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THE
BIBLICAL REPERTORY.

JULY 1837.

No. III.

ART. I.—*The Life of Jerome Savonarola.**

J. N. Anderson
WE are about to fulfil a promise in a former number, and to give some account of a Dominican monk, who was almost a Reformer. Our narrative will be framed chiefly from the materials collected by the diligent and able scholar whose work is cited in the margin: but we shall also collate other authorities, as well Roman Catholic as Protestant. No one who feels any interest in the stirring events which we detail, should be prevented by our sketch from recurring to the work under review, which is a notable specimen of historical compression, and does not well admit of abridgment.

What we offer is history, not panegyric. The foibles, excesses, and errors of the man are obvious to every Protestant reader; yet these are no more than spots on a bright object; and we wish to bring out into day the lustre of this noble soul. To the Protestant, the subject of our sketch will be attractive, as approaching very nearly to the evangelical character; to the American, as an undaunted martyr in the cause of republican rights. We happen to know that

* Hieronymus Savonarola und seine Zeit: Aus den Quellen dargestellt, von A. G. Rudelbach, P. D.—Hamburg, bei Friedrich Perthes. 1835. pp. xvi: 503.

canonical compilations; but as we could not within a reasonable space extract the text of approved authors, we must refer the reader to treatises upon the canons of that church, and he may select almost any of them at pleasure. But by the *corpus juris canonici* he will be able to verify our statements.

[To be continued.]

ART. III.—*A Recovered Tract of President Davies: now first published.*

IT is seldom that we have it in our power to lay before our readers so interesting a relic, as that which follows. The name of Samuel Davies needs no tribute of mere praise; for he who has it not embalmed in his heart must be devoid of enlightened piety, or ignorant of American annals. But we greatly need, in this and similar cases, access to authentic documents, and ascertained facts. The difficulty of supplying these chasms in our information increases every day. The generation among which ample recollections and traditions concerning the fathers of the American church might have been gained, has departed; and few autographs or other written memoranda are extant. It is therefore with singular pleasure that we rescue from forgetfulness this tract of President Davies, on the Philosophical works of Lord Bolingbroke.

The manuscript from which we print is a copy; bearing every mark, however, of having been made with great care, and about the time of the original composition. For the use of this valuable paper we are indebted, in no common degree, to the Reverend William M. Atkinson, of Virginia, whose name will secure universal credit to the claims of the manuscript.*

* PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, May 8th, 1837.—In examining the papers of a deceased friend, a few days ago, (thus writes a gentleman of Virginia,) I found the accompanying manuscript. The gentleman to whom the original was sent was probably a Scotch merchant, then residing in this colony. I believe this copy to be in the hand-writing of another merchant, who there lived in this neighbourhood, as many of his descendants still do. The letter was evidently not written for publication; but as Mr. Donald was permitted freely to show it, (which indeed the writer probably desired, as a means of neutralizing the poison of Bolingbroke's infidelity,) it is probable that he permitted his friends to retain copies. I presume this is the only one now in existence; and it appears to me that the force with which it is written, as well as the interest we all feel in the

Our limits and the straitness of our leisure forbid us to enter on such a biographical sketch of Mr. Davies, as we might, under other circumstances, attempt. We have visited the scenes of his labours in Virginia, perused his diary in his own hand-writing, mingled with some of the survivors who bless him as the instrument of their awakening, and conversed with several of his descendants; and we pen these lines in the town, and almost on the spot, whence his sanctified spirit, seventy-six years ago, took its homeward flight, and in view of the quiet burial ground where his ashes rest.

It will be seen from the date annexed, that this letter was written in the thirty-third year of the author's age, and the tenth of his ministry; about two years before his removal to this place, and about four years before his death. This falls therefore within the period of his most active labours in Hanover.

