all goods exchanged with them for their furs, should be sold in a public market, that these uninformed natives might not be imposed upon by artful Europeans; that if any man should offer any injury towards an Indian, he should suffer the same penalty of the law, as if he had committed it against his fellow-planter; that all differences between planters and Indians should be determined by a jury of twelve men, composed of six planters and six Indians. How noble does this conduct in William Penn appear, when contrasted with most of the navigators and adventurers of that day; who seemed to discover unknown regions only for the purpose of trampling upon the inhabitants, and treating them like the beasts of the field!

In framing the political constitution of his government, he established entire liberty of conscience; declaring that in reverence to God, the Father of light and spirits, the author as well as object of all divine knowledge, he gave to every one free liberty to worship him according to the dictates of his conscience, provided he did not use this liberty to

speak profanely of God, Christ, or the Holy Scriptures.

Dean Swift's account of the causes of War.

IN the Philanthropist, for July, 1813, we have an able and interesting article on the subject of war. The writer introduces the following ludicrous account of the causes of war from Dr. Swift.

“He asked me,” says the Doctor, “what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another? I answered, they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern. Sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in war, in order to stifle or divert the clamor of their subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinion has cost many millions of lives. For instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue.

“Sometimes the quarrel between two powers is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretends to

have any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes, because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or have the things we want, and we both fight till they take ours or we theirs.

“It is a very justifiable cause of war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominion round and compact.

“If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize them, and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honorable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against invasion, that the assailant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve.”

The following reasons were assigned by a reclaimed infidel for renouncing Deism and embracing Christianity.

1. That I never saw, heard, or read of any man, woman, or child, that was reformed, either in whole or in part, by embracing the principles of Deism.

2. That I have known hundreds, and heard of thousands, who have been reformed by embracing Christianity.

3. That I have known industrious and sober men, who by imbibing the principles of Deism, almost instantly became desperately wicked, and in many instances dangerous members of civil society.

4. That I have known some Deists and many scoffers at religion, speedily and effectually turned from the most abandoned practices, *by the preaching of the Gospel*, to a life of righteousness, which showed itself by sobriety, industry, charity, brotherly kindness and universal philanthropy.

5. That I do not recollect ever hearing but one Deist profess really to believe in a future state of rewards and punishments.

6. That I never met a man who professed to be a real Christian, but what built his principal hopes upon the reality of a future state.

7. That I cannot in all the Deistical writings, find any law to prevent wickedness, and encourage virtue, with rewards and punishments annexed thereto.

8. That in Scripture, all the crimes that man can possibly commit are, under the severest penalties, forbid, and every possible virtue inculcated and encouraged, by promises of *eternal and exceeding great rewards*.

9. I have known some Deists, and read of many, who, at the apparent point of death, were seized with the most horrible despair, uttering the most bitter reflections against themselves for their total neglect of those duties commanded in the Gospel. But who ever heard or read of a Christian at the hour of death, despairing of the mercy of God, because he had all his lifetime rejected Deism, and shunned the company of its professors? Or even when long, fierce diseases had shaken the nervous system, and raging fevers inflamed the blood, have they ever been so far deranged, as to wish they never had been born, for not rejecting the Bible as a wicked and mischievous imposition on the human race?

Extract from John Bunyan.

AT the beginning of this chapter we read, how some of the Jews came to Jesus Christ, to tell him of the cruelty of Pontius Pilate, in mingling the blood of the Galileans with their sacrifices : a heathenish and prodigious act ; for therein he showed, not only his malice against the Jewish nation, but also against their worship, and consequently their God : an action, I say, not only heathenish, but prodigious also ; for the Lord Jesus, paraphrasing upon this fact of his, teacheth the Jews, that without repentance they should all likewise perish. Likewise : that is by the hand and rage of the Roman empire. Neither should they be more able to avoid the stroke, than were those eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, Luke xix, 42—44 : the fulfilling of which prophecy, for their hardness of heart and impenitency, was in the days of Titus, Son of Vespasian, about forty years after the death of Christ. Then, I say, were these Jews, and their city, both environed round on every side, wherein both they and it, to amazement, were miserably overthrown. God gave them sword and famine, pestilence and blood, for their outrage against the Son of his love : so “wrath came on them to the uttermost,” 1 Thess. ii, 16.

Remarks of Robert Hall, on Infidelity.

The efforts of infidels to diffuse the principles of infidelity among the common people, is another alarming symptom peculiar to the present time. Hume, Bolingbroke, and Gibbon, addressed themselves solely to the more polished classes of the community, and would have thought their refined speculations debased by an attempt to enlist disciples from among the populace. Infidelity has lately grown condescending; bred in the speculations of a daring philosophy, immured, at first, in the cloisters of the learned, and afterward nursed in the lap of voluptuousness and of courts; having at length reached its full maturity, it boldly ventures to challenge the suffrages of the people, solicits the acquaintance of peasants and mechanics, and seeks to draw whole nations to its standard.

It is not difficult to account for this new state of things. While infidelity was rare, it was employed as the instrument of literary vanity; its wide diffusion having disqualified it for answering that purpose, it is now adopted as the organ of political convulsions. Literary distinction is conferred by the approbation of a few; but the total subversion and overthrow of society demands the concurrence of millions.

The infidels of the present day are the first sophists who have presumed to innovate in the very *substance* of morals. The disputes on moral questions hitherto agitated among philosophers, have respected the *grounds* of duty, not the *nature of duty itself*: or they have been merely metaphysical, and related to the *history* of moral sentiments in the mind, the sources and principles from which they were most easily deduced; they never turned on the quality of those dispositions and actions which were to be denominated virtuous. In the firm persuasion that the love and fear of the Supreme Being, the sacred observation of promises and oaths, reverence to magistrates, obedience to parents, gratitude to benefactors, conjugal fidelity, and parental tenderness, were primary virtues, and the chief support of every commonwealth, they were unanimous. The curse denounced upon such as remove ancient landmarks, upon those who call good evil, and evil good, put light for darkness, and darkness for light, who employ their faculties to subvert the eternal distinctions of right and wrong, and thus to poison the streams of virtue at their source, falls with accumulated weight on the advocates of modern infidelity, and on them alone.

Permit me to close this discourse with a few serious reflections. There is much, it must be

confessed, in the apostacy of multitudes, and the rapid progress of infidelity, to awaken our fears for the virtue of the rising generation ; but nothing to shake our faith—nothing which Scripture itself does not give us room to expect. The features which compose the character of apostates, their profaneness, presumption, lewdness, impatience of subordination, their restless appetite for change, vain pretensions to freedom and to emancipate the world, while themselves are the slaves of lust, the weapons with which they attack Christianity, and the snares they spread for the unwary, are depicted in the clearest colors by the pencil of prophecy : *Knowing this first, (says Peter,) that there shall come in the last days scoffers walking after their own lusts. In the same epistle he more fully describes the persons he alludes to ; as chiefly them which walk after the flesh, in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government ; presumptuous are they, self-willed ; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities ; sporting themselves with their own deceivings, having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin ; beguiling unstable souls : for when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure through the lusts of the flesh, through much wantonness, those that were clean escaped from them who live*

in error ; while they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption. Of the same characters Jude admonishes us *to remember that they were foretold as mockers who should be in the last time, who should walk after their own ungodly lusts.* *These be they* (he adds) *who separate themselves (by apostacy,) sensual, not having the Spirit.*

Infidelity is an evil of short duration. "It has," as a judicious writer (Andrew Fuller) observes, "no individual subsistence given it in the system of prophecy. It is not a *beast*—but a mere putrid excrescence of the papal beast ; an excrescence which though it may diffuse death through every vein of the body on which it grew, yet shall die along with it." Its enormities will hasten its overthrow. It is impossible that a system which, by villifying every virtue, and embracing the patronage of almost every vice and crime, wages war with all the order and civilization of the world ; which, equal to the establishment of nothing, is armed only with the energies of destruction, can long retain the ascendancy. It is in no shape formed for perpetuity. Sudden in its rise, and impetuous in its progress, it resembles a mountain-torrent, which is loud, filthy, and desolating ; but, being fed by no perennial spring, is

soon drained off and disappears. By permitting to a certain extent the prevalence of infidelity, Providence is preparing new triumphs for religion. In asserting its authority, the preachers of the gospel have hitherto found it necessary to weigh the prospects of immortality against the interests of time ; to strip the world of its charms, to insist on the deceitfulness of pleasure, the unsatisfying nature of riches, the emptiness of grandeur and the nothingness of a mere worldly life. Topics of this nature will always have their use ; but it is not by such representations alone that the importance of religion is evinced. The prevalence of impiety has armed us with new weapons in its defence.

