

Abilene Christian University

Digital Commons @ ACU

Stone-Campbell Books

Stone-Campbell Resources

1840

Alexander the Great or the Learned Camel/ A Death Blow on Campbellism

Lucy Kenney

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.acu.edu/crs_books



Part of the [Biblical Studies Commons](#), [Christian Denominations and Sects Commons](#), and the [Christianity Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Kenney, Lucy, "Alexander the Great or the Learned Camel/ A Death Blow on Campbellism" (1840). *Stone-Campbell Books*. 582.

https://digitalcommons.acu.edu/crs_books/582

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Stone-Campbell Resources at Digital Commons @ ACU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Stone-Campbell Books by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ ACU.





ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
OR
THE LEARNED CAMEL.

PART I.

IN times of old, as books relate,
Lived Alexander, called the great,
Who conquered Greece, and Persia too,
And did the universe subdue;
Made kings his slaves, and every nation
Filled with blood and desolation.

But Alexander mounted on
Bucephalus, and clothed upon
With all the panoply of war,
Is more diminutive by far,
Compared to modern Alexander,
Than a goslin to a gander;
For reader, know, we have of late
A second Alexander—Great—
A man of more deserved renown,
Than he who tumbled cities down;
More great, more bold and learned too,
Than e'er was Christian, Greek or Jew,
Or any man beneath the sun.
You doubt? Then hear what he has done.
But where shall I begin to tell
How he has fought—how heroes fell?
Two chiefs of mystic Babylon
He met and fought. They are undone.
A third—a bloody-minded Turk,
Who threatened most destructive work
*Gainst all who bear the Christian name,
He overthrew, and put to shame.
Thus having met and put to flight,
And conquered all the sons of night,
He hurls defiance on his foes,
And leads his subjects by the nose.
His ipse dixit they receive

As law and gospel, and believe
 Whate'er his fertile thoughts indite,
 And all he says, to be the light
 And truth of God. So on he goes,
 To lead his friends and crush his foes.

He rides abroad,—his subjects stare
 As if they saw a monstrous bear,
 A *Camel*, or some savage creature—
 Wondrous prodigy of nature !
 And whether travelling hill or plain,
 Lo ! dozens follow in his train.
 He stops—in crowds they gather round,
 And listen to his words profound.
 Assembled round the fire-side,
 With mouth and eyes and ears spread wide,
 They gape, and stare, and hear with awe,
 While he expounds *his* gospel law.
 He says 'tis so—they all agree—
 He sees it thus—and so they see—
 He thinks it right—they think so too—
 He states a fact—they know it true—
 He thinks it wrong—they think the same—
 He blames the sects—and they all blame—
 He says 'tis false—they see a flaw—
 He wills it thus—his will's the law.
 In short—whate'er he says they swallow ;
 But they were never known to follow
 In the steps of any man ;
 So they declare—and doubt who can ?

But Alexander, man of wonder,
 Boanerges, son of thunder,
 Ruling with an iron rod,
 Adored and worshipped as a god ;
 Though with his own omnific arm
 He spreads dismay, and dread alarm,
 'Mong all the hosts of Babylon,
 And has a hundred battles won,
 Is not a man of wrath and blood—
 His weapons are the word of God.
 He wars with *isms*, *sects* and *creeds* ;
 For gospel truth alone he pleads.
 The hosts of Babylon have long

Bewildered men, and led them wrong ;
 Have taught them *systems, creeds* and names,
 More dangerous far than plays or games—
 For "*creeds and names*" have given life
 To all the wars, and blood, and strife,
 With men of every grade and station,
 Every kingdom, people, nation :
 Hence 'tis the creed and sect opinion,
 Holding us in their dominion,
 'Gainst which his threatenng power is hurled—
 He vows to drive them from the world.
 " All *sects* are wrong," he's often said,
 " They should be numbered with the dead ;
Confessions, creeds, serve to divide ;
 They must, they shall be thrown aside.
 I little care what men believe,
 Provided they *my faith* receive,
 And come to me, with me unite,
 And think my views and plans are right,
 And swear *allegiance to the water*—
 As for the rest, 'tis little matter :
 Whate'er they think, whate'er they do,
 Can nought avail—they're subjects true.
 Should they get drunk, and swear and lie,
 Steal, and the word of God deny,
 And curse the Prince of peace and love,
 They have an advocate above ;
 They've taken the baptismal vow ;
 Their sins are gone—no danger now."

