

A
DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

General Alexander Hamilton,

DELIVERED IN THE NORTH DUTCH CHURCH,

IN THE CITY OF ALBANY.

JULY 29, 1804.

By Rev. ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D.

SCHENECTADY:

RE-PUBLISHED BY G. Y. VAN DEBOGART.

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SCHENECTADY, OCTOBER, 1853.

DISCOURSE.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!—2 Samuel, 1, 19.

THE occasion explains the choice of my subject;—
a subject on which I enter in obedience to your request. You have assembled to express your elegiac sorrows, and sad and solemn weeds cover you.

Before such an audience, and on such an occasion, I enter on the duty assigned me with trembling. Do not mistake my meaning. I tremble, indeed—not, however, through fear of failing to merit your applause; for what have I to do with that, when addressing the dying and treading on the ashes of the dead? Not through fear of failing justly to portray the character of that great man, who is at once the theme of my encomium and regret. He needs not eulogy. His work is finished, and death has removed him beyond my censure, and I would fondly hope, through grace, above my praise.

You will ask, then, why I tremble? I tremble to think that I am called to attack from this place a crime, the very idea of which almost freezes one

with horror—a crime, too, which exists among the polite and polished orders of society, and which is accompanied with every aggravation; committed with cool deliberation, and openly in the face of day!

But I have a duty to perform. And difficult and awful as that duty is, I will not shrink from it.

Would to God my talents were adequate to the occasion. But such as they are, I devoutly proffer them to unfold the nature and counteract the influence of that barbarous custom, which, like a resistless torrent, is undermining the foundations of civil government—breaking down the barriers of social happiness, and sweeping away virtue, talents and domestic felicity in its desolating course.

Another and an illustrious character,—a father—a general—a statesman,—the very man who stood on an eminence and without a rival among sages and heroes, the future hope of his country in danger—this man, yielding to the influence of a custom which deserves our eternal reprobation, has been brought to an untimely end!

That the deaths of great and useful men should be particularly noticed, is equally the dictate of reason and revelation. The tears of Israel flowed at the decease of good JOSIAH, and to his memory the funeral women chanted the solemn dirge.

But neither examples nor arguments are necessary to wake the sympathies of a grateful people on such occasions. The death of public benefactors sur-

charges the heart, and it spontaneously disburdens itself by a flow of sorrows.

Such was the death of *Washington*, to embalm whose memory, and perpetuate whose deathless fame, we lent our feeble, but unnecessary services. Such, also, and more peculiarly so, has been the death of *Hamilton*.

The tidings of the former moved us—mournfully moved us—and we wept. The account of the latter chilled our hopes and curdled our blood. The former died in a good old age; the latter was cut off in the midst of his usefulness. The former was a customary providence: we saw in it, if I may speak so, the finger of God, and rested in his sovereignty. The latter is not attended with this soothing circumstance.

The fall of *HAMILTON* owes its existence to mad deliberation, and is marked by violence. The time, the place, the circumstances, are arranged with barbarous coolness. The instrument of death is leveled in day light, and with well directed skill pointed at his heart. Alas! the event has proven that it was but too well directed. Wounded, mortally wounded, on the very spot which still smoked with the blood of a favorite son, into the arms of his indiscreet and cruel friend, the father fell.

Ah! had he fallen in the course of nature; or jeopardizing his life in defence of his country, had he fallen But he did not. He fell in single combat. Pardon my mistake—he did not fall in

single combat. His noble nature refused to endanger the life of his antagonist. But he exposed his own life. This was his crime: and the sacredness of my office forbids that I should hesitate explicitly to declare it so.

He did not hesitate to declare it so himself: "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to dueling." These are his words before he ventured to the field of death. "I view the late transaction with sorrow and contrition." These are his words after his return.

Humiliating end of illustrious greatness!—*How are the mighty fallen!* And shall the mighty thus fall! Thus shall the noblest lives be sacrificed and the richest blood be spilt! *Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ascalon!*

Think not that the fatal issue of the late inhuman interview was fortuitous. No: the Hand that guides unseen the arrow of the archer, steadied and directed the arm of the duelist. And why did it thus direct it? As a solemn *memento*—as a loud and awful warning to a community where justice has slumbered—and slumbered—and slumbered—while the wife has been robbed of her partner, the mother of her hopes, and life after life rashly and with an air of triumph, sported away.

And was there, O my God! no other sacrifice valuable enough—would the cry of no other blood reach the place of retribution, and wake justice dozing over her awful seat?

But though justice should still slumber and retribution be delayed, we,—who are the ministers of that God who will judge the judges of the world, and whose malediction rests on him who does his work unfaithfully,—we will not keep silence.

I feel, my brethren, how incongruous my subject is with the place I occupy.

It is humiliating; it is distressing, in a Christian country and in churches consecrated to the religion of JESUS, to be obliged to attack a crime which outstrips barbarism, and would even sink the character of a generous savage. But humiliating as it is, it is necessary.

And must we, then, even for a moment, forget the elevation on which grace hath placed us, and the light which the Gospel sheds around us? Must we place ourselves back in the midst of barbarism? And instead of hearers softened to forgiveness by the love of JESUS—filled with noble sentiments towards enemies, and waiting for occasions, after the example of Divinity, to do them good—instead of such hearers, must we suppose ourselves addressing hearts petrified to goodness, incapable of mercy, and broiling with revenge? Must we, O, my God! instead of exhorting those who hear us, to go on unto perfection, adding to *virtue charity, and to charity brotherly kindness*—must we, as if surrounded by an auditory just emerging out of darkness, and still cruel and ferocious, reason to convince them that revenge is

improper, and that to commit deliberate murder is sin?

Yes: we must do this. Repeated violations of the law, and the sanctuary which the guilty find in public sentiment, prove that it is necessary.