Religion being primarily intended to make men *wise unto salvation*, the support it ministers to social order, the stability it confers on government and laws, is a *subordinate species* of advantage which we should have continued to enjoy, without reflecting on its cause, but for the development of deistical principles, and the experiment which has been made of their effects in a neighboring country. It had been the constant boast of infidels, that their system, more liberal and generous than Christianity, needed but to be tried to produce an immense accession to human happiness ; and Chris-

tian nations, careless and supine, retaining little of religion but the profession, and disgusted with its restraints, lent a favorable ear to these pretensions. God permitted the trial to be made. In one country, and that the centre of Christendom, revelation underwent a total eclipse, while atheism, performing on a darkened theatre its strange and fearful tragedy, confounded the first elements of society, blended every age, rank and sex, in indiscriminate proscription and massacre, and convulsed all Europe to its centre ; that the imperishable memorial of these events might teach the last generations of mankind to consider religion as the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has power to curb the fury of the passions, and secure to every one his rights.

We might ask the patrons of infidelity what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity ? Is it that they have discovered a better system ? To what virtues are their principles favorable ? Or is there one which Christians have not carried to a higher perfection than any of which their party can boast ? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or a better hope in death, than that which the scriptures suggest ? Above all, what are the pretensions on

which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind ; or which imbolden them to expect we should trample upon the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies, in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death ; a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendor of talents ; which enrols among its disciples the names of BACON, NEWTON and LOCKE, the glory of their species, and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius ?

If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity ; if by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to these great names ? Where are the infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals, unshaken probity, and extended benevolence, that we should be in danger of being seduced into impiety by their example ? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten the fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive ? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited ; what distant climes have

they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness and want, to diffuse principles of virtue, and the blessings of civilization? Or will they rather choose to waive their pretensions to this extraordinary and, in their eyes, eccentric species of benevolence, (for infidels, we know, are sworn enemies to enthusiasm of every sort,) and rest their character on their political exploits—on their efforts to reanimate the virtue of a sinking state, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury, and by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation, and pity for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries will at least have the discretion, if not the modesty, to recede from the test.

More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal zeal to extinguish a sense of Deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow? Eternal God, on what are thine enemies intent! What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce! Miserable men! Proud of being the offspring of chance; in love

with universal disorder ; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world !

Having been led by the nature of the subject to consider chiefly the manner in which skeptical impiety affects the welfare of states, it is the more requisite to warn you against that most fatal mistake of regarding religion as an engine of policy ; and to recall to your recollection that the concern we have in it is much more as *individuals* than as *collective bodies*, and far less temporal than eternal. The happiness which it confers in the present life comprehends the blessings which it scatters by the way in its march to immortality. That future condition of being which it ascertains, and for which its promises and truths are meant to prepare us, is the ultimate end of human societies, the final scope and object of present existence ; in comparison of which all the revolutions of nations, and all the vicissitudes of time, are light and transitory. *Godliness has, it is true, the promise of the life that now is ; but chiefly of that which is to come.* Other acquisitions may be requisite to make men great ; but be assured, the religion of Jesus is alone sufficient to make them good and happy. Powerful

sources of consolation in sorrow, unshaken fortitude amid the changes and perturbations of the world, humility remote from meanness, and dignity unstained by pride, contentment in every station, passions pure and calm, with habitual serenity, the full enjoyment of life, undisturbed by the dread of dissolution or the fear of an hereafter, are its invaluable gift. To these enjoyments, however, you will necessarily continue strangers, unless you resign yourselves wholly to its power ; for the consolations of religion are reserved to reward, to sweeten, and to stimulate obedience. Many without renouncing the profession of Christianity, without formally rejecting its distinguishing doctrines, live in such an habitual violation of its laws, and contradiction to its spirit, that, conscious they have more to fear than to hope from its truth, they are never able to contemplate it without terror. It haunts their imagination, instead of tranquillizing their hearts, and hangs with depressing weight on all their enjoyments and pursuits. Their religion, instead of comforting them under their troubles, is itself their greatest trouble, from which they seek refuge in the dissipation and vanity of the world, until the throbs and tumults of conscience force them back upon religion. Thus suspended between opposite powers, the sport of contradictory

influences, they are disqualified for the happiness of both worlds ; and neither enjoy the pleasures of sin nor the peace of piety. Is it surprising to find a mind thus bewildered in uncertainty, and dissatisfied with itself, courting deception, and embracing with eagerness every pretext to mutilate the claims and enervate the authority of Christianity ; forgetting that it is the very essence of the religious principle to preside and control, and that it is impossible to *serve God and mammon*? It is this class of professors who are chiefly in danger of being entangled in the snares of infidelity.

The champions of infidelity have much more reason to be ashamed than to boast of such converts. For what can be a stronger presumption of the falsehood of a system, than that it is the opiate of the restless conscience ; that it prevails with minds of a certain description, not because they find it true, but because they feel it necessary ; and that in adopting it they consult less with their reason than with their vices and their fears? It requires but little sagacity to foresee that speculations which originate in guilt must end in ruin. Infidels are not themselves satisfied with the truth of their system ; for had they any settled assurance of its principles, in consequence of calm, dispassionate investigation, they would never disturb the quiet of

the world by their attempts to proselyte ; but would lament their own infelicity in not being able to perceive sufficient evidence for the truth of religion, which furnishes such incentives to virtue, and inspires such exalted hopes. Having nothing to substitute in the place of religion, it is absurd to suppose that, in opposition to the collective voice of every country, age and time proclaiming its necessity, solicitude for the welfare of mankind impels them to destroy it.

To very different motives must their conduct be imputed. More like conspirators than philosophers, in spite of the darkness with which they endeavor to surround themselves, some rays of unwelcome conviction will penetrate, some secret apprehensions that all is not right will make themselves felt, which they find nothing so effectual to quell as an attempt to enlist fresh disciples, who in exchange for new principles, impart confidence and diminish fear. For the same reason it is seldom they attack Christianity by argument ; their favorite weapons are ridicule, obscenity, and blasphemy ; as the most miserable outcasts of society are, of all men, found most to delight in vulgar merriment and senseless riot.

JESUS CHRIST seems to have *his fan in his hand, to be thoroughly purging his floor* ; and nominal

Christians will probably be scattered like chaff. But has *real* Christianity any thing to fear?—Have not the degenerate manners and corrupt lives of multitudes in the visible church been on the contrary, the principal occasion of scandal and offence? Infidelity, without intending it, is gradually removing this reproach: possessing the property of attracting to itself the morbid humors which pervade the church, until the Christian profession, on the one hand, is reduced to a sound and healthy state, and skepticism, on the other, exhibits nothing but a mass of putridity and disease.

In a view of the final issue of the contest, we should find little cause to lament the astonishing prevalence of infidelity, but for a solicitude for the rising generation, to whom its principles are recommended by two motives, with young minds, the most persuasive,—the love of independence, and the love of pleasure. With respect to the first, we would earnestly entreat the young to remember that, by the unanimous consent of all ages, modesty, docility, and reverence to superior years, and to parents above all, have been considered as their *appropriate virtues*, a guard assigned by the immutable laws of God and nature on the inexperience of youth; and with respect to the second, that Christianity prohibits no pleasures that are inno-

cent, lays no restraints that are capricious : but that the sobriety and purity which it enjoins, by strengthening the intellectual powers and preserving the faculties of mind and body in undiminished vigor, lay *the surest* foundation of present peace and future eminence. At such a season as this, it becomes an urgent duty on parents, guardians, and tutors, to watch, not only over the morals, but the principles of those committed to their care ; to make it appear that a concern for their eternal welfare is their chief concern ; and to imbue them early with that knowledge of the evidences of Christianity, and that profound reverence for the Scriptures, that, with the blessing of God, (which, with submission they may then expect,) *may keep them from this hour of temptation that has come upon all the world, to try them that dwell on the earth.*

To an attentive observer of the signs of the times, it will appear one of the most extraordinary phenomena of this eventful crisis, that amid the ravages of atheism and infidelity, real religion is evidently on the increase. *The kingdom of God*, we know, *cometh not with observation* ; but still there are not wanting manifest tokens of its approach. The personal appearance of the Son of God was announced by the shaking of nations ; his spiritual kingdom, in all probability, will be estab-

lished in the midst of similar convulsions and disorders. The blasphemous impiety of the enemies of God, as well as the zealous efforts of his sincere worshippers, will doubtless be overruled to accomplish the purposes of his unerring providence : while, in inflicting the chastisements of offended Deity on corrupt communities and nations, infidelity marks its progress by devastation and ruin, by the prostration of thrones and concussion of kingdoms ; thus appalling the inhabitants of the world and compelling them to take refuge in the church of God, the true sanctuary ; the stream of divine knowledge, unobserved, is flowing in new channels, winding its course among humble valleys, refreshing thirsty deserts, and enriching with far higher and other blessings than those of commerce, the most distant climes and nations, until, agreeably to the prediction of prophecy, the *knowledge of the Lord shall fill and cover the whole earth.*

Within the limits of this discourse, it would be impracticable to exhibit the evidences of Christianity ; nor is it my design : but there is one consideration, resulting immediately from my text, which is entitled to great weight with all who believe in the one living and true God as the sole object of worship. The Ephesians, in common with other Gentiles, are described in the text as being,

previous to their conversion, *without God in the world*; that is, without any just and solid acquaintance with his character, destitute of the knowledge of his will, the institutes of his worship and the hopes of his favor; to the truth of which representation, whoever possesses the slightest acquaintance with pagan antiquity must assent. Nor is it a fact less incontestable, that while human philosophy was never able to abolish idolatry in a single village, the promulgation of the gospel overthrew it in a great part (and that the most enlightened) of the world. If our belief in the unity and perfections of God, together with his moral government and exclusive right to the worship of mankind, be founded in truth, they cannot reasonably be denied to be truths of the first importance, and infinitely to outweigh the greatest discoveries in science; because they turn the hopes, fears, and interests of man, into a totally different channel from that in which they must otherwise flow. Wherever these principles are first admitted, there a new dominion is erected, and a new system of laws established.

