

THE
TRIBUNE,
A PERIODICAL PUBLICATION,
CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF THE
POLITICAL LECTURES
OF
J. THELWALL.

TAKEN IN SHORT-HAND BY W. RAMSEY, AND REVISED BY
THE LECTURER.

To paint the voice, and fix the fleeting sound.

HAYLEY.

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P R E F A C E.

GENERALLY speaking, the object of a Preface is, or ought to be, to advertise the reader of the kind of entertainment to which he is invited by the author. But, with periodical publications, this object can rarely be proposed; for, as the *Preface* is generally the last part of the work in point of composition, the strong probability is, that the generality of readers, like the author himself, have traced the work through its respective stages, before the Preface comes under consideration.

This is particularly the case with the present performance; for though twelve hundred and fifty copies have been printed, I have the satisfaction to find that I am upon the eve of being called upon for a second edition, before the last number of the first is completed. Few of the persons, therefore, to whom this prologue is presented, can be supposed unacquainted with the plot and incidents of the drama it is to precede. Yet, as I am about concluding the first volume of a work, in every thing, but its form, of a very singular nature, I cannot but feel myself called upon to say something by way of apology for its appearance.

The various publications with which the world has been sometimes benefited, and sometimes infested, have been suggested by a variety of circumstances, and authors have been stimulated in their

labours by a variety of causes.—The greater number of books, undoubtedly, have originated either in the love of fame, or the desire of profit; and neither of these objects, I believe, when properly regulated, are in the least dishonourable either to the understanding or the heart: but there are some which owe their origin to higher motives,—and, among these, the author flatters himself that the TRIBUNE has some pretensions to be ranked.

Those who are acquainted with the expences of publication, and who compare the quantity of matter with the price of these pamphlets, will immediately perceive that the sale of a thousand copies at three-pence per number, and two hundred and fifty at six-pence; (after all deductions for the profit of booksellers, and other incidental circumstances) can never make any pecuniary compensation to the publisher; and as for fame, he must be infatuated, indeed, who looks for an increase of literary reputation from the hasty transcripts of a Course of Lectures, two of which he is to prepare and deliver every week.

Excellence is only to be attained by slow and elaborate process; and the world considers the degree of merit produced, not the circumstances which may have influenced the production. If, therefore, I had regarded only my interest, or my reputation, the probability is, that this periodical paper had never appeared,—especially as it might have been expected that such a work would rather blunt than excite the curiosity of the public, who are generally less disposed to go and hear that which they suppose they shall have the opportunity (though perhaps they may never have the inclination) to read. But the fact is, that though the late prosecutions have influenced me, in some degree, to vary my *mode*, they have not abated my *desire* of disseminating information, such as it is in my power to communicate,

municate, among the oppressed and industrious orders of society. And at the same time that it was impossible, either from the limits of my premises, from the very large expences of my situation, or from the necessary precaution of preserving what the aristocratic prejudices of the world would term the *respectability* of my Lectures, to render the terms of admission more easy than they are, I flattered myself that the class of people to whom I have alluded might be in some degree benefited and enlightened by the doctrines which these Lectures are intended to enforce.

Feeling myself called upon to guard against a repetition of such gross forgeries as had been advanced against me upon my late trial, by the employment of a short-hand writer, I therefore began to calculate whether I could not turn this circumstance to the advantage of the cause in which my life has already been endangered, and in which my soul still continues to be embarked. The result was a determination to send into the world, at the cheapest possible rate, the following publication; printing at the same time a small edition upon fine paper for the use of those whose circumstances better enabled them to reward the labours of men who have nothing but their talents and exertions to bestow upon the public cause.

As it is impossible that in an undertaking like mine, there should not be considerable inequalities, my first intention was to have set apart those lectures which I conceived most successful in point, for publication in separate volumes, and to have published extracts only from the others. But upon further reflection I have changed my plan; and my present intention (to which I have partly adhered in the latter part of this volume, and which will guide me in a more general manner in the next) is to publish in this periodical manner those of a more

temporary nature, and to reserve for future revision and improvement, those which are more referable to general principles.

In conformity to this resolution, there are some of the Lectures delivered towards the latter end of the course, which (though yet unprinted) call aloud for publication—particularly those on Barracks and Fortifications, and on the dearth and scarcity of Provisions. It cannot, however, be expected that I should chain myself down to the metropolis, to the total neglect of health, relaxation, and comfort, during the whole summer, in order to superintend this publication; and as I am not at present provided with any person to whom I can entrust the correction of the press, I must decline the regular continuance of this publication till the resumption of the Lectures in September next. In the mean time, however, I shall put the Lectures above specified in a train to be published at convenient periods, that the work may not be entirely dropped during the summer season, and that the expectation of those who have testified their approbation of those discourses, in particular, may not be disappointed.

June 20, 1795.

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THE TRIBUNE, N^o. I.

Saturday, 14th March, 1795.

On the DISTRESSES OF THE INDUSTRIOUS POOR, from the Lecture "On the proper means of averting National Calamities," delivered by J. Thelwall, on Wednesday 25th Feb. the day appointed for a solemn Fast.

Take phycic Pomp—
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.—SHAKESPEARE.

CITIZENS,

THE occasion upon which we meet, and the publicity of my opinions upon subjects any way connected with superstition may occasion many to expect that I call you together merely for the purpose of ridicule. It may not, therefore, be amiss to apprise you, that such as have formed this expectation will find themselves in a considerable degree disappointed. However absurd the idea of averting national calamities by superstitious observances in itself may be, the situation of the country is much too serious to be made the subject of idle pastime.

During two years the unparalleled devastations of a cruel, unjust, and impolitic war have been heaping disgrace after disgrace, and misfortune after misfortune upon a nation whose soil and situation (separated as it is by nature from the despotic governments and ambitious intrigues of the continent) might have secured the united reign of peace and felicity, if these advantages had not been so fatally counteracted by the blunders and infatuated projects of ministerial ambition. In vain do we look for that abundance which a soil so fertile ought to have secured!—In vain do we look for that cheerful and health-blooming industry which these natural advantages and the patient assiduity of Britons might entitle us to expect.

No. I.

A

expect. Instead of these, beggary and emaciation encounter us in every street; our towns and villages present one universal picture of calamity and dejection; and the pencil of history, should it transmit to future ages a faithful representation of the present state of society in Britain, must be principally employed in delineating groups of disconsolate widows and unfriended orphans, supplicating from the contemptuous hand of Charity the scantiest portion of that sustenance which they ought to have been receiving, in abundance and independency, from the industry of the husband and the father!

Tax after tax is levied—contribution after contribution is demanded—and burthen after burthen heaped upon our bending shoulders; every shilling of which must come, in the first instance, from the labours of the poor—for all production originates with them. In the mean time all the useful occupations of life are in a manner suspended—the labours of the builder are arrested, and the unfinished tenement moulders into premature ruin;—the mallet of the artisan resounds no more—the shuttle sleeps, and cobwebs hang upon the loom:—Let Spital-fields, and the constituents of Mr. Windham contradict me if I speak untruly!

Commerce is half annihilated; the arts decline, and science toils no more in the diffusion of intellect and happiness. The investigation of the causes of our miseries is become the only occupation of the speculative mind, and the only employments of manual industry are the trades which are connected with the aggravation of those miseries.

Nor does the evil rest here. The body politic of Britain is not only diseased: It is suffering daily amputation. Its most important members are hourly lopped away by a depopulating war.

- “ Princes and Lords may flourish, and may fade ;
- “ A breath may make them, as a breath hath made :
- “ But a bold peasantry, their Country's pride !
- “ When once 'tis lost, can never be supplied.”—GOLDSMITH.

Yet this peasantry—this pride of the country—if the country knew what it ought to be proud of—the productive energies of man, or the baubles or distinction!—This peasantry we suffer to be annihilated—this pride laid low, in a ridiculous (I had almost said an unprincipled) crusade to restore the fallen despotism of France. For this the husband is
torn

torn from his wife—the father from his helpless infants, and the son from the aged parents with whom he used to share the scanty earnings of his industry. For this the marshes of Flanders are manured, and the dykes of Holland choaked with British blood. For this the personal liberty of Englishmen is invaded, *with impunity*, by the lawless violence of press-gangs; our youth are ensnared by the artifices of recruiting parties; trading magistrates are vested with a despotic authority over the lower orders of the community; and our streets are nightly infested by the snares, and atrocious depredations of crimps and kidnappers.

One consolation, and only one relieves the mind of the philanthropist, in the contemplation of this gloomy picture; and that, strange to say! arises from our disasters and defeats. The project is not likely to succeed. The despotism of the Bourbons—that despotism hitherto so fatal to the repose and to the morals of Europe, will not be restored; and the dead bodies of our countrymen that were intended to have been made the stepping-stones for the ambition of a Prince of Condé and a Comte d'Artois, have paved the way for the triumphant armies of a Republic, invincible from the conviction that every individual is fighting for his own independence, and his own rights!

Still, however, (uninfluenced by experience—untaught by calamity, and implicitly resigned to the interested councils of those dastard emigrants—those superstitious priests and profligate nobles whose intrigues have already been so fatal to their own sovereign) our infatuated Cabinet persevere in their Quixotic projects. Still are the ranks of our flying armies recruited by these detestable means, while our stagnated commerce and ruined manufactures present to the most useful order of men only the melancholy alternative of perishing by the sword abroad, or by lingering famine at home.

We cannot wonder, therefore, that the depopulation which the sword produces is so considerably increased by another species of depopulation, I mean by emigration. Nor will it give so great a degree of astonishment to your minds, when I state that 1500 individuals, during one week in the last summer, arrived, between Sunday and Sunday, from England, Scotland, and Ireland, at the town of New York alone; and that the whole amount of the individuals who had emigrated from this country to the hospitable shores of America, during

the last summer, was no less than eighty thousand, men, women, and children. I say when you consider the calamities under which the country groans, you will not be surprised that I am enabled to state to you from authentic documents, that during the last summer eighty thousand individuals from Scotland, England, and Ireland, have bid a final farewell to their native fields, their relatives and friends, to assist the population of America, rather than endure the united torments of penury and persecution to which they must be here exposed. And of what description are the people we have thus lost? Not like the eighty thousand locusts that fled from a neighbouring country; not dreaming monks and swindling nobility! (Remember, Citizens, I am speaking of the nobility of France; not of the nobility of England.) The emigrants driven from this country were not eighty thousand dreaming monks and swindling nobility; but eighty thousand of the best sinews, the strong fibres, the nerves of the state; chiefly useful labourers, from whose application alone all the wealth, power, and grandeur of the country must be derived. If, therefore, so many vital fibres continue to be torn from the heart of Britain, will it be surprising if we should find that a dead palsy has seized one side of the country, when (as may possibly be the case ere long) we find ourselves called upon, by the progress of events, for all our energies, and all our magnanimity, to repel the hostile attacks that may be aimed not at the extremities only, but at the very seat of life?

Yet, Citizens, thinned as the population has thus been, what is the fate of those who yet remain? Have those persons who have fled to the hospitable shores of America secured, by that flight, abundance to those whom they have left behind? Alas, how melancholy a reverse presents itself to our observation! Calculate the present proportion between the increase in the price of labour, and in the price of the necessary articles of life: and estimate, if you can, without a blush, the meagre pittance with which the industry is repaid that secures the comforts and multiplies the luxuries of the opulent, and privileged orders. Behold the condition of our labourers (those even who can obtain employment for their industry at any rate!)—See them, in defiance of all their toil and assiduity, reduced to the miserable prospect of not being able to supply a necessary quantity of wholesome food for themselves and their distressed families!

To

To what causes shall we trace these distempers ? for we must know the nature of the disease before we attempt to apply a remedy. To what cause, I say, shall we attribute these phenomena in the state of the national health ? The first that presents itself to us is that immense foreign exportation which is the consequence of this just, necessary, and prosperous war.

The loaf that should feed the useful labourer, is sent to supply the destroying soldier—English, Hessian, Austrian, Hanoverian, Sardinian, or Prussian ! The peasant languishes, and the manufacturer starves, that the fruits of their industry may satisfy the cravings of those who are fighting, not I believe for the liberties of Englishmen, but for the preservation of the places and emoluments of those by whom the liberties of England are invaded.

But even this intention does not succeed. The stores intended for these motley legions are lost in the dykes of Holland, in the marshes of Flanders, in the ravaged territories of the petty princes of Germany, whom the power of Britain is no longer competent to defend. It is sent to some British, or some *friendly* army, at some given post ; and, when it arrives there, it finds no such army in existence. The tricoloured flag is waving where the British standard was expected to be hailed ; the reliques of our brave battalions have fled to some distant post ; and the stores either fall into the hand of the enemy, or are wickedly destroyed, in hopes that the foes we cannot conquer may experience the same famine with the friends we cannot preserve.

Thus to the calamities which proceed from the political insanity of our rulers, are to be added those which result from the absolute impossibility of supplying a flying army without sending three times the quantity of provisions which a victorious army would require.

Independent of this, it seems as though the elements themselves had conspired to aggravate our misfortunes.

I shall not allude to the frosts in Holland. The Dutch best know whether they were calamities or blessings.—I shall not attempt to plead their cause. As far as we can see Holland believes it has had too much of our friendly interference already. But I do believe that, whatever Dutchmen may think, Englishmen must feel that a considerable aggravation of *their* calamities has been produced by the inclement season.

I do

I do not stand here to uphold the doctrines of superstition. I do not pretend to peer above the clouds, and discover the secrets of a supposed ruling Providence. That is no part of my profession. I speak of facts. I wish you to know how great your calamity is, and what are the moral means of redress? I speak only to *moral agents*; and, therefore, have nothing to do with supernatural causes.

But the greater the calamities are the greater is the crying necessity of applying relief: And it is the duty of the statesman not only to cure those disasters which result from the political wickedness or absurdity of the rulers, but to provide remedies also, for those which result from accidental circumstances—from physical causes: from derangements of the elements, and internal disasters. For this it was that government was chiefly instituted.

Yes, Citizens, as it is the duty of the physician to apply not only remedies to the diseases which result from intemperance, but to those also which proceed from accidents which may betide the human body, and over the causes of which we can have no dominion; so with the political physician; it is his duty to apply the remedy not only to the evils which result from his own follies and absurdities, but to the consequences, also, of those natural calamities which he could not foresee, and which, therefore, no human virtue could prevent. And I do affirm, that this was the purpose for which governments were principally instituted; for these are the only calamities likely to befall any nation, independent of those which result from the government itself. All the calamities of war, all the inconveniences to which any nation is exposed in consequence of foreign and external circumstances, are the effects of the government itself; and never could exist but from the particular conduct of the governors. It is, therefore, for the purpose of regulating those internal circumstances which result necessarily from the state of society, or are the consequences of those accidents or derangements to which the physical universe is perpetually liable, that government is in reality instituted: for these are misfortunes to which society, and, in many instances, even unassociated man must be perpetually subject from the yet unfathomed laws of the system we inhabit.

It is necessary, therefore, for the better security and accommodation of man (or at least it has hitherto appeared so) that

that institutions should exist composed of individuals whose superior knowledge and leisure for reflection may enable them to discover the proper remedies for these inevitable and unforeseen calamities, and to direct the popular attention to the means of counteracting their effects. These institutions constitute what is called government: and woe to that nation whose governors forget the real objects of their institution in the selfish pursuit of factious aggrandisement, and the mad and destructive projects of war and conquest!

I say, then, if it has happened, from the co-operation of political and physical causes, that calamities have been brought upon the nation, it behoves those entrusted with the administration of the government, first of all, prior to all external concerns, prior to all considerations of foreign alliance or hostility, to consider and apply the remedies which the internal situation of the country happens to demand.

If then, to you, as to me, the strong probability should appear that during this inclement season, hundreds, nay thousands of our fellow beings must have perished from those diseases which result from scanty and unwholesome food; from the want of proper protection from the inclemency of the season, and from the want of fuel to warm their frozen joints:—If the probability should appear that the dearth of provisions existing, and likely to be increased, from the increased exportation of the necessaries of life to our armies on the continent, co-operating with the physical calamities of floods, frosts, and inundations, are likely still further to aggravate the distresses of the country, to a degree little short of famine itself—it results as a deduction of reason—it results as *an imperious duty*, that the nation at large, but principally the governors of the nation, are called upon to seek with diligence, and to apply with alacrity, such remedies as may snatch us from this severe accumulation of disasters.

Citizens, it will be said that a sort of relief has been applied. We shall be told of the benevolences in parishes. We shall be told of the subscriptions of persons enjoying 12, or 14,000*l.* a year, who have liberally subscribed one guinea in one place because it was not their own parish, and two in another, because it was their own.

We shall be told, perhaps, that abundant relief has been given to the distressed portions of society.

Citizens,

Citizens, this is a specious, but a dangerous mode of proceeding towards the relief of our fellow beings. If this is the condition under which so many of our fellow citizens groan, some remedy (not a remedy of Charity, of Benevolence, as it is called, but a remedy of political amelioration) ought to be applied that will impartially reach them all.

Parish associations may amuse the wretched with delusive hopes, and present a vain glorious picture of public munificence; but can never afford an adequate remedy to the evil.

I shall not dwell upon the speculations of parish officers and contractors. It is sufficient to observe that by parish associations nothing but a partial remedy will ever be applied; and *that* not for the purpose of *removing the distress*, but of *increasing the dependence* of the lower orders of the people.

He who is attached to the faction in power, who can cringe and creep to the petty officers and dependants of of that faction, may perchance obtain relief. But I myself have witnessed the manner in which the applications of those may be repulsed, however great their miseries, who are suspected of being deficient in these *loyal* virtues; or who have the misfortune to be recommended by individuals whose principles are not entirely agreeable to "Gentlemen high in office."

I have known poor wretches refused relief from the fund raised at the general expence of the district, or chid with surly insolence, and dismissed with a scanty disproportionate pittance, because the persons who recommended them—the individuals who knew their distresses, were *Jacobins*, as they are called: persons attached, not to individual men, but to broad and general principles! Persons who believe that principle, as it is the soul of political existence, is more to be revered than the leaders of little, paltry associations of men of rank:—more venerable than even those corporate institutions which arrogate to themselves a kind of omnipotence, while at the same time they are in reality but the tools of individuals, who some how or other have got to the lead, but who, by the grovelling passions they so frequently exhibit, one would suppose to have been intended to be placed at the foot of society.

Citizens, whatever may have been the calamities of the people, whatever the partial relief of those calamities, I am afraid they have not yet arrived at their height.

When

When I read—and who has not read, the melancholy accounts of floods and inundations; when I consider how many pastures have been laid waste, how many fields of promised grain destroyed, I cannot but look forward with gloomy apprehension towards that prospect of famine, or little short of famine, which presents itself to our view. And if I can hereafter show, and I trust I can show, that there are political remedies which might remove this grievance, what are the defects of those individuals, who have power to apply these remedies, but whose pride, whose avarice of office, prevents them from listening to the voice of calamity, and renders them blind to that happiness which might be produced by pursuing measures consistent with the wishes and interests of the people, but which they conceive would be detrimental to their own selfish interests, and the permanency of their places and emoluments.

The impotence and absurdity of superstitious Observances.

From the Same.

WHAT are the proper objects to which the Statesman ought to turn his attention? What the proper pursuits in which the nation ought at this time to be engaged?

Ought we to appeal to the moral energies of the human mind, to the powers of reason, to the faculties of intellect, or to yield to the cowardly dictates of superstition? Are we in short, to apply to moral and political resources for redress, or like the stupid Neopolitans, carry about in long processions, the head of Saint Januarius to avert the earthquake rumbling under our feet, and suspend the explosions of the volcano which is flaming over our heads, and threatening us with immediate destruction?

Yes, Citizens, you can see the absurdity of this. You can feel what a ridiculous figure St. Januarius makes in the midst of this tremendous scene. But O blindness of self-love! O folly of national partiality! you cannot perceive that there is scarcely a shade of difference between the practices of Naples and of Britain. For how are Englishmen at

this time employed? Are not Priests in their pulpits and devotees upon their knees pouring forth their souls in sublime rhapsodies to an invisible being, to induce him to do for them what, if it is right, they ought to do for themselves, and if it is wrong, such a being certainly would not do for them? Are they not offering up their petitions, as they say, to a benevolent and merciful Creator, to enable them to cut the throats, to desolate the fields, to burn the towns and villages, to make widows of the wives, and orphans of the children of their fellow creatures—according to their own calculation, of their brethren? Thus intreating this merciful being to lend his assistance to practices so cruel and so profligate, that even the beasts of prey are strangers to them! *They* devour indeed the brutes of other species, but leave to man alone the enlightened province of destroying his fellow man.

Instead of appealing to the virtuous resources of the human character, instead of endeavouring to find what kind of stuff Britons are made of, instead of restoring them to their rights, that they may recover their energies, are not persons hired to preach the doctrines most agreeable to their employers, rushing into the utmost extremities of superstitious absurdity, and endeavouring to preserve those employers from the ruin and destruction in which they have involved themselves—by what? By reformation and atonement? No, but by the vain attempt to make divine perfection (for so they call the object of their worship) the participator of their guilt; and praying for thunders and lightnings to consume the individuals who have presumed to differ from them in political and religious opinions, and whom their folly and presumption have converted from generous friends to the nation into implacable enemies to the government.

Citizens, if reason is not to be the arbiter, if superstition is to be appealed to, let me ask what difference is there between a pair of Protestant lawn sleeves and the relics of a Roman saint?

If we are to seek redress, not by our exertions, but by the prayers and mediations of some intermediate being, some demi-god placed between man and divinity, what difference can reason discover between St. Januarius and his Grace of Peterborough or of Durham?

Citizens, the real friends of humanity have no occasion for this hypocritical mummery: they disdain to appeal to a superstition

perstition which their actions show they do not believe, and which they do not pretend to comprehend.

Liberty, Benevolence and Truth, are the trinity in unity of their perpetual adoration. These are the objects to which the attention of the human mind should be directed.

If all that is preached and believed is true, the being to whom they address their prayers, sits immoveable in the heavens, lost in a blaze of light, which we cannot penetrate, and in his own divine perfections, superior to external motives, and incapable of change, pursues the eternal tenor of his way; and nothing can be so ridiculous as the attempt of human weakness to divert him from this eternal course.

But Truth we can discover, Benevolence we can feel, and Liberty, the glorious principle of liberty we can promote. Let us consider then, whether those great deities of rational adoration are not more likely to furnish us with the means of extricating ourselves from that weight of calamity, which political priestcraft and superstitious policy have so heavily accumulated upon the shoulders of mankind than all the juggling between priests and Machiavelian politicians which have so long been carried on. Let us labour to enlighten our fellow citizens—Let us for political maladies seek for political relief; endeavour by every means in our power to apply the assistance of moral amelioration to moral calamities; and explore the means by which one physical cause may counteract the mischiefs of another.

Thus and thus only can we remedy what superstition never yet could cure. But those who have an interest in imposing upon mankind, have found out another mode of remedy. Fasts and prayers are instituted for the purposes of sanguinary ambition. You are told to humble yourselves for the crimes which your rulers have committed. You are taught to pray, that they may continue to slaughter: and you are taught to fast (and you have been taught it long enough)—You are taught to fast that they may riot in luxurious profusion.

On the means of redressing the Calamities of the Nation.

From the Same.