But here my muse has lost her track ;
 I'll clip her wings, and call her back.
 Her business is to tell and sing,
 How Alexander, priest and king
 Of Bethany, had made a vow
 That *sects and names* to him should bow.
 For this he toils whole days and nights,
 Labors, travels, preaches, fights—
 Sends every *sect* and every *name*
 To regions of eternal flame.
 " All *parties* are a source of strife,
 All *sects* forsake the book of life ;
 All *names* are useless, bring confusion—
Creeds, Confessions, all delusion,—

And man's opinions light as straw—
 All, all disgrace the gospel law."
 Thus Alexander, from his throne,
 Blasts all opinions, but *his own* ;
 And does aver, God will reject
 All but *himself* and *his own sect*.

But stop ! my muse again is out,
 She surely has forgot the rout ;
 Our hero takes the *word* alone ;
 He's no "*opinions of his own*."
 What though he's been eight years in writing,
 Printing, reading, talking, fighting,
 Making his views and notions known,
 He's *no opinions of his own* !
 What though his views are wild enough,
 His pamphlets filled with notions—stuff,
 As far from what the scriptures say
 As midnight gloom from brightest day—
 He takes the word of God alone ;
 He's *no opinions of his own*!

Again my muse did err—no doubt
 Not knowing what she was about,
 In daring him and his to call
 " A sect—They are *no sect at all*."
 'Tis true his views are swallowed down
 By half the people in the town,
 Who, rushing forth at his command,
 Obey his orders sword in hand :
 'Tis true in them we often see
 A party zeal, bigotry,
 A spirit of intolerance
 Outraging truth and common sense ;
 But what of this ? or where's the blame ?
 They're not a *sect*—they hate the name :
 They have no party of their own—
 They take *the word of God alone*.
 'Tis true they say all sects are wrong,
 In Babylon have tarried long—
 Have lost the true—the gospel light,
 And wandered far in *mystic night* ;
 That all must come to them, and be
 With them combined—see as they see ;

Go down to Jourdan's yielding wave,
 And rise anew from watery grave ;
 That this alone can *sins remit*, (a)
 And men for endless glory fit ;
 That all who will not thus unite
 To wash their robes, and make them white
 As they have done, in cleansing water,
 Fit for treasons are and slaughter,
 Hate the Kingdom and the Saviour,
 And can never gain his favor.

But what of all this noise and pother !
 They're not a sect like any other.
 For other sects we know, allow
 All need not to their standard bow ;
 If but the heart be right, they say
 The head may wander far astray,
 Yet God will own them. These, alone,
 Condemn all parties but their own,
 And deal damnation round the land (b)
 On all who do not understand,
 And think and do as they direct ;
 And hence 'tis clear they *are no sect*.
 Now this is logic all must know ;
 But if you should not think it so,
 Go to our hero, hear him speak—
 In English, Latin, Hebrew, Greek,
 He'll tell you plain—and who can doubt him ?
 That there is *no sect about him*.
 For *creeds, opinions, sects and isms*,
 Fertile source of jars and schisms,
 He despises, and is bound
 To drive their names from Christian ground ;
 And when *his sect* devours them all,
 I'm sure they'll be *no sect at all*.
 Achieving such heroic deeds,
 As crushing *sects*, and *names* and *creeds*,
 Great Alexander takes his stand,
 'Gainst all the preachers in the land ;
 Declares their preaching horrid stuff,
 Of which the world has had enough ;
 That God does not require the aid
 Of preachers, or the preaching trade,
 To make his truths and counsels known—

A

Sufficient is the word alone :
That in the *word* the gospel plan
Is simplified to every man ;
Yea, that it is so plain a thing
That all who may *read* run and sing :
That all who comment and expound
The word of God, do but confound,
Bewilder, and mislead the mind,
That would the way to glory find :
Yet he has written, printed, sold,
Ten hundred volumes, to unfold
And lighten up the sacred page,
And luminate this darkened age !
Still he is right—for hear him say,
“I know the true, the *ancient* way,—
And all who call men to *repent*,
Have gone to work ere they were sent,
For preaching is the devil’s plan
To rule the world and ruin man.”
The “*call’d* and *sent*” he thus defies
And puts them down no more to rise ;
All preaching sends to endless night—
Yet, *preaches on with all his might* ! !

Now, if in this you should espy
 A mote that seems to blind your eye,
 Don’t say he contradicts himself,
 Or reasons like a silly elf ;
 For he is *great*—he cannot err—
 There is no contradiction here.

But now my muse is tired grown,
 And of his greatness scarce can drone :
 Then let her, lest she give you sorrow,
 Sleep to night, and sing to-morrow.

PART II.