But since all events are under divine direction, is it reasonable to suppose that the great Parent, after suffering his creatures to continue for ages ignorant of his true character, should at length, in the course of his Providence, fix upon falsehood and

that alone, as the effectual method of making himself known ; and that what the virtuous exercise of reason in the best and wisest men was never permitted to accomplish, he should confer on fraud and delusion the honor of effecting ? It ill comports with the majesty of truth or the character of God to believe that he has built the noblest superstructure on the weakest foundation ; or reduced mankind to the miserable alternative either of remaining destitute of the knowledge of himself, or deriving it from the polluted source of impious imposture. We therefore feel ourselves justified, on this occasion, in adopting the triumphant boast of the great apostle : *Where is the wise, where is the scribe, where is the disputer of this world ? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world ? For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.*

INVOCATION TO THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Great Prince of Peace! enthron'd above,
Kind source of pure compassion!
Now fill the world with peace and love;
Diffuse thy great *salvation*.

No more let cannon, swords, and spears,
Fill earth with dire confusion,
Destruction, horror, grief, and tears,
The fruits of mad delusion.

True love to God, and love to man
With pure serene affection,
Fulfil the glorious gospel plan,
Insure divine protection.

Great Prince of Peace! descend and reign,
Redeeming every nation;
Abolish crime, and guilt, and pain,
Throughout this vast creation.

150745



Abbe Barruel's account of the death of Voltaire.

It was during Voltaire's last visit to Paris, when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared he should die with glory, amidst the acclamations of an infatuated theatre, that he was struck by the hand of Providence, and made a very different termination of his career.

In the midst of his triumphs, a violent hemorrhage raised apprehensions for his life. D'Alembert, Diderot, and Marmontel, hastened to support his resolution in his last moments, but were only witnesses to their mutual ignominy, as well as to his own.

Here let not the historian fear exaggeration. Rage, remorse, reproach, and blasphemy, all accompany and characterize the long agony of the dying Atheist. His death, the most terrible, ever recorded to have stricken an impious man, will not be denied by his companions in impiety. Their silence, however much they may wish to deny it, is the least of those corroborative proofs, which might be adduced. Not one of the Sophisters has ever dared to mention any sign given, of resolution or tranquillity, by the premier chief, during the

space of three months, which elapsed from the time he was crowned in the theatre, until his decease. Such a silence expresses, how great their humiliation was in his death !

It was in his return from the theatre, and in the midst of the toils he was resuming in order to acquire fresh applause, when Voltaire was warned, that the long career of his impiety was drawing to an end.

In spite of all the Sophisters flocking around him, in the first day of his illness, he gave signs of wishing to return to the God whom he had so often blasphemed. He calls for the priest, who ministered to Him, whom he had sworn to crush, under the appellation of *the wretch*.* His danger increasing, he wrote the following note to the Abbe Gaultier :—“ *You had promised me, Sir, to come and hear me. I entreat you would take the trouble of calling as soon as possible.*” Signed Voltaire. Paris, the 26th February, 1778.

D'Alembert, Diderot, and about twenty others of the conspirators, who had beset his apartment, never approached him, but to witness their own

* It had been customary during many years, for Voltaire to call our blessed Saviour—*the wretch*. And he vowed that he would crush him. He closes many of his letters to his infidel friends with the same words—*crush the wretch*.

ignominy ; and often he would curse them, and exclaim : “ Retire ! It is you that have brought me to my present state ! Begone ! I could have done without you all ; but you could not exist without me ! And what a wretched glory have you procured me !

Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy. They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating or blaspheming that God, against whom he had conspired ; and in plaintive accents he would cry out, “ Oh Christ ! Oh Jesus Christ ! ” And then complain that he was abandoned by God and man. The hand which had traced in ancient writ the sentence of an impious and reviling king, seemed to trace before his eyes, Crush then, do crush the wretch. In vain he turned his head away ; the time was coming apace when he was to appear before the tribunal of Him whom he had blasphemed ; and his physicians, particularly Mr. Tronchin, calling in to administer relief, thunder-struck, retire, *declaring that the death of the impious man was terrible indeed.* The pride of the conspirators would willingly have suppressed these declarations, but it was in vain. The Mareschal de Richelieu flies from the bed-side, *declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained ;* and Mr.

Tronchin, that *the furies of Orestes, could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire.**

* Diderot and D'Alembert also, his friends and companions in Infidelity, are said to have died with remorse of conscience somewhat similar to the above.

This account of the unhappy end of Voltaire is confirmed by a letter from M. de Luc, an eminent philosopher, and a man of the strictest honor and probity.

Wm. Cowper, in his Poem on Truth, has alluded to the above circumstances in the character of this Arch-infidel:

“The Frenchman first in literary fame,
 (Mention him if you please—Voltaire?—The same.)
 With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
 Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died:
 The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
 Bon-mots to gall the Christian and the Jew.
 An Infidel in health; but what when sick?
 Oh then, a text would touch him at the quick!”

Letter of Dr. Franklin.

PHILADELPHIA, September 20, 1783.

Dear Sister,—The Convention finished on the 17th instant. I attended the business of it five hours in every day from the beginning, which is something more than four months. You may judge from thence that my health continues; some tell me I look better, and they suppose the daily exercise

of going and returning from the State-house, has done me good. You will see the Constitution we have proposed in the papers. The forming of it so as to accommodate all the different interests and views was a difficult task ; and perhaps after all it may not be received with the same unanimity in the different States, that the Convention have given the example of, in delivering it out for their consideration. We have, however, done our best, and it must take its chance.

I agree with you perfectly in your disapprobation of war. Abstracted from the inhumanity of it, I think it wrong in point of human providence, for whatever advantages one nation would obtain from another, whether it be part of their territory, the liberty of commerce with them, free passage on their rivers, &c., &c. : it would be much cheaper to purchase such advantages with ready money, than to pay the expense of acquiring it by war. An army is a devouring monster, and when you have raised it, you have in order to subsist it, not only the fair charges of pay, clothing, provisions, arms and ammunition, with numberless other contingent and just charges to answer and satisfy ; but, you have all the additional knavish charges of the numerous tribe of contractors, to defray, with those of every other dealer, who fur-

nishes the articles wanting for your army, and takes advantage of that want to demand exorbitant prices. It seems to me, that if statesmen had a little more arithmetic, or were more accustomed to calculation, wars would be much less frequent. I am confident that Canada might have been purchased from France, for a tenth part of the money England spent in the conquest of it. And if, instead of fighting with us, for the power of taxing us, she had kept us in a good humor, by allowing us to dispose of our own money, and, now and then, giving us a little of hers, by way of donation to colleges, or hospitals, or for cutting canals, or fortifying ports; she might easily have drawn from us much more by our occasional voluntary grants and contributions, than ever she could by taxes. Sensible people will give a bucket or two of water to a dry pump, that they may afterwards get from it all they have occasion for. Her ministry were deficient in that little point of common sense; and so they spent one hundred millions of her money, and after all lost what they contended for.

Adieu, my dear sister, and believe me ever, your affectionate brother,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Dr. A. Shermer, a genteel looking man, gave me to understand, that he felt himself much injured to have the principles of Christianity mentioned to him. I was shortly after informed by a newspaper, that he was sent to the state prison, for having swindled the bank at Patterson, and also for his having sworn falsely as a witness.

Cleomine C. C. Cohen, a chemist, being one of your public speakers against the character of Jesus Christ and the Bible, gave many false quotations, and much abuse in my hearing. He, a short time after, as I learned from a paper called the Star, speaking many hard presumptuous words against the God of his fathers, (he being an Israelite,) and wrote and put it in print; and the paper was not dry when his head was blown from his body, and torn to pieces with chemical gas! Oh, what an awful judgment upon this Atheist, by the insulted *Majesty on High!* So much for the prosperity of these disciples of Paine, Voltaire, &c.