Withdraw, therefore, for a moment, ye celestial spirits—ye holy angels, accustomed to hover round these altars, and listen to those strains of grace which heretofore have filled this house of God. Other subjects occupy us. Withdraw, therefore, and leave us—leave us to exhort Christian parents to restrain their vengeance, and at least to keep back their hands from blood—to exhort youth, nurtured in Christian families, not rashly to sport with life, nor lightly to wring the widow's heart with sorrows, and fill the orphan's eye with tears.

In accomplishing the object which is before me, it will not be expected, as it is not necessary, that I should give a history of DUELING. You need not be informed that it originated in a dark and barbarous age. The polished Greek knew nothing of it: the noble Roman was above it. Rome held in equal detestation the man who exposed his life unnecessarily, and him who refused to expose it when the public good required it.* Her heroes were superior to private contests. They indulged no vengeance, except against the enemies of their country. Their swords were not drawn, unless her honor was in

*Sallust de Bell. Catil. ix.

danger; which honor they defended with their swords not only, but shielded with their bosoms also, and were then prodigal of their blood.

But though Greece and Rome knew nothing of duelling, it exists. It exists among us: and it exists at once the most RASH, the most ABSURD and GUILTY practice that ever disgraced a Christian nation.

GUILTY,—Because it is a violation of the law. What law? The law of GOD: THOU SHALT NOT KILL. This prohibition was delivered by GOD himself, at Sinai, to the Jews. And, that it is of universal and perpetual obligation, is manifest from the nature of the crime prohibited, not only, but also from the express declaration of the Christian Lawgiver, who hath recognized its justice and added to it the sanctions of his own authority.

“Thou shalt not kill.” Who? Thou, creature. I, the Creator, have given life, and thou shalt not take it away! When and under what circumstances may I not take away life? Never, and under no circumstances, without my permission. It is obvious that no discretion whatever is here given. The prohibition is addressed to every individual where the law of God is promulgated, and the terms made use of are express and unequivocal. So that life can not be taken under any pretext, without incurring guilt, unless by a permission sanctioned by the same authority which sanctions the general law prohibiting it.

From this law, it is granted, there are exceptions. These exceptions, however, do not result from any sovereignty which one creature has over the existence of another; but from the positive appointment of that eternal Being, whose "is the world and the fullness thereof. In whose hand is the soul of every living creature, and the breath of all mankind."

Even the authority which we claim over the lives of animals is not founded on a natural right, but on a positive grant made by the Deity himself to Noah and his sons.* This grant contains our warrant for taking the lives of animals. But if we may not take the lives of animals without permission from God, much less may we the life of man, made in his image.

In what cases, then, has the Sovereign of life given this permission? IN RIGHTFUL WAR†; BY THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE,‡ and IN NECESSARY SELF-DEFENCE.§ Besides these, I do not hesitate to declare, that in the oracles of God there are no other.

He, therefore, who takes life in any other case, under whatever pretext, takes it unwarrantably,—is guilty of what the Scriptures call murder, and exposes himself to the malediction of that God who is an avenger of blood, and who hath said, "At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

The duelist contravenes the law of God not only,

*Gen. ix, 3. †2 Sam. x, 12; Jer. xlviii, 10; Luke, iii, 14.
‡Ex. xxi, 12. §Ex. xxii, 2.

but the law of man also. To the prohibition of the former have been added the sanctions of the latter. Life taken in a duel by the common law is murder. And where this is not the case, the giving and receiving of a challenge only, is by statute considered a high misdemeanor, for which the principal and his second are declared infamous and disfranchised for twenty years.

Under what accumulated circumstances of aggravation does the duelist jeopardize his own life, or take the life of his antagonist.

I am sensible, that in a licentious age, and when laws are made to yield to the vices of those who move in the *higher circles*, this crime is called by I know not what mild and accommodating name. But, before these altars—in this house of God,—what is it? It is MURDER—*deliberate, aggravated murder!*

If the duelist deny this, let him produce his warrant from the Author of life, for taking away from his creature the life which had been sovereignly given. If he can not do this, beyond all controversy he is a murderer; for murder consists in taking away life without the permission, and contrary to the prohibition of him who gave it.

Who is it, then, that calls the duelist to the dangerous and deadly combat? Is it God? No: on the contrary, he forbids it. Is it, then, his country? No: she also utters her prohibitory voice. Who is it, then? A man of honor! And who is this man of honor? A man, perhaps, whose honor is a name;

who prates with polluted lips about the sacredness of character, when his own is stained with crimes and needs but the single shade of murder to complete the dismal and sickly picture.

Every transgression of the Divine law, implies great guilt, because it is the transgression of infinite authority. But the crime of deliberately and lightly taking life has peculiar aggravations. It is a crime committed against the written law not only, but also against the dictates of reason, the remonstrances of conscience, and every tender and amiable feeling of the heart.

To the unfortunate sufferer, it is the wanton violation of his most sacred rights. It snatches him from his friends and his comforts; terminates his state of trial, and precipitates him, uncalled for, and perhaps unprepared, into the presence of his Judge.

You will say, the duelist feels no malice. Be it so. Malice, indeed, is murder in principle. But there may be murder in reason, and in fact where there is no malice. Some other unwarrantable passion or principle may lead to the unlawful taking of human life.

The highwayman, who cuts the throat and rifles the pocket of the passing traveler, feels no malice. And could he, with equal ease and no greater danger of detection, have secured his booty without taking life, he would have stayed his arm over the palpitating bosom of his victim, and let the plundered suppliant pass.

Would the imputation of cowardice have been inevitable to the duelist, if a challenge had not been given or accepted? The imputation of want had been no less inevitable to the robber, if the money of the passing traveler had not been secured.

Would the duelist have been willing to have spared the life of his antagonist, if the point of honor could otherwise have been gained? So would the robber, if the point of property could have been. Who can say that the motives of the one are not as urgent as the motives of the other, and the means by which both obtain the object of their wishes are the same.