Now, muse, awake ! the morning light
Has driven off the shade of night ;
The time for sleep and rest is done,
The birds are up to meet the sun ;
Nature, dressed in garments gay,
Ushers in the new-born day,
While you lie here in lazy slumber
Wasting minutes without number.
Come, Come, arise, and tell us more
Of Alexander—how he bore
The palm of victory away
And ushered in millennial day.

Well, listen now ! we sung last night
How Alexander—great in fight—
And great in wisdom, learning, skill,—
Had volunteer'd himself to kill,
That heathen monster *party spirit*—
We from Babylon inherit,
And free us all from mystic night,
And fill the world with gospel light,
Which things, if patience does not fail,
We'll give you now more in detail.

Great Alexander, it is said,
Was in the kirk of Scotland bred ;
Where, as he strayed in mystic night,
He saw a spectre—awful sight :—
With meagre form, and visage thin,
It look'd and smil'd a horrid grin ;
Then striding boldly 'cross the way,
It spake ; and thus it seem'd to say
“ I rule the kirk—'tis my decree,
That half the Universe shall be
Condemned in endless flames to burn
Because from sin they will not turn.
You stare !—but 'tis the truth indeed !
And I'm the *spirit* of your *creed*.”
Alarm'd, our *hero* sprung aside,
And left the kirk and wandered wide,
And form'd a system of his own,

Where "ghost and spirit" are unknown.

So have I seen a flock of sheep
From off the bridge in terror leap ;
To 'scape the stream on t'other side,
They headlong plunge into the tide,
And sure the simile is pat,—
For Alexandertells us that
The only chance to make men flee
The wrath to come, and set them free
From sin and sorrow, death and slaughter,
Is, to plunge them in the water.

But to return—The hero found,
That ghost and spirit did abound,
In every system, creed and plan,
Invented by the skill of man :
That all the system-makers say
That man has sin'd and gone astray—
Far from the path of righteousness
And lies in utter helplessness ;—
And that to bring the wanderer back
To wisdom's way, and virtue's track,
And cleanse the soul from guilt and sin,
Which wickedness involved it in,
God must according to their views,
The *Holy Ghost in man* infuse.
Our hero cried—"This *spirit work*
Is the remains of ages dark ;
From *mystic Babylon* it came
And "*mysticism*" is its name.
This *mystic work* is all a dream
And foreign to the gospel scheme ;
Or if it be (to end all doubt)
In scripture found, *I'll turn it out.*"
He said, and strait to work he went,
And drove the mystic word "repent,"
And the *spirit's operation*,
From the *word—in his translation*.
Next in the "Christian Baptist," see
Him rising up, resolved to be
No *party* man—no advocate
For *creed* or *sect* ;—then hear him state
That he will throw all *creeds* aside
And make *the word*, alone his guide.

His standard raised—they flock around,
 Amazed they stand, with awe profound
 They read his works, and hear him tell,
 How *mystic doctors*—imps of hell,
 Had, with their *creeds*, and old traditions,
 Blinded souls, and made partitions
 In the church, and caused the flock
 Of Christ, the narrow way to block.
 His partizans, elated, cry,
 “Great Alexander, from on high,
 Is doubtless sent, and he will bring
 The *reign of peace*, with every thing
 The christian *sects and names* require,
 To dispel their burning ire.
 Yea, he will bring the sects together
 Just like sole and upper leather
 Are combined to make the boot,
 So all shall join—and then the fruit,
Free communion, love and joy,
 Will each heart and tongue employ.”

But Alexander, mark it well,
 Knew what to keep, and what to tell,
 And how to gull, and lead them on
 By praising Peter, Paul and John ;
 By talking of priest-ridden folks
 And telling tales, and making jokes,
 And cutting many comic capers ;—
 Thus he fill'd his monthly papers,
 Amus'd his friends, and made them follow
 On, until prepared to swallow
 Every thing he chose to write,
 And call it *ancient gospel light* !
 And then his *real views* are seen,
 Without a dimming veil between.
 So 'twas of yore, as legends tell :
 When Satan came, from gloomy hell,
 To proselyte the sons of men,
 And rally subjects for his den,
 He always hid his cloven foot,
 And took a pleasing form, to suit
 Mankind, and thus decoyed them on
 Until, his toils around them thrown,
 They could behold his ugly form,

And cloven foot, without alarm.
 Great Alexander here you see,
 Like his satanic majesty ;
 Conceal'd his views behind the curtain,
 Till success was rendered certain.
 Nor is the hero much to blame,
 For playing a deceptive game,
 And trav'ling paths by Satan trod ;
 For cunning, guile, deceit and fraud
 Are good in war ; and in his case,
 'Twas them that saved him from disgrace.
 Had he, at first, his colors shown,
 And made his real notions known,
 About the *spirit* and *new birth*,
 No christian on the babbling earth,
 Would have received them. Should you doubt
 Attend, and facts shall bear me out.
 The "Christian Baptist" had not been
 Long in existence, ere 'twas seen,
 Or thought, by some that he denied
 The *spirit's work* ; his followers cried,
 " It is not so ; or if it be
 The gentleman shall quickly see,
 He's reckon'd here without his host ;
 We can't give up the *Holy Ghost* ! "