WHAT then are the means of redress for which the calamities of the nation call? For redress of political calamities let us apply ourselves to correct the vices, the errors, the delusive ambition, which have led to those calamities. And if the present situation of the country, with respect to policy, results from the quixotic imagination that a handful of Britons could subdue the enthusiastic myriads of France—If we have attempted to trample their infant liberty in the dust, without considering with what gigantic energy that infancy was endowed—If we have madly supposed that the pigmy efforts of a *Pitt*, a *Dundas*, a *Loughborough*, a *Jenkinson*, and a *Colonel Mack*, could subdue this gigantic energy, and reduce a mighty nation once more to the trammels of despotism;—and if this has been the political source of our calamities, let us acknowledge that we see our error, that we see the folly of our attempt; and ere it be too late, consider how we can save our own country from that very *famine* and destruction with which we threatened to depopulate the streets of Paris. This also would lead to the remedy of those internal calamities that have fallen upon us, by calling forth the resources of nature and the energies of a well directed industry. And as for those heavier calamities which may threaten to assail us at our own door—If Britons, as perhaps may be the case, are speedily to be called upon to defend their own habitations and their own families from those hostile aggressions with which they so unjustly and so absurdly threatened the enemy they have thus provoked, let our governors appeal in time to those popular concessions, those conciliating acts of justice which have been so long, and so *intemperately* refused; but without which, I fear, that unanimity and energy can never be expected which circumstances so alarming may require.

To restore us to our vigour, let them restore us to our rights: let them convince us that it is for ourselves, and ourselves alone, that we are struggling; nor suffer us to suspect, for a moment, that we are contending for our own chains, for the security of our oppressors, and the perpetuity of our oppressions.

Remove the possibility of this suspicion, and then shall it be found that the British character has not lost its energy; but that

that we are still as capable of vindicating our own cause as ever we were in the most brilliant periods of our history. Then shall it appear in the eyes of Europe that Britons still retain that resolute and unanimous affection for the real interests of their country which can alone secure its protection or improve its happiness.

For the alleviation of calamities of another description, let us also labour to abolish luxury: (and every man may do much towards this reformation. Let us in our own houses, at our own tables, by our exhortations to our friends, by our admonitions to our enemies, persuade mankind to discard those tinsel ornaments and ridiculous superfluities which enfeeble our minds, and entail voluptuous diseases on the affluent, while diseases of a still more calamitous description overwhelm the oppressed orders of society from the scarcity resulting from this extravagance. Thus let us administer to the relief of those who having the same powers of enjoyment with ourselves have a right to, at least, an equal participation of all the necessities of life, which are the product of their labour. Let us seek also to restore the freedom of commerce. Let us consider that while the ports of nations are open, scarcity can never exist to any alarming degree. Every country, if not prevented by political impediments, will send its surplus productions to the best market.

The best market is always the country which is most in want, and, therefore, those who have most of any particular commodity will carry it to that port where its scarcity is most notorious: So that the effects of that scarcity will hardly be perceptible to the community at large. Let us consider what the real utility of commerce is not that it may swell, as at present, the opulence of a few individuals; give the luxuries of the globe to the great man's table, and thus inflate his pride with the imagination, that he is a being of superior species to those by whose toil his appetites are pampered. No: the real advantage of commerce is, that the surplus resources of one nation exchanged for the surplus resources of another, may prevent excessive want and scarcity from being felt by any individual portion of the universe.

Let us consider then for one moment what are the real causes of the political and natural calamities of the country; and we cannot be long before we find redress.

The greater part of our calamities result from a ridiculous, an unjust, and therefore, an unnecessary war; and that state of corruption into which the democratic branch of our constitution has so unfortunately fallen. It is from those that the poli-

political distresses of the great body of the people arise. And let it be remembered that even the physical calamities, those which originated in the severities of the season, may also be removed by the same species of redress which may remove the other calamities. In the first place then let us consider how we can put a period to the present disastrous war. Let us see how we can conciliate the affections of the irritated republic of France, and how we can convert again into our dearest friends those people whom our unjust interference with their internal concerns has compelled to be our bitterest foes: or, to speak more correctly, the bitterest foes of our ministerial directors. Let us remember that however a few desperate individuals may have stained with crimes the revolution of that country, and however we may deplore the excesses into which the aspiring disposition of some individuals may have plunged a mighty nation; yet, on the other hand, we see, in the virtues they have exhibited, a character so great and glorious, that nothing but the delusive cant of political corruption could have induced us, for a moment, to brand them with those epithets, so liberally, and so impolitically, bestowed.

Let us apply ourselves assiduously to compose the differences and restore the peace and cordial intercourse of Europe: and let us recollect that if this intercourse, this peace and affection can be restored, whatever calamities the elements may chance to inflict upon an individual country will be presently removed, even by that interested, but yet in its effects *philanthropic* spirit which induces mankind so universally to barter those commodities they can spare with other nations that stand in need of them.

Citizens, let us also, seeking for a more immediate redress, consider what our natural resources are. Let us consider that this is a country watered by innumerable streams, not only imparting fresh verdure to the fields they flow through; but teeming also with that food which, but from the unjust monopoly with which it is incumbered, might supply the necessities of all our industrious poor. For proof of this we need only appeal to facts. One of those fish which is certainly among the most luxurious of the finny tribe, the salmon, was so abundant in this country, before the streams were made the property of individuals, that it was necessary in many parts of the country to insert a clause in the indentures of poor boys from the parish, to prevent their being fed upon this delicious dainty more than three times in a week. I refer you to the inden-

indentures of the city of Winchester particularly, where the clause is still retained, though it is difficult now in that town to get a morsel of that fish without paying two and sixpence or three shillings per pound for it.

Circumstances also of equal impolicy and injustice have produced an artificial scarcity of salt water fish; and a red herring which some years ago might be bought for a half-penny, is not now to be had for less than threehalfpence or twopence. What then is the cause of this? Will any man make me believe that the fishes are infected also with the rage of emigration?—Will you tell me that they also have drank the poisonous doctrines of jacobinism, and become discontented with that *glorious constitution*, under which for so many centuries they have so happily been eaten; and that, therefore, the herrings have fled from the coasts of Scotland, and the salmon deserted our rivers, and, together with the other factious inhabitants of our streams and shores, have fled, with atheistical abhorrence of all *regular government*, to the coasts and rivers of French anarchy, or the distant and happy shores of America, that they might enjoy the pleasure of being eaten without alloy from the consideration that they were put in the mouths of what they rebelliously consider as bondmen and slaves? No, Citizens, it is the infernal spirit of monopoly, that cruel and wasteful demon that has rendered poverty, want, and distress the portion of the mass of the people of this country; that has produced in the midst of abundance this cruel, artificial scarcity.

Citizens, is it not enough that men should have a property in that which has been procured by the labours of their ancestors? Is it not enough that the soil, which from time immemorial has been worked by a herd of men who were to receive a scanty portion only of its produce should be the property of a few wealthy and privileged individuals? Is it not enough that the birds of the air should be monopolized by these men?

Must the wild inhabitants of the very waves, must all the common bounties of nature, be also considered as articles of monopolizing accumulation? Shall one or two men grasp to themselves the whole product of our rivers; and then make an agreement with a fishmonger to waste and destroy whatever cannot be sold at an extravagant price, rather than suffer the swinish multitude to feast upon luxuries with which the tables of the great ought to be exclusively furnished; and thus produce an artificial scarcity into the country, so ruinous

to

to the population, so detestable in its principles, so alarming in its effects.

Citizens, the harvests of our waves, if I may use the metaphor, if once relieved from this intolerable exercise, might always be reaped in abundance; and when plenty smiled not in our valleys, it might still sparkle in our streams, and in the neighbourhood of our shores, whose finny produce might compensate, in some degree, for the accidental scarcity of the field.

The surplus production, also, of those streams and shores might produce, by the exchange of a liberal commerce, abundance of the necessary supplies of which the country might stand in need. Look to the coasts of Scotland, look to the little islands, the Hebrides and the Orkneys. Behold how populous the surrounding waves! See the whole ocean one animated mass, as it were; one thronged association of little beings who offer themselves as the food of man.

Consider, that in the neighbourhood of one island, even upon a very moderate calculation, more than one hundred thousand millions of the finest herrings are devoured annually, by one species of fowl only, the solan goose, that frequents the rocky shores; consider also, that the bays of that country are frequented by such huge quantities of them, that the whales (which might be caught there, also, instead of sending to Greenland for them) may be seen eating their way through the innumerable shoals that throng every part of the shores. Why is it then that they do not come to our markets in such quantities as to render superfluity, not want, the lot of man? Why is it that the superfluous produce of this fishery is not imported by the inhabitants of these coasts and islands, in such quantities as to produce in return an abundant supply of those necessaries and comforts of which those barren fragments of our isle stand so much in need?

Why is this fishery neglected and resigned to the more politic and industrious Dutch, who almost engross the exclusive advantages of that trade, and thus sell to us at an increased price the produce of our own coasts and bays? Why stamp this shameful indignity on the British character: for it is, in reality, a much more shameful indignity than any of the offensive decrees of the French Convention against which aristocrats and alarmists have so querulously declaimed!

I will tell you, Citizens—The flagrant impolicy of government is the sole cause of this scarcity and this insult. It is this that has brought the country into a situation like that of Tantalus, where the waves rise to our lips and yet we cannot

not drink ; and the food hangs down to our very mouths and yet we cannot eat. To this situation are we reduced by those who (constantly engaged in the intrigues of party, in the coalitions of faction, in the management, as it is called, of majorities in the House of Commons—In adjusting the interests of proprietors of rotten boroughs, in disposing, I had like to have said, like cattle, of those people whom they ought to preserve,) are too busy to attend to the insignificant consideration of providing for the comfortable sustenance of millions.

But it is not only by their neglects that we suffer, we are equally injured by their impolitic regulations.

Citizens, I shall read from Buchanan's general view of the British fishery, what he says upon this subject, "What added greatly to the hurt of the fishing trade in Scotland in these latter times, appears to have arisen from the regulations and heavy restrictions respecting foreign and home made salt. These are particularly hurtful to the isles, without store-houses to supply them with salt in their neighbourhood ; and the poor inhabitants or fishers are incapable of procuring it, from its extravagant price, when sold by merchants, and its immense distance to purchase that article at first hand where it may be had at a moderate price.

"This circumstance deserves serious consideration.

"All herrings cured for home sale are subject to a duty of one shilling per barrel if used in Scotland, and only three-pence or fourpence if used in England, which heavy duty must greatly retard the fisheries, and is too glaring an imposition to pass long without amendment.

"The custom-house fees in Scotland are become a nuisance to the adventurers ; so heavy as to absorb the greatest part of the bounty, especially on small vessels.

"This also calls aloud for redress.

"A man of respectability, named Macbride, and now in London, declares that he saw eighteen barrels of fresh herrings given for one barrel of salt, to the master of a smack ; and three barrels for one shilling sterling.—The owners judging this trifle better than to allow them to rot without salt, as has been the case before.

"An intelligent minister on Skye told the author that he had seen heaps upon heaps rotting on the shore, and until carried off to dung the ground no man durst pass by on the leeward of them for the rotten offensive effluvia emitted from the fish."

Is it not better then to turn our attention to the redress of these evils, than to be engaged in ridiculous crusades to restore a fallen despotism, and reinstate a superstitious priesthood, in a country where they have been torn from their pedestals and trampled down by the enlightened energy of the people.

Citizens, it will be asked what should be the first step towards the general reform that seems so requisite?—The first step, perhaps I shall be expected to say is the restoration of peace. But, alas! that cannot be restored till other steps have been taken. So long as those men now at the helm shall remain in power, no more, I fear, must the olive-branch of peace wave over this devoted country: never more, I fear, must that tranquillity and happiness be restored to Europe, for which we have so long and so ardently longed.

The first step, I believe, towards the redress of our national calamities must be taken by the people: By manly, and spirited, but peaceable remonstrances, by the unanimous voice of the friends of liberty throughout the country: and I believe in that description I include at this time by far the greatest part of the nation. The unanimous voice of the friends of liberty must be uplifted against the abuses and corruptions which have crept into the administration of the country. With these boldly, but peaceably, we must endeavour to hurl from the seat of ill gotten power those men who, Jehu like, are driving us to destruction. We must seek for the redress of our grievances by removing from the power of future injury, those men to whom our present injuries are to be attributed.

Yes, Citizens, I believe it is necessary to shew our indignation, our detestation, our abhorrence of the mad, the frantic, and destructive measures which the present administration are pursuing.

But let me be understood—When I say we ought to shew our indignation, I mean not violence—I mean that we ought to shew that benevolent feeling which disdains to see the miseries of our fellow creatures without attempting to obtain redress. I do not mean that by frantic impetuosity you should plunge the devoted country into desolation.

I hope I have a heart that *really* shudders at the idea of civil discord as much as the aristocratic hypocrites and cowardly alarmists of the day *pretend*; and which would never consent to uplift the arm of violence but in absolute self-defence: when it is palpably necessary to the preservation of that life or that personal liberty which every individual undoubtedly has a right and which it is his duty to vindicate; because

cause without vindicating that, he can never have the power of discharging any other duty to himself, or his fellow creatures.

By manly exertions then,—and by *manly* I mean *benevolent* and *peaceable*: for fury and devastation, though sometimes those fiends have inhabited the forms of men; fury and devastation are not the passions of human beings:—humanity is lost when we appeal to desolating violence. By manly and spirited *remonstrances* then, I would have you seek redress! And your courage and your fortitude I would have you display,—by shewing what you are ready to suffer in the cause of reason and of man, not what you are ready to inflict on the deluded and therefore selfish antagonist of this cause: This is the sort of energy I wish the human character to display,—this is the sort of argument I wish to enforce:—the energy of mind, not the energies of the dagger—the logic of assassination.

But think not, Citizens, if you should accomplish, the fall of a particular faction, that your work is done.

You may, if you please, like the fox in the fable, drive away the insatiable swarm of gnats that are now molesting you—but when they are driven away another swarm still more hungry may come upon you, and the devouring system still go on.

You must show that it is *principles*, not *men* you contend for,—that you are indifferent to the name of a *Pitt* or a *Fox*, that you scorn alike all party distinctions, and all party prejudices—that you venerate nothing but the virtuous principle of liberty, and are attached to no man any farther than as he may be the organ of this principle, the instrument by which its energies may operate for the public good.

If therefore, a change of men should take place, think not that all is done: resign not yourselves to supineness: remember you must show that your spirits are teeming with the love of liberty; that you are seeking the reformation of those abuses in the Commons House of Parliament; which if you had obtained before, you never could have laboured under your present calamities. And therefore treat with equal indignation *every administration*, that does not, by active exertions, shew its zealous attachment to these principles of liberty. Never lose sight of this grand political truth, that “there is no redress for a nation situated as we are, but in a fair, full, and free representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament.”

The following extracts from "Buchanan's General View of the Fishery of Great Britain" will shew that the foregoing statements have not been exaggerated.

"FROM the vast multitude of fowls about St. Kilda, we are sure that the fish must be very plenty there. Let us, for a moment, says the Rev. Kenneth M'Aulay, minister, who acted as missionary there, confine our attention to the consumption made by one single species of the numberless fowls that feed on the herrings.

"The solan goose is almost insatiably voracious; he flies with great force and velocity, toils all day with very little intermission, and digests his food in a very short time; he disdains to eat any thing worse than herrings or mackarel, unless it be in a very hungry place, which he takes care to avoid or abandon. We take it for granted, that there are an hundred thousand of that kind round the rocks of St. Kilda, and this calculation is by far too moderate, as no less than twenty thousand of them are killed yearly, including the young ones.

"We shall suppose that the solan goose sojourns in those seas for about seven months in the year, and that each of them destroys five herrings in a day, a subsistence by no means adequate to so greedy a creature, unless it were more than half supported of other fishes. Here we have one hundred thousand millions of the finest fishes in the world devoured annually by one single species of the St. Kilda birds.

"On the west side of the long isle the very whales might be harpooned with ease and safety instead of going to Greenland; (or, the author might have added, to the South Seas!) in quest of them at much heavier expences, and greater danger annually.

"The most critical time for harpooning them is, when they are seen devouring the herrings by great mouthfuls, and each gap they make is constantly filled with fresh supplies, wishing to fly beyond danger, but cannot for the thick bank before them, as they stand pent up in lochs, by the heavy storm. And the strongest whale dares not pierce through them; seeing he could not move his fins for the immense throng, much less rise to the surface to breathe; therefore the monster is seen behind the herring, like a horse eating at the face of a hayrick?"

The following Ode occasioned by the first of those splendid events that distinguished the commencement of the French Revolution, was the earliest political production of the Lecturer. As a public speaker he had interested himself in the *party* questions of the day; and displayed his zeal in the discussions upon the slave trade—(discussions which so happily prepared the minds of Britons for the reception of those great truths which the investigation provoked by events upon the Continent brought to light) but his Muse had never before been enlisted under the banners of political liberty. The poem was inserted in one of the periodical publications of the day; but has never made its appearance in any collection of the author's works—

. O D E

On the Destruction of the Bastille.

NOW Science, by thy genial beam,
Awaken'd from the torpid dream
Of bigot Ignorance and servile fear,
Her awful brow, lo, Freedom rear!—
See her hand, with generous rage,
From sable limbs the shackles rends;
Afric's wrongs her cares assuage,
And Hope, a long lost guest, to Ethiop's race descends!
Then as indignant round she turns
And snaps the Gallic yoke in twain,
(While her patriot bosom burns
With generous rage, and just disdain)
The flashing fires her eyes indignant shed
Shake the proud tyrants of the earth with dread!

Shall then no Muse, with generous aim,
Wide diffuse the sacred flame?
And shall not, chief, the patriot theme inspire
The raptures of the British lyre?
Yes, Britons, yes—this artless hand,
While bright the inspiring ardour glows,
The shell of Freedom shall command,
Indignant of Oppression's countless woes!—
Yes, Britons,—Freedom's magic shell,
Sacred of old in Britain's isle,

This

This hand, with trembling touch, shall swell,
 Nor ask a laurel for my toil—
 Blest should my wild notes thro' one bosom roll
 The genuine ardours of the freeborn soul !

From Tyranny's insatiate sway
 What Woes, what coward crimes prevail !
 How generous courage dies away,
 While Anguish sobs in every gale ?

Cross but one narrow creek of raging waves,
 Set but thy foot on Gallia's bleeding shore,
 Where bold Resistance proud Oppression braves,
 Who sinks despairing to revive no more ;

There see (and seeing, smile with generous pride)
 Where, on the ruins of her noble rage,
Freedom, enthron'd by *Patriot Valour's* side,
 Seeks a brave people's sorrows to assuage.

Say—rolls not then the agitated eye—
 Does shuddering Nature no wild terrors feel,
 When, with Reflection's retrospective sigh,
 Thou view'st what once was call'd the dread Bastille ?

There fullen Tyranny, in murky cell,
 With spleen-born Cruelty, and ruthless Pride,
 Hid from all human pity loved to dwell,
 To coin new torments, and new woes provide.

There loathsome Horror, from the dark, dank cave,
 Breath'd rank infection round the victim's head :—
 ——— Perhaps, because his virtue, nobly brave !
 Awak'd the guilty tyrant's jealous dread :

Perhaps because his manly tongue was warm
 To plead the cause of Innocence oppress'd ;
 Or from the rage of power, with filial arm,
 He dar'd defend a Sire's devoted breast :

Perhaps, because the child his cares had nurs'd,
 Or the fond partner of his nuptial flame
 Had wak'd some pamper'd menial's sordid lust—
 And he refus'd the proffer'd bribe of shame.

Nay not these vile prettexts does it require
 To urge the wrong, the cruel malice screen,
 Enough if caprice, or suspicion fire
 The booby monarch, or his strumpet queen !

Think the vile tools of arbitrary sway,
 With all their tyrant's noxious power array'd,
 Seizing the wretched victim ye survey :
 Of guilt unconscious—yet with fear dismay'd.

Hark ! does not fancy hear the shrieking wife,
 The frantic parent, and the clinging child ?
 Each bosom torn with passion's painful strife !—
 Must *guiltless sorrow* feel a pang so wild ?

'Tis past—The prison opes its gloomy door,
 Deep—deep the ruffians plunge their victim down :
 Heaven's common light—heaven's breath is now no more :
 Despair and darkness all his senses drown.

Chill Horror creep thro' every vein,
 And frenzy racks the giddy brain,
 While (ere it close, to ope, perhaps, no more)
 Sullen creeks the iron door.
 See the loath'd abhorrent cave—
 Helpless Virtue's living grave !

There sits Disease midst filth-born vapours vile ;
 Disease that knows no cheering smile ;
 While, trickling down the murky walls,
 The aguish fiend Infection crawls.
 “ Den of Horrors !—Cave of woe !
 “ Emblem of the realms below !”

“ Why ope to me its death-denouncing jaws ?—
 “ Why frowns it thus on Misery's guiltless son ?—
 “ I never broke my Country's sacred laws !—
 “ I am no murderer !—Ruffians ! I am none.”

But ah the creaking doors remorseless close,
 Light, and the soul's best light, soft hope, is fled.
 Year after year he broods o'er lingering woes :—
 To all but horror and reflection dead.

Yet walls, nor bars, nor deep descending cave
 Shut a loved consort from his aching sight :
 Her pictured sorrows find him in his grave ;
 Haunt his long days, and scourge the restless night.

There

There too his babes, in wakeful vision rise—
 Pale images of want and friendless woe!
 To pierce his soul with unavailing cries,
 And bid afresh the floods of anguish flow.

“ Ah save them—save !” he cries in wild despair
 “ My wife—my babes—Ah how could they offend ?
 “ Me with your racks—your wildest tortures tear ;
 “ But oh ! to them your pitying succour lend.

“ ’Tis Phantom all—Ah ! restless train
 “ Creations of the frantic brain,
 “ Depart—depart—
 “ Oblivion come—and o’er my aching head
 “ Thy opiate-dripping pinions spread ;
 “ Sole hope—sole soother of this bleeding heart !

“ Alas ! while thus perturbed fancy’s sting
 “ Aids the proud fury of a tyrant King,
 “ What added pangs may yet remain !
 “ For what can tyrant cruelty restrain ?

“ The ruffian grasp that stops the labouring breath ;
 “ The dire suspension from the torturing beam ;
 “ Famine that slowly wastes the vital stream :
 “ And all the ghastly train of lingering death !

“ Hark !—Sure the tread of bustling strife !
 “ What added torments now ?
 “ Or what new victim doom’d to waste his life .
 “ In griefs like those beneath whose weight I bow ?

“ Heavens ! what sounds are these I hear ?
 “ Sure the pealing voice of Joy !
 “ Again !—Again !—The shout comes near !
 “ Liberty the glorious cry !”

’Tis so : and see the dungeon’s bars are broke,
 And cheerful light pervades the horrid gloom ;
 Awakening Gaul shakes off the servile yoke,
 And, freed from slavish awe, her patriot honours bloom !

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. II.

Saturday, 21st March, 1795.

Dangerous tendency of the Attempt to suppress political Discussion.—From the Lecture on the “MORAL and POLITICAL IMPORTANCE of the LIBERTY of SPEECH.”

WHILE prudent and moderate measures leave the door open to peaceful investigation, men of talents and moral character step forward into the field of politics, and never fail to take the lead of all popular meetings and associations, which nature seems to have intended them for.

While this continues, all is peaceful and rational enquiry; and the people, though bold, are orderly; nor even when persecution inflames their passions, are they easily provoked to actual intemperance! But when words are construed into Treason, and the people can no longer unbosom themselves to their friends at a tavern, or associate together for the diffusion of political information, but at the peril of their lives, the benevolent and moderate part of mankind retire from the scene of action, to brood with prophetic anxiety over the melancholy prospect.