Thus, according to the dictates of reason, as well as the law of God, the highwayman and the duelist stand on ground equally untenable; and support their guilty havoc of the human race by arguments equally fallacious.

Is dueling guilty? So it is ABSURD. It is absurd as a punishment, for it admits of no proportion to crimes: and besides, virtue and vice, guilt and innocence, are equally exposed by it to death or suffering. As a reparation, it is still more absurd, for it makes the injured liable to a still greater injury. And as the vindication of personal character, it is absurd even beyond madness.

One man of honor, by some inadvertence, or perhaps with design, injures the sensibility of another man of honor. In perfect character, the injured gentleman resents it. He challenges the offender.

The offender accepts the challenge. The time is fixed. The place is agreed upon. The circumstances, with an air of solemn mania, are arranged; and the principals, with their seconds and surgeons, retire under the covert of some solitary hill, or upon the margin of some unfrequented beach, to settle this important question of honor by stabbing or shooting at each other.

One or the other or both the parties fall in this polite and gentlemanlike contest. And what does this prove? It proves that one or the other, or both of them, as the case may be, are marksmen. But it affords no evidence that either of them possesses honor, probity or talents.

It is true, that he who falls in single combat has the honor of being murdered: and he who takes his life, the honor of a murderer. Besides this, I know not of any glory which can redound to the infatuated combatants, except it be what results from having extended the circle of wretched widows, and added to the number of hapless orphans.

And yet, terminate as it will, this frantic meeting, by a kind of magic influence, entirely varnishes over a defective and smutty character. Transforms vice to virtue, cowardice to courage; makes falsehood truth, guilt innocence. In one word, it gives a new complexion to the whole state of things. The Ethiopian changes his skin, the leopard his spot; and the debauched and treacherous, having shot away the infamy of a sorry life, comes back from the field of

PERFECTIBILITY quite regenerated, and in the fullest sense an honorable man. He is now fit for the company of gentlemen. He is admitted to that company, and should he again by acts of violence stain this purity of character so nobly acquired, and should any one have the effrontery to say that he has done so, again he stands ready to vindicate his honor, and by another act of homicide to wipe away the stain which has been attached to it.

I might illustrate this article by example. I might produce instances of this mysterious transformation of character, in the sublime circles of moral refinement, furnished by the higher orders of the fashionable world, which the mere firing of pistols has produced.

But the occasion is too awful for irony.

Absurd as dueling is, were it absurd only, though we might smile at the weakness and pity the folly of its abettors, there would be no occasion for seriously attacking them. But, to what has been said, I add, that dueling is RASH and PRESUMPTUOUS.

Life is the gift of God, and it was never bestowed to be sported with. To each, the sovereign of the universe has marked out a sphere to move in, and assigned a part to act. This part respects ourselves, not only, but others also. Each lives for the benefit of all.

As in the system of nature the sun shines, not to display its own brightness and answer its own convenience, but to warm, enlighten and bless the

world; so in the system of animated beings, there is a dependence, a correspondence and a relation through an infinitely extended, dying and reviving universe, *in which no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself*. Friend is related to friend; the father to his family; the individual to community. To every member of which, having fixed his station and assigned his duty, the God of nature says, "Keep this trust—defend this post." For whom? For thy friends—thy family—thy country. And having received such a charge, and for such a purpose, to desert it is rashness and temerity.

Since the opinions of men are as they are, do you ask, how you shall avoid the imputation of cowardice, if you do not fight when you are injured? Ask your family how you will avoid the imputation of cruelty—ask your conscience how you will avoid the imputation of guilt—ask God how you will avoid his malediction if you do. These are previous questions. Let these first be answered, and it will be easy to reply to any which may follow them.

If you only accept a challenge, when you believe in your conscience that dueling is wrong, you act the coward. The dastardly fear of the world governs you. Awed by its menaces, you conceal your sentiments, appear in disguise, and act in guilty conformity to principles not your own, and that, too, in the most solemn moment, and when engaged in an act which exposes you to death.

But if it be rashness to accept, how passing rashness is it, in a sinner, to give a challenge? Does it become him, whose life is measured out by crimes, to be extreme to mark, and punctilious to resent whatever is amiss in others? Must the duelist, who now, disdaining to forgive, so imperiously demands satisfaction to the uttermost—must this man, himself trembling at the recollection of his offences, presently appear a suppliant before the mercy seat of God? Imagine this, and the case is not imaginary, and you can not conceive an instance of greater inconsistency or of more presumptuous arrogance. Wherefore, *avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the LORD*.

Do you ask, then, how you shall conduct towards your enemy who hath lightly done you wrong? If he be hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him; if thirsty, give him drink. Such, had you preferred your question to JESUS CHRIST, is the answer he had given you; by observing which, you will usually subdue, and always act more honorable than your enemy.

I feel, my brethren, as a minister of Jesus and a teacher of his Gospel, a noble elevation on this article.

Compare the conduct of the Christian, acting in conformity to the principles of religion, and of the duelist, acting in conformity to the principles of honor, and let reason say which bears the marks of

the most exalted greatness. Compare them, and let reason say which enjoys the most calm serenity of mind in time, and which is likely to receive the plaudit of his Judge in immortality.

GOD, from his throne, beholds not a nobler object on his footstool, than the man who loves his enemies, pities their errors, and forgives the injuries they do him. This is, indeed, the very spirit of the heavens; it is the image of HIS benignity whose glory fills them.

To return to the subject before us: GUILTY, ABSURD, and RASH as dueling is, it has its advocates. And had it not had its advocates—had not a strange preponderance of opinion been in favor of it, never, O, lamented HAMILTON! hadst thou thus fallen, in the midst of thy days, and before thou hadst reached the zenith of thy glory!