Now, as you have found so much fault with the New Testament. I will give you the words of our

Declaration of Independence, which you profess so much to admire, and some of you have sworn to follow its dictates, which reads as follows.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.”

Truth is truth, though all men oppose it; it is like gold ten times tried in the fire; and loseth not its weight by age, and will, or ought to pass for its worth.

This my text is as old as time, it has dwelt with wisdom and prudence; has been and is far, far beyond the reach of our comprehension or power to describe it. It is a twin sister to the gospel of our Redeemer, it has made its appearance when, and wherever it has been held forth, in its own native purity, light, and beauty, ever since the world was created. But what hast thou done, Oh, thou monster, Infidelity! Offspring of that huge monster, that spirit and power of spiritual wickedness in high places.

You ask what I mean by spiritual wickedness in high places, I answer, wickedness highly refined,

disguised falsehood in the garb of truth and in the most sublime stations by rulers and false teachers ! The wicked spirits are those which continually oppose love, faith, holiness, and therefore happiness, either by force or fraud, and labor to infuse unbelief, pride, idolatry, and to cause malice, envy, and hatred against truth as taught in the New Testament ; and in fine to bring into bondage and make slaves of all whom they can for their master, the devil's sake ; pervert the truth, destroy liberty, happiness, and often life. And thus heap ills, heaven never designed upon mankind, as sayeth the poet Young.

“Since Adam fell, no mortal uninspired has ever yet conceived, or ever shall, how kind is God ; how great (if good) is man. Ills there are none, all gracious, none from God ; from man full many ; numerous is the race of blackest ills ; and these immortal too, begot by madness on fair liberty ; heaven's daughter ; hell debauched ; her hand alone unlocks destruction to the sons of men.”

For proof still more, have you not boasted of your numbers in this country as your predecessors have done in other countries.

In all public affairs have you not boasted of Infidelity gaining the victory over Christianity ? In past days with the aid of mongrel Christians and hypocrites, you seemed to be gaining ; but we have

reason to hope it is not so now. Your days we trust are almost numbered. Your wickedness is made manifest—the horns of the beast appear to be falling off. The little stone hewn out of the mountain without hands is increasing and will fill the whole earth, when it shall have smote the beast and broken him to pieces.

Truth is mighty and beareth away the victory. Compare the present era of France and other countries with the past and acknowledge the truth. I have no reference to the two political parties which call the attention of this great Union, but to the tumults and disturbances arising from Infidelity which excite and agitate them both. We boast of this country as being the only repository of liberty. But the fact is, which ever side is victorious both are so intimately blended with Infidelity that the name only is left us. Shall we let matter of fact speak ; have you not gone to the extent of wit and learning to cheat the war-worn soldier out of the price of his blood and all the future hopes of his life? Have you not left those who fought the battles of the revolution, for many years after, without any pay or assistance ? If they had taken the beggar's oath they could have got assistance ; which they could have if they had fought against the freedom of their country.

Is this as it should be, and is this the boasted good of this country's liberty ?

You say all the religion you know of is morality ; is this morality ?

I ask you then what have you done in accordance with your rules of morality which you say embrace justice, mercy, and equality ? Or what have you done in accordance with the text quoted above from the Declaration of Independence.

Is it justice or equality to make no provision for the weeping widow or suffering orphan of the murdered soldier ? Or, is it justice or equality to fine a soldier or a Quaker for non-preformance of military duty, (who may have a sick wife and one or more children to provide for, and may be dependant on society for assistance,) in the same amount as those who can boast of their millions ? You must acknowledge there is a great want of both. Is it equality to compel the poor man, not worth his dollar, to shoulder his musket so many times a year, and at the sound of martial music, tramp the streets, while the rich can stay at home, and if he please look through his window and laugh at the folly of our profession of equality.

Indeed, I ask what are soldiers wanted for in these days, but to guard the property of the rich ? I have known the wives and children of many

of these poor men to have nothing in the house to eat ; and while their husbands have taken all their earnings to dress them out for military show, and get in debt besides. I have known their wives to take their clothing and even furniture to the brokers to get money to procure bread. I have seen them weep and receive help from those that were hardly able to help themselves. Is this right ? And tell me if you can, what is war made for, but in general cases to accumulate wealth for the rich and honor for the great, at the expence of the blood and labor of the poor soldier. Tell me who are those that fight the battles ? Who are those that wear the laurels ? Who are those that receive the huzzas of the mob and the puffs of glory in the newspapers when the war is over ? Who are those that share the emoluments ? Is it the decrepit soldier, in surveying the blood and carnage, he carries with him to his grave, the scars he has received ? Is this equality ? Is this life, liberty, and happiness ? Is this dealing justly ? Is this the glories of your boasted system of Infidelity ?

You say reason is your guide, and not revelation. Come then let us reason together, and inquire for argument's sake what would be the difference between the Christian policy and the Infidel policy in relation to things present as well as future. You

have been experimenting upon your plan for a length of time, in other countries, as well as in this; you have endeavored to palm it upon the credulous, and has it not always had its end in confusion, unnecessary waste of money, talent, liberty, and life.

To go no further for proof, look at its effects in France within the last century, as well as in this country, within the same period.

Not so with the Christian policy, wherever it has been strictly adhered to and its votaries living according to the rules of the New Testament; no matter in what country or among what people, it has always produced a contrary effect; and were they to be more abundantly established in these United States, there would be, in my opinion, a saving of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred millions of money per year, as well as the health, comfort, and lives of thousands of our fellow-men. In addition to the enormous sums expended in unnecessary wars, as hinted above, there is the immense waste of money and time in calling out the militia yearly; a tax altogether unnecessary and uncalled for, and should be abandoned upon rational principles, and unceasing efforts made, until this great burden and waste shall be removed from our peaceful shores. And if soldiers shall be at any time needed, let them be paid as other servants, and

provision made for their wives, widows, and children.

To illustrate the evils of war, I here introduce the sentiments of Thomas Jefferson in a letter written by him in 1798, to Sir John Sinclair, President of the Board of Agriculture at London. Near the close of this letter he observes, "I am fixed in awe at the mighty conflict to which two great nations are advancing, and recoil with horror at the ferociousness of man. Will nations never devise a more rational umpire of difference than force? Are there no means of coercing in justice, more gratifying to our nature than the waste of the blood of thousands and of the labor of millions of our fellow-men.

"We see numerous societies of men, the aboriginals of this country, living together without the acknowledgment of either laws or majesty. Yet they live in peace among themselves, and acts of violence are as rare in their societies as in nations which keep the sword of law in perpetual activity.

"Nations, like these individuals, stand toward each other only in relation of natural rights; might they not like them be peaceably punished for violence and wrongs? Wonderful has been the progress of human improvements in other lines; let us hope then that the law of nature which makes a virtuous conduct produce benefit, and vice loss to the agent

in the long run ; which has sanctioned the common principle, that "honesty is the best policy," will in time influence the proceedings of nations as well as of individuals, and that we shall at length be sensible that war is an instrument entirely inefficient toward redressing wrongs, that it multiplies instead of indemnifying losses.

"Had the money which has been spent in the past war, been employed in making roads and conducting canals of navigation and irrigation through the country, not a hovel in the highlands of Scotland, or the mountains of Auvergne would have been without a boat at its door, or a rill of water in every field, and a road to its market-town. Had the money we have lost by the lawless deprivations of all the belligerent powers been employed in the same way, what communications would have been opened of roads and waters. Yet, were we to go to war for redress, instead of redress, we should plunge deeper into losses, and disable ourselves for half a century more from attaining the same end. A war would cost us more than would cut through the Isthmus of Darien; and that of Suez might have been opened with what a single year has thrown away on the rock of Gibraltar."

These truths are palpable, and must in the progress of time have their influence on the minds

and conduct of nations. And may we not hope that the experience we have had of these palpable truths, will cause us to concur with the above sentiments of this great statesman. Especially, if we reflect that since he retired from office, our nation has had an exemplification of the correctness of his remarks; that war is an instrument entirely inefficient towards redressing wrongs, that it multiplies instead of indemnifying losses.

Having presented you with valuable testimony in favor of my proposition, I proceed with further proof to show the vast sum that might be saved in these United States, if the New Testament or Christian rules prevailed.

1st. There are the duties paid on all liquors.

2d. The liquors themselves, the whole of which might be saved, except so much as might be used as medicine. And in so doing, immense wealth would be realized, as well as health, character, and in very many cases, life itself. It is admitted, nay, it is a fact demonstrated, that two-thirds or more of all the inmates of prisons, alms-houses, and even those who end their lives beneath the gallows, have had their origin of evil in intemperance, poisoned with Infidelity. For proof of the above assertion, see Maxwell's Report, during the term of his office as State Attorney, in this

city. Connected with these, what sums of money have been squandered.

