

A D D R E S S,

DELIVERED

TO THE

CITIZENS

OF

BRISTOL, (R. I.)

JULY 4, 1816,

By *John D. Wolf* *per*
AND

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AN ADDRESS, &c.

IT has been customary, I believe, for the people of most nations, at present existing, or which have existed in the world, occasionally, to break in upon the common routine of life and of action, and; (either for something or nothing,) devote certain seasons to rejoicing and festivity.

With the Greeks, for instance, there were many festivals, in honour of their various gods and goddesses—and of these, there was such a countless host, that almost every day in the year, was either sacred or profane to one or another of them.

With the Egyptians, a people sadly given to the worship of “four-footed beasts, and creeping things,” * there were frequent days of pomp and pageantry, devoted to some one of these.

In the times, called the dark ages, (in which many things, known at present under the name of *venerable institutions*, are supposed to have originated,) there was a great Jubilee holden at Rome; on which his holiness the

* For instance, oxen, dogs, cats, wolves, hawks, crocodiles, and storks—and what may seem a more rational species of devotion, (to the good people of Bristol,) they actually worshiped onions!

Pope, invited all the sinners from the four quarters of the globe, and, for a reasonable compensation, gave them the forgiveness of all the sins they *had* committed, together with a license to commit all ^{to which} they might, in future, feel disposed to; which must doubtless have had a fine effect on the morals of the age.

We have often seen, that the loyal subjects of many monarchical governments, will give themselves a day of rapture on the interesting occasion of obtaining a new master, or of their old one's taking a wife, and for various other causes.

It would seem, fellow citizens, that the good people of our own country, have, in this thing, followed the multitude: they too have their jubilee. And for what is it? Were it that a king was born, or crowned, or married,

“—————it were a custom

“More honoured in the *breach*, than the *observance*.”

But it is for a very different thing; it is, that they declared plain truth to kings, (which they are too little in the habit of hearing) dismissed them, with due thanks, and resolved to dispense with their services; which may they ever do.

I know not, fellow citizens, that with a much *earlier* warning, I could have offered any thing worthy your hearing on this occasion; as it is, what you *will* hear, is almost “such stuff, as dreams are made of.”

The occasion suggests the subject—our national blessings—how they were obtained—how they may be preserv-

ed—how they may be lost—this shall be mine. What *are* our national blessings?—the most obvious, at present, is, (and you may smile to hear it) that we are all *here*; that, of our own free will and pleasure, we *came* here; and that there is none to molest us now we *are* here. Small as may seem the mere privilege of meeting quietly together, it is a privilege which all do not enjoy. There are countries in the world, and many too, in which, (the privileged orders unconsulted,) were the people to assemble, as *we* have done, their meeting would be but a short one: some minion of the palace, some flaming herald from the inquisition, would appear at the threshold, lower upon their festivities, *and shake a deadly dart*. It is much that we are here, and unmolested:—But, what *are* our national blessings? They are comprised in a word—liberty; for where that is, all other good things follow. And what is liberty?—It is a thing much talked of, by friends and by foes, sometimes wisely, sometimes not:—it is defined by a civilian, (and I suppose correctly) as the power to dispose of our persons, and our property, in the manner we judge most consonant to our happiness, provided we do not abuse it to the prejudice of others:—what the poet says, amounts to the same thing;

“ —————, all constraint,

“ Except what wisdom lays on evil men,

“ Is evil —————”

with this one restriction, the hands free—the thought free—the tongue free—the pen free—the press free—and above all, the conscience free—and this is liberty. Let us in these particulars, compare the situation of our own country, with that of others; and ~~see if we have any thing~~

to justify about ~~partaking~~ *partaking* all things, *which is your*

Were there any one who did not exactly relish this occasion, he might be disposed to facetiousness at the idea of people's assembling together to praise themselves; and in such an one it would be pardonable; for a man may always laugh to keep himself from crying: but certainly it is not only a right, but a duty, to speak of our blessings, provided we do it with a right spirit, which is that of thankfulness and of humility: there surely can be no harm in one's saying, I now enjoy a high flow of health, and I thank heaven for it. Yet might it be observed, that were self-commendation allowable, in any people in the world, it ^{would be} in Americans; for all are disposed to censure us. Among our European neighbours particularly, the philosophers, and the wits, and the fools, as would seem, are here in concert;—and every natural, and every moral feature of our country, has been the theme of sarcasm or of invective:—they will allow us nothing of man, but his form, and his depravity, and hardly these; for they will almost have it, that we are too weak to be wicked—that we are a kind of unseemly monsters, who hardly know the greater light from the less—of Calibans, who can but “gabble like things most brutish.” Thus has it been, from Buffon and Raynal, of whom better things might have been expected, down to that compendium of all littleness, and of all bigotry, the Quarterly Review. But it would seem that certain recent events have tended, in some degree, to correct this style of thinking; particularly on the score of prowess and of chivalry: we are no longer the poor and nerveless recreants, we once were. One nation at least, has here been instructed, even by us—and were the stale calumny *there* again repeated, methinks, that Brittannia, when from her “chalky bourne”

she contemplates her *field of glory*, would hear a voice from the waters; some lone spirit, that tenants the poor remains of the *Guerriere* or the *Java*, would appal her with the murmur—

“ Our march *was* on the *mountain wave*,

“ Our home *is* in the *deep*.” *

They cannot call us recreants; for the red-cross and the crescent, though both unused to cower, have taken their cozy-bed together,

I have wandered from my subject, but not forgotten it. We are to examine the elements of that freedom, in which we all participate. Our *hands* are free; which is saying much in a little: we can take hold of *what* we please, (*generally speaking*) and let go of it *when* we please—which is more than all can do. Every pursuit is open to all alike—no monopolies, no *casts*, no privileged orders, none to bolt in our way, and tell us “hitherto shalt thou come and no further:” this pursuit is *mine*: or if they *do* tell us so, we can knock them over and go on. Individuals might possibly be pointed out, of whom it might be said, that, were they confined down to particular pursuits, it were better for them; but the general tendency of the thing would be pernicious, and we see the happy effects of the contrary, in the rapid advancement of our own country, in all the pursuits by which society is embellished and exalted; an advancement, considering the time of her existence, as an independent nation, astonishingly great, and, in some respects, unparalleled.