O, that I possessed the talent of eulogy, and that I might be permitted to indulge the tenderness of friendship, in paying the last tribute to his memory. O, that I were capable of placing this great man before you. Could I do this, I should furnish you with an argument, the most practical, the most plain, the most convincing, except that drawn from the mandate of God, that was ever furnished against dueling—that horrid practice, which has, in an awful moment, robbed the world of such exalted worth.

But I can not do this; I can only hint at the variety and exuberance of his excellence.

The *Man*, on whom nature seems originally to have impressed the stamp of greatness; whose genius beamed from the retirement of collegiate life, with a radiance which dazzled, and a loveliness which charmed, the eye of sages.

The *Hero*, called from his sequestered retreat, whose first appearance in the field, though a stripling, conciliated the esteem of WASHINGTON, our good old father; moving by whose side, during all the perils of the revolution, our young chieftain was a contributor to the veteran's glory, the guardian of his person, and the compartner of his toils.

The *Conqueror*, who, sparing of human blood, when victory favored, stayed the uplifted arm, and nobly said to the vanquished enemy, "LIVE!"

The *Statesman*, the correctness of whose principles and the strength of whose mind, are inscribed on the records of congress and on the annals of the council chamber; whose genius impressed itself upon the CONSTITUTION of his country, and whose memory, the government—ILLUSTRIOUS FABRIC—resting on this basis, will perpetuate while it lasts; and, shaken by the violence of party, should it fall, (which may heaven avert,) his prophetic declarations will be found inscribed on its ruins.

The *Counsellor*, who was at once the pride of the bar and the admiration of the court; whose apprehensions were quick as lightning, and whose development of truth was luminous as its path; whose argument no change of circumstances could embar-

rass; whose knowledge appeared intuitive, and who, by a single glance, and with as much facility as the eye of the eagle passes over the landscape, surveyed the whole field of controversy—saw in what way truth might be most successfully defended, and how error must be approached. And who, without ever stopping, ever hesitating, by a rapid and manly march, led the listening judge and the fascinated juror, step by step, through a delightful region, brightening as he advanced, till his argument rose to demonstration, and eloquence was rendered useless by conviction; whose talents were employed on the side of righteousness; whose voice, whether in the council chamber, or at the bar of justice, was virtue's consolation; at whose approach oppressed humanity felt a secret rapture, and the heart of injured innocence leapt for joy.

Where HAMILTON was—in whatever sphere he moved—the friendless had a friend, the fatherless a father, and the poor man, though unable to reward his kindness, found an advocate. It was when the rich oppressed the poor—when the powerful menaced the defenceless—when truth was disregarded, or the eternal principles of justice violated—it was on these occasions that he exerted all his strength. It was on these occasions that he sometimes soared so high, and shone with a radiance so transcendent, I had almost said, so “heavenly as filled those around him with awe, and gave to him the force and authority of a prophet.”

The *Patriot*, whose integrity baffled the scrutiny of inquisition; whose manly virtue never shaped itself to circumstances; who, always great, always himself, stood amidst the varying tides of party, *firm*, like the rock, which, far from land, lifts its majestic top above the waves, and remains unshaken by the storms which agitate the ocean.

The *Friend*, who knew no guile; whose bosom was transparent, and deep in the bottom of whose heart was rooted every tender and sympathetic virtue; whose various worth opposing parties acknowledged while alive, and on whose tomb they unite with equal sympathy and grief to heap their honors.

I know he had his failings. I see on the picture of his life, a picture rendered awful by greatness, and luminous by virtue, some dark shades.

On these let the tear that pities human weakness fall: on these let the veil which covers human frailty rest.

As a Hero, as a Statesman, as a Patriot, he lived nobly; and would to God, I could add, he nobly fell.

Unwilling to admit his error in this respect, I go back to the period of discussion. I see him resisting the threatened interview. I imagine myself present in his chamber. Various reasons, for a time, seem to hold his determination in arrest. Various and moving objects pass before him, and speak a dissuasive language.

His country, which may need his counsels to guide and his arm to defend, utters her *veto*. The partner of his youth, already covered with weeds, and whose tears flow down into her bosom, intercedes! His babes, stretching out their little hands and pointing to a weeping mother, with lisping eloquence, but eloquence which reaches a parent's heart, cry out, "Stay, stay, dear father, and live for us!" In the meantime, the spectre of a fallen son, pale and ghastly, approaches, opens his bleeding bosom, and as the harbinger of death, points to the yawning tomb, and forewarns a hesitating father of the issue.

He pauses; reviews these sad objects, and reasons on the subject. I admire his magnanimity; I approve his reasoning, and I wait to hear him reject with indignation the murderous proposition, and to see him spurn from his presence the presumptuous bearer of it.

But I wait in vain. It was a moment in which his great wisdom forsook him; a moment in which HAMILTON was not himself.

He yielded to the force of an imperious custom; and yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost—lost to his country—lost to his family—lost to us!

For this act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I can not forgive.

I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks

down and weaps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly will suffer with the poignant recollection of having taken the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. Had he have known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while it pointed, at so incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften—if it be not ice, it must melt.

But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood, as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I can not forgive.

I can not forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject. I can not forgive that public prosecutor, who, entrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen those wrongs, and taken no measures to avenge them. I can not forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of state, who has lightly passed over such offences. I can not forgive the public, in whose opinion the duelist finds a sanctuary. I can not forgive you, my brethren, who, till this late hour, have been silent, whilst successive murders were committed.

No; I can not forgive you, that you have not, in common with the freemen of this state, raised your voice to the *powers that be*, and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws. Demanded this in a manner, which if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and plead your excuse before the GOD that filleth them. In whose presence, as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood which crieth against us, had I been silent. But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses—the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject; in the presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

I enjoy another opportunity; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the late scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side, the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and on the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them, by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphans' sighs and tears. And having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of HAMILTON—I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody MANTLE—I would hold it up to hea-

ven before them, and I would ask, in the name of GOD, I would ask, whether at the sight of IT they felt no compunction.

