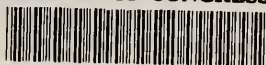


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Fac-simile of Washington's hand writing.

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20 Nov 1700
us. - and while there are so many mo-
tives, & views, to bring them into action
we may wish for, but with reverence
the accomplishment of it. - With
respect - I am - Rev^d Sir

Your most obed^t & affⁿ forward

G. Washington

The Rev^d Mr Weems.

THE PHILANTHROPIST;

OR

Political Peace-maker

BETWEEN

ALL HONEST MEN OF BOTH PARTIES.

WITH THE RECOMMENDATION PREFIXED

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON,

IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING.

BY M. L. WEEMS,

LODGE No. 50, DUMFRIES.

God prosper long these sister states,
In union, health, and peace;
And grant henceforth that quarrels vile
'Twixt feds and dems may cease.
Nor Gaul nor Brit need dear Columbia rue,
If but *Columbia to herself be true.*

THE TENTH EDITION. PRICE 25 CENTS.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY T. & G. PALMER,

1809.

No 2
Mount Vernon 29 Aug 1799

Rev^d Sir,

I have been duly favored
with your letter of the 20th instant - accom-
panying "The Philanthropist"

For your politeness in sending
the latter, I pray you to receive my best
thanks. - Much indeed is it to be wished
that the sentiments contained in the
pamphlet, and the doctrine it endea-
vors to inculcate, were more prevalent
.- Happy would it be for this country
at least, if they were so. - But while
the passions of Mankind are under
so little restraint as they are among
us. - and while there are so many mo-
tives, & views, to bring them into action
we may wish for, but will never see
the accomplishment of it. - With
respect - I am - Rev^d Sir

Your most obed^t & aff^l Servant

The Rev^d Mr Weems

G. Washington

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DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT :

Be it remembered, that on the first day of January, in the thirty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1809, (L. S.) M L. Weems, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit :

[See title-page.]

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled, " An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to the act intituled " An act supplementary to an act, intituled, ' An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,

Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQUIRE,

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Most honoured general,

SCARCELY was I delivered of this young republican Philanthropist, before I began, according to good christian usage, to look about for a suitable god-father for it. My thoughts, presumptuously enough, I confess, instantly fixed upon you, for *two* reasons: First, I was desirous of paying to you (the first benefactor of my country) this little mite of grateful and affectionate respect; and, secondly, because I well know there exists not, on this side of heaven, the man who will more cordially than *general Washington* approve of whatever tends to advance the harmony and happiness of Columbia.

God, I pray him, grant! that you may long live to see us *all* catching from your fair example that reverence for the Eternal Being, that veneration for the laws, that infinite concern for the *national union*, that unextinguishable love for our country, and that insuperable contempt of pleasures, of dangers, and of death itself, in its service and defence, which have raised you to immortality, and which alone can exalt us to be a GREAT and HAPPY REPUBLIC.

On the square of Justice, and on the scale of Love, I remain, most honoured general, your very sincere friend, and masonic brother,

M. L. WEEMS.

THE PHILANTHROPIST;

OR

POLITICAL PEACE-MAKER.

“ In life’s disastrous scenes, to others do
“ What you would wish by others done to you.
“ Winds! wide o’er earth the SACRED LAW convey;
“ Ye nations, hear it, and, ye kings, obey !”

DARWIN.

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL.

“ *SOHO! what the plague have we got here now? All men equal! All men equal!!! What, my overseer equal to me! Here’s a pretty love powder for us, truly. An arrant dose of jacobinism, I’ll warrant it, sufficient to poison the nation.*”

This is just what I apprehended ; for some gentlemen, the moment they hear mention of *equality*, fancy they see a host of hungry sans-culottes in full march for desolation, *equalling* all *property*, levelling all distinctions, knocking down kings, clapping up beggars, and waving the tri-coloured flag of anarchy, confusion, and wretchedness over the ruins of happiness and order.

From *such equality*, good Lord, deliver us ! But the equality now in question is as different from that, as is a “ *spirit of heaven, from a goblin damned.*”

It is an equality of *mutual dependence*, of *civil obligation*, of *social affection*, of *dutiful obedience* to the *laws*, and of harmonious co-exertion to make ourselves and our country happy.

When I say that all men are equal, I allude not to the endowments of mind or body. For, whether we consider the size, strength, and activity of the latter, or the wit, memory, and other faculties of the former, there is certainly a surprizing inequality among men.

As to *size*, some are *dwarfs**, mere pigmies, hardly a match for cranes ; while others, the *giant*† sons of earth, lift their mighty forms, terrible to look on.

As to *strength*, some are so very feeble, that the weight of a grasshopper is burthensome ; while others, like Samson among the Hebrews, or Peter Francisco‡ among ourselves, possess a degree of bodily force that is truly astonishing.

* Of dwarfs there have been numbers ; but Baby, the little Frenchman, born in 1741, is the most remarkable. At his birth, he weighed but a pound and a quarter, and was for some time rocked in a large slipper, by way of cradle. When full grown, he was just 29 inches tall, healthy, handsome, and well proportioned. At 22 he died of extreme old age !

† As to giants, both Ireland and Patagonia have produced a great many, 7, 8, and 9 feet high ; but Goliath of Gath out-gianted all these by far ; for he measured upwards of 11 feet, *straight rabbit*.

‡ This extraordinary man has been known to lift a cannon of 1500 weight, and to throw a stout bully over the pales of a garden with great ease. He was at the famous battle of the Eutaw springs, where the gallant Williams, who led the host of Columbia, being knocked down, the British grenadiers endeavoured to dispatch him on the ground. The Americans and Irish defended him with great bravery, and dreadful was the clashing of the bayonets over our prostrate hero. He was soon covered with the dead bodies of the combatants falling on him. Peter, being an officer, had no other weapon than a heavy cutlass, with which, however, he got a blow a-piece at four grenadiers. Every blow was ready money to old Charon.

As to *activity*, some men*, swift-footed as the roe-buck, can bound across the fields with the motion of the winds, scarcely injuring the tender grass in their rapid course ; while others, snail slow in progress, can scarcely drag their torpid limbs along.

As to *health*, some, blest with constitutions of steel, hardly know what sickness means, as was the case of a Mrs. Blackeney, an English lady, who on her death-bed declared, that, during a life of eighty years, she had never felt even a pain of the head ! while others, enervated by sloth, strong drink, or strong tea, can seldom get through a whole day without making dreadful complaints.

And as to *long life*, millions return to the dust almost as soon as they are awakened out of it ; while others, like superannuated Strulbrugs, live till they are quite tired of living : witness Thomas Parr, an old English ploughman, who lived to see ten kings and queens rise and fall from the throne of England ! Such bubbles are kings compared to cheerful labourers ! He died, aged 153 years. Old Henry Jenkins (of Bolton, England) went a good way beyond Parr, for he lived 169 years. Both of these veterans were honest, temperate, hard-working, poor men.

As to *beauty*, some have so much of heaven in their looks, that a single glance is enough to electrify with delight every nerve in our frames, and to throw our leaping hearts into the sweetest palpitation ; while others are so slightly touched with this divine magnetism, that they attract none of our iron race, but are at full liberty to point towards heaven, and make angels their admirers.

“ E’en crosses from our Maker’s hand
Are blessings in disguise.”

Equally great is the difference between different persons, in the powers and qualities of their minds.

As to *courage*, some, like the war-horse, rejoice at the sound of the trumpet, and plunge with eagerness into the

* For example, colonel Daniel Boon, the settler of Kentucky, who, in his flight from the Indians, ran upwards of 150 miles in 36 hours.

thickest battle, declaring, with the mad-cap king of Sweden, that no music equals the whistling of bullets; while others, like delicate court ladies, fall into a tremor at the sight of an unloaded gun.