* For this “ludicrous perversion of the authors meaning,” as Doctor Pangloss might call it, I am indebted to a friend “of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy.”

Facts would be against me, were I to say that nothing great or good has sprung up under governments more arbitrary : there has much of both. There are men formed, in the “prodigality of nature,” having within them a germ of perfection which will unfold and flourish under all impediments ; there are men, who will bear to be *pampered*, who will bear to be *depressed*, nursed in luxury, and plied, with the syren song of adulation but to despise them ; encountering obstacles, but to surmount them : such *will* be great. The Ettricke Shepherd, though he were a lord ; Byron, * though *he* were the Ettricke Shepherd, could not be little men. But this proves nothing. I have seen intemperate men who were very old, but did not thence infer, that intemperance is favourable to longevity. The natural tendency of monarchical establishments, and a distinction of orders, is to quell the spirit, and impede the march of mind. The *exaltation* of the *higher orders*, leaves *them* without a *motive* ; the *depression* of the *lower*, *them*, without a *hope*. *We* are born great, say, the one and what can we be more?---*We* are nothing, say, the other, and what can come from that ? There is a great gulph fixed between us. In a government like ours, it is different : here none are born great, we are all born little, *and alike*, †

* I speak of the noble Lord, in reference to his talents alone ; as to morals, some of his capers (old and *new*) seem to indicate that he is blessed with a good quantity of “that delicacy of sentiment so peculiar to noble birth,” which Judge Blackstone tells about.

† And yet it is fact, that many well-meaning people of this democratick country, are sorely afflicted, with a depraved appetite for high blood ! It is a heart rending spectacle to behold the self complacency, with which they will boast of an affinity with the noble blood of the “Mac Sycophants,” or the Mac Mullens ; or with some little

but, our hands are free ; and whatever *nature* (with whom there is no disputing) has qualified us to achieve, *man* cannot prevent our achieving ; and what of honour a man has, he must achieve (which is but fair) for honour should not be hereditary any more than disgrace : no man can plume himself from the crest of his ancestor, and if he does, every bird knows how to peck him bare.

oily squab of a German Baronet, who perhaps if he had his due, would be “whipt from tything to tything, and stock punished and imprisoned” like poor mad Tom. I once heard a good looking yankee gentleman telling that he could trace his pedigree back to my lord---something, that sometime or other lived somewhere, and did *somewhat* ---I forgot the particulars ; but a queer little old man who was standing by, after pleating up his little snip nose in a thousand wrinkles, as he always does when about to say an odd thing, squealed out, as if he had a whole brood of sucking pigs in his stomach, “well---that will do---but “I can go back further than that---I sprung from the first “man the Lord ever made---and who can say more?--- “a fig for their *blood!*—a little *brain* is worth it all.” “The “pride of birth, and jealousy of rank” says Joel Barlow, “operate on society like congelation and concussion on a “body of water : they freeze up the whole mass, and “break it into a thousand pieces. The genius of aristoc- “racy had established in France, almost as many ranks “as there were families. These were perpetually repell- “ing and repelled, tormented by jealousies, and kept a- “sunder by artificial aversions which subdued the voice of “nature, and counteracted every object of society.”— This is a serious matter, but yet one can hardly help laughing a little, when he imagines the odd manoeuvres which would be exhibited in a company of some fifty or sixty, selected from the different grades of this touch-me-not gentry, the full-bloods- -the half-bloods---and the quarter-bloods—all together, all jealous, all arrogant, and all in the fidgets about their dignity!—Merbleu, Parbleu!— What hideous grins!---what dislocating sbrugs, and indescribable distortions!---what appalling grunts!---what

We may not only use our hands, but enjoy the fruits of their labour. And *this* is more than all can do ; With the exception of a very small pittance necessary to the support of a government of his own choice, what a man earns is *his*. He pays no tythes for the support of hypocrisy and of profligacy, he is not fleeced to pamper the idle *

smothered laughs!—what starch, and what sublimity!—Cervantes, or Paulding might describe the scene, but it is beyond me. Yet after all, your dignity is but a troublesome commodity, and people enjoy themselves much better, when they all take snuff out of the same box, and sit down and eat roasted potatoes together of a winter evening.

* “There is one species of superstition,” says Volney; “which it would be salutary to cure ; blind veneration for the great---and for this purpose, it would be sufficient to write a minute detail of the private lives of kings and princes.” There are some works of this kind already written---and should any weak brother of the American family, be afflicted with a hankering for the stuff and nonsense of Monarchy--I think the reading of Thiebault’s anecdotes of Frederick the great, and the Memoirs of the Princess of Bareith, might have a salutary effect on his constitution. Frederick the second, who has made a great noise in the world, was but a gruffy old gentleman, who would eat his own dinner, and then spit in the dish, to plague his wife and daughters ! This is what his own daughter says. She says moreover, that almost every day, he got drunk and kicked the ladies!---which to them must have been but poor sport, whatever he might have thought of it. This great sovereign moreover, when his stomach got foul, and his spirits low, would sing psalms, and preach to his family!---which must have been very edifying---particularly if their bones were still aching with his kicks---a very good illustration of kingly piety. So likewise in the late “holy league,” compared with some other things. Should a man pick my pocket of one hundred dollars *to-day*, and present the bible society with fifty *to-morrow*, it would not be uncharitable in me to question his piety.

gaudy wretch he loves not, and who would spurn him like a dog---Oh! it is sad, to see that form which nature moulded, “to walk erect and look on heaven,” sink, in humiliating obeisance to a mitred reptile, or a sceptred brute. Contrast in your minds, for a moment, the splendour, the musick, the light, the revelry of the gorgeous palace; with the poverty and the wretchedness of the turf-built cottage; and remember, that the splendour of the