You will ask, perhaps, what can be done to arrest the progress of a practice which has yet so many advocates? I answer, *nothing*—if it be the deliberate intention to do NOTHING. But if otherwise, much is within our power.

Let, then, the governor see that the laws are executed—let the council displace the man who offends against their majesty. Let courts of justice frown from their bar, as unworthy to appear before them, the murderer and his accomplices. Let the people declare him unworthy of their confidence who engages in such sanguinary contests. Let this be done; and should life still be taken in single combat, then the governor, the council, the court, the people, looking up to the Avenger of sin, may say, “we are innocent—we are innocent.”

Do you ask how proof can be obtained? How can it be avoided? The parties return, hold up before our eyes the instruments of death, publish to the world the circumstances of their interview, and even, with an air of insulting triumph, boast how coolly and how deliberately they proceeded in violating one of the most sacred laws of earth and heaven.

Ah, ye tragic shores of Hoboken! crimsoned with the richest blood, I tremble at the crimes you record against us—the annual register of murders, which you keep and send up to GOD! Place of inhuman

cruelty! beyond the limits of reason, of duty, and of religion, where man assumes a more barbarous nature, and ceases to be man. What poignant, lingering sorrows do thy lawless combats occasion to surviving relatives.

Ye who have hearts of pity — ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship — who have wept, and still weep, over the mouldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

O, thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son, what must be the plenitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted! To his throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O, God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless — if in the fullness of thy goodness there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in THEE!

On this article I have done: and may God add his blessing.

But I have still a claim upon your patience. I can not here repress my feelings, and thus let pass the present opportunity.

How are the mighty fallen! And regardless as we are of vulgar deaths, shall not the fall of the mighty affect us?

A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence; and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen — suddenly, for ever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory — how humble appears the majesty of grandeur. The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst: and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced. The sad and solemn procession has moved. The badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues.

Just tributes of respect! And to the living useful. But to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they?—How vain! how unavailing!

Approach, and behold — while I lift from his sepulchre its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale! How silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements. No facinating throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence.—Amazing change! A shroud! a coffin! a narrow subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of HAMILTON! And is this all that remains of HIM? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect?

My brethren! we stand on the borders of an AWFUL GULF, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten?

Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed, and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition:

“Mortals! hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors—Cultivate the virtues I have recom-

mended—Choose the Savior I have chosen—Live disinterestedly—Live for immortality; and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God.”

Thus speaks, methinks, our deceased benefactor, and thus he acted during his last sad hours. To the exclusion of every other concern, religion now claims all his thoughts.

JESUS! JESUS is now his only hope. The friends of JESUS are his friends. The ministers of the altar his companions. While these intercede he listens in awful silence, or in profound submission whispers his assent.

Sensible, deeply sensible of his sins, he pleads no merit of his own. He repairs to the mercy seat, and there pours out his penitential sorrows—there he solicits pardon.

Heaven, it should seem, heard and pitied the suppliant's cries. Disburdened of his sorrows, and looking up to God, he exclaims, “Grace, rich grace.” “I have,” said he, clasping his dying hands, and with a faltering tongue, “I HAVE A TENDER RELIANCE ON THE MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST.” In token of this reliance, and as an expression of his faith, he receives the holy sacrament. And, having done this, his mind becomes tranquil and serene. Thus he remains, thoughtful indeed, but unruffled to the last, and meets death with an air of dignified composure, and with an eye directed to the heavens.

This last act, more than any other, sheds glory on his character. Everything else death effaces. Religion alone abides with him on his death-bed. He dies a Christian. This is all which can be enrolled of him among the archives of eternity. This is all that can make his name great in heaven.

Let not the sneering infidel persuade you that this last act of homage to the Savior, resulted from an enfeebled state of mental faculties, or from perturbation occasioned by the near approach of death. No; his opinions concerning the Divine Mission of JESUS CHRIST, and the validity of the Holy Scriptures, had long been settled, and settled after laborious investigation and extensive and deep research. These opinions were not concealed. I knew them myself. Some of you who hear me knew them. And had his life been spared, it was his determination to have published them to the world, together with the facts and reasons on which they were founded.

At a time when scepticism, shallow and superficial indeed, but depraved and malignant, is breathing forth its pestilential vapor, and polluting by its unhallowed touch, everything divine and sacred; it is consoling to a devout mind to reflect, that the great, and the wise, and the good of all ages—those superior geniuses, whose splendid talents have elevated them almost above mortality, and placed them next in order to angelic natures; yes, it is consoling to a devout mind to reflect, that while *dwarfish infidelity* lifts up its deformed head and mocks, these ILLUSTRIOUS

PERSONAGES, though living in different ages—inhabiting different countries—nurtured in different schools—destined to different pursuits—and differing on various subjects—should all, as if touched with an impulse from heaven, agree to vindicate the sacredness of revelation, and present with one accord, their learning, their talents, and their virtue, on the Gospel altar, as an offering to Emanuel.

This is not exaggeration. Who was it, that overleaping the narrow bounds which had hitherto been set to the human mind, ranged abroad through the immensity of space, discovered and illustrated those laws by which the DEITY unites, binds, and governs all things? Who was it, soaring into the sublime of astronomic science, numbered the stars of heaven, measured their spheres, and called them by their names? It was NEWTON. But Newton was a Christian. Newton, great as he was, received instruction from the lips, and laid his honors at the feet of JESUS.

Who was it, that developed the hidden combination, the component parts of bodies? Who was it, that dissected the animal, examined the flower, penetrated the earth, and ranged the extent of organic nature? It was BOYLE. But Boyle was a Christian.