As to *understanding*, some are so very dull, that it is a hard matter to teach them a sum in the rule of three; while others quickly drink dry the shallow fountains of human knowledge, and then boldly strike out into the main ocean of the Almighty's works. Witness our great Rittenhouse, of whom it was well said by the vice-president of the United States, that, "*though he never made a world, yet he came nearer to it than any other man ever did.*" And witness, too, our sage Franklin, who, though brought up a poor printer's boy, soon learnt the art to direct the thunderbolts of heaven, and to bid fierce lightnings play harmlessly about our buildings. "E cœlo fulmen eripuit, sceptraque tyrannis."

As to *eloquence*, some, like our famous Patrick Henry, can lead the passions of men about, with as much ease as a countryman calls his pigs after him; while another hardly has diction sufficient to ease his thumping heart to a pretty milk-maid.

As to *humanity*, one is so tender hearted, that, like the amiable Yorick, he can say to a little captive fly, "*go, poor thing, there is, surely, room enough in this great world for you and me*"; while another can pickle the raw hide of a poor slave for breaking a tea-cup!!

As to *benevolence*, *this*, like the man of Ross, will sell his elegant pictures and plate, to assist his distressed tenant; while *that* will distress his tenant, selling even the bed from under his sick wife and children, to raise money for gaudy pictures and plate.

Thus there appears a most surprising *inequality* between men, both in mind and body; an inequality almost as great as that between angels and men, or between men and children. This *inequality* is so very striking, that some, when told that all men are equal, burst into a hearty laugh, treating it as a silly French conceit. Such gentlemen will, perhaps, keep up the laugh when they

hear that this inequality among men, as *individuals*, is the very cause of their equality as a social body.

“ 'Tis mutual wants man's happiness increase,
And nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.”

That great philosopher, Paul of Tarsus, has explained this seeming paradox in a most beautiful and masterly manner. He compares the various members in the body of society to the members in the human body : “ We have all,” says he, “ *many* members, in *one* body—some of these occupy a high place, as the head ; some a low, as the feet ; some appear to enjoy great honour : the eye which sees beautiful objects, the ear which hears sweet sounds ; while others, the poor feet, are obliged to plod on the ground, liable to be bruised by stones, or defiled by dirt.” But, notwithstanding this apparently great inequality among the members, they have no just cause of pride or discontent. The foot has no reason to envy the eye, nor the eye to insult the foot. They are all *equally* dependent on one another, equally necessary to the perfection of the body, and to each other's welfare. For, what could the eyes do without the feet ? Or how could the feet do without the eyes ?

With the like admirable wisdom, God has placed together the members which compose the great body of society. Some are rich, some poor ; some wise, some ignorant ; some strong, some feeble. These, though seemingly very *unequal*, are yet perfectly equal ; in their *mutual dependence*, in their *absolute need* of one another. The *wise* are like eyes, to see for the ignorant ; the poor, like the feet, to plod ; some like the head, to contrive ; others, like the arms, to execute. Some were made to *direct* ; others to obey ; these, to labour with their heads, and those with their hands. None of these can do without the rest. As, in the body, the head cannot say to the foot, “ *I have no need of you ;*” so, in society, the richest man, nay, the greatest king cannot say to the poorest tradesman, “ *I have no need of you ;*” for the laced coat that glitters on his back, the sword which graces his side, the chariot in which he rolls, the palace

wherein he lives, the books that amuse his mind, the music that enchants his ear, *all these*, and the ten thousand other conveniences and elegances of this life are the joint production of as many different artificers. Were it not for these ingenious poor men, what would become of the greatest monarch on earth? Why, he would soon find himself a most necessitous and wretched being. To be more sensibly convinced of this, let us suppose the proudest Nebuchadnezzar that ever scoffed contempt on his poor subjects to be placed in a situation where he could derive no assistance from them, and mark the figure his haughty kingship makes. "With a flint tomahawk he hacks down a dozen or two of saplings; these he sets up on end, ties at the top, and covers with bark and mud, leaving a hole just big enough for himself and his dog to creep in and out. This is his wigwam, his castle, his palace. In the midst of this he kindles up a fire, around which he yawns and dozes away his gloomy winters, with no clothes but skins torn from the quivering limbs of wolves and bears, no food but acorns and the carcasses of such animals as he has mastered by his club and bow, no music but hissing serpents, screaming wild cats, or the storm howling through the forest."

Thus destitute is the condition, thus imperfect and miserable the state of the man who has none to help him. His abilities, though the greatest ever bestowed on man, are infinitely insufficient to procure those innumerable felicities of which his kind Creator has rendered him capable. His *body* embraces a number of senses, such as seeing, hearing, tasting, &c., which are so many pleasant inlets to a vast variety of gratifications; add to this, his *mind*, with its capacities for all the far sublimer pleasures of knowledge, virtue, beauty, painting, poetry, harmony, &c., so numerous that nature herself, with all her exhaustless treasures, can hardly supply them.

But how utterly impossible it is for an individual to acquire all these things for himself, must instantly occur to any one who considers what a world of industry, time, and ingenuity it takes to invent and carry to perfection

a single art or science : then how passing absurd to think that any one man, though armed with the strength of Samson and the wisdom of Solomon, can manage the thousand arts and sciences which exalt the citizen above the savage, which sweeten and embellish life, and which, from the most helpless of the animal creation, render man the lord of the world ! No ; this is the work, not of *one*, but of *myriads* ; a work to be effected by men, not as solitary, scattered individuals, but as the members of a compact, all-powerful society.

Let us now view them in their associated state. Convinced of their extreme feebleness while *alone*, they come together for mutual safety and benefit. The various talents which God has distributed among them *individually*, are now brought into the common stock, and exerted for the *general good*. Some contribute great bodily strength, others increase that strength by the aid of art and ingenious inventions : the old counsel the young, the wise teach the ignorant, the bold encourage the timid ; and as fifty thousand men, taken individually, have but little strength or terror, but, consolidated into an army, furnished with proper weapons, aided by discipline, and led on by brave commanders, they become unspeakably formidable : so, when the talents and strength of thousands (though insignificant in the *individual*) are collected into one great social body, aided by arts, and acting in harmonious concert, they acquire a force that is truly astonishing, and can with ease accomplish things beyond the reach of imagination. See them now, like a noble band of brothers, bending to the glorious toil. The deepest mines cannot conceal their precious metals. Furnaces and forges begin to blaze and thunder. Iron and steel are fashioned into tools. Quarries of stone and marble are dug up, and polished for buildings. The strongest animals are subdued and put into their service ; the bounding horse, the sturdy ox, and even the mighty elephant lends them all his powers. Nothing can resist their force. Old ocean roars and foams in vain. Tall ships rise upon the stocks, seek the yielding flood, and plough

the main in quest of foreign luxuries. The aged forest falls beneath their sounding axes. Elegant houses are erected; the fields are ploughed, meadows drained, and orchards planted. Adorned with fruits and with flowers, the earth smiles like the garden of God. Their barns are filled with plenty, and their presses burst out with new wine. Royal dainties, even cakes of wheat-flour, with marrow and fatness, are piled upon their tables; while their wardrobes are filled with "purple and fine linen," and with silks dyed in the richest colours of the showery arch.

Thus abundantly supplied with all the *necessaries* and *conveniences* of life, we now get leisure to cultivate the fine arts, and to taste of those far *sublimier pleasures* of which God has rendered us capable. *Painting* and *printing* are invented, by the help of which we can take a view of all the great men and mighty nations, of ancient or modern days. Their origin, governments, wars, vices, and virtues, with all their interesting consequences, are set before us, to our infinite entertainment and instruction. Music is studied; that magic art, whose wondrous notes can waken every passion of our souls, and charm *our senses* into rapture. Poetry too is cultivated; that astonishing power which transports us out of ourselves, and lifts our thoughts to heaven.