Enquiry, is it is true, in some degree suppressed, and the counsellors of these overbearing measures are apt to congratulate themselves on their supposed success. But the calm is more dreadful than the hurricane they have suspended. In the ferment of half smothered indignation, feelings of a more gloomy complexion are generated, and characters of a very different stamp are called into action.

Men who have neither genius nor benevolence succeed those who had both; and with no other stimulus than fury, and no other talent but sullen hypocrisy and intrigue, embark in projects which every friend of humanity must abhor; and which, while the free, open, and manly character of the species

No. II. D cics

cies, was yet uncrushed by the detestable system of persecuting opinions, never could have entered the imagination.

Whoever will consult the page of history, will find, that in every country on the earth, where liberty has been alternately indulged and trampled, this has been but too uniformly and exactly the progress of the human mind.

Let us ask then this serious question—Is it possible for any person to be a more dangerous enemy to the peace and personal safety of any sovereign, than he who advises the persecution of opinion, and the suppression of peaceable associations ?

“ *Examination of Mr. Pitt’s Statement of the flourishing state of our Commerce.*”—From the Lecture on the BUDGET.

CITIZENS, It is very well known that among those persons, who call themselves politicians, the first object of calculation is revenue, by which their wars and their projects may be carried on. It is very well known, that the lives of individuals are considered only in a secondary point of view: that they only calculate how long they can get money enough to procure men to be slaughtered at their command; and consider but little the groans, the anguish, the miseries, of those poor wretches who are devoted to destruction, and whose families they leave to still worse destruction behind them. If this is the case it is of some importance to state what situation they stand in, even with respect to their own system; to shew them how near they are towards exhausting those resources which are to them of the utmost importance.

For if they should chuse to argue thus, “It is true the population of the country is considerably thinned; it is true that the sword has wasted many, that pestilence and disease in foreign climates has wasted more, that many have perished through the hardships and calamities to which they were exposed in this country, and that thousands and tens of thousands yearly fly from these shores to America, to avoid their portion of the inconveniences of the present ruinous system; but still we can raise Revenue, still we can bring money into the public Exchequer, by which we can hire men to cut throats at our bidding; and so long as we are served it is a matter of very

very little consequence in what country the individuals are born who are murdered for our pastime and aggrandisement." If, I say, they should argue in this way, it is of some importance to remind them in reply how long those pecuniary resources, so much dearer than the lives of human beings, may last. Remember the state of the public revenue, and know that however affluent, however powerful, however magnificent in resources a country may be, however willing the inhabitants of that country to spend their last guinea, their last shilling, still the last guinea and the last shilling is all that you can have, and when they have spent the whole you can have no possible means of obtaining more.

It will be of importance, then, to shew the very rapid accumulation of that public debt under which we groan. I say, under which we groan, for it is my intention to prove in the course of this lecture that Revenue is supported by the groans of those who are doomed, in consequence of the ruinous system we pursue, to labour without end, and procure no comfort to themselves and families by that labour.

Citizens, I shall not now expatiate upon the cruel system of war in general; I shall not attempt to paint to you all those horrors which belong to a system of this kind: neither shall I attempt to bring before you, on the present occasion, all the peculiar aggravations with which the present war is attended; the infamy, the false and shuffling pretences with which it has been accompanied; the precipitancy and pride with which it was rushed into; the vain boasting with which it has long been bolstered up; and the failure of every project by which those boasts ought to have been supported. Neither shall I dwell, in particular, upon the depravity and wickedness of one country interfering with the internal concerns of another, and endeavouring to prevent any set of people from forming for themselves such a constitution as they themselves think fit.

Neither shall I at present call your attention to the inconsistency of those who support this measure.

I might, it is true, if I were so inclined, by animadverting on the constitution of Corsica, and the manner in which that constitution is said to have been formed, and comparing it with the doctrines and principles held up by those who have occasioned that constitution to be adopted, shew how themselves practically deny the very principal they have laid down; and affirm in the most open way every doctrine which those

who have maintained the cause of liberty have endeavoured to uphold ; that they have ratified the universal right of the great body of the people to form their own government, to enfranchise themselves from one, and set up another ; and that they have laid down that right as resting upon the system of universal suffrage : that is, the right every individual has of forming a representative government in which he himself has collaterally a voice equal with that of any other individual in the country.

Citizens, The ravages and depopulation produced by this war, as I have already observed are not the main object of this lecture, my present intention is to consider the waste of Public Revenue, the rapid manner in which, by exertion after exertion foolishly directed and still more foolishly conducted, we are exhausting the power of the country, and drawing rapidly towards that situation in which the expences and the corruption of the system under which they live can no longer be supported.

Citizens, It is very true that the Honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer upholds a doctrine in the House of Commons, totally inconsistent with that sort of conclusion which it is my purpose to draw.

But you are to remember what have been the doctrines and what have been the sentiments of that being during the last two or three years in particular. You are also to call to your recollection what sort of proof they have endured when they have been put to the test of experiment ; and if you find that in every individual instance, when he has tried the experiment, the result has been diametrically opposite to the theory he has laid down, I shall then have a right to conclude, that you have no great reason to place any confidence in his professions and plausible stories, however able he may be to dress them up in the semblance of truth ; however prompt to support them with bold assertions.

If he set out with telling you that the English army would march to the gates of Paris, and is now almost in a paroxysm of despair lest the French army should be at the gates of London : If he promised you, at the very outset of the war, that in all probability that war would be terminated in the first campaign, and if we are now at the beginning of the third, and he is now telling you (truly) that five times the resources are necessary now that were requisite when he first commenced : If at the outset of the war he also promised you the wealth, the
advan-

advantages, the exclusive possession of the whole West India settlements; and if it should appear to you that the result of the experiment has been that Sir Charles Grey and Admiral Jervis and two or three other individuals have in reality procured considerable and ample fortunes for themselves, but that the mass of their followers reaped no other harvest than the yellow plague, which, with great difficulty, was prevented from being imported into this country, and raging with infectious pestilence among us also: If it should appear to you that in the present prospect of affairs (and I refer you to the ministerial papers) the strong probability is, not only that the islands we have captured, but our own islands also, will be ultimately seized upon by that people whom we threatened to strip of every thing; but who, if we prosecute this mad crusade any longer, are likely to strip us of every thing:—even of the independency of our own country.

If all this be true, there is very little foundation for trusting to the boastful confidence of this man, when he tells you that the resources of the country are still equal to the prosecution of this war; that the purse of the nation, like the widow's cruise in sacred writ, is inexhaustible; and the more you drain from it the more will be found at the bottom. He tells you it is true that the *commerce* of the country is in a very flourishing situation. But if this be true, how come the manufactures of the country, upon which that commerce depends, to be in a situation so deplorable? How is it that notwithstanding all the depopulation which has taken place by emigration, notwithstanding all the depopulation that has taken place by the sword, notwithstanding all the depopulation that has taken place by diseases springing from the inclement season and the miserable condition of those who had not wherewithall to repel the inclemency of that season—neither comfortable food, proper cloathing for their limbs, coals for their grates, nor glafs to their windows to shut out the bleak and bitter winds;—how is it, that notwithstanding this depopulation, the most fortunate of those manufacturers who still remain can scarcely ever procure full work; and when they do, generally receive but two thirds of the pay they used to receive?—how comes it that so many hundreds and thousands of families in Spital-fields, in Norwich, and other manufacturing towns are actually deprived of all employment—are crying in vain for bread; and that you are obliged to raise large contributions in every corner of the kingdom—to do what? To protect the lame,
the

the blind, the deaf, the dumb? No—but to afford half a meal to those individuals who still possess the power and the disposition to work; and who would, if the country had been wisely governed, have been able to have earned a plentiful subsistence for themselves and families: to have received much better pay, while at the same time every individual of the higher classes might have received encreased instead of diminished profits, from their labours.

That manufactures should decline and yet commerce increase appears almost as reasonable as that the whole surface of the earth should be buried under the ocean, add yet every species of vegetation be produced in greater abundance than before.

But he tells you, that you are not to listen to arguments, you are not to listen to the sophistical declamations of men who persuade you that you ought to be discontented; that you are unhappy: for I tell you, says he, that you are happy; and I will prove it to you. And how will I prove it to you? By shewing the quantity of enjoyment which you at this time possess? by shewing you that you and your families are well clothed and fed? by shewing you that you can keep comfortable houses over your heads, and that there is no danger of being turned out like vagabonds because you cannot pay the rent?—No; I cannot give you these demonstrations but I can give you better: I can set down so many figures upon a piece of paper; and then, if you will not be convinced by the sacred truths of arithmetic, in opposition to all your feelings and sensations, then you are a grumbling, factious, Jacobinical set of people—a swinish herd—you ought to be muzzled with proclamations; you ought to be prosecuted for sedition;—you ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for high treason.

Now for the proof of the flourishing state of your commerce, says this profound expositor of Cocker's Arithmetic, look at the situation of your export trade; and you will find that at this time it is in as flourishing a situation as it was, even in the best periods, previous to the war. For in 1792 the commerce in British Manufactures amounted to £18,342,000. In 1794 the exports amounted to £16,301,000, The Foreign Merchandize in 1792 amounted to £6,563,000. and in 1794 it amounted to £8,868,000. So that the total of the exports in 1792 was only £24,905,000; while in 1724 the total of the exports was £25,169,000. Thus, then,
according

according to his mode of argument, though the demand for *British Manufactures* has avowedly *declined* upwards of two millions, the state of the commerce in this country is more flourishing than it was before you entered into the war; and therefore as men are nothing at all, and money is every thing, you ought to continue the war to all eternity, because, though you lose your population, you increase your wealth.

But, Citizens, if you will permit me to argue precisely in the same manner that the Right Honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer chuses to argue without your permission, there is no absurdity upon the face of the earth that I will not demonstrate. I am content, as he is content, to select nothing but facts from which I draw my arguments; but permit me to select such facts only as I please; and boldly assert that these are the whole of the facts, and there is no conclusion, however contradictory to common sense, that I could not prove. Especially if I had at my back so large and dead a majority of your representatives, as they are called, as that gentleman possesses, to cry out—Hear! Hear! Hear!—are very bold assertions which flatters their prejudices and supports *their* interests.

Grant me these advantages and I will prove to you that the blackest Raven is whiter than the driven snow, and that *Pitt* is an *intelligent* and *upright minister*.

But, Citizens, suppose we investigate a little the delusions of this statement. I am not prepared to affirm whether, in this account of the exports are included the articles exported for the accomodation of the armies of Europe—the armies of Britain—the armies of our *good* and *faithful* Allies of Prussia, and of Austria—of the DISINTERESTED King of Sardinia—of the *cordial* Duke of Tuscany—and all the humane Princes and pious Prince-Bishops of the Germanic Continent—and ultimately, indeed, for those of France itself.—If, among the boasted exports, these are to be taken into the calculation, (and be it remembered that these are most assuredly entered as exports, in the books of the Custom House) we shall find a very easy way of accounting for a very considerable part of this extraordinary exportation. For, certain it is, that the quantities of commerce and manufactures of a particular description, which have been sent out of this country, is such as so exceed all belief in those who have not had the good fortune (as I had during a part of last summer) to be, in some degree, spectators of it. But this, be it remembered, is an exportation that brings no return; and, consequently, is so many
millions

millions added to the losses and calamities, not to the resources and profits of the nation—so much to be deducted, not so much to be added in the calculation of our capacity to continue the present war.

These things, however, are wrapped up in the veil of political mystery. They are not meant for the eye of the swinish multitude. And therefore, it is that the account is stated in the gross; and you are left to rout out the particulars if you can—if your appetites are keen enough and your snouts are competent to the task. The minister knows well enough—(It is the most important part of his trade; and if he had not been in the secret, it is impossible he should have kept his shop open so long)—He knows when to be perplexingly explanatory, and when impenetrably concise—when to throw down your food in lumps you cannot digest, and when to fritter it into wafers which you have not time to pick up, or beat it into whip-syllabubs to amuse your eyes. And, therefore, it is that in the present instance, when speaking of your exports he carefully avoids particular enumeration. He gives you a lumping pennyworth at once, and then shines away about your happiness and his generosity to prevent you from investigating the materials of which it is composed.

But, Citizens, to put this entirely out of the question—Let us remember another thing, namely, that the advantages of commerce do not depend entirely on the export trade. He should not only have told us what was sent out of the country; but he ought to have given us some hint (and I think he would have done so if it had suited his purpose) of what had been sent into the country in return. But here is the difference—If he had stated the import commerce, he could have stated only the amount of those cargoes which arrived safe in port; and the endless catalogue of raptures must have been deducted. But in stating the exports only, he was at liberty to calculate upon the gross amount of all the cargoes shipped by our merchants, whether they arrived in safety at the place of their destination, or were conducted under the tricoloured banner, to the ports of Toulon or Brest.

If then we have been sending abroad every thing which the industry of former years has produced (and I have already shown you that it could not be the production of the last year that was thus exported) if that which has been sent out during the last year has not been returned by some equivalent, then the greater the exportation the greater the calamity; the greater

greater the misery, the scarcity, the want, the desperation of the country. And why, let me ask—if the commerce of the country was so flourishing—Why has there been such a multitude of bankruptcies weekly recorded in the Gazettes? Why but because neither the specie of the country which is sent so liberally to continental despots, nor the exports *of which* so pompous a display is made, are repaid either by the gratitude of those despots, or by the returns of foreign commerce, so as to support even the ordinary circumstances of internal traffic. And how should they be returned? The former is swallowed up in the insatiable vortex of German pride and tyranny; and the profits of the latter, from the superior energy of the republican marine, have found their way to the treasury of the convention.

Let me observe then, Citizens, that unless those who boast of the flourishing situation of the country can state to us the returns that have been made for the commerce that has been exported, but little triumph will attach to them in consequence of the large exports partly occasioned by the frequent captures of the enemy, which reduce the merchants of this flourishing and happy country, though they are to be paid but once, to execute their orders twice, in consequence of which the double exports are entered upon the books: a circumstance which while it aggravates our calamities, has furnished the minister with the means of boasting of our prosperity and resources. And let it be remembered, that the vaunts which have been made by the ministers of the French Convention, that they should march to London in apparel procured by English merchants, victualled with provisions supplied by the English Government, and armed with the cannons, bayonets, and muskets, which the English themselves had forged, was not in all respects an empty boast.

I shall not dwell upon the innumerable stores which have been captured in the struggle upon the continent. But let us remember that frequent statements have been made to the public, the authenticity of which may be established by searching the books at Lloyds, that more than twice the number of vessels captured from the French by the English, have been captured from the English by the French.

Such is the excellent manner in which our commerce is protected, such the glorious fruits which the monied interest reaps for its blind attachment to the present minister!

Nay, I state the difference too coldly. The loss is not to be estimated by this numerical difference. The vessels we

have thus lost in predatory warfare, have been mostly capital merchantmen, fraught with valuable cargoes; while those which we have captured, in return, were principally small craft of little value; the important parts of the French commerce sailing generally in large fleets, with strong convoys, under the wing of their whole naval power, and thus arriving safe in their ports in defiance of our boasted empire of the ocean. While our invaluable merchandise—the treasure of our souls!—But the contrast is too degrading. I forbear to conclude the picture. It might be too painful to the *sensibility* of our wealthy merchants: a set of men for whose *wisdom* and *humanity* I have certainly the most profound respect.

On the EXHAUSTED STATE of our NATIONAL RESOURCES, and the consequent CONDITION of our LABOURERS and MANUFACTURERS.

From the same.

CITIZENS—If merchants and monied men, in the fury of unfounded alarm, are determined to rush into bankruptcy to preserve their property, they certainly have a right to do so, according to the present organization of society. Every individual has also a right to shew them the precipice upon which they are treading: of the real condition of the mass of the people in the midst of our boasted prosperity, some sketches have been given already; and I shall have frequent opportunities to review the subject.

But, Citizens, what can be so absurd, in speculation, as well as in experience, as to talk of the flourishing state and the happiness of a country that is loaded with such an enormous mill-stone of debt as hangs round the neck of this.

If the subject is not too dry for your attention, let us call to recollection the real state of our revenues and finances. Let us, in the first place, pay a little attention to a few facts relative to the *National Debt*, with which we are incumbered by the *Providence*, the *virtue*, and the *enlightened politics* of those ancestors to whose institutions we are called upon to bow down with implicit veneration.

In January 1793, before we engaged in the present *wise* and *necessary* war, by which so great a part of that debt was doubtless intended to be paid, the nation was already involved
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in a debt of £260,000,000, the interest of which, together with the expences of collection, may be estimated at near ten millions.

Such, then, was the annual deduction to be made from the gross product of the labour of our industrious peasants and manufacturers, simply to defray the interest of debts contracted without their consent, and from the expenditure of which they never reaped any individual advantage whatever.

I say, from the labours of our peasants and manufacturers; for it should be remembered, Citizens, that the real sources of all revenue, and, indeed, all the enjoyments and necessities of life, are the labours of those classes of society, whom we treat with so much contempt; but to whom, if we were just, we should acknowledge the greatest of all possible obligations.

It is upon the shoulders then of the industrious poor that the enormous weight of this burden is laid. For it is they who must produce those articles which are given in exchange for that specie which defrays, not only the interest of this debt, but the whole expences of the government.

Let us consider then, how very considerable a damp must necessarily be produced upon the spirit of industry, upon the ingenious inventions and labours of mankind by this enormous burthen. Let us remember, that the poor labourers and manufacturers have, in the first instance, to produce not only that which is necessary for the support of their own existence and that of their families, not only that which is necessary to produce a large profit to their immediate employers, not only that which is necessary to pay the enormous expences of the government under which they live, but annually also very nearly ten millions of specie for defraying the interest of those debts which their ancestors contracted, by which they never were benefited, and which have no other influence than to strengthen the hands of their rulers, and to increase the price of provisions, and every individual article by which the accommodations of life can be supplied.

To these are to be added also the burden which is laid upon their shoulders by tythes, by parochial assessments, by rates of innumerable kinds, and which amount to an extent never yet fairly and faithfully calculated. Let us add, then, to this, ten millions of annual interest, seven millions more for the annual ordinary expences of the country, and thus we shall find (independent of the expences of the religious establishments, independent of the expences of the inferior governments of parishes and districts) the enormous sum of seventeen annual

millions, even in years of peace, to be produced out of the labours of the lower orders of society—that is to say, a sum almost equal to the whole annual receipts of one million of peasants, mechanics, and manufacturers, taking the average price of labour at seven shillings per week, which, after the accidental, but inevitable deductions, from sickness, vacation, &c. is as much as it can be rated at. So that if we calculate the really productive inhabitants (that is to say the laborious orders of the community) at one million two hundred thousand effective men (which is a large calculation considering that the whole number capable of bearing arms, of all ranks and denominations whatever, have never been estimated at more than a million and a half) we shall find that nearly one half is necessarily deducted from the price of their labour for this part of the national burthens alone, even when the nation is at peace.—In other words: But for these burthens and incumbrances (the price of commodities remaining as they are) every labourer and mechanic might receive twice the wages that he now receives, without deducting in the least from the profit of his employers, or the convenience of the consumers. And if to this we add the great number of unproductive hands now employed in the collection, assessment, and regulation of the various and intricate branches of revenue by which this enormous demand is provided for, who would otherwise be employed in productive exertion, it is impossible to calculate the advantages that might have resulted to every class of people, placemen, pensioners, and contractors alone excepted, had this fatal system of funding credit (the consequences of our eternal wars) never been adopted. Nor can we suppose that any thing now produced by the efforts of the nation bears the smallest proportion to what might be produced by a just and liberal spirit of government that regarded the real welfare of every order of society instead of being engaged in that squabble for places and pensions, that contention for the monopoly of power and the aggravation of revenue which constitutes the whole history of the *Ins and Outs*, the factions, the cabals, and the contentions of this country.

There are other calculations I know which make the interest of the National Debt amount to near twelve millions, and the expences of government to five millions *only*; however it is of small consequence whether the expences of government are seven and the interest ten millions, or whether the interest of the National Debt is twelve millions and the expences of the government five. If a burden of seventeen millions

millions is heaped upon the annual industry of the people, it is scarcely worth investigating upon which side two or three millions of it are in reality laid. That which it is most important to remember is, that in consequence of this burden every individual in the country has been compelled for many years to undergo double the fatigues he need to have undergone for the same earnings he now enjoys; and that if on the other hand he had chosen to make use of the whole of the industry which at this time he employs, he might have twice as much comfort at his table; twice as comfortable a cottage to live in; twice as comfortable cloathing; and twice the quantity of enjoyments for himself and his family, that he had even before the commencement of the present war.

But, Citizens, if this was the condition of the country when we were first engaged in this war, what must we think of the frenzy, what must we think of the Quixotism of that man, who under such circumstances, plunged into so mad, so extravagant, so ridiculous a crusade as the present? Let us remember how rapidly this debt has always accumulated during the continuance of war: however successful that war might be, however powerful and faithful the allies with whom we were engaged, and however small the power with which we had to contend.

War is always a losing trade. All that the victor can boast is, that he has received a smaller number of honourable scars than the enemy he has vanquished: he perhaps having only lost a leg and an arm while the other has lost both legs and arms together. At any rate the most important members of the nation must be lopped off; and, therefore, if there were not some strange delusion among the people propagated by men whose interests were hostile to the general good, not one war could have taken place where fifty have defiled the page of history.

But the present war has not only been particularly disgraceful, it has not only been marked by treachery and by crimes which never before sullied the name of Britain, it has also with respect to pecuniary calculations been extraordinarily fatal, for when was there a period in which two campaigns had plunged any nation into the enormous accumulated debt of seventy millions of money. Yet in the pamphlet lately published by Mr. Walker of Manchester (Review of Political Events, page 160) it is proved that seventy millions have already been expended in this *just and necessary war*.

Add then those seventy millions to the two hundred and sixty which you had before, and you have a debt of three hundred

dred and thirty millions with which you are at this time burdened; and the interest of which, that is to say upwards of twelve millions sterling, is every year to be wrung from the toil of the peasant and manufacturer; to be subtracted from those comforts of life which ought to be the fruits of industry. It is to be collected by drawing from their purses not only all the means of indulgence, but even of information, as to the cause of the oppression: for the poverty of the people would have no charms in the eyes of certain individuals, if they did not believe that the consequence of that poverty would be ignorance; and the consequence of that ignorance implicit subjection to their *wills*.

Therefore it is, that duty upon duty is to be laid upon newspapers and pamphlets; that every bit of paper that can be used through the medium of the press to convey intelligence to the people is to be made an object of excessive taxation, not so much for the purpose of revenue as of preventing the progress of information.

Thus it is that the fine gilt paper upon which lords and ladies write their amorous billets, and their little invitations of compliment, are to be burdened with a less degree of taxation than the clumsy coarse paper which may chance to convey intelligence to the *swinish multitude*.

Now, Citizens, there is another part of this subject which must be stated to you, namely, the increased expence of the operation of government.

It might formerly be disputed by those who were inclined to amuse themselves with those calculations, whether the expences of government were something more than five millions or something less than seven. But this dispute would now be vain and idle indeed. It might be something whether you were paying five millions or seven towards a particular object; but when it is doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, what signifies contesting about trifles? what signifies arguing in what manner the animal has been cut up? whether a little more went to the loin? or a little more to the haunch? the whole animal almost is gone, and it is of little importance to poor John Bull in what particular portions he has been disposed of.

From six or seven millions annually, the expences of government are now extended to twenty millions and a half. Such is the difference between the expence with which men may live in some degree of peace and happiness, and in which they may live disturbed by those hostile passions which are disgraceful to the human character; and whose only fruit
is

is mutual butchery : Man rioting in the blood of man, and nation in the blood of nation, till whole oceans are insufficient to wash the guilt from those who occasioned the fierce contention.