3d. The annihilation of all lotteries, gambling, horse-racing, all public sports, playhouses, theatres, &c. It is evident that these are high schools of vice, and the wages thereof are unlawfully gained, according to the New Testament rule. And connected with these, what a waste of money from the pockets of masters, the draws of merchants. Still add the enormous sums expended in getting up these sports; the erection and garnishing of buildings; all of which might be saved, and the money thus squandered have been appropriated to the real benefit of the people of this great nation.

There are also the lofty costly pillars, and monuments, both at the individual as well as the public expense: and add to these all the unnecessary and extravagant expenditure of the public money. A saving on all of these would create such a fund as to comfort every widow and orphan, and clothe and feed the worthy poor, and spread comfort through this whole nation, and have millions for public use, and internal improvements too. And all this could be, if the plan laid down in the New Testament was generally preserved, instead of the plans of Infidels. Instance the economy of the people called Quakers, the Moravians and some

others of the New Testament Christians, whose poor are provided for, and whose sorrows are healed.

*Christian principles exemplified in the provision of
Friends for their poor.*

“In conformity to repeated Scripture injunctions, and agreeably to ancient practice of Friends, the poor amongst us claim and ought to receive, our particular and tender care and attention. And in order that competent assistance may be afforded to this class, not only by relieving their immediate necessities, but by aiding them in such business as they may be best qualified for, each monthly meeting should have regular quarterly collections made, and the money placed in the hands of the treasurer of said meeting, for the exclusive purpose of assisting those of this description ; and, as it is reasonable to expect, from the vicissitudes attending human life, that we shall always have more or less poor in our societies, amongst whom may be some who have a peculiar claim to our sympathy, having to struggle with accumulated difficulties to support themselves and their families, it is affectionately desired, that Friends may show a liberality, proportionate to their means, in contributing to this benevolent purpose.

“ And in order that this concern may be carried more fully into effect, a suitable number of judicious men and women Friends, should be separated in each monthly meeting, to inspect into the necessities of the poor, and those who may appear likely to require assistance ; and not only relieve their immediate necessities, but assist them in such employments as they may be capable of. In doing which, they are to proceed with great tenderness to the feelings of those who are the objects of their appointments ; carefully avoiding any unnecessary disclosure of their names or the assistance rendered them.

“ And that Friends appointed to the oversight of the poor may be able to proceed in the manner above described, they should have the appropriations of the fund herein alluded to, and the drafts on the monthly meetings treasurer, signed by as many of the overseers of the poor as the monthly meeting may think proper. They should not designate the individuals to whom assistance is to be, or has been rendered ; but their proceedings are to be subject at any time to the inspection of a committee of the monthly meeting. Overseers of the poor are to consider it their duty to give particular attention that the children of Friends in low circumstances be furnished with an oppor-

tunity of getting a competent portion of school learning to fit them for business. And Friends are advised, in disposing of their estates by will, to consider the propriety of applying a portion thereof to the use of the poor, which the establishment of this fund will afford an opportunity of doing, and placing their bequests under the immediate care of the Society.”

This plan being adopted, there would be guardians appointed, and sufficient funds provided, to comfort the widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers have lost their lives, either as watchmen, guarding the property of the rich, or as soldiers fighting the battles of the noble, or as firemen, laboring to preserve and save the property of the great as well as the small. And these latter I have considered the greatest of slaves, and many of them the most degraded of the human kind. I have known them to linger and sorrow over their follies when it was too late to remedy their condition; having received their pay all along while breaking down their constitution with a *puff* in the newspapers such as this, *the members of such a Fire Company have done most gloriously*, and with this pay go home to their families and friends, not only disabled from earning

a living, but unable to pay a poor widow their board. And when they have families, I have known their wives to beg, and their children to cry for bread. I have known whole families actually as it were starving to death ; their wants so great, that famishing brought on disease, ending in cholera, &c. And this state of things brought on by fathers, husbands, and sons, following and hauling about the fire-engines by day and night, until their strength and reason were gone, and they just fit, like a sponge to sop up rum, until they were unable to find their homes. And instead of laying up a little for sickness and old age, these poor creatures lay up, if they live, many of them, to linger with consumptions, rheumatisms, cramps, &c., and to contend with poverty and sorrow all their days, and as it is, no provision is made. This is not as it should be. I would not wish to be understood as meaning to put down these institutions, but to expose the monopoly and Infidelity in this system, and have the firemen paid as other laborers are, for the service rendered, and provision made for those whose afflictions and suffering are brought on through the misfortunes they are liable to ; and this could be, if the aforementioned plans of economy and saving prevailed ; and these would obtain if the Christian or New Testament plan would be taken, in prefer-

ence to the Infidel plans, and for this I write and labor. I would not be understood to say, there are no respectable or rich men, that belong to the Fire Department, or are even soldiers ; but while these are, and have ample stores within themselves, thousands of the poor are actually suffering in consequence of the monopoly that prevails. Many of those poor emigrants from other countries, on their arrival here, would be glad to labor as firemen if they could be paid ; as well as many of our own native Americans. But while the rich are at the head of the department, and while the present system prevails of duping, the three thousand firemen who are working for nothing in this city, and still are ignorant of the fact, that they are working for the greatest monopoly, viz., the Fire Insurance Companies, in whose hands deposits are made by the rich of all countries, I despair of reformation ; but the time will come when light will put to flight the darkness that now covers the minds of thousands, and a more proper system shall be adopted. Believing as I do the sentiment of the Quakers, I would suffer poverty and distress all my days before I would head the Fire Department in its present form for one, two or three thousand dollars, which their Engineers at their head, I am told, are paid for their services.

It appears to me, the Fire Insurance system is capable of great improvements, and as truth and religion prevail it will be improved. If it is not defective, and does not present a temptation too great for ambitious, aspiring and depraved mortals to resist and withstand, why are fires so abundant and multiplied in our city. According to the present system, a merchant may have a large stock of unsaleable goods, worth forty, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars; but not suiting the market, they are nearly useless property to him. He gets them insured for the full amount, and if they are destroyed by fire afterwards, in sixty days he draws the full amount in ready cash.

And there is the omnibus system; Oh, the cruelty and abuse that is exercised towards that useful and docile animal the horse. It is enough to draw tears of pity and compassion from every feeling heart, to see the poor omnibus horses driven with such continuous rounds, and with such speed and velocity, hot or cold, wet or dry, over the rough pavements; and as their flesh decays, and the bones come in contact with the skin, such is the pressure of the harness, from carrying at times very excessive loads, that the skin wears through, so that the skin of an omnibus horse resembles a lantern. And the daily "Express Horses," if it were possible, are

used worse still, racing them from Washington, far, far beyond their strength and nature, to bring intelligence of what is passing there a few hours sooner, for what, but to help speculators to take advantage one of another? Oh Infidelity! Infidelity! when wilt thou be transformed into the religion of Jesus Christ! and not only impart bowels of compassion towards the dumb beasts, but prompt men to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.

Wars between France and England—a sad picture for Infidels and Mongrel Christians.

The following account of wars between France and England is taken from the Evangelical Magazine, printed in London, Jan. 1813. The left hand column gives the year in which the several wars commenced from the year 1110 to 1813—the right hand column gives the duration of each war.

War commenced	A. D.	years.
	1110	continued 2
"	1141	" 1
"	1161	" 25
"	1211	" 15
"	1224	" 19
"	1294	" 5
"	1332	" 21
"	1368	" 52
"	1422	" 49
"	1492	" 1 mo.
"	1512	" 2
"	1521	" 6
"	1549	" 1
"	1557	" 2
"	1562	" 2
"	1627	" 2
"	1665	" 1
"	1689	" 10
"	1702	" 11
"	1744	" 4
"	1756	" 7
"	1776	" 7
"	1793	" 9
"	1803	" 10

From this shocking account it appears, that the number of wars was twenty-four; that two hundred and sixty years of the seven hundred were employed by these nations in butchering one another; that from 1161 to 1471, a term of three hundred and ten years, one hundred and eighty-six were spent in war; that from 1368 they were at war one hundred and one years in one hundred and three—having a peace of two years duration.

If we add to this account the years that these nations were employed in war with *other* nations, or in *civil wars* in their respective dominions, while at peace with each other, it will probably appear, that they have spent more than half the time in war during the last seven hundred years. How awful must have been the total amount of *carnage* and *suffering*! If the island of Great Britain and the whole territory of France, should now be sunk by an earthquake, the loss of lives would perhaps be less than what has been occasion by the voluntary and anti-christian wars of the two nations. Yet during the seven hundred years, the people of these nations have both called themselves *Christians*, and gloried in their murderous exploits!

Taking into view the great privileges they have enjoyed, and the depravity and guilt which a great portion of the people must have contracted by their

habit of war, we may perhaps justly apply to each of the two nations the following lines, which were addressed by Cowper to the city of London :

“Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous—well for thee—
That salt preserves thee ; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain.”