Let the reader observe that these remarks of Mr. Davies were manifestly written without any view to their being printed, and that as addressed to a private friend engaged in mercantile business they called for no special accuracy or polish. Yet, *ex pede Herculem*, we recognise in every paragraph the hand of the graceful, pathetic, awakening and eloquent author, who among American preachers of pure doctrine in powerful and persuasive diction must in our judgment ever hold the first place. It is short; we wish it were in our power to give more; and we here most seriously entreat our friends and patrons, especially in the Synod of Virginia, to seek and preserve, for the coming race, every similar manuscript, though it be but a tattered fragment. Americans have had, beyond all people, the opportunity for perpetuating the monuments of their origin; but we have few Mathers, Farmers, and Spragues, and the feverish haste of our times contemns the sedulous importunity of collectors. Yet we hope it will be adopted as a maxim, and observed with Mohammedan scrupulousness, that no scrip of ancient paper be lost. It is gratifying to see the persistency and success of Mr. Edwards in historical accumulation; while his statistical and alphabetical enumeration of names, ages and classes sometimes excites a smile, "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." *Semel insanivimus omnes*. It is a fault

honoured author, indicate the propriety of snatching it from the oblivion in which it has so long reposed. I think too that there is probably no other periodical, on the pages of which the illustrious Davies, were he now living, would so willingly place it, as on those of the Biblical Repertory.

on virtue's side, and for the behoof of antiquaries, in this age of garbling and falsification, we shall give the letter of Mr. Davies, with the printer's good will, word for word, capital for capital, and point for point, according to our faded copy; only excepting one or two manifest lapses of the copyer's pen.

Remarks on the Philosophical Works of Lord Bolingbroke.

Sir,

I have glanced over the three Volumes of my Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works, which you were pleased to put into my Hands, with an unusual Degree of eager Curiosity. And now, when I have just shut the last Vol. and the Impressions of what I have been reading are fresh upon my Mind, I sit, and pause, and review my Author. I recollect those Remarks which occurred to me, as I went along; and I form some new ones from a Survey of the Whole. These, Sir, I throw upon Paper, to help me at present to digest them, and hereafter to retain them. And I model them into the Form of a Letter to you, that I may make you some little Returns, to whom I am obliged for the Perusal of an Author, who has made so much Noise in the World; and that you may have an opportunity of comparing your own Remarks with mine: for I doubt not but you made your Remarks in reading him.

You know my Circumstances, Sir, so well, that I need not tell you, you cannot expect from so hurried a Mortal, a regular or full Examination of so miscellaneous and voluminous an Author. Expect no more than a few general Remarks, warm from the Brain, and unpolished from the Pen; referring, not to particular Pages, but to the general Character of the Writer, and the general Nature and Drift of his Sentiments and Reasonings, or to that Epitome of his Works, which I have preserved in my Memory.

No Man of taste can read this noble Author, without being pleased with his manly Style, and strong Imagination. His Imagination appeared to me his Characteristic; much superior to the other Faculties of his mind; and at once the Source of his many Beauties as a Writer, and his many Extravagances as a Reasoner.

As a Reasoner, I must place him very low in the learned World. I have hardly ever read an Author, even of the lowest Character, so inconsistent, not only with my Sentiments, which I could easily forgive, but with himself; so full

of right Conclusions from wrong Premises, and wrong Conclusions from right Premises, so apt to imagine strongly, and to miscall it strong Reasoning; so sceptical in the midst of Evidence, and so dogmatical and confident in the absence of Evidence; so apt to mistake his own Importance as the Patron of a Cause, for the Importance and Evidence of the Cause itself, in the View of others. This last, I dare say, you could not but observe. Pray, Sir, have you ever read an Author so full of himself? an Author, that from the Height of Self-Sufficiency, looks down with so much Disdain and sovereign Contempt, upon other Authors, even a Plato, a Clarke, and a Woollaston, as hardly worthy of such an Antagonist? Is this the humble, candid, modest spirit of an impartial Searcher after Truth?

My Lord Bolingbroke was once a Courtier: from him therefore I should expect the utmost Delicacy of Language, and the most consummate Politeness in his Characters. But, amid all the angry Squabbles of Divines, or the Rage of Party-Writers, have you ever seen the Arms of Billingsgate brandished with more Rudeness and Violence? Can you direct me to the Author, where I shall so frequently meet with the Compliments, Madmen, Fools, Knaves, Villains, Enthusiasts, Impostors, and a hideous Group, that would more than fill up the Whole of this Letter?