I mention these things, because they happen to come first, and could give a number of little *biographical sketches*, which would be equally interesting and instructive: indeed I have often thought, that, if called on to select one hundred members of the human family, who have most deeply disgraced it. I should look to the list of kings:—and yet, these fellows step out and tell the world, “gentlemen, by your leave, you are unfit to govern yourselves, and therefore, out of pure compassion, we will condescend to govern you.” And the good natured world, too often accepts the offer. But in speaking of the faults of kings, let it always be remembered, that to their general character, there is one illustrious exception; the Prince Regent of Great Britain!—(and it would be uncoarteous not to notice him, when it is considered with what profound respect his loyal subjects, and admirers, are in the habit of treating our unworthy President;) the Prince Regent of Great Britain, then, is, according to all accounts, a very model of all cleverness and sobriety—and some say he is actually a *church member*; and so *congealingly* virtuous, that he freezes water in the summer, by only looking at it!!

“Great Princes, have *great* play-things,” says Cowper; and good many of them have *little* play-things, and very pretty ones too. Heigh ho! says Mrs. Robinson—“when I first met him on the banks of the river by moon-light, he seemed like an angel”—poor lady, it was afterwards,

“Bounding billows cease your motion”
and all that.

one, springs from the misery of the other. These are general observations, founded on facts. Take facts themselves. I will allude to an event which has recently taken place in a certain european nation ; not, as might be supposed, from any bitterness toward that nation, but because I believe it to be the most exalted, the most free on earth, the land, we live in, alone excepted ; I mean Great Britain. We have lately heard much of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte Augusta, with the Prince of Coburg Saalfeld. Let us look at some of the circumstances attending it. On the day of their marriage, a sum equal to two hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year, was granted them for life. * The Princess was, before this, in receipt of a sum equal to seventy one thousand, and four hundred dollars a year. In addition to this, there was granted to them a sum equal to one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, for carriages, wines, and other indispensables ; fifty thousand for *dresses!* and fifty thousand for an addition to her royal highness' jewels ! Now mark ! the peasant, the labourer, pays for these jewels ; while the *jewels* of his own heart, are pining in wretchedness !—the labourer pays for these dresses ; while his own children are exposed, unclothed, to summer heats, and wintry winds. I merely give this, as a specimen of the profligacy practised under the best monarchy in the

* It is curious to see how different, things are in our own country : here, the President, and all Congress might get married forty times over—and pay the fiddlers themselves if they had any—though to be sure they might on a pinch, *raise their own salaries a little*, but that, they would not be apt to do, because they could not talk so freely about the prodigality of monarchies—which, I am told, is one of their favourite amusements.

world * in which, compared with others, there is much of liberty—it being precisely proportionate to the popular power. *A tyger chained, is a much less mischievous animal, than a tyger free.* But still bearing in mind the marriage and the dowry, mark what follows. While all this is going on, one fifth of the whole population of Great Britain, are paupers ; and by a return to the house of Commons, of the poor rates, paid in the year ending in March 1815, it appears that the amount, paid by 12,889 parishes of England, and 1,035 parishes of Wales, was equal to thirty-five millions five hundred and twenty thousand dollars. There were 773 parishes of England, and 81 of Wales, which made no return, and these must have greatly swelled the amount. Now from such a view as this, I think we can return to our own dear country, like the dove to the ark. *Abroad, was a world of troubled waters, there, she was safe.*

Another thing, demanding our joy and gratitude, is, that, *thought* is free. It might be doubted perhaps whether there is any thing peculiar in this. It might be supposed, that *thought* must be free every where ; that, whatever he may do to the body, no tyrant can shackle the

* And after all, this, as Sancho Panza would say, is but “cakes and gingerbread” compared with what poor John Bull has to suffer :—and I think that in the “sorrows” of John Bull, the Baron Goethe might outdo his own “Werter ;” though to be sure, the causes of their sorrows are somewhat different ;—the one being distressed for *love*, and the other for *money*—“to say all in a word”—says Bell’s Messenger “the main root of the evil, “is in the taxes ; and in those *enormous establishments*, “and that expensive civil list, which have rendered such “taxes necessary.”

soul. But I think it is not so. When men are afraid to *speak*, they soon cease to *think*. Ideas must come out to make room for new ones. The purest spring will stagnate, if you check its flow; and, if its successive births be smothered, the mind soon sinks into fatuity, and then, where is it? Why, just where tyrants would have it. 'Tis quiet, 'tis meek, 'tis commendably and loyally submissive. We have all heard much of the turbulence of popular institutions, and the quietness of monarchical.— And you see the reason. And which is best? The noise and the ripple of the pleasant river, which flows beautifully along, wild flowers nodding on its banks, and Nymphs sporting in its bosom; or the calmness of the stygian pool, motionless, and mantled with corruption, teeming with all monstrous, all prodigious things,

“Gorgon, and hydra, and chimaera dire.”

For a specimen of the turbulence of popular governments, about which they tell so much, let us look at our own. And what of turbulence is there here, that does any harm? It is true, we talk, and dispute, and sometimes quarrel; and then, make up again. And what of that? They are but lovers' quarrels, mere April showers, that look a little black as they are passing; but when they are over, the sun shines out, and the rainbow comes, and every thing looks green and pleasant. Even the HARTFORD CONVENTION,

“—and I name it, fill'd with solemn awe,

“Which bids me well beware, with what intent

“I touch the sacred thing—* ”

* When the gods are in synod, men should look on with reverence, as somebody says, or might say.

even the Hartford Convention, I say, although they *talked* prodigiously severe, were, in my poor opinion, (notwithstanding all the cruel things which the hard-hearted news-papers have said of them,) altogether *harmless*.

I believe, that denunciations of tyranny and of tyrants, have sometimes been called democratick rant; and the gentlemen who call them so, will point you to some scene of despotism, where the business is thoroughly done, the spirit of man fairly broken, and lashed into submission; and ask—where is the difficulty? They go willingly to their labour and sing at it, and all is quiet; yes, quiet enough; and so are the streets of Herculaneum;—that is the very thing: if its victims can only be brought to be quiet, if the mind can be paralyzed, and the heart withered, despotism asks no more.

