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in the End overrule all for good, yet this did not relieve  
my Pain. my wound was incurable. neither Reason, nor  
Religion could relieve my mind. I was apprehensive some  
serious consequences would follow, as my spirits sunk, and  
I could not sleep. I had seen my Friend Mr. West, under  
similar sensations fade away suddenly, and wither and die.  
and was fully aware that I must have relief from some  
Quarter, or I could not support the weight of my Anxiety.  
Persons who have never been exercised in such a way  
may accuse me of a weak rep. of Polly, and Impatience;  
and perhaps not unjustly. In the midst of all I felt  
Solomon's fiery Dart. I was not surpris'd at men committing  
Suicide, if left to themselves for a moment, under such  
anxiety as I experienced. I often repeated to find I am  
Approp'd undertake for me: "being no possible way of  
obtaining Relief, but a Prospect of greater Trial, which I  
was apprehensive I could not meet. I resolv'd by one  
desperate Struggle to free myself from the Hand of  
the Approp'r, or fall in the attempt. with this  
Determination I waited upon the Judge Advocate,  
and told him what I was resolv'd to do. He seem'd  
astonish'd, and started every objection to my bringing  
Mr. Campbell to a Court of Justice. I told him that  
I had no intention to have prosecuted Mr. Campbell  
for the Letter "What's Free"; - I would have put up with  
that gross Libel - but I had no Peace - every thing  
was done to oppose me, and that continually, in  
the Cause of the Insuper, and that he must know.