On no other account is either of the two nations so justly liable to the reproach of being *anti-christian*, as on that of their *warring character*, in which they both glory.

Adam to Michael.

“Adam was all in tears and to his guide
Lamenting turned, full sad : Oh what are these !
Death’s ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His brother ! For of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men !”

Milton.

THE HORRORS OF NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN,
OR
INFIDELITY FURTHER PORTRAYED.

Napoleon left Paris in May; found himself at the head of his grand army in Poland, June 16; and commenced hostilities on the 23d of the same month. The events from this time prior to the battle at Smolensko will be passed over in silence.

In the following narrative the paragraphs under P. will be taken from Porter; those under L. from Labaume. The reader may therefore continually know whose account he is reading.

As all the nations concerned in that war were professed *Christians*, some motto will be prefixed to each article, which the reader is requested to keep in view while reading what follows.—*Friend of Peace*.

*Battle of Smolensko.**

“This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.

“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another!”—*Messiah*.

P. “On the morning of August 17th there was an awful pause. The armies of two vast empires stood gazing at each other as if studying where to strike the mortal blow. At length the silence of meditated death was broken. From the extreme point of the Russian right to that of the left, fire from a hundred cannon poured destruction amid the enemy's ranks. Rapid discharges of musketry, which ran along the front, seconded the guns with a horrible carnage.

“The attack of the French was not less vigorous or terrific. Their numerous artillery gave bloody answer to that of the

* Or Smolenzk.

Russian position; whilst their multitude and concentrating movements, bore along upon their adversaries with a force that seemed formed to sweep all before them. The battle now raged with the most desperate fury. In spite of a dreadful fire from the Russian artillery, the enemy pushed on to the intrenched suburbs, and in the very mouths of their guns attacked the Russian troops at the point of the bayonet. The havoc on both sides was prodigious. The earth was covered with the wounded and the dead. For upwards of two hours the bloody conflict was maintained. At last their movements were impeded by the numbers of the slain, and finding that hostile troops pressed upon their thinned ranks, the Russians retired to Smolensko."

Such was the carnage in the suburbs.

"The city now became the immediate object of attack. The dreadful hours of destruction rolled on, and the ruin and death of thousands became the horrible marks of French aggression. Hosts continued to fall on both sides.

"The interior of this once beautiful and flourishing capital began to present a scene heart-rending to the eye of a common spectator. Every magazine was destroyed, every edifice fired which could offer the means of resource to the enemy.

"No person can describe the rage of Napoleon on beholding the spectacle which presented itself. To preserve some means for quartering his troops he ordered every exertion to stop the progress of the flames. The men employed gave themselves little trouble in their duty—and entering the houses and churches, pillaged whatever valuable they found, and murdered with the most unheard of cruelties all whom accident or attachment to their native city had left in their passage."—*From p. 111 to 116.*

Labaume was not present at the battle of Smolensko, but arrived soon after. He says—

L. "August 19th we entered Smolensko by the suburb that is built along by the bank of the river. In every direction we marched over scattered ruins and dead bodies. Palaces still burning, offered to our sight only walls half destroyed by the flames; and thick among the fragments were the blackened carcasses of the wretched inhabitants. The few houses that remained were completely filled by the soldiery, while at the door stood the miserable proprietor deploring the death of his children and the loss of his fortune. The churches alone

afforded some consolation to the unhappy victims who had no other shelter. On one side was an old man just expiring. On the other an infant whose feeble cries, the mother, worn down with grief, was endeavoring to hush, and whilst she presented it with the breast, her tears dropped fast upon it. In the midst of this desolation the passage of the army into the interior of the town formed a striking contrast. On one side was seen the abject submission of the conquered—on the other the pride attendant on victory. The former had lost their all—the latter, rich with spoils and ignorant of defeat, marched proudly on to the sound of warlike music.”

—pp. 97, 98.

Was it *thus* that Christ loved his disciples ?

The battle of Borodino.

“ See how these Christians love one another.”—*Pagans.*

“ The night passed slowly over the wakeful heads of the impatient combatants. The morning of the 7th of September at length broke, and thousands beheld the dawn for the last time. The moment had arrived when the dreadful discharge of two thousand cannon was to break the silence of expectation, and arouse at once all the horrors of war.

“ General as the attack seemed, the corps of Prince Bagration had to sustain the accumulating weight of nearly half the French army; and the determination shown by its cavalry was so desperate, that they charged even up to the very mouths of the Russian guns. Whole regiments of them, both horses and men, were swept down by the cannon shot; and all along the front of Bagration’s line rose a breastwork of dead and dying.

“ Napoleon ordered up fifty additional pieces of artillery, and a fresh division of infantry, with several regiments of dragoons. This new force rushed on over the bodies of their fallen countrymen and did not allow themselves to be checked until they reached the parapets of the Russian works. Their vigorous onset overturned with fierce slaughter every thing that opposed them, and obliged Bagration to fall back nearer to the second line of the army.

“ The rage of the battle at this crisis was not to be de-

scribed. The thunder of a thousand pieces of artillery was answered by the discharge of an equal number on the part of the Russians. A veil of smoke shut out the combatants from the sun, and left them no other light to pursue the work of death than the flashes of musketry, which blazed in every direction. The sabres of forty thousand dragoons met each other, and clashed in the horrid gloom; and the bristling points of countless bayonets, bursting through the rolling vapor, strewed the earth with heaps of slain.”—*p.* 152.

“Such was the scene for an extent of many wersts, and the dreadful contest continued without cessation until the darkness of the night. Thus closed the memorable day, and with it terminated the lives of EIGHTY THOUSAND human beings. The horses which lay on the ground from right to left numbered full twenty-five thousand.”—*From p.* 147 to 154.

L. “The next day, says Labaume very early in the morning, we returned to the field of battle. In the space of a *square league almost every spot was covered with the killed and wounded.* On many places the bursting of the shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses. But the most horrid spectacle was the interior of the ravines; almost all the wounded who were able to drag themselves along had taken refuge there to avoid the shot. These miserable wretches heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood, uttering the most dreadful groans, and invoking death with piercing cries, eagerly besought us to put an end to their torments.”—*pp.* 148, 149.

See how these Christians murder one another!

The destruction of Moscow.

“Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.”—*Paul.*

“Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.”—*Messiah.*

That the French might be deprived of a place of refuge and means of subsistence, the Russians determined to abandon and to destroy their great and ancient city.

P. “On the 14th of September at mid-day the enemy appeared before the walls of Moscow. His advanced guards entered the gates with all the pride and pomp of conquests.

The troops moved towards the Kremlin. A part of the self-devoted citizens had taken refuge there; and, closing the gates, desperately attempted its defence. The gates were instantly forced, and the brave victims of patriotism massacred upon the floor of their ancient fortress.

“Scarcely had the murderous act been perpetrated, when the pyres of loyalty were lighted, and Moscow appeared at different quarters in flames. The French troops as they poured into the devoted city had spread themselves in every direction in search of plunder; and in their progress they committed outrages so horrid on the persons of all whom they discovered, that fathers desperate to save their children from pollution, would set fire to their place of refuge, and find a surer asylum in its flames.

“The streets, the houses, the cellars, flowed with blood, and were filled with violation and carnage. Manhood seemed to be lost in the French soldier; for nothing was to be discerned in him but the wild beast ravening for prey; or rather the fiend of hell gluttoning himself in the commission of every horrible crime. Every corps of the army marching in from the camp without the barriers could prove the same right to plunder, as that which had been exercised by those whose good fortune had sent them first into the field of pillage. NAPOLEON HAD PROMISED THEM THE TREASURES OF MOSCOW.

“While on his march, and perceiving the spires and minarets of Moscow at a distance, he pointed to them and exclaimed to his followers, *behold the end of your campaign! Its gold and its plenty are yours.*”—pp. 181, 182.

As Porter was on the side of the Russians, some may think the account is exaggerated. I will therefore make some extracts from Labaume, who was on the side of the French.

L. “The most heart-rending scenes which my imagination had ever conceived, far surpassing the most afflicting accounts in ancient or modern history, now presented itself before our eyes. A great part of the population of Moscow, frightened at our arrival had concealed themselves in cellars or secret recesses of their houses. As the fire spread around, we saw them rushing in despair from their various asylums. They uttered no imprecations, they breathed no complaint, but carrying with them their most precious effects, fled before the flames. Others of greater sensibility, and actuated by the

genuine feelings of nature, saved only their children, who were closely clasped in their arms. Many old people, borne down with grief rather than by age, had not sufficient strength to follow their families, and expired near the houses in which they were born.