Look at the government of China, for instance, a perfect despotism where there are but two classes, the *drivers* and the *driven*. Here, every thing goes on, as regular as the movement of the most perfect machine—and it has so remained we know not how long. * And has man here attained to any thing like the perfection of his nature? Have they any thing of fancy? They have not; and the light of science is dim among them. Would you see “the po-

* “The bamboo reigns in China, and the son of heaven (as the Emperour calls himself,) for the most trivial fault, flogs the mandarins—who in their turn flog the people”—and *they* flog their wives, and *they* flog their children and sometimes drown them, and so they have it all ’round—and this, say the Jesuit missionaries, is the best government in the world!

“Fair is foul, and foul is fair”
said the weird hag, and to her, it was so.

ets eye in fine frenzy rolling," or the look intense of abstract speculation, seek them not there :—it is true, they can cut, and they can carve, and they can paint, if you give them a model, and that is all.

“ Cold is the heart, poor Greece, that looks on *thee*

“ Nor feels as lovers, o’er the dust they loved.

Here is a country, *think* of her as she *was*, *look* at her as she *is*, and see what freedom will do.

My subject has as many branches as an old puritanical sermon in the days of Oliver Cromwell, and I must therefore trim them the faster.

Another happy feature in the fair face of our Country, is, that the tongue, and the pen, and the press, are free. I believe that any man who ever went to a town-meeting, or read a single news-paper, can have no doubt of this ; and we have all felt what a marvellous consolation it is, when we get angry with a neighbour, to have the privilege of talking it out ; and besides we get over it the sooner. And the tongue or the pen, I think, are much better conductors of wrath, than the knife and the stiletto :—which latter instruments are said to be much in use in some countries, where they scold less than we do. But seriously speaking ; what is the freedom of the press ? Is it that every man may abuse his neighbour to his heart’s content, and with impunity ? By no means ; that were licentiousness. It is that every man may write and print what he pleases *without leave first obtained of any body*. And if any one feels himself injured, he makes his complaint, and the matter is determined between the parties, by their friends and neighbours ; which is all right. But what is the free-

dom of the press again? Is it, that every man may abuse the *government* as much as he pleases? Right or wrong, it seems, we all claim this privilege, and are sometimes perhaps not over delicate in the exercise of it. But, if what we say against them be true, why it *ought* to be said: if false, the evil will probably correct itself; and the truth, in our country, is no libel, though it be in some others.—At any rate, a free press is better than a restricted one: as a fertile soil is better than a barren rock; for though the soil produce some weeds, they may be plucked out—but the rock produces nothing. It may be amusing at least to take a glance at the state of the press in some other countries. In Spain, its *freedom* was, by a royal decree, not long since established, with one small restriction: that not a syllable should be written or published against the church, or the government! which was very much like one of Shakspeare's clowns, who was very desirous of hearing some musick, provided there should be no noise in it! * The successor of St. Peter, so called, has recently prohibited the circulation of all news-papers within his dominion, in which, like most of his predecessors, he seems to have been actuated by a spirit very different from that of St. Peter himself, who exhorts all men to add to their virtue, *knowledge*. But his holiness probably concluded,

* King Ferdinand “the adorable,” on being told of a certain man whom one of the tribunals had sentenced to four years imprisonment, for having promoted political discussions, exclaimed, “What! only four years imprisonment for a wretch who has presumed to speak in public on politicks!” and immediately sentenced the man to be hanged—which fact shews the energy of Monarchical Government.

Frederick the third, makes himself very merry, at the idea of a King's being obliged to consult his judges.

as the Saracen did, by the Alexandrian library, that if the news-papers agreed with the church, they were useless; if they differed from it, impious. The press in our own country is just where it should be. We can print and read whatever we please; sense or nonsense, (and doubtless do, much of both.)

“From Dryden’s fables, down to Durfey’s tales;”
From Shakspeare and Hume and Gibbon, down to professor M’Kean’s continuation of the history of England * between which I should say there was space enough to include almost every thing.

I was next to speak of freedom of conscience; the best kind of freedom in the world—and to the efforts of tyrants for its curtailment, the world owes more of its miseries, than to any other cause.

That every man should be allowed to worship his Maker, in the way which seems to *him* most reasonable and acceptable, is so plain a dictate of nature, that one would not believe he had ever been refused the privilege, had we not terrible demonstration to the contrary. We have all heard much, (some rant and some reason,) of state religion: I am about to speak of it: and I trust that all my hearers will be so charitable, (if christians they will,) as not to accuse me of glancing at Religion itself; which accusation, I believe, is sometimes, by certain characters, brought against those who speak of its *abuses* only.

* Or (“Horresco dum refero,”) I might say, *the book you are now reading.*

The Christian Religion is one, and state establishments, another.* And the church which hath for its head an earthly king, is very different from that which hath an heavenly. Let it be observed too, that in speaking on this subject, I do not mean to reflect on any particular denomination; because, in some country or other, *that* denomination may be the established one; for where it takes others by the hand, and is on an equality with them, it may be unexceptionable: In a word, I know how to distinguish between the cedar of Lebanon, and the canker that frets it.

To bring this subject home to our understandings and our feelings, and see what would be its bearing on *ourselves*, (which is the best way of trying any cause,) let us

* To a pious, but unreflecting mind, there is something very imposing, in the idea of incorporating religion with government; and making it essential, for every officer under the government, to be a professor of religion. If a *professor of religion*, and a *religious man*, were always the same; if governments had it in their power to convert people, and make good *christians* of them; I am sure, I should have no objection: but as it happens, they have no such power—they can only make *hypocrites*!

“ Oft, with the semblance of devotion’s visage,

“ Men sugar o’er the dev’l himself.”