But mark the end—The hero found
 His cause, at length, encompass'd round
 With advocates so firm and strong,
 They could not judge 'twixt right and wrong,
 When out he comes in open day,
 Explains the *Holy Ghost* away—
 But do his partizans draw back ?
 No. Now, they say, " he's in the track
 The Apostles followed ; and we're bound
 To travel on such holy ground."

Again—when it was stated first,
 The hero taught that all immersed,
 Were *born of God* ; and that *immersion*
 Was the *new birth*, or *conversion* ;
 His followers began to scold,
 They cried " 'Tis false—he does not hold
 Such heterodoxy,—nor can we
 To such a doctrine e'er agree."

But when the hero found his way
 So clear, he could without delay,
 Or fear of danger or desertion,
 Tell the merits of immersion,
 Out he comes, and boldly takes
 The stand, that rivers, creeks and lakes
 Contain the purifying flood ;
 That *born of this, is born of God !*
 And instantly his friends descry
 Much virtue in the water lie.
 Yea, those who recently were bold
 To say the hero did not hold
 Such idle notions, now aver
 They have believed, full many a year,
 That water makes the *creature new*,
 And now they know the doctrine true.

His partizans, thus led along,
 Now take his counsels, right or wrong ;
 And go where'er he leads the way,
 Convinced they cannot go astray
 While they pursue his learned track,
 And travel on *A Camel's* back.
 But after all, we must not say
 They follow Alexander. Nay.
 They only follow him so far
 As *he is right* —and then forbear.
 But mark it, as we pass along,
 He's always *right* and never *wrong !*
 Hence every lane, and turn and crook
 He takes, is sanctioned by *the Book*.
 So they believe, and so pursue,
 And try to keep his track in view.
 But they, at times, have lost the track,
 And had to turn, and wander back.
 An instance -- Once the cry of "*union,*
Love and peace, and free communion,"
 Was heard from many, till they found
 Their *Idol* did not take that ground,
 When straight they turn about and say,
 "No union here--be of ! away !
 You were not buried in the flood,
 And cannot be a child of God ;

You did not to the water bow—
Stand off ! I holier am than thou."

But still, I say they are not led
By any man, alive or dead.
They make the *Book* alone their guide,
All other creeds are thrown aside.
'Tis true the hero has to speak,
And tell of verbs and nouns in Greek,
Unfold the laws of chemistry,
And dive in nature's mystery,
And tell how suns and planets fly,
And wheel their courses round the sky—
All this we say he has to do,
In order to explain the true,
Plain, obvious meaning of the *Book*,
Which all who went before mistook.
And yet this book, he's often said,
So plain and obvious is, when read,
That any schoolboy in the land
With perfect ease may understand.
Still, necessary very oft,
He found it was to soar aloft,
And dive and search through hidden nature,
To explain some gospel feature.
But having found the matter out,
He gives command—they tack about,
Repeat his words, and join the ranks,
And follow on in firm phalanx.
So have I heard, upon the plain,
The huntsman's horn, and seen the train
Of curs and hounds assembled round,
Where woods and game and sport abound,
When lo ! the leader of the pack
Opens and starts ; and on his track,
Hounds, curs and all, in eager throng,
Bark, yelp and howl, and dash along.
Thus Alexander sounds the note,
The sound is caught, and "conn'd by rote,"
And every whim his thoughts indite,
Is christened *ancient gospel light* ;
And said, and sung, and turned about,
Till truth and common sense are out.

LUCY KENNEY.

A DEATH BLOW
ON
CAMPBELLISM,

BY A LADY OF FREDERICKSBURG.



Opinion of a large number of gentlemen, who have subscribed for, and advised the publication of the following letter.

We, the Subscribers, whose names are hereunto affixed, having heard a letter read, addressed to Alexander Campbell, of Bethany, in reply to a letter from John Thomas, M. D. published in the Millennial Harbinger, which said letter of the said Thomas, directly implicates many of the citizens of Fredericksburg, and is calculated to bring into disrepute a well intended ceremony of our Corporation; which said letter, of the said Thomas, has been replied to, by Miss Lucy Kenney, in a style of eloquence, unanswered and unanswerable argument, pungency of satire, and justness of criticism, which has been rarely equalled, and never excelled, and which said letter of Miss Kenney deserves to be perpetuated as one of the excellent productions of the day, have solicited her for its publication, to which, in accordance with the urgent wishes of her friends, she has reluctantly yield.