“How shall I describe the confusion and tumult when permission was granted to pillage this immense city! Soldiers, sutlers, galley-slaves and prostitutes, eagerly ran through the streets, penetrating into the deserted palaces, and carrying away every thing which could gratify their avarice. This horrible pillage was not confined to the deserted houses alone but extended to those which were inhabited; and soon the eagerness and wantonness of the plunderers, caused devastations which almost equalled those occasioned by the conflagration. Every asylum was soon violated by the licentious troops.

“Towards evening, when Napoleon no longer thought himself safe in the city, the ruin of which seemed inevitable, he left the Kremlin and established himself with his suit in the castle at Peterskoë. When I saw him pass by I could not without abhorrence, behold the chief of a barbarous expedition, who evidently endeavored to escape the decided testimony of public indignation by seeking the darkest road. He sought it however in vain. On every side the flames seemed to pursue him, and their horrible and mournful glare flashing on his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the Eumenides, pursuing the destined victims of the furies.

“The generals likewise received orders to quit Moscow. Licentiousness then became unbounded. The soldiers, no longer restrained by the presence of their chiefs, committed every kind of excess. No retreat was now safe, no place sufficiently sacred to afford any protection against their rapacity.

“Nothing could equal the anguish which absorbed every feeling heart, and which increased in the dead of night by the cries of the miserable victims, who were savagely murdered, or by the screams of the young females, who fled for protection to their weeping mothers, and whose ineffectual struggles tended only to inflame the passions of their violators.

“Desirous of terminating the recital of this horrid catastrophe, for which history wants expressions, and poetry has

no colors, I shall pass over in silence many circumstances, revolting to humanity, and merely describe the dreadful confusion which arose in our army, when the fire had reached every part of Moscow, and the whole city was become one immense flame.

“A long row of carriages was perceived through the thick smoke, loaded with booty. Being too heavily laden for the exhausted cattle to draw them along, they were obliged to halt at every step, when we heard the execrations of the drivers who terrified at the surrounding flames, endeavored to push forward with dreadful outcries. The soldiers were still armed, diligently employed in forcing open every door. They seemed to fear lest they should leave one house untouched. In spite of the extreme peril which threatened them, the love of plunder induced our soldiers to brave every danger. Stimulated by an irresistible desire of pillage, they precipitated themselves into the flames. They waded in blood, treading upon the dead bodies without remorse, whilst the ruins of the houses, mixed with burning coals, fell thick on their murderous hands.

“*September 17.* I witnessed the most dreadful and most affecting scenes which it is possible to conceive, namely, the unhappy inhabitants drawing upon some vehicles all that they had been able to save from the conflagration. The soldiers having robbed them of their horses, the men and women were slowly and painfully dragging along these little carts; some of which contained an infirm mother, others a paralytic old man, and others the miserable wrecks of half consumed furniture; children half naked, followed these interesting groups. Without a shelter, and without food, these unfortunate beings wandered in the fields, and fled into the woods; but wherever they bent their steps, they met the conquerors of Moscow, who frequently ill-treated them, and sold before their eyes the goods which had been stolen from their own deserted habitations.”—*From p. 203 to 214.*

The retreat from Moscow.

“They would none of my counsel; they despised all my reproof; Therefore shall they eat of the fruits of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.—*Prov. i. 30, 31, 32.*”

The horrors of the French retreat will be given in the language of Labaume. In his account of the scenes at Moscow he says: “Even the most hardened minds were struck with a conviction, that so great a calamity would on some future day call forth the vengeance of the Almighty upon the authors of such crimes.” This presentiment was well founded; nor was it long before the plundering legions of Napoleon experienced as great calamities, as they had occasioned to the Russians. The measure they had meted, was measured to them again. In the following narrative we shall have evidence of the truth, proclaimed by the Chaldean monarch—**THEY THAT WALK IN PRIDE, THE LORD IS ABLE TO ABASE.**

L. “Although,” says Labaume, “the ruin of Moscow was a great loss to the Russians, it was more sensibly felt by us, and it insured to our enemies all the advantages which they had promised themselves from the rigor of their climate—their hopes, founded on this calculation could not be disappointed: for our formidable army, though it arrived in the fine season, had lost one third of its numbers merely by the rapidity of its march; and the enemy had no reason to fear that we could maintain any position, since our want of discipline had made a desert of our conquests, and our improvident chief had formed no plan to facilitate our retreat.

“They who possessed the smallest foresight, predicted our misfortunes, and imagined that they read on the walls of the Kremlin those prophetic words, which an invisible hand traced before Belshazzar in the midst of his greatest prosperity:— ‘God hath numbered this kingdom and finished it: thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting; thy kingdom is divided, and given to other hands.’ ”

The French began their retreat on the 19th of October.

“The long files of carriages in three or four ranks extended for several leagues, loaded with the immense booty which the soldiers snatched from the flames.” But this booty only

served to retard their progress. The Russians soon began to harrass them on their retreat; and on the 25th of October a battle was fought, which was so destructive to the French army, that the soldiers said, 'But two more battles like this, and Napoleon will be without an army.' ”

Oct. 26. “At every step were wagons abandoned for want of horses to draw them, and the fragments of innumerable carriages burned for the same reason—and we listened with melancholy forbodings to the frequent explosion of amunition wagons.”

Oct. 28. “In addition to all these evils the want of provisions aggravated our sufferings. That which we brought from Moscow was almost consumed. Our horses fared still worse—many of them died of fatigue and hunger.

“Napoleon who preceded us one day's march had already passed Mojaisk, burning and destroying every thing which he found on his route. His soldiers were so intent on this devastation, that they set fire to the places where we should have halted. This exposed us to great and unnecessary suffering.”

Oct. 30. “The nearer we approached to the Mojaisk the more desolate the country appeared. But most horrible was the multitude of dead bodies which, deprived of burial fifty-two days, scarcely retained the human form. On arriving at Borodino my consternation was inexpressible at finding the twenty thousand men, who had perished there, yet lying uncovered.

“Three thousand prisoners were brought from Moscow. Having nothing to give them during the march, they were at night driven into a narrow fold like so many beasts. Without fire, and without food, they lay on the bare ice, and to assuage the hunger that tortured them, those who had not courage to die, nightly fed on the flesh of their companions, whom fatigue, misery, and famine had destroyed. But I turn from a picture so shocking—I shall soon have horrors enough to describe which fell to the lot of my companions in arms.”

Oct. 31. “All seemed to feel that their only safety consisted in manfully struggling with the difficulties by which we were surrounded. They had for many days been reduced to subsist on horse flesh! even the generals had begun to share the same food.”

Nov. 4. "At one o'clock in the morning, we marched along the great road groping our way in the dark. The route was entirely covered with the fragments of carriages and artillery. Men and horses, worn out with fatigue, could scarcely drag themselves along, and as soon as the last fell exhausted, the soldiers eagerly divided the carcass among them."

Nov. 6. "The soldiers vainly struggling with the snow and the wind, which rushed upon them with the violence of a whirlwind, could no longer distinguish the road; and falling into the ditches which bordered it, found a grave. How many unfortunate beings on this dreadful day, dying of cold and famine, struggled hard with the agonies of death. Stretched on the road, we could distinguish only the heaps of snow which covered them, and which at almost every step formed little undulations like so many graves.

"From that day the army lost its courage and its military attitude. The soldier no longer obeyed his officer—searching for food they spread themselves over the plain, burning and pillaging whatever fell in their way. The horses fell by thousands. The cannon and the wagons which had been abandoned served only to obstruct the way. No sooner had the soldiers separated from the ranks than they were assailed by a population eager to avenge the horrors of which it had been the victims. The Cossacs came to the succor of the peasants, and drove back to the great road, already filled with the dying and the dead, those who escaped from the carnage made among them. Tormented with hunger, we saw them run after every horse the moment it fell. They devoured it raw like dogs, and fought among themselves for the mangled limbs."

Nov. 8th, presented a terrible scene in the attempt to cross the Wop, while the Russians were approaching. "In this situation every one yielded to despair—we were forced to abandon a hundred pieces of cannon, and a great number of ammunition and provision wagons, which contained the little that remained of the provisions of Moscow. The cries of those who were crossing the river, the consternation of others who were preparing to descend—the despair of the women, the shrieks of children, and the terror even of the soldiers, rendered the passage a scene so horrible, that the very recollection of it terrifies those who witnessed it."

Nov. 13. "It was horrible to see and to hear the enormous dogs with shaggy hair, which, driven from the villages we had burned, followed us along our march. Dying with hunger, they uttered one incessant and frightful howl, and often disputed with the soldiers the carcasses of the horses which fell in our route. In addition to this the ravens, attracted by the scent of the dead bodies, hovered over us in black and innumerable crowds, and by their cries of mournful presage, struck the stoutest hearts with terror.

"Happily we were but two leagues from Smolensko. But what was our grief when we learned that the ninth corps was gone, and that the provisions were all consumed. A thunderbolt falling at our feet would have confounded us less than did this news.