Who was it, that lifted the veil which had for ages covered the intellectual world, analyzed the human mind, defined its powers, and reduced its operations to certain and fixed laws? It was LOCKE. But Locke, too, was a Christian.

What more shall I say? For time would fail me to speak of HALE, learned in the law; of ADDISON, admired in the schools; of MILTON, celebrated among the poets; and of WASHINGTON, immortal in the field and in the cabinet. To this catalogue of professing Christians, from among, if I may speak so, a higher order of beings, may now be added the name of *Alexander Hamilton*: A name which raises in the mind the idea of whatever is great, whatever is splendid, whatever is illustrious in human nature; and which is now added to a catalogue which might be lengthened—and lengthened—and lengthened with the names of illustrious characters, whose lives have blessed society, and whose works form a COLUMN high as heaven—a column of learning, of wisdom and of greatness, which will stand to future ages, an ETERNAL MONUMENT of the transcendent talents of the advocates of Christianity, when every fugitive leaf from the pen of the canting infidel witlings of the day, shall be swept by the tide of time from the annals of the world, and buried with the names of their authors in oblivion.

To conclude: *How are the mighty fallen!* Fallen before the desolating hand of death. Alas! the ruins of the tomb! . . . The ruins of the tomb are an emblem of the ruins of the world! When not an individual, but an universe, already marred by sin and hastening to dissolution, shall agonize and die! Directing your thoughts from the one, fix them for a moment on the other. Anticipate the concluding

scene—the final catastrophe of nature. When the sign of the Son of man shall be seen in heaven. When the Son of man himself shall appear in the glory of his Father, and send forth judgment unto victory. The fiery desolation envelopes towns, palaces and fortresses. The heavens pass away! The earth melts! And all those magnificent productions of art, which ages, heaped on ages, have reared up, are in one awful day reduced to ashes!

Against the ruins of that day, as well as the ruins of the tomb which precede it, the Gospel in the cross of its great HIGH PRIEST, offers you all a sanctuary. A sanctuary secure and abiding. A sanctuary, which no lapse of time nor change of circumstances can destroy. No; neither life nor death—No; neither principalities nor powers.

Everything else is fugitive; everything else is mutable; everything else will fail you. But this, the CITADEL of the Christian's hopes, will never fail you. Its base is adamant. It is cemented with the richest blood. The ransomed of the Lord crowd its portals. Embosomed in the dust which it encloses, the bodies of the redeemed "rest in hope." On its top dwells the Church of the first born, who in delightful response with the angels of light, chant redeeming love. Against this citadel the tempest beats, and around it the storm rages and spends its force in vain. Immortal in its nature, and incapable of change, it stands, and stands firm amidst the ruins of a mouldering world, and endures forever.

Thither fly, ye prisoners of hope!—that when earth, air, elements, shall have passed away, secure of existence and felicity, you may join with saints in glory, to perpetuate the song which lingered on the faltering tongue of Hamilton, “GRACE, RICH GRACE.”

GOD grant us this honor. Then shall the measure of our joy be full, and to his name shall be the glory in CHRIST. AMEN.

APPENDIX.

The following paper, in the hand writing of GEN. HAMILTON, was enclosed with his Will, and some other papers, in a packet, addressed to one of his executors, which was of course not to have been delivered but in case of the melancholy event that has happened. As it contains his motives and reflections on the causes that have led to this fatal catastrophe, it is deemed proper to communicate it to the public.

ON my expected interview with Col. BURR, I think it proper to make some remarks explanatory of my conduct, motives and views.

I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview, for the most cogent reasons ;

1. My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of dueling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow-creature, in a private combat forbidden by the laws.

2. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them, in various views.

3. I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors, who, in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to this hazard.

4. I am conscious of no *ill will* to Col. BURR, distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

Lastly, I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing, by the issue of the interview.

But it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. There were *intrinsic* difficulties in the thing, and *artificial* embarrassments, from the manner of proceeding on the part of Col. BURR.

Intrinsic, because it is not to be denied, that my animadversions on the political principles, character and views of Col. BURR, have been extremely severe; and on different occasions, I, in common with many others, have made very unfavorable criticisms on particular instances of the private conduct of this gentleman.

In proportion as these impressions were entertained with sincerity, and uttered with motives and for purposes which might appear to me commendable, would be the difficulty (until they could be removed by evidence of their being erroneous) of explanation or apology. The disavowal acquired of me by Col. BURR, in a general and indefinite form, was out of my power, if it had really been proper for me to submit to be so questioned; but I was sincerely of opinion that this could not be, and in this opinion I was confirmed by that of a very moderate and judicious friend whom I consulted. Besides that, Col. BURR appeared to me to assume, in the first instance, a tone unnecessarily peremptory and menacing, and in the second, positively offensive. Yet I wished, as far as might be practicable, to leave a door open to accommodation. This, I think, will be inferred from the written communications made by me and by my direction, and would be confirmed by the conversations between Mr. Van Ness and myself, which arose out of the subject.

I am not sure, whether, under all the circumstances, I did not go further in the attempt to accommodate, than a punctilious delicacy will justify. If so, I hope the motives I have stated will excuse me.

It is not my design, by what I have said, to affix any odium on the conduct of Col. BURR, in this case. He doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine which bore very hard upon him; and it is probable that as usual they were accompanied with some falsehoods. He may have supposed himself under the necessity of acting as he has done; I hope the grounds of his proceeding have been such as ought to satisfy his own conscience.

I trust, at the same time, that the world will do me the justice to believe, that I have not censured him on light grounds, nor from unworthy inducements. I certainly have had strong reasons for what I may have said, though it is possible that in some particulars, I may have been influenced by misconstruction or misinformation. It is also

my ardent wish that I may have been more mistaken than I think I have been, and that he, by his future conduct, may show himself worthy of all confidence and esteem, and prove an ornament and blessing to the country.

