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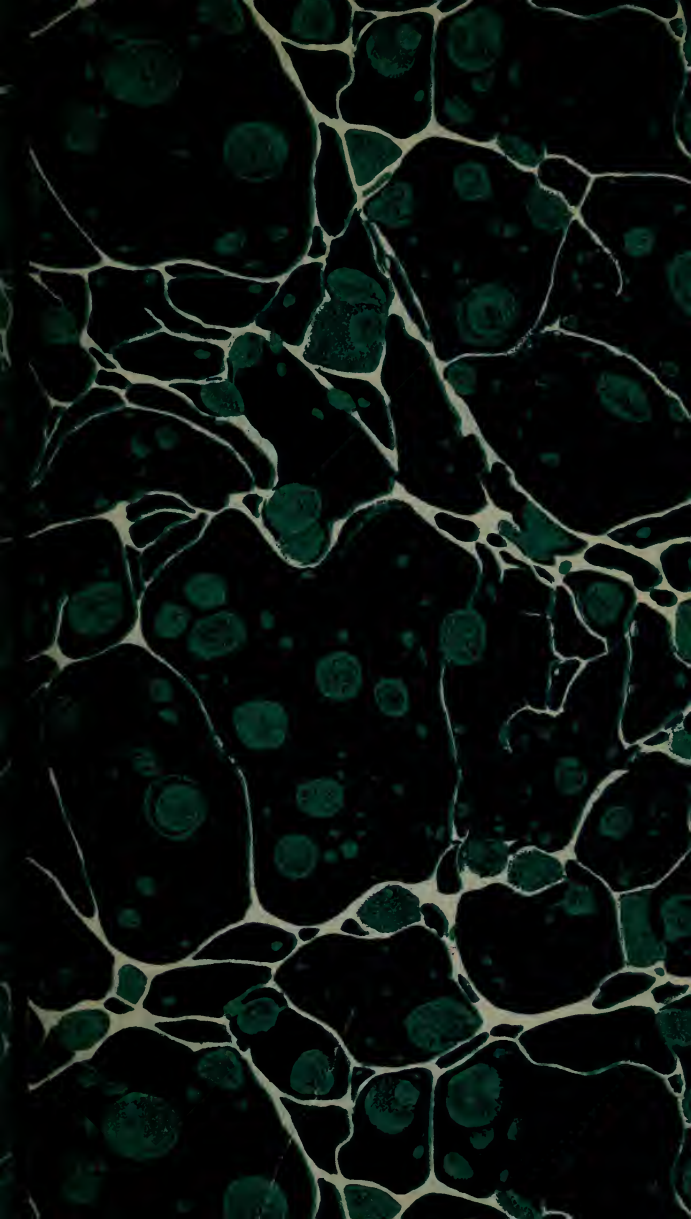


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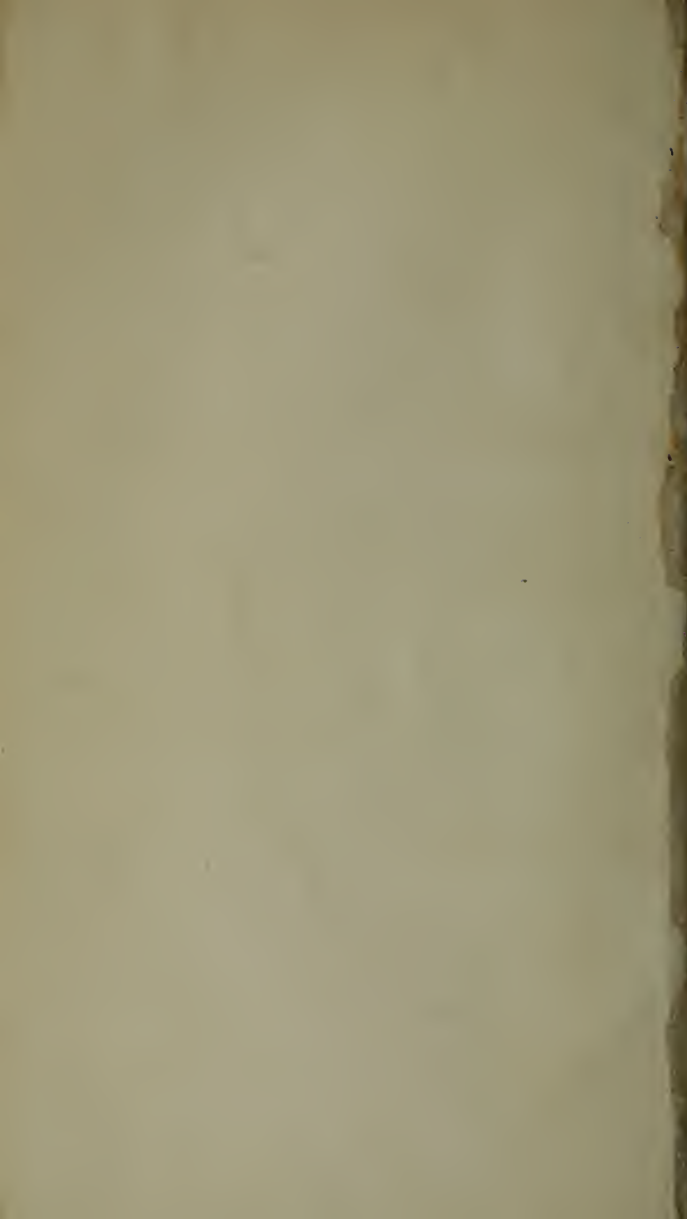














U. S. Department of State  
1827.

G A Z E T T E

PUBLICATIONS.

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By H. H. BRACKENRIDGE.

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COLLEGISSE JUVAT

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Carlisle :

PRINTED BY ALEXANDER & PHILLIPS.

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## Introduction.



THE motto of this collection is taken from the poet Horace ; and I am thinking of his expression in another place,

Non Omnis moriar——

But I do not flatter myself that my memory will survive me long. It is sufficient ; at least, it is the utmost that I can expect, that it can survive a few years. And even this not without some pains to make it live. For I do not conceive myself to be, what I will acknowledge, I was once disposed to think myself, a thing endued with faculties above the capacity of ordinary mortals. But had it not been that I had some idea of this kind, I would not have made the exertions that I have made. For since the discovery of my mistake, I feel myself sinking into indolence ; and considering only how I shall get through the world, the small remainder of it that lies on hands. It is of little consequence to me what mankind think of my talents, provided I can get ease, and quiet living. It may seem

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then strange that I should collect this trash, and put it together in a volume. It is not with a view to a long period of posthumous existence, but that of a few years, amongst my immediate descendants, who may take some little pride in preserving the memory of a literary man, and this for their own sakes; for though my fame must fall short of giving lustre to a country, yet it may throw a little light on a small circle of immediate descendants; and endure, perhaps, for a generation after I am gone. By a generation I do not mean any determinate number of years; but the age of a child who may preserve a volume of these publications. For as to grand children, I give it up. I shall not be remembered by them. So far am I from anticipating immortality, in the language of Poets, that I think 20 years will about do; and I am resigned to this, finding that with all the pains I have taken, I can make no better of it. But who could know unless he had tried? But I am willing to give myself the best chance, even for the few years of recollection that may be in my power to add to my name.—  
*Memoriam nostri quam maxime longam*

efficere. I feel some regret that I have lost many things occasionally written, and thrown by in manuscript, or appearing in fugitive pamphlets in print. Some of them, which is not saying much, probably better than any thing which is preserved. I have no idea that this volume or any part of it will be re-published, but it is something to have seen the light at all, or to have born to be collected; this I do not believe it will do, so as to defray the expences of printing; but it may go a certain length towards it; and the self-love of the authour must supply the rest. Who knows after all but that even an hundred years hence a copy of this impression may be found in an old library among scarce books, and be valued because it is the only one remaining. It has been always a matter of amusement to me to be rummaging amongst old and scarce books, to see in what manner the human mind had employed itself in times past. It is astonishing to think on what a variety of subjects books have been published since the art of printing has been invented. I remember to have heard old

Doctor John Witherspoon, Principal of the Jersey College, make this remark, and say that he was particularly struck with this in looking over an old library in Britain, and finding a Treatise in Latin “De humani capitis Cæsarie.”

It is true, what I have collected here consists of nothing but shreds ; but I have been always fond of miscellanies, and it was not so much the value, as the variety that pleased me. Hence it is that I have supposed these scraps may afford some amusement ; especially if they are accompanied with observations, as they occasionally will be, which will throw some light upon the affairs of men, and the history of the time.

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## *Gazette Publications.*

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**I**T was in the spring of the year 1781, that leaving the city of Philadelphia I crossed the Alleghany mountain, and took my residence in the town of Pittsburgh;

“If town it might be call’d that town was none,  
“Distinguishable by house or street——.”

But in fact a few old buildings, under the walls of a Garrison, which stood at the junction of two rivers. Nevertheless it appeared to me as what would one day be a town of note, and in the mean time might be pushed forward by the usual means that raise such places. Two or three years had elapsed and some progress had been made in improvement when a Gazette was established at this place for the western country, and one of my earliest contributions was the following, intended to give some reputation to the town with a view to induce emigration to this particular spot; whether it contributed in any degree to this object, I do not know, nor is it material. It will serve to give some idea of what the town was at an early period, and the state of society at that time, July 26, 1786.

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### ON THE SITUATION OF THE TOWN OF PITTSBURGH, AND THE STATE OF SOCIETY AT THAT PLACE.

THE Alleghany River running from the north-east, and the Monongahela from the south-west meet at an angle of about 33 degrees, and form the Ohio.

This name is said to signify, in some of the Indian languages, bloody ; so that the Ohio River may be translated the River of Blood. The French have called it La Belle Riviere, that is, the Beautiful or Fair River, but this is not intended by them as having any relation to the name Ohio.

It may have received the name of Ohio about the beginning of the present century, when the Six Nations made war upon their fellow savages in these territories and subjugated several tribes.

The word Monongahela is said to signify, in some of the Indian languages the *Falling-in-Banks*, that is, the stream of the Falling-in, or Mouldering Banks.

At the distance of about four or five hundred yards from the head of the Ohio is a small island lying to the north-west side of the river, at the distance of about 70 yards from the shore. It is covered with wood, and at the lower part, is a lofty hill famous for the number of wild turkies which inhabit it. The island is not more in length than one quarter of a mile, and in breadth about 100 yards. A small space on the upper end is cleared and overgrown with grass. The savages had cleared it during the late war ; a party of them attached to the United States having placed their wigwams and raised corn there. The Ohio, at the distance of about one mile from its source, winds round the lower end of the island and disappears. I call the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela the source of the Ohio.

It is pleasant to observe the conflict of these two waters where they meet: when of an equal height the contest is equal, and a small rippling appears from the point of land at their junction to the distance of about five hundred yards. When the Alleghany is master, as the term is, the current keeps its course a great way into the Monongahela, before it is overcome, and falls into the bed of the Ohio. The Monongahela in like manner having the mastery, bears away the Alleghany and with its muddy waters discolours



the chrystal current of that river. This happens frequently, inasmuch as these two rivers, coming from different climates of the country, are seldom swollen at the same time. The flood of the Alleghany rises perhaps the highest. I have observed it to have been at least 30 feet above the level by the impressions of the ice on the branches of trees which overhang the river, and had been cut at the breaking up of the winter, when the snows and frost melting towards the north-east throw themselves down with amazing rapidity and violence in a mighty deluge. The current of the Alleghany is in general more rapid than that of the Monongahela, and though not broader or of greater depth, yet, from this circumstance throws forward a greater quantity of water in the same space of time. In this river, at the distance of about one mile above the town of Pittsburgh is a beautiful little island, which, if there are river gods and nymphs, they may be supposed to haunt. At the upper end of the island and towards the western shore is a small ripple, as it is called, where the water, bubbling as if it sprung from the pebbles of a fountain, gives vivacity and an air of cheerfulness to the scene.

The fish of the Alleghany are harder and firmer than those of the Monongahela or Ohio, owing, as is supposed, to the greater coldness and purity of the water. The fish in general of those rivers are good. They are, the pike, weighing frequently 15 or 20 pounds; the perch larger than any I have ever seen in the bay of Chesapeak, which is the only tide from whence I have ever seen perch; there is also the sturgeon and many more kinds of fish.

It is a high amusement to those who are fond of fishing, to angle in these waters, more especially at the time of a gentle flood, when the frequent nibbles of the large and small fishes entertain the expectation, and sometimes gratify it by a bite; and when those of the larger size are taken, it is necessary to play them a considerable time before it can be judged safe

to draw them in. I have seen a canoe half loaded in a morning by some of those most expert in this employment; but you will see in a spring evening the banks of the rivers lined with men fishing at intervals, from one another. This, with the streams gently gliding, the woods, at a distance, green, and the shadows lengthening towards the town, forms a delightful scene. Fond of the water, I have been sometimes highly pleased in going with a select party, in a small barge, up or down the rivers, and landing at a cool spring, to enjoy the verdant turf, amidst the shady bowers of ash-wood, sugar-tree or oak, planted by the hand of nature, not of art.

It may be said by some who will read this description which I have given, or may be about to give, that it is minute and useless, inasmuch as they are observations of things well known. But let it be considered that it is not intended for the people of this country, but for those at a distance, who may not yet be acquainted with the natural situation of the town of Pittsburgh, or having heard of it, may wish to be more particularly informed. Who knows what families of fortune it may induce to emigrate to this place?

There is a rock known by the name of M'Kee's rock, at the distance of about three miles below the head of the Ohio. It is the end of a promontory, where the river bends to the N. W. and where, by the rushing of the floods, the earth has been cut away during several ages; so that now the huge overhanging rocks appear, hollowed beneath, so as to form a dome of majesty and grandeur, near one hundred feet in height. Here are the names of French and British officers engraved, who in the former times, in parties of pleasure, had visited this place. The town of Pittsburgh, at the head of the Ohio, is scarcely visible from hence, by means of an intervening island, the lower end of which is nearly opposite the rocks. Just below them at the bending of the river is a deep eddy

water, which has been sounded by a line of thirty fathoms, and no bottom found. Above them is a beautiful extent of bottom, containing five or six hundred acres, and the ground rising to the inland country with an easy ascent, so as to form an extensive landscape. As you ascend the river from these rocks to the town of Pittsburgh, you pass by on your right hand the mouth of a brook known by the name of the Saw-mill run. This empties itself about half a mile below the town, and is overlooked by a building on its banks, on the point of a hill which fronts the east, and is first struck by the beams of the rising sun. At a small distance from its mouth is a saw-mill about twenty perches below the situation of an old mill built by the British, the remains of some parts of which are yet seen.

At the head of the Ohio stands the town of Pittsburgh, on an angular piece of ground, the two rivers forming the two sides of the angle. Just at the point, stood, when I first came to this country, a tree, leaning against which I have often overlooked the wave, or committing my garments to its shade have bathed in the transparent tide. How have I regretted its undeserved fate when the surly winters flood, tore it from the roots and left the bank bare.

On this point stood the old French fort known by the name of Fort Du Quesne, which was evacuated and blown up by the French in the campaign of the British under general Forbes. The appearance of the ditch and mound, with the salient angles and bastions still remains, so as to prevent that perfect level of the ground which otherwise would exist. It has been long overgrown with the finest verdure, and depastured on by cattle; but since the town has been laid out it has been enclosed, and buildings are erected.

Just above these works is the present garrison, built by general Stanwix, and is said to have cost the crown of Britain 60,000l. Be that as it may, it has

been a work of great labour and of little use—For, situated on a plain, it is commanded by heights and rising grounds on every side, and some of them at less than the distance of a mile. The fortification is regular, constructed according to the rules of art, and about three years ago put into good repair by general Irwin who commanded at this post. It has the advantage of an excellent magazine, built of stone; but the time is come, and it is hoped will not again return, when the use of this garrison is at an end. There is a line of posts below it on the Ohio river, to the distance of three hundred miles. The savages come to this place, for trade, not for war; and any future contest that we shall have with them, will be on the heads of the more northern rivers that fall into the Mississippi.

The bank of the Alleghany river, on the north-west side of the town of Pittsburgh, is planted with an orchard of apple trees, with some pear trees intermixed. These were brought, it is said, and planted at great expence, by a British officer who commanded at this place early on the first occupation of it by the crown of England. He has deserved the thanks of those who have since enjoyed it, as the fruit is excellent, and the trees bear in abundance every year. Near the garrison, on the Alleghany bank, were formerly what were called the king's and artillery gardens, delightful spots, cultivated highly to usefulness and pleasure, the soil favoring the growth of plants and flowers, equal with any on the globe. Over this ground the antient herbs and plants springing underneath the foot, it is delightful still to walk covered with the orchard shade.

On the margin of this river once stood a row of houses, elegant and neat, and not unworthy of the European taste, but have been swept away in the course of time, some for the purpose of forming an opening to the river from the garrison, that the artillery might incommode the enemy approaching and

deprived of shelter; some torn away by the fury of the rising river, indignant of too near a pressure on its banks. These buildings were the receptacles of the ancient Indian trade, which, coming from the westward, centred in this quarter: But of these buildings, like decayed monuments of grandeur, not a trace remains. Those who, twenty years ago, saw them flourish, can only say, here they stood.

From the verdant walk on the margin of this beautiful river, you have a view of an island about a mile above, round which the river twines with a resplendent brightness: gliding on the eastern bank, it would wish to keep a straight direction, once supposed to be its course; but thrown beneath, it modestly submits and falls towards the town. When the poet comes with his enchanting song to pour his magic numbers on this scene, this little island, may aspire to live with those in the Egean sea, where the song of Homer drew the image of delight, or where the Cam or Isis embracing in their bosoms gems like these are sung by Milton, father of the modern bards.

On the west side of the Alleghany river, and opposite the orchard, is a level of three thousand acres, reserved by the state to be laid out in lots for the purpose of a town. A small stream at right angles to the river, passes through it. On this ground it is supposed a town may stand; but on all hands it is excluded from the praise of being a situation so convenient as on the side of the river, where the present town is placed; yet it is a most delightful grove of oak, cherry and walnut trees; but we return and take a view of the Monongahela on the southern side of the town.

This bank is closely set with buildings for the distance of near half a mile, and behind this range the town chiefly lies, falling back on the plains between the two rivers. To the eastward is Grant's hill, a beautiful rising ground, discovering marks of antient cultivation; the forest having long ago withdrawn,

and shewn the head and brow beset with green and flowers. From this hill two chrystal fountains issue, which in the heat of summer continue with a lympid current to refresh the taste. It is pleasant to celebrate a festival on the summit of this ground. In the year 1781 a bower had been erected covered with green shrubs. The sons and daughters of the day assembling, joined in the festivity, viewing the rivers at a distance, and listening to the music of the military on the plain beneath them. When the moon light rising from the east, had softened into grey, the prospect, a lofty pile of wood enflamed, with pyramidal rising, illumined both the rivers and the town, which far around reflected brightness. Approaching in the appearance of a river god, a swain begirt with weeds natural to these streams, and crowned with leaves of the sugar tree, hailed us, and gave prophetic hints of the grandeur of our future empire. His words I remember not, but it seemed to me for a moment, that the mystic agency of deities well known in Greece and Rome, was not a fable; but that powers unseen haunt the woods and rivers, who take part in the affairs of mortals, and are pleased with the celebration of events that spring from great achievements and from virtue.

This is the hill, and from whence it takes its name, where, in the war which terminated in the year 1763, Grant advancing with about 800 Caledonians or Highland Scotch troops, beat a reveille a little after sunrise to the French garrison, who, accompanied with a number of savages, sallied out and flanking him unseen from the bottom on the left and right then covered with wood, ascended the hill, tomhawked and cut his troops to pieces, and made Grant himself prisoner. Bones and weapons are yet found on the hill, the bones white with the weather: the weapons covered with rust.

On the summit of this hill is a mound of earth, supposed to be a catacomb or antient burying place

of the savages. There can be no doubt of this, as on opening some of the like tumuli or hills of earth, bones are found. In places where stones are plenty, these mounds are raised of stones, and skeletons are found in them. To the north-east of Grant's hill, there is one still higher at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, which is called the Quarry hill, from the excellent stone quarry that has been opened in it. From this hill there is an easy descent the whole way to the town, and an excellent smooth road, so that stones can be easily procured to erect any building at Pittsburgh. From the Quarry-hill you have a view four or five miles of the Alleghany river, along which lies a fine bottom, and in high cultivation, with different inclosures and farm houses; the river winding through the whole prospect.

This hill would seem to stand as that whereon a strong redoubt might be placed, to command the commerce of the Alleghany river, while directly opposite on the Monongahela side, to the south-east, stands a hill of the same height and appearance, known by the name of Ayre's-hill, so called from a British engineer of that name, who gave his opinion in favor of this ground as that whereon the fort ought to be constructed, as being the highest ground, and which must command the rivers, and the plain with the inferior rising grounds on which the town is built. This hill has been cultivated on the summit by a Highland regiment, who built upon it, though the buildings are now gone, and the brow of the hill is still covered with wood.

From Ayre's hill issue several fountains, falling chiefly towards the north, into a small brook, which, increasing, encircles the foot of the hill, and takes its course through several beautiful little meads into the Monongahela river. On this brook, before it takes its turn to the Monongahela, in a delightful little valley, and in the neighbourhood of some plumb trees, the natives of the country, was the ancient residence

of a certain Anthony Thompson, the vestiges of whose habitation still remains; an extent of ground cleared by him lies to the north, accustomed to long cultivation, and now thrown out a common. The best brick may be made from this ground, the fine loam and sand of which the soil consists, and the water just at hand, highly favouring this object.

As you ascend from this valley, through which a main leading road passes from the country, you see the Monongahela, and approaching Grant's hill on the right, you have the point of view from whence the town is seen to the best advantage. It is hid from you until by the winding of the road you begin to turn the point of the hill; you then see house by house on the Monongahela side opening to your view, until you are in front of the main town, in a direct line to the confluence of the rivers. Then the buildings on the Alleghany shew themselves with the plain extending to the right which had been concealed. You have in the mean time a view of the rising grounds beyond the rivers, crowned with lofty woods. I was once greatly struck in a summer morning viewing from this ground the early vapour rising from the river. It hung midway between the foot and summit of the hill, so that the green above, had the appearance of an island in the clouds.

It may be here observed, that at the junction of these two rivers until eight o'clock of summer mornings, a light fog is usually incumbent, but it is of a salutary nature, inasmuch as it consists of vapour not exhaled from stagnant water, but which the sun of the preceding day had extracted from trees and flowers, and in the evening had sent back in dew, so that rising with a second sun in fog, and becoming of aromatic quality, it is experienced to be healthful.

The town of Pittsburgh, as at present built, stands chiefly on what is called the Third bank; that is the third rising of the ground above the Alleghany water. For there is the first bank which confines the river at the present time; and about three hundred feet re-



moved is a second, like the falling of a garden ; then a third, at the distance of about three hundred yards ; and lastly, a fourth bank, all of easy inclination, and parallel with the Alleghany river. These banks would seem in successive periods to have been the margin of the river which gradually has changed its course, and has been thrown from one descent to another, to the present bed where it lies. In digging wells the kind of stones are found which we observe in the Alleghany current, worn smooth by the attrition of the water. Shells also intermixed with these are thrown out. Nature therefore, or the river, seems to have formed the bed of this town as a garden with level walks, and fallings of the ground. Hence the advantage of descending gardens on these banks, which art elsewhere endeavours, with the greatest industry to form. Nor is the soil less happy than the situation. The mould is light and rich. The finest gardens in the known world may be formed here.

The town consists at present of about an hundred dwelling houses, with buildings appurtenant. More are daily added, and for some time past it has improved with an equal but continual pace. The inhabitants, children, men and women are about fifteen hundred ; this number doubling almost every year from the accession of people from abroad, and from those born in the town. As I pass along, I may remark that this new country is in general highly prolific ; whether it is that the vegetable air, if I may so express it, constantly perfumed with aromatic flavor, and impregnated with salts drawn from the fresh soil, is more favorable to the production of men and other animals than decayed grounds.

There is not a more delightful spot under heaven to spend any of the summer months than at this place. I am astonished that there should be such repair to the Warm Springs in Virginia, a place pent up between the hills where the sun pours its beams

concentred as in a burning glass, and not a breath of air stirs; where the eye can wander scarcely half a furlong; while here we have the breezes of the river, coming from the Mississippi and the ocean; the gales that fan the woods, and are sent from the refreshing lakes to the northward; in the mean time the prospect of extensive hills and dales, whence the fragrant air brings odours of a thousand flowers and plants, or of the corn and grain of husbandmen, upon its balmy wings. Here we have the town and country together. How pleasant is it in a summer evening, to walk out upon these grounds; the smooth green surface of the earth, and the woodland shade softening the late fervid beams of the sun; how pleasant by a chrystal fountain in a tea party under one of those hills, with the rivers and the plains beneath.

Nor is the winter season enjoyed with less festivity than in more populous and cultivated towns. The buildings warm; fuel abundant, consisting of the finest coal from the neighbouring hills, or of ash, hickory or oak, brought down in rafts by the rivers. In the mean time the climate is less severe at this place than on the other side the mountain, lying deep in the bosom of the woods; sheltered on the north east, by the bending of the Alleghany heights, and on the south west, warmed by the tepid winds from the bay of Mexico, and the great southern ocean.

In the fall of the year and during the winter season, there is usually a great concourse of strangers at this place, from the different states, about to descend the river to the westward, or to make excursions into the uninhabited and adjoining country. These, with the inhabitants of the town spend the evening in parties at the different houses, or at public balls, where they are surprised to find an elegant assembly of ladies, not to be surpassed in beauty and accomplishments perhaps by any on the continent.

It must appear like enchantment to a stranger, who after travelling an hundred miles from the settle-

ments, across a dreary mountain, and through the adjoining country where in many places the spurs of the mountain still continue, and cultivation does not always shew itself, to see, all at once, and almost on the verge of the inhabited globe, a town with smoking chimnies, halls lighted up with splendor, ladies and gentlemen assembled, various music, and the mazes of the dance. He may suppose it to be the effect of magic, or that he is come into a new world where there is all the refinement of the former, and more benevolence of heart.



THE force of opinion, like the spring of the air, is inconceivably powerful. This appears in what is said to be the effect of it amongst the Indians of the continent, in some of those tribes with which we are acquainted. When one of the nation has murdered another, the punishment is sometimes postponed for a number of years; and at the time and place appointed the malefactor will come and resign himself to the death; though in the mean time he might have made his escape to other tribes. What more infatuated does the conduct of one appear to us at first view who will voluntarily come and stand up to be shot, at the bare bidding of another who has taken it into his head to be offended. Happy is it for him who has the fortitude to put all false sentiments of honour under his feet: In the language of the poet,

—Subjecit pedibus—

I have occasionally done it, and the following impromptu upon a real occasion, will be a specimen of the way and manner in which a duel may be parried when one has no inclination to encounter the danger of it, and by treating it with ridicule would wish to escape the animadversion of fools, or the murderous intention of the knaves, who, in many cases, bring these things about.

## ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

A CHALLENGE comes. A challenge? mercy  
 From one as hot as Hotspur Piercy—  
 A challenge! what? to fight a duel?  
 I'd live ten years on water gruel,  
 Rather than stand up to be shot at,  
 Like a racoon that can't be got at.

You may shoot him—what's that to me,  
 That I receive or give phlebotomy?  
 The profit and loss of both are equal,  
 I shall gain nothing in the sequel.  
 Will not the world approve your courage?  
 Will that procure me food or forage?

Mac Millan\* the ecclesiastic,  
 Will burn me with religious caustic;  
 Tell all the people that the devil,  
 Has bound me hand and foot to evil.  
 Can I avoid the horrid fury  
 Of Presbyterian judge and jury?  
 No. No. 'Tis best t' avoid the sin,  
 And sleep as usual in a whole skin.

Besides; the thing is so degraded—  
 The lowest classes have invaded  
 The duel province. What reputation  
 When the scum and worst of the nation,

\* *A Clergyman.*

Can fight, and say,—“ We men of honor”——  
It is a burlesque ; I would sooner  
Put my head i’ th’ fire, than on a level,  
Be placed, with every silly devil  
That fights a duel now-a-days—  
The thing was once a thing of praise,  
When noble knights and mounted esquires,  
With lances and with warlike whiskers,  
Fought for the honour of fair ladies,  
If all is true that sung and said is.  
But what pretence has this same codhead,  
Or I myself with pistol loaded ;  
He but a pedlar, a mere trot-bogger,  
I but a simple pettifogger ;  
What right have we t’ usurp a province  
Sacred to valor and to love once ;  
To measure weapons in such battle,  
Who are but ordinary cattle ?

Shew me your ancestry and knighthood,  
Which those must do who fight would,  
With crests of arms, escutcheons,  
Mottos, devices, Welsh, or Dutch ones.  
Deduce your pedigree from Orson,  
Valentine or some such whoreson ;  
Shew you are of the breed of War’ick  
Who killed a mad cow at a hay rick.  
Then I admit without more question,  
Your right to chivalry and fustian.

’Tis true there may be found such mortals,  
Whom nature in her phrenzy curtails,

Of goodness and of mental merit,  
 Like a mad devil or foul spirit ;  
 Who out of time have had a licence,  
 To put down reason, and lay by sense,  
 To cut society asunder,  
 And make the modestest knock under.  
 The death of such is but a small loss,  
 Whether by the duel or the gallows.

Shall I make these my model, whose skull  
 To myself and others may be useful,  
 Who has spent a term of thirty years,  
 To put my mental powers in geers,  
 School, college, academy,  
 All to replenish the head of me ;  
 And many a midnight lucubration  
 To make me one of the first o' th' nation ?

What the result of the encounter,  
 When I fall down as flat's a flounder,  
 Shot dead ? and only to be buried,  
 Remains when coroner has enquired.  
 Or, if by accident, or aiming,  
 I have the luck, 'tis all the same thing,  
 To put a ball in your belly, what the use ?  
 I cannot make of you a goose.  
 Or turn you to a woodland turkey,  
 That houshold men may knife and fork ye ;  
 Convert you to a salted salmon,  
 Or make of you a well-cur'd gamon.

Thus for the item of your carcase,  
I set down nought. So 'tis a hard case  
That I must kill you, or be kill'd  
Ignobly on a private field,  
Against the dictates of my conscience,  
Obedient to the world's nonsense,  
While those we leave behind on earth,  
Make us the subject of their mirth.  
In vain we hope for fame : our fate  
Is forgotten at a day's date.  
No muse funeral hangs our hearse,  
With the bare fragment of a verse :  
Cast on the beech like dark sea-gulls,  
We die th' unhallowed death of fools.

Take my advice, then let us solder  
This feud of ours, before we're older ;  
Meet in the evening, take a bottle,  
And leave disputes to Aristotle.



ONE of the earliest things which I thought of on going to reside in the western country, was the encouragement of a public paper. An establishment of this nature was accomplished after some time, and a good deal by my exertions. With a view to assist it I wrote some things serious, and some ludicrous. The following is of the last cast. I had an ambition ; or rather I obeyed the impulse of my mind in being among the first to bring the press to the west of the

mountains ; so that in a small instance I might say with the poet,

Primus ego in patriam mecum——

Aonio rediens deducam vertice musas.



*Messieurs Scull & Hall,*

I HAVE heard it said that you are about to publish a Gazette in the town of Pittsburgh ; this will be of great use, especially to our young people after they are taught the catechism and to read the scriptures, inasmuch as they will find in this all the hard names which they do not meet with in the 10th chapter of Nchemiah or the Chronicles. By reading the Old Testament they may have heard a great deal about Jerusalem and Nineveh, but in this we read of the modern cities, such as Paris, Constantinople and Cork in Ireland, and other great capitals. In short, an almanac and a newspaper are almost all the profane books that a layman need read.

I suppose under the head of advertisements you will keep a good look out after stray cattle and negroes, or lands to be sold. It will be a great advantage to have such an opportunity of making public any grievance of this nature. But it is to be supposed the principal object will be to collect occurrences from abroad, and centre those at home, especially such as are of a political nature. When I say abroad, I mean in the eastern world, and by those at home, I mean America. I had an uncle in Chester county who had been a long time a subscriber for the paper, and from a frequent perusal of the intelligence, respecting different powers in the system of Europe, he had a perfect knowledge of them ; like a man looking through a glass-beehive he could, as it were, see them all before his eyes, and distinguish the



workings and counter-workings of cabinets and councils. Who would not give half a guinea to know, exactly as he does, his own calf pasture, what is going on every day when he rises, at Smyrna and Amsterdam, and count as easily as he can the stripes of his waistcoat, the armies that are on foot in Europe: The state treaties that are relieving the inconvenience or changing the happiness of mankind: To be able to look up with the tail of his eye as far as Russia, and down again with the same glance to the islands in the West-Indies, and to see all the intermediate space swarming with men and things: Instead of half a guinea, this is worth an 100 half joes to a man.

But we shall know something even of the upper world from the Gazette; I do not mean the account of the balloons, though it may be well enough to know what experiments are making in that way; but the discoveries of philosophers, who teach us at what distance the bulls, goats and rams depasture from each other in the firmament. I wonder how David Rittenhouse comes on in rubbing down the stars, since he was appointed astronomer to the commonwealth: It is said he has considerably corrected the vapours of the moon's atmosphere, for though there are as many natural fools in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia as formerly, there has not been one instance of a lunatic for several years past.

A principal advantage will be to know what is going on in our own state; particularly what our representatives are doing: Heretofore, like boys creeping into a hay stack at such a remote distance, we could see only their heels, while their heads were hid away amongst the cabals of Philadelphia; when they returned home they had generally a great deal to tell us of their contests with — — and other overgrown-men; but as to the merit or demerit of their opposition we could know it only from themselves.

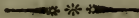
On all these considerations, I think your undertaking will be of a public benefit and ought to be encouraged. The farmers can read it on all wet days, Sundays excepted, and become informed without losing time.

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM DONACHY.



TO assist the printer I recommended to him to strike off at least the title page of an Almanac as printed at Pittsburgh, and add it to those which he might order up to be sold at his office; and with a view to give it the preference in purchase, drew up for him the following to be published in the Gazette, and which had the effect to supersede all from below; that is, on the eastern side of the mountains. It was a few hundred dollars in his pocket, and helped to carry on the press.



*Messieurs Scull & Hall,*

OUR neighbour William Donachy has well observed in your Gazette, "That an Almanac and a Newspaper are almost all the profane books that a layman can need." We have now a Gazette printed amongst ourselves; but we are deficient in point of an almanac. It is said in all the almanacs printed on the other side the hills, that though calculated for that meridian, "they will, without sensible variation, serve all the northern states." Every one of common understanding must see that this is a vain vaunt, and that they might as well tell us that the fires made in the city of Philadelphia or Baltimore, will warm the

people at Pittsburgh, as that the almanacs will serve both places.

The time of the sun rising is different, having 300 miles and a high mountain to come over. I have observed that a hill and the distance of a mile make a distinguishable difference in the rising of the heavenly bodies. The sun shines out on Niel Ryburn's meadow half an hour before he can be seen at my house, which stands in a hollow between two hills of a height nothing to be compared with the Alleghany mountain.

The moon is in this respect the same thing with the sun. I have waited half an hour at a friends house for her being up, when getting a more extensive view of the firmament, I saw she had been up an hour before. How then can we think that it is the same hour of the day or night at Philadelphia that it is in this country. I much question if it is the same day of the week. At least when we are sitting down to dinner here it may be about breakfast time there; if we should set our watches or our sundials by these almanacs, we should find ourselves far wrong.

In regard of the weather there can be no certainty whatever. You might as well look in Watt's psalms for the changes of the element, as in any of their calenders that are formed on observations of the stars in another hemisphere. The loss of this is very great. A rainy day comes upon us unawares, when perhaps there is to be a week day's sermon, or we have bespoke hands for a raising, or a rolling frolick, and killed a sheep and made preparation for it. If we knew before hand when there was to be a broken day by reason of a gust, we could lay ourselves out to go to the smith shop or the weaver's, or to look for a shoemaker or taylor. Certainly there is none of them will be so absurd as to argue that there is the same weather in Conococheague, or the Marsh creek settlement, that there is here, when we know that it is often raining on the Alleghany mountain or the Laurel hill, though

not at half the distance, when it is as clear as a bell on this side. If you are in want of a telescope to take the altitude of the seven planets in order to determine the weather with exactness, and must go to the expence of a new one fitted to this climate, it may be laid on the almanac for the first year, and I am sure no one can begrudge to give something more to have a just account of things rather than to be at the mercy of false calculations which have no connection with the latitude or longitude of this country.

It is a great risk to draw blood here where we have no certainty where the sign is, whether in the foot or the groin. James Gillispie, a neighbour of mine, almost lost his life trusting to a Baltimore almanac in drawing blood. His son had brought it up when he went to Hager's town for a bushel of salt in the fall; and the schoolmaster depended on it for the sign, and opened a vein in the arm; but it swelled up in a day or two like a post; and is something stiff when putting on his coat, to this hour.

If you print an almanac I would advise you to leave out all profane songs, except in the praise of general Washington, and put in a psalm or hymn tune in their place. Proverbs are a very useful thing in an almanac, and you may take some out of the old almanacs, such as Poor Richards or Will's, which justice Clingan, who lived beside us in Chester county, used to say was the best. Receipts for cures of the bites of a mad dog, or for the glanders in horses, or the jaundice in man and beast, or other disorders that are incidental to the human species, will fill up a page with great utility to the public. As for the Quaker monthly meetings they may publish them themselves: I do not see why we should pay for printing these things when there is not a dozen of that way of thinking in the whole county of Washington.

Your humble servant,

GAWN MORRISON.

*THE AUTHOR AND THE CRITIC!*

A DIALOGUE.

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CRITIC.

THE critic first possess'd the earth,  
And by his rules gave authors birth.

AUTHOR.

I did not know you traced so high,  
Your origin and ancestry,  
What time you first begun dog-bark.  
Were you with Noah in the ark?  
In what compartment were you seen?  
'Mongst creatures clean or the unclean?

CRITIC.

The critic, sir's, the natural father  
Of every sniffing, snuffling author;  
And when you nod or snore or sleep,  
We slyly on posteriors creep,  
And rouse you to a bright exertion,  
Of all your faculties, you whoreson.

How can there be idea of beauties,  
Unless the critic genius shew't us:  
The angle of the sight obtuse,  
Can see no more than doth a goose,  
While we with microscopic eye,  
Examine as you would a fly,

See through the crevices of fancy,  
 As far as human eyesight can see,  
 Tell where there is or is not Grammar ;  
 What phraseology wants hammer——  
 Or file to make the versé run smoother,  
 Where sound is harsh, or term uncouth.

## AUTHOR.

I grant you see defects and errors,  
 Of those in genius your superiors :  
 The skin however smoothly curried,  
 To a fleé's eye is deep and furrowed.  
 His optics may perceive a wart,  
 That grows upon the unseen part,  
 But for the beauty of the frame,  
 It is above the ken of them——  
 Thus critics tell that bard divine  
 Has a rough word in such a line,  
 Or that the sacred poem scarce  
 Can bear the trot of such a verse,  
 That feeble author in such sentence  
 Has not the vis, the spirit intense,  
 That Pagasus was lame when he rode,  
 Over this or that dull period,  
 They tell, but never felt the forcé,  
 Of genius in his rapid course.

## CRITIC.

What ? did not Quintillian fully,  
 Develope all the praise of Tully ?

And 'mongst the Greeks, the great Longinus,  
Who may be justly stil'd his highness,  
With critic judgment join the fire,  
Of Heaven itself? who can go higher?  
From your vile accusation whose's safe?  
Not even the elder scaliger Joseph,  
Who had a mind as big's a mountain,  
Could all defects and beauties contain,  
And shew'd that Homer was inferior,  
And Virgil hit perfection nearer.  
Have you the assurance sir to speak,  
Against the Roman worth and Greek?

## AUTHOR.

So much we hear I believe that no man's,  
Tongue is still of Greeks and Romans;  
For if dispute should rise past curing,  
Which way 'tis best to make our urine,  
And each should argue stiffly his way,  
All must give up, the Greeks piss'd this way.

## CRITIC.

But there in modern times is Bently,  
Who sung of Richard Blackmore daint'ly.

## AUTHOR.

I grant it, Critic, there's a thousand;  
The list beginning has nor knows end.  
They swarm in millions from the flood—  
The Hebrew critics first drew blood;

And this is what is meant by Babel  
 Where all were critics that were able.  
 The Rabbin and the Talmudist,  
 Fought hand to hand and fist to fist,  
 About the pentateuch of Moses ;  
 Their tales, the wildest stuff, God knows is.

If there has been some Grecian critic,  
 Above the offspring of a seed-tic ;  
 Yet where is one in modern days  
 Who can deserve that share of praise ?  
 For metamorphos'd down to vermin,  
 Who can the various shapes determine.  
 And small and great are prone to mischief,  
 And every clan and sect has his chief.  
 They swarm like Caledonian cluster,  
 When the Mac Neils and Camrons muster ;  
 Or as when housewife spreads her sugar,  
 With water mix'd, each insect rogue here,  
 Relinquishes pots, tubs and pails,  
 And for the booty spreads his sails.  
 Thus all the race of critics gather,  
 Around the footsteps of an author,  
 Bite through his overalls and stocking,  
 And biting shins, you know's no joking.  
 Who now a days sits down to write  
 Uninterrupted by a bite ?  
 Unless he takes good care and puts on,  
 A pair of leggins or has boots on.

They say of Reynard who loves geese,  
 That when oppress'd with swarm of fleas



He takes in's mouth a lock of wool,  
And gradually retires to pool ;  
The fleas by secret instinct led,  
Fly from the tail and trunk to head,  
With speed each mother's son o' th'm goes  
To seek the promontory of nose,  
And when no more remains abaft,  
Fox shakes his head and leaves the raft.

Who could find out by book or sermon,  
An equal way t' elude the vermin,  
Would merit a rich premium more,  
Than vers'd in philosophic lore,  
The member who dissects a glow-worm,  
To see if 'tis a beast and no worm.

I wish some virtuoso would,  
Who natural history understood,  
Dissect a critic, shew his jaw teeth  
Whether they are quite smooth or saw-teeth,  
Resembling butterfly or asp,  
Or long and pointed like a wasp ;  
And by the grinders edge determine,  
Cornuting or carniv'rous vermin.  
I'd give myself a golden medal,  
To know if't has a brown or red tail,  
And whether when it moves, it goes on  
An hundred feet or half a dozen ;  
But many glasses must be ground out,  
Before these mysteries can be found out.  
I leave it to some great Linnæus,  
Who may by this be fam'd as he was.



*Messieurs Scull & Hall,*

I HAVE been a subscriber from the first, and sent in a dollar the other day, by William Guy, when he went to the contractor's store to buy an ounce of snuff for his wife. Our neighbours think a great deal of the paper, and I have as many of them about me between sermons on a Sunday, to hear the news, as Mathew M'Connel has on his justice days, when they come about law business.

I see the Congress have appointed a superintendant of the Indians, to give them presents, and to keep them in peace. I am persuaded it is meant well, and the men may be capable that are nominated to this station; but I am apprehensive the task is beyond their ability, to restrain the savages for any length of time. In my opinion it would be better to let them run in the woods, and live at their own purchase; for when they can get meat and drink without hunting, they get a habit of idleness, and must be supplied by presents, or by going to war. It is with them as with our cattle in the fall of the year. There is a great deal of good grass in the woods, and they might live very well till near Christmas: but if you begin to winter them too soon, they stay about the house and have their heads in every pot and pail; and when a good day comes, if you refuse to give them any thing, instead of going to the woods they get into the turnip patch and are the greatest break fences about the whole plantation. It would be for the good of the country, if, when the blankets and leggins come, the superintendant would give them to some of the poor women and children whose husbands and fathers have been murdered in the war, or if that proposition will not go down, drink them out amongst yourselves in the town there.

We have read over the extracts of the debates in the house of assembly. I would wish to see a great deal less said, and more done. The vanity of talking appears to be visible in many of them. There are two or three of them that are up and down every minute like the elbow of a man playing on the fiddle. It makes my heart ache to hear the members from our own county jangling about small points, while land jobbers are running away with our property, by laying warrants on improvements. Honest Thomas Mac-murrochy has lost his plantation, unless a law is made to exclude these rights.

I have several more things to say, but my neighbour Robert Richey, who takes this to you, says he is in a hurry, and I do not know who I can send it by if I miss this opportunity.

ANGUS MAC MORE.

Washington County, }  
September 20. }



A MASQUE, WRITTEN AT THE WARM-SPRINGS, IN  
VIRGINIA, IN THE YEAR 1784.

THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD.

I AM the Genius of the shady wood ;  
Whose care it is to crown the swelling rivers,  
And bid the mountains hide them from the heat  
Of the solstitial ray ; the Delaware  
I crown with poplar and with boughs of oak ;  
The Susquehannah with the cherry tree ;

Potomack wasted by the summer's sun,  
 And Rappahannock and the river James,  
 I crown with branches of the lofty pine :  
 The great Ohio, with her thousand sons  
 To Mississippi rolling on, I crown  
 With leaves of ash-wood and the sugar-tree.  
 This is the day and this the well known place  
 Your presence is expected.

POTOMACK.

These springs we annually revisit ;  
 But where the Genius of the tepid streams ?  
 Whose task it is to warm them for the bath,  
 And touch them, with the sacred ore, which gives  
 Salubrious quality ; this is his task,  
 In those recesses and deep caverns fram'd  
 By Neptune, where the mountain base o'erspreads.  
 His naiads there attend him and each brings  
 Her urn, and pours it where th' embosom'd rock  
 Gives current to the tide.

GENIUS OF THE SPRINGS.

Great sire of fountains, on this annual day  
 I greet your presence.

DELAWARE.

You know, my son, this is the happy season,  
 When from our banks the gayest citizens,  
 To taste the water of the springs repair.  
 Is every drop ting'd with the mountain ore  
 And made medicinal ? Is every drop

Through sand filtrated, that the chrystal glass  
Of those who drink may be transparent with it?

GENIUS OF THE SPRINGS.

The wave is nine times purified by fire ;  
The hundred naiads of th' embowering rocks  
With pitchers from the subterranean flood  
Have drawn the tide ; the' alembic has distill'd  
The tide to vapour ; the mountain cistern  
Has receiv'd the liquid current. Beds of ore  
Have ting'd and sand has filtrated the stream  
That every drop with power of health impregnate  
Dispels all pain, all shape of malady,  
That racks the system or the mind subdues.

OHIO.

Then bid the naiads of the vocal powers,  
Haste hither with the nimble dance and song,  
The virtue of the springs to celebrate ;  
And bid the deities of these rude hills  
With Triton whom the goddess Thetis sent  
Attune their chords in symphony with these.

POTOMACK.

Go tell the naiads and the jocund deities,  
To cull their choicest flowers ; a noble name,\*  
Has come this day to do them honour.  
That chief whose fame has oft been heard by them,  
In contest with Britannia's arms ; that chief  
Whom I myself have seen quitting the farm,

\* *Washington.*

By no ambition, but by virtue led,  
 Arising at his country's call, and swift  
 The challenge of the vet'ran foe receiving.  
 My brother streams have told me his achievement  
 The oak-crown'd Hudson told me that he saw him,  
 Walk like a God upon his well fought banks.  
 The Raritan in Jersey told me of him ;  
 But most the Delaware, whose noble tide  
 Roll'd his indignant waves upon the bank  
 And triumph'd on the heroic days  
 Of Brandywine, of Germantown and Monmouth ;  
 The Rappahannock told me of the chief  
 When great Cornwallis yielded. With him I shed  
 A tear of lucent joy. The Chesapeake,  
 Oh ! bay divine, thou heardst the victory,  
 And through thy hundred islands far and wide,  
 Rejoicing, there was gladness.

But when the rage of horrid war had ceas'd,  
 My son return'd ; I mark'd his character....  
 No scorn appear'd upon his furrow'd brow,  
 His air was dignity and graceful ease  
 The same as when he left us, save that now  
 His visage worn with care shew'd more of age  
 I hail'd my son and bade him come with me  
 To taste the water of the healthful springs.

THE NAIADS IN A DANCE.

Purest streams that gently flow  
 From the rock that covers you,  
 No decrease of tide you know,  
 Summer suns do not subdue.

Nor do storms fierce winter's brood  
Rain or snow that comes with them,  
Swell your current to a flood ;  
You are still, pure streams, the same.

Emblem this of that great chief,  
WASHINGTON who made us free,  
Shewing 'midst our joy and grief  
Equal equanimity.

*The dance continues with a second song.*

The gentle streams flowing,  
The trees around growing  
And shadows now showing  
Themselves o'er the spring.

No danger of wasting  
Your water by tasting  
Though many are hasting  
To drink of the spring.

*Third song with a dance.*

Clear bursting fountains by you shall appear,  
The gayest assemblies through each circling year ;  
To lead up the dance in these chearful abodes,  
And live at their leisure the life of the Gods.

We taste of the streams and forget all our care :  
Your virtues like Lethe, not fabulous are.  
Your virtues expel all diseases and pain,  
To those that are weak, they give vigour again.

The lame that come hither their crutches forego :  
 They leap and exult like the wild mountain roe,  
 Here youth is confirm'd in his vigour and bloom,  
 To age is given years and days yet to come.

*They disappear.*

GENIUS OF THE WOODS.

Such is the virtue of these healthful springs ;  
 Yet not in these alone salubrious quality.  
 Far west, and near thy source, Ohio, rising  
 There is a spring\* with copious oil embrown'd,  
 All chronic pain dispelling, at the touch,  
 And washing all scorbutic taint away ;  
 As erst in Jordan was the Syrian king.  
 Th' inflexile joint, the fibre of old age  
 Relaxing, it gives youth and nimble motion.  
 The natives of the wood, my oldest sons,  
 Nor less than Hamadryades, my care ;  
 All bathe in the smooth current, and receive  
 Returning health and vigour. Soon assembling  
 There, the modern race of men unnumber'd  
 In place of the discoloured native  
 Shall frequent its margin. The gods and naiads  
 There, as usual shall repair  
 While annually with festive song and dance,  
 They celebrate the virtue of the springs.

\* *The Oil-Spring on French creek.*





SPEECH DELIVERED (1788,) IN THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA ON A MOTION TO INSTRUCT THE DELEGATES OF THAT STATE IN CONGRESS RELATIVE TO A PROPOSITION TO CEDE TO SPAIN THE RIGHT OF NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



IT must be well known that the navigation of this river is actually impeded, nay wholly prohibited by Spain ; at least it is within my own knowledge ; for I well know that a boat (the property of an inhabitant at Pittsburgh) descending the Ohio river and falling within the boundaries of Spain, about two years ago, was seized at New-Orleans, and the furs and other articles, to the amount of at least 1000l. are yet detained from the owner.

I have seen the memorial of that inhabitant to our minister at the court of Spain ; I have seen the answer of that minister (John Jay,) stating—that the right of navigation to this river was on the tapis with that court, and the point would speedily be adjusted. I have lately had the honour of conversing with a member of the assembly of North-Carolina, who informed me that a boat descending the Holston river, and also falling within the boundaries of Spain, was seized at New-Orleans, and that he was the bearer of a memorial from the state of North-Carolina, to the United States in Congress assembled, on the subject.

The gentleman of whom I speak had himself been appointed a member, and was going on to that body.

It must be well known that before and since the conclusion of the war, we have had a minister at the

court of Spain, or appointed for it : the great object has been a treaty of commerce. What can be the remora or cause of delay in completing it? Surely some point of great magnitude, which counteracts what must be so great an object with both powers. It must be the navigation of this river ; for what other object can there be except this, and the adjustment of the boundaries between the Floridas and Georgia, which can resist our desire to be bound by some commercial treaty ? It is the voice of common fame that the navigation of this river more especially, is the ground of delay—the remora or cause of difference. It is the voice of common fame that the Congress of the United States, have at last, in some degree, yielded, and have listened to a proposition of ceding it, at least for some time, in lieu of certain commercial advantages. It is the language of the gazettes for more than one year past : it is the language of conversation. We hear it, in hamlet, in town, in city, in capital, from New-Hampshire to Georgia, from the ocean to the wilderness. Reason is engaged, passion is roused, jealousy awakened, apprehension prevails, and the whole continent is shaken with the storm and tempest of controversy in consequence of it.

I have in my possession letters from gentlemen resident in New-York, who have honoured me with their correspondence, stating, that it is the subject of conversation in that capital ; that it is the subject of warm and hostile debate ; that there can be no doubt the proposition has been made, and that seven states out of thirteen have actually acceded to it : nine are sufficient, so that but two more are wanting, and the fate of the western country is determined. I have in my possession letters originally written by a person resident at New-Orleans for the space of fourteen years, stating the designs and conversation of Don Galvez, the late viceroy of Mexico, on this point ; his orders to monsieur Gardoqui, the agent of the

court of Spain, at New-York—the occlusion of this river was a favourite point with Don Galvez, whose uncle is the chief minister of Spain: doubtless it has been the policy of Spain to exclude foreigners from the commerce of the American colonies—a ruthless and disconsolate policy, which preserves a few mines but a barren and desolate country to herself. I have in my possession a report from one of the officers of congress, stating this very proposition of Spain.

1st. Spain will give the same privileges to the citizens of the United States which she gives to her own subjects in trade; that it is the privileges of what are called the most favoured nations.

2d. She will open all the ports of Old Spain except those of Bilboa and Guipusca.

3d. She will take from us fish, lumber, flour and most other things, except tobacco—These the inhabitant of Maryland and Virginia must himself use. These things she will take, provided, she can have them for the same price she can from others. She will give us countenance with the powers of Barbary, and speak a good word for us to Portugal. I am not at liberty to say by what means this paper came into my hands, but it was obtained by no undue means.

I have had the honour to converse with some of the delegates in congress from this state, and addressing them on the subject of this proposition, which had become a common topic, I was answered, ‘that the business was a secret.’ I was answered by others, ‘that the affair was not exactly as represented to the public.’ Does not this strongly imply, that, at least, the proposition has been made, and that some attention has been paid to it? other members of that body have frankly acknowledged that it had been the subject of debate, and that it seemed unnecessary to pretend any secrecy about it, as all things were as well understood without doors as within.

But to settle the matter at once, has not the state of Virginia taken up the subject and instructed her

delegates? Is not this a strong presumption, that she has had direct intelligence from them respecting it; or, is it not conclusive evidence, that the common conversation, and gazette publications (with no disavowal or contradiction by congress) were judged by her to be a sufficient ground whereon to found instructions.

I say no disavowal or contradiction by congress; which, by the bye, is with me conclusive evidence, that this proposition has been made, and is on the tapis. We have lately seen, that, it having been reported that Spain had ceded the Floridas to France, congress have been careful to publish the letter of the count de Vergennes contradicting the report: Is it to be supposed that the congress would hear the disquietude that prevails throughout the states, on account of the report with respect to the Spanish propositions, and not compose the minds of the people, by contradicting it? on these grounds, I can have no doubt that the fact is as stated in the gazettes, and in conversation amongst the people.

It will be said, why instruct our delegates? is there a presumption that they will not do what is right in this case? there is a presumption; because common fame, and the reasoning said to be advanced by some of these delegates in conversation, evinces that they voted in favour of the proposition. If the sense of this house is against it, it will be necessary to bind our delegates by instructions expressive of a contrary sense.