R. B. SAMPLE, and others.

To the Rev. Alexander Campbell of Bethany :

SIR:—Observing in the Millennial Harbinger, a letter addressed you, by Dr. Thomas, of Richmond, in which he attempts to give a description of his visit to Fredericksburg, with the low and perverted state of religion there, notwithstanding the great assumption to apostolic purity the different churches claim. He takes much pride in renouncing all claim to the sacred name of a clergyman, or minister of the gospel; and arrogates to himself, and the order to which he adheres, the promise, “Blessed are the pure, for they shall see God.” Is it not one thing to be pure in our own eyes,—another, in that of an all-seeing God, who knows the motives by which his creatures are actuated? Ouo Saviour admonishes us not to deceive ourselves, for what a man sows, that shall he reap. What authority has Dr. Thomas to suppose he has found the narrow path, while by far the greater part of God’s own image, in which he made man, was involved in darkness, pursuing the broad road that leads to the chambers of death? What has become of our fathers, who have rendered in their account to that Judge, from whose decision there is no appeal? I ask the enlightened few, did men always love darkness rather than light? And the day star has just risen to illuminate the hemisphere in which Dr. Thomas expects to shine with refulgent splendor; he will admit that God is no respecter of persons—but in every age, nation, or kindred, he that cometh to Him is accepted by Him. No, Sir, God has, in all ages, manifested himself; He never left His peo-

ple to live as they list, without the guidance of heavenly wisdom—in such a conclusion he has grossly erred, not knowing the scriptures. Our Saviour settles the important question to the inquiry of the lawyer: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, soul and strength; and thy neighbor as thyself. If Dr. Thomas has found a more comprehensive passage, it is his duty to proclaim it on the walls of Zion, in its pristine purity. St. Paul exhorts us to let our moderation be known to all men. But the weapons Dr. Thomas thinks proper to pull down the strong holds of Satan, are not spiritual, but carnal, earthly, sensual, devilish. In his attack on the clergy, when politely invited to walk in the procession, as one of the clergy, he thought proper to decline from minor motives, disdaining the name of a clergyman, or a minister of the gospel. He must have been as destitute of patriotism, as he is of piety, in refusing to participate in the honor due the illustrious Lafayette, who had so nobly and disinterestedly contributed in promoting our independence. He calls the assembling of our patriotic citizens, in accordance with the advice of the President, who had recommended a day on which the citizens should, with one heart and soul, unite in honoring him who all men should delight to honor, that are capable of appreciating the benefits which have resulted from our independence: a man who, on all occasions, was passing great—when even confined in the prison of Olmutz, was superior to his adverse fate, and shone with resplendent lustre: He calls it a sham funeral—a coffin, without a tenant. How contracted must his mind have been, to refuse; but we must not forget Dr. Thomas's want of patriotism proceeded from the want of advantage of being born under a republican government. Can he suppose there was wanting the remains of the mighty dead, to animate the citizens, on the lamented occasion? St. Paul made himself all things to all men, in order that he might win some men. Let brotherly love continue—by this, you shall know you have passed from death unto life, if you love the brethren. Are not all who profess to love God, and walk in his commandments, brethren? Though he refused to walk with the clergy, he went—not as a patriotic citizen, but one disposed to ridicule, and misrepresent the order of the arrangement of the day. His next attack is on the clergy, but more especially the man of the gown and band, with his clean jolly face newly shorn, as he says, followed by two Methodist brothers, who had their prescribed distance marked out by the man of the gown and band. His next attack, on the form of the Church—let us commence the solemn worship of God, said he of the gown and band—and, he might have added, over an empty coffin. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the military, in front of one of the most influential churches in the place; the company was drawn up, rank and file, in the sacred edifice; the Reverend priest occupied the desk, while two Methodist brethren sat, at a respectable and measured distance, within the rail. This brotherhood is not recognised to be upon an equality with the English clergy, but is disowned by them—but the revolution has taught the Clergy humility in America. The man of the gown read his worship out of the Episcopal mass book, as usual with his church of pure faith, primitive order, and scriptural