One would think, from his Lordship's loud and reiterated Clamours, that the Science of Metaphysics is some terrible Thing, the Source of almost all the pernicious Errors that are in the World, and that have debauched all Religion, Revealed and Natural. But will you believe one that has had the Misfortune of learning it? it is as harmless a Science as the Art of Book-keeping. It is no more, nor worse than "*A Science concerning Being in general, and its Properties.*" It teaches you only to rank Being under the various Classes of Body and Spirit, Substance and Accident, Cause and Effect, &c. This, Sir, no more leads us into Mistakes, than your Sorting your Goods in your Store causes you to blunder in retailing them.

All Mankind agree that the Mysteries of Venus require Secresy. But you may remember his Lordship resolves this Affectation of Secresy into the Vanity of human Nature. And it is no forced Consequence, that the Effects of Vanity ought to be reformed. But Modesty will not suffer me to tell you, what would be the Consequence of this Reformation. There may be many Things in his Lordship's Works more

impious and immoral than this: but I have observed nothing in them more indecent, savage and brutal.

The bad Lives of Christians, and especially the Ambition, Avarice and Tyranny of Ecclesiastics under religious Pretences, are favourite Topics with this Author; and upon these he declaims, to the Subversion not only of the Clergy, but of Religion itself. Many of the Facts I acknowledge and lament: though not a few of them are extravagantly exaggerated. But were they all truly represented, they would no more furnish an Argument for his Lordship's Purpose, than general and civil Wars, Tyranny, and the other Mischiefs of a mismanaged Government, for the Subversion of all civil Society, and the Reduction of Mankind into the Anarchy of what is called the State of Nature; or the Dishonesty of Merchants, for an universal Prohibition of Trade.—The grand Question is, Has the Christian Religion this Tendency? This Question his Lordship has repeatedly answered, in Favour of Christianity, though against himself.

His Lordship repeatedly grants, nay, strongly asserts, without an Irony, the Truth of the Christian Religion, at least as taught by Christ himself, and such of the Apostles and Evangelists, as received their Instructions immediately from his Lips. And yet, he as strongly asserts, and labours to prove, that the Jewish Religion, as instituted by Moses, was a gross Imposture; a System of foolish, unjust and sanguinary Laws, unworthy of God, and destructive of the Law of Nature. But need any Man, that has but once read his Bible, be informed, that Christianity is evidently founded upon the Mosaic Institution, and supposes it true? that Christ himself, as well as his Apostles, derives many of the Proofs of his divine Mission from the Old Testament? and consequently, that if the one be an Imposture, the other must be undoubtedly so too? The Art of the most subtle Disputant cannot clear his Lordship from the grossest Inconsistency in this.

But even this is not all. He has strongly asserted, over and over, without the least Appearance of Irony, that he looks upon the Christian Religion as true, and a Revelation from God. And yet the same Man, in the same Philosophical Works, (who would believe it, that has not seen it?) strongly insinuates, over and over, that he looks upon the Christian Religion, as well as the Jewish, to be false, and all Revelation an Imposture. I could easily point out these inconsistent Passages to you; but I doubt not you will be able to recollect them. The boasted Authority, therefore, of this

noble Author, can be of no Service at all to the Patrons of Infidelity; for it is an inconsistent self-subversive Authority; and therefore no Authority at all. He is now a Theist, now a Jew, now an orthodox Christian: and yet in the mean Time, he is none of these, but a down-right Infidel, whose God has neither Justice nor Goodness; whose Soul is as mortal as a Monkey; whose Concerns are under no providential Direction; whose Religion has no Prayer in it. This, he tells you, is his Creed, or rather his Anti-Creed. And whether *Atheist* be not a Name which he may more justly claim, than that of Theist, in which he vainly glories, I leave you to determine.

What is the metaphysical Madness of reasoning *a priori*, about which his Lordship makes such a rude Outcry? It is Nothing worse than this, That, supposing there is a God, he must have such Perfections as are essential to the Idea of such a Being; e. g. He must be eternal, omnipresent, omnipotent, perfectly wise, holy, just, and good. What Absurdity is there in this? If I argue *a priori* in other Cases, as, Supposing a good King to exist, he must be just and merciful, because Justice and Mercy are essential to the Idea of a good King, what Absurdity is there in it; any more than if I should argue *a posteriori*, I see he exercises Justice and Mercy, therefore I conclude he is just and merciful?