Who, without the sweetest emotions of gratitude and rejoicing can cast his eye over this immense feast, this royal banquet of delights, which the great Father has spread for us his little children? Or who can meditate, though but for a moment, on this pleasing, wondrous theme, without *feeling* that great truth, *the natural equality of men*? Does not every man, rich or poor, *equally* covet these felicities of life; and is he not, of himself, *equally* unable to procure them? Are we not *equal* in our *wants*, and *equal* in our inability to supply them without the help of others, and therefore *equally* dependent on one another? Without our brethren we can do nothing, no, not even make a hoe or a hatchet: but, united with them, supported by their ingenuity and

strength, we can look on this world, with all its rich furniture, as our own, and gratefully exclaim with the poet,

“ For us kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each plant, and blossoms every flower.
Annual for us, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew.
For us, the *mine* a thousand treasures brings,
For us, health gushes from a thousand springs.
Seas roll to waft us, suns to light us rise,
Our foot-stool earth, our canopy the skies.”

What virtuous mind can think of these things without catching impressions the most desirable, without feeling sentiments the most tender and benevolent towards his fellow-men ?

We have seen that *it is not good for man* to be alone ; that, *alone*, he is a feeble, helpless wretch, living in a world stored with ten thousand blessings, but which, Tantalus like, he has not the power to taste ; that, *alone*, he is but a poor ship-wrecked sailor cast on a desolate island, where he is hard put to it for berries and roots to keep him from starving : but that, in our *associated state*, we are like a great family of brothers, whom God has placed together as *mutual aids*, and has endued with suitable talents, giving *this* to one, and *that* to another, so that we can now most easily command all the conveniences and elegances of a happy life. O how closely ought these considerations to unite us to our species ! how powerfully do they bind it upon us to love one another. Is it not as much a law of nature that we should love one another, as it is that the members of the body should love one another ; as that the eyes should love the feet for carrying them to gaze on the dear objects of their affections ; or that the feet should love the eyes for directing them to flowery walks to ramble in ?

This endearing light, in which *Nature* herself teaches us to view one another, is enough, one would think, to banish all hateful passions from our bosoms,

and, especially, pale *heart-sickening* envy. Envy! merciful God! Whom shall we envy? Our own flesh and blood kindly multiplied into a thousand brothers, and placed round us on purpose to administer to our happiness! And for what shall we envy them? For those very talents and possessions which God has conferred on them for our *own good*, and which will be the *more* for our good, in exact proportion as they possess them in a more eminent degree. This were a sin, not only against nature, but utterly *unknown* to nature. Do the members of the body ever repine at each other's perfections? Does the foot repine because the eye is quick-sighted to see a thousand charming objects; because the ear with admirable nicety can distinguish enchanting sounds; or because the arms are strong and able to get an abundance of good things? No; they rejoice in each *other's perfections*, as in the instruments of their own glory and happiness. In like manner, ought not every member of the great body of society to rejoice in the perfections of his brother? Am I *poor*; ought I not to rejoice that God has bestowed great riches on my neighbour, who can undertake works of public usefulness, and give employment and bread to thousands of poor men and their families? Am I ignorant; ought I not to thank God for giving my neighbour wisdom to instruct me? Am I destitute of genius; utterly incapable of a line of poetry, or a bar of music; then, oh! how ought I to love those *heaven-sent* bards, Milton, Ossian, Handel, &c., whose magic fancies, like Moses' wand striking the rock, can melt our hearts, and call forth the delicious floods of admiration and delight? Am I timid and fearful, easily frightened out of my rights; ought I not to be thankful that my neighbour has *courage* to rise up in my behalf, and to defend me against him who would be too strong for me? Am I rich, never so rich; I have equal cause of gratitude that I am not left to starve amidst my piles of guineas and half-joes, but

that God has kindly placed around me thousands of poor brothers, all ready, this with his *strength*, that with his *ingenuity*; one with *this* charming art, another with *that*, to add to me all the comforts and pleasures of life? And, indeed, if I be wise, I shall thank God more cordially for distributing these talents among my brethren, than if they were all concentrated in myself. For, had I the talents to become as great a soldier as Washington, as great a statesman as Jefferson, as profound a philosopher as Franklin, as ingenious a physician as Rush; yet all these eminent talents would be of little use to me or to others, because I should not have time to *improve* them. But, distributed as now they are most wisely, among the mass of the citizens, one talent to *this*, and another to *that*, they are all cultivated to the highest perfection, and consequently prove eminently useful both to the possessor and to the public.

This endearing view of human kind, this looking on our neighbour as ourself, kindly multiplied into many members, for *mutual good*, must show us, as with the brightness of a sun-beam, what a *horrid* thing it is for one man needlessly to *hurt* another! What a most horrible abuse of God's goodness, most monstrous perversion of his blessed design, to abuse, to curse, those very talents which he gave us for blessings to one another!

That *power*, which God gave you to protect your innocent brethren, will you abuse it to overawe and to frighten them out of their rights?

That *superior genius*, which he gave you to instruct the ignorant, and to lead you to virtue and happiness, can you debase and prostitute it to the vile purposes of fraud and over-reaching?

That precious gift of *speech*, which was given you to hold sweet converse with your brethren, can you, most wickedly, abuse it to *blast* their characters, and to make their very appearance odious?

That wealth, which was given that you might be a

guardian angel to the poor, will you, like a demon, abuse it to their *corruption* and *ruin*?

That *courage*, which was lent you to defend your injured countrymen, can you, most horribly, abuse it to their destruction, in brutish battles, and worse than devilish duels?

What if you were to see the teeth tearing the flesh from the bleeding arms, or the arms stabbing and mangling the quivering body, would not the very sight freeze the blood in your veins, and fill your souls with horror? how then must it affect, how *torture* the soul of humanity, to see us men, whom God placed here to live in love, thus dreadfully abusing our powers to curse each other's existence, and to crush one another into untimely graves? Poor deluded mortals! we may call ourselves MEN OF HONOUR, but surely it will be more tolerable, in the day of judgment, for bloody savages, than for such men of honour.

This great doctrine, "the natural equality of men," founded in our *equal* wants, and *equal* inability to supply them without brotherly union and co-operation, suggests the great duty of exerting ourselves for the common benefit. He who neglects this deserves not to be called a good man, for he withholds from the community the blessings which he might confer, and, by meanly withdrawing his shoulders from the common burden, he cruelly throws too great a part of it upon others. Such a man, instead of rising, as is foolishly imagined, by such a life of idleness and dissipation, degrades himself into the condition of an ungrateful beggar, who lives upon the labours of others without making any return.

And besides, what can sink a man more, even in his own eyes, than the recollection that he has done nothing to serve his neighbours; to benefit his poor relations; to educate and establish his own children; or to advance the interest and glory of his country: in fine, that he has buried his talents; defeated the kind intentions of Heaven in bestowing them; and that, if he were cut off by death, his place would not be missed, nay, the world would be happily delivered from a useless burden?

On the other hand, what nobler satisfaction can a generous mind enjoy than in the reflection, that no day passes over his head but sees him diligently employed in promoting his own and the happiness of mankind; that he not only supplies others with many of the good things of this life, but endeavours, by his good example, to raise their joyful views to a far brighter world? An exalting consideration this, and one *equally* open to the *poor* and to *rich*: for as, in the natural body, the smallest joint, the smallest nerve and fibre, contribute to the *strength*, *elegance*, and *usefulness* of the whole; so, in the *social* body, the general peace and happiness depend on the good behaviour of the lower classes, especially as these are by far the most numerous. Hence, it is not to be doubted, that the meanest labourer, the poorest slave, who cheerfully exerts himself in the duties of his place, has a right to share, with the most exalted of the sons of men, that glorious title, the friend of mankind, and the servant of God.

This great doctrine, “the natural equality of men,” sweeps away all ground of pride from the rich, and of dejection from the poor.

Some of the great nabobs of the earth, long accustomed to the *cap-in-hand* homage of the poor, may not perhaps like to be told that there is no difference between the rich lord in his silks, and the poor blacksmith in his leather apron; no odds between the learned doctor in his velvet cap and slippers, and the unlettered ploughman in his humble fearnought.