So that an annual deduction is to be made from the fruits of industry of *thirty-two millions and a half* for national burdens; which together with *three millions and a half* of poor rates, and *five millions*, to state it at the lowest, tythes and other parochial assessments, amounts altogether to *forty-one millions*. And, therefore, as the whole amount of the annual wages actually paid to all the labourers and working manufacturers in the nation (estimating them, as I have, at so high a calculation as one million, two hundred thousand men—and averaging their pay, after all incidental deductions, at seven shillings per week), amounts to no more than twenty-one millions, nine hundred thousand pounds, it follows that **THE MONEY PAID IN TAXES**, is, in reality, near **TWICE AS MUCH AS THAT WHICH IS PAID TO ALL THE LABOURING POOR**.

Citizens, I do not mean to contend, that a country can subsist without taxation; but the experiment ought to be how little it can do with, not how much it can bear. I do not contend, that you can have government and not support the expence of that government: it is the degree, not the thing I complain of. When I endeavour to shew you the whole magnitude of the evil, it does not therefore follow that I think the whole ought to be swept away. Certainly not. But I mean to draw this inference, that every thing superfluous in that system ought to be retrenched; because in proportion as you retrench these superfluities, you increase the happiness of mankind.

The evil has already spread to a great extent, you ought therefore to be the more careful how you increase it; and not like desperate traders on the eve of bankruptcy, carelessly to rush deeper still into ruin, because you are so deep already. You ought to forbear the cruel, ruinous system of war which has brought you into that debt. You ought to retrench (as if you were faithfully represented you might by the votes of your representatives retrench) the extravagant expences of government (I mean the expences of corruption), not those expences which are necessary for the regular government of the country; for the promotion of internal happiness and protection against hostile invasion.

But

But chiefly the men of property ought to be aware how they heap mischief upon mischief, for the supposed preservation of that property. I would I could see them half as careful of that property as the friends of liberty are. I wish I could convince them of the danger of stretching the cord till it breaks: for if it should break, miserable to them must be the consequence. And break it must if it be not relaxed. If the government thus go on, adding war to war, campaign to campaign, million upon million, and seventy million upon seventy million, they must in time exhaust the resources of the country to such a degree that the country can no longer bear the weight of the interest even. And when this is the case, what is to become of the capital? For remember your capital is but moonshine: a bubble! You have the name of it. You have the entries on the books: but shew me the bullion that can realize it!

Bank notes and Exchequer bills may supply the place of currency, while the credit of the nation is supported:—that is to say, while the people are able and willing to pay the interest: but when the bubble bursts, you may tie them on strings to make tails for kites; for their value will be only their weight in paper. If the bubble should burst, and burst, I repeat it, it must, if the blast of war continues thus to swell it beyond all proportion; woe unto the rulers who have been the causes of its bursting. The frenzy of those who are ruined by the explosion will fall, I fear, with a heavy hand.—They will forget what willing tools they have been to their own destruction; and consider themselves as inhumanly betrayed. Yet this war, at least, so big with destruction, is, in reality, all their own:—the war of the monied alarmists: of the meeting at Merchant Taylor's Hall.

Infatuated monopolists! whither are you running?—hastening to inevitable ruin over the trampled rights of your fellow men! If you would preserve your property (the real king of your thoughts! the only God of your adoration!) urge not your country down the precipice of bankruptcy by which your property must be destroyed. If you love your own security, consider how that security may be preserved. If national credit is no more, as the word indicates, than the bubble of confidence, remember that the bubble must burst when inflated beyond its bounds. Half—two thirds of the produce of human labour may be seized by the hand of power, to pay the interest which supports this bubble of annihilated capital;
 nay,

may perhaps the people may be so sluggish that three fourths may be taken with impunity. But another such campaign or two as the last; another such budget or two as the present, and three fourths will no longer do. But beware how you go beyond. Should the people once demur to the claims of the tax-gatherer, the richest stockholder is from that day a beggar.

Those, then, are the enemies of property who continue this mad and ruinous war; not they who cry aloud for peace. Those are the enemies of law and order, who heap burthen upon burthen without remorse; not those who say to you "alleviate the sufferings of your fellow citizens; enable them to be happy, or they will not be contented: it is not in the nature of man. Enable them to receive an honest competency for their labours; let your policy and institutions contribute to their happy subsistence; and you will retain your situation in tranquillity."

These are not the doctrines of anarchy. The real promoters of commotion and anarchy are those who would silence complaint by chastisement; who would check the progress of reason by barbarous coercion; who would make truth sedition and argument high treason. These are the enemies of order; because these are driving their fellow beings to desperation: And who shall answer for the conduct of man when desperation has taken possession of his mind.

Picture of the Horrors of War.—From the same.

THUS then, Citizens, the labour of the people of this country, their diligence, and their ingenuity are exhausted, for what? To procure them the comforts of life? No. To procure them the advantages of intellect and virtue? No. To purchase the empty bubble, reputation, which, after all, is to be sought in the cannon's mouth? No: not even this. It is paid for disgrace, defeat, reproach, infamy, and misery.

The happiness that should result is squandered and lost: (with respect to the individuals at least by whom it is produced). A few contractors, beings who live only in the midst of storms and hurricanes, and who exult amid the wrecks of nature, and fatten on the spoils of misery!—these may be enriched—may build themselves palaces, may roll in gilded chariots, may aspire to city honours, may enlighten the Senate

of their country with their lucid and mellifluous eloquence, and, perhaps, may confer coronial dignity upon the descendants of their illustrious blood. This may be the effect to them. But what are the effects to the nation at large? Go, if you will to the plains of Flanders, where imagination will present every turf and hillock heaving with the groans of your expiring countrymen.

Go to the the frozen dykes and rivers of Holland, see your fellow citizens bleeding fourth their souls in anguish, writhing with the double torments of grinding wounds and biting frosts, smarting through every pore, and like poisoned arrows, rendering every fear eventually mortal.

See their accumulated horrors, think of their wild varieties of woe—their miseries without alleviation!

Happy, thrice happy, the individual whose death is received by an instantaneous stroke! whom the friendly ball frees from the lingering misery of those who, trampled under the feet of their fellow men, or bruised by the iron hoof of horses, lie languishing, perhaps, for hours—perhaps for days, for nights—and are relieved, perchance, at last by the murderous hand of some female fury, who follows the camp, and traverses the field of death for plunder.—Behold all this, I say (and this is but a feeble picture) and then look at the splendid palaces of your *Contractors*, and avoid the boiling indignation of the honest heart if you can.

Citizens—You must shut your eyes, or you will perceive the truth; perceiving the truth, you will learn to abhor the cruelty; abhorring the cruelty you will learn to remonstrate with the authors of that cruelty; and by the united voice of reason and justice endeavour to heal the wounds with which human nature has so long been bleeding.

But this is not all. Miserable as has been the lot of these beings, it is happy in proportion to that of the relations they have left behind.

You, my generous auditors, who live among the comforts of life—for though the generality of you roll not, perhaps, in that affluence which I have described, you know not half the miseries to which human nature is exposed. You must feel something of it yourselves, or you must have relatives or connexions in that rank of life where that misery is mostly found, or you must have been thrown by accident or curiosity into those groups of wretchedness with which the country abounds to be able to form any conception whatever of the degree of calamity under which thousands, I might have said millions,
of

of people in this *happy* and *flourishing* country are at this time languishing.

What is the lot of the widow and orphan?

What is the condition of those who might with smiling rapture have looked up to the industrious father or husband, whose toils procured their comforts and protected them from injury and insult?

What must be the feelings of those who are stripped of their natural guardians, and doomed to beg as blessings the insulting charity, the embittered benevolence of purse-proud beings, whose successful selfishness has made them the *lords* and *tyrants* of the parishes that furnish the scanty and precarious morsel for their relief?

But these are not the only sufferers. Every man who hears me suffers. The richest merchant suffers. The poor mechanic suffers more, it is true: but what of that? Wealth is of more importance than human happiness, and if I can convince you, therefore, that the wealthy merchant has his share in the suffering, however small, I may have some chance of convincing our rulers of the necessity of redress.

I say then, every individual throughout the country suffers by this waste of public money, and this profligate perversion in the expenditure of it: for what can be more profligate than to employ that which might give comfort and happiness to millions, in the destruction, the murder, the cool, deliberate murder, (for every battle is in fact a massacre!) of those who had a right to this comfort and happiness.



Emigrants.—From the same.

AMONG a variety of curious charges in the estimate of expenditure presented to us at the opening of the budget, we have "*For the suffering Clergy and Laity of France, £98,410,*" so that out of the taxes which you, every individual of you must contribute towards the support of the state, ninety-eight thousand, four hundred pounds are taken to relieve—who? Your distressed manufacturers? No. The poor beings, whose little all has been lost by the inundations at Norwich and other places? No: but the profligate monks, who, with intolerance and superstition in their knapsacks, have

travelled here to open the Pandora's box of their exploded religion, and taint the morals and manners of the people by the detestable doctrines over which they have been brooding in their solitary retirements.

These are the individuals for whom the peasant is to labour in the field, and the manufacturer in his workshop!

These are the men who are to have a portion of the poor man's loaf, while that poor man possesses not sufficient for himself and his craving family.

I say the poor man's loaf, for show me the article that can be consumed by the lowest individual in society that is not subject to taxation!

How often has the bread been taxed before it goes to your mouth? Is it not taxed in the barn? Is it not taxed in the market? Is it not taxed in the mill? Is it not taxed in the labour of the individual? Is it not taxed in the iron that ploughs the earth?—in all the implements of husbandry? Is it not taxed in the cattle of the farmer and the factor? Is it not taxed by the soldier? Is it not taxed by the priest? In short, is it not taxed again and again till it is astonishing, considering how many accumulations of taxation it has gone through, that the price is not even more extravagant than it is?

Yet, a part of what has been thus earned, and thus dragged through the sieve of taxation, is it to be torn away to feed the very wretches whose pride and superstition have kindled the war that is desolating Europe, and who have infected the cabinet of this country by their evil councils, and blinded it to the real interests of humanity.

Anecdotes of Crimping.

The following Anecdotes are inserted upon the most unequivocal authority; and may tend to impress the minds of the advocates for the present war, with some idea of the domestic calamities, and growing depravities of human character, which are the inevitable consequences of its prosecution.

IN September, 1794, a young recruit (about half a year standing) who was himself employed in the honourable office of *procuring* soldiers for the service—(an office, which like that of some other procurers and procureesses, is better paid than

than honest professions) found means to persuade a younger brother to enlist, and proceeded with him to a neighbouring magistrate for the purpose of taking the customary oaths. The magistrate suspecting the purpose of his approaching visitors, and feeling for the situation of an already unfortunate mother, caused himself to be declared absent. Finding his surmises true, he permitted a person to be privately sent to the mother acquainting her of the circumstance. He was, however, obliged to appear before the mother arrived, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could find excuses to resist, for awhile, the continual demands of the elder brother to perform his duty. At last the mother appeared in sight, whom when the elder brother saw, he redoubled his importunities, but without success. The mother entered. Figure to yourself the contending passions of a mother in such a situation. She used prayers and threats, and then prayers again to her unnatural son, not to rob her thus of her children. Appealed to the feelings of her other son, but though he cried bitterly, it was in vain. The elder monster had played his part too well. He coolly desired the magistrate to do his duty. O how miserable am I, exclaimed the mother: it is not a year ago since I was happy, happy indeed! with four children, who all supported themselves by honest industry. Here are two of them. My daughter married a soldier, and after following him up and down the country, and living in the most wretched manner, and with the most wretched people, is now gone to the wars.

My youngest son is still at home: but you wretch, how long will you let him remain with me? He is but twelve years old, and you know you are always teasing him to leave me and become a soldier.

The magistrate and his family were all in tears, but he was obliged to conclude the business.

They tell us that anarchy would be the consequence of attending to those who oppose war and state craft. Is not this anarchy? or something worse? A happy family are all thrown into confusion. The elder son sells his brothers, and the daughter becomes an outcast. Every principle of morality, generosity and feeling, as well as order and regularity, for which they so much contend, is here entirely destroyed. Besides, what interest has this family in this war? What good could setting up a King in France do to them? Would their work be easier—their pay be better—or their bread be cheaper? What had they to fear from what was done in France?

France? Honest industry cannot be worse off than at present. And if the lower class of people in general, have no interest in the war, what but swindling and murder is to carry it on, at the expence of their lives, their connections, and every thing that is dear?

On another occasion, when this same magistrate was on the point of administering the oath to a youth who had enlisted, the door suddenly burst open; an aged man darted in and fell flat upon his face, as if never more to rise again. Silent astonishment seized on all—when the old man collected strength to raise his head and exclaim only “For God’s sake stop!” He was the father of the youth. The magistrate refused to administer the oath till he had heard his request. In a short time he recovered, and gave vent to his agony at the thoughts of losing his son. He had, he said, followed him the moment he heard of his intention, and had run several miles; his years would not have permitted him to walk half so far on another occasion, but his anxiety and despair had given him strength. He could not expect to live long, but if his beloved son and only comfort of his old age thus abandoned him, short and miserable indeed would be the remainder of his days. But the bounty had stolen into the son’s heart—destroyed his lately generous feelings, and doomed him, perhaps, to be soon numbered with slaughtered thousands; or become a mangled and horrible spectacle the rest of his days; a living witness to the effects of corruption and war.

M. J.

A striking Instance of the wanton Barbarity of Despotic Power.

THE tendency of inordinate power to corrupt the human heart, has frequently been remarked by philosophers, by moralists, and historians; and the remark is more than sufficiently illustrated by the records of that people, (the Romans) with whose history every lad of tolerable education becomes familiar in his scholastic exercises. In short, it is impossible to read the slightest accounts of the reigns of Nero, and the croud of monsters, who, stained the Roman purple, without reflecting that

that the shocking barbarities, with which these tyrants amused their leisure hours, are such as no human being, accountable to public censure, and educated under the restraints of equal laws, could ever have thought of even in the wildest paroxysms of rage, when inflamed by injuries, and struggling with the most imminent dangers. Nay, notwithstanding the tendency of every thing that depresses the human character, to harden the heart, not even the wild troops of emancipated slaves, who have occasionally broken loose upon the ancient and modern world, ever displayed the exulting levity and epicurianism of barbarity which has marked the characters of these imperial slanders of the Roman name.

The mind just freed from the chains of intolerable slavery, will, it is true, by its natural elasticity, fly to the opposite extreme of licentiousness; and the impolicy of a treacherous or ill-timed opposition, will often inflame it to madness, till in the furious pursuit of revenge such acts are perpetrated as the advocates of despotism may repeat with exulting exaggeration, and the friends of liberty shudder to hear. But for the despot alone, who claims a *property* in millions of his fellow-creatures, is reserved the calm and tranquil gratification of having racks and instruments of torture in his apartments, that he may amuse his fancy, as he eats his voluptuous meal, with the groans and agonies of the victims selected for his morning recreation.

It may, however, be supposed, that there were some particular circumstances in the character and situation of the Roman tyrants, which prompted these excesses of barbarity. But, in fact, no reason can be assigned, but the tendency of unlimited power, to corrupt the heart: for the records of every despotic government display the effects of a similar disposition; and if the cruelty has not been carried to the same horrid excess, it is only because the despotism has been more restrained.

Among the instances of the wanton inhumanity of Turkish tyrants, with which a miscellaneous course of reading has furnished me, I need only quote the following, to shew that the barbarities of despotic monarchs do not require the common excuses of revenge or fear, or even the slighter provocations of capricious aversion—Murder is their amusement, and the blood of their unoffending slaves may flow to illustrate their criticisms of those arts which ought to civilize and refine mankind.

Gentil Bellini, a Venetian painter, born in the year 1421, being employed by the republic of Venice in painting the noble works still to be seen in the council-chamber, procured so
high

high and general a reputation, that Mahomet II. emperor of the Turks, wrote to the republic, to request that they would send him to Constantinople, that he might employ his pencil for the gratification of that court. Bellini accordingly went, and painted many excellent pieces; among the rest was the decollation of St. John the Baptist, who is revered, as a great prophet, by the Turks. Mahomet admired the proportion and shadowing of the work; but he remarked one defect in the execution of the skin of the neck from which the head was separated; and in order to prove the truth of his observation, the royal monster sent for one of his slaves, and ordered his head to be struck off in the painter's presence. This sight so shocked the less-critical feelings of the artist, that he could not be easy till he obtained his dismissal from such a den of despotism and barbarity. This request at length was granted, and Bellini returned to the more humane confines of his native country, where he lived upon the pension liberally bestowed upon him by the republic, till he attained his eightieth year.

AULD REEKIE'S CORPORATION POLITICS;

Or, the Scotch method of procuring Addresses;

Practised with success after the illegal Dispersal of the British Convention.

<i>Provost.</i>	Address us pray, good Deacons, do, Thank us well and we'll thank you.
<i>Deacon convener.</i>	My Lord, your wishes let us know, Like reeds with wind to you we'll bow.
<i>Provost.</i>	The Dean of Guild will give instructions;
<i>Deacons.</i>	This will regulate our productions.—

The copy given to all the corporations,
They fill'd the blanks with little variations,
Return'd their thanks with formal deputations.

The Provost stroak'd his fur and chain;
To gormandize the sots invited;
(Which our good lieges much delighted)
And then return'd them thanks again.

EXILE.

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. III.

Saturday, 28th March, 1795.

On the probable Consequences of continuing the present System of Ambition and Hostility. From the First Lecture on the Nature and Calamities of War.

I Know very well that, even in the most superficial manner in which this subject can be treated, there are many persons without these walls, and perhaps some few within, who may think this a very improper enquiry for an individual like myself to enter into. For it cannot but be known to you, that it is held out, by those who are the advocates of a system of corruption and delusion, that “those who pay ought not to enquire into the reason of the expenditure; and that those who bleed should never investigate the nature of that quarrel in consequence of which their blood is shed.” But the friends of reason and of justice will hold a different opinion. They will be ready to agree with me, that it is, at all times, not the *right* only, but the *duty* of every individual to enquire into the nature of those transactions he is called upon to support; and that every individual, before he expends his property, ought to have some view of the application that is to be made of that property; and, before he rushes into scenes of slaughter and desolation, ought to be well assured that the principle for which he is contending is such that the happiness to society to result from it, will more than amply repay all the desolation and all the scenes of horror which are to be produced. I am aware that to maintain doctrines of this kind—to affirm that *man has rights*, and that *it is his duty to enquire into the nature of those rights*;—to affirm that man is a moral agent; and that, therefore, it is his duty to enquire into the manner in which this agency is to be employed, are principles and doctrines which, in the present day, are stigmatized by the name of jacobinism. However, Citizens, though

I never was particularly inclined to idolize that name, yet, if the distinction is to be drawn, if, as Montgaillard has affirmed;—there are to be but two parties, and every one who is not a friend to the ancient despotism and tyranny of France, is to be branded as a Jacobine:—if we either must wish for the restoration of that tyranny, and the establishment of something like it among ourselves, or we must be called Anarchists and Jacobins, I will put up with the insult: I will be called an Anarchist or a Jacobine; for I know very well they are not names but principles that constitute the real value of the human character; and I never can uphold as a principle “the enormous faith of millions made for one.” If, then, it ever was the duty, if it ever was the interest of the people to investigate the operations and proceedings of the government under which they live:—if it was ever right to enquire which is to be preferred, the peaceful reign of reason, arts and sciences, or the desolating dominion of war and slaughter, surely it is a ten-fold duty, it is a ten-fold interest, at this time, when we reflect under what a weight and accumulation of burdens we groan; and how many calamities and disasters have blasted, at once, the prosperity and the fame of Britain.

Let us then make some little enquiry into that ruinous system of war and desolation under which we, at this time live; if life, indeed, it can be called, to that mass of people, so large a portion of which are shivering in want and wretchedness, and are doomed to untimely graves; not absolutely, it is true, by the griping fangs of famine, but by those debilitating diseases which are the consequences of the want of proper sustenance.

We have long been amused with egotistical tales of *British glory, national grandeur, and commercial prosperity*. These pompous words, like the maxims and oracles of ancient superstition, have been uttered from behind the sacred curtains of the cabinet: they have been dealt abroad by the high-priests of the house of representatives, and have been echoed again by the artizans drooping under their labour, and the peasants pining for want in the midst of that plenty they produced. From nation to nation, from shore to shore, these pompous egotisms have been re-echoed. National vanity has not been the peculiar property of any people; and the arrogance of Britain has been equalled, at least, if not surpassed, by the adulating vanity of the old despotism of France.

Hence

Hence suspicious envy and rival animosities—Hence have two nations, two courts, I ought to say, and their deluded followers, been precipitated into mutual hatred, and scenes of cruel carnage, to gratify that vanity which had so insidiously been inspired. Hence comes the monstrous doctrines of *natural enmity*, and the supposition that every country which approximates towards another must necessarily be the enemy of that country; because its grandeur and prosperity (by which little more is meant than the splendour of courts and the power of ministers) might rival the grandeur and prosperity of its neighbour. What has been the blessed consequence? The old despotism of France depopulated her regions in a vain struggle for the universal sovereignty of the continent. Britain also has depopulated her country by an equally ambitious and ridiculous attempt at the exclusive empire of the ocean. And thus these two great boasters (the general disturbers of mankind!) would grasp the sovereignty of the universe: the one by her myriads of marshalled slaves, the other by her empire of the ocean. What has been the result? Look, in the first instance, to the country whose ambition we have so long blamed, while we have been so fatally blind to our own. Look what were the fruits to the Gallic monarchy of this monstrous scene of war and slaughter, with which it so long embroiled and depopulated Europe. See the sinews of the state exhausted; see that grinding oppression which fell upon the lower orders of society; see that embarrassment of finances which resulted from this continued struggle; and behold, at last, between its accumulated burdens, its vices, and follies, this fabric of gigantic despotism falls crumbling into the dust, amidst groans and carnage, and all the miseries that arise from disorganized society:—miseries, however, not to be considered, in general, as the crimes of those who immediately produced them, but of those whose monstrous vices—whose barbarous ambition—whose system of war and oppression rendered convulsion necessary as the only means of national salvation.

The people, when driven to desperation, will act from the dictates of despair. Revenues, when exhausted, must be productive of explosions fatal to those who have exhausted them. While absolute ignorance reigns, it is true, a sponge may be applied; and we have seen that France has in this manner, more than once retrieved herself. But when information and enquiry are afloat, a government that means to perpetuate itself, must cultivate frugality; frugality can alone

be supported by a system of peace ; and a system of real peace cannot be continued but by consulting the happiness and welfare of the people, and regarding the prosperity even of the lowest orders of society.

The old despotism of France, either unhappily or happily for mankind—But why do I doubt? why do I speak with sceptical diffidence upon such a question? Why not affirm at once that the old despotism of France, unhappily for itself indeed, but happily for mankind, was blind to these great and important truths. A little more moderation in the rulers of the last half-century might have kept France in slavery to this day ; might have prevented those explosions, it is true, and those calamities under which the nation has lately groaned ; but it might have procrastinated, generation after generation, and century after century, a degree of subjection on the one hand, and tyranny on the other, to which I shall not scruple to say, no being possessed of moral and intellectual faculties ought ever to submit : and from which (be it sedition, or be it high treason) I cannot but rejoice to see mankind emancipated.