There is hardly any Thing in the Vols. I have been reading, that I review with more Horror and astonishment, than the Author's Sentiments concerning the moral Perfections of the Deity. Justice in Him, according to his Lordship, may be a very different Thing from our Ideas of Justice, and from what it is in Fact among Men. Justice, as we conceive of it, and as it is a human Virtue, consists in enacting righteous Laws, in dealing with the Subjects according to these Laws, or in dealing with every one according to his Works. But if we can have no Ideas of divine Justice, and if it be quite a different Thing from what bears that Name in the Language of Mortals, then it may be the very Reverse of all this: it may consist in violating the Law of Nature, in enacting iniquitous Laws, in punishing the Innocent and Guilty promiscuously, or in punishing the Righteous, and rewarding Criminals. This may be the Case, for what we know, if we can have no Ideas of divine Justice, or if it be not the same in God, as among Men. But what a horrendous Deity is this, which Bolingbroke sets up at the Head, of the Universe! Is this a proper Object of our Adoration, our Love or Confi-

dence? Can we live resigned under the Administration of such an *Unknown* God? This is not the God of Christians, nor even of Moses and the Jews: for Moses characterizes Him as “a God of Truth, and without Iniquity; just and right is He”—I might easily accommodate these Remarks to Bolingbroke’s Notions of the divine Goodness also.

The only Attributes of the Deity, which his Lordship strongly asserts, are infinite Power and Wisdom. Mere Power, may, perhaps, be conceived without Goodness or Justice: but how Wisdom, infinite Wisdom, can be conceived abstractedly from these moral Attributes, is beyond my Comprehension. Can Wisdom, infinite Wisdom, form the Plan of the moral World, without including the Rules of Goodness and Justice in it? Knowledge or Craft may be, without these moral Attributes: but Wisdom cannot. In short, that Power and Wisdom which his Lordship ascribes to the Deity, seems to be nothing nobler than a good mechanical Genius, or infinite Skill in *World-making*; that is, in forming the vast Machine of the Universe in a *workman-like* Manner. But as for reasonable Creatures, or moral Agents, there was certainly no Wisdom displayed in forming a Constitution by which they should be governed; since a wise Constitution for this End necessarily supposes Goodness and Justice. Indeed, a Supreme Ruler, without these moral Attributes, appears to me much the same with none. Such Theism is only disguised Atheism: and the Disguise is very thin.

This Author asserts a *general* Providence over the World, and its grand Subdivisions into Systems, Planets, Kingdoms, Nations: but he denies a *particular* Providence towards Individuals. But does not a Whole include Parts? And can a general Providence be exercised over the Whole, while the Parts are neglected? Does not Society consist of Individuals? And have not the grand Revolutions that have happened among the Nations of the Earth, been brought about by Means of a few Individuals, sometimes of one or two? How then can Society in general, and those grand Revolutions be under the Management of Providence, if Individuals and particular persons are exempted?

His Lordship’s Reasonings to shake the Belief of a future State of Rewards and Punishments, I must pronounce so weak, that I am afraid Himself rather wished than believed them conclusive. Because Divines have, upon the known Maxims of Justice, inferred a future State of *equal* Retribu-

tions, from the *unequal* promiscuous Distributions of Providence in this; he represents them as arraigning divine Justice, and finding Fault with the Author of Nature on Account of its present Constitution. But is it an Impeachment of divine Justice to assert, that the present Scheme of Things, which is not absolute and final, would not be perfect, if it were considered as absolute and final? that is, if it were considered in a false Light? If we confine the entire Scheme to this World, then these Divines do indeed impiously charge the Supreme Ruler with Injustice. But it is undeniable, that they consider it but as a very small Part of the grand Plan, which takes in the Administration of both Worlds, and extends to the whole Conduct of Providence towards the moral World in all the Periods of its immortal Existence. To say, therefore, that the present Administration is imperfect, if considered separately from the Whole, to which it belongs. And where is the Absurdity or Impiety of this?