Will it be said that we have not the power to instruct our delegates? I well know that some of the members of the house are prepared to contend this point against me. I would say then, that however doubtful it may be, as to a borough or county to bind their representatives by instructions, there can be no doubt in the case of a representative in congress:—even in the case of a borough or county, it is at most doubtful. Sydney is of opinion that instructions bind

not. Burke in his letter to the citizens of Bristol, has the same sentiment. Lord Abingdon answers Burke, and is supposed to have established a contrary principle. Indeed it seems inseparable from the principle of representation. Montesquieu, in his chapter on the English constitution, takes notice of the sentiment of Sydney, but says there can be no doubt where the body represented is an independent power and has complete government within itself. The deputies of the states general are instructed, and become obedient. Under the articles of confederation, have we not the power of recalling our delegates within the year? Does not this imply a cognizance or knowledge of their votes and sentiments? How shall we recall unless we disapprove, and how shall we disapprove unless we know? If we can recall, may we not instruct? For the great object of delegation is to carry into effect the views of those who delegate.

It will be said all this is unnecessary, for Spain has the right of navigating this river, and our delegates have done justly in conceding it. What? has the court of Spain an exclusive right to this river? Upon what principle is it founded? She has the possession of both shores at the mouth of the river....Does this give a right? On what principle? The law of reason? I should suppose not. It is the law of reason that every man shall have a right to so much of the earth as is necessary for his own subsistence....compacts of society may give more, but under the great law of reason and nature no man has a right to more than he can occupy or appropriate. The right by discovery has been carried to a great length when we speak of stable earth; but this doctrine has not been applied until lately to the element of water. True, the great Selden in what is called his *Mare Clausum* carries his claim of Britain over the high seas to a great length; But Grotius in his *Mare Liberum*, and all the writers on the law of nations, support him in restricting the Englishman to within at least cannon shot of his shore.

Where is it known ; in what country in Europe ; on what river is it pretended, that the possession of one or both shores, or any part, can give an exclusive privilege of the river ? Passing through the straits of El-sineur the Russian may pay toll, but it is in compensation of the expences of the Dane in keeping up a lighthouse on the coast. The Turk has impeded the navigation of the Dardanelles, but it has been fought on the Ister and the Wolga ; the Niester and Boristhenes. The justice of the cause has prevailed, the passage is laid open. The sword of the Russian has commanded it, and the Imperial flag is unfurled on the Archipelago and Mediterranean seas. The navigation of the Danube and the Rhine and other rivers, is settled by the constitutions of the Germanic body. In no case before the present, has the possession of the mouth of a river been supposed to give the exclusive navigation of the whole. To convert the case : would it be justifiable in the United States (were it in their power) to prohibit to Spain the privilege of ascending that river within our boundaries ? Would it be just (were it in our power) to divert the waters of the Mississippi near the source and give them a direction to the lakes and St. Lawrence river ? Spain would reclaim, you have deprived me of my natural right. I sat down upon these shores with the river flowing by them, under the expectation of enjoying this advantage : you deprive me of it, you disappoint my wishes and the great object of the God of nature who bade the river flow in this channel. We will now use this language and say to Spain, you are unjust, and may as well deprive us of the elements of light and air, as of this river. Shall I not taste because another has drank ? Shall I not breathe because another has breathed before me ? Shall I not see because a ray of light has first touched your eye ?

We have a right to use this river even against the first occupants, provided there is space sufficient for

the American bark to pass by the Spanish vessel and fall into the bay of Mexico.

The right is ours on the principle of treaty and convention. On the 10th of February, 1763, the Floridas were ceded by France to Britain, with the free navigation of the Mississippi from the source to the ocean. Subjects of Great-Britain, we remained in that right until the declaration of independence. Did we lose it by that circumstance? We did not certainly; we retained every thing which was ours before, and acquired something more. By the treaty between the United States and Britain, September 3, 1783, the right of the free navigation of this river is recognized to the United States, and this before the cession of the Floridas to Spain. On every principle, therefore, the law of reason, the law of nations, the usage and custom of nations, by treaty and convention the right is ours.

Will it be said that the great writers on the law of nations, Binkershoek, Vattel, Grotius, Puffendorf and others have said nothing explicitly on the right which a nation has of navigation, who possesses both shores of any water? It is laid down by these, that it is allowable to pass through the territory of a neighbouring power to carry war into the country of an adversary; and by close analogy there must be the same privilege of trade through the territory of a neighbouring power and much more of descending a river that passes through his dominions, and of visiting foreign ports.

It will be said, it is our right, and Spain has impliedly admitted it, demanding a guarantee of an exclusive claim of twenty-five years, and proposing commercial advantages in lieu of the guarantee. Let us consider the advantages: they are not reciprocal... The privilege of a commercial subject of Spain is not equal to the privilege of a commercial citizen of these states. Under a despotick monarchy what immunity or safety can a merchant have? Under a free state

his safety is certain, his privilege is secure. Spain, therefore, by giving to an American what we give to a Spaniard, gives less than we give. Will she open all her ports to us? No; approach not the Spanish main; touch not at Porto Rico! Enter not Hispaniola! All her insular possessions are prohibited: even the ports of Bilboa and Guipusca in old Spain are shut to us. What do we give? All our ports are open; ingress to all our harbours.

The exchange is not equal to all the states. She will take fish and lumber from Massachusetts Bay, flour from Pennsylvania, but she will refuse tobacco from Maryland and Virginia.

The exchange is not equivalent. We gain nothing more than what we shall always have while the wants of this power remain the same. If she refuses to receive our fish, lumber, or flour, the vacuum will be supplied elsewhere, and the commodity will go to that market.

With respect to her interposition with the Barbary powers in our behalf, much cannot be expected from it: a treaty with those powers is like a treaty with savages, it is of short continuance. The moment she will cease to pay, they will commence war. She cannot defend herself or her more particular friends from them. Do we not lately hear of a Neapolitan vessel that had been detained by them, even though the property of don Carlos, the king of the two Sicilies, nephew of the Spanish sovereign. It would be infinitely more eligible to depend upon ourselves and secure the affections of our people.

It is laid down by some merchants with whom I have conversed, that a trade with the western country would be more profitable than a trade with Spain. This country will be the Germany of America; *officina gentium*, the great birth place of nations, where millions yet unborn shall exist: it will be the Russia of America in point of the trade which will be carried on. Iron, lumber, hemp, hides, fur and other



things will be carried hence by the merchants of these very towns on the sea coast, and like the towns in Holland and England by the Russian trade, they will be enriched and aggrandized. Not until the population of the western country is extended will even Philadelphia become a great city. I have seen this during the war; the traders coming from this city, planting themselves on our rivers with merchandise and stores, and collecting the produce of the country, descending by the Ohio river, and vending their cargoes at New-Orleans, or the foreign markets—returned again to this city, and laid out the money which they had acquired. If in course of a war, amidst the danger of savages on the river banks, frequently capturing the boats, this trade was so beneficial, what might we not expect if it was unrestrained, and the communication open? The benefit of that country was sensibly felt. Since the decline of trade, even at this time, the whole country languishes: the wheat of last year lies in the barn: there is no object to prompt industry—we are sinking to the pastoral and bordering on the barbaric state.

But have congress the power to cede to Spain the navigation of the river? they have not. By an article of the confederation it is provided, ‘that the territory of any state shall not be ceded for the benefit of the whole.’ How, then, shall territorial advantages be ceded, without which the territory is of no value? You may cede the territory, if you cede the river by which it is watered, &c. by which you have a communication with the ocean and with the world.

Change the case: have the congress a right to cede the navigation of the Potomack or the Delaware? Philadelphia may one day be the rival of New-Orleans: encouraged by our facility, she may demand that this river be occluded, and propose to the united states commercial advantages, in exchange for this sacrifice.

Had congress the power, would it be expedient? will it not alienate the affections of this infant country? will they not bind themselves with Canada, or endeavour to detach some of the southern states. Is it of no service to preserve the affections of this infant country? *Treat thy son delicately, says the wise man, and when he is grown up he will be thy friend.* Make peace with the young lion; an injury in distress is not easily forgotten—favours to the unprotected are more gratefully remembered. The western country may long be preserved by the maternal embrace of the eastern part of the continent. Roused with indignancy she will resent the wrongs of direliction.

Will it be honourable to you, O states of America! to immolate your sons, your younger sons to the avarice or jealousy of Spain? Sons, younger sons, in age and fortune, will you lose your natural right, and see the streamlets which spring from your own soil, fall away and swell the pride of Spain? No—descend upon the waves and enjoy what God and Nature has given you.

Will Britain be able to guarantee to Spain the exclusive navigation of these streams? No, she will deceive her; the inhabitants will go down as securely as the mighty floods that swell the Mississippi in the spring and autumnal seasons. If they have not a free and unimpeded descent, they will bend like the floods themselves, and flowing over the banks of this river, pass to the Mexican kingdoms. The inhabitants of this country will not be deprived of this trade: like the Tartar or Kamscatscadale, they will wander down; (leagued with ten nations of savages in their train) they will overwhelm the settlements of Spain, tear thy subject from her dominions, and the ribs of gold from her mines.

The savage chiefs are contemptible who promise to restrain their young men and cannot do it. Let not the United States resemble them in this: let Spain at once decisively be told, that she asks what

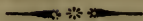
cannot be granted, and what in the nature of things cannot be enjoyed. Is Spain apprehensive of our neighbourhood? Let her then conciliate our good will. An hundred ages may pass away before we disturb her, if she allows us what is our just right. Nations (like individuals) by claiming what they ought not to acquire, lose what they already have. Has it not been in one remarkable instance the case with this power? Philip the second invaded the liberties, civil and religious, of the Austrian provinces: the result was, that seven of these states, exist at this day, an independent government. Though his armies were led by the experienced duke of Alva, after thirty years war, he was vanquished in his projects. The house of Austria was compelled to surrender even the exercise of a natural right, The navigation of the river Scheldt. The ruins of Antwerp stand a memento to the pride of Spain. What? shall the states of Holland boast in early life, young and unprotected, and a few years after they were reduced to the necessity of embarking with their families and effects on the Zuyder Sea: shall they boast of having compelled the power with whom they had contended, to yield a just right....and shall we, equally victorious over a more formidable adversary, yield to Spain, fallen from the splendour and strength of Austrian greatness, what she claims by injustice, what she holds by wrong?

Where is the spirit of those times, when on Staten-Island our commissioners bade defiance to the Howes, and refused to relinquish our independence?....The Howes at the head of a fleet and army equal in numbers, and superior in discipline to that with which Alexander subdued the world? Where is the spirit of those times when Carlisle and Eden addressed themselves to the congress, at Yorktown, when it was answered that *not until driven west of yonder mountains shall we commence a treaty on those principles?*

Whence is it that congress have fallen to this timidity and irresolution? Is it owing to the want of power...is it owing to the want of treasure? Are they sensible of weakness? There is equal strength; there are the same resources; there is greater strength; there are improved resources in the states, but the means are deficient to bring them forth. Reprobated by the councils of those states, who will hesitate to give them powers? If they shew timidity then we shall despise them. Let us collect the union; let us bind fast the buckle of the confederacy, combine the power, and secure the affections of our people, and these states, like wheels moving on iron gudgeons, and constituting a great machine, will resist all impression. Roused at the prospect of sustaining injury or insult, they will assert their honour, and repulse all indignity. It is my voice that we instruct our delegates, that with firmness they expostulate with Spain on this point, and obtain an instant relinquishment of the unjust claim, an instant opening of this river to our trade. It is my voice, and there are two hundred thousand people on the west of the mountains (more inhabitants than there are in some of our states) who, were they present, would shout the same language.

But I conclude that it is the good policy of Spain to desist from this claim. Zimenes, her great minister, were he alive, would tell her so, and that it would be as easy to bid the floods of the Mississippi fall back to the source whence they spring, as to check or prevent our trade with the ocean.

It will be wise in this court to withdraw the proposition, compose the spirit of America, and give quiet to our minds.



THE Legislature of Pennsylvania, of which I was a member at the time, took a lead in appointing delegates to new-model the confederation of the United States; when the new Constitution had been reported to our house, it remained to call a convention of the state to deliberate on the adoption of it. An opposition was found to exist, at least to the calling a convention at that time, and there appeared no prospect to the dissentients of defeating it but by absenting themselves from the house, of which the following is a statement made at the time and published in the gazette of the western country, and supported by some pleasantry in a poetical way turning to ridicule the attempt, and calculated to allay the unfavourable impressions made upon the publick mind by the circumstance.



NARRATIVE OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE LATE  
SESSION OF ASSEMBLY, SO FAR AS THEY RESPECT  
THE SYSTEM OF CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT,  
PROPOSED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE  
STATES AT PHILADELPHIA.



WHEN the late general convention of delegates from twelve states, which sat at Philadelphia, had dissolved, it was signified to our house, by our delegates in that body, that they were ready to report what had been done by them in the business to which they had been appointed. They were accordingly introduced, and the aged and venerable Franklin having address-

ed the speaker, delivered to him that plan of government for the states, which had been the result of four months deliberation. At the request of the house it was read by the speaker himself, a very numerous gallery attending; some of the most respectable inhabitants of Philadelphia, whom the greatness of the occasion had induced to be present. Silence was preserved until they had retired from the house; but then an universal acclamation was heard, and a current of joy ran through the city, and the bells rung. There being now a prospect that we should enjoy the fruits of our sufferings through the revolution; by the happiness of a forcible and effective government, which would secure peace at home, and give us respect abroad.

Petitions were presented in a few days to the house from near ten thousand of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, and the neighbourhood, all ranks and parties joining to request the house that they would recommend the choosing representatives in a convention of the state, to adopt this frame of government. On Friday, the day before we had proposed to adjourn, a member moved to take the sense of the house on this subject. A debate ensued; some being of opinion that we ought to wait until we heard from Congress, our present federal head, and to whom the late convention had made report. That indeed we had no right to proceed in this business until the Congress should recommend it. For by the articles of confederation "no two or more states shall enter into any treaty, confederation or alliance whatever between them, without the consent of the United States in Congress assembled; nor shall any alteration be made unless agreed to by Congress, and confirmed by the thirteen states."

To this it was answered, that the calling the late convention did not originate with Congress; it began with the state of Virginia, which was followed by this state, without any hint of the necessity of this mea-

sure from Congress whatever ; it was a proceeding altogether out of the confederation, and with which Congress had nothing to do. The refusal of Rhode-Island to confirm that alteration of the articles of confederation which gave to Congress the right of imposing five per cent on all imports, had shewn the necessity of departing from the articles which rendered it necessary that thirteen states should agree in any alteration, and had given rise to the calling the convention. This was recurring to the great source of all authority, the people, and taking up the thing wholly on new ground. It was a direct violation of the articles of confederation, and in the face of them, and therefore it was improper to consult Congress about it ; that they ought not to seem to know any thing of it, until the new system was organized, and the dissolution of the old pronounced. It would be unnatural in the present Congress to recommend their own death. That the convention had reported to Congress was not necessary ; for the delegates of each state doubtless reported to their several legislatures, and that was sufficient. It was a thing merely of compliment that the convention had reported to Congress ; and it was a thing merely of compliment in us to wait for any communication of Congress respecting it.

In the second place, if we should leave the matter to the representatives of the next house, it would be late in the year before a convention could meet according to their recommendation ; this state would lose the credit of taking the lead in the business ; other states who might follow would not have time sufficient before December 1788, the time appointed for the meeting of the new Congress, to provide for the choosing delegates, &c. or to make any arrangement which might be necessary for the organization of the new system.

The sense of the house being taken, there were 43 in favour of the motion ; 19 against it.

It was now the middle of the day, and the house adjourned until the afternoon. On the roll being called at this time, there were nineteen absent, and eighteen of those who had voted against the motion in the fore part of the day. There not being a house, forty-five members only present, the sergeant at arms was dispatched to desire their attendance. On his return being examined, he informed the speaker that he had found the members convened at the house of major ———, with two of the council, Messrs. ——— and ———. That he had delivered the message, but they had declined to attend. On this the members present were requested by the speaker to attend on the next day, at the usual hour of adjournment, viz. half past nine o'clock in the forenoon. At this time the forty-five members met, but the abscondents on the former day were still absent. The speaker informed the members, that he had that morning received from Congress by express who had rode all night from New-York, and arrived about 6 o'clock, *dispatches containing an unanimous resolution of that body recommending to the states the calling a convention for the consideration of the new system.* That he had taken the trouble to call on Messrs. ———, ———, and others, and to shew them these dispatches; that all ground of debate being now removed, they might come, and join the other members in this and the remaining business of the house. That as nevertheless these members had not attended, it would be proper to send the sergeant at arms with a message to them. For not only this business of recommending the calling a convention, but also much other business remained to be completed. There were ten bills lying on the table ready to be passed into laws, all which would be lost unless a house could be made; a great deal of inferior business to be arranged, which should the next house have to go over again, it would cost the state some thousand dollars. On this the sergeant at arms was dis-



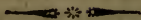
patched, together with a clerk of the house, to read to the refractory members, the dispatches of Congress, for the arrival of which they had the day before insisted the house ought to wait.

The sergeant at arms returned with two of these members, ——— ———, and informed the house, that he had not been able to deliver the message to the others; he had got his eye on some of them, but they had disappeared; particularly he pursued ——— ——— the length of a square, but he *hastened his pace*, and by turning a corner got out of view.\*

But there being now a quorum, it was proposed to proceed to business; when ———, rose and informed the house, that he had been brought there by constraint; it was observed that the house could take no cognizance of the manner in which he was brought. If force was necessary to bring him to do his duty, the more shame for him. But there he was, and it remained to proceed to business. On this he offered five shillings the fine for non-attendance, and proposed to withdraw. The house refused to give him leave, and he sat down. The business was completed in the course of the day, and the house dissolved.

There can be no doubt but that it was in the power of the house, to have dispatched the sergeant at arms for the refractory members who were absent, and that it was in his power to have called on the posse to assist him in bringing them in by force. That also it was in the power of the house to have fined and imprisoned them for this *contempt*; but as a house was made without them, it was thought not worth consuming the time of going through this, on their account; more especially as there was scarcely time remaining sufficient to conclude the business of the session, in the course of the day, being Saturday, and the members were anxious to return home.

\* *He lay that whole afternoon in the upper story of the house of ——— ———.*



ON THE RUNNING AWAY OF THE NINETEEN MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY FROM THE HOUSE, WHEN IT WAS PROPOSED TO CALL A CONVENTION TO CONSIDER THE NEW SYSTEM OF CONGRESSIONAL GOVERNMENT; AND ON THE APOLOGY MADE BY THEM IN THEIR ADDRESS, &c.

*A HUDIBRASTIC.*



AWAY from me all jests and slurs,  
 On Pennsylvania senators,  
 Save those alone the Tergent few,  
 Who from the senate-house withdrew  
 When was proposed new government :  
 For as if demon had been sent,  
 To strike them with phrenetic fury,  
 They ran off headlong hurry scurry :  
 Some ran to cellars, or absconded  
 In kitchens, and were there impounded—  
 'Mongst these there ran a western wight,  
 Who took the fore way in the flight ;  
 He got a garret by his clambering,  
 And lay all day in his mind hammering  
 Escape from danger and alarms  
 Of furious, fiery sergeant at arms,  
 Aided by tumultous rabble,  
 Who from the gallery slipt cable

To take and bring him to the house,  
While here he lay entrenched like mouse.

But now uplifting eye 'midst barrels,  
The caitiff spoke : ah me what perils  
Environ when the city posse,  
Draws fist enrag'd across the nose o' ye !  
Enough to vex a son of Adam,  
To be pursued by such a swad o'em  
'Twas well I took the first door open,  
Though here I ly pent up in cow pen.

Just at that instant came the house-maid  
Alarm'd by hearing such strange noise made,  
Mistook the thing she saw for robber,  
And was afraid he might play hob with her ;  
She scream'd aloud ; up came the mistress,  
To learn the occasion of the distress,  
She join'd the scream ; next came the host,  
To see if 'twas a rat or ghost....  
The wight began to claw his breech,  
And make apologizing speech....  
I am, said he, an assemblyman,  
Who to this upper story ran....  
Assemblyman !....by the life of Pharaoh,  
You are from the wheel barrow,  
Do not I hear the chains rattle,  
That usually are ty'd to cattle ?  
With that he knock'd him down with bludgeon,  
And drew him from his airy lodging ;

And on the lower floor put question,  
 Has he a party colour'd vest on,  
 Or is his head shav'd ? at this crisis,  
 Said one examine what his phiz is.  
 The wight was known, a senator !  
 No room to doubt it, or demur.  
 But now distinguish'd clear as day-light,  
 They wash'd his face and gave him eye-light :  
 And the domestics over-joy'd  
 Convey'd him to the house of Boyd.

Here were conven'd of the nineteen,  
 Who in the apostacy had been,  
 A dozen or more : say shall I use  
 Feign'd names as doth the inventive muse,  
 Or in direct expression call,  
 Each by his own name literal ?  
 I chuse the first ; then say there were,  
 Two orators of speech more clear,  
 Could scarce tell which of them was worth'er ;  
 Grogram the one, Bogram the other.  
 Grogram spoke first : ah what avails,  
 This stratagem of turning tails ?  
 A house is made ; the business done,  
 Convention will be call'd anon,  
 This system that we so much dread,  
 Will soon like cap be pull'd o'er head ;  
 A hanging matter to our wishes,  
 Not giving time to say God bless us.  
 So universal is the current  
 We dare not openly make stir in't

But how to meditate side blow,  
Is what we must determine now.

Bogram : one way is left alone,  
To keep the thing from going down ;  
That is to make a contribution  
Of clamour of the constitution.  
In popular measure when good reason,  
Has come across, and stop'd my weazon,  
I oft have try'd this last resource,  
And found it had a magic force,  
To quell objections and prostrate,  
All argument of sober weight.....  
Call constitution.

—————Grogram now ;  
I fear my friend this will not do,  
The thing is made a stalking horse,  
So long that almost every nurse,  
Knows that it is a pussy tabby,  
To still the populace like baby ;  
A stratagem long us'd in war,  
Is lost because familiar,  
Like silly boy that oft cries fire,  
Is reckoned by the others a liar,  
Expedient of novel nature,  
In state affairs is always better,  
Unless some other scheme is got,  
Our projects must all go to pot.

Now at this critical non plus,  
Our wight arose and argued thus :

Though constitution's almost done,  
There's still some picking in the bone,  
A new occasion gives new use,  
And let's the prejudices loose,  
No writing can be understood,  
Or read at once by the multitude,  
And in obscurity there's fear ;  
So, we can get a foot-hold here,  
Say that this novel government,  
Is form'd by them with an intent,  
To eat up the offices of the state,  
And make each one of themselves great ;  
'That under this outrageous system  
No man alive will dare say peas t' them,  
That soldiers arm'd with battle axes,  
Henceforward will collect the taxes ;  
That the convention in great fury,  
Have taken away the trial by jury ;  
That liberty of the press is gone,  
We shall be hang'd each mothers son ;  
Say Lord knows what, as comes in head,  
Pretences for a scare crow made ;  
Tell them that Mason of Virginia,  
And Randolph shun'd the ignominy  
Of putting hand to the state paper,  
And Eldridge Gerry made a caper,  
The other way : say this and more t' 'em,  
And leave the result of it to fortune,  
Or in the words of better sense,  
To good discretion and Providence.

Just at this moment came a writer,  
Had drawn up all these paragraphs better ;  
It was in shape of an address,  
In substance neither more nor less  
Than an apology worth making,  
For their disorderly HOUSE-BREAKING...  
Accosting them ; said he my masters,  
Here is the sovereign of all plaisters  
For your desertion from the senate,  
Cost me a good deal of pains to pen it ;  
The address was read ; it was approved ;  
All made their marks to it as behoved ;  
The writer thank'd ; nor could do less ;  
They hurry'd it away to the press.

Now Grogram rose....'Tis well what's done,  
Though still we are but coming on ;  
For who so buried in the ocean  
Of ignorance to credit notion,  
That WASHINGTON could have design,  
Our government to undermine ;  
Or aged FRANKLIN to erase  
Our constitution from the base.  
Or other wise men of convention  
Have such inferior intention ;  
Or that conspiring, one and all,  
They form'd a plan tyrannical,  
To eat up liberty among us  
And make our laws a mere Mundungus ?

Besides our names just put on paper,  
 Will sanction the convention labour ;  
 For who will not give preference,  
 In point of reason and of sense,  
 To list of members from the states,  
 Compar'd with our inferior pates ?  
 There's Wight himself just come from mooring,  
 His anchor on the upper flooring  
 Is in reality but a weaver,  
 Though at his trade he may be clever.

This gave offence to signior WIGHT,  
 Was almost angry enough to bite,  
 For true, he was of the occupation,  
 Nor did he think it a degradation,  
 Unless when wagg, just fiddle faddle,  
 In way of talk, would call him, TRADDLE.  
 But being now assemblyman,  
 He wish'd to put it off his hand,  
 And keep the mystery from view ;  
 But we shall call him Traddle too.  
 Just for the whim of the odd name,  
 For what we call him 'tis the same....  
 Provided we but know what's meant,  
 Which of all language is the intent ;  
 Then as he means to speak, BE IT KNOWN,  
 TRADDLE is the name he must own.

Traddle....stop, sir, 'tis ill bred,  
 To throw reflections on a trade....  
 What tho' I drive a shuttle, yet,



I may be charg'd with affairs of state,  
 A weaver is as good's a farmer,  
 And often by profession far more,  
 Vers'd in news and politics,  
 So no more of your dry tricks  
 To slur men's calling....

—————Pardon sir,  
 Quoth Grogam, I mean not to slur,  
 Or give opinion of the matter,  
 Or move at your expence my laughter,  
 I only hint what others may,  
 Invidiously in this case, say,  
 When they compare both lists together,  
 That of convention and this, whether,  
 The occupation and the trading,  
 Will not be brought heels over head in,  
 As whether you or old Ben Franklin,  
 Ought to be follow'd in the wrangling....  
 You skill'd in woof and warp, while he  
 Has travell'd over land and sea  
 Survey'd all states and the foundation  
 Of government through every nation ;  
 Not that I doubt you may be equal  
 To him and shew it in the sequel,  
 But some may doubt you could at once  
 By force of yourself make such a boice.

Grogam : I verily believe,  
 Bogram has no design to give  
 Offence to Traddle ; but what's true,  
 In this case, 'twill give much ado,

To overpower the names against us,  
 Although we take the greatest pains t'us ;  
 But let us do what can be done.  
 For instance, as to WASHINGTON,  
 Say his skill lies wholly in arms,  
 And care of his Virginia farms ;  
 But nothing knows of state affairs,  
 No more than Buff'lo does of prayers ;  
 And as to FRANKLIN say he fails,  
 In judgment as his age prevails ;  
 These hints will help the lame dog over  
 The stile and give us time moreover,  
 To breathe awhile ; the worst o' the worst  
 Is but to be where were at first.  
 Thus having spoke all bow'd acclame  
 And seem'd to think the very same !

Just at this instant came a writer ;  
 What if I should throw in my mite here ?  
 Give inuendoes out in legions  
 And string objections up like pigeons—  
 Here is a piece sign'd Centinel\*  
 If that will do, as false as hell,  
 This may accompany the address  
 As greater snake is by the less.  
 It was approv'd and Traddle spoke,

Grogram and Bogram, you are folk,  
 Who know the tricks and quirks of law,

\* *A Publication at this time in numbers against the adoption of the Constitution.*

What power it has to clapper claw ;  
 Say in your wisdom what redress,  
 Against insurgents more or less,  
 Who with such after claps broke loose,  
 When we absconded from the house ;  
 Is not such overshot of rage,  
 Breach of assembly privilege ?  
 Where commonwealth in her own right,  
 May order attorney to indict ?

Grogram—amongst ourselves I say't  
 I rather fear event that state  
 Will order bill for misdemeanour,  
 Against us taken in the mainour  
 Of BREAKING HOUSE. It may be said,  
 That run-away match we have made,  
 Is in despight of rule and order,  
 And doth on sort of treason border,  
 Dissolving government at once,  
 By such clandestine kind of sponce  
 And terg'versation.

—————Bogram—I differ ;  
 For has it not been argued ever  
 That constitution needs a check,  
 Of upper house, to take by th' neck  
 The lower ; Now outer house may be,  
 Of the same use. Minority,  
 In any instance may withdraw,  
 And give a negative to the law.

Traddle—Just my opinion of the matter,  
 It is the speediest check in nature,

And leaves the government still simple,  
 Those therefore who would compel,  
 Our pers'nal presence when absconding,  
 By riotous assault and wounding,  
 Deserve the rigour of the law,  
 With every kind of clapper claw,  
 Of action and indictment bill,  
 And punishment against their will  
 For the misprision.

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Program to Traddle :

But when the juries come to meddle,  
 With time and place and where of the assault,  
 Whether in garret or in vault,  
 And how we hasten'd from the sergeant,  
 Dispatch'd to bring us message urgent,  
 The circumstance against us there,  
 May seem t' affect our character.  
 For instance it may come to our spotises  
 That we were found in bawdy houses,  
 Or that with wine being mellower,  
 Had fallen down the steps of a cellar.  
 It may be said by way of burlesque,  
 That Traddle while he lay at his risque,  
 In garret was of the UPPER HOUSE,  
 And other things ridiculous.  
 It may be said that skunks we are  
 And wage posterior kind of war :  
 For when we mean the most t' offend;  
 We turn about the other end.

Scarce ended speech when Boyd the host,  
 Rush'd in and bid each take his post,  
 In other quarters of the town,  
 For there was Barry\* coming down,  
 With half a legion of the posse,  
 Swearing should he come across ye,  
 To tar and feather ye like geese,  
 And tear my house down in a trice.

A word to the wise was here enough,  
 The orators and groupe ran off  
 And when poor Barry came to search,  
 He found he was left in the lurch.

\* *Captain.*



A DEFENCE being published of the absconding from the house of delegates as *the only check* in the power of the minority, the following observations were addressed in support of that idea.



YOU have great merit in answering an objection which has been made to the constitution of Pennsylvania, the want of an efficient *check* on the enacting laws hastily. There is not an upper, but there may be an outer house, the dissenting members absconding or receding when the vote is about to be taken. The *many* can enact laws, but the *few* may prevent. It is in fact putting the government into the hands of the *minority*, for without them cannot any thing be

done that is done. But this is analogous to things in nature. The tail is a small part of the fish, and yet it directs the whole body. The rudder of a ship is small, compared with the hull and rigging, and yet it moves it any way. What wonder then, that the minority by *turning tail*, should govern the whole legislature?

I acknowledge this will considerably affect the system of education; alertness and speed of foot becoming the necessary qualification of a legislator; for if a member is not swift in running off, the check may be lost, the vote being taken before he fairly disappears. There will hence be two kinds of motions in the house, that to the speaker and the other to the door.

It may be well to study wrestling. A scuffle may ensue, the minority endeavouring to get out, and the majority to keep them in. On the principle of strength of body, skill in jostling, and agility of heels, it will be improper to send old and weak men to the house, because they will be unable to exercise this *check* to advantage.

A doctor must be paid to attend the house, with plaisters for the broken shins of the members, over benches running off. A boy also to pick up wigs. It would be adviseable in all cases where the vote does not come too quick upon them, to withdraw insensibly, by slipping out one by one, until they are all gone.

Great is the excellence of this check, and the inventor of it deserves as great a premium as the discoverer of the longitude. Nevertheless it will be proper to exercise it modestly, and not be retrograding always on every negative, lest they make a farce of the business.

On the same principles that I justify the minority, which is the *mob* of the house, in withdrawing, I would apologize for the *mob out of doors* in bringing them back; that is a *secondary check* in the constitu-

tion, giving perfect safety, which no other government on earth has. That they have the right to bring them back on the principles of the constitution, there can be no doubt. Each member is the representative, not of his particular county only, but of the whole state. Every constituent has therefore an interest in the attendance of each member. On his departure may he not take him up and bring him back to his duty?

Indeed, had the *mob* no right, yet it would be impossible to hinder them from exercising this check; for when they see men running, how can they tell but that they have stolen money from some of their colleagues, who may wish to have them back in order to be searched.

There is only one thing against this check, and that is, the indignity done to the members; and the consequent indecency of chasing them like men escaped from the wheel-barrow, and ferreting them out of garrets and cellars, in order to retake and bring them back to their places. Another thing is, that breaking up the house, unless they can be retaken, the work they leave undone is all lost, which may often cost the state great sums of money; but this might be laid as a tax upon their own estates, and so this excellent check still preserved.

Having thus acknowledged the use of this *negative* and shewn the right of the *minority of the constituents*, viz. a mob to *counter check* this, the constitution, like a double geered mill, will be allowed by all good judges to be the best that the wit of man can devise.



THE preceding was not without its effect at the time ; but as the Hudibrastic rhyme had attracted attention and was in the mouths of the people, and the minority continuing to justify the secession it was thought not amiss to follow it up with another scrap in the same vein of irony and burlesque.



APOLOGY FOR THE DISSENTIENTS IN THE STATE  
CONVENTION.



AS natural bodies are made up,  
Of higher, lower, bottom, top,  
In other words of head and tail,  
So bodies politick as well,  
Of upper, nether, end should be.  
Why then indignant do we see,  
Such things as Traddle and Humbugum,  
And Tadryhash, and hogum mogum,  
'Mongst managers of state affairs,  
Of which they know no more than bears ?  
Will not a sample such as these,  
With sense not half so much as geese,  
Serve properly to represent,  
The ignorance by which they're sent,  
And shew that in the common weal,  
There is a head as well as tail ?



There's no philosopher but construes,  
That thing a prodigy, or monstrous,  
Which from the natural shape departs,  
And has not all its proper parts.  
'Twas thus devising, the nineteen,  
Who in the apostacy were seen,  
When first the question was propos'd  
The general government oppos'd ;  
Because when others got a start,  
'Twas right to be th' inferior part,  
And for the sake of natural order,  
With head above, posteriors under,  
And least the contrary should prevail,  
Did actually themselves *turn tail*.

Then why upbraid assemblymen,  
For what was modesty in them ;  
Or why arraign convention members,  
For being sort of under timbers,  
I'th the state ship, by holding back,  
When weightiest interest was at stake,  
And still preserving natural order,  
Of stem and stern would go no further ?  
They say themselves in their dissent,  
'Twas on this principle they went,  
Because in constitution novel,  
They could not toss up with a shovel,  
To rank of Congress, weavers, coopers,  
And every sort of interlopers,  
To be a draw-back on affairs,  
And lurch the house at unawares.

I grant there's not a grain of sense,  
 In what they liberally dispense,  
 (And marks the heart bad, or the head dull,)  
 Of constitution wanting schedule  
 Or inventory, or if you will,  
 A kind of apothecary bill  
 Of rights—For is not instrument  
 Which gives the idea of government,  
 The schedule or the bill in question,  
 And gives in article and section—  
 What right *each state* has in the *union*,  
 And what the whole have in *communion* ?

But still that argument has weight,  
 Which turns which way it will the pate,  
 Nor should discarded be a phrase,  
 Which puzzles so the populace.  
 The term itself is good enough  
 In British constitution wove,  
 A *statute* which bank'd out the crown,  
 Whose boundary had not been known—  
 But where no crown is to oppose,  
 What there's to do with it, God knows,  
 No matter ; for it answers purpose,  
 And helps an arguer out in discourse.

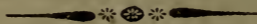
I grant I would have studied years,  
 To raise objections and bug-bears,  
 Before this would have cross'd my wizen,  
 As having the least shew of reason ;  
 Or when suggested could believe,  
 That men such nonsense would receive—

But is there not in all things else,  
A kind of toss up, heads and tails,  
And great effects do oft arise  
From cause too small for human eyes ;  
Nor can at all times sages tell,  
By philosophic lore or spell,  
How the inferior means may work,  
Which under inexperience lurk.

When first I heard the phrase I laugh'd,  
As if the devil himself had calv'd,  
The strange absurdity—forsooth,  
“ It takes away the rights of both,  
The heart and head :” Though by the bye,  
No mortal can tell how or why—  
Let any man consult his own sense,  
And say how *liberty of conscience*,  
Can be restrain'd in an ill hour,  
By Congress who have no such power.  
Or how the *freedom of the press*,  
Can be molested more or less,  
With which they have no more to do,  
Than with the Alcoran a Jew.  
As well may freedom of the teeth,  
Men use to chew provisions with,  
Be thought in danger, and jaw bone  
Of all dread padlocks save their own.

But still this reasoning good or bad,  
Shews the position I have made,  
That authors of this kind of thesis  
Are at the fag-end of their species.

But whence is it that most of these,  
 Were of the western country geese ?  
 Because 'tis reasonable that we  
 The legislative tail-tree be.  
 Let Philadelphia be the head,  
 And Lancaster the shoulder blade ;  
 And thence collecting in a clump,  
 A place called Stoney-Ridge the rump,  
 The tail will naturally stretch,  
 Across the Alleghany ridge,  
 While we submit to stubborn fate,  
 And be the backside of the state.



THE following is a sample, perhaps a caricature of the objections to the adopting the Federal Constitution, as they appeared in the publications of the time. Ridicule is not the test of truth, but it may be employed to expose error, and on this occasion it seemed not amiss to use it a little, as a great object was at stake, and much prejudice or wilful misrepresentation to be encountered. It will shew also that, on our part, though in a remote quarter, we were willing to be assisting, and contributed a little to consolidate the government of the union, which, after all the pains taken, was with great difficulty brought about.

*Tantæ molis erat rempublicam condere nostram.*

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CURSORY REMARKS ON THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

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IT is not my intention to enter largely into a consideration of this plan of government, but to suggest some ideas in addition, and of the same nature with those already made ; shewing the imperfections and the danger of it.

\* The first thing that strikes a diligent observer, is the want of precaution with respect to the *sex* of the president. Is it provided that he shall be of the male gender ? The Salii, a tribe of the Burgundians, in the eleventh century, excluded females from the sovereignty. Without a similar exclusion what shall we think, if in progress of time we should come to have an *old woman* at the head of our affairs ? But what security have we that he shall be a *white man* ? What would be the national disgrace if he should be elected from one of the southern states, and a *vile negro* should come to rule over us ? Treaties would then be formed with the tribes of Congo and Loango ; instead of the civilized countries of Europe. But is there any security that he shall be a *freeman* ? Who knows but the electors at a future period, in days of corruption may pick up a man's servant, a convict perhaps, and give him the dominion ? Is any care taken that he shall be a man of perfect parts ? Moses, the legislator of the Jews, precluded those labouring under any incapacity from entering the congregation of the Lord. Shall we in affairs of a civil nature, leave a door open to bastards, eunuchs and the devil knows what ?

A senate is the next great constituent part of the government ; and yet there is not a word said with

regard to the ancestry of any of them ; whether they should be altogether Irish or only Scotch Irish. If any of them have been in the war of the White Boys, Hearts of Oak or the like, they may overturn all authority, and make the shillela the supreme law of the land.

The house of representatives is so large that it never can be built. They may begin it, but it never can be finished. Ten miles square ! Babylon itself, unless the suburbs were taken into view, was not of greater extent.

But what avails it to dwell on these things. The want of a *bill of rights* is the great evil. There was no occasion for a bill of *wrongs* ; for there will be *wrongs* enough. But oh ! a *bill of rights*. What is the nature of a *bill of rights* ? *It is a schedule or inventory of those powers which the Congress do not possess.* But if it is clearly ascertained what powers they have, what need of a catalogue of those powers which they have not ? Ah ! there is the mistake. A minister preaching, undertook, first, to shew what was in his text ; second, what was not in it. When it is specified what powers are given, why not also what powers are not given ? A bill of rights is wanting and all those things which are usually secured under it.

1. The *rights of conscience* are swept away. The Confession of Faith, the Shorter Catechism, and the Pilgrims Progress are to go. The Psalms of Watts I am told, is the only thing of this kind that is to have any quarter at all.

2. The *liberty of the press* ; that is gone at the first stroke. Not so much as an advertisement for a stray horse, or runaway negro, can be put in any of the Gazettes.

3. The *trial by jury*, that is knocked in the head, and all that worthy class of men, the lawyers, who live by haranguing and bending the juries, are demolished.

I would submit it to any candid man, if in this con-

stitution there is the least provision for the privilege of shaving the beard? or is there any mode laid down to take the measure of a pair of breeches? Whence then is it that men of learning seem so much to approve, while the ignorant are against it? The cause is perfectly apparent, viz. that reason is an erring guide, while instinct, which is the governing principle of the untaught is certain. Put a pig in a poke, carry it half a day's journey through woods and by-ways; let it out and it will run home without deviation. Could old Franklin do this? What reason then have we to suppose that his judgment, or that of gen. Washington, could be equal to that of ——— in state affairs.

Were it not on this principle that we are able to account for it, it might be thought strange that old Livingston, of the Jerseys, could be so hood-winked as to give his sanction to such a diabolical scheme of tyranny amongst men. A constitution which may well be called hell-born. For if all the devils in Pandemonium had been employed about it, they could not have made a worse.

Neil Mac Laughlin, a neighbour of mine, who has been talking with ———, says, that under this constitution all weavers are to be put to death. What have these innocent manufacturers done that they should be so proscribed?

Let other states think what they will of it, there is one reason why every Pennsylvanian should execrate this imposition upon mankind. It will make his state most probably the seat of government, and bring all the officers, and cause a great part of the revenue to be expended here. This must make the people rich, enable them to pay their debts and corrupt their morals. Any citizen, therefore, on the Delaware or Susquehanna waters ought to be hanged and cursed that would give it countenance.

I shall content myself at present with these strictures, but shall continue them from time to time as occasion may require.



AFTER the adoption of the Federal Constitution, by a Convention of the Citizens in the several states of the Union, it came to be proposed in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to call a Convention to new-model the Constitution of that Commonwealth. The following was published by me on that occasion, and it may be seen that I considered it as of dangerous precedent, to call a Convention, *not having taken a vote of the whole people on the previous question, whether a Convention shall be called or not.*



#### ON THE CALLING A CONVENTION.



I TAKE this to be a question of the greatest possible moment to the citizens of the state. I have deliberated on it long; have felt a strong inclination to favour the measure, both from personal attachment to the men who propose it; and because I think the state government requires a new organization, and a different disposition of its powers. But weighty arguments against it force themselves upon my mind: I do not think it any *violation of oath* in the representative body to propose it; and though not within the sphere of their appointment, yet as persons occasionally together; I see no evil in suggesting it. But premitting the origin and source of the measure; let us examine the *necessity or expediency of it.*

It is said by the recommendation, that, 1st. "Various instances occur, where this form is contradictory to the constitution of the United States." There may be such, but none occurs to me.



2d. "Which every member of the legislature, and all executive and judicial officers must be bound by oath or affirmation to support." Will oaths bind those whom honour and interest will not? I hope to see the day, when *oaths of office* shall be banished, and things be left upon the proper ground, the sense of right, the opinion of others, or the fear of the laws. I think it an inconsistency in the very principle that persons who are capable of meditating a departure from duty in office, could be deterred by an oath. But if an oath in this case is of any use, why not exact it by a law under the present constitution, as it is in favour of a government established by a convention of the people?

3d. "The burthen and expence of the present form of government is with difficulty borne." I will venture to say it will not be less under any other, nor ought it to be less. The government of such a commonwealth, cannot be supported with dignity at a less expence: But under a different organization there may be a more judicious application of the same expences; I mean chiefly in the abridgement or dissolution of the executive council; the same sum being applied for the support of a *legislative senate*.

4th. "The community hath an unalienable, indubitable and indefeasible right, to reform, alter or abolish government." But, have the majority, or any greater part, that right? This depends on the forms of the original compact. I should think myself unsafe under any government which the majority could change at pleasure: At the same time equally unfortunate, under one where no alteration could be brought about but by the consent of the whole community. The medium has been wisely struck in all governments formed on first principles, in rendering a vote of two-thirds, or three-fourths, or a greater proportion of the people, necessary to effect a change. It is not in this particular, that under the constitution of Pennsylvania, the vote of the council of censors,

viz. of two-thirds, in calling a convention, is exceptionable ; but because the representation in that body is not in proportion *to the polls but to the counties*.

If a majority of the people, agreeably to the recommendation of the assembly, should concur in calling a convention, I have no doubt, but *the minority have a right to resist*. They have acquired property under this form of government, they have defended the country under it ; and have not only, by the original compact, in 1776, but on these principles, acquired a right to a permanency of it ; and alterations only according to the stipulations of that contract. That the minority would resist, might be, and it would depend on the event, whether with the majority it would be a revolution or a rebellion.

The point to which it might come is evident. Let a convention be called. A system of government is adopted. Members of the legislature are sent forward, on the new foundation. But with the minority, members of assembly go forward on the old. Both lay taxes, levy troops, and we have a civil war. It suits not this western country, soaked with christian and barbaric blood, to be stained with fraternal gore.

No stronger instance has occurred of the imperfection of our constitution, than this very recommendation now under view. It is the hasty and intemperate act of a *single branch*.

It may be said that no council of censors will exist, that will call a convention to make a change. I am not of that opinion. Much light has been thrown upon the minds of men with respect to the mode of government, within this short period. The experience of our constitution will correct itself. The council of censors will sit in one year, and I have no doubt will convene with a very different temper from the former.

The great evil of our state is the existence of faction. It affords a hiding place to the rogue, and blows the fool up into office. Faction will not be diminish-

ed but increased by this measure. It will even become more dangerous, and may proceed to action, and directly affect the lives of the people.

At the same time I thus arraign the expediency of calling a convention, I must disapprove, and highly reprobate the measure on foot amongst us, in this country, to seize the interval between the existence of the old and the new government, to separate from Pennsylvania. We are not in a capacity to contend with the mother state, or to support the expence of an independent commonwealth.

There is nothing more docile than the mind of man; and provided proper skill is adhibited, it can be led to all that is reasonable and just, in spite of the enthusiasm of some, or the design of others. Doubtless a process of this kind requires time as well as diligence and skill; for ignorance, prejudice, improper habits of thinking, are not all at once removed, especially if there are persons of understanding whose interest it has become to fasten down the prejudice, and rivet the mistake. Nevertheless such is the present state of things, that I am decidedly of opinion, the council of censors that will meet next year, will be disposed to do all that intelligent men could require of them, and honest men ought not to wish more. The very proposition of calling a convention, though I would not approve the carrying it farther, may have the good effect to call the good attention of the people to the subject, and the examination may end in this, that though they do not see such urgent necessity as will justify the convulsion of stepping out of the ordinary course of government, yet there may be such defects, or mischiefs in the constitution, as will render it the duty of the council of censors, to recommend a change of these parts; or a general revision of the whole.

If this could be the event, surely it would be much more desirable than throwing the state into confusion, and raising the hurricane of faction once more, which

seems greatly lulled at present. Faction is a detestable evil; shall its noxious and vapoury bellowses, eternally blow in Pennsylvania? Shall the good be thrown down, and the worthless, or insignificant be ever raised by its blast? What good has it ever blown us? Bad laws to-day; and the repeal of them to-morrow. Cabals to serve particular persons, and secure particular measures. O, publick interest! thou art in the mean time made a sacrifice.

I do not blame the men who recommend the present measure. I account for it on very natural principles. The mind heated with the rapidity of its own motion, acquires a violence which it originally had not. It is carried to extremes of reform or abuse which were not intended. The late assembly did many things perhaps laudable; but perhaps enough for a short time. Let the people rest a little.

We have carried the new federal government, and driven, as it were our chariot wheels over the belly of much opposition. Let us wait some time before we attack the state government to new model, or amend it. *Festina lente*; make no more haste than good speed, is the proverb.

A touch of the finger, by means of mechanical powers, will move a great weight. In like manner, the great body of the people can be moved, if time is given them to reflect, and due means used to inform them that it is their interest. On the contrary if sudden and convulsive force is introduced, the vast mass resists all impulsion, and remains where it was.

Is there no danger that a convention now called, would in the enthusiasm of a reform, go too far, and instead of lopping and pruning the tree of liberty to make it grow and flourish and bear fruit more abundantly, they might grub it up wholly by the roots. I am never willing to trust men in a passion, in a heat, or phrenzy of the mind, whether the object is to do good or evil. But in laying the foundations of a government, coolness, calmness, and deliberation is of

all things most necessary. As all the happiness and lustre of our nature depends upon it, so it is the greatest effort of the human mind. Who can think himself equal to the task of comprehending the infinite relations on which it depends? None but the man, who is so ignorant as to know nothing of the matter.

It is the great desideratum of the world, and in which we can never arrive at perfection; because the subject of it is the infinitely changeable and varied nature of man. The utmost we can expect, is to come as near what may preserve liberty on the one hand, and order on the other, as possible. All rashness, haste, and rapacity therefore aside.

It may be thought that because we have carried the general government, as it were by a coup de main, therefore the like may be attempted in the case of the state government. There is nothing more common than for men to confound things, in their natures wholly different. Hence it is that because one effort has been noble, resolute and successful, that therefore another which has some resemblance may. In the case of the general government necessity, dire necessity urged. The want of respect abroad, and the danger, nay the certain approach of convulsion at home. The latent deep laid confederacies of demagogues in the southern states especially, to prevent any general government whatever.

Are we not sufficiently buckled by our state government? Is there any danger that we shall fall to pieces, and lose government altogether? Are we in so miserable a condition, that we must arouse, exert ourselves, struggle and contend with one another for this object, as if ruin must ensue if we did not accomplish it?

Ruin may ensue if we attempt it. I would not be surprised if this measure should be carried forward to see in the space of one year a civil war on foot: two assemblies in the state; and two armies in the field. Let it be considered on which side the fighting

men would be : surely the bulk of the populace are against the measure. Let them not be insulted ; let not their feelings be wounded by premature steps, and they will favour and support all that the most enlightened mind could require of them.

GERMANICUS.

May 30, 1789.



I FIND the following in the Pittsburgh Gazette of March 28, 1789. The usual draw-back, on the happiness of a Village Society (scandal) had begun to shew itself, and as no regular Clergyman was settled, in the town who could make a stand by moral or theological lecture, against its advances, it was thought not amiss, in the guise of a Sermon, for even a layman to suggest a word or two of doctrine, and which had a good effect perhaps from the novelty of the manner, coming forward in a newspaper, more than from the weight of the observations.



### A SERMON.



I KNOW THY WORKS, AND WHERE THOU DWELLEST,  
EVEN WHERE SATAN'S SEAT IS. *Rev. ii. 13.*

THERE seems to be little or no mention made of a devil in the books of Moses, unless you suppose the book of Job to be of his writing ; for there it is said, that when *the sons of God came to present themselves, Satan came also amongst them.* Nevertheless

the doctrine seems to be well established in the subsequent parts of the sacred scriptures. Nor, is it only in divine revelation, that we find this idea, but also in the opinions and religious systems of heathen sects and people. The Mancheans, a school of pagan philosophy, amongst the Oriental nations, talk of a *good principle and a bad*; the savages of North-America, tell us, of the *good and bad man*, meaning the author of happiness, and the author of evil.

But there need be little said on this great point, seeing it is a principle so well established and believed, insomuch that it has become a mode of speech by which we assert truth; for, we say commonly, if I do not do this, or that, *there is no devil*. It evinces the firmness of our belief of this doctrine, that when we express our anger against any one, we say, the devil take him, for whatever insincerity there may be in our professions of esteem, there is none in our declarations of resentment; so that the man who wishes his worst enemy at the devil, entertains, doubtless, a persuasion, that there is a *devil to receive him*.

That the devil has some fixed habitation, on the face of this earth, appears, from the expression in the text, "where Satan's seat is," but our consolation is, that it cannot be in this town, for in that case, he would be at too great a distance from the centre of his vast dominions; being on the very verge of the settled globe, I mean of close settlement and population. Some of the great cities in the heart of Europe or Asia, must be more convenient for his operations.

But it will be asked, how then comes it to pass, that we find traces of his acting here? Can he reach his magic wand to us? or does he make excursions now and then? In this case it would behove him, to be perpetually on foot; running to and from the outskirts, to influence the thoughts, and prompt the conduct of men. No: I take it he is not such a la-

borious busy devil, but consults his ease, and is not always on the pad; how then, it will be asked, can he manage his concerns? Doubtless by the intervention of subordinate devils, and in this point, as in all others, the Christian system is consistent with reason; for though the Manichean doctrine, and the ideas of barbarous nations admit a devil, yet they do not supply us with a plurality, and enable us to account for the ubiquity of diabolicism.

It may therefore be set down as certain, that tho' this town cannot be the seat, or pandemonium of Satan himself, yet it may be the residence of some intendant, or sub-devil.

This has been always my private opinion, and I have taken great pains, by repeated observations to examine the kind of devil he is. For knowing what manner of spirit he was of, I could the more successfully apply myself to counteract him. No astronomer ever held his tube more constantly to the heavens, to ascertain the movements of the heavenly bodies, than I have applied my eyes and ears to determine the particular powers of this demon; and this I do not say out of spiritual pride, and vanity of religious zeal, but to found the probability and truth of what I shall assert on the subject.

The way I have taken was to ascertain that vice which is particularly predominant amongst us, whether it is of a generous and bold nature, or mean and sneaking in its quality, for the offspring usually bears the features of the parent; the workmanship bespeaks the artificer. I have found this vice to be *tale bearing*.

This is a vice which shews no genius, and requires no wit. It is a low, vulgar, and cowardly iniquity, and designates the devil that inspires it to be of the most inferior species. Some little insignificant cur that could find no employment at the court or pandemonium of the great devil, or the more important



parts of the empire, but was dispatched to this quarter as a remote situation.

It will be said that all vices are equally infernal, and therefore all equally magnificent. No: for amongst the infernalities there are the *majora* and *minora peccata*, the greater and the lesser sins; and a noble devil will naturally chuse to exhibit his talents in some splendid way. But ours is a mean creature; he attempts nothing great; we hear of no robberies. Are there any rapes? And yet I believe we have as handsome women as any in the world. No, the rascal exercises himself solely in the lowest acts of mischief, this of *tale bearing* particularly.

It is incident to this vice that it is only the most worthless and meanest persons that are capable of it, and with whom none but a little dirty devil would choose to have any thing to do. As an asses hoof from its coldness, is said to be the receptacle of poison, so the most ignorant and low-thoughted mortals are most proper for the entrance and impulse of a creeping reptile of a devil, that could not agitate a more excellent machine.

But what this devil wants in talents, he makes up in assiduity. He is as busy as a bee in a tar barrel. Not a word is said by one of another, but it is taken up, carried around, like the brand in the play of Jack's alive and alive like to be; the tale-bearer, afraid it will die in his possession. If the word is of no account, it is changed; the inference substituted for itself, the construction of the word applied in the place of the original expression. If the manner would qualify or explain, it is suppressed. The incident that gave rise to it left out. Their own words that introduced the conversation omitted. The question made by the tale-bearer, did you hear this? and do you know that? wholly passed by. This is a demon, who, where he has no ground at all, will invent. This shews him to be artful and ingenious, as all devils

are ; for when I undervalue his capacity, I mean only the extent of his nature, and not the subtlety of it.

You will ask me what principle it is of human nature, that the demon takes hold of to instigate persons to this vice. Doubtless the love of self. It is the interest of the animals with whom this devil has to do, that there should be a difference amongst neighbours ; because, by this discord they may gain. It is the policy of such individuals, that all others should be at war but themselves. If they envy a neighbour the conversation and company of another, a variance between them is their object. If they hate the neighbour, an indirect war is the safest, by prompting another, whom they do not hate, to undertake it. It is the conduct of a low servant in the family, complaining of another, "He used me ill, and madam he called you names too."

The tale-bearer says, the wise man "separateth very friends." Persons who have the highest respect, and the most cordial regard for each other, and who would have lived and died in amity, are excited to suspicion, hatred and revenge, by this base incendiary. There is no mind which feels not at some moment, irritation at those they most prize, and words are used at this time, which spring like the spark of fire and are extinguished as soon, but they are carefully picked up and kept alive by the tale-bearer. The passions of men, the anger of the mind, the resentments of the moment, the saliency of temper, the sudden gusts of vexation, and the correspondent ideas and language would be lost, and perish like the April showers ; but the tale-bearer bottles them up, and by his decoctions and composition, they become drops of poison to infect the vitals of all concord in society.