And I think, that religion has been more injured, by the abuses which are the necessary result of *establishments*, than by all the efforts of professed infidels. When (for instance) unreflecting people, behold a known profligate, joining in the most solemn ordinances of religion, they will be led to indifference or contempt for religion itself. “The tree is known by its fruit.” The history of the world is before us, and justifies the opinion, that religious establishments, may join hands with “plague, pestilence, and famine:”—from all of which “Good Lord, deliver us.”

suppose a religious establishment to exist in our own country. Had I a poet's talent, I would work up the scene, so that it should startle you ; and that without a poet's license.

In making our supposition, no matter what the established sect may be. There is (or was) one which originated from a gentleman named Lodowic Muggleton. From which circumstance, his followers call themselves **MUGGLETONIANS**. Suppose theirs to be the established religion of America ; and the oddness of the name notwithstanding, it has just as good a right to be established as any ; though all acquainted with the sect, will see that I make some suppositions, which its tenets do not authorise—and a Muggletonian Arch-Bishop is but an anomalous kind of animal, after all. But no matter—suppose the Muggletonians comfortably seated, and mark the consequence.

We are all quietly engaged in our different vocations. The mechanick, the merchant, each in his office ; the farmer in his field ; all usefully and honourably employed : we hear the noise of chariots and of horsemen—we look up—and there comes a splendid pageant—who is it ?—It is the Arch-Bishop. For what has he come ? He has come to take cognisance of schism and of heresy—he has come to *look at us*—he has come to see who are preaching and praying here and thereabouts, and *what* they are preaching—he has come to bid them cease—he has come to tell us that the State has prescribed a religion good enough for any body—that he, (and he would but repeat what has been often said before) that he who will not believe, or be villain enough to profess without believing it, is but an im-

perfect member of the state, and as such must submit to a curtailment of his privileges. He performs his errand, and rolls away again in splendour: and I think all *but the Muggletonians* would say, good riddance to him. Well—the day declines—the mechanick leaves his shop, the farmer his field—he sits at his door, and enjoys the sweet wind of the evening, and *rests* himself. Along comes the tything man. What does *he* want? He wants a tenth of that for which you have been toiling to day; he wants the greater tythes, and the lesser tythes; he wants every tenth bushel of your corn, every tenth sheaf of your wheat, every tenth of your hay, and of your poultry, and of your fruit; and a commutation for a tenth of the grass your cattle consume: he wants all this and must have it. But, for what? says the farmer. To support the established church. But says the farmer, I have nothing to do with the established church: I am a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Congregationalist, or an Episcopalian—I am no Muggletonian. No matter, the established church *must* be supported, and you *must* help support it. Did you not witness the splendid style of the Arch-Bishop? *—Go,

* The number of the established clergy in England, is estimated at about 20,000; and I think that some of our itinerants, who look like starved weazels, (for in this wicked world, a man may starve on honesty,) I think they would cast a longing look at the *comfortable livings*, of some of the aforesaid gentlemen, that is, provided, the itinerants could contrive to smother conscience; (which is but an unruly animal, and often jumps out and barks at a man, when on the road to preferment; and as the Caledonian poet says of some black eye, he had seen,

“————— it’s like a hawk,

“An’ it winna let a body be.”)

But to the point. The Archbishop of Canterbury, receives annually the pretty little sum of \$ 35,520

farmer, and look at his palace and the things appertaining thereunto, and tell me how all *that* can be supported without the liberal contributions of all denominations? Let those who *like*, support it, (says the farmer :) I do not. The Apostles went on foot—and the good old Patriarch Jacob was a “plain man, dwelling in tents.” This is the way the farmer argues, but the tything-man knocks it all down in a minute. Hark you farmer. (says he) this is not a point to be argued: know, that the church and state are leagued together; and if you are refractory, the civil power will step in and bring you to your bearings. So it

Archbishop of York, - - - - -	31,080
Bishop of Durham, - - - - -	38,620
Bishop of Winchester, - - - - -	32,850
Bishop of London, - - - - -	27,550

and so on.

The number of the established clergy in Spain, was, in the year 1787, one hundred & eighty eight thousand, six hundred and twenty-five; besides 61,617 Monks, 32,500 Nuns, and 2,705 of those *killing* little beauties, called Inquisitors. I find, by comparing these numbers with the population of Spain, that the same ratio would *stock* the good town of Bristol in the manner following: viz: Forty-nine Priests; which would be enough to satisfy even Lyman Beecher; eight Nuns; which would be enough to satisfy—any reasonable man: sixteen Monks; which would devour every thing in town, people and all, in a fortnight: and one Inquisitor; which would be equal to sixteen roaring lions.

According to Dr. Morse, who *knows about these things*, the income of the Archbishop of Toledo is \$ 400,000, and that of the Patriarch of PORTUGAL \$ 484,500 per year—what a Patriarch!!—These people call themselves the Shepherds of the flock! and like the shepherds of Arcadia, they now and then sing *pastorals*, in which they give the sheep much good instruction about meekness, and humility! and teach them to shun the vanities of this wicked world and all that.

ends : and the farmer pays his tythes with all the good nature which might naturally be expected on such an occasion. Thus, have I, though but faintly, pictured a very few of the evils of state religion in its very mildest form. Would you see the monster flush with horrors “fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell”—you may find him in the dungeons of the inquisition: there, throned on a bloody rack, he rolls an eye that weeps not—wears a face that smiles not—and feasts on mangled limbs and broken hearts:—his *glance* lights up the death fire—his *breath* kindles it to wrath—and his adamant heart leaps in hellish rapture, at the agonies of the expiring heretic! this is not the work of fancy; it has been all inflicted, all suffered, below; and all witnessed above: Nor is it a mere tale of other times. The monster received a wound, we had hoped it deadly;* but the wound is healing; he has been alive and active, and that lately too;—*Mokrellos!* they pronounced thee an heretick, for thou believedst that the worm might turn when trodden on; thou believedst that the sun, and air, and skies, were common; that he who formed of one blood all nations of men, had never ordained that millions should tremble at the frown of one—and for this they murdered thee;—the blood of the martyrs, it is well said, was the seed of the church:—nourished by thine, may the tree of South-American liberty, spring with new vigour, yielding its fragrance and its fruit to all who love them; but like the fabled upas,

* The Inquisitors were not long since, sadly interrupted, by a certain meddling little gentleman with a great cocked hat—and (as Robert Burns says)

“Full weel I wai, they’ll *gladly* miss him
 “That’s owre the sea.”

may it exhale what shall blight all who approach to feel it :
even now it is going on :

See ! conquest, exulting ascends her bright car,
And look ! by her side sits the brave Bolivar.