Here, I know, his Lordship has a ready Answer, such as it is. "If an unequal Distribution of Good and Evil be consistent with the Divine Attributes for some Time, during the present State, then so it may be always and forever; and consequently there may be no future State at all, to rectify these Irregularities." But may there not be valid Reasons for the Delay of Rewards and Punishments, which yet may not be sufficient for the entire Abolition of them? Will it follow, that Criminals may always pass with Impunity, because they may, for wise Reasons, be spared for a Time? A future State, according to his Lordship, is introduced by metaphysical Theologues, to rectify those Irregularities, that they imagined in this: or that the Deity may make Amends to his Creatures for the Injuries He is now doing them. But is the Delay of Justice, especially towards offenders still in a State of Trial, an Injury? An Injury it would be, were it to be always delayed: but this is contrary to the Hypothesis. The Retributions of the future State are not considered by one Author that ever came under my eye, as Reparations of the Blunders in Government committed in this; but Executions of the divine Law, in *due Season*, which for wise Reasons are now delayed.

His Lordship represents it as the common Creed of Divines and their Followers, That all Degrees of Virtue or Vice, however different, shall be rewarded or punished exactly *alike*, in the World to come. What Umbrage he had for this, I cannot devise, unless it be their believing that the

Rewards and Punishments are equally everlasting. But is Duration the only Standard of Happiness and Misery? Suppose Tortures of the Rack, and the slow Languors of a Hectic Fever, to be of the same Duration, is the Misery, therefore, of the same Degree? Suppose the Happiness of the Deity, and that of the lowest Rank of celestial Spirits, to be equally immortal, may there not be an infinite Difference in Degree, notwithstanding? Besides, his Lordship fights here almost without an Antagonist. The Bible, I am sure, supposes no such Equality of future Rewards and Punishments: nor have I ever met with one Christian Writer, but Camero, of this absurd levelling Opinion. And as to the Opinion of the ancient Stoics, Revelation has nothing to do with it, but to confute it.

On this, as well as upon almost every Thing else, his Lordship reasons very inconsistently with himself. For in order to shew the Injustice of everlasting Rewards and Punishments (he seems to include the one, as well as the other) he argues from the Notions of *human* Justice among men. But he had repeatedly told us, that Divine Justice may be quite another Thing; a Thing of which we can form no Notions at all, derived from that Virtue which bears the same Name among Mortals.

Upon the Whole, I could defie his Lordship's strongest Advocate to point out one Thing offered by his Lordship upon this Head, that has the Appearance of a solid Argument. He declaims, he paints well, he supposes ingeniously, he clamours loudly; and this is all he does. This, and a thousand other Things in these Volumes, convince me, that it takes much less Reason and Evidence to make an Infidel, than a Christian. I am sure, if I had no better Evidence to be a Christian, than his Lordship had to be Something else, I should not be so long.

Upon his Lordship's Harangue to invalidate the Pentateuch, or the Writings of Moses, the following general Remarks occurred to me.

1. The ancient Nations in general had their heroic and fabulous Times, conveyed down to Posterity through the uncertain medium of oral Tradition, and afterwards committed to Writing, at least in Egypt, Greece and Rome, as true History. These traditional Histories tell us strange Things, very unlike the present Course of Nature, of Gods conversing with Men, and of a thousand romantic Miracles. But Fable and Romance do universally owe their Origin to some simi-

lar Facts: and without such Facts in some Instance, there never would have been such fabulous and heroic Times; nor would the Taste of the Ancients have run so much upon the *Marvellous*. The Principle upon which I now reason, is established by Lord Bolingbroke himself, in Favour of the Tradition, "That the World had a Beginning." And where are we so likely to meet with those genuine and authentic Facts, which first gave Umbrage to those fabulous Histories, as in the History of Moses? If there must be true History at the Bottom, where else are we likely to find it?

2. The Romantic Histories of Tradition in other ancient Nations, were calculated to do Honour to those Nations, upon the Score of their Antiquity, the Virtues of their Ancestors, the heroic Exploits of their Founders, &c. This is evidently the Case with Regard to Greece and Rome, with whose History we are best acquainted. But can there be a severer Satire upon the main Body of the Jewish Nation, than we find in the Books of Moses? Can any one that reads them, imagine, they were intended as a Panegyric upon that Nation? He may as well imagine, Tacitus wrote a Panegyric upon them.