"Thus Smolensko, which we had thought would have terminated our misfortunes, cruelly deceived our dearest hopes, and became the witness of our greatest disgrace and our most profound despair. The soldiers who could not find shelter, encamped in the middle of the street, and some hours after were found dead around the fires they had kindled."

Nov. 14. "The emperor received every day, disastrous news of his armies."

Nov. 15. "Marching from Smolensko, a spectacle the most horrible was presented to our view. From that point till we arrived at a distance of about three leagues, the road was entirely covered with cannon and ammunition wagons—horses in the agonies of death—sometimes whole teams, sinking under their labors, fell together—we saw soldiers stretched by dozens around the green branches which they had vainly attempted to kindle, and so numerous were their bodies, that they would have obstructed the road, had not the soldiers been often employed in throwing them into the ditches and ruts."

Nov. 16. "Many distinguished officers perished on that bloody day. The field of battle was covered with the dead and the dying."

"The Russians have divided our retreat into three principal epochs—the first ended at the battle of Krasnoe, to which we have now arrived. They had already taken forty thousand men, twenty-seven generals, five hundred pieces of cannon, thirty-one standards and besides our own immense baggage,

all the plunder of Moscow that we had not destroyed. If to all these disasters we add forty thousands more dead of fatigue or famine, or killed in the different battles, we shall find that our army was reduced to thirty thousand."

After this they had a re-enforcement of many thousands who had not been to Moscow. "The re-enforcements, says the historian, which these troops brought us were very acceptable; yet we almost doubted whether the junction of so many men in the midst of a vast desert, might not increase our misfortunes."

The horrible scene at Beresina.

We pass over many affecting scenes, and come to what took place at Beresina. Two bridges had been constructed, "one for the carriages and the other for the foot soldiers." About eight o'clock (Nov. 28) the bridge for the carriages and the cavalry broke down; the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge and attempted to force a passage.

"Now began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades, but a greater number were suffocated at the head of the bridge; and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river. Some who were buried in these horrible heaps still breathed, and struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them; but these kicked them with violence to disengage themselves, and without remorse trod them under foot.

"At length the Russians advanced in a mass. At the sight of the enemy, the artillery, the baggage-wagons, the cavalry and the foot soldiers, all pressed on, contending which should pass first. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker, and hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Thousands and thousands of victims, deprived of

all hope, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves."

"The division of Girard made its way by force of arms, and climbing over the mountains of dead bodies, gained the other side. The Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not hastened to burn the bridge.

"Then the unhappy beings on the other side of the Beresina abandoned themselves to absolute despair. Their destruction was now inevitable; and amidst all their former disasters, never were they exposed to, nor can imagination conceive, horrors equal to those which encompassed them during that frightful night. The elements let loose, seemed to conspire to afflict universal nature, and to chastise the ambition and the crimes of man. Lamentable cries and groans alone marked the place of these miserable victims.

"More than twenty thousand sick and wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. Two hundred pieces of cannon were abandoned. All the baggage of the two corps which had joined us, was equally the prey of the conquerors."

Dec. 4. "Napoleon, terrified by so many disasters, and still more so by the fear of his losing his authority in France, conceived the idea of abandoning these miserable remains of his army. Tortured by that just horror which always pursues the despot, he imagined that his allies were eager to dissolve the compact which had placed them under his iron yoke. The king of Naples took the command of the army." At Wilna the soldiers were informed of Napoleon's departure. "What, said they among themselves, is it thus he abandons those of whom he styles himself the father?—He who lavished our blood, is he afraid to die with us?

"The road which we followed presented at every step brave officers covered with rags, supported by branches of pine, with their hair and beards stiffened with ice. These warriors who, a short time before, were the terror of our enemies, and the conquerors of two thirds of Europe, having now lost their fine appearance, crawled slowly along, and could scarcely obtain a look from the soldiers whom they had formerly commanded—all who had not strength to march were abandoned. Whenever a soldier, overcome with fatigue, chanced to fall, his next neighbor rushed eagerly upon him, and before he was dead, robbed him of all he possessed, and

even of his clothes. Every moment we heard some of these unhappy men crying out for assistance. I conjure you by every thing which is dear to you, do not abandon me to the enemy? in the name of humanity, grant the little assistance I ask; *help me to rise!* But those who passed, far from being moved by this touching prayer, regarded him as already dead and immediatly began to strip him. We then heard him crying out, '*Oh help! help! they murder me—they murder me!* Why do you trample upon me? why do you snatch from me my money and my bread, and take from me even my clothes!' If some generous officer did not arrive in time to deliver them, many of these unfortunate beings would be assassinated by their comrades.

"The route was covered with soldiers, who no longer retained the human form, and whom the enemy disdained to make prisoners. Some had lost their hearing, others their speech, and many, by excessive cold and hunger, were reduced to a state of frantic stupidity, in which they *roasted the dead bodies of their comrades for food*, or even *gnawed their own hands and arms!* Some were so weak, that, unable to lift a piece of wood, or to roll a stone towards the fires which they had kindled, they sat down on the dead bodies of their comrades, and with a haggard countenance steadfastly gazed upon the burning coals. No sooner was the fire extinguished than these living spectres, unable to rise, fell by the side of those on whom they had sat. We saw many who were absolutely insane. To warm their frozen feet they plunged them naked into the middle of the fire. Some with a convulsive laugh, threw themselves into the flames and perished in the most horrible convulsions, and uttering the most piercing cries; while others equally insane, immediately followed them, and experienced the same fate."

Dec. 11. "We were informed by those who escaped from Wilna, that the Russians had entered at daybreak. A crowd of generals, colonels and officers, and more than twenty thousand soldiers, who were detained by weakness, fell into their hands."

Dec. 12. "Exhausted by long and harrassing marches, and dying with fatigue, we arrived at Kowno; where the wrecks of the different corps were reunited. They encamped as usual in the streets, and as we knew that our deplorable situation

no longer permitted us to preserve any discipline, we gave up to pillage the magazines which were amply stored. Immediately clothes, corn and rum were every where seen in abundance. Our quarters were filled with broken casks, and the liquor which was spilled formed a little sea in the middle of the public square. The soldiers drank to excess, and more than two thousand of them, completely intoxicated, slept upon the snow. Benumbed with cold, they all perished.

“On the morning of the 13th of December, out of four hundred thousand warriors, who had crossed the Niemen at the opening of the campaign, scarcely twenty thousand men repassed it, of whom at least two thirds had not seen the Kremlin. Arrived at the opposite bank, like ghosts returned from the infernal regions, we fearfully looked behind us, and beheld with horror the savage countries where we had suffered so much.”

Labauve belonged to the corps commanded by Beauharnois, the Viceroy of Italy, and he says, “After every research we succeeded in collecting about eight hundred wounded, the miserable remains of forty-eight thousand warriors, all of whom had marched from Italy to Russia.

“Such were the dreadful calamities which annihilated a powerful army, that had rashly undertaken the proudest and most useless of all expeditions. If we look into the annals of antiquity we shall find, that never since the days of Cambyses, did so numerous an army experience such dreadful reverses. Thus were the boastful predictions of Napoleon at the beginning of the campaign literally fulfilled, but with this difference, that not Russia, but himself *hurried away by a fatality, had accomplished his destiny.*”

Voltaire and Haliburton.

“Who,” says Voltaire, “can without horror consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces through the earth, the air, and the water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life, and yet, he knows he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative: other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers: cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay; in cheating and being cheated; in robbing and being robbed; in serving that he might command; and of repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself; and *I wish I never had been born.*”

Now let us hear the language of the excellent Haliburton, who died as he lived full of confidence in God:—“I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be made meet to praise him for ever and ever. Oh, the thoughts of an incarnate Deity are sweet and ravishing. Oh, how I wonder at myself that I do not love him more, and that I do not adore him more. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in the view of death itself. What mercy that having the use of my reason, I can declare his goodness to my soul. I long for his salvation; I bless his name that I have found him, and die rejoicing in him. Oh blessed, be God that *I was born!* Oh, that I was where he is. I have a father and mother, and ten brothers and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. Oh, there is a telling in this Providence, and I shall be telling it forever. If there be such a *glory* in his conduct towards me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of his throne? Blessed be God that ever *I was born.*”—*Wm. Jay.*

The Last Day.

I am the Saviour; I th' almighty God,
 The sovereign Judge: ye heavens proclaim abroad
 My just eternal sentence, and declare
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.

When God appears all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

Stand forth thou bold blasphemer, and profane;
 Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings vain:
 Thou hypocrite once dress'd in saint's attire,
 I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire.

Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
 Without the flame of love; in vain the store
 Of brutal offerings, that were mine before.

Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
 When did I thirst or drink thy bullock's blood?
 Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
 Flocks, herds and fields, and forests where they feed.

All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation;
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows!
 Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold?

God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

Isaac Watts.

THE END.