It is a master stroke of a tale-bearer, when in a village like this, where we are stowed away like persons in a jail, or on board a man of war, and know the words, the transactions, the manners, the incidents, and almost the thoughts of each other, and when

something with regard to an individual has become the subject of general conversation, and the tale-bearer wishes to injure a particular person, to fix on this one as having taken a principle hand in the business, because as the conversations has doubtless come his way, and he may have passed it on, there is some truth in the case, and from the intermixture of a thousand discourses, it is difficult to ascertain what was the special property of any one. It is also the policy of the tale-bearer to fix on some person whose sentiment is of weight, and opinion regarded, to play off this artfully against the object hated, and while this creature is blowing the pestiferous breath of flattery in the face of one, and telling them what has been said of them or done to them by another, it is the very persons addressed that are chiefly the objects whom they mean to wound, by leading them to entertain passion against a third person, which will produce passion, and lead them to entertain hate to one another, the fair offspring of the succubus, that carried the first tidings. Like the snakes winding round Laocoon in the fable, they embrace closely, hiss with a serpentine siffilation, but they bite mortally, and breathe poison in the veins. It will remain to be considered, in what manner we shall best provide against the bad effects of this. On this head I shall lay down a few rules.

1st. When the tale-bearer comes to you, and tells you any thing of what another has said of you, consider whether, besides the general interest which he has in making every body enemies, there is not some particular interest in making you an enemy to the person mentioned; weigh this well, and if you cannot determine immediately, wait some time until events may elucidate the circumstance. Say nothing, feel nothing, do nothing rashly; and set it down as a certain fact, that let it be as it may, the tale-bearer is a most worthless character, and is impregnated with the worst of all evils, for either he invents what he says, or if he does not, he had by some means, induced the

confidence of the person of whom he speaks, and which confidence he now violates.

2d. But if from circumstances, or even perfect proof, you find that there is some foundation of the account communicated, reflect with yourselves whether you have not given the person, who has expressed himself unfavourably, some provocation to this undervaluing. If so, you are to take it all upon yourself and pass it by, for it is a maxim, that the *tresspasser is accountable for the consequences*. Consider also, that if true, it is the tenor of your life that must rebut the calumny, and that the resenting argues some soreness, and consciousness of deserving it. But what is still more Christian and philosophic, for christianity and philosophy, however they may differ in speculative points, in morals are the same. Oppose a breast of forgiveness and of love; *be not overcome of evil*, says the Apostle Paul, *but overcome evil with good*. The wool-pack on the outside of an armed vessel receives the winged ball, and by yielding, though the swiftest and fiercest of all things, it instantly reduces it to rest.

It is difficult to say when you are in the habits of friendship with any one, and you are told that disrespectful things are said of you by him, whether instantly you ought to acquaint him with it, and have an explanation, or disregard it wholly, and trust to your own eyes, and your ears for the fact. I think the last is best, provided you have resolution to hinder it making an impression on your mind. For the calling on a person to answer to reports, argues a distrust of his honour, which to a delicate mind is a species of insult, and I will venture to say, will not be easily forgiven. Perhaps to communicate it as the villainy of the informant, and as what you do not believe, may be the just medium. This will bring the author to be understood, and the truth will be known. For I say it again, the general rule is, the tale-bearer is a worthless person, and this ought to be presumed, until the contrary appears.

To conclude ; the writer of this sermon declares, that in these strictures he has no particular person in view, and if any application is made, it will be the act of him who makes the application, and not of me. He only thought to give a little seasonable doctrine.



BEING at the seat of the General Government, in the winter of the year 1792, I found the current of opinion in Congressional debates, and in newspaper publications, to run strong against effective measures with the Indians on our frontiers. These *Children of the forest*, as they were kindly called by some, appeared to have humane advocates, who seemed to think them an injured people, and that they ought to be suffered to possess their land, or to defend it as they thought proper. And, amongst those who were willing to repress their ravages, a difference of opinion existed with regard to the means, whether by the militia of the country, or by regular troops, and a permanent force. The following was thrown out in a Gazette, with a view to this object.



## THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT INDIAN WAR.



BEING occasionally in this city,\* I feel myself impelled to give my sentiments on this subject—and I give my name in order to obtain confidence, because

\* Philadelphia.

it is to be presumed that a man will not lightly avow what he has not weighed, and in which he has not confidence himself.

I am struck, seeing in the gazettes, extracts of letters that were never written, and paragraphs penned from ignorance or mistake of facts. Having resided for some years in the western country, and being interested, I have thought much on the subject—and though I may not know more than the most ignorant man there, yet I am persuaded that I know more than the wisest man that has never been there.

The writers of extracts, and the paragraphists, endeavour to affect the public mind by holding up *the original right* of these aborigines to the soil. It is a right of which I have never thought with much respect. It is like the claim of the children; it is mine, for I first saw it—or what that of the buffaloe might be, it is mine, for I have first run over it. I consider the earth as given to man in common, and each should use his share, so as not to exclude others, and should be restricted to that mode of using it, which is most favourable to the support of the greatest numbers, and consequently productive of the greatest sum of happiness; that is, the cultivation of the soil. I pay little regard, therefore, to any right which is not founded in agricultural occupancy.

But supposing these natives to have had an absolute and exclusive right, is it not destroyed by a supervenient right on our part in consequence of our treaty with Great-Britain? During the war with that power, were not these natives the subsidiaries of the king of England; were they not, in his hand, as the tomahawk and scalping knife was in theirs? Was not the territory in question ceded by the superior power? Shall we treat with the principal, and make concessions in lieu of this concession—and shall we again treat with the subordinate, and purchase a treaty and concede to them also? Be it so; there is nothing to be said, for it has been done. What has appeared in the pa-

per the other day, from the Secretary at War, has superseded me in stating and illustrating this.

But as to treaties with these Indians, under present circumstances, I can have no confidence in them—Why—Do not savages observe treaties? No longer than the principle of fear operates; being indolent, and more disposed to acquire by taking than by earning. But under present circumstances, all treaty with them must be nugatory. While Canada was in possession of the French, were not these Indians hostile to us, and regardless of all treaties, because it was not the interest of that nation that they should be at peace with us, when it was in their power to instigate them to a war. Are we not at this time in the same situation with respect to the Indians, and the British in possession of Canada? Hence it is that it was expedient, and has been found practicable to establish treaties with the Creeks, or other nations remote from the British province. But with these Indians, treaties cannot be established, or if established, would not be observed.

Whether the British government has an eye to the territory ceded, I shall not say—I rather think not; but certainly it has an eye to the Indian trade, and on this account supports the savages. I shall not say that this is done directly by the governor of Canada, or the commandant at Detroit, but certainly through the medium of the Indian agents, and with the knowledge and approbation of the ministry at home. Why else are the posts on the lakes not surrendered, when all pretence of the treaty not being fulfilled on our part is taken away? How have the Indians, north of the lakes, been excited, and brought to the Miami village to engage in the war? certainly, not by the Shawanese or Wabash Indians, but by the voice of the British agents who had stores at Detroit to supply them; two stores called the king's with ammunition, cloathing, and provision. How have so large a body of Indians, as met our army in the late engage-

ment, been supported but by provisions from the king's stores? They've been supplied from a king's store at what are called the Rapids, about sixty miles from the Miami towns. Would Canadian volunteers or militia march to aid these Indians, and not the government solicit or enjoin it? That volunteers did turn out, as our phrase is, I know, though not to what amount they may have been in battle.

It is not a war, therefore, with the Indians merely; it is a war with the British king, under cover. Have we felt the jaw of the lion, and shall we be lashed with his tail?

With respect to the *mode* of warfare, to be pursued: what? Precisely that which was adopted and pursued the last campaign, but the means different.—More men, and higher pay: because this will procure better men. A greater proportion of light infantry; or rifle corps would be advisable. But the system already adopted, and in part executed, I approve. The establishment of forts in the country, and planting ourselves in the face of the British province, and convincing those Indians that a greater than the British, whom they venerate, are now there.

It is suggested by paragraphists that an incursive war of small parties with a premium for scalps, fighting the Indians in their own way would be best. It might, indeed, harrass them; but from the circumstances stated, could produce no substantial and lasting effect. It is also contended that an incursive war of larger bodies, in the manner of the Kentucky volunteers last year, would avail. I say not. I never considered the Kentucky expedition under Wilkinson or Scott as more than a flourish; honourable to those who went, but little serviceable to those at home. Indians are seldom surprised; or if in part, the whole object is the killing a warrior or two, and the carrying off women and children; an incumbrance more than a spoil.



There are those who advocate what is called a defensive war, by posts on the frontiers, and ranging companies. I say the best defence is *offence*. Instead of warding off blows, give one. If you could surround the frontier with a rank and file of men, like the wall of China, and take care that these should never sleep, you might expect something.—But posts and ranging companies are but a help and no effectual defence. It is but watching beasts of prey, who come against our folds, instead of penetrating the forests where they haunt, and extirpating the race.

With respect to the mode of war, I am confident the establishing ourselves in the face of Canada, will alone be effectual; but, with respect to the route, I would suggest, whether by the way of lake Erie would not have been advisable: that is, by establishing a garrison at Presq'isle; and building armed vessels on the lakes, to transport troops and convey provisions; again, a post on the west of the lake, and from thence the progress to the Miami towns. At least, whether as things now stand that route ought not to be embraced. I have not the smallest doubt, but that unless effective arrangements are made for the ensuing summer, and that in the face of the Six Nations, and so as speedily to strike them, they will avow themselves; for, I aver, that except a few chiefs, they are in disposition hostile, and nothing but the principle of fear restrains them this moment.

A garrison at Presq'isle would secure their neutrality, or engage them to act in our favour. It is thrown out by the paragraphists, few of whom I take to be out of this city, that the possession and security of the western territory ought not to be an object with these states; *we have*, it seems, *soil enough*. Be it so—I enquire only what are the best means of protecting the settlements on this side of the rivers? I say, the only means is by reaching the source of hostility, and taking the commanding ground of posts to the westward.

But is the government not bound to give peaceable possession of the western soil to those to whom they have sold, and to their officers and soldiers to whom they have made grants? Shall every thing be done to support credit in making a liberal provision for the public debt; even though this has brought a great evil, fortunes rising like exhalations from the earth, by other means than common industry; and shall the publick disregard their faith pledged in the cases above mentioned? All who wish the preservation of our confederacy ought to feel an alarm at all ideas of dereliction of the claims and rights of any part of the community. The consequences may be fatal to all who have any hopes from government, or any interest in it.

It may be said, that taking the way of the lakes, building armed vessels, and occupying posts in the neighbourhood of Niagara and Detroit, may involve us in a war with Britain.

Of that there is no danger. If our merchantmen are in the power of the British navy, theirs are in the power of our privateers; and they get more by our imports from them in peace, than by the captures they could make in war; and the province of Canada and the fur trade of the west, is a stake which they have to lose.

If the world has been astonished at our rising, if they have seen the meridian beams of our splendour in establishing publick credit, let them not regret our meannes and want of spirit in suffering the out-guards of our country, the frontier settlements, to be cut to pieces by the axe of the savage, when the probability is, I think, certainly, that it is put into their hands by our late inveterate, but, discomfited enemy.

I beg the publick to excuse these things, written hastily, and let them have their weight with every humane and good man, which the reason of them may support. I say, humane; because I am persuaded humanity is not on the side of the savages,

But on our side. They have been the aggressors. They are not to be appeased. They refuse all treaty, or respect none. They cannot, for it is not the will of those by whom they are impelled.

I can excuse those, who, from motives of humanity, call in question the justness of our cause in the war against the Indians. But could I make my observations their's with respect to the ruthless disposition of a savage, that is not soothed continually by good offices, or kept down by fear; could I give my knowledge recollection, and impression of the accumulated instances of homicide committed by the tribes with whom we are at war, the humane would be more humane, for their feelings would be more awake, not in favour of these people, but of the persons butchered by them in cold blood, or dragged to that pole seen by the soldiers under General HARMAR, by the Miami village, where the ground was beat like a pavement by the miserable victims moving round the stake to avoid the still pursuing tortures, which the circle of black coals, at a distance from the piles burned, shewed whence they brought their brands or heated gun barrels to afflict the object. All this, though there have been but three instances since the conclusion of the war with Britain, where an Indian has been hurt on our part; one on the Susquehanna, and two on the Ohio; and with respect to one of which instances, that of M'Guire and Brady, it is a doubt whether they were hostile or peaceable.

I consider men who are unacquainted with the savages, like young women who have read romances, and have as improper an idea of the Indian character in the one case, as the female mind has of real life in the other. The philosopher, weary of the vices of refined life, thinks to find perfect virtue in the simplicity of the unimproved state. He sees green fields and meadows in the customs and virtues of the savages. It is experience only can relieve from this calenture of the intellect. All that is good and great

in man, results from education ; an uncivilized Indian is but a little way removed from a beast who, when incensed, can only tear and devour, but the savage applies the ingenuity of man to torture and inflict anguish.

Some years ago, two French gentlemen, a botanist and a mineralist, the botanist a very learned man, and truly a philosopher—but his brain turned with Jean Jacques Rousseau's, and other rhapsodies—the man of nature was his darling favourite. He had the Indians with him at his chamber every day.—Fitting out a small boat on the Ohio, with only two other persons, and without arms, he descended. It was in vain to explain the danger, and dissuade him. He was conscious to himself of loving Indians, and doubtless they could wish him no harm. But approaching the Scioto river, a party came out in a canoe, as he thought, to pay their respects to him ; but the first circumstance of ceremony when they came on board, was to impress the tomahack and take off the scalp of the philosopher:

I know a little of the mystery of agent-craft, and the mummery of Indian speechifying. An Indian chief in the hands of a good interpreter and agent, is a more profitable property, than a tame bear or a lion presented for a show. I have seen Indian princes in Pittsburgh, as plenty as in the time of Adonibezek, who had three score and ten kings under his table. Many a chief I have seen driven out of a kitchen by a maid with a broomstick, lest he should steal a tin cup or a table spoon. I have seen a certain blind Sam, so called, because blind of an eye, taken down to this city, passed for a warrior, dining with clubs, and have heard of him presented at a ball, on his way down ; the favoured ladies looking upon themselves as beautified in receiving the salute of a king. When he returned with a laced waistcoat, the vulgar Indians, that before thought him one of them, laughed immoderately at the farce.

The business with the Indians is war and reduction, and after that, away with the system of agents and interpreters, and leading Indians down to your capitals like pet beasts. Let them stay in their woods and negotiate an equal trade. This trade may certainly be a great object. When the line of savages that are at present hostile, is removed, and our way is open to peaceable and remote nations. I have conversed with those, who in behalf of trading companies, had been four years on discovery for the purposes of trade, had penetrated many thousand miles, traversed the country beyond the source of the Missouri, but were delicate in their communications of the route and advantages of trade with the myriads of the natives in those woods: they, however, gave me to understand, that most of the trading companies of Britain were turning their attention to it.

Of the vast nations of Indians that were ready to trade with us, were the Miami and Wabash Indians peaceable, there is no conception. It will cost but one effective armament to accomplish this object, and why employ years in doing that which may be done at once; No longer any starved campaign?

As these are desultory observations, I remark and conclude that some may think me rash in presuming that the king of Britain has given countenance to the Indian depredations or armaments. I should be sorry to do injustice; and it was with great difficulty that I admitted the idea, but I have been convinced of it, and can have no doubt, because that government could not but have heard of the hostilities, and by one single word of the commandant of Detroit, we should have had a perfect peace. Is it possible that an island where a Milton and a Hume have lived, where a Howard has sacrificed to humanity—there can be those who can aid, at least not disarm, what may be in their power, the savage of his axe, battered on the skulls of their species, in the cottage or the field of the settlements adjoining their province—they could do

this by the surrender of the posts, for at that moment I proclaim peace to the westward, and ensure safety.

It may be thought that I am inhumane in my sentiments with respect to the savages: it is a mistake; I am inhumane to no man or men; but in order to be humane, let me have it in my power. Let myself first be safe, and then I can shew what humanity dictates. The question is, whether we shall submit ourselves to the savages, or they to us? I say, let us conquer because we cannot depend upon them, for the weaker ever distrusts the mightier, and the unenlightened man, the sensible; but when we shall have it in our power, let us dispense treaties upon principles of reciprocity (to use the terms of the diplomatists) and let them know that we are not about to purchase a treaty, but to make one and preserve it.



## *ON THE INDIAN RIGHT OF SOIL.*



ON what is it founded? Having had a foot first on the continent? Then one Indian might claim the whole: spend his winter in the torrid zone—his summer in one or other of the frigid, and spring and fall in the temperate. That would be unreasonable. Will two Indians have this right? There must be more than that. Two tribes? It would be too much to take up the whole continent with two tribes. How many must there be to give the right? Just as many as there are. If there was one less, would they have the right? Yes. Two less? Yes. How many might there be less, and the right exist? I cannot tell—nor no one else. There must be some fixed principles on which all right depends. Under the

great law of nature, it is a right to as much as is necessary for our subsistence. By pasturage or hunting? No; by agriculture. Because in this way of life most can subsist at the same time.

But men by the municipal laws of society hold more than an equal quantity. What has this to do with the great out-wheel of natural law, which gives the earth to man in common. The municipal law binds as citizens; the law of nations as societies; but the law of nature as men. Say, as the number of inhabitants upon the earth is to its extent, so the right of each individual to his share. God gives a man no more when he dies than space to lie down upon, and how, more in life than to enjoy reasonably? Let the appeal be made to him. Great spirit; says the Indian, here is a white man that wants some of my land. How much have you? Ten miles square. The tenth of that may serve. To hunt upon? No? but to plant corn, raise hogs, and live like a man. But did not you give me all this? I have given none of you more than another. There is the earth, and the dividing of a sea or a river makes no partition. It is true, I do not permit the inhabitants of Jupiter or other planets to come down to your earth; but have placed a law of nature to hinder it? but on the same planet, I know nothing of what is called the right of the natives, beyond at most a right of preference to chuse their ground, or to hold that which they already cultivate.

Will the United States permit emigrants to settle on the lands west of the Ohio within the boundaries? Not without purchasing. Why? Because they have been at expence in combating the false claim of the savages, and ought to be paid for it.

*March 6, 1792.*

*THOUGHTS ON INDIAN TREATIES.*

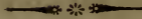
SAY of these treaties what the use ;  
For who knows if thou know'st not, muse ?  
Can chief that comes to treat restrain,  
The vulgar savage in his den ?  
About as much as can a fox,  
Restrain his young ones from the ducks,  
Or goose, or gosling that is fed,  
In some man's stack-yard or a shed :  
Nay, will the chief himself hold fast,  
The chain of treaty which is past,  
When covering's wanted for his bum,  
And wishes to have some more rum ?  
No faith ; for scarce the treaty made,  
And the word brother out of's head,  
Before he thinks of war again,  
By which gets blankets without pain,  
At treaty that succeeds to this.  
Nay, even thinks it not amiss,  
Just on his way towards his country,  
To take a scalp upon the frontier ;  
As lovers that are debonnair,  
At parting take a lock of hair  
For memorandum of the love  
They have to mistress in the grove.



As well the cow that licks the salt,  
May be amended of her fault  
In coming to the house of swain,  
And licking once not lick again.  
And yet these treaties that occur,  
With savage and commissioner,  
Do swallow more than would defray,  
A veteran army on its way,  
To drive them from the infested borders,  
And put a period to their murders,  
Exterminating race at once,  
For their own happiness and man's.  
But if a treaty must take place,  
In God's name let the savages  
On equal terms, and not at odds  
Treat ; but bring fur as we do goods,  
And carry each a pedlar's pack,  
Of peltry on his sachem's back,  
To cure the loss of scalp we suffer,  
In war they have made over and over.  
For it is requisite that hide,  
When lost should be by that supplied ;  
And that a racoon or an otter,  
At least, should pay for son or daughter.  
And not as now when they have cut,  
At unawares a neighbour's throat,  
Yet wash their own down with our rum,  
And give them breech clouts when they come  
To make them wish to have some more.  
If I am not a son of a whore,

Were it with me to manage these,  
Instead of ever making peace,  
Would kill them every mother's son  
Because the work is then well done  
And there's an end of blood and burning,  
And parents for their offspring mourning,  
The devils gone where they should dwell,  
In some very hottest place of hell.  
Let any man suppose himself,  
To be so miserable an elf,  
As to be ty'd up to a pole,  
And by a wood pile cheek by jowl  
And roasted there like ven'son haunches,  
While they continue warlike dances,  
And say if then he talks of peace,  
And making brotherhood with these?  
Yet some that are philosophers,  
Though but as ignorant as bears,  
Will talk like girls that read romances,  
The nonsense that affects their fancies,  
About the goodness of a savage,  
And how 'tis us excite to ravage.  
No doubt, some truth may be in this,  
But that with me not justifies,  
The torturing a prisoner  
Especially as the case is here,  
Videlicit, wrongs may be done  
In mutual larcencies carried on.  
But more the savage is disposed,  
Because he is not cloth'd or hous'd,

And lives in laziness like a dog,  
Hence prompted most to come incog,  
And take the property not his.  
But eastern block-heads know not this  
And talk of simple human nature,  
And think a savage a good creature.  
G-d d\*\*n them if I had them here,  
'To strip their sides and buttocks bare,  
And give them but a touch of the fire,  
On which our people do expire,  
Ah ! then would hear no more of goodness,  
But would consider it as rudeness,  
At least to them who are great people,  
To whom behoov'd to be more civil,  
The warrior in his scarification,  
Or gauntlet running flaggellation ;  
The truth is, treaties are in vain,  
And only fear that can restrain,  
Which must exist in power have felt,  
And not the nonsense of a belt ;  
Or burying hatchet, or the like,  
Enough to make a dog sick.  
And for this reason wish that cocks,  
That are at helm and General Knox  
Would only stick to war ; at least,  
Until they're properly repress'd,  
And if they will treat, why then treat  
But give them neither strouds nor meat  
But leave to live as they do us,  
Nor dare again to be our foes.



ON HIS EXCELLENCY ANTHONY WAYNE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE FEDERAL ARMY, WHO DIED AT PRESQ'ISLE, DEC. 14, 1796, ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INDIANS.



—THE birth of some great men, or death,  
Gives a celebrity to spots of earth ;  
We say that MONTCALM fell on Abram's  
Plain ;

That BUTLER presses the Miami bank ;  
And that the promontory of Sigeum  
Has ACHILLES's tomb——

Presqu'isle saw WAYNE expire.  
The traveller shall see his monument :  
At least his grave. For this,  
Corroding jealousy will not detract ;  
But will allow a mound——  
Some little swelling of the earth,  
To mark the interment of his bones.

Brave honest soldier sleep——  
And let the dews weep over thee,  
And gales that sigh across the Lake ;  
Till men shall recognize thy worth,  
And coming to the place, shall ask,  
“ Is this where WAYNE is buried ?”

—“ ALL the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players :”

Every one is disposed not only to choose his own part, but to assign to others, what part they shall act. It was, perhaps, in this spirit of being the *manager of the drama*, that the following was written, in opposition to the pretensions of one, who was a Candidate for the Congress of the United States.

## AN ADDRESS,

IN OPPOSITION TO THE ELECTION OF ———.

PREVIOUS to the late election for a Senator for this district, I had thoughts of offering myself ; but I had found an opposition springing up, and especially from a professional character, who had an eye to that place himself. I was far from being sanguine that either he or I could be elected, from the prejudice, however unreasonable, that exists, against the profession of the law ; but declining all pretensions on my part, I gave way and he succeeded. What must be my surprise then to hear that this gentleman talks of abandoning his trust, at the expiration of one fourth of the time, for which he was elected. It will be said that he has done one year's work, and let another person go and do more. But he undertook a job of four years, and let him go through with it. It is not every day that we can get a Lawyer elected, and it is betraying the interests of the profession, and of the country, to put it to the risk of a second trial.

But he must attend to his professional pursuits. Is that the case? Or is it, that being appointed a general of militia, and having had no military reading or experience, he finds it necessary to withdraw from the Council Chamber, and apply himself to the study of tactics, and manœuvres in the field? If so, it is commendable, and I will excuse him.

But it is whispered, that he purposes, to stand a poll at the ensuing election for a member of Congress, for this district.

Is it that in so short a time, he has made such progress in political studies, that he has outrun the standing of a member of the Senate of an individual state? Has his education been so perfect, and his subsequent application so great that he has no room for improvement after one year of publick service in a state legislature before he must remove into that of the general government? Perhaps if he would enquire diligently, he might still find something to learn in finance, in the law of nations, even in history or geography, in order to qualify himself for a more conspicuous and extensive field of deliberation, and of eloquence. It would seem to me that the three remaining years, might be spent to good advantage in attending to state objects; and occasionally enlarging his general reading so that if after that time he should come forward, we may derive credit from a representative that is not deficient in a single point of literature or information.

But should he persist, will the publick countenance this "overstepping the modesty of nature," in a rise to publick offices and honours? Will it not offend the pride and self-love of every mind? Or is he of such rare endowments that what would be arrogance in others, is justifiable in him?

But can it be avoided? Are there no means of supplying the vacancy, or combating this adversary, but by fishing from our Senate the member of which

they have possession? I flatter myself there are; and that we may find a tolerable substitute, for two years at least, until his term expires, and we can enjoy the advantage of his talents without outraging principle and violating every rule of decorum.

But will it not be doing the world wrong, to keep him three years, as it were, in a dungeon, in a vile state senate, while he might be the brightest gem in the forehead of the union? Why? It will make his head a dungeon of knowledge if I may indulge a pun. Did not Demosthenes sink himself a long time to a cellar, and shave his head to keep himself from coming out, while he formed that style which afterwards commanded Greece, and gave immortality to his orations?

But as he never reads, he has no occasion for acquired knowledge. His academic education was extremely limited, and his literary application since none; but it is his genius—his native powers that makes amends for all. I give it up then. I admit he has no occasion for improvement. But, as to occupying place, there might be a propriety in letting older though weaker lights be carried to the upper chamber, and go out first; or, at least in letting some other lights exist at the same time.

To avoid offence I do not deny, as I have already said that he is a prodigy. What is more, I admit he is far from being ignorant of this himself. It might be a quere whether the Lion knows that he is the King of beasts, or the Jack-daw that it has VARIEGATED FEATHERS; but there can be no question but that — — knows all his pre-eminences, and perhaps adds to them in his own imagination. He is none of your people that is not acquainted with himself. The Gnothi Seauton of the Greeks is his motto; not just in the sense the Philosophers intended; but in the meaning that he thinks more of himself than of any thing else. Some are troubled with what is called absence of mind; this is not his defect. He has

continual presence of mind, a rare qualification. His thoughts are never abroad ; no more than if there was not an animal in the Creation but himself. His ideas centre where they first arise. He feels no blush at precedence of others, because they are never the subject of his thoughts.

No ; let him reduce his mind within a reasonable compass ; let him wait till he is called upon for his services, and then they may be valued. Dropping irony, let him occupy the present interval to improve himself in books ; for most assuredly he is not without the need of this. I am now in the fiftieth year of my age, and have been forty five a severe student ; and yet BECAUSE I KNOW SOMETHING I should tremble were I to think of a seat in the legislature of the Union, at not knowing more. Perhaps from what we have heard of that house last year, he may think it is but a game of cudgel-playing to act a part there. Indeed from the half of their speeches, it is pretty evident, that a bare garden would suit some better, than a hall of Philosophers ; but ought we not to labour a reform ? If there are a number of harsh, haughty, and intolerant, young men in that assembly, why carry coals to New-Castle and increase the store from our stock ? Suggesting these things to your consideration, citizens, I leave the matter with the publick,



I WAS not aware that the same ambition or passion of some nature, to be the manager of the drama, and distribute parts, had in the mean time occupied the mind of the district President, and that I ran counter with his purposes in opposing the pretensions of this candidate. — It drew him into an interference



to support the nomination, and it became necessary for me in order to support what had been done, to attack the President himself, or rather his influence. The following is what appeared on that occasion.



WHEN I took the field against ———, I had no idea that judge ——— was at the bottom of his nomination; or at least would be willing to come forward and act the part of Master of Ceremonies in obtruding his name upon the publick. Whatever may be the right of a branch of the judiciary, to interfere in the elections of the legislature, there is certainly a prudence which it might be well to observe, not to descend upon the sand as a Gladiator lest it disturb his equanimity, when he comes upon the bench, and detract from the impression of his sentiments delivered in his official capacity. When a man occupies a certain sphere of power, and a District President occupies an extensive one, the publick mind is jealous of his assuming, indirectly, controul over their judgments and opinions; and if his conduct favours the surmise by going round the circuit making members of Congress, and assembly, as St. Paul did the towns of Asia, Lystra, Derby, and Iconium, ordaining elders and episcopates, the minds of men revolt, and the evil follows that even the good he would do, is opposed and reputed mischief.

But it may be said that the commonwealth labours, and the importance of the crisis is such, as to justify the judge on all grounds of PRUDENCE and necessity, in coming forward to lend a hand at the helm and steer the ship from the breakers: All are not convinced of this, and the question will be asked, whether we are in such a situation yet, that we cannot ride out the storm, even though the Judge be silent, and ———

—, remain but a COMMON MAN? During the revolutionary war we made shift to do without them, and perhaps we might still. The Judge, I presume, was scarcely tall enough to be a drummer, and the General was in his nurse's arms.

But, if it was necessary that the Judge should come forward might it not have been with more delicacy of language and manners? If the publick had nothing to do with my "intrigues, quarrels or obliquities, why alledge such, but confine himself to a consideration of the qualifications, and probable success of the respective candidates. Was he under no apprehension that he might be taken for an Enrage', and a Sans Culotte.

But is it not enough to make a man bestow epithets to hear that a person should oppose — — merely because he dislikes him. In common circumstances, it would seem to be a pretty good reason, but not where a Judge is concerned. The Judge himself is above all things of this nature; he is not susceptible of passion. No medium can discolour objects to his vision. He could easily excuse a person that would support his adversary; nay, bear abuse from that person, for opposing him, or even for not joining to support him. But I am but a common man; I feel the impulse of passion; yet I expect no man to justify, much less serve my passions; I ask him only to excuse them; and self-preservation dictates and might form an apology for my counteracting even by intrigue, if they will have it so, the wishes even of my friends, to elevate a man to a respectable appointment, which must increase his consequence, and contribute to inflame his pride, and dispose him to ride rough shod over the insignificant. I should think it could not be a SIN to struggle a little under the hoofs of the pair in his Pheaton; nay, would it not be CRUEL in him who knows that there is truth in this, to ADD HIS OWN weight upon the wheels, whether in the character of DRIVER OR POSTILLION, and insult me who am en-

deavoring to support myself against the TYRANT? But it is not merely the preservation of himself the charioteer that I have in view. He must rise from the Senate to the Congress; from the Congress to the God knows what. His brain must be turned; is it reasonable to let him take this course? But his honour has said, that — — has been nominated and he must be our representative. Has the Judge the right to make this fiat? Not, *DE JURE*, but *DE FACTO*: and what matters it whether legally or usurped, provided he has it. All must be put under the ban of his opinion that oppose it. When we have banished the terms, Liberty and equality, why should the thing exist. Let the name and the nature of a jacobin be extinct.

But why had we not notice of this mandate, arret, and new order of things in the country? Could there not have been a scrap of a Proclamation to this effect, "That whereas our trusty and well beloved cousin has been thought qualified to represent this part of our circuit in the Congress of the United States, it is hereby made known, and caused to be understood, that no other name be introduced under pain of our displeasure. Done at our Directory at \_\_\_\_\_, this &c. &c.

Such a publicity might have reconciled all parties and have saved trouble.



MR. SCULL,

THE age of Chivalry is not over; and challenges have been given even in the midst of a yellow fever, which, one would think, was killing people fast enough already. The *fear of God or the law*, are usual and just grounds of refusing: But I will give you a sample of the way in which I get off with some of my challenges, in the following letter and answer on a late occasion; but omitting the name of the challenger, as I have no inclination to trouble him with a prosecution.



October 15, 1797.

SIR,

I WILL thank you to take a walk with a friend and meet me at the back of the grave yard about sunrise to-morrow morning.—After what has happened, you know what I mean.

*Your humble servant, &c.*

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October 15, 1797.

SIR,

I KNOW what you mean very well; you want to have a shot at me, but I have no inclination to hit you, and I am afraid you would hit me; I pray thee therefore have me excused.

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*S E R M O N,*ON THE DUEL.

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AND THE KING LAMENTED OVER ABNER, AND SAID,  
“DIED ABNER AS A FOOL DIETH.” 2 *Sam.* iii. 13.

IT was not in a duel that Abner fell; but the words may be applied to those that fall in this way. They die certainly as a fool dieth; that is, without necessity, or a sufficient reason to justify the voluntary risk. This evil, like the venereal complaint, or the small pox, was unknown to the ancients. It is the offspring of modern barbarism, and in vain have the sage, the politician, or the divine, endeavoured to extirpate it. I have traced the evil with minute investigation, in order to determine the principle on which it rests, and I find it to be that which is least supposed, a want of fortitude.

This indeed has been generally conceded by wise men. We are told, and with great truth, that it requires more spirit to sustain the shock of prevailing opinion, than to risk life itself. There is not one in five hundred that is capable of it. It requires a soul illumined by reason, firm in itself, and balanced on the centre of his own judgment.

Again, it is the fear of being brought to this kind of combat, that induces many to affect to approve of it. They well know that should it be supposed they will decline it, who wishes to establish what he calls a character, will call upon them to it.

A combat of this kind is wholly unreasonable, because it is unequal. Shall a man of six feet present

himself for a mark to a dwarf of five ? or a man of a square body, to a thing that would almost cut the ball which it takes ? It places the fool and the wise man on the same ground ; the fool who robs himself and the world of a piece of earth only ; the wise man who subtracts the light of thought and the intelligence of mind. It is unequal because character may be borrowed on the one side, while the other does not wish to spare. I have known a person wish to bring me to this kind of combat, merely to have his name matched with mine ; and I have fled from the association, with more dread of it than of all other evils.

On the principle of cowardice, or passion, a man may be somewhat excusable, who submits to this evil ; but what shall we say of those who under no impulse of this nature, act as seconds. His courage is not impeached who declines it ; he is under the influence of no passion ; and yet without such a person, it is not probable a duel would be fought. It strikes me with horror that human nature could degenerate so far, that, in any instance a person could be found to undertake such an office. That instead of the noble duty of reconciling men, and promoting peace, and saving life, and preventing wound, there could be found those who would coolly assist to bring about the contest ; and stand by and see the issue, probably mortal to one, or to both. If we had not such among ourselves, and were told that they existed in some other planet, we should set that down to be hell, and the inhabitants devils.

I am confident that no man ever rendered himself agreeable to another, by being a second for him. It might pass for the moment ; but he must look back upon it as an act of enmity, not of good will. It borders on the office, but is much more odious, than that of a hangman ; for the one helps away the culprit ; with whom he has probably no acquaintance, and for whom he professes no esteem ; who is convicted of some offence, and sentenced by the law of the

land ; the other, the very man who puts confidence in him, or the person with whom this friend of his has some occasional or unfortunate difference.

What shall we think of those who by countenance, language or act, prompt the duel ; who take upon them to censure the conduct of others ; who when injured have not thought proper to take revenge in this way, or to carry it to this extreme ? Doubtless we ought to look upon them as murderers in heart. Such behaviour and sentiment has its foundation in meanness and malevolence ; envy of another, and a wish to take him out of the way ; or hatred, which leads to delight, in the misery of the species. What ? when a man is sufficiently disposed by his own feelings to resentment, which he ought as much as possible to moderate or suppress ; otherwise will frown upon him as doing wrong ; when he does not do a still greater wrong. By this means they make it necessary for him to act the part of the fool, or the madman. Make it necessary ? Why is it that men of sense do not unite, and stand by each other in this case. They might form a phalanx against the brigade of fools ; but they basely desert their colours, give up their opinion, and like slaves in the hall of a despot dare not speak their minds.

Surely a man dies the death of a fool who falls in this way : will those who prompted him, to incur the risk, shed a tear at his death ? Will they contribute a mite to assist his widow or his orphans, or mix their griefs to console his relations ? They will rather rejoice, and the very novelty of the incident will be more pleasing to them than the revivissence of the deceased, were it possible. Shall a man then succumb to this false sentiment, for the sake of those who care nothing about him, or rather triumph in his fall.

The question is, what will you do with a man who invites you to this kind of combat ? Humour and play with him as a bear, or other beast, until you have got

quit of him. What with a man who insults you with his language? Make your strictures with equal freedom upon him. What shall be done with one who abuses you personally, and whose strength is superior? Add the assistance of art, and aid yourself with a club or a cutlass. If in all these you fail, there is the law at hand. If those who administer it, are so unfaithful to their trust, as not to do you adequate justice, by the severity of the penalty, set it down as one of those imperfections in the affairs of men which cannot be avoided. Is this theory, only? Did not the Romans and the Greeks, the Jews, the Assyrians, and all the ancients act on this principle?

But though of recent date, this evil has sprung up, yet the labour of sages and philosophers against it has been tried, in vain. Let us make our last appeal to the fair sex: The beauty of nature and the solace of human life! Do you think that the persons of this description are the most likely to protect you? You will find a more determined, faithful and successful support from those who have the nobleness of mind to be above it. What an honour it would be to your sex to lend the invincible force of your charms to extirpate this vice, by the force of your opinion. You would secure the esteem of those who are more capable of knowing your merit, than all the fools of the world put together.

I do not mean to insult the memory of any one who falls in this way: David did not mean to insult the memory of Abner, whom he greatly respected, when he uses the words of the text. A particular act may be branded as folly independent of the persons and the general character they deserve.



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*ORATION,*

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF  
INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4th, 1793.

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THE celebration of the day, introduces the idea of the principle that gave it birth : The wisdom of the king of Great-Britain who saw the growing greatness of the provinces, that they were now of age to act for themselves, and bade them be independent? No—The wisdom of the parliament of Great-Britain, that seeing the inconvenience or impossibility of our being represented in the legislature, and sensible of the unreasonableness of being bound by laws without being represented, saw the expediency of a separation from them, and said to us, be independent and become an allied power? No—Nothing of all this. The king and parliament of Great-Britain, were of opinion that without representation, we were bound by their laws, and though descendants of their isle, had no right to freedom in a great forest.

Whence then our independence? It was the offspring of the understanding and the virtue of the people of America themselves. The eloquent advised, the brave fought; and we succeeded. The day on which we assumed our rights became a festival; and every future year shall remember it.

The celebration of the day introduces the idea of the effect of it beyond the sphere of these states. The light kindled here has been reflected to Britain, and a reform in the representation of the commons is expected. The light kindled here has been reflected to France, and a new order of things has arisen.

Shall we blame the intemperature of the exertions? Was there ever enthusiasm without intemperance? and was there ever a great effect without enthusiasm? Thy principles, O! Liberty, are not violent or cruel; but in the desperation of thy efforts against tyranny, it is not always possible to keep within the limit of the vengeance necessary to defence. Do we accuse the air, or, the bastile of the mountain, when the rock is burst, and the town engulfed? The air of itself is mild, and scarcely wafts a feather from its place. But restrained and imprisoned, the yielding and placid element becomes indignant, and tears the globe before it. Do we accuse the hurricane, when the mariner is tossed with the tempest, and is an incidental sufferer in the storm? The naturalist does not. He tells you that the equilibrium of the atmosphere has been disturbed, and if man has suffered more than the demerit of his transgressions, it is in a struggle of nature to restore itself.

Is it the duty of these states to assist France? That we are bound by treaty, and how far, I will not say; because it is not necessary. We are bound by a higher principle, if our assistance could avail; the great law of humanity.

We might, it is true, alledge the stipulations of a treaty, and the *guarantee of her possessions to France*. But as the world would know, and we ought to avow it, that it is the cause of republicanism which would induce our efforts. The tyrant of Great-Britain alledged the stipulations of a treaty relative to the opening of the Scheldt, and waited for no requisition on the part of Holland to observe the guarantee. But all the world knew, and he might have avowed it, that it was not the opening of the Scheldt, but the attack upon monarchy that prompted his interposition. Shall kings combine, and shall republics not unite? We have united. The heart of America feels the cause of France; she takes a part in all her councils; ap-

proves her wisdom ; blames her excesses ; she is moved, impelled, elevated and depressed, with all the changes of her good and bad fortune ; she feels the same fury in her veins : she is tossed and shaken with all the variety of hopes and fears, attending her situation : Why not ? Can we be indifferent ? Is not our fate interlaced with hers ? For, O ! France, if thy republic perish, where is the honour due to ours ? From whom respect to our flag upon the seas ? Not from France restored to a monarch, and indignant at those very feelings which are now our glory : Not from the despots that are against her ; these will easily recollect that the cause of their evils took their rise here.

Can we assist France by arming in her favour ? I will not say that we can. But could we, and should France say, United States, your neutrality is not sufficient ; I expect the junction of your arms with mine ; your heroes on the soil, and your privateers, on the ocean, to distress the foe ; who is there would not say, it shall be so ; you shall have them ; our citizens shall arm ; they shall attack ; our oaks shall descend from the mountains ; our vessels be launched upon the stream, and the voice of our war, however weak, shall be heard with yours.

If we ourselves should judge that our arms could assist France, even though the generous republic required it not, yet who would hesitate to interfere, not only at the risk of property ; but of life itself ? Is it illusion, or do I hear France say ; My daughter America ; I know the dutifulness of thy heart towards me ; and that thou art disposed to shew it by taking part in this war. But I wish thee not to provoke hostilities for my sake. If I perish, I perish ; but let not a mother draw in a hapless child to suffer with herself. Is it illusion ; or do I hear America, reply ? I do, and it is in the language of the Moabitish Ruth, to her mother-in-law, the Jewish Naomi. " Intreat me

not to leave thee, or return from following thee ; for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God ; where thou diest, I will die ; and there will I be buried. God do so to me, and more also, if ought but death shall part thee and me."

But whether we assist or not ; thy cause, O ! France, will be triumphant. Did the enthusiasm of a small Roman people, repel their invaders, until Rome became the protectress of nations ? Did the enthusiasm of a few Greeks, repel the millions of Asia, and afterwards overrun her kingdoms ? Did the enthusiasm of the Saracens in a few years spread to Spain on the one hand, and the Indus on the other ? Did the enthusiasm, of a few mad Crusaders, burst upon the Saracen, and establish the kingdom of Jerusalem in the center of his empire ? And shall the enthusiasm of a brave people more numerous than the early Roman republic ; the Greeks under Alexander, the Saracens of Arabia, or the Crusaders of Europe, be subdued by all that are against them ? The weight will but condense resistance, and as the materials of explosion in the ordnance acquire a spring by confinement, so in proportion to the attack of this people, will their voice be terrible, their blow irresistible.

France will be independent also, and celebrate her anniversaries ; and in doing so will recollect that our independence had preceded hers and made the example. The anniversary of the independence of America will be a great epocha of liberty throughout the world. Proceed we then to celebrate the day ; advance to the festive board ; pour out libations to sentiments of liberty, and let the loud mouthed artillery be heard on the hill.



## S E R M O N,

DELIVERED TO THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE CAPACITY OF CHAPLIN, A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE, AND AFTERWARDS PUBLISHED IN THE GAZETTES OF THAT PERIOD.



—NOAH A PREACHER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

AS a hill at a distance, or an old castle wrapt in fog, it is venerably pleasing to travel up through antiquity, and to call to mind the memory of great and good men, who have lived before us. At the same time it is useful; as, the part which they sustained on the stage of life, and the character which they left behind them, may serve to excite our emulation to attain to the same remembrance. With this view, suffer me to take back your attention to the age of the venerable Noah, while with me you consider,

1. The state of the world in his time.
2. His character, *A preacher.*
3. His doctrine, *Righteousness.*
4. Apply the subject.

I. The state of the world in his time. I do not mean to consider the state of society, or the political establishments at this early period. I do not know what may have been the population of the world, or the progress of the human mind in the knowledge of arts, government, or science. It is possible, that in the course of more than fifteen hundred years, the

space of time elapsed from the creation to the deluge, the earth may have been pretty generally inhabited. It is possible the arts and sciences might have been carried to a very great perfection. It is possible that great states may have flourished, equal in policy and commerce to any on the earth at present. These things are possible, and a great deal might be said to illustrate the possibility. It may be said, that from the great age of man at this early period, drawn out to the length of eight or nine hundred years, and permitting him to see, perhaps, the thirtieth generation of his own offspring, and to cultivate his mind to a great maturity, it is not only possible, but probable, that the earth may have been stocked with inhabitants, and the arts and sciences carried to a great perfection. It is certain from the sacred history, that amongst the antediluvians, several useful and ornamental arts were cultivated; for we find mention of mechanics, and musicians, and orators, and poets. Jubal was an artificer in *brass and iron*; and Tubal, his kinsman and co temporary, was the *father of all such as handle the harp and organ*. Men began to call, or to preach, or, if I understand the Hebrew word properly, to be *eloquent in the name of the Lord*. Enoch prophesied, *Behold! the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints*; that is, he foretold the general judgment, and, as the word will bear to be interpreted, he sang of it in lofty and sublime language. It was in elevated strains of poetic harmony, that all prophecy among the Hebrews, and among the heathens was usually expressed. Hence the word *Vates*, amongst the Latins, signifies either prophet or poet. The art of writing and engraving must have been known amongst these people; for it must have been from a manuscript preserved by Noah in the ark, and handed down to the patriarchs, that the apostle Jude makes the above quotation of the prophecy of Enoch; and, if we may believe Josephus, there were remain-

ing in his time, pillars which had been engraved upon by Seth, and thence called Seth's pillars.— Indeed, as to the general and extensive population of the earth, there can remain little doubt; for there are evident traces of the human race in America, before the deluge. I have been assured by a gentleman of great veracity, that in digging ore for his furnace, he found human bones at the depth of thirty feet in the body of the south mountain. These bones must have been remains of some antediluvian on whom the mountain had been tumbled in the general disruption occasioned by the deluge. I might ascertain the great probability of this reasoning by bringing into view the population and refinements of the world, in the same space of time after the deluge, as before it. This will fall in about the age of Alexander; at which time the great empires of Nebuchadnezzar and of Cyrus had passed away; the fleets of Solomon had visited the Indian ocean; and the republic of Carthage had sent out her ships to every shore of Africa. The Greek commonwealths, after many ages had declined from their fame in poetry and eloquence, and only Aristotle was left behind to preserve the uncontested palm of sublime philosophy. The empire of Rome was rising in the west, about to send an army shortly to Britain, to combat with a people who had been there long before them. We shall not be greatly mistaken in drawing a comparison between the population of the world for the same space of time after the deluge, as before it; for it is not disproportionate, if we place the advantage of a population from eight persons, the family of Noah, to the disadvantage of a life shorter by ten times its date.

But I shall confine myself to consider the religious and moral state of the world, in the last centuries of this old and decayed period. This, we have reason to believe, was by no means prosperous; for we read.

that the wickedness of man was great ; *All flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth.* Human nature lost its beauty and perfection in the melancholy lapse of our great progenitor ; and Cain, his first-born, soon gave an instance of that enmity and murder which the human heart is capable to entertain and perpetrate. The family of Cain, early driven to the land of Nod, and deprived of the instruction of their father Adam, sunk down to the deepest ignorance, and, by the bad example of a parent, became immoral in their conduct. Not contented with the self-possession of their own wickednesses, they laboured to seduce the kindred family of Seth, which had been religiously educated, and retained some degrees of moral purity and virtue. They attempted it, by introducing to their tents, loose but fair women, with music and dancing. By this means they, in part, accomplished their purpose ; for many of the family of Seth, by an inter-marriage with the family of Cain, became infected with their manners. Milton has imagined the circumstance with great delicacy of description—

They, on the plain, long had not walk'd,  
 When from the tents, behold, a bevy of fair women,  
 Richly gay, in gems and wanton dress ; to the harp  
     they sung  
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.

From this unhappy mixture, giants, it is said, were born. Providence set a mark of infamy upon it, by causing the mishapen offspring to be of an unwieldly and monstrous bulk of body ; hateful, and by their great strength, hurtful to society. From this connection sprang also, men, *who were of old, men of renown.* These were the Howes, and the Clintons, of that period. This is evident from that expression of scripture, *The earth was filled with violence.*



It is reasonable to suppose, that it was against the unoffending of the line of Seth, that the first tyranny made its inroads. Many perished in opposing it; many a brave and patriotic Warren; many an intrepid and virtuous Montgomery. Tyranny prevailed; and in the age of Noah, every thing was overthrown that had been good and great upon the earth.

II. Noah's character, *A preacher*. I shall not say that he was in orders regularly bred and appointed; for I do not know that any line of education for the church was as yet regularly established. Be this as it may, his blameless life was a constant sermon to his neighbours. His admonitions and instructions gave him a title to the character of preacher. He bore an open and an honest testimony against the manners of the age in which he lived. The mountain on which he built the ark, may have been his pulpit. Multitudes of persons, no doubt, had come to visit him upon this eminence. It was a new thing to build a vessel on the mountain top, and so distant from the waters. The opportunity of multitudes convened upon the mountain, he frequently embraced to call them to repentance.

III. His doctrine, *Righteousness*. The word rendered righteousness, has its origin from the word which signifies *law*. By law we are to understand the relation of man to the Deity, and the relation of man to his neighbour. Conformity of action to the first conceived line, is religion, and conformity of action to the second, is moral equity and justice. Both of these are included in the word righteousness. There is also implied in it, that which is the sanction of the law, rewards and punishments.

It was this righteousness which Noah preached to the world. He explained the great duty of reverence to him from whom we have our breath, and by whom.

we are supported. He explained the natural rights of men in society, and levelled his arguments against the tyranny which some endeavoured to establish. He held up to view the penalty of such injustice, and urged to their minds the immediate vengeance of the deluge, which was about to overtake them. On the mountain head, where he built the ark, we may conceive him to have spoken to the following purpose—

“Sons and daughters of the fallen and unhappy Adam, You are struck with surprise to see me thus occupied on the mountain: you are not able to conceive what I mean by this ark which you see a-building.—It is far from the ocean and the rivers; and it is not in the usual course of nature, that the water should forsake its bed, and rise to this eminence. Nevertheless the day is fast approaching when such shall be the great phenomenon of nature—not long hence you shall behold the ocean swell—That ocean to the south shall forsake its bed, and roll its billows to the summit of this mountain. *The fountains of the great deep shall be broken up*: they shall burst from their confinement, and pour a deluge on the world. The storms shall descend and mingle from above: *The waters shall prevail upon the earth*: Fifteen cubits higher than the summit of the highest mountain shall they rise: *All flesh shall perish*: *Every thing that hath in it the breath of life shall be destroyed*. It is therefore high time that you arouse yourselves, and break off every wicked course of action. You have seen (many of you) Methusaleh, and have heard of the piety of Enoch: How far are you degenerated from the piety of such great originals? For this is the wrath of God about to come upon you; and vengeance, speedy vengeance is threatened to the world. Repent, therefore, of your crimes, that when the mighty Judge shall overwhelm the world in the burial place of waters, he may extend mercy to your spirits.”

IV. I am, in the last place, to apply the subject. The state of the world, at least in this quarter of it, at the present time, is not much unlike the state of the world at the time of Noah. *The earth is filled with violence.* Wicked men, if not the lineal descendants, yet in the spirit of the first-born Cain, have ravaged our globe. Brothers by language, by religion, by consanguinity, (many of them) have sheathed their swords in a brother's breast. The famine of the jail, the fever of the camp, the sickness of the hospitals, and the death-bed wounds of the soldier on the field of battle, have wasted our country. In the mean time, the voice of many honest men, like the voice of Noah on the mountain, has been lifted up to dissuade from the course of action so hostile to others, and so pernicious to themselves. The voice of a Burgh ; a Price, and a bishop of St. Asaph has been lifted up against the injustice of the claim of Britain, and the ruinous consequences of persisting in it. The voice of a noble and incorrupt minority of Lords and Commons, has been lifted up to reclaim (if possible) the steps of those in power in their wild career of unchecked and unlimited ambition. The voice of many wise men amongst the neighbouring nations on the continent of Europe, has been lifted up in expressions of astonishment at the mad system that has been adopted by the infatuated ministry, against the rights of human nature. The voice of many thousand statesmen and patriots on the mountain tops, and the far bending shores of America, has been lifted up ; and it is the declaration that they will enjoy freedom, or die in their attempt to support it. It is the universal sound of the mighty voice—Desist, O Britain, from the thought of subjugating men whose birth-right is liberty ; and let not the sharp edge of tyranny be rendered still more sharp, that like a machine of swift wheels and edges, when the food which supplied it abroad, is exhausted, it may return

and grind upon thy own substance. It is thy glory, O Britain! to be free; and it is even thy happiness that America be independent. Recal speedily thy troops from her long-coasted shores—Revoke thy bloody edicts, and give peace to a bleeding, but unconquered, and still to be unconquered country.

This is the voice of nations; and my voice mixing with it, like a small current running to the ocean, would repeat the sound, and pronounce a *Memoriam*—to Britain. Even though hostile, yet I feel myself interested in her fate. I travel in imagination on the banks of the Cam, the Isis, and the Avon, where the fair form of a Shakespeare rises to my view. I am touched with the magic sound of a Milton's harp, and the lyre of a Gray modulating soft music to my ravished ear. I lift my thought to the noble strain of Pope, and feel the enthusiasm of the bard rushing on my soul. I walk with her philosophers,—the Lockes, the Bacons, and the Newtons that she boasts. I mingle with her statesmen and patriots of every name—her Thomas Mores—her William Temples—her Hampdens—her Sidneys—her Raleighs—her Harringtons—her Russels, and all the illustrious throng that adorns her chronology in every age. I feel a momentary impulse of concern for a country that gave these noble spirits birth. I could wish that, bounded in her empire, she were immortal in her date. But the will of Heaven has determined otherwise, that she is infatuated in her counsels. Her renown is declining from its summit: Her great names fade upon my sight: Her virtue, her patriotism disappears: Her glory in commerce and in war is wholly gone. She is lost from the *things that are*, and the cold shades of oblivion are gathering on her isle.

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THE following jeu de' esprit was thrown out at the time of the depreciation of the paper money, and is inserted in this collection for the sake of the reply to it, which was from the pen of William Livingston, governor of the Jersies.

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THE REPRESENTATION AND REMONSTRANCE OF  
HARD MONEY ; ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF  
AMERICA.

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*Citizens,*

THOSE among you who are men of feeling, will easily conceive the emotions that must agitate the breast of one, who having been, for many years, the medium of commerce, and the nerves of all affairs of government, am now, in great measure, thrust from my office, by an individual destitute of all intrinsic merit, and indebted for his temporary reputation to the whim and caprice of others. You will anticipate me, and I scarcely need to tell you, that I have in view, that paper-wasted, rag-born, kite-faced fellow, *Continental Currency*.

I saw the airs which he gave himself at his first appearance, vapouring and affecting an importance, as if he had been equal to the *solid coin*. I did not wonder that he imposed himself upon the common people ; for with these, as with young women, a stranger is always a *divine creature*. They allow him every excellence they wish him to possess ; and men of reading and experience only, are able to conceive that first appearances are often times deceitful, and that *all is not gold that glisters*.

M

The opinion of him as a man of fortune was not of long continuance. I had the satisfaction very early to observe, that many shop-keepers began to ask two to one for any article on his credit. In this case it was ridiculous enough to see him, like the frog in the fable, endeavouring to stretch and distend himself, to make up in bulk what he wanted in value of the *precious metals*. "Oh! am I not now as big as an English guinea, or a half-joe? I ask your pardon, Sir, not quite so bulky. Now, am I not as big as a doubloon, or a louis d'or? Not yet, in my humble apprehension. Oh! now, am I not as big as a piece of hard money? No truly, Sir, nor will you be, if you stretch until you burst yourself.