With respect to England let us see what is the harvest which it has reaped from manuring the field of glory with its blood, and sowing it with its treasures : from pursuing with mad insatiation the “bubble of sanguinary reputation :” a bubble, it is true, which monarchs and courtiers may enjoy amidst the plaudits of a theatre, or the adulation of a palace, but which the peasant, and the artisan must “seek in the cannon’s mouth ;” and which when he has obtained, enables him to leave to his widow and orphans, no other legacy than beggary and wretchedness ; no other dowry than the bitter fragments of charity that fall from the proud man’s table.

Much has been said by historians of the triumphs of British arms, her glories in continental wars, and her magnificent exploits by sea. We have not, it is true, heard many of those plaudits during the present war ; but in former exploits of this kind, our ears have been tickled, our imaginations inflated, with pompous details of myriads slain in the field of battle, and thousands, and tens of thousands of our fellow beings blown in mangled fragments through the air, or strewed like wrecks over the surface of the ocean. But what have been the fruits of those triumphs? what have been the profits of those glorious exploits, which *humanity* so much exults in? Look to your heaths and villages, your manufacturing towns and trading cities. See in every populous street, obscure hamlet,

hamlet, and solitary cottage, what happiness, what triumphs on every countenance. Behold the aged and infirm solacing themselves in ease and plenty; and the young and vigorous banqueting on all the harmless luxuries of the earth; enjoying every delight and every comfort which glory and honour and such big sounding words, if they mean any thing, must certainly include.

Alas, alas! Wherever you turn, behold the sad reverse!—behold the melancholy effects of these victories written in other characters. If you will believe the facts of history, if you will compare the condition of the lower orders of society, by considering what, in former times, was the degree of proportion between the prices of labour and the prices of provisions, you will see that all these triumphs have to the great body of the people brought nothing but a plenteous harvest of wretchedness, and misery. To the mass of the people, I say, (and facts will bear me out) no other fruits have been produced from these sanguinary labours, but misery and dejection; but ignorance and want. They, therefore, have but little reason for glorying in these mighty triumphs, or for hazarding their lives in support of this depopulating system.

Would not this view of society lead one to suspect, either that there has been a great deal of vain boasting in those reports of triumphs and successful achievements, with which the page of former history has so inflated the breasts of Britons? or else, that this glory is in reality nothing but a bubble,—a painted vapour, which, like the rainbow in the fable, tempts the deluded shepherd to fly from hill to hill in quest of an imaginary treasure, while the *wolves of power* seize upon his little flock, as the proper reward of his infatuation?

Perhaps both these statements are in reality just. At any rate it is evident that, whatever may be the pompous language that is held out to us, this system of war and glory, instead of a project of national advantage (and by national advantage, I mean advantage to the great body of the inhabitants of the nation) is an evil of most enormous extent, to remedy the effects of which calls for all our energy, and all our unanimity.

I say, Citizens, it is our duty to take this subject into consideration. And I also say, that if we consider what the state of Britain is at this time, and what was the state of France previous to that explosion which destroyed the monarchy and aristocracy of that country, we should find that *aristocrats* and *royalists*,

royalists, if they could see their own interest instead of irritating the public mind by persecution, instead of aggravating the burthens and calamities of the people by an obstinate perseverance in this ruinous war, would ardently join in the endeavour to avert a similar catastrophe from the government of this country, by the only means by which it can be averted,—by restoring the country to peace, and immediately throwing a large portion of the burthens already contracted from the shoulders of the common people to the shoulders of those placemen, pensioners, and contractors who have been so long enriching themselves by this horrid traffic. For we must admit that similar causes will produce similar effects. If, therefore, the despotic Constitution of France was overthrown—and I am glad it was overthrown—[*This sentiment was interrupted by a burst of enthusiastic applause.*]

Yes, Citizens, I avow that such is my abhorrence and detestation for despotism, that I rejoice in its overthrow in France. And there are some other despotic governments (I mean the superstitious tyranny of Turkey, the barbarous despotism of Morocco, the capricious cruelties of the Japanese)—which I should rejoice to see involved in the same fate. Nor would it grieve me much if the pious, orderly, and regular government of Russia, and the other conscientious Partitioners of devoted Poland, were on the verge of a similar catastrophe. I should be happy indeed if this overthrow in other countries were attended with less violence and fewer crimes than it has been in France: and I should hope that it would be so; because the example of the errors of France will be an awful warning to other parts of the universe; and when they shall choose to struggle for their liberty, they will have less of the illiberal spirit of suspicion, less intrigue, less disposition to slaughter and violence; more philosophy, more information, more experience, and, therefore, more temperance, more benevolence, and a more thorough conviction that *principles* and not *men* are the objects of attention. For men are but machines performing, under the inevitable laws of necessity, precisely the part which under circumstances exactly similar any other individual must inevitably have performed. And if men are not voluntary criminals—if their crimes are only the inevitable consequences of the systems under which they have acted, what justice—what necessity can there be to stain a holy cause with cruel vengeance, and inflict a wanton punishment upon individuals, when the system is no more that produced their crimes.

If,

If, I say, then the *despotism* of France was overthrown on account of the abject misery into which the mass of the people were plunged by the profligate expenditure of the public money in foreign exploits and crusades, and the eventual embarrassments of the revenues of that country, it is the duty of ministers to take care that the orderly, benevolent and just government of England is not overthrown by a system of war and taxation inevitably tending to reduce the people and the revenues to the same calamitous situation.

And yet, Citizens, much as this duty and this prudence should press upon the heart of every reflecting man, what is the conduct of those in power? Consider how frequently shock after shock, paroxysm after paroxysm of this frantic mania, this lust of war and glory has followed during the last century, and how debilitated the frame of this country has become in consequence. And yet the paroxysm of the disease is again upon us; and there seems not to be one political professor of the healing science inclined to examine how many more attacks of this voluntary disease the fibres and stamina of the country will endure without being shaken to dissolution.

Citizens, when I first began to deliver political lectures to a smaller circle than I have now the happiness to address, this subject occupied a considerable part of my attention; and I find (by looking over one of the few fragments which escaped the general pillage of the 12th and 13th of May last) that I then endeavoured to state what the circumstances were under which we at first engaged in this ridiculous crusade. I find I then stated that we commenced a war of the most alarming complexion with a debt of between 260 and 270 millions already upon our shoulders; with an annual taxation of near seventeen millions, and with a population which, though it appeared too large, considering the monstrous waste and consumption of those monopolists, who for destroying the liberties of the country are rewarded by its luxuries, yet scanty indeed considering what the country, properly cultivated, is capable of supporting if sheltered by the laws of liberty, truth, and equality:—I mean equality of rights, equality of opportunities for turning the faculties of the individual to advantage.

If, Citizens, these arguments deserved any weight at that period, let us reflect a little how considerably this weight is now increased. Let us remember the gigantic strides which these evils have made during the two short years in which

we

we have been engaged in the present war. Let me recal to your minds some of those facts which in the course of the present season I have submitted to you. Let us remember, that during the last summer 80,000 individuals emigrated from England, Scotland and Ireland to the more happy and inviting shores of America; and that therefore the decrease of population, during these two years, by emigration alone, in all human probability, (particularly if we consider how during the last three months, accumulation of difficulty has been heaped upon accumulation, how distress has been added to distress, and insult offered in aggravation to insult,) we cannot calculate the whole depopulation from this source, at less than 160,000 useful inhabitants. Let us add to this the depopulation of famine and the sword. If you consider the immense armies that have been sustained on the continent; if you consider the expeditions to the West Indies, glorious and profitable to this country indeed! if you consider that even aristocrats allow that 247 *officers* lost their lives in that expedition, and calculate the general ratio with respect to the men; if you consider how small a portion this armament bears to the whole, and if you call to mind that the present number of troops on the continent bears a very small proportion indeed to the numbers that were sent at the very opening of the first campaign, notwithstanding that month after month, and week after week, the youth of this country have been drained in hundreds and in thousands to recruit our armies, I think that my calculation of the depopulation by military and naval expeditions cannot be extravagant if I estimate it at 250,000 individuals. I know this calculation will appear very large, and I know very well that the human mind must be so filled with horror at the aggregate idea of 250,000 massacres—(for I can give the murders of an unnecessary war no better name) that your minds will be but little disposed to admit so large a calculation: but I believe I have not rated it too high. Consider then, that this depopulation is of the most serious kind; that our armies are mostly composed of men from that age when youth begin to increase the species to that period when they cease to be useful to the country in this respect; that you are therefore taking away the heart and sinews of the country; and that the men you slaughter in your ridiculous crusades might have doubled the population of the succeeding ages—as well as the present quantity of the necessities of life;

life. When you take all these circumstances into consideration you will be palsied with terror and apprehension at the probable consequence. For consider, putting together the emigrations and the slaughters, you have an amount of 410,000, four-fifths, (that is to say, 328,000) of which, at least, must have been the most effective members of the state, either for productive labour or necessary defence.

Now you will consider, that the population has never been reckoned higher than twelve million. I take the three countries into consideration. Then you will consider that of this population you are only to reckon one million and a half as effective men: that is to say, men capable of bearing arms for the repulsion of foreign interference. You have, therefore, a positive diminution in two years of nearly one fourth of the effective population of the country; and full one fourth of those individuals upon whose *manual exertions* we can depend for the necessaries and comforts of life: for the calculation of effectivemen is taken in all the ranks and classes of society; but some of these ranks and classes are employed only in destroying, not in producing the necessaries and comforts of life.

I stated to you also, Citizens, on the last evening, that from 264 millions and an half our national debt was increased to 334 millions and an half. I gave you then the documents by which the fact was proved. I have stated also to you, from documents equally authentic, that the annual burthen was increased from something less than seven million to almost thirty-two millions and an half. Such then are the burdens under which we at present uphold the doctrine, that war is to be continued and depopulation to go on; that, though beaten at every point, though disappointed in every undertaking (not from the want of energy in the people, but from the want of virtue, justice and wisdom in those by whom the people have been deluded!) though disappointed in every expectation, though disgraced in every effort, though obliged to appeal to bribery and corruption, instead of the open and manly exertions in which this country used to pride itself, mixing, with Machiavelian art, in all the intrigues and vices of Italian politics;—notwithstanding all this, still we are told we are to go on; the government of France is not to be treated with; we are to carry sword and fire to the gates of Paris. Mark, Citizens, how these political mountebanks out-herod Herod.

No. III.

H

Laugh

Laugh no more at the pompous boasts of Katterfelto, or the project of the Bottle Conjurer. The *Conquest of France* has been advertised by the chief juggler of the day; and the credulous *world* has thronged to the exhibition; but when the feat was to be performed, the conjurer, as usual, escaped at the back door.

“The conquest of France!!!—O! calumniated crusaders, how rational and moderate were your objects!—O! much injured Louis XIV. upon what slight grounds have you been accused of restless and immoderate ambition!—O tame and feeble Cervantes, with what a timid pencil and faint colours have you painted the portrait of a disordered imagination!”

Such was the exclamation of the great oracle of Opposition—the Demosthenes of the British senate, in his letter to his constituents of Westminster.

Prophetic exclamation! How completely confirmed by every subsequent event! Yet still we are to persist; and though like a crab we have been travelling backwards for two whole years, we are still to keep our eyes upon the gates of Paris! and still in imagination to rout the Convention and destroy the myriads of armies they are pouring into the field.

But it is not only this accumulated weight upon our shoulders that impedes us; we are palsied, also, upon another side—look at the different situation of our allies: think of Holland for whose sake we are told we undertook this war—Look at the Scheldt. Will the Brabanters and the Dutch quarrel now whether the Scheldt shall be navigated? Will one side of the river co-operate with us while we are defending the other? Alas, the two banks are equally hostile; and to the right and the left, those whom you *called your friends* and treated like the worst of enemies; those whom you fought for, and those whom you fought against, are combined against you; and perhaps the navy of Holland, which sunk into such contempt under the torpid reign of the Stadtholder, may recover its wonted energy under a republic; and joining the navy of its new ally, may show the world that Batavians are the same people they formerly were; that it was the government alone that had become lethargic; and that freedom restored them to their wonted valour. And if for so many years, in former periods, they alone kept the navy of this country at bay, reflect a minute whether by your haughty deportment, refusing to treat because it is the people and not the Stadtholder that sends the

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the ambassador—reflect, I say, what may be the consequences—if the navy of Holland unites with the navy of France; the nautical skill of the Dutch with the republican enthusiasm of the Gauls! should their united thunders be directed against the shores of this country. I own I do not look with that bold confidence upon the event which your rulers would pretend, while inwardly they shake with coward palfies.

Holland detached from your side! Brabant, then wavering, now confirmed the friend of France! Tuscany, whom you plunged into the war, whether he would or no, extricating himself by an honourable peace, granted with magnificent generosity by that enemy whom we pretend to say is so treacherous that we cannot treat with them! Russia still slumbering over her promises and her treaties; fattened and satiated with the massacres of Warsaw; and exhibiting without a mask what are the views, the virtues of this canting heroine, and of that *regular* and *orderly* government of which she is the consecrated head! Prussia receiving your money, but never furnishing the stipulated troops! accepting your subsidies with one hand, and with the other signing the preliminary articles of negotiation with your enemy!

Such is the picture of Europe! Such are the allies who are still to be treated with, and trusted after repeated acts of the most flagitious treachery; while another country, from which you have not, in its present form of government, experienced any treachery whatever, you are told it is not to be treated with at all, because if it happens to break a peace forthwith, it will not be broken in that regular and orderly manner of which the diplomatic faith and consistent virtues of the old established governments have given you so many curious specimens. But still we have one hope. One wooden leg after another with which we have attempted to prop up our decrepid cause, has, it is true, been broken and thrown away: but still we have a crutch on one side. We can lean upon Austria: and though we do pay a little dear for the support, yet it is better than to suffer an entire overthrow—Of what? Of our territories? No. They are only endangered by continuing the war. Of our prosperity? No. The minister takes care that nobody shall share with him the honour of destroying that. It is the windmill of cabinet influence whose overthrow is dreaded; the vanity and wild projects of our heaven-born minister!

Yes, Citizens, we stand, it is true, upon the fickle hope of German faith. The Empire, the Emperor—Hear the found-

ing name, ye crouds ! adore the wonderful charm ! Remember that even breach of faith ceases to be treachery when gilt by this pompous title ! Remember that though repeated experience has shewn you the faithlessness of those who wear it, and though all the facts of history shew you the open sincerity of republican governments—yet such is the magic power of this word emperor—and indeed of every other word that implies but royalty, that the very breach of faith proves you ought still to trust ; while experience itself can furnish no reason to conclude that you ought ever to confide in a country branded with so atheistical a title as Republic. The Emperor's promises, such as they are (though he seems to have modesty enough not to be extremely explicit in them) are still to be relied upon ; and thus, crippled in your alliances, weighed down by debt, weakened by depopulation, we are to repeat our crusade ; to rush once more into the field of slaughter ; and sacrifice at the altar of this infernal Moloch the husbandman and the manufacturer, whose labours might administer to the comforts and felicities of life. And all for what ? To sooth the vanity and superstition of the monks and cowardly aristocrats of France, who monopolize the confidence of our minister and pour into the ears of our rulers that poison of despotic treachery which has already brought to the scaffold their own unfortunate sovereign, who was weak enough to imbibe its influence. For these, and their visionary prospects, we are to pursue the most expensive, hopeless, and ridiculous war ever undertaken by Europe : not excepting the crusade that left so indelible a stain upon the intellects of the 14th century.

If however one grain of reflection still remains in Britain ; if we are not entirely intoxicated by the mania of alarm, let us pause a little and survey the precipice upon which we stand. Still thy rude voice a while thou brazen trumpet, ere again thou provoke mankind to deeds of cruelty and wickedness ! Silence awhile the dreadful thunders of the all-devouring cannon ; and let Reason uplift her powerful voice. For what purpose are we thus going to bathe our falchions in the blood of our fellow-men ? For what reason are we to expose our bosoms to their destroying swords. Suppose you could succeed, my Countrymen ! would your taxes be lessened ? Would the commodities of life be procured at a cheaper rate ? Would you—I put aside for the present the calamities and miseries you suffer during the struggle : Would you find yourselves in a situation more comfortable and happy ? Would the wants of nature be better supplied ?

Would

would the innocent luxuries of life be enjoyed in greater abundance? Would your minds be more unshackled? Inquiry be more free? Would science—and above all, the science of political amelioration raise up its head with greater triumph than it did before? Alas! Alas! these are circumstances I fear never entered into the calculation of those who have plunged us into the present undertaking. These are calculations for metaphysical Jacobins and those who are mad enough to suppose that man has unalienable rights, and that one human being has as just a title to improve his faculties for the happiness of himself and family as another.—Such visionaries as these may enter into calculations of human happiness and human knowledge; but the enlightened statesman soars above them. His eye, sublimed above the clouds of common life, rolls in golden and beatific visions; and dwells upon the sublimities of places and pensions; upon the heaven of power and emolument. There he bathes his luxurious fancy; wanders in the prospects of coronets, titles, stars, and coloured ribbons; and leaves to such insignificant beings who think about their fellow creatures, the idle speculation of what is good or what is ill for man.

But, Citizens, though placemen and pensioners may not think fit to enter into such calculations, it is worth your while to do so: and you ought to do it for yourselves. For if you will not enquire into your own rights, how can you expect that others will be so superfluous as to enquire them for you. If you do not value your own prosperity, why should others? If you do not think it worth while to make calculations upon your own happiness, why should others who have no connection, no common-interest with you, trouble their heads about it? They can be more happily employed in counting their places, their Chancellorships, their Tellerships, their Lord-Wardenships, their Treasuryships, their sinecures, and their patronages. And, therefore, if you will not enquire into your own rights, why blame others for not enquiring into them for you? How can you expect, that which you will not do for yourselves should be done for you by placemen, pensioners, and proprietors of rotten boroughs.

To stimulate to this enquiry is the object for which I call you together in this place. Remember it is not from listening to lectures, it is not from frequenting now and then a debating society, it is not from turning over the leaves of a book, that you are to expect improvement and wisdom. Your
minds

minds must labour if you expect them to be benefited. Your minds must labour if you wish to discover that truth which, assisted by benevolence, may redress the wrongs of your fellow citizens and yourselves. If you will idly listen with implicit confidence to any man, it matters not who he is—whether priest, prime minister, or political lecturer. You may listen, it is true, to the doctrines of another; but if you make not use of your own reason to enquire and investigate whether they are true or false, you may be affected indeed with warmth and petulance, but will never attain the true philosophical light of truth and benevolence. Scrutinize every thing you hear from every one; and most of all, every thing that you hear from me. I am a man, subject to all the passions and delusions of human nature; all the frailties of passion are upon me; all the ignorance which the prejudices early inculcated in the present system have a tendency to produce: and I have had many disadvantages in the pursuit of knowledge, under which many of you, perhaps, have not laboured. Think not, therefore, that I wish you to take for granted every thing I tell you. You must have your knowledge not as the parrot has his by rote; but from the labours of your own minds; from the feelings and conviction of your own hearts. These will, I believe, conduct you to this conclusion, that war is equally a calamity to the nation that makes it, and the nation against whom it is directed; that the system of war has plunged this country into innumerable calamities; and that the overthrow of that system, the return of reason, and the permanent happiness of the country, can only be secured by a full, fair, and equal representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament.



The DUTY and INTEREST of the PEOPLE to enquire into the Causes and Conduct of WARS, in the GUILT of which they are involved, by contributing to their Support.—From the second Lecture on War.

IN my former Lecture on this subject I seriously recommended you to consider no individual as infallible, to look up with veneration to no man's opinions; to estimate all opinions
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and all sentiments in proportion to the conviction they bring to your own minds, and not the partial attachments you may have for the persons who submit them to you. I endeavoured to shew you that all instruction, all reading, all eloquence are no further useful than as they cultivate the seeds of enquiry in the minds of those who listen or peruse; and as they furnish them with materials wherewith to work for themselves in those grand enquiries in which it is the happiness and interest of man to be engaged. I advised you seriously to consider for yourselves how far this system of war is good or bad in itself; how far the pretences for it have been realized; and, if realized, how far they were worth the price that was paid for them.

I shall now endeavour to shew you, that it is equally your duty and your interest; and that a considerable degree of moral turpitude attaches to that individual who, by his personal services, or by his property, contributes to the prosecution of any war, the justice of whose principle he has not investigated; of the probability of whose success he has not formed some estimate; and whose objects he has not properly weighed.

Citizens, Let us consider that the morals, the happiness, and the prosperity of every individual are involved in every war in which the country may be engaged: let us consider that we all have every thing at stake; that not only the comforts of life, not only that liberty and independence which we so much prize, but the very existence of every individual may be involved in the event. However securely we may sit at home; however carelessly we may read the Gazettes which announce the slaughter of thousands; let us recollect, that in the giddy changes of the wheel of fortune, the war which is now at a distance may come home to us; slaughter and devastation may confront us at our own doors; and those who have so madly and so frantically engaged to carry desolation through the streets of Paris, may fly through the streets of London before the face of those very Parisians, whose habitations they so madly threatened with conflagration, and whose fires and relatives with slaughter.

If, then, the lives and happiness of every individual are at stake, surely all ought to give themselves some pains to calculate the chances of cards, and endeavour to discover the rules of the desperate game they are playing.

“ War,”

"War," says Citizen Gerrald in his excellent pamphlet, (a Convention the only means of saving us from ruin) "though declared by the government must be supported by the people. Parliament imposes taxes but you pay them. The King declares war, but it is the blood of the peasant and manufacturer which flows in the battle, it is the purse of the tradesman and the artificer which is emptied in the contest." Let us recollect also, that not only in the catastrophe but in the guilt we are participators. Whatever turpitude may attach itself to the war in general, so far as it depends upon our exertions or our sluggishness, lays at our doors.



Comparison between the Guilt of A COMMON MURDERER, and the DELIBERATE PROJECTOR OF UNNECESSARY WAR. From the same.

AS war can only be just in one of the parties, it follows, of course, that in the other it must be murder! Nay, I believe that in nine wars out of ten it has not been just either on the one side nor on the other. If, however, it appears in any particular contest that the individuals who compose one government, have made use of every exertion to produce negotiation, instead of slaughter; if they have sent ambassador after ambassador to treat with the cabinet of the threatening country, and that country, with insolent disdain, with scorn, with contempt, with ill-founded confidence, and a degree of arrogance which nothing but ignorance could produce, has rejected all those overtures of peace and negotiation, I am terribly afraid we shall be compelled, in spite of national vanity, in spite of national prejudice, to justify the party that would have negotiated, even though that party should be contending against ourselves.

I have said, Citizens, that war, on one side or the other, must be murder—but the epithet is feeble. There is no term in language that can describe the crime with justice and energy.—Murder which stands so prominent in the catalogue of moral vices, bears but a trifling proportion to the political guilt

guilt of those who plunge two nations; nay, not content with that, who plunge almost the whole habitable globe in scenes of slaughter and desolation, to gratify their caprice or exalt their ambition.

Perhaps the murderer, whom we so justly execrate, might find many circumstances to plead in alleviation of his guilt, which it would be difficult to apply to the other. Want, misery, the persecuting insolence of monopolizing power, the hard gripping hand of famine may drive a miserable individual to acts of depredation, which afterwards, from a mistaken sense of personal security, or in the moment of unexpected contest may provoke him to plunge into guilt he never meditated. Hasty revenge, intemperate rage, the boiling passion of the moment may have inflicted the fatal blow. But the political murderer proceeds by system. He plans, he deliberates, he meditates, in the calm recesses of the closet, those scenes of fury and desolation which his hired assassins are to perpetrate, as soon as his cold blooded ambition shall have formed by mathematical lines and calculations the plans upon which they are to act. He, also, strikes, not at the life of an individual. He strikes at thousands. He murders by wholesale; and exults over the catalogue of his atrocities. He kills in safety also—shuns the danger; but perpetrates the guilt. He breathes the pestilential mandate, and myriads perish; but, bathed in the true thief's vinegar of office, he strips the dead without partaking the infection.