Inconsiderate mortal! who can take airs upon yourself and despise your poor brother, because he is ignorant and you learned. You understand Latin and Greek! and can talk of comets and eclipses! and yet, after all, the cobbler is a more independent man than you are, for he can do better without your comets and eclipses, without your *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*’s, than you can without *his shoes*.

And you, my monied friend, who are pleased to suppose yourself quite independent of mechanics and tradesmen, worth a host of blacksmiths, butchers, and

bakers, &c. ; suppose these good people were all to rise up in wrath, and swear by their sledge-hammers, awls, and ovens, that you should have no more meat, bread, nor clothes ; no more elegant houses, carpets, or plate, what would become of you ? Unable, like them, to work, and yet ashamed to beg, what a sad chop-fallen figure you would make !

Every thing shows the natural equality of man. If the philosopher confer a favour on the ploughman by inventing for him a plough, the ploughman requites the favour by using it, and thereby supplying the philosopher with bread. If the artist do a good service to the sailor by building him a ship, the sailor comes *along side* of him again, by navigating his ship through the stormy ocean, and bringing him the rich commodities of foreign countries. Thus we all depend on each other like the links in a golden chain, which, though not all precisely of the same size, are yet equally essential to the beauty and integrity of the whole. Break but one link, and the rest are of but little use. Thus, take away any one class of the citizens, *e. g.* the cultivators of the earth, and what should we do for bread ? Take away our mechanics, and of how many *conveniences* should we be deprived ! Take away our men of genius, and what a number of noble arts and inventions should we lose ! Take away our poets, painters, and musicians, and how many sweet embellishments would be lost to social life ! And if our gallant seamen and soldiers, our Truxtuns, Tingveys, &c. were to be taken from us, how insecure would be all the riches, elegances, and pleasures acquired by the ingenuity and industry of the other classes ! Thus, as, in the natural body, no member could be amputated without great detriment to the whole, so, in the social body, no class of the citizens could be taken away without great detriment to the rest. Thus has God, the common parent, removed far from us all ground of pride on the part of the rich, and of dejection on the part of the poor : “ *The rich and the poor*, says Solo-

mon, *meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all.*" In his view all good men are equally honourable, and none of them is more or less worthy than another, but in so far as he discharges or neglects the part allotted him, and increases or diminishes the sum of general happiness.

Since then no individual has either time or talents to procure the materials of a happy life, without an affectionate union with his fellow-men in society, it is very plain that God intended man for society, and it is as plainly his intention that good laws and government should be introduced among them. As in the human body those numberless sinews which give it all its motions are not left at liberty to distort and convulse it at pleasure, but are wisely confined by ligamentous bandages, which will not allow their irregular and dangerous cramps: just so, the members of the political body require to be restrained from all hurtful actions, and to be confined within the bounds of their duty and usefulness. The weakness of human nature renders this necessary; for when men, leaving their caves and dens, first came together, they were neither Solomons nor saints, but a rude, selfish race, too ready to lay light hands on whatever pleased them, and heavy hands on all who displeased them: and at this day there are but too many of the same Mohawk principles, utterly unfit to be turned loose on society without the curb of law. Yes, the iron restraint of *laws* is necessary; and laws require rulers to execute them: for it would never do for a whole country to quit their ploughs, and convene to make laws to punish criminals. Certain persons must be elected by the people, and invested with their authority, to make good laws, and to see them rigorously executed, "*to the terror of evil doers, and to the praise of them that do well.*"

Hence appears the exceeding obligation of *civil obedience*; an obligation the greatest of all others, our duty to God excepted. Indeed this constitutes a very considerable part of our duty to him; for God desires, above all things, the *happiness* of man. But, as man cannot be

happy without society, nor society secure without laws, nor laws effectual without rulers, nor rulers beneficial unless they are dutifully obeyed, it follows, that *civil obedience* is infinitely pleasing to God. 'Tis the accomplishment of his *favourite wish*, and therefore he looks on it as paid to himself, and very justly too : for as we are to be their subjects, God has been pleased to delegate to us the power to chuse such laws and rulers as we shall think most likely to make ourselves happy. And since, in chusing these, we are but using the right which God himself put into our hands, expressly to make ourselves happy, according to his blessed will, it follows that the rulers which we chuse are, in fact, of God's chusing. "*Let every soul* (cries that noblest of patriots, St. Paul) *be subject to the higher powers* (the rulers), *for they are ordained of God* (yes, surely, when chosen by the majority of the people). *Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the rulers, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.*" No wonder that the great Preserver of men is so anxious that we should dutifully obey our rulers, for it is indeed the greatest of all social blessings ; the grand principle of *union, strength, order, peace*, and happiness to a nation. Embraced in this golden band, we are no longer *feeble, crumbled* individuals, but the force of millions is collected and exerted as a mighty man. The ample shield of a nation's power is spread over each virtuous character. Under its awful shade we enjoy safety and peace. The sons of violence are curbed ; the bloody effects of individual rage and resentment are happily checked. The weakest, if innocent, is a match for the mightiest, having the force of the whole community to take his part. And, besides, clasped in the fostering bosom of his country, he can partake of all the conveniences and pleasures procured by the art and industry of his fellow-citizens, and, at the same time, following his own favourite business, he can gather the rich fruits of it for his own and the good of others. Thus secure in each other's protection, thus abundant and happy in the sweet rewards of their mutual labours, they

can eat, drink, and rejoice together like brothers, under the shade of their own vine and fig-tree, none daring to make them afraid.

O how goodly a thing it is, to see a whole nation living thus together in unity! A single instrument of music, artfully touched, affords much delight; but how much more delightful to hear a hundred different instruments all mingling their sweet notes in one grand concert! So to see *one* man living *prudently* and *happily*, affords a heartfelt satisfaction; but to see thousands and millions living harmoniously together, under the same excellent laws, all cheerfully engaged at their several works, and moving on smoothly in their proper ranks; the rulers wisely leading, and the people dutifully following, and all lovingly exerting themselves to make one another happy; oh! this is a spectacle worthy the eyes of blessed angels! Nay, God himself looks down, delighted, upon them; the Father of the universe regards them with smiles of complacency. *He sees the travail of his soul, and is satisfied.*

Since so many and such precious pleasures and advantages arise from good government, what virtuous man can otherwise than most cheerfully pay his part of the TAXES necessary to its support? O, let us not wait till Justice, knitting her brow, declares, that, since we derive so much from government, we are bound in equity to contribute to its maintenance; let us not wait till the great lover of men thunder forth his orders—“*for this cause* (the welfare of government) *pay you taxes also, for they are God’s ministers attending on this very thing.*” No, let this generous sentiment, let a grateful sense of the numberless blessings we receive from our excellent government, render it a pleasure to us to contribute to its support, its honour, and peace. In no country have the people such reason to pay their taxes cheerfully as in this; for in no country do they derive so much from government, or pay so little to it.

In Great Britain, which is thought to be the happiest government in Europe, they tax every thing; even the

elements cannot escape them. They tax the air above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. And, as if all this was not enough, as if wearied of this piece-meal kind of work, they have made lately a short apoplectic stroke at once of ten per cent. ad valorem, that is, one hundred dollars out of the thousand every year! in addition to a thousand little hectic taxes besides! If they kindle a fire for the little trembling children, they must pay a tax for the hearth. If they let in a ray of heaven's light, they must pay *tax* for the window. If they keep mare, horse, or gelding, they must pay *tax* for stretching their sinews while living; and tax also for tanning their hides when dead. Even for a making of coffee; for a dipping of candles; for trying up a pot of lard; or brewing a tub of beer, &c., &c., there is a *tax*. In short, no good man can look over the *British tax tables* without *sadness* and *tears*. But in this country, thanks to God, our taxes are so very few and trifling, as justly to excite our astonishment. That a man dwelling in a comfortable house, rated at 150 dollars, a plantation of 500 acres (called a principality in Europe), and 3 valuable slaves, making in all 3000 dollars, should be taxed scarcely 3 dollars for the whole!! Is not this most astonishing? And are there *Americans* who can think this oppressive, who *can refuse* to pay it! can threaten the *sacred* officers of government, just for asking this well-earned pittance, thus flying in the venerable face of the parent country, blowing up the flames of a bloody and *expensive insurrection*? O, tell it not in England! publish it not in the streets of Paris! lest the toil-worn porters, throwing their heavy burdens from their backs, stamp on the earth in wrath, and curse us all for fools.

