me) that a bad precedent in one government is soon set up for an authority in another. And therefore I cannot but think it mine, and every honest man's duty; that (while we pay all due obedience to men in authority) we ought at the same time to be upon our guard against power, wherever we apprehend that it may affect ourselves or our fellow subjects.

I am truly very unequal to such an undertaking on many accounts. And you see I labor under the weight of many years, and am borne down with great infirmities of body. Yet old and weak as I am, I should think it my duty, if required, to go to the utmost part of the land, where my service could be of any use, in assist—to quench the flame of persecutions upon informations, set on foot by the government, to deprive a people of the right of remonstrating (and complaining too) of the arbitrary attempts of men in power. Men who injure and oppress the people under their administration provoke them to cry out and complain; and then make that very complaint the foundation for new oppressions and prosecutions. I wish I could say there were no instances of this kind.

But to conclude. The question before the court and you, gentlemen of the jury, is not of small nor private concern. It is not the cause of a poor printer, nor of New York alone, which you are now trying. No! It may, in its consequence, affect every freeman that lives under a British government on the main [land] of America. It is the best cause. It is the cause of liberty. And I make no doubt but your upright conduct, this day, will not only entitle you to the love and esteem of your fellow citizens; but every man who prefers freedom to a life of slavery will bless and honor you, as men who have baffled the attempt of tyranny, and, by an impartial and uncorrupt verdict, have laid a noble foundation for securing to ourselves, our posterity, and our neighbors, that to which nature and the laws of our country have given us a right—the liberty both of exposing and opposing arbitrary power (in these parts of the world, at least) by speaking and writing truth.

Now it pleased God to send Mr. Whitefield into this land; and my hearing of his preaching at Philadelphia, like one of the Old apostles, and many thousands flocking to hear him preach the Gospel,
and great numbers were converted to Christ; I felt the Spirit of God
drawing me by conviction, longed to see and hear him, and wished
he would come this way. And I soon heard he was come to New York
and the Jerseys and great multitudes flocking after him under great
concern for their Souls and many converted which brought on my
concern more and more hoping soon to see him but next I heard he
was at Long Island, then at Boston, and next at Northampton.

Then one morning all on a Sudden, about 8 or 9 o'clock there
came a messenger and said Mr. Whitefield preached at Hartford and
Weathersfield yesterday and is to preach at Middletown this mor-
ning [October 23, 1746] at ten of the Clock. I was in my field at work. I
dropped my tool that I had in my hand and ran home and run
through my house and bade my wife get ready quick to go and hear
Mr. Whitefield preach at Middletown, and run to my pasture for my
horse with all my might fearing that I should be too late to hear
him. I brought my horse home and soon mounted and took my wife
up and went forward as fast as I thought the horse could bear, and
when my horse began to be out of breath, I would get down and put
my wife on the saddle and bid her ride as fast as she could and not
stop or slack for me except I bade her, and so I would run until I was
much out of breath, and then mount my horse again, and so I did
several times to favor my horse, we improved every moment to get
along as if we were fleeing for our lives, all the while fearing we
should be too late to hear the Sermon, for we had twelve miles to
ride double in little more than an hour....

And when we came within about half a mile of the road that comes
down from Hartford, Weathersfield, and Stepney to Middletown; on
high land I saw before me a cloud or fog rising. I first thought it came
from the great river [Connecticut River], but as I came nearer the road.
I heard a noise something like a low rumbling thunder and pres-
tently found it was the noise of horses' feet coming down the road and
this cloud was a cloud of dust made by the horses' feet.... As I drew
nearer it seemed like a steady stream of horses and their riders,
scarcely a horse more than his length behind another, all of a lather
and foam with sweat, their breath rolling out of their nostrils in the
cloud of dust every jump; every horse seemed to go with all his might
to carry his rider to hear news from heaven for the saving of Souls.
It made me tremble to see the sight, how the world was in a struggle,
I found a [space] between two horses to slip in my horse; and my wife
said... our clothes will be all spoiled see how they look, for they were
so covered with dust, that they looked almost all of a color coats, hats,
and shirts and horses.

We went down in the stream; I heard no man speak a word all the
way three miles but every one pressing forward in great haste and
when we got to the old meeting house there was a great multitude; it
was said to be 3 or 4,000 of people assembled together, we got off
from our horses and shook off the dust, and the ministers were then
coming to the meeting house. I turned and looked towards the great
river and saw the ferry boats running swift forward... bringing over
loads of people; the oars rowed nimble and quick, every thing men
horses and boats seemed to be struggling for life; the land and banks
over the river looked black with people and horses all along the 12
miles. I saw no man at work in his field, but all seemed to be gone.

When I saw Mr. Whitefield come upon the scaffold he looked
almost angelical, a young, slim slender youth before some thousands
of people with a bold undaunted countenance, and my hearing how
God was with him everywhere as he came along it solemnized my
mind, and put me into a trembling fear before he began to preach; for
he looked as if he was clothed with authority from the Great God,
and a sweet solemn solemnity sat upon his brow. And my hearing
him preach gave me a heart wound; by God's blessing my old founda-
tion was broken up, and I saw that my righteousness would not save
me; then I was convinced of the doctrine of Election and went right
to quarreling with God about it, because all that I could do would
not save me; and he had decreed from Eternity who should be saved
and who not.