liturgy, as they call it. After he was done, he introduced one of the Methodist brothers in the desk, who, as soon as he righted himself about, brawled out, let us all engage in solemn prayer, both saint and sinner. He asks, how the sinner can pray to Him, who he don't know, or believe in? Our Saviour says, the whole do not need a physician, but those who are sick—of course, the sinner is the one who is called upon to pray. Isaac Hinton has said, to pray with, or for sinners, is a custom of three thousand years standing, for the prophet Samuel did it. Perhaps our friend Isaac has a greater predilection for Judaism than for Christianity—if so, then the prophet Samuel is a good example of the anxious bench exercise of Hinton's religion. These sectaries have a singular phraseology. Is not all prayer solemn? But he says, these priests sometimes pray in jest, and it is necessary their audience should know when they intend to be solemn. He says he was invited as one of the Campbellite clergy, as they term us, to walk in their mock procession—being no clergyman, I could not accept the invitation. Of course, he returned his thanks for their politeness, by observing, though a preacher of the ancient Gospel, he, nor any of his fellow laborers, had any pretension, nor wished to be esteemed as clergymen, and begged to decline the honor intended him by the patriotic citizens. What a mockery, he says, it is for men to prostrate the sacred name of the religion of Christ, to such a sham exhibition, which all ended in smoke! He says he loses much by renouncing clerical privileges. Dr. Thomas reflects on the humility of the clergy, for recognising their Methodist brethren. Paul says, though I speak with the tongue of men or angels, and have not Charity, I am as sounding brass or a tinkling symbal. Charity suffers long, and is kind—it vaunteth not itself, is not as easily provoked, as Dr. Thomas is, for his irritation was much excited, by the respect of the patriotic citizens in honor of him, to whom all honor is due.

For his tomb is on every page,
His epitaph on every tongue,
The present hour, the future age,
For him bewail, to him belong.

While hope was sinking in dismay,
And clouds obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty.

He braved the broad Atlantic wave,
He vowed we should be free,
He led the bravest of the brave,
To death or victory.

Shall sons of Freedom e'er forget,
While time shall cease to move,
The depth of gratitude they owe
To Lafayette the good.

Eloquence loves to dwell upon his services and hymn his lofty praise. The patriot will dwell with rapturous fondness upon every thing connected with the memory of this illustrious man. It is unnecessary to remark, on a character and services so well understood.

and which are engraven on the hearts of those who recollect the revolutionary days of darkness and dismay. There is no one however young or old, who has not breathed Lafayette's name with reverence; his virtues are inscribed on all hearts, and all tongues are eloquent in his praise; in the affections of every patriot, he is reared a monument, coequal with their existence. One who aided the immortal Washington in making the tyrant's sceptre tremble, and set America free from British oppression.

Washington, who led the sons of freedom on,
 With ensigns streaming with renown;
 That had never known disgrace.
 The Delaware ice, the boats below,
 The light obscured by hail and snow,
 But no signs of dismay.
 In silent watch they pass'd the night,
 Each soldier panting for the fight—
 Though quite benumb'd with cold.
 Greene on the left at six began;
 The right was with brave Sullivan,
 Who in the battle no time lost—
 Their object was the Hessian band,
 Who dar'd to invade fair freedom's land,
 And had quartered in that place.
 Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread
 That rebels risen from the dead
 Were marching into town!
 Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,
 And some for battle did prepare,
 But none their arms lay down.
 Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
 With all their colors, guns and tents,
 Were trophies of that day.
 They frolic o'er the bright canteen,
 In countless rear and front was seen,
 Driving fatigue away.
 Now sons of freedom you may sing,
 Your safe deliverance from a King,
 Who strove to spread his sway.
 And as life you know is but a span,
 You must touch the tankard while you can,
 In memory of the brave.

And shall Dr. Thomas dare to reflect on the Clergy for not following the aristocracy of the English Clergy. He says the revolution has taught humility to the Clergy in America. Now, sir, if the revolution has not taught the sons of Great Britain humility, they must be a nation of incorrigibles!

For twice have the sons of freedom driven them in disgrace from the land of Columbia; where the star-spangled banner will always be unfurled to protect the sons of freedom, where the pole of liberty has been erected, entwined with the laurels of victory won by our fathers. Lafayette's fame, entwined with Washington's, will go down to the latest generation, embalmed with the greatest tribute of all nations, who through their instrumentality have been delivered from political oppression.