Many of the poor, to my knowledge, are not quite so cheerful in paying their taxes as good citizens ought to be, because they have been taught (God forgive their teachers) that all the money goes to the president and to the *QUALITY*, i. e. the great folks. This is so far from being true, that the very reverse of it is true; that is, instead of the poor paying taxes for the rich, the rich pay

taxes for the poor. The *really* poor pay nothing; nay, those in circumstances that may be called *comfortable* pay nothing, e. g. with 99 dollars and 99 cents you may build a very snug house, a much better one than Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob ever lived in, and in which you and your loving dame, with half a score chubby, rosy-cheeked boys and girls may live as merry as crickets, and yet your country does not ask you a cent for your house, the scene of all this innocent mirth. But Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, one of the *QUALITY*, living in a house that cost 30,000 dollars, pays no less than 270 dollars yearly.

Again; you own a heavy waggon and team: with this, Jehu-like, you rattle along the highways, tear up the roads, break down the bridges, and set the poor road-menders to cursing and swearing, and, after all, what is your tax? Why not even a *sharp-shin**! But lo! here comes one of the *QUALITY*, in a little gim-crack phæton and Lilliputian pair, not a *tythe* the substance of your waggon, a carriage that makes no more impression on the roads, than does a cat running over a harpsichord, and yet this gentleman pays a tax of 9 dollars.

No! my brothers, if you be *really* poor, you pay nothing; even though your poverty should be owing to your own shameful love of ease, or of whiskey, you pay nothing. Your dear country, like the strong eagle of heaven, gathers *you*, her poorest birds, her unfledged nestlings, under her wings, and imparts to you her vital warmth and strong protection, with no other motive than love; for no other pay than the *pleasure* of doing it. O then let not, for gratitude, for justice sake, let not the sons of Belial deceive you by bringing up an *evil* report against this good land. But admitting that you were treated as are the poor in many countries, where the neediest widow is obliged to throw in her mite, the wretchedest Lazarus his crumb or his scab for the support of government; admitting, I say, that you were constrained to pay taxes,

* A Virginia coin, worth 4 cents, the usual douceur to a negro boy for cleaning your boots.

do you think that they would all go to the PRESIDENT and to the QUALITY? No, not a cent beyond what was their well-earned right. As every vein in the body sends on its tax of blood to the heart, the great treasury, from whence it is quickly driven on again, through the large and small arteries, to each well-fed fibre in the system; so, under our constitution, which nearly resembles the human body (that most perfect of all God's works), every *dollar* that is taken up by those *grand absorbents*, the sheriffs, is carried straight on to the treasury, whence, in a very few pulsations, it is distributed among the servants of the public; those wise and brave men whom you yourselves have chosen to superintend your laws, or to fight your battles. And, my dear countrymen, if you did but consider what cost, fatigue, and danger those gentlemen encounter to serve you, you could not, I am sure, grudge your mite to reward them. A part of this *little* money, that each of you gives, goes to your judges, your assembly-men, your senators, &c. Now do but reflect how many thousands of dollars these gentlemen have laid out on their education and libraries to enable them to *cope* with the long-headed Pitts and Talleyrands of Europe.

Consider, also, the brain-racking, spirit-wasting, flesh-consuming study, these poor gentlemen are obliged to undergo for your sakes: as a proof of this, look at your Madisons, Marshalls, &c.; see what pale, pensive, WERTER-looking countenances they generally wear, obliged every year almost to push off to the springs to brace up their lax fibres.

A part of your small taxes goes to your brave soldiers, and to your gallant seamen; your Truxtuns, your Tingey's, &c. Noble fellows, who have exchanged their wives and smiling babes for the gloomy waves, that they may there enjoy the heroic *pleasure* of meeting your enemies. Consider what they undergo for you. While "*you are on your down-beds lying, fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,*" they, poor fellows, may be preparing for very different scenes, making ready for bloody battle. See the hostile man of war bearing down upon them. The hearts of the

youthful warriors palpitate, while the blood comes and goes in their cheeks ; but the *love* of their country, the *justice* of their cause, and a noble sense of honour brace them up as with triple steel. “ *All hands to quarters—fore and aft, a clear ship—up hammocks—light the matches, and stand by to wake the thunder—now, my hearts, be stout and bold.*” The flag of Columbia waves over their heads ; the heroes eye the beloved stripes. The smile of joy is on their countenances, and the fire of valour flashes from their eyes. They demand the fight. The tall black ship of the enemy is now close along side ; her tremendous artillery stares them in the face, yawning destruction. The dreadful fray begins ; the air is rent with their horrid thunder. Old Ocean trembles, and lowers all her waves. The ships are wrapped in flaming fires, while storms of iron bullets dash every thing to pieces. The decks are covered with mangled corpses, and the scuppers run torrents of blood. But lo ! the mortal strife is ended, and Columbia is victor. But, alas ! what avails it that her flag rides triumphant ? many of her bravest sons lie low. Hearts that glowed with heavenly fire, that beat high with the love of their country ; muscles that were gloriously strained at the four and twenty pounders fighting for you, my brothers ; these now lie in mangled heaps, hardly known that they ever were men ; their dearest blood mingling with the briny wave, their precious limbs soon to be tossed to devouring sharks ! Oh, my countrymen, can we think of these things, and yet deem it hard to pay a tax of one *little* dollar in the thousand to our gallant brothers, who thus, at the expence of their lives, secure to us the other nine hundred and ninety-nine ?

But, not only on account of the exceeding *moderation* of our taxes, but also of their amazingly equal distribution, we have reason to pay them with more cheerfulness than any people on earth. In other countries, the political body is so grown out of all proportion, the head and larger limbs are so bloated with fat, while the inferior members are so shrivelled for nourishment, that it is hard for a cordial love to grow between them.

That a bishop should receive his 10 or 15,000*l.* sterling per ann., should ride in his coach, live in his palace, and keep up a constant *carnival*, while his poor brother levite is obliged to *lent* it all the year on a pitiful curacy of 20*l.*

That a king should receive his *twenty* or *thirty hundred thousand dollars* per ann. while the mechanic is hard put to it for bread ! and, after all his *toils* and *sorrows*, is scarcely able to keep his family out of prison or a poor-house ; and, as if all this was not enough, that the government should suffer a host of pensioners and sinecures-men, each with a large salary, to be clapped, like so many elegant cupping-glasses, on the vitals of the people.

Who could suffer this without a decline of love for his country, or, indeed, without feeling that love turned into detestation ?

But, oh happy Americans ! we groan under none of these iniquitous impositions to wean us from our country ; with us the political body still preserves its exquisite shape and symmetry : the head is not bloated, the feet are not starved. Our public officers (the head) are furnished with *plenty*, but not *excess** ; while our common citizens (the feet and hands) may, if industrious, have enough and to spare.

Another consideration, which must rivet the souls of all reasonable men to our constitution, is that *charming delicacy*, that *profound* and *equal* respect with which she treats the religious opinions of her children. Even in that government which is looked on as the most equitable

* Few of our public officers, viz., our judges, members of assembly, senate, congress, &c., are allowed more than they could make by their respective professions, many not so much. And as to our good president, though his 25,000 dollars have made a great noise, yet 'tis questionable whether it be a cent too much. He is placed in a situation of all others the most public and expensive. His levee, his table, &c., must consume vast sums. It were high treason in him to eat his venison, or to drink his Madeira by himself. He is expected to act the national publican, to keep open house, and to entertain comers from all the winds of heaven. Think of that, my brothers.

in all Europe (I mean Great Britain), the people are at daggers-drawn about religion! The *established church* insisting on the *dissenters* to think of God Almighty, and to worship him just as they do, or to pay a fine! Oh! this is a shameful thing; a dreadful drawback on patriotism! What! shall I sweat and bleed in support and defence of my country, and, when I expected her sweetest smiles, her kindest caresses, shall she, most ungratefully, reject my *petition* to say what prayers I think best; shall she look tamely on and see my heard-earned substance sold by the sheriff, to swell the princely revenue of some bishop, to whose church I belong not? He must be an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no gall, whom this would not provoke to detest his country as a cruel step-mother, and to turn his back on her for ever. But, thanks to God, we have none of these *pontifical villanies* to wean our affections from our country, or from one another. We are perfectly at liberty to worship our Maker, every man according to the dictates of his own conscience, and, provided we act up to the high character of *good* citizens, our excellent constitution stands equally a wall of fire around all, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, Christians or Mahometans.

