

• come to our 'pamphleteer John.' [Here follows the story of Bel and the Dragon.] 'Now for the shrewd John and his God Tidings. We cannot by any abridgment of these marvellous stories deprive our readers of their interest. We therefore give the pamphlet entire.'

Now we put it to any reader of common sense whether such balderdash as this would not stand just as well for a preface to the New Testament, as to this now pamphlet, whether its whole point does not depend upon the self-evident absurdity of all miracles; in fine, whether any human being, who attributes any weight whatever to such a string of reflections, would not be a fool to believe in Christianity? We beg this Sadducee of the nineteenth century to tell us whether he admits—we have shrewd doubts on the matter—the ordinary truths of Christianity. If he does not, there is an end of the question; we hand him over to the old standard confuters of Deism. If he does, we beg him further to tell us whether, having satisfied his mind by a mass of evidence, of which (in sense) the basis is human testimony, of the truth of those "old notions and gratuitous absurdities abhorrent to common sense and even common decency," that the great God of heaven became man, lived the life of a servant, was tried before a Roman proconsul, was stripped of his clothes, spit upon, beaten, crowned with thorns, and put to death as a common malefactor—whether, having admitted that all this happened eighteen hundred years ago, he is prepared to deny the authority of human testimony to establish the truth of facts of the present day infinitely—we speak literally—infinite less astounding and improbable? If he is prepared to do this, will he have the goodness to tell us why he takes upon him to believe that the human faculties are radically changed within these late centuries? Or how he comes to know—it is almost blasphemy to use the only adequate expression—that the Almighty exhausted his powers of disturbing the ordinary succession of nature in the days of the apostles? Or how he makes out that a great wall of moral impossibilities has been built up between those times and these? Failing in this, will he please to furnish us with his scientific miracle-guano? Will he condescend to inform us by what scale he judges of the dignity of miracles? By what process he has satisfied himself that miracles—we can hardly argue the point with such a reasoner without approaching the very verge of blasphemy—allowable to the Almighty in the days of St. Paul—visions, illuminations, signs in the heavens "bearing in the body" the marks of the Lord Jesus—are no longer permissible? By what logic he convinces himself that his "common-sense" is a fit judge of things above sense; of the events of the supernatural world? Will he inform us how he shows it to be contrary even to the common sense of any man, who believes in the redemption, to suppose (upon sufficient proof shown) that the memory of that stupendous and all-important miracle should be stamped afresh on the convictions of an unbelieving age by some extraordinary means? Lastly, will he con-

descend to point out to us in what respect the evidence of these modern miracles is so utterly defective and unsatisfactory as to be undeserving even the attention of a sane man?

When he has done these things, he will have done something that entitles him to the attention of reasonable and educated men. Till he shall, at least according to his humble ability, attempt this, we see no reason why we should meddle further with such an antagonist, or why we should not content ourselves with handing him over to the correction of those men who are the appointed castigators of the common herd of Sceptics and Infidels.

RASCALS IN RUFFLES AND RASCALS IN RAGS.—There is much truth in the following remarks which we find in the Mississippi Free Trader.—There are but few communities in which the ends of justice have not been often defeated through the instrumentality of wealth, and the rigors of the law made more severe in proportion to the poverty and the helplessness of the culprit.