He may pretend the colds and heats, and the fatigues of campaigns, as the cause of that dropsy which he had contracted; but I am well convinced that it was the frequency of his attempt to enlarge himself, that increased the circle of his belly, and left him to walk about the country with a paunch like a drum, or the cask of a wine-cellar merchant. It was my hope that this disorder would have brought him to his proper end, and have eased the earth of such enormity of carcase; but, to my great surprise, he has been so tapped and physicked by a late resolve of Congress, diminishing his bulk, and reducing him to proper compass, that I begin to fear he may recover wonted strength, and survive to give me more trouble.

I do not know what the Congress can see in him. It cannot be his great family that so highly recommends him to their notice; for we know that he is a fellow of obscure birth, the son of one Lamp-black, a worker at the press in a printing-office of this city. You may observe in his visage very plain traces of the ink-balls that his father used to handle. It cannot be his vast erudition; for, in every sense of the word, he is a very superficial fellow. He has some Latin scraps and mottos, which he frequently throws out in

the manner of a pedant. You cannot be in his company two minutes before you hear abundance of the following sentences ; \*Sustine vel abstine—perseverando—concordia res parvæ crescunt—exitus in dubio est—serenabit—majora minoribus consonant, &c. These and the like trite phrases, which I suppose are new to him, are all the little stock of reading that he is possessed of. I have met with common barbers that have had more knowledge of the classics. It cannot be his fine-breeding and polite accomplishment of manners, that places him so high in the estimation of this body ; every one may see that he is as awkward and as stiff as a piece of pasted paper. How indeed should he be otherwise ? He is not a man of any travelling, or acquaintance with the world. He has never set his foot off the continent. His whole progress is from Georgia to New-Hampshire, progressive and retrograde continually.

The Congress cannot greatly be pleased with him, on account of any regard he has paid to their determinations. It was early recommended by them to discontinue horse-races, cock-fights, and such unlawful sports and pastimes ; and yet this fellow has been the cause of more irregularities of this kind, than any man I know of. There have been instances of many thousand dollars laying their wagers with each other, upon common scrub-horses ; a conduct quite beneath the character of gentlemen.

The Congress cannot found their approbation of him on any marks of piety and virtue ; for he is certainly a fellow of a bad moral character. It is well known that he spends his time, almost constantly in ordinaries, and beer-houses, calling for bowl after bowl, and pledging his hat and wig for the reckoning. I am well informed that he is also a frequenter of the bawdy-houses : several thirty dollar bills have been seen going to a certain *Charlotte*, a common prostitute of this city.

\* *Mottos of the paper bills.*

The Congress cannot but have heard that he is very generally accused not only of amours with women, but also of dishonesty in business. There are those who think him guilty of collusion with several in the different offices about the army,—sticking in their hands, and skulking, while it behoved him to have been upon the public service. If so, he deserves to have no quarter, but ought to be hanged like *Spangler*, who was executed last summer, for having been assisting in burning the wounded men in the buckwheat straw, at a place called the Billet.

He values himself upon his whiggism ; but is it not a fact, that he has been several times within the British lines ? and whether to gain intelligence or to communicate it, may be matter of enquiry. I do not like his sitting for his picture\*, and leaving many of these among the enemy ; so that spread about the country by tories, many honest men have taken them for the real currency, and paid the same attention to an image, which they had intended for a servant of the public. It is probable he had a mind to try how far his popularity would carry him, in trampling on the common sense of mankind ; for if the general adulation should continue even to his shadow, he might do any thing. It was in this insulting spirit, that Caligula the tyrant desired to have his horse enrolled amongst the senators ; and with the same contumely that Charles of Sweden writ home from Turkey to the council of his kingdom, that he was about to *send his boot to rule them*.

Vanity, I know, is disagreeable, and it is with reluctance that I introduce myself on this occasion ; nevertheless I cannot help observing, that I feel it very mortifying to be ranked with this fellow. My birth, in all respects, is honourable. I am descended of the sun-beams ; I am related to the family of the pearls and diamonds ; I am refined by proper

\* *Counterfeits*.



course of education ; I am taught to speak every language ; I have been companion to philosophers ; I have lived in kings palaces ; I have travelled over every country : The adventures of a guinea published some years ago, were but a small sample of what I have seen and heard.

No man can say a word against my character. The scripture bears a very honourable testimony in my favour. It is said in the second chapter of the book of Genesis—"The land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good ;" that is, as it ought to be interpreted,—“There is in that land a very worthy fellow of the name of Gold—*him keep with\*.*”

It is well known what Micah said, when the eleven hundred pieces which he had stolen from his mother, were plundered by the Danites,—“Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more ?” This was figurative language ; and though I do not approve of it, taken in its strict sense, yet it serves to shew the high opinion which this young prophet had formed of my character—judged me to be something more than mortal, and bordering upon divine.

It will be found upon enquiry, that I have been in no small repute among good men in all ages. They have parted with country, with family, with pleasure, but very seldom quitted their attachment to HARD MONEY. Gold, indeed, both in common conversation, and with orators and writers, seems to be the standard of all excellence. Whatever is very good, is said to be golden : We hear of a golden age—a golden joy—and sayings that should be writ in letters of gold. The poet Horace talks of a *golden mean\**. I could produce endless allusions of this nature, greatly to my credit. The wise author of Hudibrass attributes more to my presence, than to the fair sex :

\* *Shakespeare's Falstaff.* † *Auream mediocritatem.*

Though love be all the world's pretence,  
 Money's the mythologic sense ;  
 The real substance of the shadow,  
 Which all address and courtship's made to :

And in another place—

'Tis not those orient pearls your teeth,  
 That we are so transported with ;  
 But the bright guineas in your chests,  
 That light the wild fire in our breasts.

These things considered, is it not a very great indignity, that since the beginning of the contest, I have been shut up in desks, and old chests, and mens pockets, while this fellow has been passing and re-passing with an air of triumph ; courted and carressed by individuals, and by every public body on the continent? Is it to be born, that a freeman of *sterling value*, should see himself degraded from the office which properly belongs to him, by a fellow, who, if things were on a right footing\*, would scarcely be accounted good enough to use for my wrapping paper? I leave the matter with the virtuous citizens of this country, and hope they will do me that justice which is due to an old and faithful servant.

HARD MONEY.

January 29, 1779.

\* *Quibus, si respublica valeret formidini essemus.*  
 Sallust.

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THE ANSWER OF CONTINENTAL CURRENCY TO THE REPRESENTATION AND REMONSTRANCE OF HARD MONEY, ALSO ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA. BY HORTENSIVS.

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*Citizens,*

FINDING myself most egregiously traduced by Mr. Hard Money in his publication of January last; I must beg your patient attention to the vindication of my injured honour, against the malicious and unprovoked aspersions with which that angry gentleman has endeavoured to blacken my character.

That the unwarrantable liberty he has taken with my reputation, proceeds rather from malice and disappointment, than any just cause of offence; he has not, with all his artifice, had sufficient address to conceal. So far from it, that he plainly discovers, in the very first paragraph of his representation, his resentment against me to proceed from his *late deposition from office*; and the superior estimation in which I have the honour to be held by all the virtuous citizens of America. For it is observable that he admits my general good character, by falsely ascribing it to *caprice* and *whim*. But that the Congress itself, and all the respectable whigs on the continent, are *capricious* and *whimsical* in their esteem for me, I think none but a *Tory*, (as I shrewdly suspect him to be) would have dared to insinuate. It is beyond question his insuppressible envy at my late renown, with the consciousness of his own declining influence, in the United States, that has exasperated him to describe my person, by the opprobrious epithets of *that paper-wasted, rag-born, kite-faced fellow*, CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

As the use of defamatory language equally shews the want of argument as of good breeding (a proof by the bye, how much Mr. Hard Money is polished by all his boasted travels), I shall not imitate him in this his *foreign acquisition*. But as his next observation affects my character as an honest man, I cannot pass it over in silence. He has the assurance to represent me as assuming, upon my first appearance, an air of importance ; and imposing upon the common people, “ with whom, (he petulantly subjoins) as with young women, a stranger is always a *divine creature*.” It is like the manners of this *disappointed officer*, that he was not content to confine his abuse to me, but must at the same time attack the good people of America, with every young lady in the land. And the charge, as far as it relates to myself, could not have been more groundless, had it been fabricated by *his most excellent Majesty’s* or (perhaps more properly by) his *Majesty’s most excellent printer, James Rivington, Esq.* of *unromantic and most credible* memory. Was I as proud as Nebuchadnezzar, I could have had no temptation to assume any airs on my first appearance abroad. I was introduced into company by the President of Congress, with the approbation of all the members ; and so far from obtruding myself upon the people, that I not only met with a welcome reception wherever I came ; but thousands went considerably out of their *usual way*, and not a few out of the common road *established by law*, for the sake of my company. Nor do I ever travel without carrying with me, from the most august assembly in the world, the amplest letter of recommendation, and the most authentic testimonials of my real worth, which I am bold to assert is more than this self-applauding puffer is able to produce. I must beg leave farther to observe, that I am always known on my entering in company ; and indeed, like those of the *garter and star*, exhibit my rank and distinction on my breast ; whereas I have often seen this gentleman travelling

about in such *questionable shape*, that people have been obliged to try him, as the prophet Daniel informs us Belshazzar was tried; and not unfrequently like Belshazzar too, has been found *wanting* of his pretensions. How far the PERES recorded of the same unhappy Prince, may also speedily become his fate; and the *French* and *Spaniards* prove themselves the *Medes* and *Persians*, by whom what is left of him in *Great-Britain* shall be *divided*, it concerns him duly to contemplate. And with whom has he, for the three years last past kept company in America? With whom indeed, but smugglers, ingrossers, fore-stallers, misers, Tories, extortioners, real *Jews*, Christian *Gentiles*, and political infidels?

As to his suspicion of my not being a man of fortune, from the circumstance of *some shopkeepers asking two to one, for any article on my credit*; it is a conclusion altogether illogical. Had he thought proper to name the shopkeepers to whom he alludes, I could have proved that their exorbitant demands arose from another quarter; and my ability to pay can never be called in question, it being notorious that I have a letter of credit from the Congress, with all North-America as sureties, for whatever I shall think proper to buy in any shop. But as I scorn to deny any known truth, I frankly confess that I am rather too *widely distended*, and have lately become more *corpulent*, than either suits with my own locomotive destination; or is calculated to render me so agreeable to those with whom I am conversant, as might be wished. This disorder, however, has been brought upon me by a conjuncture of circumstances, which never fail to produce it; and the reproach, I am sure, comes with a very ill grace, (especially with such ludicrous language, as *my enormity of carcase*, and the *circle of my belly*) from a person who has more than once experienced the like ventricular transformation, upon occasions much less important or compulsive. If the heat of his passion prevented his

recollecting that himself hath been afflicted with the same malady; I remember the time when he was most frightfully *dilated* in France; and notwithstanding his usual contempt of those honest men, was not only associated but actually incorporated with Messieurs L'Acier, and L'Airain\*. I remember that the like disaster befel him in Morocco, by the advice of Ripperda; and could produce numerous instances of his having had the *dropsy* in question; was not the fact too notorious to require any historical illustration. But what discovers the most singular spleen in this author is, that he seems as much out of humour with my late *reduction*, as with my former *enormity*, of size. So that whether *distended* or *attenuated*, *gigantic* or *pigmean*, he will still be quarrelling with my corporeal dimension. The shape and size of a man's body being entirely the production of nature, and never, by persons of humanity or politeness, mentioned as matter of obloquy, I shall dismiss this uncivil remark of my opponent (which doth not in the least affect my moral character) with an observation which he has obliged me to make, not from any pleasure I take in disclosing his infirmities, but to prevent him in future from exposing those of his neighbours. He will therefore be pleased to remember that there is a certain distemper peculiar to himself and to Englishmen, from which I am constitutionally exempt, I mean the *Sweating-sickness*: A disease which hath often reduced him to a skeleton. And if one must needs labour under an excess either of magnitude or minuteness, I would at any time rather be an elephant than a pismire.

His next observation intimately affecting the honour of my family, deserves also a particular notice. For would you believe it, Gentlemen, that Mr. Hard Money should presume, against the better knowledge of you all, to assert in the face of the sun, that I am

\* *Brass and Copper.*

a fellow of obscure birth, the son of one Lamp-black, a worker at the press in a printing office in Philadelphia? For the falsity of this charge I can appeal to all America, which has ever acknowledged me as the genuine legitimate unquestioned offspring of the Congress, whose express signature and lineaments I bear in my countenance; and-if it be a little singular to have more fathers than one, I am sure it is more honourable; especially considering their dignity, than) as it frequently happens in contemplation of law, and is probably the case with this *braggadocio* in particular) to have no father at all\*. Besides the grandeur of my pedigree, for which I know Mr. Hard Money envies me, I might also glory in having every *Whig*, male and female on the whole continent for my *Sponsors*; and religiously engaged to nurture, to maintain, to support, and finally to bury me, in the most honourable manner that America can afford. And if Mr. Lamp-black should have been called as a *man mid-wife* to facilitate my birth; I am neither responsible for it, if true; nor, for the time of the supposed transaction, capacitated, of my own knowledge, to deny it, if false.

Respecting the circumstance of my having in my visage, the plain traces of the ink-balls; it is a very common thing for great personages to be born with preternatural marks; as was the family of Seleucus, with the figure of an anchor. But to be *clipped* and *cropped* (a condition in which I have seen *Somebody* before now) doth not usually befall a man by accident. And if a *Printing-office* was the place of my nativity, so has it been of the noblest productions that ever blessed or adorned the world. And I could produce instances of both Popes and Emperors born in cottages; and one of his *Holinesses* in particular, who so little heeded such an adventitious circumstance as facetiously to call himself of an *illustrious house*, from

\* *Nullius filius.*

the so ruined condition of the tenement in which he first drew the vital air, as to admit the rays of the sun through its roof. But pray, where was Mr. Hard Money born? In all probability fifty feet underground; and contaminated and incrustated with dross, and scum, and rust, and sediment; with refuse, nastiness, and pollution. There had he still lain in his primeval chaotic obscurity, had not the groveling hand of *Avarice*, grubbing in the dirt, dragged him into open day, in such a loathsome pickle as to be beyond the power of water to absterse and defecate; but requiring the additional aid of fire, and the art of fusion, to disunite him from his filthy adherents, and render him fit company for gentlemen. In a word, courteous reader, this proud boaster of birth and distinguished parentage, was in reality fumigated and bellows'd into this high breathing world between limping *Vulcan* and goody *Crucible*, having sooty *Charcoal* for his swaddling clothes; *Granny Forceps* performing the office of old *Mother Midnight*; and *Gaffers Hammer* and *Anvil* liking the *Cub* into his present form.

He upbraids me in the next place with the want of erudition; and that I *have some Latin scraps and mottoes, which I frequently throw out in the manner of a pedant*. It is so delicate a point for a man to offer any thing in favour of his own literary accomplishments, that I suspect my antagonist purposely intended to avail himself of this unmanly advantage. Having however already had the public approbation of the few Latin apothegms which I have occasionally used; I am not anxious about his opinion of my *pedantry*, a fault not easily ascertained; and most commonly objected by those who know themselves clear of the imputation, from a particular reason that redounds not to their honour. As to the significancy of my *mottoes* I shall only observe, that they are at least as instructive and as apropos, as any that I have ever met with of *his* production; which have generally been



such turgid nonsense as *Viro Immortali*, to describe a man born yesterday, and who perhaps will not survive to-morrow ; with some adulatory scraps in praise of certain robberies committed by turbulent and desolating princes, under the title of conquests ; and some memorandum generally of the time when the gentleman himself was squeezed in a mill, as a passport to set out on his travels. And what mighty erudition there is in all this, I submit to the impartial reader. But the more effectually to prevent his future encomiums upon his own literature, I beg leave to remind him of the story of the honest countryman, who, upon seeing a man in the pillory for the crime of forgery, felicitated himself, that *he* was not bred up to *learning*. Wishing in the true spirit of benevolence, that the profundity of Mr. Hard Money's scholarship may never occasion his advancement to the like disagreeable eminence, I hasten to the farther consideration of his remonstrance.

If I am *stiff as a piece of paper*, I am doubtless more pliable than my accuser, who cannot be bent without considerable violence, and when constrained to a *bowing* posture, requires an equal effort to restore him to an erect one. And relative to my bodily agility and alertness either to *take off* a nocturnal meteor, in the shape of a rocket ; or to dance a hornpipe upon the whirlwind, I challenge him for the best *rumpf* and *dozen* in the whole confederacy.

Of my *travels*, indeed, I do not pretend to boast ; but in excuse of this defect in my education, I have it to offer, that I love my native country too well to be rambling over the globe in discriminate service of virtue and vice ; and that I think it more to my credit never to stir from the continent, than to lend my assistance either to the enemy in their hostilities against us ; or to the *Tories*, for carrying on an illicit commerce ; of which practices, *some folks*, who so plume themselves upon *their acquaintance with the world*, are most violently suspected.

Though I cannot deny my having now and then been present at a *horse-race* (a diversion for which I have no natural fondness, nor ever countenanced with my presence, but when carried by others) I was incautiously led into the error, by a prevailing report, that it was of public utility to encourage the breed of race-horses, for mounting our dragoons; but whether their speed was particularly recommended for the purpose of advancing or retreating, I do not remember. Admitting however this part of my conduct to be really exceptionable (as in truth I will not justify the practice) what is it but a mere peccadillo, in comparison of the dissipation, the luxury, and the innumerable criminal sports and pastimes into which multitudes are daily seduced in every part of the world (that Mr. Hard Money has ever explored) by his instrumentality and influence? The balls, the routs, the assemblies, the drums, the plays, the operas, the Ranelaghs, the Vauxhalls, the masquerades, and the New-markets, are they not all supported by this boaster of good, and promoter of bad, morals? Nor is there the least foundation for his charging me with having pledged my *wig and hat at a tavern*, as I solemnly protest that I never wear either hat or wig; using no other covering for the head than the *Cap of Liberty*; which never was, nor, (from his apparent bias to *Toryism*, and the principles of those from whom he generally derives his importance) I presume, ever will be, any part of his dress. And if I do sometimes *frequent an ordinary or a beer-house*; have I not a constitutional right, as a native and freeman of America, to drink to the Congress, and General Washington; when this insolent *Vicar of Bray* has been known, at different times, to promote for a toast, *his Britannic Majesty, the Majority, the Pretender, the Grand Signior, the Prince of Hesse, Lord North and the Arch-bishop of Canterbury?*

Respecting Mr. Hard Money's accusation of my visiting one Ch—te, a common prostitute in Phila-

delphia ; not to take notice of his ungentleman-like conduct, in exposing one's amours to public view ; I have 'tis true been in some houses in that city, from which, revolving the usage I have met with, and the attempts to *defrecciate* my character, it had been for my interest to have kept at a distance. But who hath visited the Laisses, the Thaissees, the Phrynes, and the Sempronias of antiquity ; and the Murrays, and Cibbers, and Fishers, and Dawsons, and Whappingtons, and Phillipsees ; with numberless other courtezans of modern times ? Who but this same ungenerous informer, who is known to have supported them in the greatest gaiety and splendor, to the inexpressible offence of all men of sobriety and continence ?

The gentleman's accusation of *my collusion in the different offices about the army, and sticking to their hands, &c.* I briefly answer by quoting that salutary maxim, *The least said, the soonest mended.*

With a degree of malignity peculiar to himself, he has farther attempted to render my *whiggism* problematical ; and that for the notable reason of my *having been several times in the enemy's lines, whether, says he, to gain intelligence, or to communicate it, may be matter of inquiry ;* and then criminales me for having *sat for my picture ; and leaving many of them among the enemy which have been spread about the country by the Torics &c.* That I ever went into the British lines by my own consent, I positively deny, and if I have involuntarily been carried thither ; has not the like misfortune happened to some of our best officers and greatest patriots ? Nay it is the enemy's opinion of my importance to the United States, that induced them to concert so many projects to get me into their lines ; and when once in their power, how could I prevent their *taking my picture ?* Nor is their regard for my likeness, an inconsiderable proof of their sense of my dignity, as no one ever personates a man of bad repute, or disesteemed in the country through which the impostor means to travel in his borrowed

character. But what will this traducer have to say in his own defence, when I prove it upon him, that himself has been frequently seen in the enemy's lines buying up those very identical pictures, which he so unjustly blames me for permitting them to take?

But now for the most pompous blazonry of his birth, family, relations, accomplishments, and travels, that vanity itself ever obtruded upon the chaste ears of the respectable public. *My birth, says he, in all respects is honourable. I am descended of the sun beams. I am related to the family of the pearls and diamonds: I am refined by a proper course of education: I am taught to speak every language: I have been the companion of philosophers: I have lived in kings palaces: I have travelled over every country.* Well said Nebuchadnezzar in all the insolence of self-adoration! As to the gentleman's *birth*, I have given the reader a stricture of it before; and from his *uncleanly* appearance at his first emerging into light, it will be readily admitted that he wanted great *refinement*. For his being *descended from the sun beams*, there is as little foundation for it, as for Alexander's being sprung from Jupiter Ammon. For whoever heard of the solar rays penetrating into the subterraneous caverns of his nativity? But was I prone to vaunt of my parentage, I could with greater probability deduce my origin by the *mother's* (which is the surest) side, from that glorious luminary; without whose genial prolific influences, *Lady Flax*, my more immediate ancestor, would never have seen the vital world. But respecting his being of kin to the family of the *pearls and diamonds*, it is a bounce, vain beyond vanity itself. The *pearl*, we all know is a gem found in certain shell-fish; and what more affinity there is (consanguinity being doubtless out of the question) between Mr. Hard Money, the *mineral* and the family of the pearls generated in the *ocean*, than there is between earth and water, a mine and an oyster-bed, Sir Hans himself, was he still living,

would be posed to determine. And considering the disgrace brought by some of the family upon the whole house of the *Pearls*, in the case of her *most continent Majesty Cleopatra*, I think it no proof of his prudence to discover so great fondness for that part of his kindred. But the truth is, that he rather glories in the lustre than in the honour of his name, or he had never submitted to be hammered into *shoes* for Nero's horses. His pretended relationship to the race of the *Diamonds*, is doubtless wholly built on his conjectured production in the vicinity of that precious jewel. But who ever heard a boar boasting of being pigged in a sty contiguous to a stable for coursers; or what cobbler arrogates the more importance for being born near a palace?

But besides the eminence of his family; his personal endowments, it seems, are above the common lot of humanity. The Gentleman *can speak all languages*.—There is one language in which I should be glad to see him *write*; and that is the language of *truth*. There is another language which it had been for his reputation never to have learnt at all, and that is the language of *Billingsgate*. But if his allegation was true, it would induce an unfavourable surmize; because I well remember that the greatest *linguist* in Europe was also the greatest *impostor* in Europe. His name, if I recollect it, was *Psalmazer*; but whether he was as nearly allied to Mr. Hard Money, as the *pearl and diamond*, I pretend not to be certain; though positive I am, it was both by that gentleman's influence and co-operation, that he perpetrated most of his rogueries.

Mr. Hard Money, we are told, has also been a *companion of philosophers*; and lived in *King's palaces*. As there are many *Jews* who are not *Israelites indeed*, so there have been many philosophers, who did not practise philosophy; and it were to be wished that my antagonist had been pleased to name the particular sages, who were so enamoured of his company.

A knowledge of their true character, in order to determine whether he is entitled to praise ; or ought to be branded with infamy, from this circumstance of his life ; is, I conceive, absolutely necessary. In the mean time, I can inform him of some philosophers, and those of the greatest renown for practising their own precepts, who discovered a very different opinion of the dignity of his person, and the honour of his intimacy. I know that Diogenes would not admit him into his presence, though Alexander the Great offered to introduce him. I know that Lyncurgus banished him his commonwealth ; and received into his room a personage of much greater public utility, though of less ostentation and glitter. And I also know that the famous Erichon repented to his dying hour, his having invited him into Greece, though with the laudable view of facilitating trade among the Grecian isles.

Was our *traveller* as well acquainted with the genius of America, as he might have been, if he, like myself, had been born in this free and independent country, he would not, I am persuaded so imprudently have plumed himself on having *lived in the palaces of kings*. There are among kings, the most abandoned, and the most amiable characters. Happy would it be for the world, did the latter form the majority. In the courts even of the best, it is to be lamented, that the most worthless and flagitious of men, too often obtain admittance. Mr. Hard Money ought therefore to have pointed out, of what *kings* in particular he hath been so great a favourite, and in what *capacity* he hath served them. His intimacy, for instance, with their *most sacred Majesties Caligula* or *Richard* the Third, or any other the like imperial or royal butcher, (especially in the department of *cook, catamite, or rat catcher*) would be but a very indifferent recommendation to most of our citizens. His having served such voluptuaries as Commodus and Caracalla, or Heliogabalus and Sardanapalus, in their

debaucheries, would never procure him the good graces of the Congress : Nor in the present humour of America, (which is likely to be very durable) and considering the opinion she entertains of a certain great personage, would it reflect any honour on his character to be primé-minister to his Britannic majesty, whom his fascinations, though North is the ostensible premier, have brought into such a woful scrape, as it will puzzle him to get out.

That the gentleman *has travelled over every country*, is an assertion not founded in fact ; as I know many countries that would never grant him an admission, but thought themselves much happier without him. So that in the extent of his peregrinations, I am persuaded he is distanced by his predecessor Cain, who, as great a fugitive and vagabond as he was, shewed his superior sense, by finally settling in the land of Nod. But supposing that our author had really *travelled over every country* ; so has the *wandering Jew* : and from the singular attachment of that nation to Mr. Hard Money, and *how much* they will do for him, he is strongly suspected to be of *Hebrew* original ; and what strengthens the suspicion is, that upon many of his family, have been found the evident marks of *circumcision*. Add to this, that be his travels as extensive as they will, he never yet rambled into any country, to which some of these his familiars did not speedily follow him. But whether he be *Jew* or *Gentile*, I think that a man who cannot fix upon any particular spot of the whole terraqueous globe for an abiding residence, must either be of a very roving disposition ; or meet with a welcome reception nowhere : and that he is not apprehended as a *vagrant* upon his own confession ; and as such proceeded against, according to law : he ought to ascribe to the lenity of our government, for which, from his peculiar acrimony against me (the main support of our glorious confederation) I have great reason to question his affection.

Nor can I help thinking that he might as well have forborn to pervert the scripture in favour of his character, when we know that they are not the least instructive passages of holy writ, which warn us against his snares and allurements; and that to sum up its numerous and salutary admonitions against his pernicious seduction, it has in so many words described our attachment to him, as *the root of all evil*. And I was in hopes that the chastisement he received from Moses (who, for having transferred the worship of the Israelites from their Creator, to himself in the shape of a *calf*, had him ground into powder) would never have slipped his memory.

Without the authority of Hudibrass, it is a well-known and a melancholy truth, that he has indeed too much influence in many *courtships*; but considering the tragical consequences generally attending such pecuniary marriages, I think common prudence should have restrained him from valuing himself upon that part of his history.

The poets, I grant, speak of *a golden age, and a golden joy*; and so they do of *golden locks*. But are we for that reason to prefer a *red-hair'd* girl, to a beauty with her tresses of *jet*? And if Horace commends *a golden mean*, he is as great an encomiast of *drinking and wenching*. But that we are thence to infer the excellency of *fornication and drunkenness*, I presume Mr. Hard Money is not hardy enough to avow.

Having thus, gentlemen, answered every part of this author's remonstrance, I beg leave to address myself personally to him; if peradventure I am able, by representing him in his true colours, to abash that excessive self-esteem and fastidiousness, with which he appears so unhappily inflated.

When a man, Mr. Hard Money, writes his own history, he ought to relate the whole truth. But as I may, without breach of charity, venture to affirm, that you have been greatly delinquent in this essential



duty of a faithful biographer, I shall endeavour to supply your deficiencies ; with a solemn appeal to all your acquaintance for the justness of the portrait.— Know, then, that you have been the principal instigator of all the thefts, robberies, murders, assassinations and wars, that have, from the foundation of the world, to the present moment in which I am drawing your *true* picture, disgraced human nature ; and contaminated the creation with blood and slaughter. That you have been guilty of fratricide, parricide, and regicide ; (I wish I could say, suicide) with the most atrocious and heaven-defying perjuries. That you have adulterated religion with numberless vain and ridiculous ceremonies ; unhallowed the priesthood with secularity, and polluted the sacred altars with the most detestable simony. That to you is justly to be ascribed the invention of purgatory, of masses, indulgencies, and dispensations ; the corruption of the British parliament ; and, (as much of a *whig* as you may pretend to be) the present cruel and unprovoked war, which, a nation infatuated with your imaginary charms, is now carrying on against us. That you have not only impelled them to this unnatural violence ; but have in fact assisted them in all their operations ; and that without your aid, they had long since desisted from their purpose of enslaving these happy regions ; and from all the horrid and barbarous ravages hitherto perpetrated to accomplish it. That for your sake, and by your instigations, and without any provocation given, Kouli Khan pillaged the capitol of Indostan ; and the inhuman Clive, devoted, in the same quarter of the world, millions of his species to destruction. That you it was, Mr. Hard Money, who enervated, corrupted, and finally destroyed the liberties of Rome, after she had obtained the empire of the world, and shewn herself invincible even by you, in the memorable case of your alliance and allurements with Phyrus of Epire. Nor have we yet forgot. *Mr. Modesty*, how you was offer-

ed (and you objected not to the proposal) to be sent by Governor Johnstone to a member of Congress, upon a very indelicate errand. That not content with a proper respect for your person, founded on your real utility for some of the purposes of civil life, you have arrogated to yourself divine honours; and excited whole nations to the most execrable idolatries, causing yourself to be worshipped by some, under the title of Mammon, and by others under that of Plutus; and more or less tempted the whole human race, to pay you a kind of religious veneration. And, in fine, that if you have been caressed by the majority of mankind, (which is but too true) you have been chiefly caressed by the vilest and most profligate; while the wise and the virtuous have not only treated you with proper contempt; but have generally rendered their wisdom and virtue conspicuous, in proportion to the contempt with which they *did* treat you.

With respect, gentlemen, to myself,—however painful it is to draw my own panegyric, and to which nothing but this author's calumny, and the justice I owe to my own reputation, could have prompted me, I dare announce it in the face of the world, that maugre all attempts to expose my birth, parentage, corpulence, education, gallantries and rogueries, (which are as incapable of tarnishing the lustre of my character, as is a glow worm to eclipse the splendour of the sun) I have hitherto supported fleets and armies; maintained thousands of worthy citizens; and converted others into gentlemen, in whom nothing else could have wrought such a transformation. That I have imparted to little innkeepers the lofty strut of noblemen; and to hawkers and pedlars, the importance of merchants. That respecting some of my female acquaintance of the humblest class,

Plain *Goody* will no longer down;

“’Tis *Madam* in her program gown.”

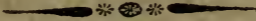
That I have more than once, and with inferior numbers, routed the veteran and well-disciplined troops of Great-Britain, and hitherto frustrated, amidst innumerable disadvantages, the hostile attempts of a very powerful and warlike nation ; and, still stronger to speak my weight and dignity, that even General Washington himself, has not been more instrumental in bringing our public affairs to their present happy and glorious crisis, than,

Gentlemen,

Your much-injured, and most  
obedient humble servant,

CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

March 20, 1779.



HINTS FOR WHAT MIGHT BE PUT IN PRACTICE ON  
ELECTION GROUNDS.



IN these hints for the conduct of elections, I shall not touch upon the means, that are well known, and in use amongst us ; such as the great advantage of choosing judges promptly, before our adversaries are aware, and the use of *ear-marks* on the tickets, to enable these judges, to challenge or admit accordingly ; or the advantage of *open-houses* hard by ; or kegs of whiskey at *election districts*. Nor shall I enlarge on what is well understood, the placing industrious men at the windows to *change the tickets*, with another set to vouch for such as *have a right to vote*. The bringing forward soldiers, occasionally stationed

here, I shall leave to our *military friends*; and for directions in adducing men of colour about dusk, when the complexion cannot be easily distinguished, I refer to that able counsellor and diligent attorney—; for when rascality is to be effected, how better done than by rascality itself? Providing a quantum sufficient of under-strappers to bear about tickets like powder-monkeys in the heat of an engagement, ought not to be neglected; but I take this, also, to be amongst the common rules and regulations which have been long in practice. The province to which I would confine my observations, is that of *bringing up the voters*, a work now more difficult than heretofore, since many of our friends begin to hack, and it is to be feared will be backward at our next election. Our usual means have been, by hand, to lead forward, or to shove along those under our care; but this is a thing of labour and slow operation. The application of mechanicks in this as in other employments has been long a desideratum, and appears to me practicable. I would propose that the electioneerer furnish himself with a cord, a common bed-cord might be used for the purpose, forming a bite or loop upon it at the one end; this thrown over the votable he might be drawn along by the neck, under pain of strangling by resistance. A strap of leather around a couple of pulleys, and fastened to the waist band of the breeches, would facilitate the *pulling* heavy persons; and a block and tackle near the windows might be constructed to hoist them up. The wheel and axis might be applied as in a draw well. A lever like the sweep of an apple mill, movable horizontally on a fulcrum, could be managed with the touch of a finger, to swing forward two or three individuals at a time. On the principle of the inclined plane, planks might be placed, so, that when tolled along by whiskey and put upon them, such as cannot walk or stand may be gently trundled down to give their suffrages. A portable handscrew would perhaps be one

of the most convenient instruments that a man could carry on the ground.—But it is to be understood that I only suggest hints, and should any one profit by them, and improve the introduction of the mechanical principles, either in the use of a single power, or a combination, so as to produce a machine, I claim no right to the invention ; or pretend to any emolument, should a patent from the administration be obtained. I am earnestly anxious that the experiment be made, and have no doubt, but that, as in agriculture, or manufactures, so here, manual labour may be greatly reduced by the skill of art. It is the more necessary, on our side, as our friends consist a great deal of the inhabitants of towns, and are young lawyers, and whiffers of one kind or another, and though they have the good will yet not the strength to urge forward ponderous bodies that come from the country. After the last election which was a busy day, a governor being to be chosen\*, I have heard many of them complain, for a week, of aching shoulders, and joints of the limbs, with the sore service of the occasion.

A friend of mine, a young man of a turn of mind towards mechanical philosophy, taking a hint, as he informs me, in conversation on this head, has furnished me with a drawing of a portable instrument, on the principle of the axis in peritrochio ; he has tried it upon a number of persons at a barbecue, and four or five sluggish men can be moved by it with more ease than one by the hand. How much more easy and convenient for electioneers to discharge their duty by such helps ; how much more decent and decorous, also, than to be seen puffing and blowing like porters carrying along, or attempting to carry, by main strength, the suffrages to the windows?—Don Quevedo, in his Visions, tells us, that at the gate of Hell he saw a broken-backed Devil, and was told it

\* *The election of Governor McKean.*

was by carrying in taylors. I would not wonder to see many of our friends broken-backed, as things now are, by overstrained burdens.

I shall not enlarge farther at present ; but resume the subject at a more convenient opportunity.

*Allegheny County, October 11, 1800.*



\*\*\*\*\* PRESIDENT, &c.

SIR,

LOOKING over your *Extract from a Charge* delivered to the grand Jury of Crawford County, October Sessions, 1800, which wags, or adversaries have induced you to publish, I find myself disposed to make some observations. Whether this Charge be INDICTABLE or IMPEACHABLE, I shall leave to the Legislature, or Attorney General of the State. But, it certainly cannot be prudent in a Judge, by departing from the subject of official duty, to subject himself, to have his veracity from the BENCH, with impunity, called in question. I allude to the general strain of the Charge ; but, more especially to the following paragraph ;—*We all know what ARTS were used, by some interested individuals, to promote the election of the present governor. They said, that if Mr. M'Kean were elected Governor, he would abolish the excise, the stamp act, the land tax, the standing army and the Alien and Sedition laws. Those who printed and repeated those tales knew them to be false. But they effected their purpose : He was elected. The implication necessarily carries with it two things, 1st. That the election of the present Governor, was the result, not of fair opinion, but of falsehood, and fraud ; and 2d. That the people to whom your Charge was*

delivered, were the *accomplices* or *dupes* of the misrepresentation. In this last point of view, it astonishes me, and is a strong proof of the love of order, and respect for the laws among the people, that under a sense of the groundless and degrading LIBEL, they were not fired with sudden indignation, and did not drag you from your seat, and tread you under foot\*. The libel was calculated for people at a distance; but it required a face as hard as ebony or horn, to stand up and express it, where the contrary was so well known. On the part of the Governor elect, the error was *excess* of scrupulous honour, and delicacy, in supporting his election.

Of the ARTS of which you speak, I never heard before. Whether these are the *indigenous* offspring of your own brain, or *imported* from your association, I am at a loss to say. But, be that as it may, it is notorious in this country, where I write, and address you, that they had no existence. However much you may be disposed to undervalue the understanding of the people, there is not so great a fool, from Lake Erie to Dixon's Line; from the Dan to the Beer Sheba, of the citra-montane settlement, as to be imposed upon by any such means.

As the district had been long ago surfeited with your Metaphysico—politico—theologico—juridico—Charges, so it had been thought, that, you were yourself satiated, with the applause, real or imaginary; which you had excited: more especially as you had at last, got them in a book, and in a fair way to travel, by subscription, to some distance. But, not the love of fame, but a sense of duty, led you to this

\* *At this late period such a decision upon that point as the respondents now contend for, might almost induce the merchants of London to shut the doors of Guildhall against the Judges.*

*Lord Alvanley, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. 3. Bosanquet and Puller's Reports, 547.*

task. Ah, man, if you knew the reverse effect of your endeavours! That nothing could be more calculated to shock the public mind, and disgust, than your homilies; nothing more likely to bring about an INSURRECTION, by opposite means to the first; That, by yielding to popular opinion, or flattering it; This, by intolerant abuse; official contempt, and degrading insult.

But you must lecture, you must declare your sentiments. Have you not SCULL's paper in which every *animal* from the buffaloe, to the civet-cat, has, of late, been accustomed to EXPRESS itself? Or, if you must harangue, cannot you do it, out of Court? Is there not the vacation? Must you have the BENCH? Is there not a *stone-step* or a *horse-block* to stand upon? A *halfbarrel* or a *keg* to put your legs in?

“Henley's gilt tub; M'Fleckno's IRISH THRONE.”

—It is astonishing that your *cacoethes dicendi* cannot be exhausted. Does no person ever tell you how much you expose yourself? But if they did, what credit would you give? You have no self-examination; no retro-flexion of mind. You think *on one side*\*. I have laboured hard to get you to know yourself. I have watched over you as a patient, to see if the inflammation was reduced; if gentle phlebotomy had been sufficient. The more powerful remedies must come. Your audacity increases, your impudence multiplies in time and space. It was not enough for you to “*corrupt*” the minds of the young Counsel of your District by engaging them to sign and circulate your libels. It was not enough for you to oppose age and services in the election of a Governor; and in the course of this opposition, to shew yourself in almost every shape of indecency and indelicacy; but, now that the majesty of the people has decided, you must

\* Alluding to an expression in a charge. “*Truth has but one side.*”



endeavour with your *'corrupt'* opinion, to corrupt the opinions of others, resolving his election into *fraud and false suggestions*; in your Judicial capacity, undermining the executive authority, and struggling to bring into disrepute, and render unpopular his administration; a *high crime and misdemeanor* in law; contra bonos mores; a breach of civility and decorum; and, in every possible respect, blamable and offensive.

"*Profagating lies*" are the terms you use, a language which marks your want of natural delicacy, or your low breeding. But the *mendax infamia* is your own: You are a calumniator of the body politic: you are a defamer of Pennsylvanians.

You will wonder at the severity of my expressions, and be disposed to think that something strongly personal, must enter into the composition of my indignation. How far a recollection of personal insult or injury may inflame a sense of public indignities, unknown and imperceptible to the sensibility, it is impossible to say. But so far as I know myself and am conscious of the actings of my mind, the present impressions and expressions are the offspring of a sense of *the wrongs of society*. As to what relates to myself, I reserve for a more *SOLEMN OCCASION*.

November 15, 1800.

—\*—

AN EULOGIUM OF THE BRAVE MEN WHO HAVE  
FALLEN IN THE CONTEST WITH GREAT-BRITAIN:  
DELIVERED ON MONDAY, JULY 5, 1779. BEFORE  
A NUMEROUS AND RESPECTABLE ASSEMBLY OF CI-  
TIZENS AND FOREIGNERS, IN THE GERMAN CAL-  
VINIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

—\*—

— Heroes then arose ;  
Who scorning coward self, for others liv'd,  
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.

THOMSON.

—\*—

IT is the high reward of those who have risked their lives in a just and necessary war\*, that their names are sweet in the mouths of men, and every age shall know their actions. I am happy in having it in my power, before a polite assembly, to express what I think of those who have risked their lives in the war of America. I know my abilities rise not to a level with so great a subject, but I love the memory of the men, and it is my hope, that the affection which I feel, will be to me instead of genius, and give me warm words to advance their praises.

I conceive it as the first honour of these men, that before they engaged in the war, they saw it to be just and necessary. They were not the vassals of a proud chieftain rousing them, in barbarous times, by the blind impulse of attachment to his family, or engaging them to espouse his quarrel, by the music and

\* Tacitus.

entertainment of his hall. They were themselves the chieftains of their own cause, highly instructed in the nature of it, and, from the best principles of patriotism, resolute in its defence. They had heard the declaration of the court and parliament of Great-Britain, claiming the authority of binding them in all cases-whatsoever\*. They had examined this claim, and found it to be, as to its foundation, groundless, as to its nature, tyrannical, and in its consequences, ruinous to the peace and happiness of both countries. On this clear apprehension and decided judgment of the cause, ascertained by their own reason, and collected from the best writers, it was the noble purpose of their minds to stand forth and assert it, at the expence of fortune, and the hazard of their lives.

These brave men were not soldiers by profession, bred to arms, and from a habit of military life attached to it. They were men in the easy walks of life: mechanics of the city, merchants of the counting-house, youths engaged in literary studies, and husbandmen, peaceful-cultivators of the soil. Happy in the sociability and conversation of the town, the simplicity and innocence of the country village, or the philosophic ease of academic leisure, and the sweets of rural life, they wished not a change of these scenes of pleasure, for the dangers and calamities of war. It was the pure love of virtue and of freedom, burning bright within their minds, that alone could engage them to embark in an undertaking of so bold and perilous a nature.

These brave men were not unacquainted with the circumstances of their situation, and their unprepared state for war. Not a bayonet was anvilled out, not a fire-arm manufactured, and scarcely a charge for a fire-arm was in their possession. No redoubt was cast up to secure the city, no fort was erected to resist invasion, no gun mounted on the battery, and no vessel launched upon the stream.

\* *Statutes.*

The power of Britain, on the other hand, was well known, and by the lightning of her orators, in a thousand writings and harangues, had been thrown, in full force, upon their minds. They were taught to believe her, (what indeed she was) old in arts and in arms, and enriched with the spoils of a thousand victories. Embraced by the ocean as her favourite, her commerce was extensive, and she sent out her ships to every sea. Abounding in men, her armies were in full force, her fleets were compleatly manned, her discipline was regular, and the spirit of her enterprize by sea and land, had, in most cases, insured her success.

The idea of resistance to the power of Britain was indeed great; but the mighty soul of the patriot drank it in, and, like the eagle on the mountain-top, collected magnanimity from the very prospect of the height to which he meant to soar: Like the steed, who swallows the distant ground with his fierceness\*, he attempted the career, and poured himself upon the race.

The patriot quits his easy independent walk of life, his shop, his farm, his office, and his counting-house, and with every hope and every anxious thought prepares himself for war. The materials of gun-powder are extracted from the earth; the bayonet is anvilled out; the fire-arm is manufactured in the shop; the manual exercise is taught; the company is formed in battalion; the battalion is instructed to manœuvre on the field; the brigade is drawn forth; and the standard of defiance is planted on the soil.

Shall I mention the circumstances of the day when the sword was drawn, and the first blood was shed; and shall I trace the progress of the war in the course of five campaigns? The narration would require the space of an intire day: I can mention but the sum of things; and only tell you, that the inroad of the foe

\* *Book of Job.*

has been sustained upon the plain, and the forward and impetuous bands have been driven over the disdainful ground which they had measured in advance. The hill has been defended, and the repulsed and rallying foe, have been taught to understand, that the valour of America was worthy of the cause which her freemen had espoused. The wilderness has been penetrated, the current of the river has been stemmed, and the ridge of hills has been surmounted in the march. It has been fought, foot to foot, and point to point, in skirmishes, and night-surprizes, and in pitched battles, with alternate hope, and dubious success. The enemy, beaten in one state has retired to a second, and beaten in the second he has returned to the first; beaten in every state he has sought the water and like a sea-monster rolling to the deep, has washed his wounds in the brine of ocean. Rising from the ocean he has sought the land, and advanced with a slow and suspicious step upon the hostile territory. War has again arisen, and it has been fought from spring to autumn, and from autumn to the spring, through the heats of summer, and the inclemencies of winter, with unabated ardour, and unshaken perseverence. What tract of country has not been marked with the vestiges of war? What ground has not been cut with trenches? What hill has not been covered with redoubts? What plain has not been made the scene of the engagement? What soil of our whole earth has not been sowed with ball?

These have been the toils of the heroes of our army; but the brave men whom we this day celebrate, have added to their toils the loss of life. They have fallen in the contest: These of them in the long and laborious march: These by the fever of the camp: These have fallen, when, advancing on the enemy, they have received the bayonet in their breast; or high in hope, and anxious of victory, they have dropt, by the cannon or the musket ball.

For what cause did these brave men sacrifice their lives? For that cause, which, in all ages, has engaged the hopes, the wishes, and endeavours of the best of men, *the cause of Liberty*. LIBERTY! thou art indeed valuable; the source of all that is good and great upon the earth! For thee, the wise and the brave of every age have contended. For thee, the patriot of America has drawn his sword, and has fought, and has fallen.

What was in our power we have done with regard to the bodies of these men: we have paid them military honours: we have placed them in their native earth; and it is with veneration that we yet view their tombs upon the furzy glade, or on the distant hill. Ask me not the names of these. The muses shall tell you of them, and the bards shall woo\* them to their songs. The verse which shall be so happy as to embrace the name of one of these shall be immortal. The names of these shall be read with the names of Pelopidas, Epaninondas, and the worthies of the world. Posterity shall quote them for parallels, and for examples. When they mean to dress the hero with the fairest praises, they shall say he was gallant and distinguished in his early fall, as Warren; prudent, and intrepid, as Montgomery; faithful, and generous, as Macpherson; he fell in the bold and resolute advance, like Haslet and like Mercer; he saw the honour which his valour had acquired, and fainted in the arms of victory, like Herkimer; having gallantly repulsed the foe, he fell covered with wounds, in his old age, like Wooster.

The names of these brave men shall be read; and the earth shall be sensible of praise where their bodies are deposited. Hill of Boston†, where the God of arms gave uncommon valour to the patriot! Here the muses shall observe the night, and hymn heroic acts, and trim their lighted lamps to the dawn of

\* *Plato.*

† *Bunker's Hill.*

morning : The little babbling mystic brook, shall hear the melody, and, stealing with a silver foot, shall tell it to the ocean. Hills within prospect of the York city, where the enemy, rejoicing in his early strength, adventured and fought, or where, detracting the engagement, he fled, with precipitation to his ships ! On you the tomb of the hero is beheld, and fancy walking round covers it with shades.— Grounds in the neighbourhood of this city\*, where the foreigner shall enquire the field of battle, and the citizen shall say with conscious pride, as if the honour was his own, this is the tomb of Witherspoon ; that is the ground where Nash fell ! Plains washed by the Ashley and the Cooper, and before the walls of Charlestown ! Here has the hero fallen, or rather he has risen to eternal honour, and his birth-place shall be immortal. His fame, like a vestal lamp, is lighted up : It shall burn, with the world for its temple ; and the fair assemblies of the earth shall trim it with their praise.

Having paid that respect to the memory of these men, which the annual return of this day demanded, it remains that we soothe the griefs of those who have been deprived of a father, bereaved of a son, or who have lost a brother, a husband, or a lover in the contest. Fathers, whose heroic sons have offered up their lives in the contest ; it is yours to recollect, that their lives were given them for the service of their country. Fathers ! dismiss every shade of grief ; you are happy in having been the progenitor of him who is written with the heroes of his country.

Sons ! whose heroic fathers have early left you, and, in the conflict of the war, have mixed with departed heroes ; be congratulated on the fair inheritance of fame which you are intitled to possess. If it is at all lawful to array ourselves in borrowed honour,

\* *Philadelphia.*

surely it is best drawn from those who have acted a distinguished part in the service of their country. If it is at all consistent with the feelings of philosophy and reason to boast of lineal glory, surely it is most allowable in those who boast of it as flowing from such source. We despise the uninstructed mind of that man who shall obtrude upon our ears the ideas of a vain ancestral honour; but we love the youth, and transfer to him the reputation of his father, who, when the rich and haughty citizen shall frown upon him as ignobly descended, shall say, "I had a father who has fallen in the service of his country."

When after times shall speak of these who have risen to renown, I will charge it to the golden-winged and silver-tongued bards, that they recollect and set in order every circumstance; the causes of the war; early and just exertions; the toils, hazardous achievements; noble resolution; unshaken perseverance; unabated ardour; hopes in the worst of times; triumphs of victory; humanity, to an enemy: All these will I charge it, that they recollect and set in order, and give them bright and unsullied to the coming ages. The bards, I know will hear me, and you, my gallant countrymen, shall go down to posterity with exceeding honour. Your fame shall ascend on the current of the stream of time: It shall play with the breezes of the morning. Men at rest, in the cool age of life, from the fury of a thousand wars finished by their fathers, shall observe the spreading ensign. They shall hail it, as it waves with variegated glories; and feeling all the warm rapture of the heart, shall give their plaudit from the shores.



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IN order to introduce a correspondence which I had the honour to have with Major-General Charles Lee, of the American army, I extract the following from a publication under the title of the *United States Magazine*, of January 1779.

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GENUINE LETTER OF AN OFFICER OF HIGH RANK  
IN THE AMERICAN SERVICE, TO MISS F\*\*\*\*S, A  
YOUNG LADY OF THIS CITY.

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*Madam,*

WHEN an officer of the respectable rank which I bear, is grossly traduced and calumniated, it is incumbent on him to clear up the affair to the world, with as little delay as possible. The spirit of defamation and calumny (I am sorry to say it) is grown to a prodigious and intolerable height on this continent. If you had accused me of a design to procrastinate the war, or of holding a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, I could have borne it; this I am used to, and this happened to the great Fabius Maximus. If you had accused me of getting drunk as often as I could get liquor (as *two Alexanders the great*, have been charged with this vice) I should, perhaps, have sat patient under the imputation; or even if you had given the plainest hints that I had stolen the soldiers shirts, this I could have put up with, as the great duke of Marlborough would have been an example; or if you had contented yourself with asserting that I was so abominable a sloven as never to part with my shirt, until my shirt parted

with me, the anecdotes of my illustrious name-sake of Sweden\*, would have administered some comfort to me. But the calumny you have, in the fertility of your malicious wit, chosen to invent, is of so new, so unprecedented, and so hellish a kind, as would make Job himself swear like a Virginia colonel. Is it possible that the celebrated Miss F——s, a lady who has had every human and divine advantage, who has read (or at least might have read) in the *originals* the New and Old Testaments (though I am afraid she too seldom looks even into the translations) I say is it possible that Miss F——s with every human and divine advantage, who might and ought to have read these two good books, which (an old Welsh nurse, whose uncle was a preacher in Merioneth-shire, assured me) enjoins charity, and denounces vengeance against slander and evil speaking; is it possible, I again repeat it, that Miss F——s should, in the face of the day, carry her malignity so far, in the presence of three most respectable personages (one, of the oldest religion in the world; one, of the newest, for he is a new light-man; and the other, most probably, of no religion at all, as he is an English sailor); but I demand it again and again, is it possible that Miss F——s should assert it in the presence of these respectable personages, that, I wore green breeches patched with leather? To convict you, therefore, of the falshood of this most diabolical slander; to put you to eternal silence (if you are not past all grace) and to cover you with a much larger patch of infamy, than you have wantonly endeavoured to fix on my breeches, I have thought proper, by the advice of three very grave friends (lawyers, and members of Congress, of course excellent judges in delicate points of honour) to send you the said breeches, and, with the consciousness of truth on my side, to submit them to the most severe inspection and scrutiny of you and

\* Charles XII.

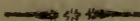
all those who may have entered into this wicked cabal against my honour and reputation. I say, I dare you, and your whole junto, to your worst,—turn them, examine them, inside and outside, and if you find them to be green breeches patched with leather, and not actually legitimate Sherryvallies\*, such as his Majesty of Poland wears (who, let me tell you, is a man that has made more fashions, than all your knights of the Meschianza put together, notwithstanding their beauties). I repeat it, (though I am almost out of breath with repetitions and parenthesis) that if these are proved to be patched green breeches, and not real legitimate Sherryvallies (which a man of the first *bon ton* might be proud of) I will submit in silence to all the scurrility, which I have no doubt you and your abettors are prepared to pour out against me, in the public papers, on this important and interesting occasion. But, Madam, Madam, reputation (as Common Sense very sensibly, though not very uncommonly observes) is a serious thing; you have already injured me in the tenderest part, and I demand satisfaction; and as you cannot be ignorant of the laws of duelling, having conversed with so many Irish Officers (whose favourite topic it is, particularly in the company of ladies) I insist on the privilege of the injured party, which is to name his hour and weapons; and as I intend it to be a very serious affair, I will not admit of any seconds; and you may depend upon it, Miss F——s, that whatever may be your spirit on the occasion, the world shall never accuse General L——, with having turned his back upon you. In the mean time,

I am, &c.

P. S. I have communicated the affair only to my confidential friend ——, who has mentioned it to no

\* *A kind of long breeches reaching to the ankle, with a broad stripe of leather on the inside of the thigh, for the conveniency of riding.*

more than seven members of Congress, and nineteen women, six of whom are old maids; so that there is no danger of its taking wind on my side, and I hope you will be equally guarded on your part.



PUBLICATION OF GENERAL LEE IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ADVERTISER, OF APRIL 1779.

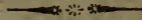


THE impertinence and stupidity of the compiler of that wretched performance, with the pompous title of *The Magazine of the United States*, have, I find, been the means of my silly, but certainly harmless letter to Miss Franks, being introduced into the New-York papers, and, I am told, of giving much uneasiness to that amiable young lady, for whose character, in every respect, I have the highest regard. If the consequence of this foolish trash had been only making a noise in this town, (which is not an Athens) I should not have troubled the public on the subject; but as I perceive it is extended much farther, gives every day fresh uneasiness to the lady; and as my motives for writing it have been misinterpreted by the malicious, and misunderstood by the blockheads; to undeceive the public, I must entreat that you will insert in your paper the inclosed copy of a letter which I wrote to the lady, on being informed that she was both offended and distressed by my jest, the intention of which was merely to make her, and a few of her acquaintance, laugh for a moment, and then to throw it into the fire. It is indeed much to be lamented, that the compiler of *the Magazine of the United States*, should after six months hard labour, not be able to squeeze out of his brain sufficient matter for his *coups*

*a*<sup>d</sup> *essai*, even with the aid of his heavenly muse, without having recourse to such wretched stuff as my letter to Miss Franks; but wretched as it was, the compiler of the Magazine, from want of comprehension and faulty punctuation, has rendered it ten times worse—the only parts which had any pretension to humour are, by passing through his hands, become the most insipid of the whole. I shall give one instance of it,—the original ran thus, *I shall repeat, (although, in spite of their beauties, I am almost out of breath with repetitions and parenthesis) but I shall repeat*—The raillery here intended is against my own manner of writing, which has been deservedly laughed at for repetitions and parenthesis, by several who have taken the trouble to read my publications. But the Magazine-writer transfers these beauties, viz. *of repetitions and parenthesis* to the poor knights of the meschianza, whose beauties were never once thought of.