Oh, my *beloved mother country*! my soul embraces thee with more than filial ardour for this thy *wise* and *equal* love to all us thy dutiful children, and for that thou allowest no *establishment* to create heart-burnings among us, no merciless fanatic with fire and faggot to destroy us.

And, oh, my dear brothers, *native* or *adopted* sons of Columbia! if ever people on earth were under *particular obligations* to love their government we are that people. Compared with those of other nations, our government shines like the hill of Zion, and breathes abroad her fragrance like a field which the Lord hath blessed.

“When I look around me (says the Rev. Dr. Chandler, one of the ornaments both of English learning and piety) on the present *kings of Europe*, I am apt to ask

myself, what is there in most of them that should make their subjects wish their lives, or regret their deaths? Actuated by ambition or revenge, or sunk in indolence and pleasure, they waste the riches of their people in the most abominable extravagance and dissipation; or rush their subjects into war, to the certain murder and ruin of thousands of them. And as to our *own kings*, some of them involved us in all the calamities of civil wars; others impoverished and oppressed us by illegal exactions; and the generality of them, either by their own choice, or led by wicked ministers, sacrificed the national interest to their own accursed ambition, revenge, and debauchery."

Comparing with this the condition of our own dear country, who without tears of gratitude can reflect on that benignant Power, which not only conducted us in safety through our perilous war against Britain, but enabled us, far beyond our *first* and most *sanguine expectations*, to establish ourselves FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES; and then mercifully disposed us, without struggle or bloodshed, to erect over our own heads, and the heads of our dear children, the sacred canopy of a republican government; securing to all alike the inestimable blessings of liberty, property, and religion; and, by holding open to all alike the sacred door of self-advancement, best promotes BROTHERLY LOVE, with all her graces; INDUSTRY, with all her treasures; LEARNING, with all her precious truths; and whatever tends to the highest perfection and happiness of man in this world, and consists with his best preparation for endless happiness in the world to come.

Oh, blessed land of *well-secured liberty*, of *equal laws*, of *moderate taxes*, and of *universal toleration*! what dutiful son can think of all these thy *truly republican favours* without clasping thee to his heart as of God that *dearest, best of mothers*, who gave us birth, and lavishes on us such a profusion of every earthly good! Or what prodigal son, who considers the *busks* fed on by the poor in other lands, and the *plenteousness* of bread

at thy table, oh Columbia, but must instantly exclaim, "*Surely the lot is fallen to me in a pleasant place ; yea, I have a goodly heritage. The Lord hath crowned my table with fat things, and caused my cup to run over with choice wine.*"

It has been well said, that "*the trimmings of a monarchy would maintain a republic.*" The truth is, monarchies tend as naturally to extravagance as stones do to roll down a hill. For knowing, in the first place, that their thrones are founded on the slippery balls of *fraud* and *force*, they prudently take care to *block them up* by numerous *grandees*, such as lords secular and lords spiritual, captains of hundreds and captains of thousands ; for rich maintenance of whom millions are to be raised, and, of course, at the *expense of the people!* This is *one* step to their impoverishment, but it is a mere bagatelle in comparison of the next. For knowing, in the second place, that there is nothing of *wisdom* and *virtue* in their government to merit the regards of their people, they make a push for it in an *easier* way. They set the whole nation a-gape on their equipage and retinue. Through town and country, nothing is talked of like the "*king's parks and palaces; the king's gold plate and jewels.*" This clinches the nail of their depression and poverty. For when a nation, instead of honouring the divine attributes of wisdom and goodness in their king, turn to worship him for his outward pomp and pride, then are they like the stupid Israelites, who turned from the living God to worship dead idols ; and then also, like those same stupid Israelites, that foolish nation is near to reprobation, and on the high road to poverty, both in principle and purse. For their golden calf thus worshipped, I mean their monarch, knowing that his *gold* is the main *spring* that keeps his puppet nation a dancing around him, his *aurum fulminans*, or magic powder, that continues his racket through the realm, becomes tenfold more rapacious of his people's money, that he may become tenfold more splendid and

noisy in his shows. And as man is a whoreson sort of an animal, prodigiously given to imitation, these fine capers, which the stupid people enable their golden calf to cut, are soon followed by the whole seed, breed, and generation of the beastly herd. For the king, to be sure, sets the fashion; the sachems follow the king; the dignified powwows follow the sachems; and then in falls the whole tribe, where every man that can raise a feather and an ounce of pocoon paint, affects to be a *great captain*.

The consequence of all this is as plain as it is lamentable. This universal pride quickly begets universal poverty—and this again, as physically, begets misery—and this again, by operation morally certain, begets obduracy—the cold unfeeling heart. Hence the hindmost runners in this miserable race of pride and extravagance (all following hard after the king), if they should be thrown out by flying the way of blessed honesty, or if, through sickness or lack of employment, they should stumble and fall, they are often left to suffer, and even to starve.

Volney, who, though in divinity a heretic, yet, certes, in history a divine; Volney, I say, assures us, that he once saw, without the walls of the once-flourishing Damascus, two HUMAN BEINGS, pale, naked, and brutalized (under a Turkish tyrant), contending with hungry dogs over the carcase of a dead camel!!

That German Shakspeare, the amiable Kotzebue, declares (and oh! that the proud unfeeling tyrants of Europe would but hearken) that on the 24th of December, the very eve of the nativity of the incarnate God, coming with his angels shouting "*peace and good-will among men;*" that, on Christmas eve, when the hearts of all christians are more than usually disposed to cheerfulness and hospitality; that on Christmas eve, in the year 1804, he saw, in the city of Naples, a female perishing of want in the street! "A group of people," says he, "were around her: drawn by strong kindred feelings, I hastened up to the spot where she lay, a pale, emaciated, rag-covered,

miserable skeleton of a woman about forty. "*Poor creature!*" whispered all around me; "*poor creature, she is dying of hunger!*" I was seized with a horror indescribable. Like one distracted, I called on all around, for God's sake, for mercy's sake, to give help. My purse was but light, but such as it was I pressed it upon the owner of the next door to allow her to be taken in. The monster shook his head! The people, after gratifying their curiosity for a moment, all most brutishly went away. But it is a sweet consolation to me that the dying person understood my motions, if not my words, for her looks were rivetted on me with tenderness; and I was the last object on which her closing eyes with tears were fixed. While I continued by her, waiting for the officers to come and take her dead body away, I saw the king pass by, returning from the chace, with twenty or thirty dogs, all in excellent order!!!!"