Let the awful vision of what others suffer, teach us to appreciate, what we enjoy : but let not our attachment (no matter how ardent) to our own institutions, curl itself up into bigotry. As the good christian feels himself bound to love the deluded votaries of Mahomet or of Brahma ; so should the good republican love and pity the millions who sicken under the oppressor's wrong : but just as much complacency as the christian can bring himself to feel toward Mahomet, the impostor ; just so much should the republican feel toward the tyrants and oppressors of mankind. But let us be ready to meet even them.—
Come down ! take, *you*, your sceptre, *you*, your mitre, and *you*, your triple crown, and put them in the fire together ! 'Then, sir, "Your hand, my friend and brother," but until then,

“ Man is *man*, and who is more !”

On the continent of Europe, and within one year, the rights of man have seen a dreadful outrage ; a king, forced on a nation, at its own expence, and against its own wishes ! * However appropriate to the occasion, we must

* I believe, no one doubts that the Frenchmen were made to pay for their deliverance ; and that, roundly too, considering it was what they never *call'd for*. I have sometimes thought, that the history of the restoration of the Bourbons, if thrown into a familiar dramatic form, would stand as follows :

Messrs. A. and B. meet their neighbour, C. in the street, and thus accost him :

Cousin, we have for sometime thought that your chin is

leave this subject. Yet, in passing the tombs of the martyrs, who would not linger for a moment at them? Lebedoyere, at thine! Ney! freemen have a tear for thee! and it is not forgotten that the tears and prayers of woman, offered for thee, (like the dew on the mountain rock) fell unavailing, on the heart of a * glutton and a brute!

too long to look handsome, and shall therefore, out of pure regard, take you to yonder grindstone, and grind off a small piece of it.

Gentlemen, I thank ye as much as if ye did—but am very well pleased with my chin as it is; and you will have the goodness therefore to spare yourselves the trouble.

That is but idle talk neighbour, and you will therefore walk up and be ground, and the more quietly, the better for yourself.

So they drag him up, and after-grinding to their heart's content, the discourse proceeds:

There sir, you look one hundred per cent. the better: and you will now have the goodness to pay the grinders.

Pay the grinders!!—the d—— may pay the grinders for all me:—here I am, almost mad with pain, and fainting with the loss of blood,—and all for you—and now—

Good brother of ours, you may as well stop where you are—and we will just take you down, and help ourselves to what odd change you may happen to have in your pockets: high times indeed, if such worthy disinterested people as ourselves are to trim your extremities for nothing! you being at the same time but an *atheist* and a *frag-eater*! and furthermore, we shall put up at your house a spell; so that if your chin happen to sprout again, we may be ready to take it down: and in the mean time you will see that the larder is well supplied; for they that work must eat.

* The expenses of the ten months first reign of Louis XVIII. in the *eating department* alone, exceeded one entire year of Bonaparte's household expenses, immediately after his marriage with Maria Louisa, which, as regarded family matters, was the most expensive year of his whole

“ She who sits, a smiling bride,

“ By valours arm'd and awful side

Mercy—had no charms for the Bourbon !

“ Cowards are cruel, but the brave

“ Love mercy, and delight to save.

Lavallette !—O ! how rich a repast was anticipated in thy blood ; and how were the vultures disappointed !—Thou hadst thy doom ; thy day was fixed ; and thou wast left to anticipate in darkness and in loneliness the “ last sad refuge, from the storm of fate !” But *an angel ministered unto thee !* and thy bonds were loosed, and thy prison doors were opened :—Escaped from Sodom, may this yet be thy Zoar !

But here too, freedom has had her martyrs, or we were not free ; and the service of the day were but imperfect, did not the ritual bring them to view. Our freedom was the

“ Child of danger, nurseling of the storm.”

Is she lovely? (and we have seen that she is,) what owe we not to the heroes who shielded her infancy, watched her through all her perils, and warded off the violator ? Let it ever be remembered, that whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely in the institutions of our country, we owe them, under heaven, to the valour and the wisdom of our fathers—the one prepared the ground,

reign. I know of a poor mad-man who devoured a cat, and a skim milk cheese, and two raw cabbages, all at a meal ! And a grave historian tells of another, who ate a whole ox at once, and picked his teeth with the horns !—But some kings that I know of, would match either of them.

on which the other, erected a fabrick of glory : the one, achieved our independence, the other, (in the formation of that all but perfect instrument, the American Constitution,) empowered us to preserve it.

Would you think, the thing most dear to you, (whatever it may be,) any where, more safe, than in your own possession? and the charter of your liberties is there. The freedom which is precarious, which exists at the will of another, is none at all. Had you a master, to day, he *might* smile ; to-morrow, he might lower ! As it is, you may keep your liberties, or imitate the base Judean, “who threw a pearl away, richer than all his tribe.”

How are our liberties to be preserved ? To be preserved, they must be loved : to love them, we must think much and often of them : what we think not of, we cannot love much : for what we love not, we will not venture much : for what we love, all ! When a beloved object is in peril, we are all alive. We must love our country : like the sons of Sparta, whom “ Applauding freedom lov’d of old to view,” we should lose our individuality, identify ourselves with, and consider ourselves but as component parts of her. She deserves our love ; for, *take her for all in all, the world has never seen her like before* : Every thing that appertains to her, we should love ; her natural, as well as moral traits, her scenery, her mountains, her rivers, her fields and woodlands, and her LAKES ! And, THESE we well may love ; for sublime are the associations connected with them :—The eagle proudly sails over

their bosoms ; every billow that laves their shores, would seem to fancy, murmuring as it breaks—VICTORY ! to the “star-spangled banner ;” GLORY ! to the heroes who achieved it !