The postscript he has mangled still more horribly; the chief sarcasm it contained was levelled against the gentleman who, without leave had taken a copy, and read it wherever he went. It ran thus—*In all affairs of honour, as you must know, it is a rule to observe the strictest silence, until the matter is brought to an issue. I have myself been extremely cautious, having only communicated it to my trusty and confidential friend Dr. —, who has acted with all the prudence that could be expected from him, for he has only revealed it to nine members of Congress (no more than four of whom were lawyers, and to seventeen ladies, no more than five of whom were old maids) so that there can be no apprehension of the affair's taking wind as far as depends on me, and I hope you will be equally guarded.* Now, though the wit of this postscript is at best miserable enough, God knows, it certainly is not deserving of its present unhappy destiny, which is, by a single omission of the Magazine compiler, to be qualified to keep company with Vanhest's cave, the

damnable trash imputed to poor General Moultrie, and, what is still more degrading, with his own damnable verses, which, if a Christmas bell-man was to sing under our windows, we should certainly throw something on his head.



THE FOLLOWING ALSO APPEARED IN THE ADVERTISER OF THAT DATE AS THE APOLOGY WHICH HAD BEEN SENT TO THE LADY.



PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 28, 1779.

*Madam,*

NOTHING has happened to me of late that has given me more concern than the serious light in which, I am told, you are persuaded to consider the harmless, jocular letter I wrote to you; I say persuaded to consider, because on the first receipt of it, when you were directed by your own excellent understanding alone, you conceived it, as it was meant, an innocent *jeu d'esprit*. I do not mean to compliment when I assure you, upon my honour, that it was the good opinion I had of your understanding which encouraged me to indulge myself in this piece of railery, which, in effect, is not in the least directed against you, but against myself and a few others. If it contains any satire, you are obviously the vehicle, not the object. My acquaintance with you is too slender to admit of my taking any liberties which border on familiarity; and unless I had been taught to believe that the liberality of your mind and cheerfulness of disposition were such that you would be pleased with any effort to make you laugh for a moment in these times, I declare, upon the word of an honest man, that I would sooner have put my hand into the fire than have written it. Thank God, I have not

that petulant itch for scribbling, or vain ambition of passing for a wit, as to

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.

Weak, corrupt, or tyrannical administrators of the public affairs; ignorant, blundering, and conceited Generals, are undoubtedly the fair game of every writer in a free community; but in justice to myself, I can venture to assert, that there does not exist a mortal who holds in greater abhorrence than I do, the calumniators of individuals, and disturbers of the peace of private families; but those who wantonly wound the tranquillity of persons of your sex, I consider as the most detestable of the whole infernal species. In this point I push my Quixotism so far, that for instance I should think myself morally obliged, (if the scoundrel could be discovered) to cane through the public streets the author of that infamous ribaldry, which he is pleased to call characters, wherein so many respectable ladies are basely and cowardly traduced; indeed, I think a whip should be put into every honest mans hand to lash the rascal through the world. There is one consolation, however, which is, that his stupidity, if possible, surpasses his malignity. With respect to my harmless letter (for so I thought it) I once more beg leave to repeat, I had not the most distant idea that it could have been so grossly misunderstood, or that you could have been in any measure considered as the object of the satire (such as it is) but merely as the vehicle. I entreat therefore, that you will divest yourself of the opinion (if ever you entertained it) that it was my wish to give you a single uneasy moment; but that my sole view was to afford matter of a little temporary mirth to you and the ladies who form your circle. I have spun out this dull letter to a greater length than I intended, and hope that its dulness will be attributed to its proper cause, the sensibility (which upon my honour

is not affected) of having been unwarily the cause of giving pain to a young lady, for whose good qualities and character no man has a higher respect and regard, than has, Madam,

Your most obedient,  
humble servant,

CHARLES LEE.

P. S. I have just now had a sight in Mr. Rivington's Gazette, of Miss Franks's pretended answer to my letter.—I declare solemnly, that Miss Franks never did write, nor can any body who is acquainted with that young lady think her capable of writing, a single syllable of such abominable Grub-street. It is probably the production of some gaping expectant for an office, who has absurdly flattered himself that he should recommend himself to his Excellency by any scurrility on me. A scoundrel of this species was lately detected at this dirty work in the Jerseys, and the fruits of his labours have been a most horrible fright, a precipitate flight from the horse-whip of one of my Aid-de-camps, the contempt of the whole army, of his own townsmen, and of General Washington's family, to whom he thought he had been paying his court. How it should happen that so respectable a name as Mr. Cyrus Griffin's should be put to this forgery, it is difficult to conceive; for even if that gentleman had not given his honour that he had no concern in it, no man would believe it possible that he should, as the composer must be not only a very great rascal, but evidently a consummate fool, and I have never heard either Mr. Griffin's part or integrity called in question.





THE *Cave of Vanhest* is too long to be extracted ; but the *Verses* to which the General alludes in the *Magazine* are the following.



GENETHLICON\* OF THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.



CHILD of truth and fancy born,  
Rising like the beam of morn ;  
From that shadowy silent place,  
Where the ideal shades embrace,  
Forms that yet in embryo lie ;  
Forms of inactivity.

Let me hail thee to the day,  
With thy natal honours gay.  
Thou art come to visit scenes  
Of Italian bowers and greens. -  
Hear in wild wood notes with me,  
What the world prepares for thee.

Statesmen of assembly great ;  
Soldiers that on danger wait ;  
Farmers that subdue the plain ;  
Merchants that attempt the main ;  
Tradesmen who their labours ply :  
These shall court thy company ;

\* *Birth-day Ode.*

These shall say, with placid mien,  
*Have you read the Magazine ?*

Maids of virgin-beauty fair ;  
 Widows gay and debonnaire ;  
 Matrons of a graver age ;  
 Wives whom household cares engage ;  
 These shall hear of thee and learn,  
 To esteem thee more than Sterne ;  
 These shall say when thou art seen,  
*Oh ! enchanting Magazine.*

Maids and men shall both agree,  
 To present their gifts to thee ;  
 Lyric odes and rural lays ;  
 Thoughts of fire and words of praise ;  
 Noble strains and reasonings high,  
 Of divine philosophy.  
 These thy gifts the circle gay,  
 Bringing oft to thee shall say,  
 (Gazing on thy stars thirteen\*)  
*This is for the Magazine.*

Gifts shall come to thee from far,  
 And from lands that nearer are ;  
 From the navigable flow,  
 Of the Schuylkill stream below ;  
 From each plain and shady grove,  
 Wash'd by the Delaware above ;  
 From the Hudson river's side ;  
 Or Potomaque spreading wide ;

\* See the *Triumphal Arch—Frontispiece.*

From more distant streams that run,  
To the east, or setting sun.

Yes ; the bard and sage unborn,  
Shall thy beauteous breast adorn,  
With the fairest choicest flowers  
That the God of genius pours  
From the warm enraptur'd mind,  
Rich with sense, and fancy join'd.  
Rais'd by these the noble name,  
Shall ascend in future fame ;  
In perpetual verdure live,  
And the rage of years survive.



REPLY TO GENERAL LEE, BY THE COMPILER OF  
THE MAGAZINE. APRIL 1779.

SIR,

THE *chef d'œuvre* of your capacity which has been so long on the way, has at length come to hand. The space of two months has elapsed since it was announced to me, that General Lee was preparing a sublimate of so corrosive and searching a quality, that like the drops of aqua-fortis, it would burn up whatever was touched by it. I gave it as my opinion to the authors of the information, that if it did not leave an odour like the perfusion of a certain species of the cat, (not the civet) well known to naturalists, it would be, in every other respect, perfectly innocuous.

You have been two months in drawing up your publication, and if this is a less time than that in which I have been engaged in establishing a corres-

pondence and collecting materials for the United States Magazine, it is to be attributed to the great facility with which you write, a gift which is not common to every one. The first part of your fabrication you had got through six weeks ago, for it is at least that time since I have heard of your hawking it about the streets, and shewing it to hostlers and oyster-men, and which is undoubtedly commendable; for it behoves a man to take the opinion of his friends, and make the best use of all criticisms and observations on his work, before he ventures to lay it before the public. Nevertheless, I do not think it equally advisable to admit every one of these people to foist in a paragraph of their own, as seems to have been the case with this composition; for, certainly, the figure of the *bell-man, and yourself throwing something from the window on his head*, can be of no other original.

At length, with all its corrections and amendments, it has appeared in the Advertiser, and the world must allow that it has considerable merit. Yet, when we bring into view that you have been two months about it, and that in the mean time you have drawn twelve rations a day, and have had the pay of a Major-General, the performance, however excellent, will hardly appear to be worth the expence of it. In the entrance of the work you take the liberty to inveigh against the United States Magazine, a publication which from the beginning, I had apprehended would not be pleasing to you. The list of the members of Congress which it contains in the first page of it, must be to you what a list of the angels in paradise would have been to Lucifer after he had been precipitated headlong. Moreover, that portion of whiggism pretty largely interspersed in it, must have operated on your olfactory nerves like the smell of a burnt fish to Tobit's devil, or the application of certain herbs, as the hunters inform us, to the nose of a rattle-snake.

The ostensible reason of your dislike to the Magazine is, that it has become the repository of a let-

ter to the *amiable* Miss Franks, and that, as you would insinuate, it has been the *vehicle* of this letter to the British at New-York. I cannot believe it; for the United States Magazine will be avoided by those people for the same reason that it is avoided by you, and it is very unlikely that it has been yet seen amongst them. It is more probable that the letter has been contrived to them by yourself: and indeed, we can have little doubt on this head, if we recollect that about the time it first appeared in this city, you made a trip to the Jersies\*, and as some suppose, for the express purpose of more easily transmitting it. At any rate, your correspondence appears to be so regular with *Rivington*, from whom you receive the *Gazettes*, that it could have been no matter of difficulty for you to have sent at any time, your *jeu d'esprit* to that gentleman; and from the archness of your sneer at this city, *which is not an Athens*, we may easily collect that it could by no means have contented you to have had it confined to its environs, when with a little trouble, you might have enjoyed the sublime pleasure of hearing of its arrival at New-York, drawing the attention of many young ladies as *cheerful* and as sprightly as Miss Franks.

It is uncandid in you, General Lee, now that you have taken so much pains to have the thing made public, to disapprove of it, especially as you had contrived to have it circulated through this town, before any publisher of papers was so good natured as to admit it to the press. That you were once fond of it, whatever you may now pretend to say, is indubitable from the frequency of your rehearsing it; and once particularly in the company of two or three French gentlemen, where you gave some broad hints, that it were not amiss if it was translated into their language, and sent to the *Academie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, as a *morceau* of literary

\* *It will not be supposed there was any thing serious in this.*

merit. You now affect to call it *silly*, and in truth, there are many persons who have thought it so: Nevertheless, Sir, we value it very highly, as in the museum of a college, we value scull-pieces, fish-heads, and jaw-teeth, not because of their excellence, but because of the animals from which the virtuoso has extracted them. In oratory it is not always the real merit, but the singularity or some other characteristic of the holder-forth, that strikes the attention of the multitude. When an Ourang Outang in the reign of George I. was brought from the woods of Hanover to England, and was said to have uttered some uncouth sounds, the philosophers of that day came from all quarters to examine nature, and to hear how the wild man would express himself: For, Sir, though you may affect to call yourself of the human species, yet let me tell you, that when we consider the *currishness* of your humour, and attachment to a certain species of the quadruped, we cannot strain our complaisance so far as to be of that opinion with you. I shall not undertake to say whether as to genus you belong to the mammalia, amphibia, insecta, or vermes of animals; or are fera, glis, pecus, or bellua, but shall leave it to the Philosophical Society of this city, who, I believe, have it now before them, and will shortly give it the public with a proper plate and description, in the first publication of transactions; or perhaps sooner, through the channel of the United States Magazine.

*This town is not an Athens*; nor are you, Sir, a Diogenes; for though from the derivation of the word you might be called a *cynic*, and draw some resemblance from your living in a dog-kennel, a place almost as closely circumscribed as a tub, yet you have so little pretence to philosophy, that you can never be ranked with that ancient.

*It is to be lamented* that the copy of your letter handed to us, did not happen to be the most correct one: But, Sir, it is the case with Homer (which I acknowledge is a less valuable work) that from the

carelessness of transcribers, and the officiousness of critics, the text has been in some places mutilated, and in others interpolated: Without doubt the like accidents may have befallen, and the like liberties may have been taken with your composition, in the course of its progress through the hands of the learned to that most ingenious young gentleman, your *trusty and confidential friend Dr. C——*, from whom we received it. If you could spare half a month to revise it, and to superintend a second edition of it, with the spelling and *punctuation* agreeable to your fancy, it would be a truly valuable deposit with the world, and would most assuredly convey your fame to immortality.

The words *heavenly muse* and *verses* recal to my memory a circumstance of your shewing me, some time ago, a poetical performance of about a score of lines, which you assured me you had written with the assistance of no more than one person; and this which had been published in England, and was bound up with a song of Tristram Shandy's, you seemed to hint to me might do to be republished in the Magazine; and indeed, Sir, you must excuse me if I attribute to my not complying with your expectation, your outrageous invectives against those more favoured pieces which have been admitted into this repository. Your invective, however, I have the pleasure to inform you, has not given the least offence to those interested in the success of the publication; for they count it an honour to be ranked by you as an object of invective with those whom you represent as *wcak, corrupt, and tyrannical administrators of public affairs*,—the Congress; or with *ignorant, blundering, and conceited Generals*—the American Brigadiers, Major-Generals, and his Excellency the Commander in Chief at the head of them.

A second letter to Miss Franks, which is of the apologetic kind, makes the body of your late work in the Advertiser. This letter is entire, we may suppose, and the *punctuation* is your own, as it has been

printed under your direction ; yet with all these advantages in the circumstance of birth, there are some ill natured persons who think it not equal to the former. In your own judgment it has manifestly the preference ; for the first was *silly and foolish trash*, and *wretched stuff, miserable enough, God knows* ; though, by the bye, there was no necessity of appealing to Omniscience in the case ; but this is produced as something better to atone for it, and to relieve your literary reputation from the obloquy under which it may have laboured.

It is among the first of your declarations in this letter to Miss Franks, that you had not the least intention of offending her, but only of acting the player on the bagpipe for a while, to make sport for *her and the ladies who form her circle*. The wags have observed, that it is high enough to see a General who wears a commission second in command on the continent, degrade himself to the office of making *pas-time* for Miss Franks.

It is matter of surprize to you, that the lady could be *persuaded* to take offence at your *harmless* epistle. It would be matter of surprize to every one else, if a lady of delicacy and tolerable *understanding* would not have been offended. If she had considered it in the light in which you intended it, as a piece of ill-nature, of which she was to become the *vehicle*, she must certainly have thought it at least impertinent : And, if she had considered it as a kind of *jocular* love letter, accompanied with the rather gross emblem of the *Sherryvallies*, in the manner, though not the taste of an Asiatic, who presents a jonquil for his billet doux, she must have equally resented it as an insult upon her character. In the opinion of most persons, Miss Franks has done herself credit by treating you and your proposed correspondence with contempt.

You tell Miss Franks, that you have not the *vain ambition of passing for a wit*. You have had it long



enough ; and it was high time, in all conscience, to dismiss it. You have made many laudable attempts, in the course of your life, to gain the height of this excellence, sallying on from pun, and witticism, and publication ; stretching and clambering like a wasp upon a wall, but still falling down again. But a man may be sensible that he is not able to array himself in the brilliancy of wit, and yet he may entertain some hope of acquiring lasting honour in the *serious* and moral way of writing. You deny that you write those *characters*, that were handed about the streets of this city last winter ; but it is very common with your great geniuses and bright wits, when any one of them throws out a *jeu d' esprit*, not to care all at once to be known for the author ; but the world, in spite of your modesty, do you justice with regard to this little matter, for they all see that it is perfectly in your stile and manner.

You talk of *pushing your Quixotism*, and would induce a comparison with the hero of Cervantes : But though in point of outlandishness you may have exoticism ; in point of *dullness* chaotism ; and in point of self-deception *Quixotism*, reckoning yourself, as you seem to do, an exotic, chaotic, and quixotic adventurer ; yet, as with all the fooleries, knight-errantries, and oddities of the knight of La Mancha, you are not possessed of his good nature, it becomes a prostitution of parallels to place yourself on a page with him.

Your *dullness* you have *attributed to your sensibility* ; but, that, dulness can be the effect of *sensibility*, or stupidity in the head arise from fine feelings in the heart, is certainly a new philosophy.

In this *postscript* addressed to the public, you *declare solemnly* ; but it is to us a problem what solemnity there can be in your mind, or what awe of a superior Being you can have upon your spirits, who are neither Christian, Jew, Turk, nor Infidel, but a metempsychosist. You have been heard to say, that you

expect when you die to transmigrate to a Siberian fox-dox, and be messmate to Spado\*. As to that I do not know what to say ; but if, as some divines, from an expression of St. Paul seem to think, there will, at the general resurrection, be also a resuscitation of quadrupeds, it is more than probable you will come amongst them.

In your letter to Miss Franks I take notice of your frequent adjuration *upon your honour*. The choice of the word *honour* was judicious, as you have not the semblance of any other grace or virtue to take an oath upon. You could not swear by your *faith*, morality, liberality, philanthropy, or patriotism : and the word *honour* is of a signification indeterminate, and may mean either a sense of right and wrong in yourself, or your place of estimation amongst others ; and though you have neither *honour* nor desert of it in yourself, yet if amongst those with whom you associate, there is one who unrighteously entertains a respect for you, you might save your conscience, if you had one, and swear upon *your honour*.

With regard to another term, or *per quod* of your asseveration, *honest man*, I have to say, that from many parts of your conduct, your political honesty has become problematical ; but be this as it may, the word *man* is certainly exceptionable ; for with all my partiality in your favour, I cannot believe that you are of the human species. Nor am I the only person in America, or elsewhere, who have taken you for a *wild animal*. Nay, so far has this opinion become popular, that some persons of this city, who have more leisure than money on their hands, have seriously thought of putting you in a wagon, and carrying you about the country for a shew ; and indeed were it not for the depreciation of the currency, I believe they might live by it. The young men have applied to me to have my opinion, whether the Congress,

\* *The General's dog.*

who might still have some farther occasion for your services, might not take it amiss to be robbed of you in this manner. I told them, no : the Congress had turned you *outside* and *inside*, and *tried* you and *examined* you like a pair of *Sherryvalies*, and found you such an insignificant, capricious, and fluctuating weazel, that unless they wanted such creature, I did not see what they could make of you. Several persons have suggested to me that I ought to defend myself against your attack upon the literary reputation of that small account of *Vanhest's Cave*, continued in the Magazine ; but with regard to this matter, I shall wait the enquiries of the Philosophical Society of this city respecting you ; for I should look foolish to have it said, that I had very gravely entered into a debate about the excellency of composition, with one who had been afterwards proved to be a beast.

I am, Sir,

*The Compiler of the United States Magazine.*

P. S. Your military and political reputation will be more directly considered in my next.



AFTER the conclusion of the war which terminated the revolution of 1776, an association under the name of *The Society of the Cincinnati*, was projected by the officers of the American army, which was thought to savour of an order of Chivalry, and might lead to titles of nobility ; and for this reason, gave offence to the republican mind of the new States. It was attacked by reason and argument, and the institution modified considerably from what was at first proposed. The following, in a vein of pleasantry was thrown out on the occasion.



*CINCINNATUS.*

A POEM.



WHAT time the States had settled peace  
 With adversaries over seas;  
 And troops disbanded, it seem'd good,  
 To institute a brotherhood,  
 Among the chieftains of the war,  
 Of Cincinnati character,  
 Who now laid by their arms and came,  
 To seek an agricultural fame,  
 On territory they had sav'd.  
 For, as together they had brav'd,  
 The toils of service, wish'd a tie,  
 At least upon the memory,  
 Of that companionship; hence 'twas,  
 The institution came to pass,  
 Of a society and badge.

At first it did provoke the rage,  
 Of several of the citizens,  
 As not republican; and hence,  
 When one of these in rambling gate,  
 Came to a village of the state,  
 With badge dependant at his bosom.  
 It seem'd a singular rosy crozum,

And drew attention and surmise ;  
And every one that seem'd more wise,  
Began discussion of th' affair.

A certain pedagogue was there,  
Did first accost, and ask'd the rise,  
And the intendment of device,  
And how he got it, when and where ;  
Effigies of a bird of the air,  
And other such interrogatories.

The Cincinnat who heard the queries,  
Explain'd the history of the club,  
And effigy upon the bob ;  
Videlicet, that having fought,  
And put the adversar's to trot,  
Retir'd from war like Cincinnatus ;  
And were about to plant potatoes ;  
But first in memory of their warfare,  
And individuals did most care for,  
Had set up club and wore a badge.

And what bird have you in the cage,  
Quoth pedagogue ? Is it a goose,  
That you have chosen for your use ?  
Or a wild turkey or a swan ?

This hurt the Cincinnati man—  
Quoth he, I will not say you mean,  
T' affront, and throw out with design,  
This sarcasm on the badge we wear ;  
But 'tis an eagle of the air,  
And emblematical of power,  
As having dominion of the lower,

Fowls of the stack-yard and the grove ;  
 And hence become the bird of Jove,  
 And is device upon the badge,  
 Which you and other fools with rage,  
 Decry and vilify and abuse,  
 As being without sense or use ;  
 Because your ignorance is such,  
 You cannot comprehend it much,  
 The meaning of the hieroglyphic,  
 Or motto that is scientific,  
 Devis'd by sholars that were good,  
 And authors of similitude.

Quoth pedagogue, I own I saw  
 It had a bird's tail and a claw ;  
 But never did so far encroach,  
 To look distinctly on the broach  
 Whether a grey goose or a drake,  
 That seems to give himself a shake ;  
 But what resemblance does it bear  
 To him of Roman character ;  
 Who wore no brochet at his button ;  
 Or a remarkable escutch'on ;  
 But when had ended war and battle ;  
 Return'd t' his harrow and draught cattle,  
 Without a goose-resembling bauble ;  
 Or other bird or beast, could gabble,  
 A word of Latin or of Greek.

But what the phrase it seems to speak ?  
 Relinquit omnia, servare  
 Rempublicam ; But quere,

Had this same Roman much to leave ?  
Or, would he not have laugh'd in's sleeve,  
T' have had these words applied to him ?  
And you that are of modern time,  
Were in the same predicament,  
Before you to the warfare went.  
So that the point is not in this,  
From whence the eulogy takes rise,  
The having left an ox or two,  
Or an old horse with which did plow ;  
But your returning to your place,  
When armies had been sent to grass ;  
So that 'twere better you had made it,  
Nunc victor ad aratrum redit :  
Or some intelligible phrase,  
That would bespeak the proper praise,  
Which really did belong to such,  
As not ambitious over much,  
Return'd from victory and war,  
To till their ground, and take the care,  
Of stock upon their farms ; but wore,  
No other ensign than before,  
With barbarous Latin such as this,  
Assum'd for the diagnosis.

To him a certain clergyman,  
Did take upon him to explain,  
The meaning of the badge and use,  
Drawn from the hist'ry of the Jews ;  
Said, he was an idolater,  
That from the eastern climes came there

With native sparrow at his breast ;  
 Or what else bird it was express'd ;  
 Egyptian ibis or a stork,  
 That did among the sedges lurk,  
 In face of dictate that was given,  
 By decalogue the law of heaven,  
 Inhibiting the worshipping,  
 Of graven bird or beast or thing ;  
 Or that he was a great magician,  
 And dangerous on this occasion ;  
 For had a trinket of his own,  
 And abracadabra writ thereon,  
 With some infernal spell or force,  
 Above a common Christian's powers.

The Cincinnat enrag'd to hear  
 Attack upon his character,  
 Address'd him to the populace,  
 Which were assembled at the place.

Quoth he, though no great orator  
 Experience being more in war,  
 Yet sense of injury and wrong,  
 May give me exercise of tongue ;  
 Enable me to tell my tale  
 In way, perhaps, acceptable ;  
 Especially as candour hears,  
 As is evinc'd by your drop'd ears.  
 For well aware that public lies,  
 Insinuation and surmise,  
 Have got the start of me, I feard,  
 I would not be with candour heard.



It seems the thing has gone abroad,  
That I have image of false god,  
Hung at my breast ; the effigy  
Of bird, or beast, or fish or fly ;  
Which idol grav'd in bit of gold,  
Like the idolaters of old,  
I worship, and put up a prayer ;  
Tho' but a wild fowl of the air.  
Theologists have given rise,  
To this religious prejudice,  
As natural to every mind,  
To breed according to its kind ;  
But nothing more dissimilar,  
Than that a soldier in the war,  
Should worship God at all, or beast,  
In effigy or shape express'd ;  
For seldom worship the true God,  
Save when some danger comes the road ;  
Unless the swearing by the Lord,  
Or zounds or zuks, or some such word,  
May be accounted reverence,  
Express'd to the Omnipotence ;  
And therefore much less probable  
T' adore the visual beak or bill  
Of this small eaglet that I wear.  
As to idolatry am clear ;  
For though know nothing more about,  
Religions that are set on foot  
Than a grey goose ; yet catholic,  
Let all men worship till they're sick ;

Nor interfere with church or psalm,  
But be plain soldier as I am.  
You that compose my audience,  
Are persons of superior sense,  
And can with others set that right  
Misrepresented by this wight,  
And save my hard earn'd character,  
And the good name I wish to bear.

There was a citizen just by,  
Attentive to the apology.  
Quoth he ; it may not be the shape  
Of bird or beast at which you gape,  
For sake of reverence or prayer ;  
But to distinguish what you are ;  
The only champions of the cause ;  
It being not the truth ; whereas  
Are many others that have fought,  
And taken the Hessian by the throat,  
And may deserve more solid praise,  
Than wearing that small thing of brass,  
Unworthy even of you that chuse,  
To have the ensign of the goose.  
Is't not ridiculous that one,  
Who in the service has been known,  
As champion of a sober cause,  
Which with it such advantage draws  
To the republicks of this clime,  
Should turn his thoughts to such a whim  
As savours of a ruder age,  
When every light-head wore a badge ;

And is no trophy or a spoil  
The warrior earn'd, upon the soil,  
But arbitrary honour made,  
By some one of the brazier trade ;  
And is no special proof of worth ;  
There are so many to hold forth.  
Pretension to the same device ?  
For the peculiar honour lies,  
In being distinguish'd in desert.  
Are you the only that have mer't,  
In revolution brought about ?  
Or are there not amongst the croud.  
Some others that have just pretence ;  
If not with sword, at least with brains,  
To patriotism in the cause ?  
If not with arms they have with jaws  
In councils of the several states,  
Or by their writings in Gazettes,  
Rebuff'd the British power and force  
And militated with discourse ;  
And many who have spoke and wrote,  
Have also on occasion fought.  
And there are victims of the cause,  
By operation of the laws ;  
In favour of the general good.  
What think you of the multitude,  
Reduc'd by fluctuating paper,  
Estates vanishing like vapour,  
And brought to beggary and loss ?  
For take the people in the gross ;

And all have suffer'd more or less ;  
And so may claim by services,  
At least a bit of lead or pewter,  
As their deservings are minuter,  
And institute a club or so,  
For what they did against the foe,  
In their particular grades and places ;  
So that the multitude increases,  
To an infinity of badges ;  
The honorary rights and wages,  
Of the whole bulk of citizens.

In this there might be share of sense,  
But the Cincinnat replied,  
As having more reason on his side.

Quoth he, it is a small affair,  
If at the period of the war,  
We instituted this our club,  
To recreate us after rub,  
And wear a badge which some arraign  
As visionary toy, and vain ;  
But is't not fancy that supplies,  
One half of things which are our choice ;  
And all beyond the dress and food,  
Is but imaginary good ?  
The cut, the colour of the garb  
Distinguishing the Jew from Ar'b ;  
And all kinds of appendages,  
Of different tribes and nations dress  
Have their foundation in caprice ;  
Not from necessity take rise.

The savages that are untaught  
Do wear their honours at the snout ;  
And nature sanctions the pursuit  
By giving feathers to the brute.  
The badge we wear is not a charm  
Of Physical or moral harm ;  
But forcibly doth operate,  
And in the human mind create  
A love of fame and dignity,  
By having this before the eye ;  
As, in the British isle, a Star  
And Garter, is reward of war ;  
And the St. Louis cross in France ;  
In other places like advance :  
It is a small thing if from toil,  
Of summers sun and winters soil,  
Deficient in the stipend due,  
We wear a thing distinct from you,  
A trifling signet of our own,  
Which scarcely costs us half a crown.  
Is there a law against the usage,  
Proscribing it as a surplusage ;  
So that a writ of *capias corp*⁹,  
Can have the virtue to disturb ?  
If there is neither rule of nature,  
Or jurisprudence that can deter,  
And hinder us, why not go on,  
On the same principle begun ?  
For though not great the excellence,  
Yet have there not been men of sense,

Among the Romans and the Greeks,  
That wore such things about their necks ?  
A bull or button at the breast ;  
And yet the thing not made a jest,  
By persons that have talk'd like you ?

Quoth citizen, it may be true ;  
And also in the modern days,  
There have been found out many ways,  
To tickle fancies of the fools.  
There scarcely is a king but gulls,  
His courtiers with appendages,  
(At least when he is moneyless)  
Proud of a feather that is red,  
Or blue, because they take't in head,  
It does them honour with the prince ;  
But here behoves us to have sense,  
And real merit of our own,  
And not a mark to make it known,  
Hung up like sign at tavern door,  
Or barber's pole your nose before,  
Evincing that there is within,  
You could not otherwise divine.  
Besides, why do you quote the Greeks,  
Or Romans that had like dogs tricks ?  
There is a difference in the case ;  
For there, the people's suffrages,  
Bestow'd the honour that was worn ;  
But here it would not serve your turn,  
But you yourselves assum'd device.

Quoth Cincinnat, the error lies

In this ; we took it up ; but yet,  
It may be said the gift of the state,  
Because the honour was our right,  
And by deserving we came by't.  
Be that as't may the thing is safe,  
And well befitting to the brave ;  
And innocent in name and nature ;  
Nor works a harm to single creature,  
T' offend a layman or divine.

At this the clergyman hark'd in  
Quoth he, have said, and say it again  
The thing is heathenish and vain,  
And wearer an idolater,  
Of whom there is just cause to fear,  
Is some false prophet come to light  
As is laid down in sacred writ,  
That fell deceivers would arise,  
In the *last days* to blind our eyes,  
And draw us from the truth we hold ;  
For as to that same bit of gold,  
What use ? unless symbolical,  
Of something bad and magical,  
With rhyme that is engrav'd thereon ?  
If the mythology was known,  
It might be found it was that gog,—  
And magog that has lain incog,  
So long in the apocalypse ;  
And now emerging from eclipse,  
Has risen in such shape to men.  
The Cincinnat to him again :

Quoth he, it ill becomes a priest,  
To travel from his sphere, and jest,  
About this trinket that I wear ;  
Against it roaring like a bear,  
Who should be reasoning with the Jew,  
Wherever you can find a clue ;  
Or with the infidel, about,  
The devil's horn and cloven foot.  
Is this the knowledge that you gather,  
From every old and long dead father,  
As Chrystostom or Polycarp,  
Who on a different string did harp ;  
Not meddling with our institutions,  
Instead of prayers and absolutions,  
And teaching from the catechism,  
The origin of faith and schism :  
Which is unnatural and absurd,  
Deserves to be chastis'd and cur'd ?  
For have you not an ample scope ;  
Or as we say, enough of rope,  
To vent your rage and crudities,  
Against the errors that arise,  
Of fools that are propense to evil,  
And lay the fault upon the devil,  
As if he were a Jack o' lantern,  
In every whole and corner saunt'ring,  
Who never yet was out of hell,  
Or knew a single syllable,  
About the matter laid t' his charge,  
In pulpit oratory at large ?



I't not enough to split your text :  
(Till every hearer's heart is vex'd)  
In forks and branches multiple,  
And firstlys, and so-forths at will,  
With heads and horns of Daniel's ram,  
That in the prophet's vision came ;  
Or bring a sermon out of what  
Has scarce the semblance of a thought,  
By the reversion of the phrase ;  
Or cloathing pristine nakedness,  
With commentaries of the brain,  
Which no man else can find therein ;  
And have you not interminable,  
Career to run as fast as able,  
Through all the systems of the faith,  
And variations that it hath,  
Drawn from theology of schools,  
Or self-born of the preachers skulls,  
And built upon the abstract base ;  
Which was originally much less :  
For so extensive is the flood,  
Of knowledge that is bad or good,  
A man may souse therein and toss,  
Just as in ocean would a goose,  
And find no shore or bottom out  
Of doctrines that are set on foot ?  
Where then necessity to stretch,  
Your legs upon us at a fetch,  
As if you had not room at home  
To canter on your hypodrome,

But must inveigh against what is  
But a mere symbol and device,  
And has no moral turpitude ;  
Or meaning that is bad or good.  
And cannot give offence to Moses,  
Or hurt the decalogu's-proboscis,  
Or you that are conservators,  
Of all that in religion stirs.

Theologist—The matter lies  
Just here ; the pagan deities,  
False gods in Egypt or elsewhere  
Did under some such shape appear ;  
And even we read amongst the Jews  
They fell sometimes to this abuse ;  
But chiefly worship'd calves and stocks ;  
For which were given them rebukes.  
But paganism worship'd fowls,  
Eagles and pigeons and vile owls,  
Which you would imitate by this  
A sample of idolatries,  
And whoredom people did commit,  
And carnal sins in holy writ ;  
And hence were banish'd from the earth  
Which gave the several nations birth,  
Of Canaanites, and after them,  
The Philistines that err'd the same ;  
The Romans, Greeks, and other pagans,  
That had their Ashtaroths, and Dagon  
And worship'd bulls, and goats and heifers ;  
And were your oracle believers ;

Which brought the curse of God upon them :  
And hence it is that there is no man,  
Who sees affection that you have  
For that which workmen did engrave,  
But fears a judgment for the sin,  
And wickedness that is therein ;  
Deserving every punishment,  
That on the guilty can be sent.

The Cincinnat was very wroth,  
At matter and the manner both,  
Of this retort ; nor could restrain  
Repulsive motions of his brain,  
And choler ; but essay'd to draw  
His hanger contrary to law  
And civil authority ; when one  
Of cooler judgment looking on  
Who was a great Philosoper,  
Though yet had made but little stir,  
Put by the blow, and thus bespoke ;

Quoth he, your hot-born rage revoke,  
Nor draw your sword upon the cloth,  
Because you are a little wroth ;  
And without reason or just cause,  
At what has been thrown out ; whereas,  
It is a general allegation,  
And turns upon the whole profession  
Of club, which has so broad a base  
It easily bears it, in this case,  
And is not personal alone,  
To you on whom the thing is thrown ;

And when a number are to bear  
The ignominy of the affair,  
It is as nothing to the whole.

Have you Don Quixotte in your skull,  
And yet not recollect the speech,  
He made t' a town within his reach.  
Which had conceiv'd offence, because  
His Sancho braying like an ass ;  
At which he was not any slouch ;  
Did seem to say they were just such ?  
He tells them that no word can strike  
Or hurt a body politic,  
Because the offence has no just base  
Of individual in the case.  
Are not the learn'd professions known  
To be a string to harp upon ?  
We say that lawyers are all rogues,  
And preacher, that he but humbugs ;  
And of physician, that he kills ;  
More than he cures, with his damn'd pills.  
And yet we have not on our backs,  
The whole of these like pedlars packs ;  
For the physician, lawyer, priest,  
Laughs at the matter, as a jest.  
Why, then enrag'd, at any one,  
For obloquy, that he has thrown,  
Just for a theme of his discourse,  
To raise a laugh among the boors ?  
Do they who write your worst of satires,  
And ironies and all such matters,

Possess a temper worse than others,  
Drawn from the nature of their mothers ;  
Or just to shew their wit, at times,  
They scratch out paragraphs and rhymes ;  
Attack the clergy, or the bar ;  
Or with Hypocrates make war ;  
Or chuse a country, or a town  
To be the subject of lampoon ;  
Who laugh and read the ridicule,  
And only but a natural fool,  
Would take in head to fight or fence ;  
Or 'gainst the slander break his shins.  
But where there may be some just base,  
Of obloquy, in any case,  
It more behooves to bear, as here,  
Where though the matter may be clear,  
You have a right to wear what badge,  
You choose ; yet, there are who alledge,  
It is a trespass to break heads ;  
For though the man is pleas'd who reads,  
The history of atchievment, yet,  
Not him who feels the blow on's pate.  
Unseasonable chivalry,  
Does not with modern times agree ;  
Where law takes place of ancient prow'ss,  
And puts a stop to the abuse,  
Nor troubles knights to knock down cows ;  
Or giants that have broke a house ;  
So that it is unnecessary ;  
The cudgeling an adversary,

Especially a clergyman,  
 Who has his priviledge : again ;  
 Inglorious to make war with such,  
 Not having honour very much,  
 Of victory, when it is obtain'd.—

There was a corporal by, hot-brain'd  
 Who had been in the war, and fought ;  
 But no bald eagle, yet had got ;  
 Or was a partner of the club,  
 Which military had set up ;  
 And took it much amiss that those,  
 Who equally had fac'd the foes,  
 Unworthily, were left i' th' lurch,  
 To stand the back side of the porch,  
 And though, were also at the must'ring ;  
 Yet had not at the breast, or postern,  
 A thing, significant of this——  
 For his part, he was wounded thrice,  
 While that same officer that spoke,  
 Had scarcely ever seen the smoke.  
 But since he was so hot to fight,  
 With Talmudist, no man of might,  
 Had better turn to him a soldier,  
 Would make his blood a little colder ;  
 And ease him of intemperate passion ;  
 Because the parson had some reason,  
 And others, to find fault, and blame,  
 The Cincinnat that left no fame,  
 To th' common soldier, and the serg'ant,  
 But of your own accord, take charge on't ;

And wear this honour as your own,  
Appropriate to yourselves alone.

Quoth Cincinnat ; an officer,  
Alone can have a right to wear,  
The emblem of the victory ;  
Because there must be low and high ;  
And what is better born and bred,  
'Tis reas'nable should be the head.

For what our nature makes the foot,  
Doth, in the inferior station, trot.

As, in this very body of ours,  
Wo do not go, upon all fours ;  
So, it is reas'nable, there should,  
Be a distinction of the brood ;

And those who have but little sense  
And lower quality of brains,  
Should occupy a sphere beneath.

Is not the officer the head ?

When we gave orders you obey'd,  
So that 'tis proper you possess  
But the inferior grade and place ;  
And have no badge or institution.

The corporal felt his passion rushing.—  
Quoth he, have just as good a right,  
As you, though thus you did come by't  
To take to ourselves and wear a badge.

The Cincinnat in greater rage.  
Quoth he, forsooth, because you fought,  
Where battle was a little hot,

You claim the privilege with us,  
To be o' th' inside of the house,  
To have insignia at your breast !  
As well might an irrational beast,  
The horse that draws artillery gun,  
Or soldier had to ride upon,  
Put in for heraldry, because,  
Has sometimes been where danger was.  
What would you think to see a ribbon  
Or badge, hung at his tail, or hip-bone ?  
A burlesque on your appetite,  
To have this matter made so light,  
Which were a proper ridicule  
When such a Teague O'Regan fool  
As you, would claim the establishment.

The corporal's anger which was pent  
Broke out.—It was not proof of sense,  
Or other quality of brains,  
Quoth he, that fabricated one,  
An officer, and let alone,  
The other, that was just as good ;  
But Congress, that was in the mood ;  
For, had a comrade, in my hut,  
That often made a common butt,  
Of those that were his officers,  
Who had as little sense as bears—  
And yet forsooth poor soldier Dick,  
May wish for honour, till he's sick,  
And get no knob, or bit of ribbon,  
Hung at his bosom, or his hip-bone,



As many of the cod-heads have,  
Who did not shew themselves so brave,  
In any battle that was fought.

At this, the Cincinnat, red hot,  
Drew out his hanger, to shed blood,  
And hew down corporal, as he stood ;  
Who forming front advanc'd his centre,  
As if he would the onset endure ;  
Hence thought it best, t' accost him first,  
Before the matter came to th' worst.  
As Homer, when he wages battle,  
Between two of heroic cattle,  
He has a parley, and a speech,  
To know each other, which is which ;  
And, of what origin, they were ;  
And, how the devil, they came there :  
Because, who knows, but they were cousins ?  
So should not cut each others weazons ;  
But, turn to other combatants :  
And even in the time of giants,  
And champions, throughout Christendom,  
Before they, hand to hand, did come,  
And actual clashing of the swords,  
'Twas not unusual to have words ;  
Though what was proper to be said,  
Have not at present in my head :  
But do, remember, very well,—  
What from our Cincinnatus fell.

Quoth he, if, so preposterous,  
T' have also what they call a goose,

Is your ambition, why not take,  
 God's name ! and hang it at your neck ;  
 Or at your breech, or back, or bosom ;  
 Or like a turkey-cock, at nose o' 'im ?  
 Some wooden peg, or pewter noggin,  
 To wear it as you are a jogging ;  
 Or copper ball, or piece of metal  
 Inferior, for the common cattle ;  
 With something on it like a bird  
 Or sign of poultry ; whence infer'd,  
 That you have rob'd hen-roosts, you rogue  
 Or stole a duck or drake incog ;  
 When rations were a little scarce,  
 This seem'd to make the thing a farce ;  
 And a militia man just by,  
 Who listen'd t' him attentively,  
 Was angry, and began to frown,  
 To see the soldier so run down.

Quoth he, though but a common rat,  
 I am, and you a Cincinnat.  
 Great captain, that have spoke so loud,  
 In your haranguing to the croud ;  
 And, though I know the soldier would  
 Much rather have a fowl for food,  
 And eat the wing or rib of goose,  
 Than smell its picture at his nose ;  
 I take a part in his defence,  
 Because he speaks the better sense ;  
 The undervaluing, you throw out  
 Hits me, and others in the croud,

Who being but militia persons,  
Who in the war have made exertions  
Yet have no right to wear the badge,  
As indirectly you alledge,  
By title and the club assum'd.—

By this time common fame had drum'd  
The like ideas every where,  
Amongst the people that were there,  
With such exaggeration, as,  
Is natural in the like case ;  
Videlicet, that the prognatus  
Who then was there of Cincinnatus  
Had ridicul'd the common people ;  
As not of the state church or steeple ;  
Calling them all scrubs and bodkins,  
And haberdashers, and such odd things :  
How that they ran away at York,  
And left the regulars at the work :  
And fled at Germantown and broke,  
From those left busy in the smoke :  
At other places turn'd about,  
And scarcely ever shew'd their snout,  
Where there was danger, or hot fire.

One of the colonels that was nigher,  
Became the spokesman of the rest ;  
And rage now boiling in his breast ;  
Quoth he, no doubt, we are but goats  
And scarce above the beast that trots,  
Compar'd with you, in what was done,  
And services, you son of a gun ;

Tag-rag and bob-tail, doubtless, are

Compar'd with vet'ran officer :

Because we have not at our bosom

That thing of yours, a rosy crozum ;

Are not embellish'd with a broach,

At head, or neck, or breast, or crotch ;

A Latin motto or an ensign,

Our toils, or services evincing ;

Being but a vulgar sort of whigs,

That in the marches danc'd our jigs ;

Nor help'd at Trenton to take Hessians ;

Or fought like you, on such occasions ;

Or at the Cowpens, made good battle ;

And so are but a common cattle,

And you alone sustain'd the cause,

While we like bears at home suck'd paws ;

And cannot now advance a claim,

To hieroglyphic of your fame.

Quoth Cincinnat, the charge is false,

And of the nature of all tales,

Which contradicted, shew by proof,

Intrinsical, what they are of.

What ? an American, by birth,

Degrade the military worth,

And lessen the deserv'd applause,

Of my compatriots, in the cause,

Of those who fought, in front, or flank,

In regular, or militia rank.

My sentiments are the reverse ;

And never had in view t' asperse

The signal honour you have won,  
In order to advance my own.

These words had reason, but his voice  
Was wholly buried in the noise ;  
And as the humour was with bat,  
And brick, t' attack the Cincinnat,  
His words could not restrain the mob,  
Or check the violence of hubbub.  
For when a multitude convenes  
To carry on some hot designs,  
They must do something, or seem slack,  
Of skill and courage, for the attack.  
So rushing discompos'd, the throng,  
Brought violence, and blows along :  
Here one uprais'd a ponderous stone ;  
Another got a dead horse bone ;  
Elsewhere, was seen, a block of wood,  
Portending to the knight no good ;  
And all around, the face of war  
Appear'd, just gathering, in the air.  
Now, shall we here describe a battle,  
And if they encounter him at all,  
Say, shall he wage an equal fight ;  
And wound whole ranks, and kill outright ;  
Like val'rous Hector, at the siege,  
Of Troy, compose a perfect bridge,  
Of bodies, upon which to tread,  
And swell the rivers with the dead ;  
Or mow a whole battalion down,  
Like Ajax, son of Telamon ;

Construct a rampart of the slain ;  
 And strew with carcasses the plain ?  
 Or shall I bid him jump among,  
 The individuals of the throng ;  
 Like Alexander when half crazy  
 He leapt among the Oxydracæ ?  
 Or represent him as expert,  
 The various wiles of war t' exert ;  
 Now giving way, and now advance,  
 To spit a parcel on his lance ?  
 Shall I describe a various fray,  
 And change the fortune of the day ;  
 Now on the verge of a defeat ;  
 And now, in turn, advantage get ;  
 One while broke down, like very stubble ;  
 Now rise, and give the foe more trouble ?  
 What wounds shall specify ; what heart,  
 Oppress with javelin or dart ?  
 What names relate, and characters  
 Of those who rag'd this day like bears ?

I wave the arduous task of this ;  
 Because narration would be lies ;  
 For, just the naked truth express'd,  
 In history, is always best.  
 Hence shall relate what came to pass ;  
 And how the issue really was ;  
 Videlicet—but here again,  
 I feel the rushing epic vein,  
 To bring Minerva, from the clouds,  
 Down sliding through aerial shrouds ;

To make her vet'ran champion wise,  
And teach him that no honor lies  
In waging battle, where the chance,  
Of war, between the combatants,  
Is so unequal, as this was ;  
For, had no head-piece, made of brass,  
Or iron, adamant, or wood ;  
And let him do the best he could ;  
Yet still, the number, and the weight,  
Of blows, that must assail the pate,  
Would overpower his best defence,  
And wound him, or knock out his brains.  
'Twas no Minerva, or a God,  
From dome celestial, or abode,  
But, his own reason, play'd the part,  
And put discretion in his heart.  
For, seeing that the wild misrule,  
Of mob, as raging to the full,  
As pedlars at an Ulster fair,  
With their shilelahs, swung in air,  
Left him no hope of victory,  
He thought the best way was to fly ;  
And without waiting for the blows,  
He turn'd the corner of a house ;  
Escaping from the rioters :  
As when a morning shadow stirs,  
And hides itself behind a wood,  
Before the sun that would suck blood,  
Pursuing, with his rising heat,  
The thing that is not adequate,

To give him battle, and withstand  
The numerous beams he has at hand :  
To overpower it on the plains,  
And maul it, and knock out its brains.

Retir'd, and to a tavern got,  
Where such disturbance there was not ;  
Fatigu'd with what had sung and said ;  
Now on a sofa laid his head ;  
Because he did not wish to trudge.  
God Morpheus who does not begrudge  
A dream, sent one to keep him quiet.

He saw a plain, and there espied,  
The champions of the former period,  
And airy coursers, on which they rode :  
The cavalcade of ancient knight-hood ?  
A show would do the very sight good ;  
Such, as the monsters, had knock'd down ;  
And dwarfs, and giants, overthrown ;  
And fiery dragons of the air ;  
And pale-fac'd virgins that were there ;  
Whom they had rescued from the grasp,  
Of ravishers that did enclasp  
Their snowy bodies, in their arms ;  
And drank the lustre of their charms ;  
Or knights themselves, who had been freed,  
From oaken durance, where were tree'd ;  
Or bound in rocks, where by a spell,  
They had remained invisible,

The Cincinnat approach'd the throng,  
Who beckon'd him to come along ;



As recognizing his advance,  
To be that of no common man's ;  
But one who came to join the squad,  
By that same bauble that he had ;  
With ensign of the eagle's beak,  
And motto in th' original Greek  
Or Latin, knew not which it was :  
For things had come to such a pass,  
When these knights flourish'd, devil a one,  
Had such a thing as learning known ;  
But all depended on their slashing,  
For fame, and for diurnal ration ;  
And cut and carv'd their sustenance,  
By force of vig'rous arm and lance.

The Cincinnat address'd as ought,  
With chosen words and select thought.

Quoth he, my seniors, in the art,  
Of chivalry's great master part ;  
You see me, of a junior breed ;  
A germ, sprung from the self same seed,  
Of predecessors in romance,  
And orders that did flourish once ;  
Profession now degenerate,  
Reduc'd to the very lowest state ;  
For even the Cincinnati club  
Which imitative is set up,  
Is much traduc'd, and badge they wear  
Is greatly undervalu'd here ;  
For instance that same pedagogue,  
And clergyman that is in vogue,

And other cavillers, just now  
I met with in a town came through ;  
Do lead astray the populace,  
Who have no judgment in the case.

A senior from the squad step'd forth,  
Of a superior mein, and worth :  
Quoth he, the more the degradation,  
Of chivalry, the more occasion,  
For an exertion of the brain,  
To kindle up the thing again ;  
And doubtless this same club of yours,  
Has, as't were added boots and spurs,  
To bring it to a trot once more  
And restorate the days of yore.  
And, if discouragements arise,  
In this the greater honor lies,  
To overcome and persevere.  
'Tis true, no dragons of the air,  
Or fiery vultures do occur,  
T encounter with, and make a stir ;  
Or damsels ravish'd in a wood ;  
Or giants to let out his blood :  
Or an inchanter with his spell ;  
But yet there is the devil in hell  
To pay with other villainies,  
That in your modern days take rise  
Such as false notions of the right,  
Which it behooves a valourous knight  
T' arraign with free born thought and speech  
And tell the people which is which ;

And no less courage is requir'd,  
To speak the truth with which are fir'd ;  
Than to knock down a cow at grass,  
Or monster that did come to pass.

Adventure, quoth the Cincinnat,  
Not much less perilous than that  
La Mancha's knight attempted when,  
Somewhat unstable in his brain,  
He took a wind-mill for a giant ;  
For like catastrophe is nigh hand  
To him that combats with opinion  
That is once fixed and has dominion ;  
Whether the monster of the hour,  
Be anarchy or other power  
In shape of mob, or demagogue  
Which is another name for rogue ;  
As just now with a rabble rout  
I did experience in the crowd,  
In an adventure that was hot,  
And where no credit could be got ;  
So that I deem it preferable  
To joust with you than with the rabble  
Of mankind in their prejudices,  
Which no man ever did who wise is ;  
And so escaping I am here  
To enter lists, and break a spear.

Meantime a message had been sent  
By Charlemagne to call from tent,

By trumpeter, the several orders,  
That lay upon th' enchanted borders.  
Our hero look'd to see where was,  
Old Cincinnatus in the case.  
In vain, for, in Elysium hous'd,  
His mettle had not yet been rous'd ;  
But mixed, with the ignoble shades,  
Did wander, idly in the glades ;  
And as in life, had been a plowman,  
And wore no badge, or dress uncommon ;  
So now he troubles not his head,  
With these ; but walks among the dead,<sup>9</sup>  
The Romans, or obscurer Greeks ;  
That wore no pendle at their necks.  
So much for vision of the dream,  
That came into the head of him.

But now the Cincinnat below,  
Awaking as some one came through,  
Saw nothing but the standing chairs,  
And landlord coming down the stairs.

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TO THE POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, ORATORS, STATES-  
MEN AND HEROES OF ANTIQUITY.

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Gentlemen,

HAPPY in the shades of Elysium you are under no apprehension from the evils of fate, or the changes of fortune. Yet you have the feelings of men, and it is the maxim of each of you, *I am a man, and I think nothing that belongs to man foreign from me.*\* This appears from the part which you seem to take in all the transactions of surviving mortals. We often hear from you, and you appear to be well acquainted with all affairs in which we are engaged: I suppose the dead who daily go down to you communicate the information. Without flattery, give me leave to say, the antient world was greatly honoured by your presence, and benefited by your services. The modern world is also much in debt to you, for though dead, nevertheless, *each of you yet speaketh.* Almost every day we receive from you some tract, dissertation, or essay. The Gazettes abound with lucubrations under the signatures of Nestor, Antenor, Trismegistus, Hermes, Mentor, Diogenes, Plato, Zeno, Dion, Hiero, Xenophon, Socrates, Aristotle, Euripides, and others. In looking over the periodical and literary publications of the past century, I find innumerable entertaining and instructive pieces from the pens of Solon, Lycurgus; Numá, Mucius Scævola, Camillus, Brutus, Pliny, and others equally respectable. If the old Greeks and Romans should take away what they have produced

\* *Homo sum & nihil humani a me alienum puto.*

in the publications in Britain, that haughty people would have few things left to boast of.

For some time past you seem greatly to have broken off your correspondence with that wicked nation. A late circumstance has put it in my power to make the observation: An armed vessel belonging to the States, having captured a prize near the capes of the Delaware, the cargo consisting chiefly of books, was brought up to Philadelphia. Amongst this collection were a number of the Gentleman's, the London, and the Westminster Magazines; and in these I could observe but few things under any of your signatures. I presume, having found that nation incorrigible, you have discontinued your epistles to their island. It is indeed high time to abandon them, and to turn your attention to the free people of America. Here your correspondence will be courted, and your observations very generally attended to. Anacreon, if he pleases may give us, now and then, a bit of poetry: Pythagoras, a scrap on the doctrine of transmigration: Archimedes may hand us up a problem, and Demosthenes the sketch of some well-written oration. History and politics, however, will be more to the taste of the present times; and for that reason I am anxious to interest in our behalf those great legislators, Solon and Lycurgus, Numa Pompilius, Minos, Radamanthus, Eacus and others.

It would much oblige us, if Solon would send up a few observations on the nature of Government. Cato's letters, published some years ago, I have read with great pleasure; they were well written and breathed a spirit of liberty. Junius, (I think it must be Junius Brutus) writes a good letter. His style has not been surpassed by any of us on the earth at present. The name of Junius, is popular in North-America, and we should be happy to hear from him in the great cause in which we are engaged.

Hortensius\* is a whig, and a writer of the first mag-

\* *Governor Livingston.*

nitude. His pieces published in Collin's Gazette of New-Jersey are admirable: that particularly in which he proposes the exchange of General Burgoyne. If Hortensius spoke as well in antient times, as he writes at the present, I do not wonder that Cicero thought him no mean competitor for the palm of immortal eloquence.

The Theban General Epaminondas\* has favoured us with some good pieces in a Magazine published in Pennsylvania.

I do not know whether you have any acquaintance with some of the more modern statesmen and worthies; Hampden, Sidney, Harrington, Russel, and others, who in their days were the great asserters of liberty. Some good things have appeared from the pens of these Gentlemen in our present great contest for the rights of human nature. Tell them therefore if you any where meet with them, that we shall be glad to have the honour of their correspondence.