How much more atrocious this than the crimes which excite so much indignation in our hearts! and which, because they are rare, because they come before us in individual instances, and present the real picture to the mind, we contemplate with indignation; while we remain indifferent to the other.

Citizens, then let us consider how important it is (since every individual is, some how or other, concerned in what are called the acts of the nation) that every individual should seriously investigate the justice or the injustice of the wars in which he may be plunged: because, though the principle of self preservation may justify the individual who draws his sword upon the defensive side, the soldiers who march into the field in support of an unjust cause, are only the hired assassins (however unconscious they may be of the guilt) of the persons who planned the war.

NO WAR JUST *but a War of SELF DEFENCE.*
From the same.

CITIZENS, A war of absolute defence is the only war that can be justified: What criminality then must attach to those who are engaged in a war of a directly opposite nature. "If the life of one man is not to be taken away but on a principle of self defence, or on the previous conviction of his guilt by a calm and sober appeal to reason, how much more does it become us scrupulously to weigh in the balance of the sanctuary the causes for which we embark in a complicated war, in which the kindred blood of thousands of our fellow creatures is poured out like water by the unfeeling arm of a mercenary soldier?"—*Gerrald.*

Citizens—I do not mean to confine my animadversions to the war in which we are at present engaged. Principles and not men should be the objects of attention—the general system, not the individual instance. It matters little that you should put a period to the present war, if you are not convinced of the madness and turpitude of war in general, and determined to diffuse those benevolent and generous principles of peace and amity which may prevent fresh calamities of this description, from falling again immediately upon your heads.

No war can be just that is not politic; and by politic I mean promotive of the happiness of the people; for how can that be good which does not secure the general happiness of mankind. No war can be politic but that which is engaged in for the real and actual defence of the Parent State; because, though it is good and right to exert all the energies with which we are endued, for the preservation of the individual, or the community, all wars for frivolous pretences (and I call all the ambitious schemes of courts and cabinets frivolous) however successful or triumphant, must cost more than they are worth; and the sole glory and triumph that *you* obtain is to see so many mutilated beings stalking through your streets, or filling your hospitals, and reminding you of the thousands and tens of thousands of your fellow men, who have been slain in battle, but who might have been increasing the prosperity and real wealth of the state, if they had been employed in producing the comforts of life, instead of destroying each other in a ridiculous contest.

Conse,

Consequences of our NATIONAL GLORY and PROSPERITY, to the great body of the PEOPLE.—From the same.

LET us look at the mass of mankind. Do we not find them still doomed to eternal drudgery ! Still plunged in ignorance and servitude ? Is it not their bitter lot (even when they can obtain subsistence at this rate) to go from the hard pallet to their different occupations, from their occupations to the scanty meal, from the scanty meal to labour, and from labour again to repose ? as if the bulk of the human species, existed for nothing, were fit for nothing, were capable of nothing but to drudge eternally for the luxuries of a few, to eat, to drink, to propagate, and rot.

However, Citizens, those advantages, even if they could be proved, which are supposed to result from conquest and victory, are advantages of which this country has for some time almost entirely lost sight.—It is true, at the commencement of the present war, his Royal Highness took Valenciennes in the name of the Emperor of Germany ; and he ran away from Dunkirk in the name of his Royal Father. Let the widows and orphans of those who were slaughtered in these glorious exploits, tell me, if they can, which of them was the most advantageous to the country ? Which of them afforded the largest proportion of comfort to themselves, or alleviated best the wants and anguish of their expiring relatives ?

Extreme difference between the INTERESTS OF MINISTERS, and the INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE, with respect to Peace and War. From the same.

Patronage.

BUT we must admit, whatever may be the effect to the people at large, as our governors are men of discernment, men of considerable learning and intelligence, that they are playing a game not quite so losing, that they at least know what they are about. The fact is, they may have an interest while we have not. “ The great source of the evil is here, “ the people of Europe in general, have no more connection

“ with their respective governments, except indeed as they
 “ are made the objects of plunder and taxation, than they
 “ have with the governments of China and Japan.” It may
 then be good for them to pursue a system which is destructive
 to us. “ All war, as it multiplies places, and increases the re-
 “ ceipts of government, at least while the war endures, ex-
 “ tends of course the power and patronage of the minister
 “ though it loads the people with additional taxes.” As
 “ long as war lasts,” continues Citizen Gerrald, “ go-
 “ vernment has immense sums to dispose of; and as revenue
 “ has hitherto been the object of governments, the hope of
 “ making conquests will induce them to carry on the system
 “ of war as long as the people will submit to it. Every ad-
 “ dition of territory furnishes a new field for the collection of
 “ more taxes; every conquered district is considered a new
 “ farm; and the people who cultivate it being regarded as
 “ sheep, are annually brought up to be shorn of their fleeces.”

Thus every minister, while affairs are situated as they are,
 has an interest in plunging the country into war; because in
 consequence of that war a great variety of fresh places are cre-
 ated, and great patronage thrown into his hands, he has the
 power of appointing Contractors, Colonels, Ensigns, and Offi-
 cers of various descriptions, which increases his power and
 patronage, secures him in his situation, and gratifies his ava-
 rice or his ambition. These facts need but to be mentioned,
 and every one will feel conviction immediately.

Ministerial Prerogative.

THERE is another circumstance of considerable impor-
 tance why the interests of the people and of ministers should
 be considered, in a very eminent degree, diametrically oppo-
 site to each other with respect to war. Those persons who
 are at the helm during a time of war, have a pretence for vest-
 ing themselves with discretionary powers; for increasing their
 own arbitrary authority; for trampling down the liberties of
 the people; and putting them under restrictions which, in
 times of peace, there could be no pretence for doing; and,
 consequently, we find one of the blessed harvests of the present
 war (to say nothing of the discretionary powers vested, by
 the bill for manning the navy and other late acts of Parlia-
 ment, in the Privy Council) is the happy suspension of the Ja-
 cobinical Habeas Corpus Act.

It is an argument to which every driveller can appeal: “ The
 country is in a state of external danger; you must, therefore,
 “ take

“ take care of turbulent spirits within ;” by which phrase (turbulent spirits) is always meant every man who dares to speak against the mad and foolish projects of ministers. The fences of authority are, therefore, doubled : the personal protection of the individual members of the state suspended and annihilated.

Where is the man who will pretend that, in times of peace, such acts could have been quietly thrust down the people’s throats as the *Alien Act*, the *Traiterous Correspondence Bill*, so nobly disputed in the House of Commons, by those persons who, according to the calculation of some, are enemies to the Laws and Constitution of the country, because they dared to shew that their ministers were violating that Constitution. To these we may add the *suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act*, after the persons were taken into custody whom that suspension was meant to affect ; thus making the law a sort of trap, to ensnare us with an appearance of security ; and when the harpies of power have drawn the victims into their toils, the laws are suspended ; down goes the trap ; and Britons, when most in need of British privileges, find they are Britons no more. No, Citizens : in times of peace, in times of national tranquillity such strides cannot be made : and it is a fact standing upon the records of all histories of Europe—it is a fact proved by thousands of instances, that war after war has been produced, nation after nation, has been plunged in ruin and desolation, and whole continents have been embroiled, for no other purpose whatever than to give an opportunity to the ministers and cabinets of those countries to extend their own arbitrary power, and lay prostrate, at their feet, the lives and liberties of their fellow-citizens.

It is then not from ministry that we are to expect a proper exposition of the system of war ; it is not from Court expectants in opposition, who, however distinguished they may be by their talents or boasted principles of liberty, still have their eyes fixed on a succession to places of soul-corrupting power and aggrandisement. I say it is not from one or other of these classes of politicians that you ought to expect a *thorough* investigation of that system of war which for more than a century has continued to depopulate Europe. No : Every individual knows how powerfully self-love and interest operate upon the judgment. Like a thick film before the eye they obscure the lines and confuses the colours of the political landscape. Views of personal interest pervert the judgment and prevent us from seeing those evils from which at one time or
other

other we may expect advantage. It is, therefore, from the virtuous energies of the public mind, from the bold and manly spirit of general investigation—from the spirit and good sense of the people that we are to expect a thorough exposition of the horrors of war.

Oh, what but ambition, what but the wild passions of interested individuals could so long have kept up that system of delusion which has depopulated the ancient, and continues to depopulate the modern world? Is it not strange, does not imagination sicken, does not reason stagger when we conjure up the picture fairly and justly before us? What can be the reason that so many thousands of human beings rush into the field of battle with no provocation of malice; no one real interest to direct them? How astonishing is it that age after age, generation after generation, country after country should have beheld this phenomenon of man destroying man—intellectual beings rushing forward frequently to inevitable destruction; with a mad and fierce enthusiasm, courting the stroke of death, as it were a blessing!

Citizens—The picture is too astonishing to have been believed, if we had nothing but records of history to attest it.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

A Meditation in the Tower.

Regal titles and decorations, are seldom very readily parted with, how much soever they may have lost their original meaning. The Roman Emperors continued to be distinguished by the name and ensigns of *Pontifex Maximus*, or High Priest of Jupiter, long after their *profession*, and the *legal* establishment of the Christian Religion; and Henry the Fifth, having, by the assistance of the Duke of Burgundy, made a kind of temporary conquest of France, and his son having been crowned (*in his nurse's arms*) at Paris, his successors have continued to the present day to "bear about the mock-cry" of Gallic Empire in their *titles* and their *arms*.

But a title of still more dignity and importance has long imparted lustre to the British Crown: the title of "*Defender of the Faith*."

We all know that the first of our august sovereigns who wore this title was a very *faithful* being indeed. He cut off the heads of half a dozen wives or so, it is true; and he *changed* his religion every six months that he might have the glory of roasting such of his *subjects* whose *faith* could not keep pace with

with his. Be this as it will, *Henry the Eighth* having written a book in defence of the POPE, the *Protestant Kings of England* still continue to be gratified with the titular reward of *Defender of the Faith*.

For Mr. Pitt, however, was reserved the distinguished honour of restoring to his present Majesty the *substance* of what, for the eleven preceding reigns, had been merely a *shadow*; and His Majesty George the Third may now, without boast or flattery, be emphatically stiled *Defender of the Faith*: for (to say nothing of the present *just* and *necessary War*, waged with so much *holy obstinacy*, or, as Gibbon would have expressed it, with such an *exquisite rancour of theological hatred*, against the *deluded* Republicans of France, for the restoration, among other things, of the established (i. e. *Papish*) religion of the country; not only has the infallibility of his Holiness the POPE, been protected by a guard of *British Soldiers*; but, by the late confirmation in Corsica, of *the Right of the People to chuse their form of government, their rulers, and their religion*, His Majesty is bound to protect and defend the Holy Roman Catholic Religion in that Island. Nor have I any doubt, but that when the Allies have got to Paris, routed the Convention, and hanged all the Jacobines, the *other hitherto empty title* of our amiable Sovereign will be realized and secured upon a foundation equally solid and permanent with that upon which we have here descanted.

J. T.

ANECDOTE OF THOMAS PAINE.

IT was observed in company to Thomas Paine, that the British and Irish were naturally inclined to Monarchy; so much so, that in their convivial meetings they always had a toast master; and that if six of them went to a tavern to drink a bottle of wine, one would be put into the chair, who would collect the bill and pay the waiter, and the rest would benefit by his attention.

Very true, Sir, says Paine, but suppose your six men met every day to drink their bottle, and that they had no more, and the chairman always took a pint to himself: They would soon contrive to drink without one; that is, if they were fond of wine, and had common sense.

B.

THE

THE IMPATIENT LOVER;

Or a Sigh across the Herring Pond.

COME, lovely *Brunzey*, to my arms,
 Nor let thy *Geordy* languish;
 Haste, with thy fancy-painted charms,
 Assuage thy lover's anguish!

Tho' long the truant I have play'd,
 From fair to fair one changing;
 And near as many Bucks have made
 All Windsor Park as range in;

'Twas but my father's people's wives
 And daughters I gallanted:—
 To beggars round the royal hives
 Small favours must be granted.

The senate and my fire declare,
 And Bishops in their sermons—
 The noblest of the British Fair
 Can be but *drabs* to *Germans*.

The fates!—O were they slaves of mine!
 I'd for High Treason try them,
 Who dare detain my nymph divine;
 And jury I'd deny them.

Thy hopes wound to the highest pitch,
 Impatient in thy wishes;
 Come, spring across the briny ditch
 That would impede our blisses.

Thy bed is made—thy dress prepar'd,
 Thy Lords and Ladies waiting;
 From post to post the royal guard
 Shall drive thee without baiting.

Fly, *Brunzey*, to my longing arms,
 Nor thus let *Geordy* languish;
 Come, with thy fancy-painted charms,
 Assuage thy lover's anguish.

EXILE.

* * * The EXAMINATION of J. THELWALL before the PRIVY
 COUNCIL will be given in the next Number.

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. IV.

Saturday, 4th April, 1795.

Exemplification of the Humanity and Benevolence of the Eighteenth Century.—From the Second Lecture on the Nature and Consequences of the System of War.

“W^{ITHIN} the last hundred years of our history,” says the author of the Political Progress, “Britain has been five times at war with France, and six times at war with Spain. During the same period, she has been engaged in two rebellions at home, besides an endless catalogue of massacres in Asia and America. In Europe, the common price which we advance for a war, has extended from one to three hundred thousand lives, and from sixty to an hundred and fifty millions sterling. From Africa, we import annually between thirty and forty thousand slaves,” [*Writers of considerable respectability have calculated the annual consumption as high as 60,000.*] “which rises, in the course of a century, to at least three millions of murders. In Bengal only, we destroyed or expelled, within the short period of six years, no less than five millions of industrious and harmless people; and as we have been sovereigns in that country, for above thirty-five years, it may be reasonably computed that we have strewed the plains of Indostan with fifteen or twenty millions of carcases.”

So that it is with too much justice that the same author observes in another place—“In the East and West Indies, the conduct of Britain may be fairly contrasted with the murder of Atabaliba, and will prove equally ruinous to the detested conquerors.” A severe censure, which as far as it relates to West India policy, and African commerce (for so it is called) has been sufficiently authorised by the facts which have come out in parliamentary discussion; and which with respect to the East is supported by the following historical quotation.

“The civil wars to which our violent desire of creating Nabobs gave rise, were attended with tragical events. Ben-
No. IV. K gal

“ gal was depopulated by every species of public distress. In
 “ the space of six years, half the great cities of this opulent
 “ kingdom were rendered desolate ; the most fertile fields in
 “ the world lay waste ; and *five millions* of harmless and in-
 “ dustrious people were either expelled or destroyed. Want
 “ of foresight became more fatal than innate barbarism ; and
 “ men found themselves wading through *blood and ruin*, when
 “ their only object was *spoil*.” *Dow's History of Indostan*,
 vol. iii. p. 70.

These barbarous injuries have not been inflicted without
 some taste of correspondent calamities among ourselves :
 though the day of serious retribution seems yet to come !—
 perhaps is fast approaching !!! Already however, “ If we
 “ combine the diversified ravages of famine, pestilence, and
 “ the sword, it can hardly be supposed that in these transac-
 “ tions (independent of the desolation produced by the pre-
 “ sent war) less than *fifteen hundred thousand of our country-*
 “ *men have perished*; a number equal to that of the whole inha-
 “ bitants of Britain who are at present able to bear arms.

“ In Europe, the havock of our antagonists has been at
 “ least not inferior to our own, so that *this quarter of the*
 “ *world alone has lost by our quarrels, three millions of men in*
 “ *the flower of life* ; whose descendants in the progress of do-
 “ mestic society, would have swelled into multitudes beyond
 “ calculation. *The persons positively destroyed must, in the*
 “ *whole, have exceeded twenty millions, or two-thousand acts of*
 “ *homicide per annum*. These victims have been sacrificed
 “ to the balance of power, and the balance of trade, the ho-
 “ nour of the British flag, the universal supremacy of parlia-
 “ ment, and the security of the Protestant succession.

“ If we are to proceed at this rate for another century, we
 “ may, which is natural to mankind, admire ourselves, and
 “ our achievements, but every other nation in the world must
 “ have a right to wish that an earthquake or a volcano may
 “ first bury both islands together in the centre of the globe ;
 “ that a single, but decisive exertion of Almighty vengeance
 “ may terminate the progress and the remembrance of our
 “ crimes.” *Pol. Prog. p. 3.*

Will any individual believe that a system so mad and so pro-
 fligate can tend to any thing less than the dissolution of all
 those governments by which it has been carried on ? Why
 are we not warned by fatal experience ? Why will we not be
 taught that evils so enormous cannot be perpetuated ? that
 if we continue in this mad career it requires no volcano to de-

destroy us ; no thunders to blast the depopulated and enfeebled country : its own phrenzy must work its destruction. Shall we, then, or shall we not conceive it our duty to enquire into the means of checking this monstrous tyranny, this horrid growth of war ; which has so long been exerting such destructive effects ? Shall we suppose that it is our duty tamely and supinely to sit down, without attempting by every possible exertion to apply a remedy to evils so enormous ?

Alas ! if we will not shortly apply the remedy, the remedy will apply itself. I know not what blindness, I know not what infatuation has seized upon the men in power ; but either they are dreaming, or the rest of the thinking part of mankind are lost in visionary phrenzy. But it does appear to me that every department of the state, every political phenomenon gives the most direct indication of the dissolution of that system which these men are endeavouring to perpetuate. This system of ambition and war must fall. See if you cannot discover the symptoms of the decay of that false strength, that delusive appearance of power and grandeur, which has so long deluded this country. Can you see no symptoms of approaching weaknesses ? If you cannot, you certainly have not observed, with accurate eye, the page of history. What were the symptoms of the fall of other states ? Schemes of oppression and depression at home ; selfishness, avarice, monopoly, individual accumulation, and a total indifference to the miseries and calamities of mankind. Have not these been the forerunners of the destruction of all countries ? Did not Athens display the same phenomenon ? Were not corruption, voluptuousness, and the desire of rapacious accumulation, the great evils complained of by the philosophers, and orators of that country, previous to the desolation under which it fell, never to rise again ? Was not Sparta a victim to the same corrupting vices ? Did not " Rome, a giant statue fall, pushed from its base by artless hands," from the same enervating causes ? Can we not see the same spirit among ourselves ? Can we not see that idolatry to opulence and to splendor, under which the virtues, the courage, the energies of the people are daily sinking ? And sink they must : for it is the necessary consequence of our present system. Luxury produces its diseases of one description ; penury has its diseases also ; and while the higher orders of society are enervated with the former, the lower orders are depressed and beaten down by the latter.

Citizens, if we are wise, we shall endeavour to extricate ourselves from the calamitous situation in which we are placed.

By a timely and temperate reform, we shall endeavour gradually to restore the one class of people to their simplicity, and the other to their wonted comforts. This and this only can preserve us ! this only can unite us in the day of trial, and save us from the ruin that is gathering over our heads.



The blessed Efforts of the System of COLONIZATION.
From the same.

COLONIAL aggrandisement, instead of an advantage, is a curse. For proof of this I will refer you to the Budget of the Minister, which has been laid before the people (I was going to say the *insulted* people) during the present session ; and you will there find, among the extraordinary expences that are charged (and *very extraordinary indeed* many of them are) a very considerable sum of money standing to the account of your colonies and foreign settlements, for the support and protection of which you are taxed at home. Nay, Citizens, *Canada* itself, at this very time, is maintained at the enormous annual charge of *six or seven hundred thousand pounds* a year, to be paid by taxes levied upon your industry ; by excise laws, by window lights, by taxes upon malt, by taxes upon bread, by wine licences, by hair powder licences, by little pittances pillaged from the tea cups of poor old women, who have no comfort in the world beside.

Six or seven hundred thousand pounds, accumulated to the burthens which you must necessarily and inevitably bear !— For what purpose ? For advantages expected from this distant colony ? No ; not one shilling of advantage was ever reaped, ever will be reaped, or ever was expected to be reaped from the important colony of Canada : and the Minister knows he is paying this 700,000*l.* a year for no better purpose than shewing that this magnificent empire is extended to every quarter of the globe : that you have a slave factory in Africa, a vast territory in Asia, a high mountain in the Straits, a barren rock in the Mediterranean, and a wretched colony in America.

Magnificent Idea ! How can Britons repine at the want of bread ; when they are blest with such *solid* advantages ! But
there

there is a better piece of policy still behind. These colonies promote patronage, and strengthen the powerful hand of ministerial influence. The minister and his creatures get the power of appointing all sorts of officers, from the high and mighty Governor, who represents Royalty in miniature, to the little Constable, who parades the streets, and who will also tell you that he, in his turn, represents the same sublime character.

Yes, Citizens, here is the real advantage. The Governors of your Colonies must be dependant upon the Minister, the inferior officers must be dependant upon the Governors, and the understrappers upon them; and thus you see the boasts of national grandeur and glory are nothing but steps to the back staircase of patronage, built, it is true, at the expence of the people, but subservient only to the purposes of their rulers; who are enabled by this ingenious invention to climb beyond the reach of the swinish multitude, and laugh at their grunting and complaints.



HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

Motives of a King and his Ministers, in former Times, for making War for the purpose of overturning a Republic.

It may not be amiss to remind those English Readers, who are in the habit of reflecting upon what they read, that when Charles the second, and his CABAL—(Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauderdale)—were determined to overthrow the liberties of the people, and establish despotic power upon their ruins, they thought it necessary, as a preliminary measure, to enter into a grand alliance with several continental despots, for the overthrow of the republic of Holland. A war with that then (and now once more) free republic, was accordingly entered upon, under a variety of frivolous and ridiculous pretences, (almost as unimportant to the people of England as the navigation of the Scheld:) with a view, not only to counteract those *poisonous principles*, which the good understanding between the Dutch and English people was sup-

supposed to disseminate and encourage, but also to furnish Charles and his ministers with a plausible reason for encreasing the military establishment, which they believed, when once properly set on foot, under what pretence soever, might be turned to any use they thought fit, and rendered the instrument of enslaving those very people who had already been oppressed with taxes for their support.

That I may obviate the abusive answers of Treasury scribblers, and prove that this representation is not the mere invention of Jacobinism, I shall present the reader with the following extracts from Rapin.