If our hearts be duly swayed with this love of country, the other civic virtues will there find a place ; for the virtues, like the graces, and the muses, are social. If we love our country, we shall be united : and of the importance of union, I need scarcely speak ; for one hath spoken, whom to disregard, were almost sacrilege ! Listen to the voice of Washington ; for it was his dying voice !—“ Union is the main pillar in the edifice of your independence ; the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.” Thus important was union in the estimation of Washington. And should his spirit now appear before us, what could it say, that should be more impressive ? Let us not trample on the grave of Washington ; for it is a fearful thing ! Let us be united : but, in what ? In opinion, in all its minutiae ? no ; that is impossible ; and were it possible, were scarce desirable ;—to say yes, to every man’s yes, and no, to every man’s no, were but insipid. Nor were it wholesome. “The Spartan Legislator appears to have sown the seeds of variance among his countrymen ; he meant that good citizens should be led to dispute ; he considered emulation as the brand by which our virtues are kindled ;—and seemed to apprehend, that a submission of opinion without examination, is a principal source of corruption *.” and he understood his

* Plutarch, as quoted by Ferguson.

calling. Let us, in the first place, all take for granted our fallibility, and then, form our opinions as well as we can, and submit them, as a candid artist would his picture, and thank the man who will point out a fault; and until it is pointed out, and plainly, never retract. But here is a sacred duty: our opinions should not be born of passion, nor nurtured by prejudice; * but the offspring of reflection, and of candid enquiry: and here, did time permit, I might expatiate on the importance of knowledge, in a popular government. Tyrants, love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil! † But it is in light, that the tree of liberty must flourish, if at all.

* Of the two, passion is better than prejudice—passion is at worst, but a thunder squall, that comes up, and rattles, and passes away;—but prejudice is more like one of your ill-looking north-easters, that lasts almost forever, & blows—& blows, in the sweet face of nature, and deadens all her hues, & all harmonies:—for heaven's sake good reader let you and I shun prejudice; for she is as ugly as the foul fiend, and curls a man all up in a heap:—“What can *he* be?” says prejudice—“for he does not think as I do.” Candour, with a sweet smile, once asked her if she was not fallible?—and she was mad, and turned upon her heel.

† The famous Cardinal Richlieu, who was prime minister of France in the beginning of the 17th century, left behind him a book called a Political Testament; in which he observes, that “subjects with knowledge, sense or reason, are as monstrous as a beast with an hundred eyes, and that such a beast would never bear its burden peaceably. The people must be hoodwinked, or rather blinded if you would have them tame and patient drudges: in short you must treat them every way like pack-horses or mules, not excepting the bells about their necks; which by their perpetual jingling, may be of use to drown their cares.” This is candid, to say the least of it.

In darkness, it droops and dies : * But after all, we cannot think alike ; we can only unite in object ; we can all have the good of our country at heart ; though we may differ in the means of effecting it.

It is a delicate question, how far opposition to established government, is justifiable ; the believers in legitimate monarchy (so called) say not at all : † They tell us that the subject has but one duty—submission : and that whenever the legitimate sovereign—(like the man in the play,) shall say, please to walk out and be hung Master Bernardine, why, Master Bernardine has noth-

* Another very good thing for the state, is MOTION. “Keep moving,” says young Rapid, in the play ; and he is correct ;

“By ceaseless action, all that is, subsists,” says the poet. Let every man have something to do, and know how to handle some kind of tool ; a hoe, or a hatchet, or a pen, or a trowel, or something else ; and this, none the less, because he can get a dinner without it : for in my poor thought, the only difference, between an idle gentleman and an idle ragamuffin, is, that the one wears a clean bib and tucker, and the other not. Let it be remembered that “every subject of commendation is an effort.” “The men,” says Joel Barlow, (speaking of the situation of France, at an happy era, ere she was plagued with a species of vermin called “deliverers,” “the men who were formerly Dukes and Marquises, are now exalted to farmers, manufacturers, and merchants.”

† “Qui veut le roi—si veut la loi” the will of the king, is the will of the law, was a *maxim of law* in France before the revolution. If I mistake not, Sir William Scott, on a certain occasion, spoke much after the same sort : “In our decisions,” says he, “we are to be governed by the laws of nations ; but we are bound to believe, that the orders of the king in council, are always consistent with the laws of nations !”

ing to do but quietly to obey him. But we think differently : and all have, what some, (as I suppose,) might call wild notions, on this subject ; we all hold, that cases may occur, in which, people are justified in a forcible opposition to the powers that be : and the only question on which we can differ, is, *what those cases are*. Since we have got over our hurry and fermentation a little, and have settled down in some sort, perhaps it might be wholesome, in this “piping time of peace” and leisure, to betake ourselves to the enquiry, whether such an one has ever occurred in our own country : whether our magistrates, elected by a vast majority of the citizens, and citizens themselves, have, ever inflicted on us, and of course on themselves, evils, which were so pressing, as to require any other than the regular constitutional remedy ?

Again, how are our liberties to be preserved ? By good morals in the people : the deductions of reason, and the declarations of scripture, teach us alike, that national prosperity will be commensurate with national purity : and the experience of the world demonstrates, that as righteousness exalteth a nation, so vice is the pioneer that smooths the way for ruin. Thus important are morals : and whence have they their spring ? Whence, but from **that fountain** which springeth up into everlasting life ? To speak of the *higher attributes* of religion, is for others, more capable, more worthy, than I am. I will only view her, and that but briefly, in her moral and political bearing on a nation : and here, religion is all important ; divested of the gaudy cincture which (too pure, too lovely for them) craft and knavery have too often forced upon her, unmasked—her smile is of heaven, and the nation

which meets it, is exalted, refined, and blessed. Bad as we are, in this our day and generation, and that is bad enough, it is an unquestionable fact, that the standard of morals, is now much higher, than it was among the most enlightened, ere that star arose,

“Which was the star of Bethlehem;” *

and that standard is now highest, where that star is least obscured: though its beam scarce pierce the mist which the sorcerers have flung before it, yet still the light is lovely, and where it falls, there comes a bloom. Then, even though it concerned not our eternal happiness as men, yet, as patriots, we were bound to respect religion.