As well because it is possible that I may have injured Col. BURR, however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in relation to similar affairs—I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to *reserve* and *throw away* my first fire, and *I have thoughts* even of *reserving* my second fire—and thus give a double opportunity to Col. BURR, to pause and reflect.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground—apology, from principle I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question.

To those, who, with me, abhorring the practice of dueling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples—I answer, that my *relative* situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs, which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular.

A. H.

WILL.

In the name of God, *Amen*. I, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, of the city of New-York, counsellor at law, do make this my last will and testament, as follows:

First. I appoint John B. Church, Nicholas Fish, and Nathaniel Pendleton, of the city aforesaid, Esquires, to be executors and trustees of this my will, and I devise to them, their heirs and assigns, as joint tenants and not as tenants in common, all my estate real and personal

whatsoever, and wheresoever, upon trust, at their discretion, to sell and dispose of the same, at such time and times, in such manner, and upon such terms, as they, the survivors and survivor shall think fit, and out of the proceeds to pay all the debts which I shall owe at the time of my decease; in whole if the fund be sufficient; proportionably if it shall be insufficient; and the residue, if any there shall be, to pay and deliver to my excellent and dear wife, Elizabeth Hamilton.

Though if it should please God to spare my life, I may look for a considerable surplus out of my present property, yet, if he should speedily call me to the eternal world, a forced sale, as is usual, may possibly render it insufficient to satisfy my debts. I pray God that something may remain for the maintenance and education of my dear wife and children. But should it on the contrary happen that there is not enough for the payment of my debts, I entreat my dear children, if they, or any of them, should ever be able, to make up the deficiency. I without hesitation commit to their delicacy a wish which is dictated by my own. Though conscious that I have too far sacrificed the interests of my family to public avocations, and on this account have the less claim to burthen my children, yet I trust in their magnanimity to appreciate as they ought, this my request. In so unfavorable an event of things, the support of their dear mother, with the most respectful and tender attention, is a duty, all the sacredness of which they will feel. Probably her own patrimonial resources will preserve her from indigence. But in all situations they are charged to bear in mind that she has been to them the most devoted and best of mothers.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my hand, the ninth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Signed, sealed, published and declared, as and for his last will and testament, in our presence, who have subscribed the same in his presence, the words John B. Church being above interlined.

DOMINICK F. BLAKE,
GRAHAM BURRILL,
THEO: B. VALLEAU.

New-York Surrogate's Office, } ss.
JULY 16, 1804.

I do hereby certify the preceding to be a true copy of the original will of Alexander Hamilton, deceased, now on file in my office.

SILVANUS MILLER, *Surrogate.*

BISHOP MOORE'S LETTER.

MR. COLEMAN,

THE public mind being extremely agitated by the melancholy fate of that great man, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, I have thought it would be grateful to my fellow-citizens, would provide against misrepresentations, and, perhaps, be conducive to the advancement of the cause of religion, were I to give a narrative of some facts which have fallen under my own observation, during the time which elapsed between the fatal duel and his departure out of this world.

Yesterday morning, immediately after he was brought from Hoboken to the house of Mr. Bayard, at Greenwich, a message was sent, informing me of the sad event, accompanied by a request from Gen. HAMILTON, that I would come to him for the purpose of administering the holy communion. I went; but, being desirous to afford time for serious reflection, and conceiving that under existing circumstances, it would be right and proper to avoid every appearance of precipitancy in performing one of the most solemn offices of our religion, I did not then comply with his desire. At one o'clock I was again called on to visit him. Upon my entering the room and approaching his bed, with the utmost calmness and composure he said, "My dear Sir, you perceive my unfortunate situation, and no doubt have been made acquainted with the circumstances which led to it. It is my desire to receive the communion at your hands. I hope you will not conceive there is any impropriety in my request." He added, "It has for some time past been the wish of my heart, and it was my intention to take an early opportunity of uniting myself to the church, by the reception of that holy ordinance." I observed to him, that he must be very sensible of the delicate and trying situation in which I was then placed; that,

however desirous I might be to afford consolation to a fellow-mortal in distress, still it was my duty, as a minister of the Gospel, to hold up the law of God as paramount to all other law; and that, therefore, under the influence of such sentiments, I must unequivocally condemn the practice which had brought him to his present unhappy condition. He acknowledged the propriety of these sentiments, and declared he viewed the late transaction with sorrow and contrition. I then asked him, "Should it please God to restore you to health, Sir, will you never be again engaged in a similar transaction? and will you employ all your influence in society to discountenance this barbarous custom?" His answer was, "That, Sir, is my deliberate intention."

I proceeded to converse with him on the subject of his receiving the communion; and told him, that with respect to the qualifications of those who wished to become partakers of that holy ordinance, my enquiries could not be made in language more expressive than that which was used by our church—"Do you sincerely repent of your sins past? Have you a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of the death of Christ? And are you disposed to live in love and charity with all men?" He lifted up his hands and said, "With the utmost sincerity of heart I can answer those questions in the affirmative—I have no ill-will against Col. Burr. I met him with a fixed resolution to do him no harm. I forgive all that happened." I then observed to him, that the terrors of the divine law were to be announced to the obdurate and impenitent; but that the consolations of the Gospel were to be offered to the humble and contrite heart; that I had no reason to doubt his sincerity, and would proceed immediately to gratify his wishes. The communion was then administered, which he received with great devotion, and his heart afterwards appeared to be perfectly at rest. I saw him again this morning, when with his last faltering words he expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God through the intercession of the Redeemer. I remained with him until two o'clock this afternoon, when death closed the awful scene—he expired without a struggle, and almost without a groan.