3. The Mosaic Law was evidently a burdensome, and expensive Institution. Its various Ablutions and Purgations were very burdensome: its Sacrifices, the Building and Repairing the Tabernacle and Temple, were very expensive. The Sabbatical Year, and the Jubilee, in which they neglected all Labour, and particularly the Culture of their Land, would have brought on a Famine, if they had not been under an extraordinary Providence. Three Times every Year all their Males, their only Militia, repaired to Jerusalem, and left their Country, their Possessions and Families, naked and defenceless; while all the Nations around were at perpetual Hostility with them. To all which, we must add, that the Jews, for many Ages, were not at all fond of their own Law: they were perpetually violating it, by incorporating the Idolatry of the Neighbouring Nations with their Religion; and Nothing but the Destruction of their Church and State, and 70 years Captivity, could cure them of this. Now I appeal to common sense, is it likely, is it credible, is it possible, such a People, in Favour of such a Law, should conspire in a Body, or suffer a few Impostors to conspire to interpolate the writings of Moses, by adding so many astonishing Miracles, to authenticate an Institution so heavy, so disagreeable and unpopular, and bind it the faster upon them? Or if

Moses left no Writings, can it be supposed, that this People, or a part of them, in the Interspace between Moses and David, the Space his Lordship assigns for this Forgery, would conspire to digest this Law into a written System, intermixt with legendary Tales of Miracles to enforce it? The Miracles are of so striking a Nature, that they could not possibly be inserted surreptitiously, without the whole People immediately discovering the Forgery, upon first hearing. If, therefore, it was a Forgery, it must be owing to a voluntary Conspiracy of the whole People, or a voluntary Submission of the Whole to the gross Imposition of some Impudent, I cannot say artful, Men, to enslave their Posterity to an Institution, they were perpetually violating, and which appeared to themselves contrary to their Interest, their Temper, and their Reputation in the World.—Whether there be any Probability, or even Possibility, in this Hypothesis of his Lordship, I may submit to common Sense.

But if the Law of Moses had in Fact such miraculous Attestations, as are recorded in the Writings that bear his Name, I suppose the most Sceptical Unbeliever upon Earth, that acknowledges the Existence of a Deity, will not have the Front to deny or dispute its divine Authority.

I am far from exhausting the Remarks that occur to me in this Review. But my other Studies call me off. What I have written, though with a hasty and negligent Pen, I can venture under your Inspection. And I wish it were worthy of Circulation in the Sphere of your Friends. But as I am sensible it is not, I must request you to communicate it only to such, who, like yourself, will make candid allowances for the Blunders and Inaccuracies of,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged, affectionate,

and most humble Serv't,

SAM'L DAVIES.

Hanover,
April 5, 1757.

MR. DONALD.

As a suitable addition to this interesting document, we submit to our readers a few particulars respecting the venerated author, which seem to be the more appropriate, as we observe with pleasure that there is a demand for authorized statements on this subject, and particularly concerning the descendants of Mr. Davies. The facts now to be presented are furnished by one whose opportunities for satisfactory re-

search have been much greater than those of most ministers now living.

First, as it regards the descendants of this revered man. Mr. Davies married, in Virginia, a lady whose name was Holt. At his decease, his widow returned to her friends. He left three sons, William, Samuel, and John Rodgers, and one daughter. Provision was made for the education of these boys at the college in this town, where two of them, at least, were graduated. William, the oldest, is said to have been a man of extraordinary abilities. The writer has heard men of judgment, who were well acquainted with him, say, that, in powers of intellect, he had no superior in this country. When the war of the revolution began, he entered the army, and before its close, rose to the rank of Colonel. He was, it is said, an excellent tactician, but never distinguished himself in the field. After the close of the war, Col. Davies was occupied in the complicated and arduous work of adjusting the accounts of the States with the General Government. His residence was at Norfolk, in Virginia; but much of his time was necessarily spent in Philadelphia. He sometimes visited Capt. William Craighead, of Lunenburg, Va. who had been one of his father's elders in Hanover; and who was also the intimate friend of Mr. Davies, and in regular correspondence with him after his removal to Princeton. From this gentleman the writer learned that Col. Davies always spoke with high respect of the character and talents of his father; but his own religious opinions seemed to be loose and unsettled. He expressed the opinion that the Presbyterian religion was not well adapted to the mass of mankind, as having too little ceremony and attractiveness; and, on this account, he thought the Romanists possessed a great advantage. He was never connected, so far as is known, with any religious denomination; and, it is probable, did not regularly attend public worship. His death must have occurred before the close of the last century, but in what particular year is not known. He died, however, in the meridian of life.