"After this view of the state of the English Court, it is easy to conceive, that those who had most credit and access to the King, could hardly intend the benefit of the kingdom. Every one of his most intimate counsellors would have been glad to see the King absolute, *that he might have at his command the whole riches of England to lavish upon them.*"—

"But on the other hand, the King thought himself obliged to proceed circumspectly, the example of his father not permitting him to engage in the same course, before he had taken greater precautions. This was the reason, that for some years the Court projects were *executed gradually*, and with great dissimulation, notwithstanding the warm temper of the Duke of York, and the eagerness of the Papists."—*Rap. Hist. of Eng. vol. 3, p. 652.*

After delineating the characters of the *Cabal*, Rapin thus pursues the subject. "If to these five members of the Cabal, are joined, as in reason they ought, the King and the Duke of York, it will be found that all the seven were for absolute and arbitrary government; and that with regard to religion four were Papists, and three without any religion, or at least they considered it only as *an engine of state*:"—the usual opinion of ministers, rulers and potentates, in all ages and countries of the world! "It would be difficult to know the transactions of the cabal, if Father Orleans" (a Roman Catholic historian and advocate for despotism) "instructed by King James II. had not told us that a war with Holland was there resolved, in order to furnish the King with a pretence to keep on foot both land and sea forces. For it is manifest, that such a design could be accomplished but by force at sea. The *pretence* for this war was to be taken from *the dispute about the flag, &c.*" But adds Father Orleans, "The true reason for making this war upon Holland, was "the secret correspondence between the republicans of Eng-
"land

“land and the Dutch, who were incessantly exciting them to rebellion, and to shake off the yoke of Monarchy, being ever ready to support those that should attack it.” This, continues Rapin, “seems to contradict what the same author advances a few lines before, namely, that the true ground of this war, was to furnish the King with a *pretence for raising an army*. It must be considered, however, that the design of the King and the Cabal concerned two points, which went hand in hand, and formed properly but one design; namely, to introduce an arbitrary government, and to extirpate the Protestant religion. As it could not then be expected, that the English would tamely give up their religion and liberty without resistance, it was natural to begin with depriving them of the only assistance they could hope for, by attacking the Dutch, and disabling them to succour England. *Those therefore who are called by Father Orleans, the Republicans of England, were the persons, who, it was supposed, would oppose the King's designs, as well Episcopalians and Presbyterians, as the Republicans properly so called.*” Just as the advocates of ministerial usurpation, in the present day, confound under the general name of *Jacobines*, every man who has the courage and virtue to oppose the ruinous measures and alarming encroachments of the prevailing faction!

To this it may not be improper to add, that the Dutch Republic, aware of the designs of Charles and his ministers, endeavoured to avert the calamities of war by negotiation; but which was rendered abortive by the intrigues and insolence of the British Cabinet. They were determined upon war. Their projects at home were not to be carried on without it!!!

TAX ON HAIR POWDER. From the Lecture on the Budget.

THERE is one tax proposed by our enlightened Premier that gives me great pleasure. I mean the tax upon that luxury with which people choose to furnish the outside of their upper stores: a fashion which originated, we are told, with

with two dull and miserable mountebanks, at a public fair in France; and who having racked their stupid imaginations in vain to excite the laughter of their gaping auditors, at last frizzled up their hair in a phantastic manner, and plaistered it over with flour and grease. The conceit pleased, and Fashion, ever fond of absurdities, carried the fooleries of a brace of low buffoons into the court of a great monarch. There is a particular reason why I approve of this tax. I think it is the most democratic thing that has been thought of for a long time; so much so that it almost leads one to think there is some truth in the assertion, that the measures of the present minister are in reality intended to promote that spirit of democracy which he pretends to be so anxious to suppress. At any rate it is one of those taxes which I think every real friend to the happiness and welfare of mankind will reflect a little before he pays: and I will tell you why.

Much as I am attached to that manly simplicity which the worthies of the ancient world displayed; superior as I think the Roman or the Grecian head, superior as I think the simple habits of antiquity to the phantastical absurdities of modern dress, simplicity is not the only object of consideration. What is this superfluous ornament? What is it produced from? Would not that which you suppose decorates, but which I think most ridiculously disguises you, contribute towards the support of those who find it so difficult to procure subsistence at this period? Are you not wasting, at any rate, in unnecessary ornament, that which might feed the hungry and sustain the weary. Suppose, for example, every individual wearing this superfluous ornament, instead of wearing it, were to distribute its real value, in bread to the hungry poor, and put the superfluous price which he pays for the spoiling of this flour into his pocket; let me ask if he might not find plenty of indigent individuals, by relieving whom he could purchase for himself a more noble satisfaction than this paltry superfluity can afford?

Then, Citizens, there is another point of view in which it is to be considered. Every guinea paid for this tax goes to prolong the present war. The less productive the taxes, the sooner you must have peace; for if the speculations with respect to finance fail, the sinews of the war are gone. Well then will you pay your guineas towards the abolition of freedom in France.—Do not be frightened, Citizens! I think I may venture to promise you that the ghost of French Freedom will

will never haunt your pillows. You may try to do it if you will; but, if I have any portion of that divine inspiration which Mr. Brothers possesses in such miraculous abundance, I will venture to prophesy that so desirable a thing as the restoration of the old despotism in France never will be effected, either by English arms or English gold. The question, therefore, is not whether you will abolish the freedom of France, but whether you will prolong the groans and sufferings of your own country. If you believe that the prolongation of this war is only a prolongation of the calamities of Britain, then I think it is fair and honest for every man, by every mean that has no connection with hostility; no violence, no turbulence, to throw every impediment he can in the way of the prosecution of the war, which he believes to be unjust, cruel, and destructive.

Well then, suppose I should tell you a way by which you may dispose of your guinea better, and be four or five guineas a year richer, in consequence of this tax. The generality of those who have their hair dressed pay, I believe, about five or six guineas a year for dressing it: I am putting the aristocrats out of the question, who pay half a guinea a time. I say nothing to them; because I know they will not pay attention to my argument.—Well then, Citizens, there are at this time languishing in cells and dungeons, upon charges of High Treason (and such charges of High Treason!) Citizen John Martin; for he is still in confinement, without any provision whatever, where he has not even an apartment allowed him, nor coals to keep him warm, but what he procures by that charity, which the tears of his wife may obtain from the casual humanity of strangers. There is also poor Smith. I pretend not to prejudge whether he is guilty or innocent. I tell you only the fact. I have my opinion, and always had from the first—but Citizens, there is this man also lying in an unwholesome dungeon in Newgate, where he is, I believe, at this time expiring of the disease he has there contracted, and he has a numerous family without any means of support;—his own support is taken from him in consequence of his confinement; and the sale of a few little penny and halfpenny pamphlets in a little shop, the corner of Portsmouth-street, is the only resource of his wife and family. He has twice applied to men, too great for me to name, for medical assistance in his disease; and has procured no answer.—[He has since been removed to an apartment less miserable, and had medical advice.]

There is a Citizen Le Maitre, (whose spirited and sensible examination appeared, some months ago, in the Morning Post) locked up in a place by some called the Bastille: and as bastille means nothing but a place of solitary confinement, I shall not quarrel with the name.—There is also a Citizen Higgins, in confinement upon the same sort of charge. And there are other patriots in confinement under charges of sedition: though neither the lawyers themselves, nor the devil, their great coadjutor, could ever tell what sedition meant. There they lie languishing without the necessaries of life.

Now suppose every patriotic individual who intended to pay a guinea for dressing his hair was to leave off that superfluous and pay that guinea in some generous subscription, not for their relief; that would be something like High Treason perhaps; but for the relief of their wives and families. You will then have done an act of benevolence which, I believe, your hearts would reflect upon with pleasure, and be four or five guineas a year in pocket into the bargain.

The following Speeches in the Debate upon the Powder Tax, contain information of so important a nature, that every individual appears to be called upon to disseminate them as widely as possible: Unless, indeed, we admit the doctrine of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the people ought to be kept in ignorance of their own situation.

As the Speeches are copied from that violent Ministerial Paper (The Times) there can be no room to suspect exaggeration in the statement.

Mr. Dent said, that instead of exempting the army from the Powder Tax, he had hoped the Honourable Gentleman would have prohibited them the use of powder, or rather flour; for as powder was 15d. per pound and flour but 3d. they would consequently use flour.

The army of Great Britain at this time was 150,000 men, and allowing a pound a week each man, made 22,800,000 pounds annually. The consumption of the best wheat, also, in starch, from which powder is made, amounted to 17,500 *quarters*; if his information was correct. A great quantity was consumed in the heads of servants; as he believed most of their powder came from the drudger boxes in their master's kitchens. At this time the country was not abundant in wheat; the crops had failed; and the prospect of the next harvest

harvest was not very cheering. From the late rains and bad weather, much mischief was to be apprehended, and at the same time we could not gain any stores from Poland; which heretofore had been used to supply us with wheat. Add to this, that the French were our competitors in other markets, and consequently lessened the import into this country.

He had also been informed (probably the Chancellor of the Exchequer knew it also), that there was not sufficient corn in this country to last beyond July, at which time 60,000 quarters were *expected* from Canada. The situation of the poor was at this time to be deplored; they paid nine-pence for a quartern loaf, which a short time back cost only six-pence; and this, perhaps, from wages of a shilling per day. *Meat* they never could get at its present price, and even scarcely a sufficiency of bread alone. With all these circumstances under his eyes, he had hoped the Honourable Gentleman would have prohibited the use of flour in the dress of the army for at least a year.

Mr. Pitt objected to the irregularity of this conversation. He thought it dangerous in the extreme, and would tend to excite commotions, if those statements were to be disseminated. He denied any knowledge of such a scarcity of corn prevailing.

The following little article, copied from the Telegraph, as the calculations are more particular, will place the propriety of wearing Hair Powder in a still clearer point of view: and as the facts are unquestionable, it is hoped that no friend to the oppressed and indigent orders of society will longer disguise himself with that ridiculous ornament.

“ The military force of Great Britain, including foot, horse, militias, fencibles, &c. in England, Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere, amounts to about 250,000 men, each of whom is supposed to waste upon his head a pound of flour per week: 250,000lbs. a week make no less than 6,500 tons weight a year—a quantity of flour sufficient to make *three millions, fifty-nine thousand, three hundred and fifty-three quartern loaves*, and to supply 50,000 people with bread for twelve months.

“ This calculation proves what a good effect the total abolition of the use of Hair Powder might have upon the price of bread; but when you add to the above a calculation of the flour which will be used by persons privileged under the new

tax, whose numbers cannot be fewer than 500,000, it will then be found, that there are 750,000lbs. of flour used per week for the hair, which would make in a year 19,500 tons, or *nine millions, four hundred and eighteen thousand and fifty-nine quatern loaves*; a quantity of bread sufficient for the use of *one hundred and fifty thousand* men, women, and children.

“ From the above statement we are authorized to say, that it would be more for the honour of our legislature, and the benefit of the nation, to prohibit the use of flour, or powder for the hair, altogether, than to lay a partial tax upon those who use it, for the purpose of prolonging a war which has been too long continued, and the effects of which the people of this country so severely feel.”

Who after reading these facts, can do otherwise than admire that honest and respectable member of the House of Commons, *John Martin*, who with every grain of powder combed out of his head, stood up, and after vindicating the dignified simplicity of the human form, in opposition to the ridiculous foppery of fashion, declared, that “ though as a measure intended to support the war he reprobated the tax; yet as a means of preventing the unnecessary consumption of flour, at a time of such alarming scarcity, it had his hearty concurrence and support.”

There is another circumstance relative to this interesting subject, which deserves some enquiry. It is reported, upon pretty good authority, that an American merchant waited upon a certain great *Oeconomist* and *Calculator*, and informed him that he could supply him with a large quantity of corn at a given price. But he was answered with great *bauteur*, that no corn was wanted in the country; that rumours of scarcity had been artfully spread abroad for the purpose of enabling merchants to be extravagant in their demands; but that the country was in reality very well supplied.

This, however, was nothing more than one of those commercial tricks, very common between traders, when they wish to beat one another down in their prices, and which the Calculator had learned from having been for the last twelve or thirteen years chief managing clerk in a very great counting-house; for shortly after he sent a message to the merchant,

merchant, that he should be glad to have the corn on the terms proposed. But

“ If you will not when you may,

“ When you would you must have nay.”

The corn was already disposed of to the agent of a foreign country; and in all probability may ultimately find its way into the ports of France.

No person surely will blame an agent for making as good a bargain as he can for his employers; but while millions upon millions are lavishing away—while so large a portion of the public revenue is swallowed up by placemen and pensioners—and when the wicked and ridiculous project of starving the people of France, has brought our own nation to the very brink of famine, ought the subsistence of millions of people to be thus coquetted with, that a self-opiniated arithmetician—an official adept in the rule of three—may have a chance of boasting that he can outwit the Jews of 'Change Alley at a bargain!

Narrative of the Proceedings of the Messenger, &c. on the Seizure of J. Thelwall's papers; with his EXAMINATION before the PRIVY COUNCIL; Treatment at the Messengers, &c.

EARLY in the morning of Monday the 12th of May last Citizen Hardy was apprehended and his papers seized by warrant from the principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the circumstances of his arrest, they having been already published and disseminated. At the same time Daniel Adams, Secretary of the Constitutional Society, was also taken into custody, together with his papers, upon the same authority.

These circumstances, of which I was informed three or four hours after they had taken place, did not very much surprise me; as I had received very positive information on the Friday preceeding that *eight* warrants for High Treason were made out, and that the names of Hardy, Richter, Lovett, and myself, were among those against whom they were directed. After such a confirmation of the truth of my intelligence, it was not easy to doubt of its correctness; and I was seriously advised

advised to destroy my papers at least, if not to conceal myself. I had, however, some little knowledge of the Law of Treason; and I was clear in my mind upon two points,—*First*, That I had never been engaged in any transaction that came within the pale of that offence; and *Secondly*, That prerogative, in England, was admitted not to extend to the seizure of papers upon any charge of a less serious nature. I took, therefore, the proper means for summoning an extraordinary meeting of the delegates of the London Corresponding Society for the ensuing evening; and then, without troubling my head about my papers, spent the day, with my family, at home, and went in the evening to the play.

On the day following I spent the morning as usual in study, dined with a party of friends, with whom I was previously engaged; and returned home time enough to meet the Committee, at which the attendance was unusually thronged. To this meeting I read, and expounded, to the best of my ability, the Law of Treason, as laid down in Blackstone's Commentaries; and compared this with the conduct and case (so far as we could be acquainted with it) of Citizen Hardy. After which some resolutions were moved by me, and after some little debate between Richter, Baxter, and myself, were unanimously adopted.—These Resolutions were in substance as follows:—

1st. That it appears to this Committee, that no person can be legally apprehended and his papers seized, in this country, but upon a SPECIFIC charge of High Treason.

2d. That as far as this Committee is acquainted with the conduct and deportment of Citizen Hardy, there does not appear the slightest foundation for charging him with that crime.

3d. That as far as the conduct of Citizen Hardy shall be found to be, as this Committee believes it entirely to have been, legal and constitutional, we will support him to the utmost of our ability.

4th. That this Committee proceed in the most solemn manner to such of the divisions of the London Corresponding Society as are now sitting to communicate to them the preceeding resolutions, and conjure them not to be discouraged or alarmed by the violent proceedings of government, but to pursue, with unabated ardour, the object of their institution.

In pursuance of this last resolution we rose in a body, at a little after eleven o'clock, to visit such of the divisions as were
then

then sitting expecting the result of our deliberations. The members of the Committee, &c. went out before me; while I looked into the parlour to inform my family where I was going. I was then following to join my comrades; but before I got out of the buildings, I was met near the door by *Walsh*, an itinerant spy, and five or six other persons, several of whom were wrapped up in great coats, &c.

Wa. Mr. Thelwall, I believe, [*offering his hand.*]

Th. The same.

Upon which the rest (among whom were *Tims* and *Schaw* the Messengers, *King*, Secretary to *Dundas*, and *Carpmeal*, one of the Bow-Street Runners) came up.

Tims. Then, Sir, you are my prisoner [*Tapping me on the shoulder.*]

Th. Very well, Sir, You will permit me, I suppose, to go home and tell my wife and family where I am going: and at the same time let me see your Warrant.

Tims. O yes; you may go home, Sir.

We accordingly turned back, *Harry Eaton* let us in, and *Burks*, one of the Members of the Committee, and now Secretary to the Society, entered with us; and was a very diligent observer of all that passed. It was, however, with some difficulty that I could get permission to enter the parlour, where *Mrs. T.* my mother, and a friend, were sitting. Having got in, I again demanded sight of the Warrant, which, after much shuffling and delay, was brought by *Schaw*. *Tims* put it into my hand; and I read it aloud, observing, that I never had the pleasure of seeing one of those pretty things before. It purported to authorize the Messengers, taking with them a Constable, &c. to apprehend Mr. Thelwall, of Beaufort Buildings, for *treasonable practices*, &c.

Th. Mr. *blank* Thelwall!—How do I know this is meant for me. There is another Mr. Thelwall. The warrant ought to specify the name.

[*I might also have objected to the competency of the charge; the law being explicit that the specific Treason must be charged in the warrant.*]

Tims. You are Mr. Thelwall of Beaufort Buildings, I suppose.—There is no other Mr. Thelwall of Beaufort Buildings, is there?—Now, Sir, give me your Keys; for I must have all your papers:

T. I have no keys—[*which was true.*]

Tims. Then, Sir, I must break open your drawers.

T. You must execute your warrant. But take care you do

do not exceed it; nor do any *wanton injury* to my furniture. I tell you truly *I* have no keys—I make use of none.

They then rummaged all my pockets—*Tims* took my pocket-book; and *Carpmeal* took my penknife. About the indignity of this personal search I remonstrated; but in vain. Upon my person nothing was found but a few memorandums of a private nature, which *Tims* put in his pocket. He then began to rummage the drawers in the parlour, where he found two or three printed lectures, some lecture tickets, and some impressions of the portrait of *Margarot*, which he put into his pocket. They were then, (some of them) going to other parts of the house.

T. Wherever you go, I insist that I may go with you, to see what you take; and that you do not exceed your Warrant.

With this they at first made a shew of compliance, taking me all over the front house; where nothing was found; there being, in reality, nothing to find. As they went up to the back house there was a great knocking; they refusing to permit the door to be opened. We supposed, as was the case, that it was the wife of the friend who happened to be in the house with my family; and I desired that she might be informed from the window the reason why she could not be let in. *Tims*, upon this, immediately insisted that a coach should be called, and that I should be carried away.—A coach was called accordingly, and *Tims*, *Carpmeal* and *Walsh* took me off: *Tims* having first informed my wife that she and the child might come and see me, but not a soul besides.

H. Eaton. Shall I let Citizen Bonney know where you are?

T. Certainly.

The word Citizen put the Messenger in a rage; and I was hurried into the coach. The window was down, and *Baxter* and two or three more came up to the side of the coach.

Baxter. God bless you, my dear fellow. [*putting up his hand.*]

T. And you, my good fellow. [*shaking hands.*] Do not be intimidated, for I assure you I am not.

Baxter. Where are you going?

T. To *Tims*, the Messenger's in Crown-street, Westminster.

By this time the messenger, &c. had got into the coach; and with great ill humour and alarm, pulled up the windows, and ordered the coachman to drive off. *Tims* talked about

about political occurrences ; and I requested him to drop the subject ; saying, that situated as we were, it was improper ; that we might find plenty of topics to amuse ourselves with ; and spend our time pleasantly together ; but politics I must beg leave to decline. To the propriety of this he readily assented.—I forget whether this was in the coach, or at the Secretary of State's office.

Five or six people (positively not more) running after the coach, the messenger pretended to be afraid to go home ; so they took me to the Secretary of State's office, in Downing-street, where I was detained a couple of hours at least, and given to understand that I should stay all night. During this time, a tall thinish man, a little pock-fretten, I think, and rather fallow in his complexion, who was treated by all present with great submission, and who I since understand to have been a very great man in the diplomatic world, came into the back office where I was.

Lord —. What he is here, is he ?

Tims. This is Mr. Thelwall, Sir, I was obliged to bring him here, for there were so many people running after him that I did not dare to carry him to my own house.

Lord —. Aye, aye, this is a proper place for men who have a parcel of people at their heels.

T. [*turning round and looking up at him, without uncovering*]. Pray, Sir, what is your name—may I ask ?

Lord —. My name is a matter of no consequence.

T. Certainly ! Only I wish to know who I am indebted to for this very obliging remark.

Lord —. I only mean to say, that men who have a heap of people running after them are best in a place of security.

T. It is a crime, then, to be popular.

His Lordship stalked away : and I turned on my heel, repeating

“ The man resolved and firmly just
 “ Adheres unshaken to his trust.
 “ Tho' storms and tempests round him roll,
 “ Unmov'd will stand his dauntless soul,
 “ Nor would the wreck his mind appall,
 “ Should the whole world to swift destruction fall.”

One of the Attendants. Aye, aye, that may be said in a great many different cases.

T. True : and happy is he who can apply it justly. Pray who was that gentleman ?

No. IV.

M

Tims :

Tims. We cannot answer that question. That is a person of very great consequence.

T. So I perceive.

It was now between twelve and one o'clock. I had made no supper, and began to be very hungry.

T. Pray am I to be kept here all night without any supper?—If I had the Secretary of State in my custody, I would give him something to eat, at least.

Apologies were made for the delay; and, after waiting about an hour longer, a proper guard having been provided, to allay the fears of the messenger, (who seemed very uneasy at having such a wild beast as a Jacobine to take care of) I was, at last conducted down stone staircases, and along endless passages into Crown-street, and immediately to the place of my temporary destination.

Some of the persons present seem to have been very expeditious in giving an imperfect account of the conversation with the "person of very great consequence;" for the next day it was reported in one of the papers, that, being taken before the Secretary of State, I treated him *en Cavalier*, and kept my hat on, as denying his authority.

SECT. II. *Narrative of the Proceedings of the Messenger and his Attendants, relative to the Seizure of Papers, &c.*

Tims, having thus, in spite of my remonstrance, taken me away before my papers were seized, the house was left to the dominion of *Schaw*, the other messenger, *King*, private secretary to Dundas, and some Bow-street Runners, their coadjutors. Here they remained till four or five o'clock the next morning. Nor was ever a more *indiscriminate pillage* committed under colour of *legal* authority (if legal it could be called) than that to which my house was subjected.

They did not, indeed, absolutely take the furniture of my rooms: the cumbrous, old fashioned lumber which satisfies the *wishes*, because it administers to the *necessary accommodation* of a *Democrat*, would hardly have rewarded them for the trouble of procuring waggons to carry it away: but every manuscript was seized, upon whatever subject—Poems, Novels, Dramas, Literary and Philosophical Dissertations, all the unpublished labours of ten years' application—Successful or abortive it matters not—they were the fruits—The creations of my own industry, and therefore were more ab-

solutely

solutely *my property* than the estate of the landed gentleman or the stock in trade of the manufacturer. Whether they are worth *six-pence*, or *six thousand pounds* is of no importance. If such plunder is to be countenanced by the mandates of a Secretary of State, what intellect will be active? what property can be secure? It is difficult to conceive how the members of any government can have the assurance to talk about the protection of property, and yet refuse to restore the plunder thus impudently seized by their own officers, and under the colour of their authority.

But they did not stop at manuscripts. Some hundred copies of my publications were also seized—some of which were on subjects the most distant from politics: and from no one of which did they think fit to quote a single passage in crimination of me. And thus, at a time when my family could receive no support whatever from my exertions, were they deprived of the only resource that could any way supply the deficiency—the sale of my former labours.

But if the indiscriminate plunder of manuscripts and publications appear a wanton stretch of authority, what shall we say to their seizing upon a considerable part of my library.

As even the catalogue of my books has been stolen by these executioners of the mandates of the Privy Council, it is impossible for me to state the whole of my loss: but among the books of considerable value which I have thus lost, are Godwin's Political Justice, and Darwin's elegant Poem the Botanic Garden. Two books, to replace which alone, the reader will recollect, will cost me near four pounds.

To this catalogue of robberies I must add a *very large collection of Copper-plates*—consisting of three volumes of book prints—portraits, historical pictures, and landscapes; together with several loose prints of different value, and a fine proof impression of *Sharpe's folio portrait of Thomas Paine*.

These effects were taken away in three or four coaches; and that they might preserve them entire for their *new proprietors*, they made free also with a trunk, and several green cloths that covered my tables, to pack them up in.

The pictures were in the study in my back house, all but some portraits of Margarot, which were in my front parlour. I had reason to know where the others were; for I had, on the very day of my arrest, bought some new plates and added them to the collection. The *print of Thomas Paine* was between the leaves of Johnson's folio Dictionary; where also *Mr. Schaw*, or his coadjutors, must have found the un-

sent, unfinished letter to Allum of America, which *Tims*, who was not present when it was found, swore upon my trial that *he* found in the pocket of *Richter*.