Such is the man Dr. Thomas disdains to walk in procession for, as one of the Clergy. How contracted his mind must have been, how

isolate his affections. Had his sentiments been known when the feelings of the citizens were so much excited, they would not only have treated him as a tory to the present administration, but they would have complimented him with a jacket of tar and feathers, instead of a gown and band, to which he has such an insuperable aversion. Dr. Thomas will not be classed with those men who corrupt the word of God, as he says the clergy do, but of sincerity and truth. How will he construe Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: In all things as accounting ourselves as ministers of God. Where is the difference in the term of a minister and that of a clergyman? His next attack on the litany of the church, composed by those heavenly inspired martyrs, who sealed their testimony to the purity of its composition with their blood. The next unwarranted attack is on the Presbyterians. He says, in order to prevent the people from joining the Campbellite church, they attempted a kind of sham revival; but they could not raise the steam with all their legerdemain; not as much wind as would blow them one propitious gale of grace; after all their puffing and blowing they could not make one convert. The Presbyterians do not use vain repetitions when they pray; neither are they boisterous in their solemn assemblies, of course he was not a judge in the case. The Lord don't always reveal himself in a strongwind that might rend the mountains, or in an earthquake, or in the fire, but, *in a still small voice*. I must caution Dr. Thomas not to level such an effusion of impertinent misrepresentation against the citizens. St. John in his book of Revelations, says, if any man adds, or takes from the book of life, God will add those plagues that are written in the book. How far Mr. Campbell's new translation goes to alter its original, he is the best judge. Dr. Thomas will disdain to engage against such an unequal antagonist as myself, he will view me in the contemptible light, that the Champion of Gath did the stripling David, with his sling and pebbles, and be ready to exclaim, I will give her carcass to the fowls of the air. Let that be as it may, I have made the venture under the protection of every enlightened and patriotic citizen; who will not suffer their religious and patriotic feelings to be misrepresented and made sport of. Has Dr. Thomas assumed the high pretensions of Mahomet's revelations and expects the people of this enlightened day, will lose the faith that was first delivered to the saints, and which we are warned to contend for. We are exhorted not to forsake the good old paths, but walk in them—but Dr. Thomas would not walk with the clergy.—But, Sir, we have a more sure word of prophecy, which would be well for you to look to as a light, that shines in a dark place. I am not speaking with the voice of the ass that reproved Balaam in the way, who loved the way of unrighteousness; but with the voice and sentiments of the citizens. The writer has had an opportunity of hearing Dr. Thomas from the pulpit, and having a very retentive memory, and agreeable to St. Paul's admonition I was swift to hear; but he was not slow to speak, and giving him my undivided attention, I was not able to keep time with that unruly member, his tongue, which was full of deadly poison, from which he threw copious streams at the different churches and ministers. The Campbellite

doctrine seems calculated to set men free from the thralldom of priest craft.

But are not all such who speak evil of dignities of the order of priesthood and ministry, like wells without water; clouds carried by the tempest, to whom darkness is reserved forever. Dr. Thomas will find the stripling David the sword of the Lord, in Gideon. The writer wishes to continue in friendship with the members of the Campbellite church; wishes them temporal and spiritual prosperity; but should find herself much wanting with respect to the Clergy, the champions of the Cross, the heralds of Zion, not to answer the reflections Dr. Thomas thinks he has cast on them. The writer does not expect to meet Dr. Thomas single handed, but under the panoply of every enlightened and patriotic citizen. Though it has been observed by some of my friends that he will skin me, or rather flee me.

Ah! that's not civil; for I hate the insect
As I do all evil.

I have been informed, some contracted mind and unenlightened understanding, has presumed to say, Dr. Thomas will consider this address as the effusion of a deranged fancy. I have only to observe by way of retaliation, they are not capable of making the distinction between the speckled, spotted and brown, of the flock of Jacob and Laban. Neither can a blind man be a judge of colours—of course, their remarks will have no influence—except they should rebound and wound them with their own weapons. I am willing to have my conversation, conduct, and this address, submitted and canvassed by any enlightened commentator. If he expects the Campbellite doctrine to go down, he must retire to a clime more congenial to its promulgation: I am informed the celebrated Owen, of New Harmony, has abandoned his delusions, and his followers have departed from him for some time. There is a fine opening for the spread of the Campbellite doctrine. Owen is willing to change sides for the loaves and fishes, with those men of whom Dr. Thomas has so contemptible an opinion, the Clergy.

Infatuated man, I fear too much is due;
First to advise, and next to pity you,
Shun then, in time, the dangerous road
And walk the narrow way that leads to God.

Your delusions then he will dispel,
And teach you the way to Heaven;
Create in you a heart that's clean,
Purged from its old leaven.