By reflecting on this melancholy event, let the humble believer be encouraged ever to hold fast that precious faith which is the only

source of true consolation in the last extremity of nature. Let the infidel be persuaded to abandon his opposition to that Gospel which the strong, inquisitive, and comprehensive mind of a HAMILTON embraced, in his last moments, as the truth from heaven. Let those who are disposed to justify the practice of dueling, be induced, by this simple narrative, to view with abhorrence that custom which has occasioned an irreparable loss to a worthy and most afflicted family; which has deprived his friends of a beloved companion, his profession of one of its brightest ornaments, and his country of a great statesman and a real patriot.

With great respect, I remain,

Your friend and serv't.

BENJAMIN MOORE.

REV. MR. MASON'S LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER:

HAVING read in your paper of the 16th, a very imperfect account of my conversation with General HAMILTON, the day previous to his decease, I judge it my duty to lay the following narrative before the public.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 11th inst., shortly after the rumor of the General's injury had created an alarm in the city, a note from Dr. Post informed me that "he was extremely ill at Mr. William Bayard's, and expressed a particular desire to see me as soon as possible." I went immediately. The exchange of melancholy salutation on entering the General's apartment was succeeded by a silence which he broke by saying, that he "had been anxious to see me, and have the sacrament administered to him, and that this was still his wish." I replied, "that it gave me unutterable pain to receive from him any request to which I could not accede: That in the present instance, a compliance was incompatible with all my obligations; as it was a principle in our churches never to administer the Lord's supper privately to any person, under any circumstances." He urged me no further.

I then remarked to him that "the holy communion is an exhibition and pledge of the mercies which the Son of God has purchased; that

the absence of the sign does not exclude from the mercies signified ; which were accessible to him by faith in their gracious Author." "I am aware," said he, "of that. It is only as a sign that I wanted it." A short pause ensued. I resumed the discourse, by observing that "I had nothing to address to him in his affliction, but that same *Gospel of the grace of God* which it is my office to preach to the most obscure and illiterate : that in the sight of God all men are on a level, as *all have sinned, and come short of his glory* ; and that they must apply to him for pardon and for life, as *sinner*s, whose only refuge is in his *grace reigning by righteousness through our Lord Jesus Christ*." "I perceive it to be so," said he, "I am a sinner : I look to his mercy." I then adverted to "the infinite merit of the Redeemer, as the *propitiation for sin*, the sole ground of our acceptance with God ; the sole channel of his favor to us ; and cited the following passages of the Scripture : "There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus—He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them—The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." This last passage introduced the affair of the duel, on which I reminded the General that he was not to be instructed as to its moral aspect ; that "*the precious blood of Christ* was as effectual and as necessary to wash away the transgression which had involved him in suffering, as any other transgression ; and that he must there, and there alone, seek peace for his conscience, and a hope that should *not make him ashamed*." He assented with strong emotion, to these representations, and declared his abhorrence of the whole transaction. "It was always," added he, "against my principles. I used every expedient to avoid the interview ; but I have found, for some time past, that my life *must* be exposed to that man. I went to the field determined not to take *his* life." He repeated his disavowal of all intention to hurt Mr. BURK ; the anguish of his mind in recollecting what had passed ; and his humble hope of forgiveness from his God." I recurred to the topic of the Divine compassions ; the freedom of pardon in the Redeemer Jesus, to perishing sinners. "That grace, my dear General, which brings salvation is rich, rich." "Yes," interrupted he, "it is *rich* grace." "And on that grace," continued

I, "a sinner has the highest encouragement to repose his confidence, because it is tendered to him upon the surest foundation ; the Scripture testifying that "we have redemption through the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." Here the General, letting go my hand, which he had held from the moment I sat down by his bed-side, clasped his hands together, and looking up towards heaven, said with emphasis, "I *have* a tender reliance on the mercy of the Almighty through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ." He replaced his hand in mine, and, appearing somewhat spent, closed his eyes. A little after, he fastened them on me, and I proceeded : "The *simple* truths of the Gospel, my dear sir, which require no abstruse investigation, but faith in the veracity of God, who cannot lie, are best suited to your present condition, and they are full of consolation." "I feel them to be so," replied he. I then repeated these texts of Scripture : "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and of sinners the chief—I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins—Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord ; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "This," said he, "is my support—pray for me." "Shall I pray *with* you?" "Yes!" I prayed with him, and heard him whisper as I went along, which I supposed to be his concurrence with the petitions. At the conclusion he said, "Amen, God grant it."

Being about to part with him, I told him "I had one request to make." He asked "what it was?" I answered, "that whatever might be the issue of his affliction, he would give his testimony against the practice of dueling." "I will," said he,—I have done it. If *that*," evidently anticipating the event, "if *that* be the issue, you will find it in writing. If it please God that I recover, I shall do it in a manner which will effectually put me out of its reach in future."

I mentioned, once more, the importance of renouncing every other dependence for the eternal world, but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus ; with a particular reference to the catastrophe of the morning. The General was affected and said, "Let us not pursue the subject

any further—it agitates me.” He laid his hands upon his breast, with symptoms of uneasiness, which indicated an increased difficulty of speaking. I then took my leave. He pressed my hand affectionately, and desired to see me again at a proper interval. As I was retiring, he lifted up his hands in the attitude of prayer, and said feebly, “God be merciful to —.” His voice sunk, so that I heard not the rest distinctly, but understood him to quote the words of the publican in the Gospel, and to end the sentence with, “me, a sinner.”

I saw him a second time, on the morning of Thursday; but from his appearance, and what I had heard, supposing he could not speak without severe effort, I had no conversation with him. I prayed for a moment, at his bed-side, in company with his overwhelmed family and friends; and for the rest, was one of the mourning spectators of his composure and dignity in suffering. His mind remained in its former state; and he viewed with calmness his approaching dissolution. I left him between twelve and one, and at two, as the public know, he breathed his last.

I am, Sir, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. M. MASON.

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