

^{wrote}
Copy of a letter from Holockucky to Bushriner

A supernumerary letter here
 I send to thee, for that my anxious Care
 Much urged me to agitate that news
 From thee which I've long waited to Peruse
 But finding none I add the following Lines
 To let thee know affection still inclines
 With hasted flight towards that old plantation
 And thinks aloud— how is your present station.
 As to our own as near as I can tell
 We as to health are chiefly middling well
 Excepting Brother John this Day or too
 A Chilly fit Did gently him pursue
 But Sarah she seems sometimes grunting too
 Last spring my Mother as I have to tell
 Into a very Dangerous sickness fell
 The Pleurisy, which brought her very low
 Five weeks or more, a very heavy Blow
 At length we almost gave her up to die
 But Providence in mercy from on high
 Who pities weeping Children Did look down
 And raised her up again, that we might own
 The goodness of the Lord, let praises rise
 With gratitude above the azure Skies.
 As to the times there's Peace & Plenty here
 At least no Savage hostile acts appear
 Excepting one near Eighty miles Below
 A Boy was killed but as the news Doth go
 Six hostages the Indians gone in Pledge
 Till they assay'd the murderers to fetch
 To have them kill'd by our own weapons here
 So anxious to maintain a peace they were
 And tho there be among our Country white
 Bloodthirsty men that know not wrong from right
 Yet many here are anxious for the Peace

And Harmony of Nations to increase:
 But yet perhaps a Scourge may do us good
 If Humbler Kingdoms haughty vain and Proud;
 But let past Judgments warn the Sons of Light
 Too to anticipate the threatening night.
 If Nineveh was spared once of Old
 Why should we doubt such mercies to behold
 God if the hand which then was merciful
 Is not yet shortened nor his Ear so dull
 That cannot hear, then sure the same Display
 Is pregnant with like wonders at this Day.
 O may each witness faithful vessels prove
 Replete with zeal, full gigantic Love
 With fiery vigour in the sacred name
 To warm a frozen nation at the flame.
 Of these a few Brave Catholicks* in hope
 Of universal Christians (not the Pope)
 Who think and let think, all with equal love
 Conform to all, yet hinc'd from above.
 Who shook the stony hearts with panick fears
 And melted Congregations into Tears
 Made many cry and weep both night and Day
 Deprived of rest their sleep did fly away.
 This Exercise brought Love into the heart
 Which in kind offices they did impart;
 But as this work increased by Degrees,
 The Lovers of the same it could but please,
 An overfondness makes the members sick
 And selfe-esteem drove out the Catholick
 Then rose van-glory "See how bright we grow
 "But others cold, we gain them where we go."
 "Ah! vaunting worm, get thou behind my back
 What does thy rivals of thy honour lack
 "Thou wast a growing lively Plank indeed,
 "But if thy Talent over the rest exceed

'Why Dost thou spurn at them of Low Degree
 'Although they make a smaller Show than thee?
 'But if Preminence thou Dost obtain
 'Will thou rejoice to see thy Brother slain
 'Or Dost thou want to live thyself alone
 'By Pulling down what is not of thy own?'

Thus would I ardently expostulate
 With this Exalted Self - religious State
 They did indeed their maker Glorify
 But Pride brought Envy and its Comrade lies
 And inbred foes reverse the true intent
 Plead for the form while the Life Prevent.
 Yet still some large remains of grace appear
 Some honest hearted sorrowful sincere
 And may their love set all the rest on fire
 And glow again with raptures of desire

This is as near as I can well relate
 In this Particular, the present State
 Of one small Branch or member of the whole
 Ecclesiastic Body uncontroll'd: —
 Don't silent stand I wert thy Pen the more:
 I write to be reproved for I have need
 Of much reproof in many things indeed.
 And if in this I will submit and try
 To find my gross mistake with single eye
 So I'll conclude these lines and only add
 To see you all I should be very glad.

And hope E'er long that pleasure to obtain:
 I long to see Grandmother once again.
 In anxious thought I write with weeping Eyes
 Beholding time, how fast it from us flies.
 My mother sends her love and bids adieu
 To all her friends and old acquaintance too
 That now survive and in that part remain
 Expecting never to come there again:

And all the rest unite with one accord
 To supersede that dear Precious word
 Love to you all, O may the same increase
 And prove a fountain of continual Peace.

E.C.

30 of the 8th month 1786

* There needs some explication on this word, of which the following is very proper: in a sermon preached at George Whitefield's Funeral, the author says concerning him, "is there any other fruit of the grace of God, with which he was Eminently Endowed, and the want of which among the children of God he frequently and passionately lamented? There is one, that is, Catholick Love: that sincere and tender affection which is due to all those who, we have reason to believe, are Children of God by faith; In other words, all those in every persuasion who fear god and work Righteousness. He longed to see all who had tasted of the good, good word, of a true Catholick spirit (a word little understood and still less experienced by many, who have it frequently in their mouths.) — Who is he that answers this character? Who is a man of Catholick spirit? One who loves as friends, as Brethren in the Lord, as Joint Partakers of the present kingdom of Heaven, and fellow-heirs of his eternal kingdom, all of whatsoever opinion made of worship, or Congregation, who believe in the Lord Jesus; Who love God and man; who rejoicing to please and fearing to offend god, are careful to abstain from evil, and zealous of good Works."