Yes, Sir, the golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love entwined together, will draw men with a sweet violence, whether they will or not. I have also been informed that Mrs. Trollope, an English woman, celebrated for her impertinence, for abusing the Clergy and Republican Government, and domestic manners of the American character, has fallen in love with Campbellism. Dr. Thomas will find her a great auxiliary in promulgating his new found doctrine. I would advise them to retire to New Harmony, where they will re-

main unmolested in the enjoyment of their faith, which he says was first delivered to the saints. But I am inclined to think Dr. Thomas has deceived himself—he don't walk in the good old paths—he would not walk with the Clergy, neither would he recognize them as brethren. Mr. Campbell thought proper to compliment the Clergy and citizens by sending his harbinger, Dr. M'Caul, to dispel the darkness which had completely enveloped the minds of the people. He said that darkness had covered the earth, and gross darkness the people; and in the unbounded love he had for the sons and daughters of men, he sent his beloved disciple as his forerunner, to establish Campbellism; to illuminate the minds of the people and bring them back to the faith of the primitive Christians; and in the unbounded philanthropy of his heart, he sent his secretary, Dr. M'Caul, who attempted to enlighten the people, even those Christians who had kept the faith our fathers enjoyed.

The light which first illuminated the world and dispelled primeval darkness; the star in the east—that star that guided with its unerring truth the wise men of the east; that star which has continued to increase, until it has illuminated the whole religious hemisphere, and will continue to shine with the same brightness it shone upon the face of Moses, when he came down from Mount Sinai, which was so refulgent as caused him to veil his face to instruct the people; a light that will conduct those who follow its heavenly guidance to the port of endless rest. Of course we can dispense with Mr. Campbell's Koran, his new translation of the Bible. He thought Dr. M'Caul a suitable vehicle to promulgate his wild-fire doctrine, Campbellism, which spread for some time to an alarming degree, produced considerable contention among the brethren, and considerable disunion; it caused the Lord to withdraw his favor from them for some time; but though his anger endured for the night, he will return and comfort them in the morning, if they will return and walk in the good old paths marked out by our fathers as falling asleep in Christ. No, Sir, we don't want your Koran, or any other light than the ancient Gospel can give us, accompanied by the Holy Spirit—though Mr. Campbell denies its agency. But, Sir, we have a higher authority for its constant influence. The Saviour has said, lo! I will continue with you unto the end. He saith, the spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing, and having began in the spirit, will you have us now to end in the flesh! Like his servant David, we beseech him to cast us not away from his presence, and take not his Holy Spirit from us. I have not answered Dr. Thomas, presuming to shield myself under the panoply of the patriotic citizens, but under a broader shield; the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the Gospel sword to defend against any attack, who think proper to come against the truth.

For the light of the spirit of God has caused to shine in my heart; from a knowledge of the scriptures, which I humbly hope will make me wise unto salvation; which will increase till I shall be enveloped in its glory, and leave Dr. Thomas, if he perseveres in his present faith, grovelling in ignorance of the scriptures. Dr. Thomas will disdain to bring his gigantic talents against the pen of a female, who cannot claim the protection of father or brother, or any other tie.—

Though I shall not want for the protection of the patriotic citizens, if they see occasion requires it. He says the orthodox Baptists are in a quandary, their schemes are all failing them. The Campbellites have almost shamed them out of their noisy fanaticism. They are attempting at a sham revival, but, like the Presbyterians, with all their legerdemain, they can't raise the steam; Mr. Fife gets up in the pulpit, tells a half dozen death-bed stories in a wretched style, and calls the people to the altar to be prayed for. O no, that has got out of fashion; but to be instructed. What! after two hours preaching and exhorting and no instruction. When will the people be brought to a proper understanding of things. I can with truth and much pleasure assure Dr. Thomas I have not answered him through the instrumentality of the clergy, for I appeal to the Author of unerring truth and light. I was not aided or furnished with a sentence contained in this letter; and I also affirm they had no knowledge of it until I had finished it; and such is my reverence and respect for their sacred characters, not only as good men, but ambassadors of God, I would not have presumed to have offended their pure ears with the language necessary to combat the reflections Dr. Thomas vainly thinks he has cast on the heralds of the cross. I do not wish to enter into a field of further controversy with him at present, wishing he may have his vision illuminated and brought to the knowledge of the truth.

I must further advise Dr. Thomas to abandon his delusion, and endeavour, by the grace of God, to come to a knowledge of the truth, for he has got out of his depth without knowing the consequence of his danger:

For vessels large may venture more,
But such small craft should keep near shore,
Lest they should be shipreck'd on the shoals of despair.

I must now take leave of Dr. Thomas, apologizing for the length of this letter, by wishing him health and prosperity. I don't wish to enter a field of controversy with Dr. Thomas; of course, I shall not think myself slighted if he does not condescend to answer me; for if I am compelled to make it a personal controversy, I am afraid I shall not be able to rein in my pen in the bounds of female moderation. An advocate of the good old path, as well as a patriotic lady.

LUCY KENNEY.