Samuel Davies, the younger, it is believed, was engaged in some branch of mercantile affairs. His residence was in Petersburg, Virginia, where the writer saw him, as well as Mr. Davies' only daughter, in 1792. He was said, by those who knew his father, to have a considerable personal resemblance to him; but his daughter, as far as the mere countenance is concerned, was said to be the express image of her father. Samuel Davies was an amiable but indolent man.

His success in business was small, and having a rising family of children, he removed to Tennessee, where both he and his sister died, but the date is not known. One of his sons, also named Samuel, returned to Petersburg, and now resides in the vicinity, and is a reputable member of the Presbyterian church in that place. The only child of 'the Rev. Mr. Davies, who is known to have made a public profession of religion, was his daughter. When the writer knew her, she was a member of the church; although, at that time, no Presbyterian church existed in Petersburg. It is probable that she was a member of the church in Hanover, of which her father had been the pastor. This lady was never married.

The third son, John R. Davies, was bred a lawyer, and practised law in the counties of Amelia, Dinwiddie, Prince George, &c. He was a man of good talents, and succeeded well in his profession; but he had some singularities of character, which rendered him unpopular. As to religion, there is reason to fear that he was sceptical, as he never attended public worship, and professed never to have read any of his father's writings. An old lady of the Episcopal church, in Amelia, informed the writer, that he frequented her house, and was sociable, which he was not with many persons. As she had heard his father preach, had derived profit from his ministry, and was fond of his printed sermons, she took the liberty of asking Mr. Davies whether he had ever read these writings. He answered that he had not. At another time she told him that she had one request to make, with which he must not refuse compliance. He promised that he would be ready to perform any thing within his power to oblige her. Her request was that he would seriously peruse the poem which his father wrote on the occasion of his birth. "Madam," said he, "you have imposed on me a hard service." Whether he ever complied with the request is not known. About the year 1799 the writer was in Sussex county, and in the neighbourhood where this gentleman had a plantation, on which he had recently taken up his residence. Those of the vicinity, who professed any religion, were Methodists; their meetings however he never attended, always giving as a reason that he was a Presbyterian. But now a Presbyterian minister had come into the neighbourhood, and was invited to preach in a private house, almost within sight of Mr. Davies; he was informed of the fact, and was earnestly requested to

attend. He declined on one pretext or another; but on being importuned to walk over and hear one of his own ministers, he said, "If my own father was to be the preacher, I would not go." And again, "If Paul was to preach there, I would not attend."

The writer has seen and conversed with three of the elders of Hanover church while Mr. D. was the pastor. Mr. Samuel Morris, who was the reader of the society of dissenters formed before any dissenting minister visited the place;* Dr. Shore, of Newcastle; and Capt. Wm. Craighead, of Lunenburg. The two former were natives of Virginia; the latter was a native of the state of Delaware. He was also well acquainted with Mr. James Hunt, the great grandfather of the Rev. Thos. P. Hunt, who was an older man than any of those above-mentioned, and lived to the unusual age of ninety-two years. This man was one of those who had received serious impressions from books, before any evangelical minister had visited Hanover. His narrative corresponded with that of Samuel Morris, published by Mr. Davies, in his letter to Dr. Bellamy. The same narrative the writer has heard from the mouth of Mr. Morris himself, when far advanced in years, when he visited him in Campbell county, where he ended his days.