I shall from time to time communicate to you some information of the state of our affairs. This will counteract the false accounts carried down by the to-ry ghosts, which accounts, I am informed, are published very regularly in the Journals and Gazettes of Tartarus. These publications, I am told, do sometimes find their way to Elysium and impose upon the unwary of that honest, and of consequence, unsuspecting country. By the present opportunity of a whig shade going to Elysium, I have sent you down the last Pennsylvania Packet, and that containing the seventh No. of the Crisis. I am Gentlemen, with great respect,

Your most obedient and humble Servant,

*One of the Moderns.*

*Philadelphia, Jan. 15, 1779.*

\* *Doctor Witherspoon.*

## ON THE MEANS OF RECONCILING PARTIES.

THINKING of the means of a reconciliation of parties, the *Federal* and *Jacobin*, it occurs to me, that intermarriages of young persons, would have a powerful effect to extinguish animosities, by forming a union of interest in the administration of the government, and the population and riches of the country. The federalists having been in possession of the government for a considerable time, have amassed wealth from the offices they have possessed, and the speculations they have had in their power. The jacobins, on the other hand are poor, and many of them, if not literally without breeches\*, yet at least not having the best; but they are now of the administration, and heirs apparent of promotion. The Government is in their hands, and honour follows dignity. There is an unobserved, at least, an unasserted nobility in office which stands in the place of aristocratic title, and is in lieu of ancestry, the object, at all times, of regard and veneration. Doubtless the jacobins are now the nobility of our country, and such of them as are not burdened with property, and the greater part of them are not, would find it a convenient thing to match themselves with the daughters of rich federalists, unless a false delicacy, and mistaken notions of honour should prevent it. On the federal side, there can be no ground to suppose an unwillingness to come into the measure. Wealth, which is but a means of power, is universally given up to power itself. Why should a discreet and prudent Jacobin, that has felt the pinch of hunger and bad clothing,

\* *Sans Culotte.*



hesitate at the proposition of marrying a girl of fortune, merely on the score of being of federal parentage ! more especially, if the young lady, as is usually the case, has had a good education ; has been taught music and dancing under the best masters, and is well bred and accomplished. Should even an American republican hang back in the way of matrimony with such offers in view, there are United Irishmen, all of whom are genuine Jacobins, who are expected with a considerable influx after the war, and will furnish stock from whence to recruit husbands. The federal young ladies and even widows, of the towns and cities will be at hand at the first landing before prejudices are instilled, to coax them into a connection. As some of them may be *redemptioners*, the bare paying their passage may suffice ; Or, should they hack and boggle, when brought ashore, an act of assembly may be provided to compel the bog-trotters to come into the link.

There is nothing so inticing to an old countryman as a silver watch and a pair of buckskin breeches. A promise of these with a dram in the morning might induce the most obstinate, and supersede the necessity of an act of assembly, or compulsory process by a course of law. The most reasonable objection that I have heard on the score of policy, is that these Delilahs might debauch the principles ; shear the hair of our young Sampsons, and make them become "as other men." Of this, I conceive, there is little danger : Pady is made of sterner stuff than to be bended so easily. The father-in-law, with the assistance of his daughter, however seducing, would find it a difficult matter to pervert the native stubbornness of a Heart of Oak, Heart of Steel, or White Boy. Those that come from the kingdom are staunch. I would not so easily trust the Jacobins of the Scotch nation, such of them especially as are of the North, where feudal principles are imbibed with the earliest education ; such are rather Jacobites than Jacobins. These

must always have their Laird or "*great Maun*" to look to; but the lowland Scotch, are presbyterians and republicans. Having thoughts of sending for a venture of Kilmarnock caps, I would be willing to contract for a score or two of journeymen weavers about Paisley to marry them off among the federalists, if any would bespeak, and give a good profit on the risk.

Germans from the Palatinate, would be a good importation, if it be true what Barruel and Robison tell us, of the Illuminati on the Rhine. HANS might find his account in matching with some of our first families; and, not understanding our language in the first instance, it would be some time before he could find out what was about to be done with him, and that the taking a federalist, was, in some sort a degradation. Before he could come to a full sense of this, he would be so domesticated that give him Saur Kraut enough, there would be little danger of his going away. The laws of the country, and religion, prohibit polygamy and concubinage; the idea therefore of several female federalists, in the scripture language, laying hold of one man, so that a single democrat might take away the reproach of a whole neighbourhood, is impracticable. Nor do I think it necessary to have recourse to such expedient, provided that due diligence is used to collect individuals of the proper political description at home and abroad. There are many means short of absolute coercion, which may be used to bring about the intermarriages of sisters and daughters with adversaries.

As to love potions I do not approve of them, and have my doubts of their efficacy, unless indeed, the common potion of strong drink, which might be given occasionally. A Taterdemalion in his cups might be kidnapped into wedlock. Scruples are asleep in these cases, and the stupid creature would have no suspicion but that he was about to be promoted in point of reputation as well as fortune.

I am aware that at this time of unreasonable jealousy, some may be disposed to insinuate and affect to believe that, in these hints I am not serious, but intend merely a burlesque on federal men. But what can a man say or do, that is not liable to misrepresentation or mistake? It is not impossible but some on the other hand, may think it a burlesque on Jacobins, and thus the author like many other well-meaning persons, may incur the censure of both parties.

HERACLITUS.

June 20, 1801.



THE following is the introduction of a small work which I had begun, but from which I was diverted by other objects. This was about the year 1779, and under the title of

“THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED STATES.”



THE fall of antient empires, and the rise of new states, are the noblest themes, that can exercise the abilities of writers: And among the many revolutions that have happened in the history of nations, there is none that can demand a greater compass of political investigation and commercial knowledge than that of these United States, which like so many lights with native splendor have risen from the shades of antiquated governments, and now bid fair to spread themselves with undiminished lustre to the latest ages. The writer of this plain account proposed to the public, has not that confidence of full resource of thought and knowledge of this nature, which would

enable him to venture boldly on the undertaking. And had he even such resource, yet amidst the engagements of a close attention to a different study, he possesses not that easy and abundant leisure, which would enable him to do his country justice in the execution. All he therefore can propose, and all the public can have reason to expect, is his throwing out such thoughts as without any deep research may have occurred to his mind, and treasuring up such facts as without a more than general enquiry may have become the subject of his knowledge ; the expression of which thoughts, and the relation of which facts, will be only such as without a strict attention to the harmony of period, requiring the repeated trial of the ear, he may be able to commit to paper. It is not his intention to write a general history from the earliest settlements of these plantations ; nor will he yet confine himself to that commencement when the declaratory bill had passed, or when the sword was drawn at Lexington ; but wandering down and touching on the first discovery of the continent, he will revert his course, and handling several subjects in his way, come back to those less distant periods when the tyranny of Britain began to shew itself in bold encroachments, and when no longer tolerable, it gave rise to those exertions which have terminated in the full establishment of this confederate empire.

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THE right of Great-Britain to the soil of North-America, founded on the first discovery of the coast, however just in its nature, yet was limited in its extent, by the right of the natives, and the right of other nations. The right of the natives has been generally supposed not to limit but to exclude all others. For the law of nature vests the soil in the first occupant, and these from the earliest times had possessed the country. But shall a few tribes thinly scattered

over an immense continent retain possession of it, while other parts of the globe are overcharged with inhabitants?

To set this matter in a clear point of view, we shall revert to the origin of that right which all men have, in common with each other, to the earth, the water, and the air; and this we shall find in the extensive grant to the first pair, and in them equally to all their descendents. This grant is recorded in the first chapter and the first book of the sacred law; *And God blessed them, and God said unto them, be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.* The words of this grant convey no right of primogeniture, or any other right by which one man may occupy a larger portion of the soil than his neighbour; for rights of this kind are the establishments of civil policy, and can have no place between individuals in a state of nature; or between different nations, who are in a state of nature with relation to each other. The unequal distribution of the soil, would disappoint the manifest intention of the grant, which was to people and improve the earth; for it is unfavourable to population that societies or individuals should possess a greater quantity of soil than is necessary for their own subsistence.

To apply this to the aborigines or native Indians of America: Shall these tribes, inferior in number to perhaps one twentieth of the inhabitants of Europe, possess ten times the territory? It will be said that their manner of life makes a greater quantity of soil necessary. They live by hunting, and though their tribes are thinly scattered over the continent, yet the whole is no more than sufficient for a hunting ground; nay, with even this extent of country their subsistence is precarious, and they frequently experience the severest rage of famine, when the wild animals that make their food are rendered scarce, or have with-

drawn to a different forest of the country. But do the laws of revelation or of nature leave every man at liberty to use what manner of life he pleases? This will deserve some consideration.

Before the fall the earth spontaneously brought forth every *herb* and every *tree* for the use of man, and we may reasonably presume, that without cultivation it would then support a larger number of inhabitants than it can at present with the utmost labour we are able to bestow upon it. In this state of things it was not necessary to exercise the arts of industry; but when the curse attendant on the lapse of Adam, "glanced aslope upon the ground," and it became sterile, the cultivation of it was enjoined on man, not only as his punishment, but as now the only means by which he could support himself, and comply with the conditions of the grant, "replenish the earth and subdue it. The Lord God sent him (the first man) forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground."

I acknowledge in the early times the cultivation of the earth was not so immediately enjoined as necessary; for the few inhabitants might live by pasturage, and for some space of time posterior to the general deluge, when the flesh of animals was given to the use of man, they might subsist by hunting; but on the closer settlements of families and nations, this manner of life became impossible to one, without engrossing more territory than could be spared to another, and as all could not subsist in this manner, no one had a right to claim it as an exclusive privilege.

The law of nature, where the law of revelation is not known, sufficiently enjoins on every man that he contract his claim of soil to equal bounds, and pursue that manner of life which is most consistent with the general population of the earth, and the increase of happiness to mankind: And it will easily appear that the mode of life by pasturage or hunting, requires a more extensive territory than by agriculture; and

at the same time from the very circumstance of thin and scattered settlements in that state, the powers of genius are inactive, the arts and sciences remain unknown, and man continues to be an animal differing in nothing but in shape from the beasts of prey that roam upon the mountain. The life of these is therefore not human; for it is abhorrent from the way of life which God and nature points out as the life of man. "The Lord God sent him forth to till the ground;" and common reason has discovered that from the goodness and benevolence apparent in the whole creation, and from that provision made abundantly for every creature, it must be most agreeable to the Creator that the earth be stored with inhabitants; and that in order to this end, a way of life be chosen in which individuals or particular nations may subsist with the least extent of territory.

The aborigines of this continent can therefore have but small pretence to a soil which they have never cultivated. The most they can with justice claim, is a right to those spots of ground where their wigwams have been planted, and to so much of the soil around them as may be necessary to produce grain to support them, their families, in towns upon the coast, or in the inland country, where they have inhabited. Perhaps they may have some priority of right to occupy a different country, should it be their choice to change the situation where former circumstances may have placed them.

The continent of North-America may therefore on the first discovery of the coast, by any civilized European nation, be considered as, the greater part of it, a vacant country, and liable to become the property of those who should take the trouble to possess it. Nevertheless I do not mean to justify the waging an unnecessary war against the natives, or the extirpation of them altogether; but yet I would justify encroachment on the territory claimed by them, until they are reduced to smaller bounds, and under the

necessity of changing their unpolished and ferocious state of life, for fixed habitations and the arts of agriculture. At the same time I think it still adviseable to purchase from them, if it may be done conveniently; because it is a dictate of humanity to decline insisting on the full extent of any claim of property, if it may involve the shedding of the blood of those, who though sunk beneath the dignity of human nature, yet bear the name and are seen in the shape of men.

From the whole of this reasoning it will be evident, that the right of Great-Britain to the soil of this continent, in consequence of the first discovery of the coast, was limited by the rights of the aborigines or native Indians found upon it, but it was limited in a small degree, and the greater part of this immense territory was then in strict view of revealed and of natural law, without an owner or inhabitant.

The right of Great-Britain to the soil of North-America, limited by the right of the natives, was also limited by the rights of other nations. The terms of the grant made to Adam, and renewed to Noah, equally embraced the whole of their descendents. The earth lay in common, and the occupancy of a portion of the soil, was that alone which gave to individuals an exclusive right to hold it. We must restrict the right of occupancy to a moderate portion of the soil, because it is inconsistent with the original condition and express purpose of the grant, that an individual, or a nation should possess a more extensive tract of country, than is necessary for their particular subsistence. I have no doubt but that a nation greatly populous, whose numbers overcharge the soil, have a right to demand territory from a nation in possession of a soil equally fertile, and less abounding with inhabitants.

From the position which we have established, that it is the occupancy of a portion of the soil necessary for subsistence, that alone gives a right to hold it, it



will follow that the circumstance of having first visited a country cannot give a right to any greater portion of the territory than is necessary for subsistence; and not indeed to any portion of it, unless the visitant remains to occupy and dwell upon it. Perhaps it may confer a priority of right to occupy the soil, while it shall be unoccupied by any other visitant.

We shall be sensible of this, if adverting to the early emigrations, we consider that it would have been absurd in Japheth the eldest son of Noah, wandering westwards from the mountains of Armenia, where the ark rested, to have advanced a claim to two or three countries, because in his way of life by pasturage or hunting, he had first passed the mountains, or first visited their boundaries.

The right of discovery was unknown in term or idea to the early ages, and it came first into view on the modern improvements in the art of navigation, when several of the sovereigns and states of Europe fitted out vessels to explore the seas, and to make discoveries. The expence and labour of the enterprise, would seem to give a right to the soil of that continent or island which they had discovered. But it may be said that an exclusive right of this kind would be unfavourable to the settlement of that country, and therefore could have no place even amongst the sovereigns and states of Europe, who by tacit and implied consent had submitted to it. Much less could it have a place amongst the claims of other nations of the world, who in no way, by direct assent or implication, had come to such agreement. In the mean time it will appear from history, that the claim of right, founded on the first discovery of the coast, was usurped by several of the sovereigns and states of Europe, rather than acknowledged by the others, who had not been equally adventurous or successful in expeditions of this nature. The Swedes and Dutch seem to have paid no regard to the claim of Britain, founded on the first discovery of Sebastian Cabot, who coasted

North America ; for maugre his claim, the Dutch took possession of the country of New-York, and the Swedes of Pennsylvania. No state or individual ought to have regarded it ; for no expence, enterprize, or labour of a nation, or of any individual, can give a right which in its operation would defeat the end in view by the Creator, which was, that the earth be fully stocked with inhabitants. To this great end, every claim and institution of a partial nature ought to be subordinate. The claim therefore of the first adventurers could with justice only be to so much of the soil, as they themselves immediately should occupy, and plant, and settle with inhabitants.—These things may be said plausibly ; but it is to be considered that from the heart of Asia where man was first planted, it was an easy thing to emigrate and discover new countries. Hence it is that a pretence of right, from the first discovery of a country, would, in these early ages, have been vain, and we hear nothing of it. But when the whole eastern continent, and the islands of the coast had been visited and planted, it became an object of the industry of man, and required much sagacity, fortitude, and perseverance to explore the ocean, and effect discoveries. It was at the same time an affair of no small expence to fit out vessels for the voyage.

For these reasons natural justice would seem to give to the adventurers not only a priority of right to occupy a newly discovered country, but also a right to demand from others, some consideration in services or money for admission to it.

The only reason to be urged against the claim from discovery is, that it is not favourable to the population of the earth that individuals, on any pretence whatsoever, should hold a greater portion of the soil, than is necessary for their particular subsistence. But it is to be considered, that it is favourable to population, because it is unfavourable to the discovery of unknown regions of the earth, that the individual

who by much labour and expence hath effected the discovery, shall nevertheless enjoy no advantage resulting from his ingenuity and enterprize, but a priority or right to occupy an equal portion of the soil with him who, led by the information of the first navigator, shall come to settle on it. The best argument in favour of the right of a first discoverer, will therefore be, that by giving due encouragement to men who shall search the globe by sea and land, and discover new soil, the whole earth will become peopled, and it seems to be the will of the Creator, that the whole earth be stocked with inhabitants.

(*Discontinued.*)



THE following address to Whiskey made its appearance in the western parts of Pennsylvania shortly after the insurrection in that quarter, in the year 1794 ; and which has been stiled the *Whiskey Insurrection*, on account of the cause of that disturbance being the excise on whiskey. It was said to be written by a citizen of that country of the name of Bruce, and drew from me an answer which led to a correspondence, which was carried on to a considerable length ; and some part of which I have collected and inserted here. Some part of this, behold ! is it not written in the book of Bruce himself ; for he also has published a book ; but he has likewise omitted some things, from the same or from other causes,

—\*—\*—\*—

TO WHISKEY.

—

GREAT Pow'r, that warms the heart and liver,  
 And puts the bluid a' in a fever,  
 If dull and heartless I am ever,  
     A blast o' thee  
 Makes me as blyth, and brisk, and clever  
     As ony bee.

I wat ye are a cunning chiel,  
 O' a' your tricks I ken fu' weel,  
 For aft ye hae gien me a heel,  
     And thrown me down,  
 When I shook hands wi' heart so leel,  
     Ye wily loun.

When fou o' thee on Scottish grun',  
 At fairs I've aft' had muckle fun,  
 An' on my head wi' a guid rung,  
     Gat mony a crack ;  
 An' mony a braw chiel in my turn,  
     Laid on his back.

An' here, tho' stick be laid aside,  
 An' swankies fight in their bare hide ;  
 Let me o' thee ance get a swig,  
     I'll tak my part,  
 An' bite and ———, gouge and tread  
     Wi' a' my heart..

Great strength'ning pow'r, without thy aid  
How cou'd log-heaps be ever made ?  
To tell the truth, I'm sair afraid,  
('Twixt ye and me)  
We'd want a place to lay our head,  
Had'nt been for thee.

But when the chiels are fou' o' thee,  
Och ? how they gar their axes flee,  
Then God hae mercy on the tree,  
For they hae nane,  
Ye'd think (the timber gaes so free)  
It rase its lane.—

Without thee how cou'd grass be mawn ?  
Grain shear'd, and into barn-yards drawn ?  
An' when auld wives wi' faces thrawn  
Ly in the strae,  
I doubt, gin ye ware nae at han',  
There'd be great wae.

But it wou'd tak a leaf and mair  
To tell o' a' your virtues rare ;  
At wedding, gossipping and fair,  
Baith great and sma'  
Look unco dowff if ye'r na there,  
Great soul o' a'.

Then foul befa' the ungratefu' deil  
That wou'd begrudge to pay right weel,  
For a' the blessings that ye yiel  
In sic a store ;  
I'd nae turn round upo' my heel  
For saxpence more.



## W H I S K E Y,

IN ANSWER.



YOUR rouse\* rins glib thro' a' my veins ;  
 I find it at my finger en's :  
 An' but a gouk that has nae brains,  
     Wa'd it deny,  
 That mony a time, baith wit and sense  
     I can supply,

Far better than the drink ca'd wine ;  
 Wi' me compar'd 'tis wash for swine :  
 Ae gill is just as guid as nine ;  
     And fills as fou' :  
 It is nae very long sinsyne,  
     Ye prov'd it true.

That time ye made sae muckle noise,  
 About the tax they ca' excise :  
 And got the name o' *Whiskey-boys*,  
     Frae laland glakes ;  
 That cam' sae far, nae verra wise,  
     To gie ye pikes.

Tho' I may say't among our-sels,  
 Ye gaed o'er far wi' your pe'mells,  
 On N—— and the guager W——,  
     And ither louns,  
 Far better ye had drank your gills,  
     And eat your scones.

\* *Praise.*

It was a kittle thing to take  
 The government sae by the neck,  
 To thrapple every thing and break  
     Down rule and laws ;  
 And make the public ship a wreck,  
     Without guid cause.

'Twere safer ye had tulzied here,  
 Wi' chiels that dinna muckle care  
 To gouge a wee bit, or pu' hair,  
     And no complain ;  
 But a' the tugs and rugings bear,  
     Or let alane.

The warst is, but to get a lesson,  
 If som' ane puts ye i' the session,  
 To take a prie o' spiritual sneesin  
     Frae J—— M—M——n,  
 Wha'l say o'er ye a back-ward blessing,  
     When ye're nae willing.

But wha'ist o' ye mak's the verse,  
 Sae very kittle and sae terse,  
 That in the Gazzat gies me praise ?  
     They say 'tis Bruce ;  
 I canna half sae weel rehearse :  
     Tak' my excuse.

I'm mair among unlettered jocks  
 Than well-lear'd doctors wi' their buiks ;  
 Academies and college nuiks  
     I dinna ken ;  
 And seldom wi' but kintra folks,  
     Hae I been benn.

Ye canna then expect a phrase,  
 Like them ye get in poets lays ;  
 For where's the man that now-a-days,  
     Can sing like Burns ;

Whom nature taught her ain strathspeys,  
And now she mourns.

I dinna like to sign my name,  
By that o' Whiskey, fie for shame!  
I had a better ane at hame;  
In town or city,  
Where a' ware glad to get a dram  
O'—————AQUA VITÆ.



### *ANSWER TO AQUA VITÆ.*



FAIR fa' ye, canty AQUA VITÆ,  
Indeed ye've gi'en's a dainty ditty,  
Just like yoursel, sae blythe and witty,  
It does me guid;  
I need nae fash to try to beat ye,  
I'd nae succeed.

But I maun tell ye, my auld chiel,  
I'm nane o' thae wha play'd the deil,  
And lowpt and jumpt out o' a' reel,  
And brak the law;  
And gar't the public ship to heel,  
Wi' their fracca'.

I am nae ty'd to Kirk or Session,  
Nor do I aften tak a blessing,  
Or listen to a sp'ritual lesson  
Frae ————;  
To credit a' his kittle guessing,  
I'm nae quite willing.



I'm nane o' thae wha say lang graces,  
 And thraw their looks into grimaces,  
 Thinking wi' sad and frightfu' faces  
 To scare the Deil ;  
 I like o'er well to kiss the lasses ;  
 And lilt a reel.

Whene'er wi' ye I tak' a bout,  
 I dinna sit and drink and jout  
 In some bye place or chimney nook,  
 As I've seen some ;  
 Wha think their names down in life's buik,  
 As sure's a gun.

I bauldly ca' for t'ither glass,  
 And sit as long's I hae ony cash ;  
 And shou'd some rude ill-manner'd hash  
 Begin a brattle,  
 I am nea laith his banes to thrash,  
 And stap his thrapple.

As there be some wha tell foul clashes,  
 And say my kintry folks are fashious,  
 And tak sair threat'ning and lashes  
 To keep in order ;  
 Like Scottish louns wha ware s' audaci'ous  
 Upo' the border :

I often wish when in my mirth,  
 My gutcher ne'er had crost the Frith,  
 That rows its flood between the earth,  
 O' the twa islands ;  
 Ware that the case, I'd had my birth,  
 I' the Scots Highlands.—

Ye ken fu' well that Scottish chieils  
 Are nane o' thae' wanrestfu' deils,  
 Wha' wish to keep the warld\* on wheels

\* *The political state of Society.*

Aye turnan round ;  
 And maun be aft laid by the heels  
 To keep 'em down.

'They sit like honest sonsy fouks,  
 And dously turn their caps and stoups,  
 And dinna aften budge th'er dowps  
 To make a brulzie ;  
 But ance they fairly tak the tows,  
 Faith ! they can tulzie.

Ye spake o' BURNS, Nature's ain bairn,  
 Wha rous'd ye aft in merry vein—  
 Saftly, indeed, flow'd his sweet strain,  
 And stopt o'er soon ;  
 We'll never see his maik again—  
 My tears hap down.

But I've a hantle mair to say,  
 Which I may tell anither day ;  
 Now, I maun rin and shak the strae,  
 Whare I've been thrassing :—  
 Farewell ! winsome AQUA VITÆ !  
 I gie ye my blessing.

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### ANSWER TO BRUCE.

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THERE was a Clerk, i' the neist door,  
 Cam' to our town ; had lear gilore ;  
 And tauk'd about ane Pythagore,  
 Wha had a thought,  
 His saul wad tak, when life was o'er,  
 An ither bught ;

And lowp into the bodie o' ane,  
 Now in the shape o' a wee wean;  
 And after shaw the self-same yein,  
 O' wit and sense,  
 He had, before death wi' a stane  
 Dang out his brains.

I leught and ca'd him a daft chiel,  
 And thought his head in a peat creel;  
 But now I b'lieve him verra weel,  
 And gie him faith;  
*Ye'r Allan Ramsey or the Deil.*  
*Upo' my aith.*

His saul has soomit o'er the burn,  
 To tak in you an ither turn,  
 And be a while in life's sojourn  
 Sic as he was,  
 Near Frith of Forth where he was born,  
 And liv'd his days.

I ken ye Allan verra weel,  
 Though you may hardly ken your-sel'.  
 But ah! your sang is nae sae shill,  
 Nor pipe sae soft;  
 The voice ye had, as clear's a bell,  
 'S a weething dowff'd.

But's nae your fau't, my canty Callan,  
 That ye fa' short o' the Auld Allan;  
 There's neither Highland man, nor Lallan,  
 That's here the same;  
 But finds him scrimpit o' the talen'  
 He had at hame.

What's mair expect'd here i' the west,  
 Sae near where night taks off his vest  
 And his grey breeks, and gaes to rest,  
 And the lang day  
 Is dock'd o' several hours at best,  
 Sic as on Tay.

I find mysel' degenerate,  
 And nae sic *Aqua* as ye gat ;  
 In Clachan horns wi' comrades met,  
     To tak a gill ;  
 And though come stacherin hame fu' late ;  
     Yet did nae ill.

The lads got gumption by their drink ;  
 And Carls could better speak and think ;  
 Tak aff a bonnet wi' a clink,  
     And say a grace ;  
 And lug out scripture verra distinc',  
     Frae ony place.

But here the drappie that ye need,  
 Maun ay some wicked brulzie breed ;  
 Gie ane anither's claes a screed,  
     An' aften seen,  
 To gash wi' teeth, or tak in head,  
     To stap the een.

Unless it be as folks o' lear,  
 Say a' things gradually impair,  
 And human nature wears thread-bare,  
     And turns ;—Gude help's ;  
 Ae year auld, and twa year war',  
     Like the tod's whelps.

Be this as 't may, it does me guid,  
 To meet wi' ane o' my ane bluid,  
 I was sae glad a' maist ran wud  
     To be thegither ;  
 But I maun now, gae chew my cud,  
     And had my blether.

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*BRUCE TO AQUA VITÆ.*

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A 'BEIT we baith ha'e said eneugh,  
 Yet I maun own, upo' my treuth,  
 I am sae lifted wi' the seugh  
 O' yer sweet chant,  
 That I maun even stop the pleugh  
 To gie ye a rant.

Ware na I sure ye'r nae the same,  
 I wad hae trow'd ye came frae hame,  
 Frae Londonderry or Colrain,  
 An' that ye'd lickit,  
 I' yer young days, the *Blarney Stane*,  
 Ye are sae sleekit.

Lear'd chiels indeed gie muckle roose  
 To Pythagore, sae wise and douse,  
 Wha wadna kill a flea or louse,  
 As we are tauld,  
 For fear he might brack down the house  
 O' some poor saul.

But I hae doubts, my canty blade,  
 The Carle's doctrine winna haud,  
 In what ye paukily hae said  
 'Bout me and Allan :  
 Ah well-a-day ! I'm sair afraid  
 I'm nae sic Callan.

His sangs will be the warlds' delyte  
 Till wit and sense gang out o' date ;

There's naething I can say or write  
 Sic fame will win ;  
 I'm nae mair than a blatherskyte,  
 Compar'd wi' him.

What ye hae said is right sagacious,  
 That ilk thing here sae mickle warse is,  
 An' nae mair like, than trees to rashes,  
 To things at hame :—

Foul fa' me, gin the verra lasses  
 Be here the same !

Whare's there a Forth, a Tweed, or Tay ?  
 Thro' hills and greens that saftly stray,  
 Whare shepherds spen' the simmer's day  
 Sae peacefulie.—

Thir scenes gar'd Allan lilt his lay  
 Wi' sic a glee.

What's here to gie the mind a heese ?  
 Deil het ava', but great lang trees,  
 Nae flow'ry haughs or bony braes  
 To please the een,  
 Nor bleating flocks upo' the leas  
 Are heard or seen.

At morn nae lav'rock tunes his whistle,  
 Nor i' the bush is heard the throstle,  
 There's naething but a skreek and rustle  
 Amang i' leaves.—

The musie's sweer her sangs to cuzle,  
 She dwines and grieves.

Yersel's nae mair like Usquebaue  
 Or Farentosh, than night's to day ;  
 For a' ye mak me aye sae gay  
 And fu' o' cracks,  
 Set down by them ye'd look as blae.  
 As ony swats.

Yet tho' ye'r nae sae clear and sweet,  
 I'se ay be glad wi' ye to meet,

An' winna stap my hause to weet,  
 An' sit fu' late ;  
 An' e'en to try an' sing a bit  
 I'se nae be blate.

But I maun aff an' turn a fur'—  
 Ance corn is glent an' seedin's o'er,  
 An' Winter's thuds again 'i door,  
 Gin musie wills,  
 Syne I can gie ye sangs a score  
 For twa-three gills.



A NUMBER of years after the preceding correspondence had taken place, and having in the mean time had no personal communication, or acquaintance, several things appeared from this bard, and on the score of politics, somewhat personal towards me. This drew from me the following, to which an answer was given, on the part of this gentleman, and a rejoinder from me ; this was in the summer of the year 180f.



*TO — BRUCE.*



WHEN of an age to run an errand  
 To town or farm-house that was near hand,  
 A bird's nest, or a beastie's bed,  
 Aft turn'd me frae the gate I gaed ;  
 Mare, when I saw the thing itsel,  
 And ran to catch it by the tail,

As ance a thing just leke a cat,  
 I saw, and what wa'd I be at,  
 But try to grip it, a wild pousie,  
 And bring it hame to catch a mousie.  
 Before I knew what I was doing,  
 Or mischief that the thing was brewing,  
 A vapour came that had a smell,  
 And made me noisome to mysel.

As fast as I could lift a heel,  
 Ran hame, and said the muckle deel,  
 Or some war thing alang the fence,  
 Had drain'd its bags at my expence,  
 And rais'd a funk, and made me wet—

They ca'd it something I forget,  
 That strones upon a man and dog,  
 That tries to take it by the lug,  
 And leaves a scent about the place :  
 That it behov'd to change my claes ;  
 Sae stripp'd me o' my sark and trowse,  
 And hung them out to get the dew,  
 And bade me tak mare care again,  
 And keep frae things I did na ken.

Soon after this I gaed to Latin ;  
 And read a buke, I kenna what in,  
 That talk'd o' things that whir in bushes,  
 Dryads, Hamadryads, Muses,  
 On tops o' hills wad sing leke Mavies,  
 And in the shady woods and cavies.  
 Thought I, it maun be this vile clearing,  
 And grubbing up the trees and bleering  
 At burning brush, and making fences,  
 That scars these things out o' their senses,  
 And drives them frae our fields and patches ;  
 For who sees any, now or catches,  
 A moor-land deity or Nymphy,  
 That roosts in trees, or wades in lymphy ?  
 Or hears a musy in the thicket,  
 Just as you wad hear a cricket ?



May be in places farther back;  
 The vestige may na be sae slack;  
 Where woods are green, and countra new,  
 The breed may yet remain, a few,  
 May sing to mak' our spirits glow,  
 Leke them on the pierean now,  
 Or near that place ca'd Helicon,  
 Where bonny tricklin' streams rin down.

It was when I had cross'd the hills;  
 Amang these western woods and rills,  
 Was sitting listening ae still e'en;  
 I min't as weel's I do yestreen;  
 It seem'd to me, I heard the seugh,  
 O' ane; I kent it weel enough:  
 It was nae inarticulate trill,  
 Or echo o' the whippoorwill,  
 But words cam' wi the melody;  
 I kent the verra air, d'ye see,  
 Frae the description I had got,  
 In Latin buke, or Grecian poet.  
 Ah, hah! thought I, this sang is fine,  
 It has an inkling of the nine;  
 It maun be what they ca' a muse—  
 What was it but the voicè o' Bruce.  
 O' a Lochabar origin  
 And Scottish air sae very fine,  
 Thought natural, expression saft:  
 I loupit leke a man ha'f daft;  
 To think at last, out owre these woods,  
 Amang the simmer trees and buds,  
 A bardie should spring up, a musie,  
 A genuine Parnassus pousie,  
 In nature real, and in mew,  
 Of Arcady a *Kitlin' true*.

My wishes led me to caress it;  
 To stroke the thing and amaist kiss it;  
 But what my wonder and surprisal,  
 Without an ill word or devisal,

To find the thing when a' was done,  
 In verse, and sang begin to strone,  
 Wi Hogo war than assa fetid,  
 Or bag o' animal four fitit ;

I thought me o' what happen'd early,  
 When *Skunkie* pish'd upon me fairly  
 When I had ta'en it for a rabbit,  
 And did na think it would grow crabbit.

Sae frae the verra self same things,  
 Our gude and evil aften springs ;  
 Our pleasure and our pain thegither,  
 The bony bard is turn'd dog mither,  
 And bites and brangles like a bitch,  
 Or an opossum, makes na which ;  
 Or a racoon upon the creek,  
 Near where his cabin giès it's reek.

But still the consolation's taen ;  
 Hard words, and language break nae bane.  
 While I can laugh and take a drink,  
 Ill be to them that evil think.

Here's to the bardie ; fill the bogue ;  
 Or send and get anither jug :  
 The best way is to laugh at fools ;  
 It is the wisdom of the schools ;

*For mirth tak's out the sting o' hurt ;*  
 And mental wounds are this way cur'd.

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\* \* \*

A N S W E R.

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I'VE heard your sang about the Skunkie,  
 Wha play'd ye sic a filthy plunkie.  
 Now listen to me, while I tell  
 What in auld Scotland ance befell.

Near an auld bigging, in a bush,  
 There sat a solitary Thrush ;  
 His breast wi' love o' sang was fill'd ;  
 He to the waste his wild notes thrill'd ;  
 For being seen he little car'd,  
 And wished still less for being heard ;  
 To pass his lanesome hours away,  
 And please himsel', he turn'd his lay.

In the auld bigging dwelt a Starling,  
 Wha was o' ilka bird the darling ;  
 For well he kent to suit his throat  
 To please ilk bird wi' its ain note ;  
 Sometimes like Sparrow he'd be seen,  
 Chirping, and hoping on the green ;  
 Frae this he'd aften tak a start,  
 And carrol wi' the tunefu' lark ;  
 And this again he'd change as soon—  
 He never staid lang on ae tune ;  
 Bnt, 'fore your finger you cou'd crook,  
 You'd tak him for a Crow or Rook.

This Starling heard the Thrush's sang,  
 Sowth'd saftly the lane woods amang—  
 Heard and was pleased; and in a crack ;  
 He gave the Thrush his musick back ;  
 Indeed the Starling sung sae well  
 He did amaist the Thrush excel

Between the Thrush and Starling now  
 An unco cronyship up grew ;  
 Ay, frae the bush, when Thrush wad rant  
 Starling wad frae the bigging chaunt.

Thus, 'tween them twa the time pass'don,  
 In friendship and in peacefu' sang,  
 Till ance upo' a luckless day,  
 A flight of Corbies came that way,  
 A revenous, and ill boding flock,  
 Wi' hungry, discontented croak,  
 Much it surpris'd the wand'ring Thrush,  
 As he sat singing in his bush,  
 To hear the Starling change his strain,  
 And croak wi' these vile birds obscene.  
 It vex'd the Thrush—He shook his wings,  
 And in a louder tone he sings,  
 Wi' deeper warbling swell'd his throat,  
 Thinking the starling would take note ;  
 But a' in vain—Th' unthinking bird  
 O' his new freak wad not be cur'd,  
 But ay croak'd on, and aff he flew,  
 Wi' the black, clamourous, stinking crew ;  
 And 'stead o' halesome seed o' herbage,  
 He fed on carrion and on garbage.  
 Him to reclaim the Thrush gave owre,  
 But did his Starling's loss deplore.

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\*\*\*

*R E P L Y.*

TWA pipers ilk wi' bag and drone,  
 Forgether'd in a wee bit town,  
 Grew unco great : The ane was Angus ;  
 The tither Duncan. Wha can bang us

Quo' they at playing on the pipes ?

Scarce had the word gaed out their lips  
When up play'd Duncan *Charlie's reel*.\*

Angus he said he liked it weel,  
And, in his turn he play'd the *Boyne*, †  
But Duncan said he wad na join  
Sic revolution spring as that,  
Mare than the Devil and black cat ;  
No play'd for laird or lady Mary,  
Wha hated seugh o' Inverara ; ‡  
And lik'd by nane but laland cotters ;  
Or what they ca' in glens, bog-trotters ;  
Wad stick to *Charlie owr the water*.

Quoth Angus it is na great matter,  
To my conception or my pleasin,  
Out o' what mul I take my sneeshin ;  
Whether it is I blaw my cheeks,  
To gar them loup wha ha' na breeks ;  
Or lairds or ladies wi guid beltin ;  
As muckle pleasure aft is felt in,  
The seeing lads and lasses wallop, ||  
Wha ha' sma' claes to hide their gallop,  
As in the ha's o' pride, and plaiden,  
Whare men ha' geer, and maids ha' claden.  
Here man is nearer man ; the lardie  
Is no sae far aboon the bardie ;  
And she that frisks it wi' her neighbour,  
Will na be laith to kiss the piper.  
But why should ranters ban and banter,  
But as they like blaw up their chanter ?  
The thing is a' but sound and ranting ;  
What need we care but for our canting ?

\* *Aristocracy.*

† *Democracy.*

‡ *The seat of the Duke of Argyle, a whig and revolutionist.*  
|| *Dance rompingly. " Walloped it owr the green."* Maggy Lauder.

And no gie hard words, or break crowns,  
Because we canna suit our drones.

The same wi' us now canty Bruce,  
Twa pipers that had different views,  
And baith had music in our brain ;  
Ye play'd up R\*\*\* ; I play'd M'Kean.  
And sooth, maun a' be Do'phin fish\*  
That cam' to soom about your dish,  
And a' are turn'd to ' *Rooks and Ravens,*'  
And very worst birds o' the heavens,  
That listen to my pipe or spring.

Now toleration is a thing,  
That's amiable in church and state ;  
And why should bardies derogate  
Frae the same licence in their strains ?  
While men ha' different heads and brains,  
The same things will na seem the same ;  
And he has the maist sense o' them,  
Wha lets anither think and say,  
And in his turn takes the same way.  
I did na scirl, and clamour out ;  
And ca' ye a fa'se loon and lout ;  
Or say your pipe had lost its drone,  
Because ye play'd up Ettison,†  
Though a' the sense that man can feel,  
O' wrang frae that misguided chiel,  
I had o' whilk ye nothing knew,  
And ought t' ave had still less to do ;  
Unless like piper to a laird,  
At hame in some great castle yard,‡  
On droupit doup like dog at tether,  
Ye blaw'd your cheeks up to a blether,

\* *Amphion with his lyre is said to have charmed a Dolphin.*

† *President of the District.*

‡ *The piper usually plays out of doors during the entertainment, but is seen and heard from the hall.*

And play'd a spring just to his liking ;  
As bardies did to get a picking,  
In auld times when the meal was scarce,  
Frae failing ha'rst, or wasting wars.

Ah ! no, my canty winsome Bruce,  
Ye had na sic a guid excuse.

It was just thoughtlessness and folly,  
Though it strake me wi melancholy,  
To find my bardie take a part,  
Against me wi his tunefu' art,  
And though it touch'd me wi an ach,  
Yet, I forgave it for the sake,  
O' our relation to the muse.

The mason word has na sic use,  
O' brother-hood, as this same charm,  
And whilk is got without the harm,  
O' raising, or o' laying De'el.

But I maun bid you now fareweel :  
I dinna ken I shall say mare :  
'Am ganging frae this thoroughfare.\*  
May ay the Muse, to you dispense,  
'The sowth o' sang, and pith o' sense,}   
And bony art to wale the words,  
'That make folk friends, and tighten cords.

\* *About to leave the western parts of Pennsylvania for Carlisle, my present residence.*



THE American Philosophical Society had reduced itself by an almost indiscriminate admission of members; any one offering a small subscription, and being mentioned at a meeting, was almost of course elected. This appeared to me a great error; and being in Philadelphia in the year 1787, when something of this kind happened, I was tempted to laugh a little at the expence of it, and with a view to promote a reform, the following was inserted in the public papers of that period.



A "MEMOIR TO THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY."



IT is now thirty-five years, since I applied myself to philosophical studies, and, during that time, have read the greater part that has been written, both in ancient and modern languages, on the productions, and phenomena of nature; the distinguishing qualities, the causes and effects of all things, in the heavens, in the seas, and on the dry land.

I had entertained the hope that, by this my industry, I might one day attract the notice of some learned body, such as yours, and induce them to reach out to me the right hand of fellowship, and invite me to be a member. But I perceive, to my great mortification, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but to the Lord that sheweth mercy. For though I have broken almost every tooth in my



head, cracking all kinds of nuts that came in my way, and examining the kernels—and almost poisoned myself poring at the tails of birds, to determine the species—yet I have had no more notice taken of me, than if I had been a jackdaw, without the human genius : while in the mean time, Oric Macsugan is admitted to be a member, and for no other reason, but for having presented to you, after carrying it for three hundred miles on his back, the thigh bone of a horse, which he had been led to believe to be the tooth of an elephant : *Ebur elephantis*, as *Mogul* says in his chapter, on the nature of ivory.

I confess, though with some regret, that I have been a wag in my time, and very early, at a place where there was a museum of crabs' eyes and rats' tails, I diverted myself a little at the expence of the credulous, by affixing to a piece of brown paper, a label with these words, "remnant of a bramin's shirt," and placing it amongst the curiosities, where it remains to this day; and except the gills of a dry'd fish of a singular form, I do not know that there is any thing in that collection, judged to be of more strangeness.

In another instance, indeed—and when a man looks over his past life, he will always find something more and more to check his conscience, I cheated two philosophers, or rather cheated my aunt, and only deceived them : for taking an old fan of hers, and letting it lie a while in the mud of the marsh, I gave it a brown colour, and bringing it out, threw it down as a great curiosity. Four months had they it under consideration; and at last determined that it was the wing of a Madagascar bat. You perceive, said they, the continuity of the parts, which clearly distinguishes it from the *ala pluma*, as *Manuga*, the Italian, terms it, or the feathered wing. Indeed the *Querouche Pouche*, or the flying squirrel, of this country, has the same kind of *sublevamen*, but none that we have yet discovered, have so large as this, except the

great Candian, or the Madagascar bat ; and that it is the Madagascar is most probable, not only because there are no bats in Candia, but because the joint or knot, where the lamina or stems meet, seems to turn on a small nerve like a wire, and this, you well know, is the exact description which Abusegun gives of the bat's wing, in the fourth volume of his history.

But I have been long since fully sensible of the vanity of wit and mirth, and of the greater dignity of philosophic truth, insomuch, that to atone, in some degree, for this lightness of a youthful mind, I have applied myself seriously to investigate the arcana of your science, and have dedicated the time and talents which God has given me, to search out the effects and causes of all things. For this reason I have thought myself, as I have already said, the more hardly treated, that I have not been made one of your body. What am I to sit solely and alone, cut off from the men and pursuits I admire, and obliged to talk to those, who know no more of the value of a crooked shell, or the skin of a burned lobster, than a cat does of a harpsichord ? It is well known to several in this country, that for many years past, not contented with examining more perfectly things already known, I have applied myself to discover new objects. Into how many wasps' nests have I thrust my hands ? How many dung heaps have I watched with my spectacles, to find unusual flies ? I have gone upon the sea-shore, if haply I might find a pebble of a stripe uncommon,—no such thing came in my way ;—I found a kind of shell-fish, it is true, one day, which I thought somewhat odd, but on examination by the description of Guerdon, I saw it was cochlearis alba, which Maggapippo, in his treatise de marinis, delineates. A singular butterfly once alighted on the front cock of my hat, but as I was gazing at it between me and the sun, and straining my brows to see it perfectly without disturbing it, it flew off, to my great chagrin ; for if I could have had the good fortune to have got a

wing or a rib of this, to dissect and dry, so that the veins and nerves might appear, it would have fixed my reputation.

One day, while my mind was troubled, at not finding any novel thing in nature, I was amused with the simplicity of a servant, an Irishman, who was with me, as I was traversing a meadow, and my eye roving on the grass and windle straws, to discover a stem or a stalk of an odd contexture; "by my shoul, master," said the honest fellow, "something is the matter wid you,—your jaw is longer than your shin, and you look cast down a little." Having communicated freely the anxiety of my mind with regard to the being a member of your body, and that to recommend myself I was poring on the posteriors of the world, for something new, but was disappointed and distressed, the simple swain replied, "oh! and is that all? If so, be aisy—fool as I am, I will be in that society in less than a month, and, by shaint Patrick, have you along wid me." "How so," said I, Paddy? "have you observed any remarkable phases in the heavenly bodies, or what is more probable, have you seen in the field where you have been digging, any new species of vermicula? Verius Sperculus takes notice of worms of a thousand feet, and who knows, but there may be of them with a thousand heads? Have you fallen in with any thing like this, Paddy?" "The devil burn me," reply'd the fellow, "if I have found any thing at all worse than myself; but I can do as a comrade of mine did in Dublin; as he was helping the sexton to dig a grave, he found the joint of his grandmother's toe, and shewed it about the town among the boys for a cow's thumb; and, master, do you think the people here have more wit than they have at home?"

"Why, said I, "Paddy, I make no doubt but it might be possible to deceive this learned body of illustrious philosophers, who have been selected out of all nations, tongues and languages; and it is true

that I have practised this craft with individuals myself, but not with a corporate body. If it was in my power not only to be admitted, as a member, but even to be president, of that institution, by any deception whatever—as for instance, palming on them a cow's tail for an Arabian beard, or a ram's horn for a coral sprig, yet my regard for the dignity of science would forbid it."

It has transpired, and therefore I will freely acknowledge that it has been suggested to me, that I might procure attention from this society, by presenting to them, not a cat's claw, or a petrified whitestone, but forty or fifty pounds in money ; but this has appeared to me improper, not only because it was suitable for those only who had nothing else to recommend them, but also, because my stomach has been always better than my means, and my teeth less worn than my coat, and I have no money to spare, or indeed that I could command, in any shape whatsoever.

Great has been my solicitude, and I may almost say despair of being a member. But as there is always an ultimate point of distress from which things begin to grow better, I flatter myself I have at length succeeded in my great object, or which will ensure me a reception, viz. I have discovered an animal truly new and uncommon, and this more by good fortune, than by any research of mine ; for I declare upon the word of a philosopher, it came in my way, when I was not looking for it ; no doubt, as it has happened with others, and particularly with the great Conius in Hungary. It may not be at first believed, but there are several whom I took to view it, and who can make affidavit of the form, and the disposition of it, which I am about to relate.

The animal of which I speak, is without a name, but, as far as I could observe, it is about the size of a two year old colt, though it has not the least resemblance of the equine or horse kind ; but is distinguished in the first place, by the jambe, or loin, being

bare of hair or feathers ; as the simia of Bengal is hairy, or rather has a kind of wool on this part. However, I am persuaded it is not at all of the ape kind, but rather of the buzzard, having a long beak not a little resembling a sword-fish, with small owlet eyes, and a tuft of feathers, if feathers they may be called, which are joined together like a piece of leather, but have a soft down upon them like that of a goose.

Barbarossa in his travels through Japan, describes an animal somewhat like this, and ranks it with the surrinate, or four-toed heron ; but it is evident, from the octagonal form of the ears, that it cannot be of this species. In short, it cannot be referred to any class that I know, of all those that either Gregoire de Roliver describes to be in his native country of Peru, or what Hasselquist tells us are to be found in the province of Alataga in Tartary ; so that on all hands, I conclude, that it is not of any known genus, but wholly a new animal, and approaching nearer to the catagnosis of men, than the elephant or ouran outang, or indeed any other of the irrational creatures. Irrational ! I am at a loss to say, if it is irrational. It has not the use of speech, it is true, but what the Scotchman said of the owl, when he saw the sign of it at Edinburgh, may be said of this, what it wants in speaking, it pays away in thinking ; for it has evidently a philosophic taste and disposition of enquiry, and therefore I have called it the virtuoso. This is what I conceive distinguishes it from all other animals even independent of form, feathers, or any thing else of corporal appearance.

It was about six miles from Carlisle, in this state, that I saw it, in the cleft of a rock, on the north mountain, as I was looking for a strayed horse, with a bridle in my hand. The rock was on the summit of a hill, and I could have a full view of it from the bottom, the trees being thin and no underwood to check the view, I did not venture to approach near, or to examine then perfectly ; but returning next day

with Rowland Harris and his four sons, I came near to it, and threw it the handle of a jockta-ley knife that I happened to have in my pocket. It took it up with seeming admiration, and holding it between its paws, as you would a prism to the sun, it eyed it, still turning and observing it with great attention. I could almost discover, by the expression of its countenance, it was at a loss to determine whether it was ivory or bone. Perhaps it might take it, as L'Escot did the cat's tail, for a carnified parsnip.

Amongst the things which this animal had before him, I observed the rim of a spinning wheel, which he had purloined from the settlement; and, as it seemed to me, might have mistaken it for one of the vertibræ, or back-bone joints of some large animal. Several bones were amongst its feet, but what particularly struck me, was the head of a small rake, which, as far as I could judge, it might imagine to be the jaw bone and teeth of a rhinoceros.

I approached this extraordinary animal, Rowland Harris and his sons before mentioned, being at my back, and came within three paces of it, while, in the mean time, it remained undisturbed, viewing through its paws a horn comb, which it had got, taking it, I conceive, for a kind of shell-fish. It is not a small thing, you know, that will disturb a philosopher in his reveries, and this animal evidently having the cogitation and enquiry of a virtuoso, which led me to call it so, is of the same retired and absent mind, intent only on the nature and properties of things before it. I had thought to put my hand across its neck that it might not bite; but just as I was going to lay hold of it, I became sensible of a musky smell, and retired. But, on reflecting since, I am disposed to think this may be what philosophers mean by *instinct*, of which this animal has a great share, even coming up to a degree of reason; be this as it may, I am considering what notice it might be proper to take of this wild creature. As it discovers the same taste,

would it be exceptionable to introduce it as a member of your institution? if you admit, as is said, in some instances, men with the ignorance of beasts why not beasts with the sagacity of men? this is well known to have been done in almost all societies, literary or otherwise, that have been formed. I say nothing of Caligula, who made his horse a senator; for that being in a despotic monarchy, ought not to be a precedent in a free government.

In this day of lightness and vanity, when all men are attempting wit, and so many hit it, it may be thought that my account of this beast, is not the narration of a plain truth, but allegorical; and that, by it, I have some individual in my eye of the human species, who has been admitted into your body. I declare I mean no such thing: it is really and absolutely a beast. This being averred, it may be thought that I mean to treat with ridicule this respectable society, in proposing it as a member. Far am I from any thing of this kind; I have no such intention. It is true, that, until lately, I could not have believed, that learning or understanding was not a prerequisite of admission; but this was owing to my extravagant ideas of philosophic pride and dignity; which ideas I had drawn from my reading the old books, and conversing with Archimedes and Newton, Pythagoras and Boyle; with the schools of the ancients, and the societies of modern Europe; but had not considered your body, and observed that it was composed of heterogeneous materials; that with a latitude becoming philosophers, and in a spirit truly catholic, you admit all. In accomplishment of the words of the scripture, "Jew and Gentile are brought in; the middle wall of partition is broken down;" the illiterate and the incapable of knowledge are introduced. Nay, if any are excluded, they are the more intelligent; so that your mysteries are hid from the "wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes."

I have had no life with my man Paddy ever since

the admission of Orié before mentioned ; for he will be in too ; he thinks he knows as much as Orié, and I believe he does ; but, by the bye, they are both as ignorant as my horse ; yet, that being no material objection, I would give him leave, were it not that I cannot conveniently spare his time. I have a great many things to do in the evenings, such as running errands and the like, so that I cannot conveniently permit him to be out of the way. It will be a great disappointment to him, if I do not give him leave, for he has been preparing a memoir for several days past, tho', by the bye, he has had the assistance of one of your body ; it is on the colour of whiskey, which, you know, is the *aqua mirabilis* of the ancients. I am told that a jug of it has been found in the ruins of Herculaneum. If there is any of your body that understands the quality of that liquor, I wish to God you would send him over to Italy, to see if there is any more of it, for being upwards of a thousand years old, it must be rare stuff indeed.

After what is said, there can be no one who will imagine that I disapprove of this free ingress which is given to all men, especially the ignorant, by your society, for it is meet that such should be instructed. Besides, unless those of all kinds of knowledge, from the highest to the lowest parts of nature, are present, how should your institution answer the great end of collecting and communicating general information ?

(*Cætera desunt.*)





FRAGMENT OF A SERMON DELIVERED TO A SECTION  
OF THE AMERICAN ARMY, AFTER THE DECLARATION  
OF INDEPENDENCE AT MORRISTOWN  
NEW-JERSEY, IN 1776.



THERE are two ways in which a man may contribute to the defence of his country : by the tongue to speak, or the hand to act. To rouse with words and animate with voice is the province of the Orator. To execute with promptitude, and resolution is that of the soldier. These mutually subserve and assist each other. Shall a sheep skin beat upon ; or shall the air reverberating from the cavity of a fife brace the nerves, swell the mind, and rouse to action ; and shall not the human voice coming to the heart, with thought as well as sound, produce a still stronger effect.

What was it that roused Baruch, a Jewish captain, to attempt the deliverance of his country ? It was the tongue of the female oratoress, Deborah. At her words the hero arose and ten thousand swords were drawn for battle. *Ten thousand swords descended from mount Tabor*, at the gleam of which, fled the mighty host, and nine hundred chariots of Sisera.

In the earliest times, and amongst all nations, the man of speech appears to have been the companion of the hero. What could old Nestor do in battle, with a feeble arm and failing foot ? but as the *chaplain* of Agamemnon's army, great was the service he rendered in counseling obedience, and exhorting to the combat.

In the Peloponesian wars of Greece, when the Lacedemonians, by order of the oracle, sent to Athens

for a general, that disdainful Republic sent them, in derision, Tyrtæus, a chaplain ; lame in his feet diminutive in his person. What was the event ? by his discourses which he composed in verse, he roused the Spartans to the noblest ardor, and though not a soldier or general himself, he gave soul and animation to those that were. An irresistible enthusiasm, was kindled by his words ; the enemy were vanquished in every battle, and the Athenians too late were convinced of their error, in furnishing their rival with a leader so formidable.

Great is the power of speech. What did not Demosthenes do at a later age ? The Athenians after the Persian victories, had become luxurious, and effeminate. Yet even these did he rouse to conquer the Macedonian phalanx. Well said Paëllip of him : “ I regard not the Theban foot, or the Illyrian horse so much as the lightning of that orator.” The Athenians were effeminate, luxurious and averse from war ; yet at a single adjuration of the orator, swearing by those who fell at Marathon and Platea, as in other cases he would have sworn by the immortal gods themselves, there was produced a delirium of the brain, a madness, an impetuosity of valor. To war ! To war ! was the word ; and at the battle of Charonea which took place, it may be said to have been his voice which rendered, for a long time dubious, a contest for the liberties of Greece.

But my voice is weak, my powers are feeble ; and I need the apology of there being none better that offers, to fill the place in which I officiate. But though an orator of no waking powers, it seems to me I dream a little of what has been possessed by others. The Druids were the *chaplains* of our ancestors among the Germans. These by their words incited to war, and inspired the valor of the combatants.