That celebrated physician and philanthropist, doctor Lettsom, a *friend* indeed! a *wise runner!* who not idly "*beats the air*" for *vain notions*, and *dead faiths*, and *beggary elements*, which Paul forbids, but, like a heavenly footman, runs for the high prize of pure love, relates the following story:

"As I stepped out of my house," says the doctor, "I was accosted by a tall thin man, whose countenance exhibited such a picture of distress and poverty as fixed my attention, and induced me to inquire into his situation. He informed me that he was a day labourer, just recovering from sickness, and that, feeble as he then was, to procure food for a sick family, he was obliged to seek for, and to exert himself much beyond his strength; and added, that he lived in Aldersgate street. This poor object seemed to feel distress too deeply to be an impostor; and I could not avoid giving him something for his present relief; for which he retired bowing, with tears in his eyes. But when he was gone, his image came before me; and I was then sorry that I had not given him more, and this determined me to go the next day and find him out. With some difficulty I groped my way up a dark passage

and staircase to a little chamber, wherein this poor man and his family lived. But what words can express my feelings at sight of the poverty and wretchedness of the afflicted group that then lay before me? An old box was the only article that served for a chair; a piece of old ticken spread on the floor, with a worn-out blanket, formed the only couch whereon this destitute family could lay their heads to rest. And what a scene did they present! Near the centre of the bed lay the mother with half a shift, and covered as high as the middle with a blanket. She was incapable of telling her complaints. The spittle, for want of some fluid to moisten her mouth, had dried upon her lips, which, as well as the gums, were black with the putrid fever. At another end of the blanket was extended a girl about five years old. It had rolled from under this covering, and was totally naked, except its back, on which a blister-plaster was tied by a piece of pack-thread; and, though labouring under this dreadful fever, the poor creature was asleep. On one side of its mother lay a naked boy about two years old; this little innocent was likewise sleeping. On the other side of the mother lay a girl about twelve years old. The fever had not bereaved her of her senses; she was constantly moaning out, "*O! I shall die for drink! water! water! pray give me some water!*" Near her stood another girl about four years old, having, for her only covering, a loose piece of petticoat thrown over her shoulders; and to this infant it was that her sister was crying for water*!!"

In Ireland, this miserable picture has been seen with aggravations. The family, sick, naked, without food or assistance, and lying on dirty straw!

* What a contrast between this scene, and that exhibited in perhaps the very next day's *newspaper*, chaunting, in all the fulsome strains of *fainting, dying admiration*, the wondrous splendours of the *king's house-warming*, which cost *fifty thousand pounds sterling!* Is this great gentleman to be hated? Oh no! infinitely the reverse. The eye that catches a luxury from the widow's or the orphan's smile, will weep for the king.

What generous American can think of these things without pouring forth his double flood of tears—tears of sorrow for the miseries of others, and tears of gratitude for the matchless mercies lavished on us?

“Not more than others we deserve,
Yet God hath given us more;
For we ABOUND, while millions starve,
Millions of foreign *poor*.”

While other nations, many of them at least, are confined to narrow nooks, or islands insufficient to yield them bread, God hath enlarged our borders, and spread abroad our habitation even from the mountains to the great seas.

Other nations, if cut off from commerce, would presently pine and perish by thousands; while we, O thanks to God, though driven from the ocean by European violence, may yet be safe and happy. We may turn our eyes to the fertile south and west, and, after filling up all the intermediate country, we may then from our hills, like ancient Israel from the heights of Jordan, survey our vast transalpine plains, the destined Canaan of millions yet unborn. “*There*,” with hearts overrunning with gratitude and joy we may say, “*there is room enough, and employment for all*; employment, not as in crowded monarchies, servilely asked, insultingly given, and precariously held; but the *sure* and *independent* employment of cultivating the earth, even a land peculiarly blessed of Heaven; a land of short winters and long summers; of soils and climes fitted to the growth of all vegetable nature, and yielding every necessary and delight of human life, from the hardy grain and fat meats of New England, to the rich roots and fruits of Georgia; and in such endless variety, that our staff of bread, of some kind or other, has never been known to fail. Yearly, our trees have been made to bend under the weight of their delicious fruits; yearly, our corn, that noblest son of the furrows, has been made “to exalt his horn” of praise to *Him* who filled his big shock with *flour*; insomuch that even while princes in other countries have been obliged to use coarse roots, and even *powdered barks* and *fish bones*, for bread, we have been heaped with fine wheaten

loaves and to spare ; the teeth of our little ones have been white with milk, and the eyes of our aged have sparkled with the pleasant juice of the grape.

“ O that America would therefore but praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he hath done for the people of our land ! ”

But how shall we *manifest* our sense of his goodness ? Shall we do it by splitting into parties, and mortally hating one another ? No ; God forbid ; for a furious party spirit is the greatest *judgment*, the *heaviest curse* that can befall our country.—It extinguishes love in the *best hearts*, and, in the *worst*, blows up the coals of hatred to tenfold fury.—It makes even good men shy of one another, and breaks off the sweetest friendships. This vile spirit deforms every thing. By giving a hardness to the features and fierceness to the eyes, it turns the loveliest woman into a fright, and the comeliest man into a demon.—It pollutes the most sacred places, introducing unnatural strifes even there where sweetest harmony should ever prevail—in our streets and at our tables. It fills our newspapers, which were meant to be the vehicles of innocent amusement and calm instruction, with the bitterest abuse.—It confounds all the great distinctions of *worth* and villany in characters ; the vilest creature, if on our side, is cried up as an angel ; while an angel, if he oppose us, though never so decently, is branded as a *miscreant* !—It corrupts our *taste* ; the dirtiest gazetteer, if he blackguard for us, is applauded as a Junius, while a Junius, if *against us*, is execrated as a mere Grub-street.—It banishes all *sense of gratitude, justice, and truth* ; what signifies the *purest innocence*, the uprightest *intentions*, the *greatest abilities*, the profoundest learning ? if opposed to us, they vanish into nothing ; the greatest abilities are hooted at, the brightest virtues are not seen, the longest and *faithfullest* services are all forgotten !—Under the bias of this most disingenuous spirit, Jefferson is an empty pedant, Franklin an old fool, Adams a British agent, and Washington—let faction write the rest ! It ruins

all our public affairs ; the blessed end of society and government is to *unite* men in *promoting* their *mutual interest*, but the aim of party spirit is to disunite them entirely. Overlooking the general good, the study of each faction (I mean the *designing* men) is, to advance their own *separate strength*, and to sink their opponents in the public esteem, calumniating the worthiest characters, charging the wisest measures with folly, the best intentions with villany : thus filling the minds, even of honest men, with prejudices against their rulers, and opposition to government, which, by compelling them to use *coercive measures*, bring on *insurrection* and *civil war*, with all their horrors, when brother, with worse than hellish fury, shall sheathe his steel in his brother's heart, or call in ruthless foreigners to aid the accursed deed ; and when God, the righteous judge, in punishment of such unnatural monsters, shall allow these foreigners to swallow up their substance, to fill their land with blood and violence, and to fix the galling chain of slavery on them and their posterity for ages.

Alas for poor Carthage ! Traveller, say ! in all thy busy search, did thine eye behold one stone of her former glory standing on another ? Like the land of our fathers, Carthage once shone the unrivalled queen of the waves, the peerless handmaid of this wide world's commerce. Thick as the white clouds of summer, her ships came in from all the winds of heaven, laden with merchandize and gold. Her numerous sons, like princes, all rode on camels, while her daughters of beauty moved, like queens, all decked in rich attire.

How like America was that beauteous Carthage ! yes, alas ! and too much like her in other respects. Carthage was hated by a powerful people beyond the seas ! But while she continued united and true to herself, her bow abode in strength ; she laughed the warlike Romans to scorn. But, alas ! faction came ; that fell destroyer of republics came, and all was lost. Her accursed hand gave easy entrance to the Roman armies. Carthage, that

glorious city, was soon in flames—her streets ran torrents of blood—while thousands of shrieking virgins, and distracted mothers, with their children at their breasts, or in their hands, were seen flying from the flames of their falling houses, and from the Roman steel, red with the blood of their slaughtered brothers, fathers, and husbands.

Oh, merciful God! what American with bleeding heart can think of these things, without turning his brimful eye towards his own poor devoted country! *O! that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for the daughters of my people.*—“*For Israel doth not know, (complains the blessed God) my people will not consider.*”

Alas! America will not consider! she will not consider how soon the horrid tragedy of Carthage may be acted over in this divided, ruined country. Like that mad, devoted city spoken of in the word of God, America is blind to the *evil day!* “*Tush!*” says she, “*do I not sit as a queen? what evil can come near unto me?*”—Thus, though the ominous voice of DISCORD is heard in our land, crying aloud in the ear of wisdom, “*Woe be to America!*” yet we cannot believe that our “*destruction hasteneth.*”

Neither did Carthage, even in the midst of her *factions*, believe it, until the Roman eagles came and devoured her up.