"The difference between a rascal in ruffles and a rascal in rags is every day strikingly illustrated by the difference in which 'justice' is meted out to the two classes of legal offenders. If a ruffled shirt offender is arraigned for a crime, the name of the offence is palliated, if it be for killing, to self-defence; or for stealing, it is characterized by the mild term of a misfortune in financial matters. Nor is he ever without his friends to bail him, plead for him, swear for him, and at last a partial Judge to decide for him and a willing jury to let him escape. As a verification of these remarks let us but ask the question, who now lives that ever saw a man with money swing for his offences or expiate his crimes in the State prison in this land of equal laws and equal privileges? But let a man steal a ham to save, it may be, from starvation an interesting family, and he is an outcast, a disgrace to his sex; awful justice, armed with the sword, demands him as a victim to appease the wrath of her offended majesty, forthwith he is arraigned, scarcely allowed a trial, and prejudged, he is hurried off to the State prison as a warning to all other offenders upon a small scale. We have frequently noticed this difference in 'the administration of justice,' but it was more strikingly brought to view a few days since, in looking over a northern paper we saw the following announcements:—'Mr. Semms, the young gentleman who shot Mr. Davis, one of the professors in the University of Virginia, has gone south for the benefit of his health, some say to Texas, and that his bail will have to settle the amount of his bond.' 'James McCorle was arraigned for stealing from the door of a retail house, a Makinaw blanket, when charged with the crime he admitted the fact and plead in extenuation the severity of the weather, the suffering condition of a wife and children, and that he would pay the bill if he could be permitted to gang about his business, but his argument not appearing very convincing to his honor, and Jemmy being a rather suspicious looking chap, was sentenced to thirty days.' Thus we see in the case

where the life of a fellow being has been wantonly taken by a rascal in ruffles, money pays the forfeit, but when from dire necessity, or to protect from the severity of the weather a family dearer than life, a suspicious looking (that is poorly clad) fellow takes a blanket, money cannot atone for the offence."

THE HORSE.—The horse knoweth his owner, and he knows much more. I verily believe he knows more than many of the two-legged animals who ride on horse back, and I am quite sure there is more of the spirit of Christianity in his practice than is to be found in many of the bipeds aforesaid; for the horse, especially the carman's, rests on the Sabbath, whereas his rider often works harder for the devil on that day than he does for food to keep his soul and body together on any day in the week. Besides the horse will cross the hand that feeds him; but thousands of his riders thank not God, in whom they live, and move, and have their being. To illustrate my position let me give a few anecdotes of this beautiful and friendly animal. Of a two horse team belonging to the Earl of—, near Oxford, one was very vicious, the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse, stood one that was blind. In the morning, when the horses about twenty of them were turned out to pasture this good tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after and smell around him, and when recognized they would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to the best grass in the field.

God, speaking to Job, asks him: "Hast thou given the horse strength?—Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword." Shortly after that mighty battle which closed the career of Bonaparte, and at the disbanding of part of the British army, the remains of a troop of horse belonging to the Scotch Greys, were brought to the hammer. The Captain being rich and a man of feeling, was loth to see those noble fellows turned into butcher, baker, or beer-house drags, after helping to drive the French from Spain. He therefore bought the whole lot and set them loose in one of his fine grass parks to wear away their old age in peace. One warm summer evening, when it was just dark enough to render light visible, a vivid flash was followed by a loud report of thunder. At this moment the horses were grazing lazily, but seeing the blazo and hearing the report, they thought a battle had begun. In a minute they were in the centre of the field, all drawn up in line, their beautiful ears quivering with anxiety like the leaf of the poplar trembling in the breeze, listening for the word of the rider to lead them to the charge. My informant, who was an eye witness of this wonderful scene, told me he had often seen these horses.

PAYING DEARLY FOR A CARROT.—The French park magistrates have committed an unfortunate man to goal, there to be kept in "durance vile" for the space of one calendar month, and at hard labour, or pay the penalty of one pound good and lawful money, for having the misfortune to pull a carrot in a field where the Rev. John French had them for his race-horses. A carrot no doubt, is a tempting thing to a poor hungry wretch, who declared he had not tasted food for the previous twenty-four hours. But why deprive the racing stud of a rich parson, enjoying secure government church livings to the amount of, at least, eighteen hundred a-year, of a single carrot, even were the unfortunate man to have perished in the field with hunger? Notwithstanding Mr. French's being at the Levee, we understand the case of this wretch, whose wife and children are thrown upon the world, will be brought under the notice of Lord Elliot; and, probably, before the two houses of parliament.—*Roscommon Journal.*

LATEST NEWS.—The last *British Whig* says that the packet ship *Mediator* has arrived at New York bringing six days later intelligence, but that it is unimportant.

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