The Bards were the *chaplains* of the aborigines of Britain. O ! Ossian bard of Fingal ! Could I have heard thy voice in selma, hall of Shells, rousing to

marial deeds by thy magic words, even I who am but a man of the gown, and do not mix in battle, must have caught the madness and rushed to war.

Those therefore may be useful, who though not martial themselves, may rouse that temper in others. The air that fills the sail is itself but light, and can sustain but little weight; nevertheless it wafts fleets across the ocean, and gives an utterance to all the thunders of the engagement.

Let it not therefore be thought useless that I address military men. The talent of speech is mine, and that alone is my province. Where shall I begin? I will consider a little the duty and the glory of a soldier. The first duty of a soldier is obedience. An army is a machine where every soldier is a component part, and as in a machine no part can have motion by itself, but in connection with the whole, so in military subordination every thought, every act must be obedience.

The Spartan discipline is well evinced from the circumstance, of a soldier who had his hand up to strike a fallen enemy, yet at that instant a retreat sounding, he withdraws his foot and spares the blow. It is related of the troops of Cyrus, that on the march a soldier receiving a stroke on his cheek, from something thrown, yet turned not his head to see from whence it came.

As to the glory of the soldier it is the highest amongst mortals. We value eloquence, and admire wisdom! but the prowess of the soldier is fascinating to the mind, and we are astonished at his intrepidity and boldness.

Great indeed must be the magnanimity of the man, that can face death and brave danger with an undaunted heart. Great his resolution, great his glory. Men of eloquence make themselves immortal by relating his deeds: Like those globes, that having no light themselves, yet become visible by the reflection of the light of others. Happy Homer in having had an Achilles to celebrate! Happy Xenophon in having a

Persian Cyrus! Happy poets, happy historians of every country, to have the valor and virtues of brave men for the materials of your works!

So high an opinion had the Ancients, of military skill and valor, that to one of the seven worlds of our system, they gave the name of Mars. While he moves in his bright circle round the sun, he is the favorite of Venus and not far distant from her sphere; Venus the star of the morning the harbinger of day and as she smiles upon Mars, so may the fair ever smile upon those who draw their swords in their defence.

The glory of the American soldier is peculiarly distinguished. He fights for no despot. He draws his sword at his own will, and goes into battle in a cause which is his own.

Particular legislators have laid the foundation of other systems; Moses amongst the Jews; Solon at Athens; Lycurgus at Sparta, and Numa Pompilius at Rome. The citizen of America himself delegated representatives, to devise forms of government: He has been a Solon, a Lycurgus, a Numa Pompilius for himself. In him therefore unites the double glory of a legislator and a soldier. Happy people to have been your own law givers, and to have arms in your hands to guard those laws.—

*(The rest is wanting.)*

—\*—

AMONGST the inhabitants of Pittsburgh were some of Scottish origin or descent, who on the anniversary of St. Andrew, (30th of November) were accustomed to celebrate his festival, on one of which occasions the following was written and appeared in a paper of the day following.

—\*—

December 1, 1790.

TO THE SONS OF ST. ANDREW ON THE CELEBRATION OF A LATE FESTIVAL.

—\*—

IF gude St. Andrew's saul, a wee—

Bit, could be spar'd frae he'ven,

It wad delight his sprite tae see

How ye did spend the ev'en.

For weel I wat, the sangs aboon

The lift are scarce as gude,

And Scotts' sauls even in the moon,

Tae hear them wad rin wid.

Wad pit them in the mind o' braes,

And knows where they were born,

And springs they play'd, and bony haes;

They danc'd among the corn.

Ah : had I but the soul o' sang,

My kintra kens fu weel,

The pleasant melody ere lang,

Wad sound o'er vale and hill.

My name be heard on Allegane,  
And ilka neighbouring burn,  
When I am laid beneath a stane  
And marrows left tae mourn.  
But aw my wish, and aw my vows,  
Will no'e gae sick a strain,  
As is, "The broom of Cowden Knows,"  
Or, 'Tae the Greenwood gane.  
For spirit o' sick sang is gane  
Simplicity sae sweet,—  
And artificial airs hae taen,  
Its place, which gars me greet.  
But blessings on the kindly bairns  
That keep it up a wee,  
By chaunting here amang the kernes,  
A wee thing o't tae me.  
For ay my heart e'en on these braes  
Clings tae the pleasing thought,  
Remembrance o' the sweet strath-speys  
My native music taught,  
As when the love sick saul o' anc  
Has lost his dearest mate,  
He hankers still about the stane  
And winna gae his gate.

---

June 20th, 1788.

ON the 20th instant, the news arrived at this place (Pittsburgh) of the adoption of the federal constitution by Virginia, making the ninth state. On the evening following, the inhabitants with some of the adjacent country, assembled on Grant's hill, a beautiful rising mount to the east of the town, having the two rivers at their junction, forming the Ohio, in prospect. Occupying the verge of the hill they were addressed as follows.

---

COMPATRIOTS ; a union of nine states has taken place, and you are now citizens of a new empire : an empire not the effect of chance, nor hewn out by the sword ; but formed by the skill of sages, and the design of wise men. Who is there who does not spring in height, and find himself taller by the circumstance ? For you have acquired superior stature, you are become a great people.

Man is not born for himself only, he ought to serve others : yet how can he serve himself or others, but by means of a happy government ? rare art ! excellent science ! All that is good and great amongst men ; all that is happy and illustrious, springs from thee !

Moses led a people from the wilderness ; Romulus built a city, and Numa gave it laws ; the sages of Greece laid the foundation of Republics ; but had these the experience of ages, for their guide ? or combating with the preconceived opinions of men, were they able to establish what they had in view ? Existing in the infancy of the nation, what could they do more than frame a model, commensurate with its territory. Remaining small, unable to re-

sist impression, and conjoined with no neighbouring body, it was crushed by others. Becoming extensive, it exceeded the plan of the founder, and like a cone placed on the vertical point, *fell by its own weight*.

Subdivisions in a small government were unnecessary; in a great one they could not be effected. And who ever heard that an excellent machine could be formed of one wheel? republics of America, I contemplate you as I do the globes of heaven, rolling each in your several orbits; yet bound by eternal laws not to recede from, nor approach the centre. You are yourselves illustrious, but you form a system by an union of your powers; a union not inconsistent with your subordination, yet firmly and undeviatingly securing your attachment to the whole. The Amphitrionic counsel; the Achæan league, the late confederation came short of this.

Yet this noble fabric rises as it were from the marshy ground; *instabilis terra, inabilis unda*. Amidst popular opinions and the discord of states, it ascends and acquires a solid foundation by its own weight. Noble pile! on the four sides of thy pedestal are the names of the patriots who framed thee. At a distance are the shades of Plato, Montesquieu, and Hume. They rise from Elysium and contemplate a structure, which they may have imagined, but could never have expected to see upon the earth. Thy base overspreading our extensive tract of country, is broader than the pyramids of Egypt. Thy age bids fair to outlast their date. In vain shall the rains beat upon thee, and the elemental fury of the winds.

But who are those fell monsters who growl at the shadow of thy structure. They are the opponents of the new system. Ignorance where is thy cave? whence do thy fogs and thy vapours arise?

What inferior race is that which crouch along the bog? animals which live by the credulity, the want of discernment, and the changing temper of the populace. *Ranæ palustres*, frogs of the marsh, local



demagogues, insidious declaimers, your pond is about to be dried up, no more amongst the weeds, and in the muddy fluid, shall you lift your hoarse voice. The marsh is drained, the dome aspires and the bright tinges of the rising day gild its summits.

(*The rest is wanting.*)



January 18, 1794.

I HAVE just read, published by order of the House of representatives, the correspondence of the minister of France with our executive. The first subject is a proposition of Genet, that the United States, should pay off the debt to France at once, which would be received in provisions, warlike stores, &c. Or in notes issued by the government so as to be receivable at specie value in the purchase of these articles. Or, if the whole of the debt should not be paid off at once, at least a proportion of it, beyond the annual instalments as already settled.

It was answered by the executive, that this would be undertaking more than the fiscal arrangements made could support; and an attempt to anticipate the revenue, so far from enabling to discharge more of the debt in a given time, would endanger our payment of the instalments at the times stipulated.

On this I remark that it was no doubt, the truth, counting on the funds already provided, but it would have seemed to me a proposition to have justified the executive to have called a meeting of the congress, to consider whether it might not have been practicable, or expedient to have devised some new fund to give this extraordinary assistance to France. I cannot doubt but such is the enthusiasm of the mass of the people for the cause of our ally, as to have induced

them, I will not say, to have *submitted* to, but to have *embraced*, almost any tax for so glorious an object.

The second subject of moment which this correspondence embraces, is the construction of the treaties, between France and us, with respect to their right to arm and equip vessels of war in our ports. This depends upon upon the construction of the 22d article of the treaty of alliance, which is in these words: "it shall not be lawful for any foreign privateers not belonging to subjects of the most christian King, nor citizens of the United States, who have commissions from any prince or state in enmity with either nation to fit out their ships in the ports of either the one or the other of the aforesaid parties." It was contended by Genet, that by implication a right is given to France, and agreeably to that idea he had actually proceeded to arm, and commission vessels in our ports. Hence altercation and difference with the minister, and our executive, so far as to induce a demand to the executive of France of a recal of Genet. I am sorry, being an enthusiast for the cause of France, to be under the necessity of saying that Genet is not supportable in his construction of the article; and that his conduct may have laid a foundation of a misunderstanding between France and us, unless the nation that appoints him has more judgment and temperance than himself. I shall not be thought under any bias in giving this opinion, when I declare *I am for taking a part in the war with France*. But my principle is, that a measure of this kind shall be the result of a national deliberation, and not the consequence of direct aggression, in violation of good faith, so long as it is understood that we are at peace. I am for taking a part in the war with France, not only on the principle of favouring the cause of liberty, *but on that of self preservation, and national prosperity*. I have no doubt but that on condition of our making it a common cause, our ally would assist us in the reduction of Canada,

and to drive the Spaniards out of the two Floridas ; The first, a great object, as giving peace with the savages: the second, as opening the Mississippi to our trade.

But would we be justifiable in taking part with France? I should think so. If kings combine to support kings, why not republics to support republics? As to Britain there is no difficulty of justifying a war against her, inasmuch as she had never yet laid down the tomahawk and scalping knife, and been at peace with us.—

But could we serve France by taking part in the war? doubtless; negatively; by not purchasing the manufactures of Britain; and positively by captures of them when about to be transported to others

The clamour of manufacturers and merchants at home, would soon work peace to France and us both. But I condemn the conduct of Genet, as involving in war, in a manner dishonorable to us and unjustifiable; and I admire the moderation and good sense with which our executive has replied to the errors of his judgment, the unfairness of his insinuations, the violence of his invectives.

I thought him ill-used in the noise that was made about his saying "*That he would appeal to the people.*" Why not? *Have not the people a right to receive his appeal?*\* If so, he has a right to make it. It was no interfering in internal affairs, when the question respected a matter between nation and nation. It was external. I was angry at him, that he should consider it as a slander to have it reported of him; I say

\* The same point has been lately made in the case of the Spanish minister, D' Yrujo. It would seem to me also in his case, that he had a right to be heard by the sovereign the people; or rather *it was their right to hear*; but I should like to see this question examined.

he had a right to appeal ; but he ought to have been sure that when the appeal was made, it would not be decided against him.

I must for my part, contrary to all the wishes of my heart, find him guilty of injuring, by his imprudence, and as it appears to me, astonishing want of judgment, the cause which I am persuaded he had the best intentions to serve.



THE FOLLOWING IN ANSWER UNDER ANOTHER  
SIGNATURE.



FEBRUARY 1st, 1794.

THE observations on the correspondence of the minister of France with our executive, published in the last Gazette, discover a warmth of attachment to the French cause highly pleasing to every man in this country. Perhaps the severity of expression applied to Genet, however supportable on a rigorous construction of facts, may be greater than there is any necessity for using. Considering the industry and zeal with which every sentiment, and measure of our executive is supported and impressed by town meetings and addresses, from New-Hampshire to Georgia, and all the outcry of *courtly gazettes* ; there seems little reason to fear that their conduct, will want either approbation or respect. To me the danger seems to be on the other side ; that we shall forget the nature of their authority, and mistake proclamation for law. What but this spirit could have magnified *the appeal to the people*, into so formidable an offence. Silly as the observations shew it to have been, it was trumpeted all over the continent ; and the address would have been wanting in

loyalty, which, with an approbation of the injunction to neutrality, did not reprobate the appeal.

I have no intention of entering into any lengthy or elaborate dissertation, but only to make a few loose remarks.

The disputed article of the treaty is, to say the least of it, ambiguously expressed. It is what the logicians call a *negative pregnant*. A denial implying the confirmation of a contrary assertion; and I have understood that some of professional rank, explicitly assert, that Genets construction is right.

The treaty was made between France in prosperity and America in distress. What construction of a doubtful article will France, in distress, expect from America in prosperity.

The struggles of the two nations are in the same cause; liberty and right, against tyranny and oppression, a sympathy might have been expected though at some expence.

If the article is now made clear and Genets construction of it appears erroneous, this elucidation is the result of a nice complex concatenation of arguments and comparisons. It arises not immediately and of course out of the words themselves.

The minister of a nation whose existence depends on the destruction of precedents is excusable if he mistook the meaning of an article, whose meaning, precedents must in a great degree, determine.

Any man is excusable, who knowing Americans only in their war with Britain, should conclude that it is their principle to sacrifice interest to liberty.

*(The remainder is wanting.)*



IDEAS AT THE INTERMENT OF MRS. BEDFORD,  
THE WIFE OF DOCTOR NATHANIEL BEDFORD OF  
PITTSBURGH, JULY 9th, 1790.



Whether the spirit, doth survive  
The body ; and doth live,  
In the Elysium of the Greeks,  
Or Heaven of which the Christian speaks  
I know not ; but, if there be,  
Such immortality\* to thee or me,  
Fair shade ; this thing call'd death,  
And the mere stoping of the breath,  
Not being to oblivion brought,  
Is a light matter in the scale of thought,  
And not the proper subject of a tear.

Why then such shape of Melancholy here,  
And chrystal distillation of the eye ?  
Is it because the form that there doth lie,  
Was passing pleasing in her life,  
And none so fair and virtuous doth survive ?

Fair ladies, I will not say none ;  
Nor even with the dead induce comparison ?  
But this will say ;  
The soul that animated that same clay,

\* *The despondent mind will doubt at times ; but where there is hope, there must be faith.*

Was wise and Good,  
With every excellence, endued,  
That could the sex exalt :  
Without a foible or a fault :

Uncensur'd and uncensurable ;  
Her exit answerable :  
For pure as Innocence and love,  
She felt the will of Jove,  
With proper fortitude complied  
And like an unstain'd lily drop'd her head and  
died.



AT the time of the battle of Bunker Hill, (1775,) I was master of an Academy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and wrote the following for an exercise to be performed by the Youth of the Seminary, and which was shortly after published.



*PROLOGUE, BY COLONEL JOHN PARK, OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.*

THIS mighty Æra big with dread alarms,  
Aloud calls each AMERICAN to arms.  
Let ev'ry Breast with martial ardor glow,  
Nor dread to meet the proud usurping foe.  
What tho' our bodies feel an earthly chain,  
Still the free soul, unblemish'd and serene

Enjoys a mental LIBERTY,———a charm,  
 Beyond the power of fate itself to harm.  
 Should vict'ry crown us in the doubtful strife——  
 Eternal honours mark the hero's life.  
 Should Wounds and slaughter be our hapless  
 doom——

Unfading laurels deck the Martyr's Tomb :  
 A sure reward awaits his soul on high,  
 On earth his memory shall never die.  
 For when we read the fatal story o'er,  
 One tear shall drop for him who is——no more.  
 Who nobly struggled to support our laws,  
 And bravely fell in freedom's sacred cause  
 Let virtue fire us to the martial deed ;  
 We fight to conquer and we dare to bleed :  
 Witness ye fathers ! whose protracted time,  
 Fruitful of story, chronicles the clime.  
 These howling deserts, hospitably tame,  
 Erst snatch'd you martyrs, from the hungry flame ;  
 'Twas Heav'n's own cause, beneath whose shelt-  
 'ring power,

Ye grew the wonder of this present hour——  
 The task--be ours with unremitted toil,  
 To guard the rights of this dear-purchas'd soil,  
 From Royal plund'ers, greedy of our spoil,  
 Who come resolv'd to murder and enslave,  
 To shackle FREEMEN and to rob the brave.  
 The loud mouth'd cannon threaten from afar,  
 Be this our comfort in the storm of war——  
 Who fights, to take our liberty away,  
 Dead-hearted fights, and falls an easy prey.  
 Then, on my brethren to the embattl'd plain,  
 Who shrinks with fear, anticipates a chain.





THE BATTLE OF BUNKERS HILL,

(CALLED ALSO THE BATTLE OF BREED'S HILL.\*)



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WARREN,  
PUTNAM,  
GARDINER. } AMERICAN OFFICERS.

GAGE,  
HOWE,  
BURGORNE,  
CLINTON,  
LORD PIGOT. } BRITISH OFFICERS.

SHERWIN. *Aid-de-Camp* to General Howe.  
SOLDIERS, &c.

\* This dramatic thing is extremely juvenile ; but on account of having some connection with the revolution, and shewing the part early taken by me in it, I have thought proper to collect it as a scrap of that period.

— \* —

ACT I. SCENE I.

CAMP AT CAMBRIDGE.

*Enter WARREN, PUTNAM, and GARDINER.*

WARREN.

Why this inglorious inactivity,  
 And leave the famish'd\* city to the foe;  
 Nor turn our vengeance on relentless Gage?  
 Perfidious man! Who pledg'd his oath so late,  
 And word of honour to those patriots  
 Yet in his power, that yielding him their arms,†  
 They should receive permission to depart,  
 And join once more their valiant countrymen;  
 But now detains as hostages these men,  
 In low damp dungeons, and in gaols chain'd down,  
 While grief and famine on their vitals prey.  
 Say noble PUTNAM, shall we hear of this,  
 And let our idle swords rust in the sheath,  
 While slaves of Royal Power impeach our worth  
 As vain, and call our patience cowardice?

PUTNAM.

Not less bold WARREN have I felt the pangs  
 Of woe severe in this calamity:  
 And could I with my life redeem the times,  
 The richest blood that circles round my heart,  
 Should hastily be shed. But what avails  
 The genuine flame and vigour of the soul,

\* *The inhabitants fit to bear arms having left the city, and the communication being cut off with the country, the women and children were in want of provisions, and in a starving condition.*

† *This refers to a fact well known in the history of the time.*

When nature's self, and all the strength of art,  
 Opposes every effort in our power ?  
 These sons of slavery dare not advance,  
 And meet in equal fight our hostile arms.  
 For yet they well remember LEXINGTON,  
 And what they suffer'd on that rueful day,  
 When wantoning in savage rage, they march'd  
 Onward to CONCORD, in a firm array,  
 Mock music playing, and the ample flag  
 Of tyranny display'd ; but with dire loss  
 And infamy driven back, they gain'd the town,  
 And under cover of their ships of war,  
 Retir'd, confounded and dismay'd. No more  
 In mirthful mood to combat us, or mix  
 Their jocund music with the sounds of war.  
 To tempt no more unequal fight with men,  
 Who to oppose an arbitrary sway,  
 Have grasp'd the sword ; and resolute to brave  
 Death in his dreary shapes, can know,  
 In the warm breast, no sentiment of fear.

## GARDINER.

The free born spirit of immortal fire  
 Is stranger to ignoble deeds, and shuns  
 The name of cowardice. But well thy mind,  
 Sage, and matur'd by long experience, weighs  
 The perilous attempt, to storm the town,  
 And rescue thence, the suff'ring citizens.  
 For but one pass to that peninsula,  
 On which the city stands, on all sides barr'd.  
 And here what numbers can supply the rage,  
 Of the all devouring, deep mouth'd cannon, plac'd,  
 On many a strong redoubt ; While on each side,  
 The ships of war, moor'd, in the winding bay,  
 Can sweep ten thousand from the level beach,  
 " And render all access impregnable."

## WARREN.

True valiant GARD'NER, the attempt is vain,  
 To force that entrance to the sea-girt town ;

Which while we hop'd for peace, and in that view,  
Kept back our swords, we saw them fortify.  
But what if happily, with a chosen few,  
Led through the midnight shades, yon heights were  
gain'd,

And that contiguous hill, whose grassy foot,  
By Mystick's gentle tide is wash'd. Here rais'd,  
Strong batt'ries jutting o'er the level sea,  
With everlasting thunder, shall annoy  
Their navy far beneath ; and in some lucky hour,  
When dubious darkness on the land is spread,  
A chosen band may pierce their sep'rate fleet,  
And in swift boats, across the narrow tide,  
Pour like a flame, on their unguarded ranks,  
And wither them : As when an Angel smote,  
The Assyrian camp. The proud Sennacherib;  
With impious rage, against the hill of God,  
Blasphem'd. Low humbl'd, when the dawning light,  
Saw all his host dead men : So yet I trust,  
The God of battles, will avouch our cause,  
And those proud champions of despotic power,  
Who turn our fasting to their mirth, and mock  
Our prayers, naming us the SAINTS, shall yet,  
Repay with blood, the scorn they cast upon us.

PUTNAM.

Heaven favour this attempt. Now from our troops,  
Seven hundred gallant men, and skill'd in arms,  
With speed select, choice spirits of the war.  
By you, led on, brave GARD'NER, to the heights,  
E're yet the morn, with dawning light breaks forth,  
Intrench on BUNKERS HILL ; and when the day,  
First, o'er the hill top rises, we shall join  
United arms, against the assailing foe,  
Should they attempt to cross the narrow tide,  
In deep battalion to regain the hill.

GARDINER.

The thought is perilous, and many men,  
In this bold enterprize, must strew the ground.

But since we combat in the cause of God,  
I draw my sword, nor shall the sheath again,  
Receive the shining blade, till on the heights,  
It drinks the blood of many a warrior slain,

## ACT II. SCENE I.

### THE ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.

*Enter Scotch Officers in conversation.*

*Captain M'Intyre.* I dinna know that I should like to marry ane o' these American ladies; they would breed savages and spoil the bluide o' the M'Intyres.

*Captain M'Alpin.* I wad nae stop to marry twa or three o' them when their husbands are kill'd, as they will a' be shortly.

*Captain Bunnatin.* It is a strange thing that we should come here to quell a rebellion, when we used to hae enough o' them at hame in our ain kintra.

*Captain Jameson.* I dinna like a rebel; they should be a' hang'd, or put in the Talbooths.

*Lieutenant Paterson.* Dinna walk sae far that way, Captain. Some o' their rifle men may take sight at ye, and shoot ye through the lug, frae the back o' ane o' these dikes. We had a gude many kill'd that way the day o' Lexinton.

*Captain Pinkerton.* Dinna ye see Colonel Ryburn farther off the town than we are, and these about him? He seems to be stepping off the ground as he wad measure land for a bigging.

*Colonel Ryburn.* I will hae a house here like the Duke o' Argyle's at Inverra. That nuke o' land there will make a calf pasture. When these rebels are a' han'gd, I'll settle mysel down here and send hame for a gardner, and twa or three masons. I sal hae a kuke frae France; a waiting man frae Swisserland, and a musician frae Italy.

*Captain Brolochan.* I wad nae gi a tune o' the bag pipe for a' their orchestra. I dinna like the Italian scrapes.

*Colonel.* There, will be a gude place for a park like Lord Haddington's. I shall hae it weel stock'd wi deer, and a pond in the laigh ground to keep fish in.

*Captain.* Ye need na make a pond; ye hae the sea just by to gi ye fish.

*Colonel.* Aye; but the sea fish are no fresh fish. The gentry in Scotland a'hae a pond.

## SCENE II.

*BOSTON.*

*Enter GAGE, HOWE, and BURGOYNE.*

*BURGOYNE.*

How long brave gen'ral, shall the rebel foe,  
 In vain arrangements, and mock siege, display,  
 Their haughty insolence?—Shall in this town,  
 So many thousands, of BRITANNIA'S troops,  
 With watch incessant, and with toil oppress'd,  
 Remain besieg'd? A vetr'an army pent,  
 In the inclosure, of so small a space,  
 By a disorder'd herd, untaught, unofficer'd.  
 Let not the mouth of a detracting fame,  
 With breath malignant, o'er the Atlantic wave,  
 Bear this to Europe's shores, or tell to France,  
 Or haughty Spain, of LEXINGTON'S retreat.  
 Who could have thought it, in the course of things  
 That BRITISH soldiers, in this latter age,  
 Beat back by peasants, and in flight disgrac'd,  
 Could tamely brook the base discomfiture;  
 Nor sallying out, with spirit reassum'd,  
 Redeem'd defeat and challenge victory?  
 Drive back the foe, to Alleghany hills,  
 In woody vallies, or on mountain tops,  
 To mix with wolves and kindred savages.

## GAGE.

This paradox will soon resolve itself.  
 Hear first, BURGOYNE, the valour of these men.  
 Fir'd with the zeal, of fiercest liberty,  
 No fear of death, so terrible to all,  
 Can stop their rage. Grey-headed clergymen,  
 With holy bible, and continual prayer,  
 Bear up their fortitude—and talk of heav'n,  
 And tell them, that the soul, who dies in battle,  
 Shall walk, with spirits of the just. These words,  
 Add valour to their rage, and hurry them  
 Impetuous to war. Nor yet in arms  
 Unpractised. The day of LEXINGTON,  
 A sad conviction gave our soldiery,  
 That these AMERICANS, were not that herd,  
 And rabble rout, we represented them.

## HOWE.

Not strange to your maturer thought, BURGOYNE,  
 This matter will appear. A people brave,  
 Who never yet, of luxury, or soft  
 Delights, effeminate, and false, have tasted.  
 But; through hate of chains, and slav'ry imagin'd,  
 Forsake their mountain tops, and rush to arms.  
 Oft have I heard their valour, published :  
 Their perseverance, and untameable  
 Fierce mind, when late they fought with us, and  
 drove,  
 The French encroaching on their settlements,  
 Back to their frozen lakes. Or when with us  
 On Cape Breton, they stormed Louisburg.  
 With us in Canada, they took Quebec ;  
 And at the Havannah, these NEW-ENGLAND MEN,  
 Led on by PUTMAN, acted gallantly.  
 I had a brother once, who in that war,  
 With fame commanded them, and when he fell,  
 Not unlamented; for these warriors,  
 So brave themselves, and sensible of merit,  
 Erected him a costly monument ;  
 And much it grieves me that I draw my sword,

For this late insurrection, and revolt,  
 To chastise them. Would to Almighty God,  
 The task unnatural, had been assign'd,  
 Else where. But since by Heaven, determin'd,  
 Let's on, and wipe the day of LEXINGTON,  
 Thus soil'd, quite from our soldiers memories.  
 This reinforcement, which with us have sail'd,  
 In many a transport, from BRITANNIA's shores,  
 Will give new vigour to the Royal Arms,  
 And crush rebellion, in its infancy.  
 Let's on, and from this siege, calamitous,  
 Assert our liberty; nay rather die,  
 Transfix'd in battle, by their bayonets,  
 Than thus remain, the scoff, and ridicule  
 Of gibing wits, and poultry gazetteers,  
 On this, their madding continent, who cry,  
 Where is the BRITISH valour: that renown  
 Which spoke in thunder, to the Gallic shores?  
 That spirit is evaporate, that fire;  
 Which erst distinguish'd them, that flame;  
 And gen'rous energy of soul, which fill'd,  
 Their Henry's, Edwards, thunder-bolts of war;  
 Their Hampdens, Marlboroughs, & immortal Wolfe,  
 On the Abraham heights, victorious.  
 BRITANNIA's genius, is unfortunate,  
 And flags say they, when Royal tyranny  
 Directs her arms. This let us then disprove,  
 In combat speedily, and take from them,  
 The wantonness of this fell pride, and boasting,

GAGE:

Tho' much I dread the issue of the attempt,  
 So full of hazard, and advent'rous spirit;  
 Yet since your judgment, and high skill in arms,  
 From full experience, prompts,  
 I give my voice, and when one day hath pass'd,  
 In whose swift hours, may be wrought, up,  
 The resolution, of the soldiery,  
 With soothing words, and ample promises,



Of rich rewards, in lands and settlements,  
 From the confiscate property throughout,  
 These rebel colonies, at length subdu'd;  
 Then march we forth, beat up their drowsy camp,  
 And with the sun, to this safe capitol,  
 Return, rich, with the triumphs of the war.  
 And be our plan, that which brave Haldiman,  
 E're yet recall'd, advis'd to us. Let first,  
 Brave HOWE, and CLINTON, on that western point,  
 Load with the transports, and mean time BURGOYNE,  
 With the artillery, pour sharp cannonade,  
 Along the neck, and sweep that beachy plain,  
 Which lies to ROXBOROUGH, where yon western  
 stream,  
 Flowing from CAMBRIDGE, mixes with the Bay.  
 Thus, these AMERICANS, shall learn to dread,  
 The force of discipline, and skill in arms.

## SCENE III.

*AMERICAN CAMP.*

*Militia man.* It was not the sum of the tax, but the principle that induced us to resist. The tax on tea was but an entering wedge. Grant this and all follows. It is the beginning of usurpation that must be resisted.

*2nd Militia man.* The right to tax the Colonies in all cases whatsoever is the claim on the part of Great Britain.

*1st Militia man.* The war is at least just, let the event be what it may.

*2nd Militia man.* And I think it necessary, let the event be what it may.

*1st Militia man.* Being both just and necessary, it must in the end be successful.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter GARDINER, with Seven Hundred Men.*

GARDINER.

This is the hill, brave countrymen, whose brow  
 We mean to fortify. A strong redoubt,  
 Be speedily thrown up. Let each himself,  
 Not underserving, of our choice approve,  
 For out of thousands, I have challeng'd you,  
 To this bold enterprize, as men of might,  
 And valour eminent, and such this day,  
 I trust, will honour you. Let each his spade,  
 And pick-axe, vig'rously, in this hard soil,  
 Where I have laid the line, exert.  
 The orient star, bright Lucifer,  
 Peers on the firmament, and soon the day,  
 Flush'd with the golden sun, shall visit us.  
 Then gallant countrymen, should faithless GAGE,  
 Pour forth his lean, and half starv'd myrmidons ;  
 We'll make them taste our catridges, and know,  
 What rugged steel, our bayonets are made of ;  
 Or if o'er charg'd, with numbers, bravely fall,  
 Like those three hundred at THERMOPYLÆ,  
 And give our Country, credit in our deaths.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter BURGOYNE.*

The rebel foe, grown yet, more insolent,  
 By that small loss, or rout, at LEXINGTON,  
 Prevent our purpose and the night by-past,  
 Have push'd intrenchments, and some flimsy works,  
 With rude atchievements, on the rocky brow,  
 Of that tall hill. A ship-boy, with the day,  
 From the tall mast-head, of the Admiral,  
 Descry'd their aim, and gave the swift alarm.  
 Our glasses mark, but one small regiment there,

Yet, ev'ry hour we languish in delay,  
 Inspires fresh hope, and fills their pig'my souls,  
 With thoughts of holding it. You hear the sound  
 Of spades and pick-axes, upon the hill,  
 Like Vulcan's forge, urg'd by the Cyclops.

*Enter HOWE.*

To your alarm posts, officers; come gallant men,  
 Let's out, and drive them from that eminence,  
 On which the foe, doth earth himself.  
 I relish not, such haughty neighbourhood,  
 Give orders, swiftly, to the Admiral,  
 That some stout ship heave up the narrow bay,  
 And pour indignant, from the fall-tide wave,  
 Piercing cannonade, across the isthmus point,  
 To cut off reinforcements.

## SCENE II.

*THE ROLL CALL.*

Duncan M'Cleod,  
 Neil M'Murrochy,  
 Roderick M'Kinney,  
 Sanders M'Laughlin,  
 Gregory M'Gregor, &c. &c. &c.

*Enter ADJUTANT.*

Recover arms—To the right about face—March—  
 It is not a time to be calling rolls, when the enemy  
 are on the hill head, and we have orders to form.  
 There will be about a score of rebels a piece to us,  
 and we shall make short work with them.

## SCENE III.

*Howe with the British Army.*

Howe.

The day at length, propitious shews itself,  
 And with full beams of majesty, the sun,  
 Hath bless'd, its fair nativity ; when Heaven,  
 Brave soldiers, and the cause of kings,  
 Calls on the spirit of your loyalty,  
 To chastise this rebellion, and tread down,  
 Such foul ingratitude—such monstrous shape,  
 Of horrid liberty, which spurns that love—  
 That fond maternal tenderness of soul,  
 Which on this dreary coast, first planted them :  
 Restrain'd the rage, of murdering savages,  
 Which, with fierce inroad, on their settlements,  
 Made frequent war—struck down the arm of France,  
 Just rais'd, to crush them, in their infancy :  
 And since that time, have bade their cities grow,  
 To marts of trade : call'd fair-ey'd commerce forth,  
 To share dominion, on the distant wave,  
 And visit every clime, and foreign shore.  
 Yet this, brave soldiers, is the proud return,  
 For the best blood of ENGLAND, shed for them.  
 Behold yon hill, where fell rebellion rears,  
 Her snake-stream'd ensign, and would seem to brave  
 With scarce seven hundred, this sea-bound Camp,  
 Where may be counted, full ten thousand men,  
 That in the war with France so late, acquir'd  
 Loud fame, and shook the other continent.  
 Come on brave soldiers, seize your gleaming arms,  
 And let this day, in after times be held,  
 As Minden famous, and each hostile field,  
 Where British valour, shone victorious.  
 The time moves slow, which enviously detains,  
 Our just resentment from these traitors heads.  
 Their richest farms, and cultur'd settlements,

By winding river, or extensive bay,  
 Shall be your first reward. Our noble king  
 As things confiscate, holds their property,  
 And in rich measure, will bestow on you,  
 Who face the frowns, and labour of this day,  
 He that outlives this battle, shall ascend,  
 In titled honour, to the height of state,  
 Dukedoms, and baronies, midst these our foes,  
 In tributary vassalage, kept down,  
 Shall be your fair inheritance. Come on,  
 Beat up th' heroic sound of war. The word,  
 Is GEORGE our sov'reign, and BRITANNIA'S ARMS.

## SCENE IV.

## BUNKERS-HILL.

WARREN *with the American Army.*

WARREN.

To arms, brave countrymen, for see the foe,  
 Comes forth to battle, and would seem to try,  
 Once more, their fortune in decisive war:  
 Three thousand, 'gainst seven hundred; rang'd this  
 day,  
 Shall give the world, an ample specimen,  
 What strength, and daring confidence, the sound,  
 Of Liberty inspires. That Liberty,  
 Which, not the thunder of Bellona's voice,  
 With fleets, and armies, from the BRITISH Shore,  
 Shall wrest from us. Our noble ancestors,  
 Out-brav'd the tempests, of the hoary deep,  
 And on these hills, uncultivate, and wild,  
 Sought an asylum, from despotic sway;  
 A short asylum, for that envious power,  
 With persecution dire, still follows us.  
 At first, they deem'd our charters forfeited.  
 Next, our just rights, in government, abridg'd.

Then, thrust in viceroys, and bashaws, to rule,  
 With lawless sovereignty. Now added force,  
 Of standing armies, to secure their sway.  
 Much, have we suffer'd from the licens'd rage,  
 Of brutal soldiery, in each fair town.  
 The 5th of March, brave countrymen, that day  
 When Boston's streets ran blood, remember,  
 And let the memory, to revenge, stir up,  
 The temper of your souls. There might we still,  
 On terms precarious, and disdainful, liv'd,  
 With daughters ravished, and butcher'd sons,  
 But heaven, forbade the thought. These are the  
 men,  
 Who in firm phalanx, threaten us with war,  
 And aim this day, to fix forever down,  
 The chains, which haughty tyranny has forg'd for us,  
 These count our lands and settlements their own,  
 And in their intercepted letters, speak,  
 Of farms, and tenements, secur'd for friends,  
 Which, if they gain, brave soldiers, let with blood,  
 The purchase, be seal'd down. Let every arm,  
 This day be active, in fair freedom's cause,  
 And shower down, from the hill, like Heav'n in  
 wrath,  
 Full store of lightning, and fierce iron hail,  
 To blast the adversary. Let this ascent,  
 Like burning Ætna or Vesuvius top,  
 Be wrapt in flame—The word is LIBERTY,  
 And Heaven smile on us, in so just a cause.

## SCENE IV.

## BUNKERS-HILL.

GARDINER, *leading up the American Army to the Engagement.*

Fear not, brave soldiers, tho' their infantry,  
 In deep array, so far out-numbers us.  
 The justice of our cause, will brace each arm,  
 And steel the soul with fortitude; while they,

Whose guilt, hangs on their consciences,  
 Must fail in battle, and receive that death,  
 Which, in high vengeance, we prepare for them.  
 Let then each spirit, to the height, wound up,  
 Shew noble vigour, and full force this day.  
 For on the merit, of our swords, is plac'd,  
 The virgin honour, and true character,  
 Of this whole Continent : and one short hour,  
 May give complexion, to the whole event,  
 Fixing the judgment whether as base slaves,  
 We serve these masters, or more nobly live,  
 Free as the breeze, that on the hill-top, plays,  
 With these sweet fields, and tenements, our own.  
 Oh fellow soldiers, let this battle speak,  
 Dire disappointment, to the insulting foe,  
 Who claim, our fair possessions, and set down,  
 These cultur'd-farms, and bowry-hills, and plains,  
 As the rich prize, of certain victory.  
 Shall we, the sons of *MASSACHUSETTS*,  
*NEW-HAMPSHIRE*, and *CONNECTICUT* ; shall we  
 Fall back, dishonour'd, from our native plains,  
 Mix with the savages, and roam for food,  
 On western mountains, or the desert shores,  
 Of Canada's cold lakes ? or state more vile,  
 Sit down, in humble vassalage, content  
 To till the ground for these proud conquerors ?  
 No, fellow soldiers, let us rise this day,  
 Emancipate, from such ignoble fate.  
 And should the battle, rob us of our lives,  
 Late time, shall give, an ample monument,  
 And bid her worthies, emulate our fame.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

BOSTON.

*The British Army being Repuls'd, Sherwin is dispatch'd to General Gage for Assistance.*

SHERWIN, GAGE, BURGÖYNE, and CLINTON.

SHERWIN.

Our men advancing, have receiv'd much loss,  
In this encounter, and the case demands,  
In the swift crisis, of extremity,  
A thousand men to reinforce the war.

GAGE.

'Tis yours, brave CLINTON, to command, these  
men.

Embark them speedily. I see our troops,  
Stand on the margin, of the ebbing flood,  
(The flood affrighted, at the scene it views)  
And fear, once more, to climb the desp'rate hill,  
Whence the bold rebel, showr's destruction down.

## SCENE II.

WARREN.

*Mortally wounded, falling on his right knee, covering his breast with his right hand, and supporting himself with his firelock in his left.*

A deadly ball, hath limited my life,  
And now to God, I offer up my soul.  
But oh my Countrymen, let not the cause,  
The sacred cause of liberty, with me  
Faint or expire. By the last parting breath,  
And blood of this your fellow soldier slain,  
Be now adjur'd, never to yield the right,  
The grand deposit of all-giving heaven,  
To man's free nature.  
With these rude Britons, wage life-scorning war,  
'Till they admit it, and like hell fall off,  
With ebbing billows, from this troubl'd coast,



Where but for them firm Concord, and true love,  
Should individual, hold their court and reign.  
Th' infernal engin'ry of state, resist  
To death, that unborn times may be secure,  
And while men flourish in the peace you win,  
Write each fair name with worthies of the earth.  
Weep not your Gen'ral, who is snatch'd this day,  
From the embraces of a family,  
Five virgin daughters young, and unendow'd,  
Now with the foe left lone and fatherless.  
Weep not for him who first espous'd the cause  
And risking life have met the enemy,  
In fatal opposition—But rejoice—  
For now I go to mingle with the dead,  
Great Brutus, Hampden, Sidney and the rest,  
Of old or modern memory, who liv'd,  
A mound to tyrants, and strong hedge to kings,  
Bounding the inundation of their rage,  
Against the happiness and peace of man,  
I see these heroes where they walk serene,  
By chrystal currents, on the vale of Heaven,  
High in full converse of immortal acts,  
Atchiev'd for truth and innocence on earth.  
Mean time the harmony and thrilling sound  
Of mellow lutes, sweet viols, and guitars,  
Dwell on the soul and ravish ev'ry nerve,  
Anon the murmur of the tight-brac'd drum,  
With finely varied sifes to martial airs,  
Wind up the spirit to the mighty proof  
Of siege and battle, and attempt in arms.  
Illustrious group! They beckon me along,  
To ray my visage with immortal light,  
And bind the amarinth around my brow.  
I come, I come, ye first-born of true fame.  
Fight on my countrymen, be FREE, be FREE.

## SCENE III.

## CHARLESTOWN.

*The Reinforcement landed, and Orders given to burn CHARLESTOWN, that they might march up more securely under the smoke, General HOWE, Rallies his Repuls'd and Broken Troops.*

## HOWE.

Curse on the fortune, of BRITANNIA'S arms,  
That plays the jilt with us. Shall these few men,  
Beat back the flower, and best half of our troops,  
While on our side, so many ships of war,  
And floating batt'ries, from the mystic tide,  
Shake all the hills, and sweep its ridgy top.  
Oh Gods! no time, can blot its memory out,  
We've men enough, upon the field to day,  
To bury, this small handful, with the dust  
Our march exci es--back to the charge---close ranks,  
And drive these wizzards from th' enchanted ground.  
'The reinforcement which bold CLINTON heads,  
Gives such superiority of strength,  
'That let each man of us, but cast a stone,  
We cover this small hill, with these few foes,  
And over head, erect a pyramid.  
The smoke, you see, enwraps us in its shade,  
On, then, my countrymen, and try once more,  
To change the fortune, of the inglorious day.

## SCENE IV.

## BUNKERS-HILL.

*GARDINER, to the American troops on the retreat of the British.*

You see, brave soldiers, how an evil cause,  
A cause of slavery, and civil death,  
Unmans the spirit, and strikes down the soul.  
The gallant Englishman, whose fame in arms,  
Through every clime, shakes terribly the globe,

Is found this day, shorn off his wonted strength,  
 Repuls'd, and driven from the flaming hill.  
 Warren is fallen, on fair honour's bed,  
 Pierc'd in the breast, with ev'ry wound before,  
 'Tis ours, now tenfold, to avenge his death,  
 And offer up, a reg'ment of the foe,  
 Achilles-like, upon the Heroe's tomb.  
 See, reinforc'd they face us yet again,  
 And onward move in Phalanx to the war.  
 Oh noble spirits, let this bold attack,  
 Be bloody to their host. God is our Aid  
 Give then full scope, to just revenge this day.

## ACT V, SCENE I.

## THE BAY SHORE.

*The British army now repuls'd, Howe again rallies his  
 flying troops, who had been flying in every direction;*

## HOWE.

But that so many mouths, can witness it,  
 I would deny myself an Englishman,  
 And swear this day, that with such cowardice,  
 No kindred, or alliance, has my birth.  
 Oh base degen'rate souls, whose ancestors,  
 At Cressy, Poitiers, and at Agincourt,  
 With tenfold numbers, combated, and pluck'd  
 The budding laurels, from the brows of France.  
 Back to the charge, once more, and rather die,  
 Burn'd up, and wither'd on this bloody hill,  
 Than live the blemish, of your Country's fame,  
 With everlasting, infamy oppress'd.  
 Their ammunition, as you hear, is spent,  
 So that unless, their looks, and visages,  
 Like firce-ey'd Basiliks, can strike you dead;  
 Return, and rescue yet, my Countrymen,  
 Some share of honour, on this hapless day.  
 Let some brave officers, stand on the rear,  
 And with the small sword, and sharp bayonet,

Drive on each coward that attempts to lag,  
 That thus, sure death may find the villain out,  
 With more dread certainty, than him who moves,  
 Full in the van, to meet the wrathful foe.

## SCENE II.

GARDNER *desperately wounded and borne from the field by two Soldiers.*

GARDNER.

A musket-ball death wing'd, hath pierc'd my groin,  
 And widely op'd the swift curr'nt of my veins.  
 Bear me then Soldiers, to that hollow space,  
 A little hence, just in the hill's decline.  
 A surgeon there, may stop the gushing wound,  
 And gain a short respite to life, that yet,  
 I may return, and fight one half hour more.

## SCENE III.

PUTNAM, *to the American Army.*

Swift-rising fame, on early wing, mounts up,  
 To the convexity of bending Heaven,  
 And writes each name, who fought with us this day,  
 In fairest character, amidst the stars.  
 The world shall read it, and still talk of us,  
 Who far out-number'd twice drove back the foe,  
 With carnage horrid, murm'ring to their ships.  
 The Ghost of 'WARREN says, enough—I see  
 One thousand veterans, mingled with the dust,  
 Now, for our sacred honour, and the wound,  
 Which Gard'ner feels, once more we charge once  
 more  
 Dear friends, and fence the obscur'd hill,  
 With hecatombs of slain. Let every piece,  
 Flash, like the fierce-consuming fire of Heaven,  
 And make the smoke, in which they wrap them-  
 selves,  
 “A darkness visible.”—Now, once again,

Receive the battle, as a shore of rock  
 The ocean wave. And if at last we yield,  
 Leave many a death, amidst their hollow ranks,  
 To damp the measure, of their dear-bought joy.

## SCENE IV. AND LAST.

## BUNKERS-HILL.

*The American Army overpower'd by numbers, are obliged to retreat.*

*Enter HOWE, PIGOT, and CLINTON with the British Army.*

RICHARDSON, *a young Officer, on the Parapet.*

The day is ours, huzza, the day is ours,  
 This last attack has forc'd them to retreat.

## CLINTON.

'Tis true, full victory declares for us,  
 But we have dearly, dearly, purchas'd it.  
 Full fifteen hundred, of our men lie dead,  
 Who, with their officers, do swell the list  
 Of this day's carnage—On the well-fought hill,  
 Whole ranks cut down, lie struggling with their  
 wounds,

Or close their bright eyes, in the shades of night.

No wonder! such incessant musketry,  
 And fire of cannon, from the hill-top pour'd,  
 Seem'd not the agency, of mortal men,  
 But heaven itself, with vengeance arm'd,  
 T' oppose our gaining it. E'en when was spent  
 Their ammunition, and fierce WARREN slain,  
 Huge stones were hurled from the rocky brow,  
 And war renew'd, by these inveterate;  
 'Till GARD'NER wounded, the left wing gave way,  
 And with their shatter'd infantry, the whole,  
 Drawn off by PUTNAM, to the causeway fled,

When from the ships, and batt'ries on the wave,  
 They met deep loss, and strew'd the narrow bridge,  
 With lifeless carcasses. O ! such a day,  
 Since Sodom and Gomorrah sunk in flames,  
 Hath not been heard of by the ear of man,  
 Nor hath an eye beheld its parallel.

LORD PIGOT.

The day is ours, but with heart-piercing loss,  
 Of soldiers slain, and gallant officers.  
 Old Abercrombie, on the field lies dead.  
 Pitcairn and Sherwin, in sore battle slain.  
 The gallant reg'ment of Welsh fusileers,  
 To seventeen privates, is this day reduc'd.  
 The grenadiers, stand thinly on the hill,  
 Like the tall fir-trees on the blasted heath,  
 Scorch'd by the autumnal burnings, which have  
 rush'd,  
 With wasting fire fierce through its leafy groves.  
 Should ev'ry hill by the rebellious foe,  
 So well defended, cost thus dear to us,  
 Not the united forces of the world,  
 Could master them, and the proud rage subdue  
 Of these AMERICANS.—

HOWE.

E'vn in an enemy I honour worth,  
 And valour eminent. The vanquish'd foe,  
 In feats of prowess shew their ancestry,  
 And speak their birth legitimate ;  
 The sons of Britons, with the genuine flame,  
 Of British heat, and valour in their veins.  
 What pity 'tis, such excellence of mind,  
 Should spend itself, in the fantastic cause,  
 Of wild-fire liberty.—Warren is dead,  
 And lies unburied, on the smoky hill ;  
 But with rich honours he shall be inhum'd,  
 To teach our soldiery, how much we love,  
 E'en in a foe, true worth and fortitude.  
 Come then brave soldiers, and take up the dead,

Majors, and Col'nels, which are this day slain,  
 And noble Captains of sweet life bereft.  
 Fair flowers shall grow upon their grassy tombs,  
 And fame in tears, shall tell their tragedy,  
 To many a widow and soft weeping maid,  
 Or parent woe-ful for an only son,  
 Through mourning BRITAIN, and HIBERNIA'S Isle.



March, 1804.

ON THE RIGHT OF THE JUDICIARY POWER TO  
 JUDGE OF THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF A LAW.



IT has been made a question, whether the judicial branch of the government, has authority to compare legislative acts with the constitution, and, in any instance, be able to pronounce an act to be contrary to the constitution, and therefore void? I do not rest upon the argument, that it is in the oath of office of a Judge, "to support the constitution." For, all officers, executive and judicial, are bound, "by oath, or affirmation, to support the constitution."

It does not follow that the clerk of a court, who takes the oath, has authority to determine on the constitutionality and obligation of an act of the legislature. It cannot, therefore, be on the ground of having taken an oath, that this right accrues. or obligation is possessed: It must be shewn to be the duty of the office. By Art. 8, of the Constitution, the oath or affirmation is prescribed to all officers, "to support the constitution, and perform the duties of their respective offices with "fidelity."

All admit, that the constitution is the law paramount ; but who are the legitimate expositors of its extent ? the people, doubtless, the framers of the compact. But, through what organ is their exposition to be known ? Who is to give the explanation, or affix the comment ? the members of the legislative branch are sworn "to support the constitution." This involves the enacting laws within its circumscription, and authority. At the expiration of the period for which they were chosen, it is in the power of the people to express their sense against a law, by choosing others, and procuring a repeal. But in the mean time, are they at the mercy of an unconstitutional law ? Are the judiciary bound to carry into effect a law against the prohibitions of the constitution ? Does the safety of the community require that the judiciary branch shall exercise a co-ordinate authority with the legislative, to judge of the constitutionality of a law ? That the legislative branch may trespass upon the constitution is admitted. In the case of a general law, it is more likely to be felt, than in that of a law affecting a portion of the community. But, even in the case of a general law, the injury is not always felt at once. On the contrary, immediate convenience may render it agreeable, though hurtful in the ultimate operation.

But admit the power of the judiciary to arrest the execution of a law, and you admit the power in all cases. The answer is, that there is no temptation to exercise the power wantonly ; no motive ; no object. It is, on the contrary, an ungrateful task. The danger is the flinching from duty, awed by the law-making power for the time being, and the popular opinion of the day. The undertaking is arduous, and requires fortitude. It is not reasonable to suppose, that men will encounter it from the mere abstract pride of exercising power without some advantage. At least, on the common principle of self-love, the presumption is against it.



It may be argued, that without this power in the judiciary, the use of exceptions, and restrictions in the constitution, will be much lessened. The constitution will vary with the flux and re-flux of representation, in the legislative body ; whereas, by the judicial negative, not in the making, but in the execution of a law, there is a double security. It would seem, therefore, that the judiciary is not a mere subordinate functionary in the administration of the laws, but a branch of the government itself, co-ordinate with the law-making power, and bound to regard the constitution, and compare the law of the legislature, with the superior law of the people.

But, can it be the duty of the judiciary to resist the will of the law-making power, when two thirds of that power can remove from the judicial office ? or to assist the will of the law-making power for the time being, in carrying into effect a law against the provisions of the constitution, when, on a change of administration, two thirds can remove for so assisting ? This is a dilemma, and proves, at least, that it must be in the case of a law, against the express provisions of the constitution, that the judiciary are bound to interpose.

But, suppose a law against an express provision of the constitution, are the judiciary bound to execute ? When the people come forward in election, and displace a delegation, will it justify the judiciary to say, we obeyed the law-making power for the time being ?...or rather, will not the people, by the new delegation, say, you were appointed learned in the law, furnished with a written instrument, the *magna charta*, the great paper of our liberties, and yet with this document, before you, you have carried a law into effect against the express provisions of it. You have betrayed your trust ; you have not supported the constitution. It would seem to follow that the courts have a right to deliberate, and judge upon a law.

But, can the new delegation call themselves the people, any more than the former? Can it be a misdemeanor to execute a law of the law-making power? Is not obedience to the will of the representation *de facto* excused? Will not resistance to the will of the representation *de facto* be punished! How can the people, but by representation, come forward, and make their will known? Sit in judgment on the judiciary, and say, you have abused your trust, or fulfilled your duty. It would seem, therefore, that a legislative exposition, by a law, must be taken for the time being, to be the exposition of the people.

But, in the very nature of the establishment of the courts of justice, the people have entrusted the right of exposition, in the last resort, with these courts, and vested the judiciary, with the right paramount, to judge of the construction of the constitution. Why, then, at the same time, subject the judiciary to the law-making power, by impeachment; or by removal, for causes which may not furnish ground of impeachment? Contrariety of exposition will be said to furnish cause of removal, or of impeachment itself; and determine the tenure of good behaviour.

But this supposes a perversion of the power of removal or impeachment. But what remedy? Appeal to the people. But a convention in the case of a questionable law, is not contemplated by the compact. Nor would it be convenient. It must rest with the constituted and subordinate authorities; exclusively with the law-making power, consisting of the two houses, the annual, and quadrennial, with the qualified negative of a triennial executive; or, concurrently with the judicial power, of unlimited, but conditional permanency, in an absolute negative in the execution. It is a point of constitutional law, which rises in magnitude in proportion as I contemplate it.

Whether the law-making power emanating more, immediately from the people, and, at stated periods

revocable by them, shall legislate uncontrollably, under its own construction of the constitution; or, whether the more remote but more permanent power of the judiciary, shall exercise a judgment, either in cases, where the law-making power shall invade the constitution with sinister intentions, if we can suppose that possible; or, what is more likely to happen, when it may arise from an uninformed spirit of reform. It would seem, that in such cases, the judicial negative might be a desideratum, an auxiliary check, a collateral guard of equal rights against unequal laws. It was, in fact, the understanding at the formation of the constitution; or, by some means has come to be the understanding since, that the judiciary possess this power. It has been thought to be a great point gained in the science of government. The judiciary has been thought to be more with us, than under the British constitution, a mere expounder and administrator of the law, in matters of *meum* and *tuum*, or of the criminal code. Its highest function was thought to be the testing laws by the constitution. The theory is good; but can it be reduced to practice? Existence at the will of the law-making power even in a qualified manner, and at the same time, a controul over it, is what I cannot well reconcile more especially, as the power of the legislature over the judiciary, is expressly given, and that of the courts over the will of the legislature, can be but by construction and the expositon of the courts themselves. Can it exist but by courtesy? Can it be a duty, which carries with it official suicide? We may try a principle by enquiring, can it be carried into effect?

The structure of our state constitution is similar to that of the United States. Yet there are arguments in support of a similar power under the constitution of the United States, which do not exist under the state constitution.

By the constitution of the United States, the judicial power is limited to cases arising under "the con-

stitution, and the laws." In the debates in the conventions of the several states, on the adoption of the constitution, was not the power of the judiciary to test the laws by the constitution, considered as a principle of the system? Through the medium of the press, it was certainly the comment.

It was considered as a principle giving security, conferring stability; as, in itself a *bill of rights*. Has not the legislature of the Union recognized the principle in the law constituting the courts, and which prescribes the judicial oath, that they perform the duties of their office, agreeably to the constitution and the laws." The courts of the United States have acted under this idea, and declared *laws void*. No protest on the part of the legislature of the Union: no dissent on the part of the states by moving for an explanation by amendment to the constitution. It would seem, therefore, to be an authority expressly given or conceded.