Neither did Rome, even in the midst of her *factions*, believe that any evil could reach her. But alas! availing themselves of her *divided* and *weak* state, armies of hungry barbarians poured down from the north, numerous as the caterpillars and locusts of chastising Heaven—in front of their march all was a garden, in their rear all a desert. They swallowed up all the riches and glories of Rome, filling the country with the stench of the dead, and imposing chains on all the living.

Neither did Poland, in the midst of her *factions*, believe a word of her approaching ruin. But the bloody Suwarrow and his Russians came like murderers in the night. The morning sun beheld half the fine city of Prague reduced to smoking ruins, and her streets filled with blood and dead bodies, while the helpless sex,

shrieking from their windows, heard the cries of their brothers, husbands, and fathers perishing under the merciless bayonets of the Russians.

Nor did the cities of Europe believe that the French meant them the *evil* which they have since brought upon them. Neither did Copenhagen believe what the British meditated against *her*. But the British, notwithstanding, came with their ships of war, and bombarded and in part destroyed their town, and, after filling it with horrors indescribable of blood and death—daughters seeing their fathers mangled with cannon-balls—mothers beholding their children torn to pieces by bursting bombs—and fathers looking up to their houses set on fire by red-hot shot—the British then went away with an immense booty.

Neither may *we* believe what France and England intend for *us*; though, God knows, after so long *impressing and killing our citizens!* and *plundering our commerce!* and *burning our ships!* and *driving us from the ocean!* they have clearly enough shown what they *would do with us*, if they had the power. Yes, my countrymen, sure as the being of God, if, as our dear father Washington warns us, “*the British and French can but get us to break UNION* (the main pillar and palladium of all our civil, political, and religious blessings), their fleets and armies will be pouring in upon us, arming the slaves, stirring up the Indians, dividing the citizens, playing “*STATES against STATES,*” and thus filling our country with murders, confiscations, and miseries never witnessed before.

But, thanks eternal to God, this is not the case with us yet, nor, if we be wise, will it ever be. He created us for happiness, and, still faithful to his purpose, furnishes abundantly the means. These are plain. O! let us love *him*, the fountain of all excellence and glory, with true *filial affection*, and this will beget that other divine spirit which binds *man to man*, and citizens to citizens, in bonds (stronger than gold) of *ever-during union*.

If you should ask me, what is that spirit? I answer, 'tis LOVE (*ardent philanthropy*). This, at once the sweetest and strongest of all the affections, is appoint-

ed of God as the grand preservative of all societies, but chiefly of republics; because the people there, being most free, can do most harm, unless restrained by some secret force. This secret force, as I said, is Love; which has the same benign influence on the moral world, that gravitation has on the natural. It counteracts the centrifugal and destructive tendencies of selfishness, and, by causing republicans to study the good of others as their own, it makes them all feel that "*each is to each a dearer self*;" and thus binds them together by a centripetal impulse, strong and indestructible as a rock of granite. In short, all that Solomon says of that "righteousness which exalteth a nation;" all that Montesquieu praises in that "virtue which alone pillars up republics;" all that Washington boasts of that "religion, whose importance to society volumes could not trace"—is "summed up in Love, the bond of perfection," and the end of all religion. This is the true "*salt of the earth*," preserving all societies from the corruption of selfish passions. This is "*the life of the world*," diffusing (as natural life does through the body) that strong fellow-feeling through the members, that, when "*one suffers all the rest suffer with him*," and are ready to fly to take his part.

For glorious proof, look at the little republic of Sparta. To make his dear countrymen invincible, Lycurgus knew that he must make them love one another; to kindle this social love, he knew he must extinguish inordinate self-love. To this great end, he divided all the lands equally among the citizens; and, by creating a commonness of property, and sameness of dress and diet (all exceedingly plain), he did away pride, luxury, and strife, and thus brought them, in a wonderful degree, to feel the glowings of the *brotherly spirit*. This spirit, descending into their hearts, rendered them terrible in the field as an army of brothers, each fighting for lives dearer than his own. On the brink of battle for their country, they needed no speech from their general to inflame their valour; one tender glance thrown back on the *land of their brothers*, and instantly every bosom glowed with that spirit

which “ smiles on the drawn faulchion, and defies its edge.” The trumpet’s clangour is music in their ears, and they rush to the charge with eyes of lions, burning for slaughter. Their swords rise high in the bloody strife ; while, with close-compacted squadrons, they burst through the ranks of mercenary enemies, as the bounding ships through yielding waves.

For five hundred years, even all the time that they possessed this brotherly spirit, they remained invincible ; and stood, though but a little people, in the midst of the great neighbouring monarchies, like a rock in the midst of the ocean defying all its storms, and, from sides of adamant, easily dashing back its loud, thundering billows.

No country affords a nobler proof of the guardian power of love than our own. Turn, for example, to New England. ’Tis well known, that New England was settled by a colony who left their native Britain for conscience sake. To the land of their exile they brought with them their religion ; which, partly perhaps for want of other consolations, they cultivated with great zeal. Their week-day hours were spent in innocent and happy labours, and on the sabbath they all went to church, where they were taught that “ God is love ;” and that he who loves most, shall be the most happy. Suitable to such sublime doctrines were the morals of the hearers. Those who owed any thing, paid with pleasure ; those who promised, performed with punctuality. Superiors spoke with mildness, and inferiors obeyed with alacrity. The rich were like guardians to the poor, and the poor as children to the rich ; and whenever they met, they met like brethren, every man’s face shining upon his neighbour. What was the result ? Why, the people of New England grew up together as one great family ; the blow that struck one was felt by all, and excited a rage dangerous to the strongest assailant. Witness the 19th of April, 1775, when a thousand British regulars fired on a company of sixty-four militia-men, at the little town of Concord. Six of the militia-men were shot down. See here the effect of that love which is ever ready “ to lay down its life for its friends.” At the sight of their beloved neighbours wel-

tering in their blood, the rage of the farmers rose to a pitch that defied all consequences. They returned the fire upon the enemy. Though but sixty against a thousand, they returned the fire! Every volley fired by the British enraged the neighbouring farmers as though it had been levelled at their own breasts. "*The British are murdering our friends,*" was the reiterated cry. Instantly, all who heard the cry threw down the implements of husbandry, and flew to their houses; not to hide their plate, but to snatch the arms of vengeance. Pouring in from every quarter were seen crowds of sturdy peasants, with flushed cheeks and fiery eyes, eager for battle. Nay, age itself forgot its wonted infirmities; and hands long palsied with years threw aside the cushioned crutch, and grasped the deadly firelock. In brief, the farmers attacked the British regulars with such fury, that they killed and took nearly one-fourth of their whole number! A striking proof how close men will stick together, and how desperately they will fight for one another, when they LOVE.

Americans, think! often think of the last words of your Washington—"Continue united but a few years longer, and the glorious work is done. Foreigners will not dare to injure or insult you!" Think also of the awful crisis in which you live, and that with your "*union and brotherly love*" is now involved not only your own, but the destiny of unborn millions." Think also what your dear fathers did for you! How they fought and died in battles against the French and English, that they might hand down to you the BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY unimpaired. And, oh! think also of what you owe to your children! Let not your guiltless posterity, clanking their galling chains, the fatal effects of your divisions, rise up and call you "*accursed.*"—"Your life is but a vapour;" then gild it over with glorious deeds. "FEAR YOUR GOD"—"HONOUR YOUR GOVERNMENT"—"CLEAVE TO ONE ANOTHER;" and, like the flaming angels that guarded the tree of life, stand as a wall of fire round your tree of Liberty; wisely remembering that "*without virtue life is pain and woe, and that without liberty even virtue mourns and looks around for happiness in vain.*"

FINIS.





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