

THE
ALGERINE CAPTIVE,

OR, THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF
DOCTOR *UPDIKE UNDERHILL*:

SIX YEARS A PRISONER AMONG THE ALGERINES.

By your patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course.

SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

Published according to ACT of CONGRESS.

PRINTED AT *WALPOLE*, NEWHAMPSHIRE,
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AND SOLD AT HIS BOOKSTORE.

1797.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

DAVID HUMPHREYS, Esq.

MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE
COURT OF LISBON, &c.

IN Europe, dedications have their price ; and the author oftener looks to the plenitude of the pockets, than the brains of his patron.

The American author can hope but little pecuniary emolument from even the sale, and not any from the dedication of his work. To adorn his book with the name of some gentleman, of acknowledged merit, involves his whole interest, in a public address.

With this view, will you, Sir, permit a lover of the Muses, and a biographer of private life, to address to
you

you (a Poet and the Biographer of a Hero) a detail of those miseries of slavery, from which your public energies have principally conduced to liberate hundreds of our fellow citizens.

UPDIKE UNDERHILL.

JUNE 20, 1797.

P R E F A C E.

C H A P. XXIX.

Fierce Robèrtpierre strides o'er the crimson'd scene,
 And howls for lamp posts and the guillotine ;
 While wretched Paine, to 'scape the bloody strife,
 Damns his mean soul to save his meaner life.

AUTHOR'S *Manuscript Poems.*

A R G U M E N T.

*Reasonable Conjectures upon the Motives,
 which induced Thomas Paine to write
 that little Book, called the Age of Rea-
 son.*

IN the frequent interviews I had with this celebrated republican apostle, I never heard him express the least doubt of, or cast the smallest reflection upon revealed religion. He spake of the glowing expressions of the Jewish prophets with fervour ; and had quoted liberally from the scriptures, in his Com-
 mon

mon Sense. How he came to write that unreasonable little pamphlet, called the Age of Reason, I am at a loss to conjecture. The probable opinion attributes it to his passion for paradox; that this small morsel of infidelity was offered as a sacrifice to save his life from the devouring cruelty of Roberespierre, that Moloch of the French nation. It probably had its desired effect; for annihilating revealed-religion could not but afford a diabolical pleasure, to that ferocious wretch and his inhuman associates, who could not expect a sanction for their cruelties, while the least vestige of any thing sacred remained among men.

When the reign of the terrorists ceased, an apology was expected; and, even by the pious, yet catholic American, would have been received. To the offended religion of his country no propitiatory sacrifice was made. This missionary of vice has proceeded proselyting.

He has added second parts, and made other, and audacious adjuncts to deism. No might nor greatness escapes him. He has vilified a great prophet, the saviour of the Gentiles ; he has railed at Washington, a saviour of his country. A tasteless, though irreligious scholar might tolerate a chastised scepticism, if exhibited by an acute Hume, or an eloquent Bolingbroke. But one cannot repress the irritability of the fiery Hotspur, when one beholds the pillars of morality shaken by the rude shock of this modern vandal. The reader should learn, that his paltry system is only an *outrage of wine ; and that it is in the ale house, he most vigorously assaults the authority of the prophets,

ets,

* Mr. Johnson, a respectable bookseller in St. Paul's church yard, London, has asserted that Mr. Paine's tongue used to flow most freely against revealed religion, when he was most intoxicated with "ale, or viler liquors."

ets, and laughs most loudly at the gospel, when in his cups.

I have preserved an epigram of Peter Pindar's, written, originally, in a blank leaf of a copy of Paine's Age of Reason, and not inserted in any of his works.

E P I G R A M.

Tommy Paine wrote this book to prove that the bible
 Was an old woman's dream of fancies most idle;
 That Solomon's proverbs were made by low livers,
 That prophets were fellows, who sang semiquavers;
 That religion and miracles all were a jest,
 And the *Devil in torment* a tale of the priest.
 Tho' Beezebub's absence from hell I'll maintain,
 Yet we all must allow that the DEVIL'S IN PAINE.