Under the state constitution, there is nothing said of the extent of the judicial power, but, in these words, "The several courts, besides the powers heretofore usually exercised by them, shall have" &c. Was this a power usually exercised before the constitution, or is the power drawn by construction from the compact, under the idea, that the constitution is the first law, and that it is the province of the judge, to expound, and to execute the laws.

"Powers usually exercised," are terms which may not include the power in question: but, it may be argued, that it was not thought of; or, that a power of so high a nature would have been specially designated. Yet, to say, that the constitution is directory to the law-makers only; and that courts and juries have no interposition against subordinate law, in favour of constitutional right, is an imperfection, which nothing but the impracticability of a contrary principle, can reconcile with a wise ordination.

The protection of the judiciary, should it exercise the discretion, and risk this peril of setting itself in opposition to a particular law, must be in the *understanding of the people*.

Hence, it would seem, that it must be no ordinary case, that will justify an interposition. It must be such a case, as, upon a fair investigation, will carry with it the sense of the great body of the community. It must be a case of such gross outrage upon the letter of the constitution, as, in moral probability will reach the understanding of the mass, and induce the sovereign, the people themselves to instruct their representatives in the legislature. The authority of opinion must govern; and on an appeal to a court and jury, by a party, from a constitutional violation, in a plain and simple case, I might deem it practicable to support the privilege.

In the case of a law of the United States, it will be found, that a power in the state courts, and in the courts of the United States, to resist the execution of a law on the ground of unconstitutionality, is necessary to individual, or state right. And the same power in the state courts, with regard to our state constitution, though it may be the spirit of the time to frown upon it, and to run it down, may come to be understood and acknowledged as an essential principle of freedom. This will depend somewhat upon the wisdom of the application. The exercise of this power, in a case of abstract deduction, and not immediately comprehensible by the common mind, may excite a prejudice, and fix the public mind against it. That may be lost in practice, which exists in contemplation.

In the case of a law of general policy, there will be less reason for the application of this power; because, being felt by the whole community, and the operation found obnoxious, the majority can procure a repeal. But even in the case of a majority approving and persisting to support, the minority has still its

rights, under the constitution, and an appeal may be contemplated. But it is in the case of a special law chiefly, that an appeal will be found necessary, or practicable. Because a special law, affecting an individual, or corporate body, a particular district, or portion of the community, may more easily be pushed upon the legislature, by a party interested, and a repeal less easily procured. It would seem reasonable, therefore, that in the case of a special law, an appeal to the courts of justice should exist, where the party aggrieved can be heard by themselves, or by council; and maintain a private right.

Under the constitution of the Union, the individual states, will look to the judiciary of the Union, to be heard and protected from powers *not given*. They will look to their state judiciaries in the first instance, where the jurisdiction is concurrent. No state, or citizen of a state, will say that they have not the barrier of a judiciary between them and the encroachments of the Union. The judiciary of the Union must have these powers, or they cannot afford the protection.

Under the constitution of the state, there must be the same rights to the parties to the compact. For, in the one case specified powers are given, in the other rights are reserved. But an individual of the state commonwealth, has not the same power to assert right. For the body politic of a state has more strength with regard to the Union, than a citizen with regard to a state. The legislature of the Union will not dare to question the right of a state, or of the citizens of a state to an appeal from a law to tribunals of law. But the law-making power of a state can bear down this privilege, and it may be that a law of the administration, for the time-being, cannot be resisted. But speaking of the power abstractedly constitutional, there can be no doubt.

Taking it for granted, then, that a power of this nature in the courts of justice springs from the con-

stitution, and is necessary for its preservation, it is evident that it must be a clear case that will justify the use of it. A transgression of an express provision of the constitution, an infraction obvious to every one. Like the light of the sun it must strike every observer. The judge who shall undertake to pronounce a law unconstitutional, must himself be well persuaded of it. He must have no doubt. He must have such reasons before him as will carry with them unanswerable evidence, and will force general conviction. He must consider, that what he undertakes, is to set aside an act of the legislature, and that for this, he, in fact, puts himself upon the country.



## THE MODERN CHEVALIER.\*



NOT far off hence there was a cabbin  
 Inhabited by a great Rabbin,  
 A weaver who had serv'd the state,  
 Which Chevalier did not know yet,  
 And therefore having heard the loom,  
 Just as he had that way come  
 More out of humour than of ire  
 Began to feel a great desire  
 T' accost the manufacturer,  
 And ask him what was doing there ;  
 A breed that earth themselves in cellars,  
 Like conjurors or fortune tellers ;  
 Devoid of virtue and of mettle ;  
 A sort of subterranean cattle,

\* This was written about the year 1788-9, and gave rise in the authors mind to a publication under the signature of *Modern Chivalry*.

Of no account in church or state,  
 Or ever think of being great,  
 As warriors or as politicians,  
 But lurk in dungeons like magicians,  
 Shall such an animal disturb  
 Quoth he, the peace of our suburb?  
 Or shall we drive him from his house,  
 And give him two or three kicks or blows?  
 Or is it best t' expostulate  
 And reasonably the matter state,  
 Why such inglorious life he leads;  
 And on alternate traddle treads?  
 Agreed; for what is moderate,  
 In counsel has the greatest weight;  
 And now advancing to the window  
 Like lover to his Rosalinda,  
 Address'd the manufacturer,  
 Or as 't were whisper'd in his ear,  
 With words mellifluous and speeches  
 And parables, and far fair fetches,  
 His censure of the occupation:  
 But take it as it was; the oration.

“ Believe me not a Knight uncourt'ous,  
 Devoid of manners and of virtues,  
 Though thus abruptly I address you,  
 But calmly wait and hear the issue.  
 Are you enchanted by some gipsey,  
 Who of your heart has cast a sleep's eye,  
 And fitt' would lug you to her amours  
 In low and subterranean chambers,  
 That thus you linger in sick mansion,  
 Where never bath the light of sun shone?  
 Or worsted in some desperate wrangle,  
 By Gyant, is your foot and ankle  
 Enthral'd in bondage past unloosing?  
 Or are you here of your own chusing!  
 And for your pastime tread on traddles,  
 As men in water play with paddles,



Or maidens on spinnets that warble ;  
Or harpsicord with grating ter'ble ?  
Is that a loom that stands before ye  
That keeps you from the walks of glory ?  
It ill befits that men whom nature,  
Hath favour'd with such parts and feature,  
Should waste the taper of existence,  
In meaner arts, when their assistance  
Is wanted both in field and council,  
To help our politics at groundsell,  
And make some new and wholesome laws.  
Or is it reasonable those claws  
Should be employ'd in knotting threads ;  
Or oratorical shoulder blades  
Should work, to drive the texture close,  
Which else might in the Senate house,  
With proper gesture give just force  
To your expressions and discourse ?  
No doubt you have the eloquence,  
If we could but extract it thence,  
To bend the judgment and persuade  
And hit the right nail on the head ;  
For half the force of nature lies  
In latent powers and qualities  
Which but the art of men alone  
Or the occasion can make known.  
What is there in the orifice  
Of oral organ or of eyes,  
That you should only gape and stare,  
Just fit to carry guts to a bear ?  
Arise and shake your slumber off ;  
You have capacity enough ;  
Assume your place in state affairs,  
And get up to the top o' th' stairs.  
The weaver sat and gap'd awhile,  
Astonish'd at unusual stile,  
And was preparing to reply  
With a new lustre in his eye,

When on the outside came a blow  
 From unknown but unnatural foe.  
 It was the weavers termagant  
 Who overhearing the Knight's rant  
 Did snatch a cudgel, and essay'd  
 A blow upon his shoulder blade,  
 Not to enable him with title,  
 But to give vent t' her rage a little ;  
 But missing upper, did alight  
 Upon the postern of the Knight,  
 For head in window and hat slouching  
 He saw not this grey mare approaching,  
 The better horse at least o' th' weaver  
 And kept him in subjection ever.

Quoth she, what raggamuffin this  
 That comes to broach absurdities,  
 And turn again the crazy head  
 Of Traddle from his daily bread ;  
 The business of his warp and woof,  
 Who has already had enough  
 Of politics and stuff, god knows,  
 Since first the hurry scurry rose :  
 The Devil burn them with hot pincers,  
 And scorch their knuckle joints and fingers,  
 Who put it first in his conceiving  
 To think of this, and quit his weaving,  
 While customer is at the door  
 And must have work done : what is more,  
 In these affairs what does he know ?  
 About as much as my brown cow.  
 No wonder that am out of humour  
 With the discourse of every comer  
 That puts such whimsies in his brain  
 To turn him to his freaks again.

With that she lays another thwack,  
 Impetuously upon the back  
 Of Knight who thought but of retiring  
 T' avoid th' unexpected firing,

'Till reconnoitering the foe,  
He could distinguish who was who.  
No doubt he could have match'd the onset,  
For his long sword was not the bluntest ;  
But seeing her unwarlike sex,  
With petticoat about her legs.  
He took again his hand from hilt ;  
For no presumption of the guilt  
Could justify by laws of order  
The hurting her or going further,  
For such the deference due the weaker,  
That for a Knight to draw a trigger  
Or lift his hand against a woman,  
Is deem'd unfair and unbecoming,  
But rather gradually assuage  
With oil of courtesy her rage,  
And having dissipated clamour,  
Convert the contest to an amour.  
So having drop'd his ire and hanger,  
He thus address'd him to harangue her.

“ Uncourteous Damsel or Enchantress,  
For you are not a common laundress,  
What æstrum or phrenetic fury,  
So underhandedly could spur ye,  
To bastinado me, and break  
My body from the rump to the neck,  
Because I would do him a service  
So long immur'd beneath the surface,  
Why then from you uncourteous usage  
Hard words, and cudgeling surplusage ?  
For such my meaning and fond wishes,  
I had not thought of blows but kisses :  
At least from one so fair as you are,  
For as to charms of person few are,  
More fit to be a Del' Tobosa,  
And in Romances make a huzza.  
Are you unwilling to take rise,  
Above your natural pedigrees,

And get your family upstairs  
 Securing honour to your heirs  
 For be you wife or virgin daughter  
 Draw but a ticket in state lotter'  
 And have relation to the house,  
 Especially if tis a spouse,  
 He draws you up to the same place,  
 Acquiring novel privileges.

Quoth she, experience is best proof,  
 And therefore I am wise enough  
 To know the fulsomness of this  
 And Traddles popular services,  
 Much better he would keep t' his loom,  
 Nor listen to the rooks that come  
 And talk of the affairs of state ;  
 Not much the better for them yet ;  
 A set of idle lounging louts .  
 That talk of interest and of votes  
 And keep him from his work, discoursing,  
 But never see them draw a purse string,  
 To recompence the loss of labour :  
 And after all what is't but jabber ;  
 For what can he or they discover,  
 As I have told them over and over  
 In government that can be worth  
 The knowing or the calling forth ?  
 The saying hits th' nail on th' head ;  
 " Let every cobbler stick t' his trade,"  
 And therefore be you what you will  
 I take your interfering ill,  
 To touch the fiddle string again  
 Of politicks that turns his brain.  
 No wonder that I feel some passion,  
 On this particular occasion,  
 And meditate another stroke ;  
 Nor care I if your back is broke.

Quoth Knight, not half so much the blows  
 Of oaken stick hath wrought me woes,

As the bright lustre of your eyes  
Which touches my propensities.  
With teeth as white as ebony—  
There's many a man would give a guinea,  
To taste the ruby of your lips:  
'Tis said that when a knight equips  
Himself for deeds of chivalry,  
Behoves t' have some one in his eye  
Who fires his thoughts, and at whose feet  
Throws all the victories he can get.  
Now you are such a paragon  
Of beauty's diamond set in stone,  
That I am willing to enthral,  
My heart to you and give you all.

Quoth she, my eyes are not so bright  
That I can see without some light,  
Nor have I any other teeth  
Than serve to eat provisions with.  
But were it so that I had beauty,  
I better know my sworn duty  
Than have it in the world said  
That I put horns on Traddles' head.

Quoth Knight, but is indissoluble  
The knot, or cannot carry double?  
Th' idea of antlers is a figure  
Which are put on by the intriguer,  
And do not in reality grow  
Upon the injur'd husbands brow,  
To make him Elk or Unicorn  
With single or with double horn,  
Or hinder him to enter door,  
Or move as easily as before.  
Think what an honour it will be  
To have a progeny by me,  
Some gallant chieftain or a worthy  
To turn the world topsy turvy;  
Unlike the offspring of one bred  
To a diminutive manuel trade;

Whose mind partakes of situation  
And the subordinate occupation.

Quoth she have read some of your books  
Knight errant Quixots', and their jokes,  
Who fought with windmills, in a wood,  
And drew from one another blood.  
But was it not the rule with these  
First to perform the services  
Before did claim the ladies favour  
As the demerit of their labour,  
Now there is not far off a writer  
To whom I bear a little spite here,  
Because he laughs at Traddle's nonsense  
Which is not equal to his own sense,  
And says it is a vile state slur  
To chuse him for a senator ;  
And though some truth may be in this  
Not always should the truth express,  
At least when it concerns him not ;  
Now I would have you go red hot  
And cudgel him for this provoking,  
And his unseasonable joking ;  
For though it is ridiculous  
That Traddle should go to the house,  
Or take a seat as he has done,  
Why should it be so harp'd upon,  
Or any but myself express  
A sense of the unworthiness,  
Though by the bye he is as fit,  
As others that have no more wit,  
And yet are pass'd by in the ballad ;  
Escaping names that he is called.

Quoth Knight, you hit the very essence  
Of all my spirits' effervescence  
Which is to tread in magic steps  
Of chivalry, and hair breadth scapes,  
Redressing injury and wrong,  
Of matron grave or damsel young ;

For beauty is a brand that lights  
Warm passion in the breast of Knights,  
Down from the earliest days to this,  
Which is at bottom of the base.  
As to this writer in Gazette  
He is a rascally marmozette,  
As more that draw satiric quill  
Half starv'd in garret 'gainst their will,  
And worse than spiders which inhabit  
The same aerial dome and abode.  
Or wasps who with their nests incumber  
Aerial garrets amid lumber,  
And sting the very hand that presses,  
Or lodges with them, and caresses.  
No wonder that a mess-mate writer  
Should be a damnable back-biter,  
And if he has not kings t' engage  
Attacks a weaver with his rage ;  
But shall repent it suddenly.

The Lady blandish'd with her eye,  
And seem'd to thank him for his heat,  
Hence set out to enquire the seat,  
And chastise this Archilochus  
With battery and actual blows,  
For words no more affect such vermin  
Than does a hypocrite, a sermon,  
Who turns deaf ear to your inveigh'ng  
And goes on with his work again ;  
Though first it might be well t' upbraid  
Before should come to break his head ;  
Preserve the usual character  
Of good men when they go to war,  
That of humanity and pains  
To save the loss of blood and brains,  
Untill necessity aloud  
Doth say that such way does no good :  
Then it behoves t' impress the force  
Of arm and cudgel on the curs.

It was a garret high in th' air  
 With small incumbrance round it, where  
 The Rhymister had his residence  
 And issued all his lampoons thence,  
 The Knight perceiv'd him as he enter'd  
 With scratch and scrawl of verse encenter'd,  
 And though lip quiver'd and his rage  
 Bespoke the war he meant to wage,  
 Yet did compose his brow to rest  
 And thus the adversar' address'd.

Quoth he though not devoid of manners  
 To the more honourable retainers  
 Of muse, and melody, and wit,  
 Who labour daily to excite,  
 The pleasing images of fancy,  
 In ode or madrigal or stanza ;  
 Yet scarce have common courtesy,  
 To dogrel versifiers that lie  
 In obscure garrets, and from thence  
 Send forth th' expenditure of brains :  
 As't were the inmates of the rafter,  
 The fabricators of low laughter  
 Who spare not neighbouring characters  
 Of any animal that stirs,  
 Up from the beggar to the prince ;  
 And uselessly must break their shins,  
 Just merely to express the jest  
 That comes into their heads in haste  
 The ebullition of their fun ;  
 And you are such a son of a gun ;  
 For is there not one Traddle, whom  
 You have depicted as the scum  
 Of Politicians of the age,  
 Which puts his Lady in a rage :  
 A weaver made a senator ;  
 Object it to him as a slur ;  
 And undervalue manual trade,  
 And calling of inferior grade ;



Whereas in such consists our riches,  
Without them where were coat or breeches  
Or other vestment that we wear  
But for the manufacturer?  
But whence particular hate to this,  
'The sphere of your antipodes ;  
'The cellar weaving Knight that lurks  
While you swim to the top like corks,  
And take your station in mid air,  
And weave your compositions there,  
And ought to have a fellow feeling  
For those in nadir of your dwelling:  
For both are of the mystery  
Though one is low the other high,  
But being a lady in the case  
Behoves to interpose ; suppress  
Your obloquy in verse or prose,  
Kick breech or corrugate the nose,  
For such the dernier resort,  
Reciprocation of the sport ;  
That, diction when it meets repuls,  
Should vibrate to its native sculls,  
And reach the head that fram'd the verse  
And did maliciously asperse.

Quoth writer, though a man o' th' sword,  
Yet by the grammar of your word  
You seem of literary talent,  
With noble air and manner gallant,  
And hurts me that you have t' express  
The language of such prejudice  
Against a loitering garretteer,  
Especially myself, who here  
Have honour to receive address,  
From one of so much worthiness.  
But though we have our residence  
More elevate than other men's ;  
Like mad-cap wasps, sting travellers,  
By flying at all characters ;

Yet not without our proper use  
In system to correct abuse,  
When what is fungous, or absurd  
In common matters has occur'd ;  
For instance when the foot puts head  
Beneath upon the soil to tread,  
And takes itself the upper place,  
There is a monster in the case ;  
And we designate it, and note  
Conversion of the head and foot,  
And cast a ridicule on swain,  
Who has ambition in his brain  
To be a statesman, and make laws,  
Instead of working with his saws ;  
Because his nature had not made  
His mind for legislative trade ;  
At least the want of literature  
T' appear with dignity in sphere,  
Is an obstruction to the rise :  
And hence more rational and wise  
To occupy the quondam place  
Than struggle for such loftiness,  
And hence it is I have inveigh'd  
'Gainst Traddle, not because his trade  
Is underserving, but because  
Would quit it to enact our laws ;  
For sir, would be as far as you  
From bringing matters into view,  
That may relate to means of living  
As that of boot-making or weaving.  
I hold all arts in estimation  
Nor undervalue occupation ;  
And think a ditcher a good fellow,  
Provided he his business follow,  
It is unnatural change of places,  
And the conversion that disgraces,  
An able ditcher making laws  
A senator in the morass.

In their own element all natures  
 Appear with justifiable features :  
 Why call a surgeon to set bone  
 If Judgment is not look'd upon ?  
 Is government an easy art ?  
 Just like the driving of a cart  
 Which ever doth some skill require  
 'To keep the wheel out of the mire.  
 'Tis thought the highest art of man  
 With comprehensive view to scan  
 The various interests of a state  
 And means of its becoming great.  
 I question not the good intent  
 Of Traddle for the government,  
 But the ability and skill,  
 On fact and similar principle.  
 As if a customer mounts loom,  
 Who accidentally might come ;  
 And though his will is just as good  
 He cannot weave the web for's blood  
 But breaks the thread and works much evil,  
 Not instigated by the devil,  
 And so not object of our hate  
 Yet impropriety is great  
 And in the nature of things absurd.  
 The Knight had drank in every word  
 And thought the principle of's speech,  
 Some shew of reason seem'd to reach.

Quoth Writer, it was first my view  
 In what with Traddle had to do,  
 To open eyes, and men convince,  
 At least the people of good sense,  
 How injudicious they were  
 Of sending untaught character  
 To pourtray in the senate house  
 As if he were the type of us ;  
 But now with the description wearied,  
 Have brought my lampoons to a period,

And will no farther speak or write,  
 Especially since a worthy Knight  
 As you appear to be, advise it,  
 In this polite and friendly visit.

Quoth Knight, th' opportune courtesy,  
 Allays the passion that was high,  
 And now t' apologise for question  
 And my intruding on th' occasion,  
 Am of the order, and a Knight  
 Whose object is to set things right ;  
 Depress th' unworthy and raise up  
 The preferable to the top,  
 And injury and force restrain  
 Of warriors sword, or writers pen,  
 Distributing best services  
 And keeping commonwealth in peace,  
 And hence was led to interfere  
 In aid of Traddles character.  
 Whose Lady is an Amazon,  
 And beauty's perfect paragon,  
 And laid it on me as a task  
 My sword and battery to unmask,  
 Against your irony and wit  
 By which her conjugal is hit,  
 And bid your pipe and verse repose,  
 Or take th' incendiary by the nose,  
 Which from apology so courteous,  
 Expressive of your sense and virtues,  
 I wave, as being satisfied  
 That you have reason on your side :  
 But for the sake of this said matron  
 For am no rigid son of saturn,  
 Would wish you to be smooth and moderate  
 Until your differences are sodered,  
 Nor carry to extremes the war,  
 But learn to conquer and to spare.  
 Enough is said to give your sense  
 Without your taking farther pains,

So drop your currency of quill  
 And volubility be still,  
 And turn to other quarters for  
 The instances that may occur  
 T' elucidate your argument,  
 And give your oratory vent :  
 For though so rough my late address,  
 Do not consider you the less,  
 But rank you as of class with us,  
 A writer at th' top o' th' house ;  
 A kind of literary knight,  
 Dispos'd to keep the world quiet  
 By aid of your satiric verse,  
 Th' insignificant t' amerce,  
 Or put down villainy and pride  
 That has opinion on its side,  
 For ridicule's a test of truth,  
 No less than reason ; for it sheweth,  
 The weak and vulnerable part,  
 And probes distemper to the heart.  
 Hence kings have dreaded it and beggars,  
 More than artill'ry that beleaguers  
 Of rational and sober sense ;  
 For when men laugh the farce begins,  
 And thing becomes a harlequin  
 Whom you contemple with a grin  
 Leads men to hate it : As you please  
 Can turn the adversar' to geese,  
 To rat or monkey, and give tails  
 Just as the ide' you have prevails ;  
 Effectual as magicians spell,  
 Or conjuror come out of hell,  
 For on retina of the eye,  
 Doth spread the worst absurdity,  
 So that no power of champion's sword  
 Doth surer victory afford,  
 Or throws a more oppressive weight  
 Into the scale of church or state.

Quoth writer, what you represent,  
Is doubtless a great compliment  
T' assimilate a knight and writer,  
And of an equal worth consider ;  
But waving compliment, and reason  
You have set forth with good expression ;  
I deem it greatly fortunate  
That in this boist'rous time though late,  
One has arisen with such skill  
To subjugate all shape of ill.  
It seem'd to me not long ago  
As I did read a page or so,  
The spirit of Chivalry was gone  
Which has in other ages shone,  
And left the world to common means ;  
Where what is gradual intervenes,  
Without the aid of knight or waiter  
To interfere and make it better. . .  
But since excluding this conclusion,  
You as it were have made intrusion,  
And shewn by an example splendid,  
That such exertion is not ended,  
Go on like other combatants  
Not just like them in killing g'ants ;  
But in performing modern good,  
For ages are not now so rude  
As to produce the like disorders  
Which were remov'd by antient orders ;  
And more by chivalry of tongue  
Remains it now to redress wrong,  
Than by an actual violence ;  
No doubt we have good share of sense,  
Among the people of these states ;  
But yet have taken't in their pates,  
Because have privilege of office  
They have the qualities that suffice,  
And as republics have laid open  
Advance to all men, there's no stopping,

And not a thing that wears a head  
By an immediate impulse led  
But sets up for a senator.  
And though we do not hear the stir,  
Of giants, monsters now adays,  
Yet there is trouble other ways,  
In keeping down licentiousness  
Of what we call our privileges,  
And just as much ado to quash  
Election that is rather rash,  
As was of old to knock down champ'ons ;  
And tho' harangu'd them in my lampoons,  
Yet still the populace do err  
Not chusing qualified that are ;  
But giving to such men their votes  
That have as little sense as goats ;  
And thus it was that though did wage  
A war with Traddle, had no rage,  
Against the manufacturer ;  
But meant it as a kind of slur  
Or fable designating hate  
Against this evil in the state,  
Men running up to services  
Who are not fitted for the place,  
Not having just capacity,  
Because another way doth lie  
The effort of the untaught brain ;  
Not that they are inferior men,  
But of themselves are very good  
Provided would not thus intrude,  
And make equality a curse  
By not distinguishing the force  
And aptitude of several powers  
For their own offices or ours.

And now this day there is a rout  
Scarce on your way a mile about,  
Of people met to form a ticket  
Of those who chuse to politic it,

And be our representatives  
 According as their interest thrives  
 For the respective candidate ;  
 It would do service to the state,  
 If such a noble Knight as you  
 Would teach them what they ought to do,  
 And give them seasonable lessons  
 Respecting such their crude creations,  
 That on the one hand while they pass  
 The ignorant though monied ass,  
 So on the other should avoid  
 The chusing such amongst the crowd  
 As are unqualified, though less,  
 They may in property possess.

The Knight set out, and not far off  
 Fell in with people busy enough  
 About the matter of a choice,  
 And soon distinguish'd some ones voice,  
 As one who was a candidate.

The Knight address'd the people met  
 With usual stile of eloquence,

Quoth he, my fellow citizens,  
 No doubt you are all men of skill  
 In state affairs, and have good will  
 In serving this our government  
 Republican from heaven sent,  
 Where all may climb to offices  
 Like animals that clamber trees ;  
 But yet this liberty should use  
 As Saint Paul says, so not t' abuse ;  
 And while each one retains the right  
 To bring his talents to the light,  
 Yet let the public mind procure  
 I do not say the worthier  
 But him most for the office fit,  
 By his peculiar cast of wit,  
 And talent for particular case  
 And senatorial services,



As nature fits one horse to run  
Another draws artillery gun :  
For surely in the framing laws  
There's need of something more than claws,  
Or horn or hoof, or nails to scratch  
At least to frame them with dispatch ;  
For judgment must be something worth  
And speech to make a man hold forth,  
And justify the step he takes ;  
Else twisted like a nose of wax  
He bends just to the fugal man  
With whom the yea or nay began ;  
Doth loose the natural dignity  
Which all men have in reason's eye  
While unaffectedly they move  
And keep the corresponding groove,  
For when th' unqualified are up,  
And take their station at the top,  
The commonwealth may be express'd  
In the similitude of beast  
That runs with tail upon its back  
In its excursion through the brake ;  
Racoon, opossum or a bear,  
Devoid of intellect that are.

These words encourag'd one hard by  
Who had advancement in his eye,  
From the pretension of some sense,  
To hazard his own eloquence.  
Quoth he have had the inclination  
To take a turn in public station,  
Not that I have the greatest skill,  
But that I have the best good will  
To be a representative  
And make the public interest thrive ;  
'T' assist your trade, and make you rich,  
And give you liberty, for which  
You have sustain'd so long a war  
And now at length victorious are.

What profits it to have knock'd down  
 The great Cornwallis and Burgoyne  
 If in the meantime money-less  
 Your agriculture languishes?  
 It is the fault of those at helm  
 That these distresses overwhelm,  
 For if just measures were pursued  
 Our government would do us good?  
 And mischiefs that are come to pass  
 Be remedied by proper laws.  
 But those you send are loggerheads  
 And might as well be in their beds;  
 Or if they have a little share  
 Of sense and industry to spare,  
 They lay it out for their own use  
 And personal interest introduce.

As for this man that is set up,  
 What is foundation of his hope?  
 Has he more knowledge than a goose?  
 By what criterion do you chuse?  
 Is it his speech or dialect,  
 That has so rapidly you prick'd  
 To elevate him to a sphere  
 Where greatest orators appear?  
 Or are you credulous there is  
 In him some occult faculties  
 Which when the time may come about  
 You may be able to find out?  
 Or is it out of mere caprice  
 Would give him such unnatural rise  
 To shew the people can supply  
 A sudden respectability;  
 A man to power and greatest weight  
 From nothing as it were create?  
 To him the man not erudite,——  
 (For he could neither read or write)  
 But by a necromantic skill  
 Could lead the people at his will,

By means of some infernal dews  
By which he sprinkled them profuse :  
Not dews of Acheron or Styx,  
By which he play'd these magic tricks,  
But dews which he himself distill'd  
From what he gather'd in his field :  
Men call it whiskey, but the Gods  
Call't what they please above the clouds,  
Who tasted it was straightway drawn  
Insensibly to taste again,  
And such the virtue of the fluid,  
But say not whether bad or good,  
Whoever put his nose to th' steam  
Conceiv'd the delusory dream  
Of being more than what he was ;  
And hence it easily came to pass  
H' attributed the 'fume o' his brain  
To a celestial origin ;  
And thought the giver of the fluid  
With more than mortal pow'rs indu'd  
And worshipp'd him : you might have seen  
Idolaters before the shrine  
At morn and midday prostrate there  
Or offering up an evening prayer.  
No wonder that they thought him fit  
With every talent requisite,  
To occupy a place of trust,  
Where weightiest matters are discuss'd,  
And gave up sense and power of vote  
For the ambrosia they had got ;  
And hence he had been Constable,  
And acted as he was well able ;  
And next a Justice of the peace,  
And bound o'er people at his ease,  
And now become a candidate  
For the assembly of the state,  
He made no speech, but pointed out,  
A keg of whiskey to the croud,

As much as if to say there is,  
The test of my best services.

Why need I say the man was chosen,  
By people waving like the ocean ;  
The wonder would be if left out.  
The fact was he got every vote,  
And would have got had there been more,  
Or of competitors a score.

The Knight broke silence, and gave scope  
To words as fast as he could ope  
Regretting this such strange perversion,  
Of the political exertion.

Quoth he, am no aristocrat  
To blame what people would be at,  
In chusing from the multitude  
Him destitute of noble blood,  
Nor fenc'd with family connections,  
To gain the popular affections.  
Nor do I much regard estate  
In chusing men to legislate,  
As if alone your purse-proud fellows  
Were capable to blow the bellows.  
For poor in purse as well as spirit,  
Have oftentimes the greatest merit,  
And those in lowest life have wit,  
And may be for an office fit,  
With education for the place  
And the connatural services,  
More than the rich and glorious,  
Who have a castle for a house  
And ask an hundred men to dine,  
Where all varieties combine,  
As if the eating much and drinking,  
Could help the faculty of thinking  
Or looking at the bulk of stones,  
Or brick they have about their bones,  
In shape of building, could advance  
Their parts above a common man's.

Have known as many perfect beasts  
In ignorance at rich men's feasts,  
As ever in inferior station  
Where natural sense gets little lesson ;  
Have no ide' that equipages,  
Can give unusual privileges,  
Of sense and reason in the brain,  
But often plain and labouring men  
May have more sense than those whom riches,  
Have dignified ; the sons of bitches,  
That set a value on estates,  
As being a substitute for pates ;  
Whereas the talent nature gives  
Original in the spirit lives,  
And independent of the sod  
Which else inglorious might be trod ;  
And hence the men that have been sages,  
And greatest warriors of all ages,  
Have had their birth in poverty,  
And through distress have risen high :  
For exercise of wit gives wit,  
And renders the possessor fit,  
For station that he occupies,  
Or prompts him to superior rise,  
Whereas the weight of wealth keeps down,  
With an incumbrance of its own,  
The fool imagining his gold,  
Outweighs his folly when 'tis told  
And turns to wisdom what he says,  
Though ignorant as cow at grass.  
Have seen enough to make me sick  
Of purse proud men who very weak,  
Have arrogated sense though were  
As senseless as a sucking bear,  
Which I despise and reprobate,  
And would exclude them from the state,  
Educing better progeny  
Which fortune seems to have past by.

So that no aristocracy  
But nature that I have in eye.  
Nor is it literature alone,  
That I would take my stand upon.  
There are as many natural fools,  
That have the literature of schools,  
As have it not ; and mother wit,  
Is better than the whole of it :  
The common people have a right  
To throw into the state their mite,  
Though not born all philosophers,  
To gaze at planets and read stars,  
And not in the academie  
Are always found the very wise,  
And science is but little help  
To one by nature a dull whelp ;  
But what is nature without art,  
To qualify for any part ?  
Whether it be the making shoes,  
Or rectifying state abuse ;  
For not, as in the scripture phrase  
Comes inspiration now adays  
To make a statesman prophecy  
And see with an intuitive eye,  
But men just as they were remain,  
Before were taken up. Again,  
The making laws is not of grace,  
And inspiration has no place,  
And so that whether poor or rich,  
And by the bye it makes not which ;  
Or whether learn'd in school or not,  
Or education may have got,  
I want the man of sense, of brain,  
To put into the statesman's train ;  
Which not in this case is the case,  
If one may from appearance guess.  
Is it necessity or use  
You have to plead in your excuse ?

Or do you wish to burlesque us  
By sending such a thing to th' house ?  
It is ungenerous and unfair,  
For you to be the merrier  
At our disgrace and ignominy,  
Being all as't were indigeni !  
Of this same soil and residence.

Some thought the man had spoken sense,  
But others willing to dissent  
Not understanding what he meant  
Or caring much about the matter ;  
(Just Lillibolera at Boyne water,  
Would here have suited them as well,  
Or Gibberland or Granuel)  
Shewed symptoms of dissatisfaction,  
Opinion having a re-action ;  
And urging an appeal to force,  
From the decision of discourse.  
So that it seem'd the wiser way  
To drop the occasion of affray,  
Retiring from the multitude  
And let him talk and fight who would.

It struck into the head of knight,  
And glad he was he had come by't  
To go t' a conjurer and enquire,  
Into the case a little higher  
Of what had puzzled him of late  
These strange vagaries of the state ;  
And humour of the multitude ;  
Could do no harm, if not much good.

Approach'd the cell, and thus his speech,  
Quoth he I come not to beseech  
Your conjuror-ship to explicate  
How I a thing that's lost may get,  
A cow a stray horse or a sheep,  
But mystery that is more deep,  
Videlicet ; (and here he stated  
The difficulty we have narrated.)

Quoth conjuror could better tell  
 What hurry scurry is in hell,  
 Or going on above the sun  
 Or will in future day be done ;  
 Can question nature in her course,  
 And read the stars when mankind snores,  
 Or cast nativities and teach  
 A man's whole fortune at a stretch ;  
 Go under ground and dig up spades,  
 Or dive in ocean to fish-beds,  
 And rifle trunks of men of war  
 That at the very bottom are  
 Or run through dens beneath the earth  
 And drag out thiefsters for our mirth,  
 For this is given to conjurors skill  
 But not a single syllable  
 Above the common race of men  
 'To sphynx it and the cause explain  
 Of natural phenomenon  
 Such as you have just touch'd upon.

Prevaricative, quoth Knight and false,  
 Can you that trip it through stone walls  
 Not enter into human breast,  
 And read the passion there express'd,  
 And tell the origin of it,  
 In mode and manner explicit ?  
 If maid wants husband, you can shew  
 The physiognomy of the beau,  
 And yet not tell why men run mad  
 Upon this legislative trade.  
 Is't easier or of better use  
 'To find a stray horse, or stolen goose,  
 Than satisfy one at a loss  
 On what strange gudgeons this thing goes  
 That populace who have some sense  
 Should chuse a clod-pole without brains  
 To be themselves as't were i' th' house  
 And bear the politics th'espouse,



Well knowing that the image must  
Bespeak th' original of bust,  
And that they suffer in the shape  
Which they send forward there to gape.  
Now tell me what the cause of this  
Absurdity of suffrages ?

Not able, quoth the conjurer,  
But there's a great philosopher  
Not far off who has studied books,  
And is a wise man by his looks,  
Consider'd human nature so  
That he can look it through and through,  
And knows the inside of the scull  
And breast of man, as well t' th' full  
As I can by an astrolabe  
Take in the Heaven's at a grab  
And tell the future destiny  
Of things that are in fortunes eye :  
For this my skill, and my profession.

Quoth Knight, no need of a digression,  
Or further homily to explain  
Particular defect of brain.  
The moral causes are best known  
To him who keeps his noddle down,  
Upon affairs of state ; whereas,  
In other studies, for a cause,  
Behoves t' apply to them that know  
From the particular bent of brow.  
The mathematician can demonstrate  
What line is crooked or goes on straight ;  
The chymist analyse a vapour  
And make the hydrogen appear  
Or oxygen if such there be  
Pent up in the concavity ;  
So that apology you make  
Accounts in some sort for renege  
And reference to another office,  
For why or wherefore that may suffice ;  
And hence I take me to my scrapers  
And farther investigating labours—  
Elsewhere t' examine, and discuss,

This state arcanum & non plus.

So having spoke concluded diction,  
Lest he should make the conj'r or sick soon,  
And turn'd short off his pergrination,  
With more of thought and less oration,  
'Towards the sage's residence,  
And having entered thus begins.

Quoth he, have been with a strange wight,  
Who proves a mere blatherskite,  
A conjuror, but cannot tell,  
Tho' has much magic in his cell ;  
How is it ?—(here he stated knot,  
'The difficulty he came about .  
And pray'd the sage philosopher  
'To give the reason of th' affair :)  
Was it enchantment of the brain,  
That hurts the intellects of men,  
And charms, that unawares invade  
With error, popular cavalcade,  
And mists and necromantic spells ;  
Made out of pots and crucibles,  
'To cloud the fancy and obscure,  
The honest vision of the viewer  
Who is deceiv'd and gives his vote,  
As blindly as if drawn by lot,  
Without distinction of the good,  
Or bad among the multitude.

Quoth sage, it may be the gallanter,  
To say 'tis done by an enchanter,  
But so it is that simple nature,  
Without a cause occult or greater,  
'Than men's own ordinary passions,  
Or accident of the occasions,  
Produces this phenomenon,  
You seem so much to harp upon.  
Sometimes it happens that caresses,  
And courtesy attains the graces,  
And bends the populace to him,  
Who falls in with the popular whim ;  
For not th' inducement of best sense,  
But in our liking choice begins ;

For public interest gains no vote,  
It is an object só remote——  
Moreover envy of the good,  
Will put the people in a mood,  
To chuse the worst, out of mere spite,  
To shew you that they have a right,  
To take him up you call a fool  
Out of the election water pool :  
And of't without a thought they chuse,  
As't were by accident a goose ;  
Not knowing what they are about,  
Until the tickets are drawn out.  
Or if they would select the wise,  
Stupidity has his disguise  
Of sapience from his graver air,  
Whereas sound reason speaks out clear,  
And there is nothing magical,  
Where you can comprehend it all ;  
But the obscure is the sublime,  
And hence the people value him,  
That has no speech at all, as gods,  
Were rais'd to the supreme abodes,  
In Egypt out of cats and rats,  
And leeks and onions and all that's  
Contemptible of beast or stock,  
Because these us'd no words to shock  
The adverse sentiments of men :  
Or what may farther serve t' explain ;  
No one is jealous of the dunce,  
Nor journal thinks worth while to pounce  
Upon the ignoble candidate,  
While the artillery of gazette  
Plays on the obvious character  
Which can afford some wear and tear,  
And the excited prejudice  
To a new progeny gives rise  
Of falshood and malevolence,  
Perversions that the bad dispense  
Against the endeavours of the good,  
And wise not rightly understood,

So that, through medium of their hate,  
 Refracted, there is nothing great,  
 But like a wand in wave immers'd,  
 Seems crooked from the being aspers'd ;  
 For as a fly is seen to poke  
 His nose where'er the skin is broke,  
 So calumny discovers faults,  
 And from defects to crimes exalts ;  
 While such as have but little force  
 Of nature, like a cow or horse,  
 Are safe, because what can be said  
 But that they have been stolen or stray'd. ?  
 Hence paragraphists have no woof,  
 Or warp to make invective of  
 And while no one exclaims, the wight,  
 Is deem'd for the advancement fit,  
 Or suffered to retain his place  
 Not on the score of works but grace ;  
 Sufficient if he can say nay  
 Or ope his mouth to get out yea,  
 Just as the fugal man o' th' party,  
 Gives motion to the Neil M'Carty :  
 For being an automaton,  
 The movement need not be his own  
 And is more regi'ar the less sense,  
 Of independence he retains,  
 And less affects self-love of such,  
 As actuate the scaramouche ;  
 And hence no word of him but good,  
 At home amongst the multitude,  
 So that he goes and goes again,  
 While the republic lasts—Amen.

The problem seem'd to have solution,  
 And merited a contribution.  
 So asking what was to be paid,  
 The able casuist shook his head,  
 Declining to make charge—The Knight,  
 Was glad to have so cheap come by't,  
 And taking leave he wish'd him well,  
 Which is the ending of the tale.



THE following Morceau, was communicated to me in manuscript from William Bradford, late Attorney General of the United States. He was then just entering on the practice of the law at York-town, Pennsylvania—And I insert it here as a token of my affection for his memory. It will be seen to be an imitation of Shenstone.



### A PASTORAL SONG.

THE shepherd of fortune possess  
 May scorn, if he please, my poor cot,  
 May think in his wealth to be blest,  
 But I will not envy his lot.

The pleasures which riches impart  
 Are fleeting and feeble when known ;  
 They never give peace to the heart,  
 It scorns to be happy *alone*.

That shepherd true happiness knows,  
 Whose bosom by beauty is mov'd,  
 Who tastes the pure pleasure that flows  
 From *loving* and *being belov'd*.

'Tis a joy of angelical birth,  
 And when to poor mortals 'tis given,  
 It cheers their abode upon earth,  
 And sweetens the journey to heaven.

How briskly my spirits would move !  
 What peace in this bosom would reign !  
 Were I blest with the nymph that I love,  
 Sweet EMMA, the pride of the plain.

Ye shepherds, she's fair as the light !  
 The critic no blemish can find ;  
 And all the soft virtues unite,  
 And glow in her innocent mind.

Her accents are formed to please,  
 Her manners engagingly free,  
 Her temper is ever at ease,  
 And calm as an angel's can be.

Her presence all sorrow removes,  
 She enraptures the wit and the clown,  
 Her heart is as mild as the dove's,  
 Her hand is as soft as its down.

Yon lily which graces the field,  
 And throws its perfumes to the gale,  
 In fairness and fragrance must yield  
 To EMMA, the pride of the vale.

She's pleasant as yonder cool rill  
 To travellers who faint in the way ;  
 She's sweet as the rose on the hill,  
 When it opens its bosom to day.

I ask not for wealth, or for power,  
 Kind Heaven ! I these can resign ;  
 But hasten, O hasten the hour,  
 When EMMA shall deign to be mine.  
 O teach her to pity the pain  
 Of a heart that if slighted must break ;  
 Oh teach her to love the fond swain,  
 That would lay down his life for her sake.

Though poor I will never repine,  
 Content that my EMMA is true ;  
 I'll press her dear bosom to mine,  
 And think myself rich as Peru.

With her will I stray through the grove,  
 And fondly I'll pour out my soul,  
 Indulge my effusions of love,  
 And find myself blest to the full.

And oft in the cool of the day,  
 We'll ramble to hear the sweet chorus,  
 That vibrates so oft from each spray,  
 Along the green banks of Codorus.

With flowers I'll crown her dear hair,  
 Then gaze on her beauties, and cry,  
 What nymph can with EMMA compare!  
 What shepherd so happy as I!

Thus cheerful the moments shall roll  
 Of all my fond wishes possest,  
 And peace shall descend on my soul,  
 And make it her favourite rest.  
 Contentment my life shall prolong,  
 All trouble and sorrow forgot,  
 And time as he hurries along,  
 Shall smile upon CORYDON'S cot.



THE following was also communicated to me in manuscript, from William Livingston, late Governor of the Jerseys. It is inserted as a memorial of my veneration for the man.



A MORNING HYMN.

FROM night, from silence, and from death,  
 Or death's own form, mysterious sleep,  
 I wake to life, to light, and health:  
 Thus me doth *Israel's Watchman* keep.

Sacred to HIM, in grateful praise,  
 Be this devoted tranquil hour,  
 While Him, supremely good and great,  
 With rapt'rous homage I adore.

What music breaks from yonder copse?  
 The plummy songster's artless lay;  
 Melodious songsters, nature taught!  
 That warbling hail the dawning day.

Shall *Man* be mute, while *Instinct* sings?  
 Nor human breast with transport rise?

O for an universal hymn,  
To join th' *orchestra* of the skies !

See yon refulgent lamp of day,  
With unabating glory crown'd,  
Rejoicing in his giant strength,  
To run his daily destin'd round.

So may I still perform thy will,  
GREAT SUN of nature and of grace !  
Nor wander devious from thy law ;  
Nor faint in my appointed race.

What charms display th' unfolding flow'rs ?  
How beauteous glows the enamel'd mead ?  
More beauteous still the *heaven-wrought robe*,  
Of purest *white*, and fac'd with *red*.

The sun exhales the pearly dew,  
Those brilliant sky-shed tears that mourn,  
His nightly loss ; till from earth's cheek,  
They're kiss'd away, by pitying morn.

For laps'd mankind what friendly tears  
Bent on our weal, did angels shed ?  
Bound, bound our hearts, to think those tears  
Made frustrate all, when Jesus bled !

Arabia wafts from yonder grove  
Delicious odours in the gale ;  
And with her breeze-borne fragrance greets,  
Each circumjacent hill and dale.

As *incense* may my morning song,  
A *sweetly-smelling savour* rise,  
Perfum'd with Gilead's precious balm,  
To make it grateful to the skies.

And when from death's long sleep I wake,  
To nature's renovating day,  
Clothe me with thy own *righteousness*,  
And in thy *likeness*, Lord, array.



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*C O N C L U S I O N .*

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IN looking over this book, there is no part with which I am less pleased than the Introduction. There would seem to be vanity under the guise of humility. By the word "exertions" in that preface, I do not mean the labours of my composition, but my efforts in life which have been successful to a certain extent. But even with regard to my literary attempts, though I cannot apply to myself the gratulation of the Poet,

*"Exegi monumentum ære perennius ;"*

Yet the selections here made, may be considered as remembrancers of some short duration. True it is, that having had perhaps too great a desire of distinction in early life, I may have less now than is necessary to application ; but my ambition never was for place or office ; nevertheless, I begin to think it had been better to have set less store by the opinion of the world as to my

flight or song, and to have made my nest with more care like other birds of the grove.

Be that as it may it has been my amusement to write; and I have set a greater value on the praise of genius, than on all else that is obtainable amongst men. A man of very moderate parts can fill an office; perhaps the better for being moderate; but it is but one in many that can shew a single spark of the celestial fire that distinguishes the orator, the philosopher, or the rapt poet. I have always considered every hour, in a sense, lost, that was not employed in the cultivation of the intellect; with a view either to the virtues of humanity, or the delights of the fancy; for I give the virtues of humanity the first place. But when a man of taste considers how much more he owes to those who have increased the store of literature, than to such as have amassed wealth for themselves and others, he will certainly consider the productions of the mind as more deserving his respect, than the acquisitions of the purse-proud; even though there may appear a little vanity in the publications of the author, which he has not had

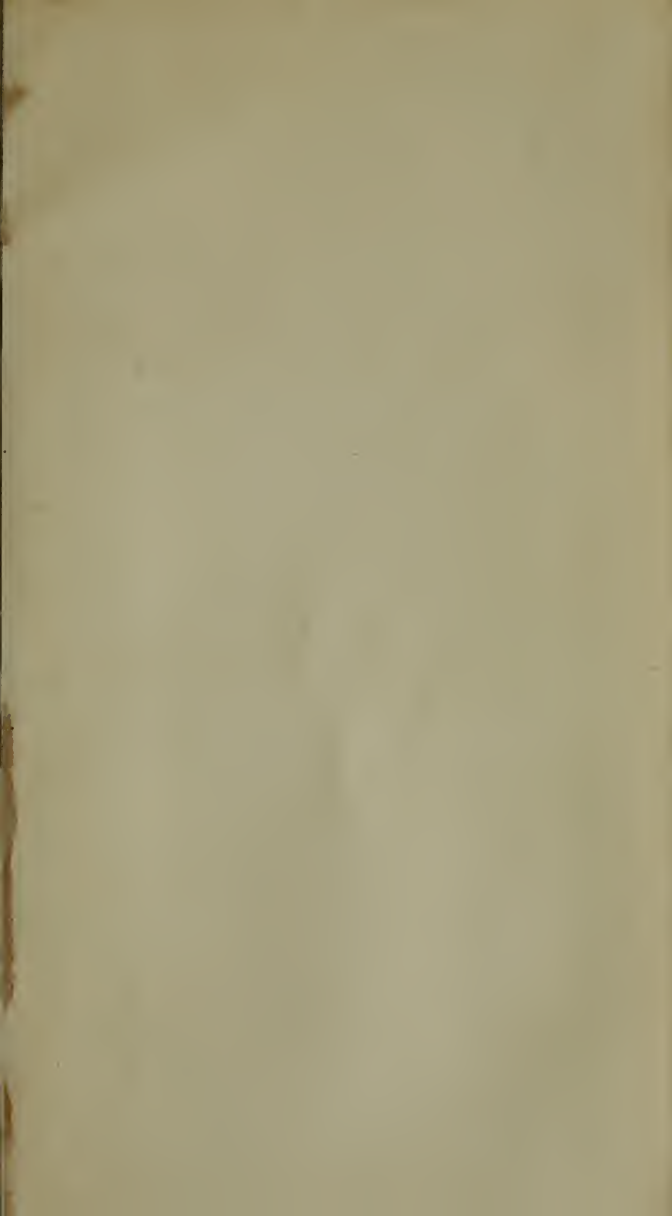
the self-denial to suppress, or the prudence to conceal.

With a view to mend the matter of my Introduction I have added this; perhaps it will be thought unnecessary, for all the notice that will ever be taken of the proemium, or of the collectanea, to which it has a reference.

One thing I will add in excuse of employing so much of my time, and whatever talents I may possess, in what may seem to be of too light a nature for a serious mind, that the taste for playful humour, and the habit of versifying, was contracted in early life, from the want of a monitor to direct resistance to the propensity; and at the same time that I present the result to the public, I must caution others to beware of the indulgence. It is not an age or country, that will make it the means of emolument, or the way to honor. And though I would rather be the Poet than the Mæcenas as to after-fame, yet it is better to be the Mæcenas as to present enjoyment. I would warn therefore a son of mine against too much attention to some parts of what

may be called polite literature, as not fashionable in our present state of society, and as a seducing syren from the more profitable pursuits of life. With this observation I conclude, as providing against the evil of imitation of what only under circumstances could be excused in me who have set the example.

*FINIS.*



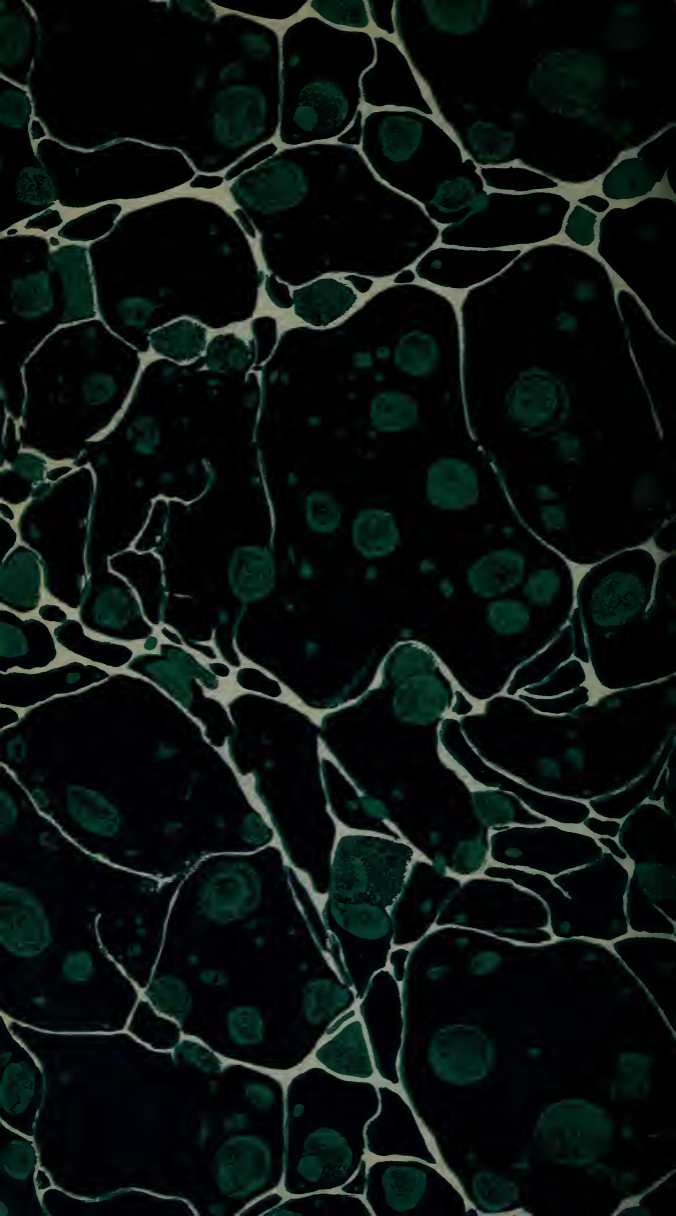


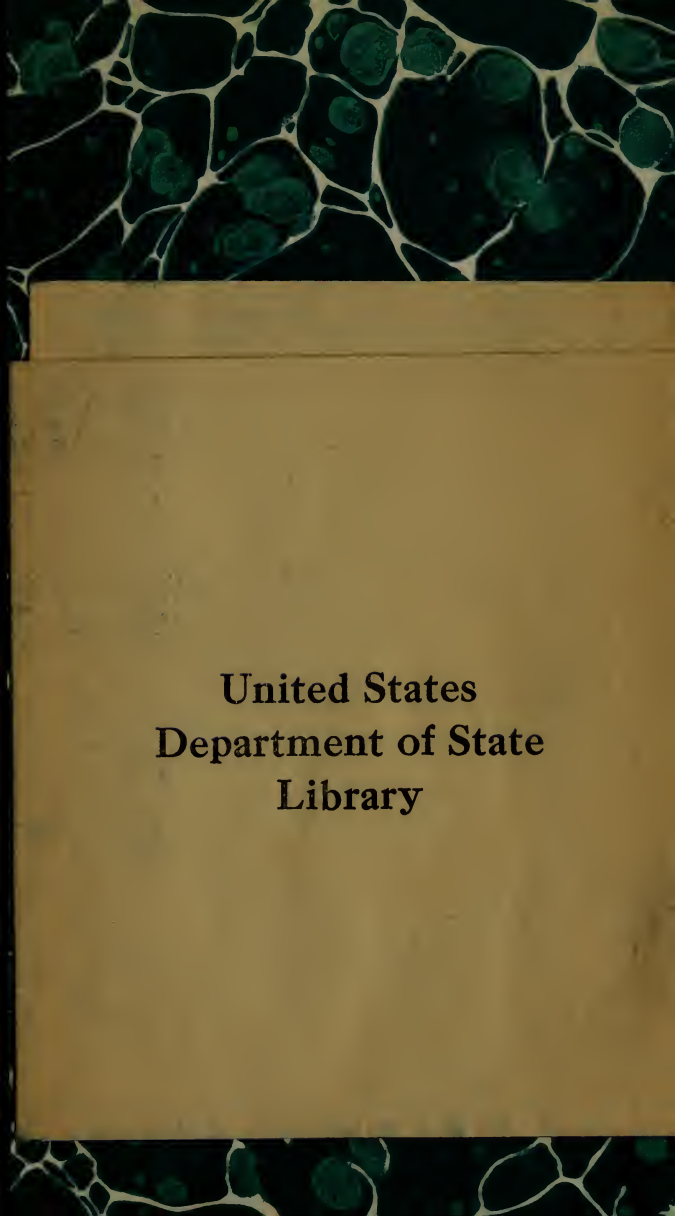












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