The writer having been called to perform a missionary tour, in a part of the country where Mr. D. had bestowed his labours, in his extensive excursions in preaching the gospel; has had the opportunity of learning many facts relative to his success which never could have been known to the preacher himself, as his visits were transient. It was related, among other things, that when, a few years after Mr. Davies' departure, the Baptists spread over Virginia like a torrent, and their converts proceeded to give a public account of their religious awakening and experience, nothing was more common than for a person to begin, by saying, "At such a time and place I heard the Rev. Mr. Davies preach, and had my mind deeply impressed," &c. In these missionary tours, in which he extended his labours to the borders of North Carolina, he generally preached in the woods. And as the people were filled with prejudices against the "New Lights," as the Presbyterians were called, he found it necessary to send forward a messenger to procure a lodging; for there were then in that region no taverns which afforded comfortable enter-

* See Dr. Rice's Virginia Magazine, for 1819, page 117.

tainment. On one occasion, his lodging at the house of a Virginia planter led to the conversion of the man and his wife; and this family became a germ from which an important congregation grew up, which still flourishes. This man possessed much decision of character and great perseverance, which, joined with eminent piety, made him one of the most useful laymen that has ever risen in that part of the church. His wife, who lived to be above ninety years of age, was acknowledged by all to be, indeed, "a mother in Israel." The descendants of this pair are now very numerous and respectable, and most of them useful members of the Presbyterian church.

Another fact of which the writer has indubitable information is, that Mr. Davies, in making his way to visit a little knot of Presbyterians who had settled on the lower edge of Lunenburg, near the North Carolina line, was benighted and lost his way. His companion, guided by a distant light, found a gentleman's house, and obtained permission for Mr. Davies to spend the night. Observing that there were many black servants about the house, he requested the privilege of having them collected, that he might address them on the subject of religion. By means of these religious exercises, this gentleman and his wife became converts, and joined the Presbyterian church.

All persons who ever heard Mr. Davies preach agree in the opinion, that his sermons were the most impressive they ever heard. An old Presbyterian elder of much knowledge and experience, who lived west of the Blue Ridge, told the writer, that when a young man he heard him preach his sermon on "The One Thing needful," on the text, "Martha, Martha," &c., and that the solemnity of his manner in pronouncing the text produced a greater effect on his mind than any sermon he had ever heard.

The religious impressions on the minds of the people under such preaching were frequently attended not only with a copious flow of tears, but with faintings, and trembling. Some person, therefore, under the signature of Artemas, undertook to lampoon Mr. Davies, whom he designated as the "Geneva doctor." The writer of the satire, after giving a distorted account of evangelical doctrines, proceeded to describe, in ludicrous language, some of the bodily effects which accompanied the preaching. Mr. Davies immediately answered "the fool according to his folly," in a piece entitled, "A Pill for Artemas," which evinced the power of his sar-

casin. This piece, the writer has formerly seen, but it is now, probably, out of print.

A few Presbyterians in Lancaster county on the Chesapeake earnestly entreated Mr. Davies to visit them; he did so, and there formed a little church, which afterwards grew to be large and flourishing under the pastoral labours of James Waddel, D. D. By means of his preaching in this place several persons of the first class of society were converted. The enemy here raised up opposition, and some person composed a kind of play intended to ridicule him and his coadjutor, the Rev. John Todd.

With these brief, but we trust not uninteresting notices, we conclude, for the present, our statements concerning this eminently useful minister of Christ.

ART. IV.—*Views in Theology*, by Lyman Beecher, D. D., *President of Lane Theological Seminary*. Published by request of the Synod of Cincinnati. Cincinnati: Truman and Smith. New York: Leavitt, Lord & Co. 1836. pp. 240. 12mo.

IN resuming the examination of Dr. Beecher's *Views*, with the object of discussing his theory of moral agency, we feel that we are undertaking a task of considerable difficulty. It is by no means easy to cull from the mass of heterogeneous and irrelevant matter which he has brought together, a consistent account of his peculiar opinions. When we think we have caught his meaning upon one page, the next is sure to unsettle us. At one time he seems to be contending with the Antinomian fatalist,—at another, with the old-fashioned Calvinist,—and not seldom, as if unable to find other antagonists worthy of his prowess, he is reduced to the necessity of fighting with himself. It might be an amusing, and certainly would be an easy exercise to answer one part of his book by quotations from another. He gives ample evidence of the correctness of the late Dr. Porter's opinion, that Dr. Beecher is no metaphysician. At every step he manifests a most singular incompetency for discussions of this nature. He seldom defines the words or phrases which he employs,—and when he does, it is generally with such want of precision, that he might better have left them undefined. Where we