It is on love of country, union, knowledge, morals, and religion (or chiefly these,) that our arch of empire is pilared.

It is by their opposites; avarice, selfishness, discord, ignorance, vice, and infidelity, that it may be undermined and destroyed.

Let us shun them all.

The course laid out, has thus been imperfectly traversed.

Citizen-Soldiers of the Artillery Corps.

It is at your courteous request, that I offer this humble effort. I would fain (in your military capacity) address myself to you: but what can I say, that shall not be in-

* For an account of the theology, and morals of many ancient nations, see the 1st chapter of Mosheims ecclesiastical history; look particularly at the quotation from Ovid, 28th page.

pertinent? A pedant once discoursed to Alexander on the theme of war, and *he laughed at him*. Shall I speak of the soldier's duties, to those who understand them so much better than I do? of *his* honours, whom all, but recreants, delight to honour? of *his* merits, on whom, our country, in her perilous hour, casts the first look, that rests on earth?—Are our liberties dear? we must *love* the soldier; for, under God, to him we owe them. Does our national escutcheon, * like some fair, and new-formed plan-

* And yet, there is a stain upon it:—But, God knows, the soldier did not place it there. I dreamed that the Genius of a vast continent, sat on Mount Atlas, and wept, and wailed, as he looked abroad upon the wilds—and “Oh!” said he “if there be in the wide world, one object more inconsistent than all the rest, it is the *American*, the *Republican* who is a *master*; who in one hand, flaunts forth his *Declaration of Independence*, and in the other, wields a scourge for his fellow man—“all men are created equal,” thus he reads—“go slave, and do this,”—thus he *says*.

For the *individual*, there is no apology;—for the *country* there is one;—the system originated ere her independence; perhaps it must expire gradually; perhaps she has done all she can do:—“Auspicious day be born,” when it can no more be said,

“That man, whose heaven erected face,

“The smiles of love adorn;

“Man's inhumanity to man,

“Makes countless thousands mourn.

Thus spake the Genius; and I thought him, on the whole, a very well spoken person: And *speaking of the blackamoors*, it is fact, that notwithstanding their noses be outrageously flat, and their heads all woolly, and though they sometimes all get together,

“And round about the cauldron go”

“To raise the whole town, and almost, old Beelzebub himself, if it were, yet, a body can't help thinking that a man is a man, and a woman a woman, though she be black and homely as sin; that we are all going the same way, &

et, now draw the admiring gaze of millions? we must love the soldier; for by his hand, was it dipt in glory. While the little Saranac, still sparkling, meets her lake; while Niagara thunders, and Mississippi rolls, we *must* love the soldier. In the just and glorious war, which achieved—in the war no less just and glorious, (for if but in justice to the fallen brave, I must call it so,) in the war, which confirmed our independence, the deeds of the

when we get to the end of the journey, the *complexion* of the *soul* will be the main point!—After awaking from my dream, I took “as is my custom” to blowing bubbles of fancy—(at once, the *most pleasing*, and the *least lucrative* business in the world :) suppose (thought I) that on the morning of the day which gave us independence, some sturdy republican, awakened by the pealing of bells, and thunder of cannon, should rouse from his slumber, and march forth to enjoy the goodly scene, in all the majesty of freedom:—“How sweet” says he “is liberty—alas! for the world—and a plague on all tyrants!” the slave is not up yet; he approaches the thatched cabin, but not to sing—

“Rise lady fair, and braid thine hair

“And rouse thee in the breezy air—

It is quite another song—“get up fellow—go gather me fruit—go build me a bower, where I may repose at noon-tide—I will enjoy myself, for it is the birth day of freedom”; he goes, but droopingly, and mutters—“not of mine—”

“Allow me once to speak” says he; “where is the *compact* between you and me? and by what authority do you command me?”—

“You are mine, for I bought you!”—

“Bought me! and who sold me? did God sell me, and who else had the right? and what *none* had the right to sell, *you* had no right to buy.”

The conversation ended, the slave went to his *labour*, the master to his *feast*, where in right gleeful mood he drank “perdition to tyrants, and equal rights to all *man-kind*.”

soldier, were such, that to forget them, we were duller, than the “fat weed that rots on Lethe’s wharf.” I might say, that of the means of preserving our liberties, an attention to military discipline and science is among the first: but of this, it would seem, you are already sensible.

With respect to *offensive* wars, with honest men, there can be but one opinion; that they are always wicked; but, the mere act of declaring war, makes not that war an offensive one; to be such, it must have been declared *wantonly* and without reason. And it might be supposed, that of *defensive* wars, there could be but one opinion;—but it is not so; some will tell us (honestly, I believe, but doubt, if wisely) that if the fabrick of our liberties tremble before the might of the invader, no arm must be extended for its support; but that we are quietly to sit, and see it fall.* To this we cannot agree. And (in reference to *defensive wars* alone) will say with David, “blessed be the Lord, who teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight.”

Fellow-Citizens, I have spoken long, perhaps you are impatient, and I will close. We have enjoyed the day, in anticipation, we enjoy it present; may it so pass, that, in reflection, we may still enjoy it: and may it ever re-

* “Our beloved country is surrounded by enemies, of the most dangerous character; collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries, are multiplying around us—instead of discouraging a martial spirit in my opinion, it ought to be excited—we have hardly enough of it to defend us by sea or by land.”

John Adams’ letter to the “Peace Society.”

turn to us, and to those who shall come after us, still finding our beloved country, FREE and HAPPY ; and may the nations, now sitting in the darkness of tyranny, ere long, behold the light of liberty, and be bless'd with such a day as this.