SECT. III. EXAMINATION *before the PRIVY COUNCIL, &c.*

The next day I was brought before the Privy Council ; and while I was waiting in the anti-chamber, I saw *Tims* take a parcel of loose papers out of his pocket, from which he selected my pocket book, and a few other articles, with which he went into one of the adjoining offices, and shortly returned with them tied up with a piece of tape or string, I forget which ; and with a pen in his mouth.—In the course of this narrative I shall relate some other circumstances of the careful and orderly conduct of this being, upon whose *oath* it was thought fit that the lives of Britons should depend.

When I first went into the Privy Council it appears, that my conductor had not been cautious enough in waiting for his *cue*. The actors, indeed, were all assembled, but the machinery was not ready ; and, after much bustle and confusion, I was ordered to withdraw awhile. In about a quarter of an hour I was called in again, and beheld the whole *Dramatis Personæ* intrenched chin deep in Lectures and manuscripts, some mine and some not ; all scattered about in the utmost confusion.

The *Chancellor* was sitting at the far end of the room, *Dundas* near the door ; and *Pitt* was standing at the far side of the table, behind the persons who were seated there.

As there was more stage effect than dialogue in this scene, I shall endeavour to preserve the spirit of it, by marking in italics the passions and gesticulations of the actors.

Attorney General. [*Piano*]. Mr. Thelwall, what is your Christian name ?

T. [*Somewhat fullenly*]. John.

Att. Gen. [*Piano still*]. How do you spell your name ? with two l's at the end or with one ?

T. With two—But it does not signify—

Att. Gen. [*Interrupting*]. With two, do you say ?

T. With two—But it does not signify. [*Carelessly, but rather fullen, or so*]. You need not give yourself any trouble. I do not mean to answer any questions.

Pitt. What does he say ? [*Darting round, very fiercely, from the other side of the room, and seating himself by the side of the Chancellor*].

Pitt

Lord Chancellor. [*With silver softness, almost melting to a whisper*]. He does not mean to answer ~~any~~ questions.

Pitt. What is it?—What is it?—~~What~~ [*fiercely*].

Att. Gen. He says he does not mean to answer any questions.

Pitt. [*After a pause, abruptly*]. He had better consider of it.—He had better take time and consider of it.—Give him a little time.

Att. Gen. [*Mildly*]. Mr. Thelwall, you had better consider.

T. I have considered, and I shall answer no questions. You need not give yourselves any trouble. I shall not answer.

Att. Gen. [*With great assumed politeness and humility*]. It is no trouble, Mr. Thelwall; it is my duty to ask you. You live in Beaufort Buildings, I think?

I made no answer, but kept my eye upon the CHANCELLOR and PITT.

Lord Chancellor [*in a half whisper in the ear of Pitt*]. He won't answer.

Pitt. [*After a pause, with a mixture of petulance and embarrassment*]. He don't know what's against him.—Better let him see what's against him. Here, (*reaching across the table*) here let him see this paper. Shew him this paper. [*Vide the Second Rep. Sec. Com. H. of Commons. Debrett's edit. p. 24 and 25.*].—Now, Mr. Thelwall, do you know you are apprehended for treasonable practices, and that this paper was found upon you?

I made no answer. It was a paper rejected by myself and all the Committee to whom it was referred; but I did not chuse to fix it upon the person it originated with.

Att. Gen. Do you know any thing of that paper, Mr. Thelwall?

I made no answer.

Pitt. [*Very petulantly*]. Read it to him. Let it be read.

[*It was read accordingly; Pitt keeping his eye upon me, with great fierceness of deportment.*]

Now, Mr. Thelwall, it behoves you to account how that paper came to be in your possession.

I was not of the same opinion, and, therefore, made no answer.

Att. Gen. Mr. Thelwall, can you tell how you came by that paper?

7. I am bold in the consciousness of innocence; but I shall answer no questions.

Pitt. What ~~that~~?—What's that? [*to the Chancellor.*]

Chancellor [*half whispering in Pitt's ear*]. He says he is bold in the consciousness of innocence; but he will answer no questions.

Pitt [*fidgetting about upon his seat. His lip quivering, and his whole countenance convulsed with rage*]. A strange reason that, for answering no questions, Mr. Thelwall.—A strange reason, being bold in conscious innocence.—A strange reason for not answering.

Th. If I answer this, you will expect me to answer other questions; and it is no part of the law or constitution of this country to answer interrogatories to a Privy Council.

Lord Chancellor [*very gravely*]. You do not come here to answer to the laws and constitution of your country, Mr. Thelwall.

[*I ought to have asked what a Briton should answer to but the laws and Constitution of his country; but the fact is I was a little sulky, and did not think of it.*]

Pitt. What was that?—What was that?

Lord Chancellor [*with his usual softness*]. He says it is no part of the law or constitution of this country to answer interrogatories.—I tell him he does not come here to answer to the laws and constitution of his country.

Att. Gen. Were you at Chalk Farm, Mr. Thelwall?

[*I made him no reply, but shook my head, and laid my finger on my lips.*]

Att. Gen. Were you at the meeting at Chalk Farm?

I made no answer. The question was put to me again, and I turned round, and began to contemplate a drawing in water-colours, of a ship, that hangs over the fire place.

Att. Gen. He won't answer.

Lord Chancellor [*as usual, in Pitt's ear*]. No: its of no use: he won't answer.

Pitt. Don't ask him any more questions then:—Don't ask him any more. Its only putting him on his guard. Mr. Thelwall you may withdraw.

Exit T. cetera desunt.

The scene was now shifted again to the Lobby—What passed, therefore, among the great actors behind the curtain, I cannot exactly say. A great deal, however, appeared to be transacting around me, in dumb shew; and among the rest I observed, that King, the secretary of Dundas, took my keeper

Tims

Tims aside, and appeared to give him some instructions with great emphasis of gesticulation. From the deportment of the Privy Council towards me, in which certainly, I had observed very little that, according to my judgment, was consistent either with good manners or humanity; and from the manner in which I had treated their questions, which certainly was not very likely to conciliate them, it immediately occurred to me, that the dirty, vexatious spirit of revenge, by which *little minds* in *great situations* are generally directed, had prompted them to order that my wife and infant should be permitted to visit me no more.—This suspicion was shortly confirmed.—Mrs. T. brought my little babe to see me the next day; but was turned from the door with the heart-rending intelligence that neither of them could be permitted to enter.

The same day (14th May) *Henry Eaton* (who had lived with me ever since I had been in Beaufort Buildings) was taken before the Privy Council; and examined. The spirit and shrewdness of this boy were highly creditable both to his heart and understanding; and I should be wanting in justice if I omitted this opportunity of acknowledging the fidelity of a youth whose *unrewarded services*, during the whole time he lived with me, had no other stimulus than zeal and disinterested attachment. On the present occasion, this zeal and attachment, assisted by a courage and presence of mind uncommon at his years, were particularly useful: for, in spite of philosophy, the husband and the father still cling to my heart; and to be debarred entirely the conversation of one with whom affection (not the laws) was the bond of union, and to be forbidden the sight of the little innocent which, almost from its birth, had been regularly the first object to which I turned my waking eyes, was far more painful than all the rigour of a jealous imprisonment.

An account of this boy's examination, as far as his memory could retain it, was printed the next, or succeeding day, in the *Morning Post*: a paper which, from the first of our persecution to the last, had the spirit and virtue to vindicate our cause in the most direct manner.

The reader may perhaps be pleased to see this specimen of youthful firmness, preserved from that *immediate* oblivion which is the fate of newspaper compositions: it is, therefore, here inserted.

[Some difficulty having interfered as to the procuring the Paper in which the Examination is contained, it is unavoidably deferred till the next Number.]

Political Maxims, &c.—From Mercier's *Fragments of Politics and History.*

Destructive vices.—The internal vices which prey on a great state are the wasteful expenditure of the public money, immoderate gifts and gratuities, and a non-observance of the laws [*on the part of the governors.*] If the military body exhausts the treasury, if the nobility are prodigal in their claims, if the great have the address to obtain a peculiar justice for themselves, then to these mischiefs become so many incurable wounds, which impair the strength of a fine kingdom, and destroy the admirable efforts of brilliant enthusiasm and heroic valour.

Augustus maintained forty legions for twelve millions of livres (half a million sterling) a year : his secret has been lost. The worst kings are those who have dissipated the most, because they have held in their hands the public money. *Vol. 2. page 44.*

Reform.—It is easy to perceive whether the government tends to *despotism*, by appreciating the repugnance of the sovereign or his ministers to a reform of the civil laws : it is impossible that these laws when improved, should not favour that *natural right* the very name of which terrifies administrators of a despotic state. *Page 10.*

Stretches of Authority.—An ill guided authority undertakes more than it can execute. This is the rock on which governments split, when, not knowing themselves, or rather wilfully misunderstanding their boundaries, they aim at the extension of the latter by a natural but dangerous propensity. *Page 56.*

Patriotism.—The love of the country, recommended as a moral virtue is a chimerical command, provided the citizen is not attached to that country by the security, ease, and prosperity, he finds in it. It is a romantic sentiment when it hinges solely on the transitory glory of a monarch. The love of the country and that of the laws of the country are two distinct objects. [*The author might have added, and the love of principle is different from both. The fact that principles, not spots of earth ought to be the objects of our attachment ; The spirit and virtue of the people, not the dead letter of the law !*] The love of the country may be injurious to the love of humanity, in the same way that self-love may be detrimental to generosity. *Page 60.*

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. V.

Saturday, 11th April, 1795.

The British Cabinet the first Authors and Supporters of the present War.—From the second Lecture on War.

CITIZENS, The magnitude of the subject upon which I have been treating the two previous evenings, and which I am to consider in a more home-felt point of view on the present evening, is such, that I am well aware it would call for all the powers and faculties, of the most intelligent mind to do it justice. It will, however, sometimes happen, that when we wish to exert ourselves most, those accidents to which all human life is liable, will render us less able to make use of those exertions; and I should not be at all surprised, if many have been disappointed in the manner in which the subject has been treated. The fact is, that domestic calamity weighs down the spirits of your lecturer. During that long confinement which I have endured, an aged and feeble parent, racked with all the anxieties and anguish which a fond mother must inevitably feel under such circumstances, received a considerable degree of injury in her health, from which she has not yet recovered; and I have been, and still am, in considerable danger of losing that great comfort of my life.

This is one additional instance of the omnipotency of that system or conspiracy, of oppression, spies, perjury, and inquisitorial persecution, under which this devoted country groans.

However, standing in this situation, I know how far it is my duty, and shall endeavour, as much as I can, to rise superior to individual feelings; and devote myself to the cause of the public, in whose behalf I here stand up an humble advocate; I shall, therefore, without further apology, resume the subject of my lecture.

The particular object of the lecture this evening, is to investigate the pretexts for entering into the *present war*, and the pretences for refusing to negotiate a treaty of peace.

No. V.

N

I shall,

I shall, in the first place, Citizens, endeavour to shew you, that it is peculiarly the duty of England to restore to Europe that peace and tranquillity of which it is at present so universally deprived, because, in reality, it was England, or rather the *Ministry of England*, that plunged Europe into the present war. I shall endeavour to shew you this from a variety of facts and arguments, which, if they have the same influence upon your minds that they have upon mine, will undoubtedly produce a complete conviction. However, I ought frequently to repeat, that you are not to suppose yourselves convinced, because the person you listen to shews his own conviction. Consider, I pray you, all that comes from this place, and from any other place whatever, as the materials only upon which your own understandings are to work; and upon which your own judgments are to be formed. For that country is very far removed from the capability of liberty or virtue, which is in the habit of taking any thing for granted on account of the individual from whom it comes.

Citizens, There are particular circumstances that induce me to suspect, that even at the treaty of Pilnitz, the Cabinet of this country was by no means inactive. It is not uncommon, I believe, when Conventions of Sovereigns, or representatives of Sovereigns, assemble to hold, and preserve in *just equivoise*, the *mysterious* balance of power in Europe, that individuals who appear not at all concerned, should be the prime actors, standing behind the curtain, and dictating to the diplomatic puppets who assemble, under other pretences, to do their work of darkness. And if it should be found, that, after the treaty of Pilnitz, the language of the powers who formed that fatal alliance—an alliance they were ashamed of, which they had neither the assurance nor the honesty, to explain! If the language, I say, of those very powers, when engaged in war with France, should be found to correspond with this suspicion, and there should be other corroborating circumstances to support these appearances, you will have some foundation, at least, to conceive with me, that some of the persons who compose the cabinet of this country were not entirely ignorant of those infamous proceedings: I allude in particular to a declaration, or memorial, which very shortly after the commencement of the war was published by the Emperor of Germany, and in which he declares, in the most peremptory terms, that all the crowned heads of Europe, all the principal Courts had determined and agreed to restore that system of regularity which Jacobinism had overthrown in France.

Now,

Now, Citizens, you may perhaps remember, that in consequence of this declaration, very severe animadversions were made by very respectable individuals in this country: that appeal after appeal was made to the Minister, and even in the House of Commons very strong and pressing questions were put to the administration, relative to the truth or falsehood of this assertion, as far as it affected Britain. And if it shall be found, after all, that the Minister, being pressed in the most direct manner, did not think fit to deny the charge, that will be an additional reason to suppose there was some intercourse between great persons in this country and other great persons, who were the ostensible actors in those infernal rites:—that though the hags of Austria and Prussia, and other continental despots, alone were seen dancing round the cauldron, in which the miseries of Europe were brewed; yet the prompting Hecate—

“ The real mistress of their charms

“ The close contriver of all harms.”

was to be found hurling her infernal spells and incantations through the air, from a little, distant, solitary island, and enjoying, in supposed security, the storm her arts were brewing. Here it was that the directing dæmon, enveloped in fogs and darkness, sat brooding over the incipient mischief, and enjoying, in supposed security, the approaching convulsion.

Citizens, if we consider what has been the conduct of the British cabinet, ever since the mask was thrown off, and the hostile intentions of that Cabinet publicly declared, we shall be still further confirmed in the suspicion I have suggested.—If we should find, that not only all the powers of Europe have shewn to the world that they considered England the principal mover of the war; and if, also, it should be found, that the conduct of the British Cabinet has supported and confirmed this opinion,—has done that which must have been its conduct if this were truly and really the case, no rational doubt can remain whether the statement be true or not.

Now, Citizens, let us examine what are the interests, and what has been the conduct of the respective powers, some of whom are nominally, and some of whom have been actually engaged in this royal *fédération* against the liberties of France. Let us, for example, consider what interest Russia could have to enter into any alliance relative to the opinions, proceedings, and conduct of the French nation. Every Citizen at all acquainted with geography, knows, that Russia is so considerably

N 2

remote

remote from France, that in this respect there was no very immediate danger of the eruption of French principles into the empire of Russia. We know also that such is the miserable state of ignorance and barbarity in which the inhabitants of Russia are plunged, that those hordes of martial savages are totally incapable of comprehending any thing that can be called principles in any nation or set of men whatever. It cannot be forgotten, that apprehensive of some struggles between the great Boyars, or Nobles, and the *regular government* of Russia, an attempt was made by the Empress to emancipate the peasantry from that state of slavery under which at this time they live: the Boyars and great men domineering over them, and treating them no better than West India slaves. Yet, so far were the Russians from being likely to be affected by the Jacobinical principles of freedom, that they were very nearly thrown into a state of insurrection; their ignorance and the influence of their hereditary drivers leading them to suppose that freedom, even in the smallest proportion, was one of the most horrible calamities that could fall upon them.

Therefore, whatever pretensions she may have to *religion*, however enamoured she may be with *humanity*!—Let the breathless corse of a strangled husband—let the massacres of Ismael—let the horrid and depopulating cruelties lately acted at Warsaw teach you, with firm conviction, how zealous she is to promote the real cause of human happiness—and with what pious detestation she views the excesses committed by the Jacobins of France! I say, Citizens, that, however attached to the principles of *religion* and *humanity* this *good woman* may be, yet, it is very evident she could have no terror of the irruption of French principles into her country: she could have no fear that her savage hordes would be affected with the dangerous and anarchic principles that disseminated themselves in other countries, and as interest is the known and avowed actuating principle of sovereigns in their alliances, as this is to be considered the *primum mobile* of royal proceedings, friendship and co-operation—we cannot be much inclined to suspect, that the Empress of Russia ever had any great inclination to disturb the progress of the French, and administer to the views of this country, against whom she has, by so many evident symptoms, betrayed her animosity; and whose officious and bullying interference so lately irritated her pride, and impotently endeavoured to thwart her ambition.

Then,

Then, Citizens, let us consider also the situation and connections of Prussia, and though, perhaps, in the capital of Berlin, the principles of philosophy may have been speculatively diffused, in a considerable degree, and the feelings of liberty may have been consequently a little disseminated, we shall find that the military despotism of Prussia had but little to fear from the irruption of French principles, and, considering the situation of the country, nothing could have a greater tendency towards it than the act of engaging in hostilities with France. But if we consider, also, the great interest the King of Prussia must necessarily have felt; instead of *assisting*, to *check*, the ambition of the Emperor, if we consider that every thing that tended to the diminution of the power of France must have had a considerable tendency to increase the power of the German Empire, and if we consider, also, that the history of the last half century proves that the favourite policy of Prussia has been to pull down the pride of Austria, it cannot be very much supposed that Prussia ever felt an original interest in this alliance of Kings against French republicanism.

Citizens, with respect to Austria, I believe there is considerable reason to doubt, also, whether she would have felt so determined an interest as, without the stimulus of *British logic*, would have induced her to come forward in the present alliance: for though it is true relative connection had attached the interests of the house of Austria with those of the house of Bourbon; yet, as certain situations have a tendency to elevate men above the vulgar prejudices of social affection, we shall be inclined to think the sorrows of Marie Antoinette would not alone have induced the Emperor to plunge into war with an enemy so powerful, when his resources were already so considerably drained by those wars from which he was scarcely extricated—particularly his war against the Turks.

But let us not only consider what have been speculatively the views, but what has been the conduct of the powers in alliance.

It is very well known that Russia agreed to assist the English with 12,000 men for an invasion of the French coast; and to attempt thereby the restoration of that *order and humanity* to which her imperial Majesty is so considerably attached. But, Citizens, though this engagement was nominally made by the Empress, we have not yet heard of the fulfilment of the promise. She, pious arbitress of the fate of Europe,

Europe, is too good a friend to the *established system of regular government*, and the *rules of diplomatic faith*, to withhold her name from any instrument that might induce the powers of Europe to plunge into scenes of hostility by which she might be eventually benefited. But however willing she might be to assist the alliance with 12,000 men upon paper, yet we find that she was not equally anxious to bring them into the field. That was quite another thing. Nay, Citizens, we find, very shortly after, by references to state papers and other authentic records, we shall find a memorial presented by her to the British Cabinet, in which she treated with derision the idea that the minister could suppose her serious in her promise; and giving him to understand, that he could not expect her to fulfil such promise at a time when she was incompetent to fulfil even her engagements to the House of Austria. In short, she gave our cabinet to understand pretty plainly, that it would be impossible for her to bring a large army into the field without the assistance of a considerable subsidy.

It is true this proposal was never complied with; it is true that the Chevalier Whitworth who was the agent in this instance, was not successful in this negotiation. But yet the overture sufficiently shews you what the views of Russia were; and who the Empress looked upon as the main-spring and engine in the alliance into which she had nominally entered.

But if subsidy was only *talked of* by Russia, with other nations it came to something more than words; and though the assistance lent towards this project by the king of Prussia has not been much more serious than that afforded by the Empress, yet, the money we have been obliged to raise in fulfilment of our part of the engagement with that potentate compel us to look upon him as much more serious in the business. Yet he could not possibly send an army into the field without the assistance of who? Of the Emperor of Germany or any of the continental powers? No; it was to England he looked for the subsidy: England guaranteed the payment or the whole; and, though Holland was pledged to pay a small part, whether the Stadtholder has ever yet fulfilled the engagement we have not been told. If not, though the treasures of the Stadtholder have been removed from the Stadthouse to England, I believe we shall find ourselves obliged to make the payments for which he was pledged. Indeed the portion was but small for which Holland was *nominally* pledged

pledged—and it was evidently nothing but a nominal pledge; a little dust thrown into the eyes of John Bull to prevent him from seeing the whole burden that was thrown upon his shoulders.

The other continental powers do not seem to have been deficient in the same faculty of discernment; and, therefore, it is that the king of Sardinia has thought fit not to defend his own dominions without receiving 200,000*l.* a year from the treasury of Great Britain; which may stand in place of 200,000 weighty arguments to prove who is the real provoker of the present war; and who is to pay the piper in this dance of death, now exhibiting on all the theatres of Europe. Good examples are sometimes imitated by the higher from the lower orders; and the Eagle of Austria having seen the Sardinian and Hessian crows so comfortably provided for from the fat paunch of John Bull, wetted his beak also, and had a mind to see whether he could not pick a few of the brains out of the head of the passive brute. Austria began to consider herself as one of the auxiliaries of this federation. She began to talk of treaties of peace, to hold out threats of negotiation to our Cabinet, and to pretend to withdraw from the alliance: not that it is readily to be believed that the Emperor had at that time any serious intention of deserting the alliance. This was perhaps only one of those coquettish artifices so common in the negotiations of monarchs and prostitutes, when either the former or the latter wish to increase the price of their favours. This threat or insinuation led the way to those overtures which were at first distantly hinted by the great and magnanimous Colonel Mack, and afterwards more directly proposed by other agents of the Imperial Court.

Citizens, we must know, I conceive, if we consider the general conduct of that power, that the addition of Bavaria to the hereditary dominions of the Emperor, has long been one of the grand objects in the contemplation of that high and mighty potentate. I shall perhaps towards the close of the lecture shew you how he is likely to accomplish that object. However it was now talked of that the low countries were to be abandoned, and Bavaria taken in exchange: a measure, which could not but be eminently offensive to the British Cabinet; whose minister in the open Senate had most directly arrogated to himself the right and determination to arbitrate the fate of Brabant; and declared that it was equally hostile to HIS PLAN for the adjustment of *the Ballance of Europe* that those provinces should be added to the French Republic

or

or formed into an independent state: In other words, that it was HIS DETERMINATION that, so long as he was minister of Britain, no country whatever should arrogate to itself (the Crown of Corsica was not dreamt of then) the right of chusing its own government.

In this manner the jealousy of the Court of St. James's was awakened: for though Courts cannot love they can be jealous!—An inducement was held out to our minister to purchase, at any rate, the co-operation of HIS *dear and valuable ally*: and the plot succeeded. Promises of important assistance (attended by *weighty* proofs of their sincerity) were made to the Emperor to induce him to defend his government in the low countries, and resist for a while the jacobinical principles that had diffused themselves among the Brabanters.

The conduct of Spain and Naples has not been less equivocal. We have seen a great reluctance on the part of Spain from the very first to this alliance; and even to the very last that Court has never entered with any sort of vigour into the prosecution of the war; till the irresistible arms of the Republic brought it home to their own doors. Naples, we know, kept aloof till it was compelled, by the fleets of Britain, to join the confederacy, even after it had pledged its faith—*royal faith*!—the faith of a *regular government*! to remain entirely neutral, and acknowledge the French Republic.

Citizens, we shall presently see that the conviction which appears to be so general among the nations of Europe, is not entirely absent from the minds of our ministers themselves; and that the conduct of the English Cabinet has, in innumerable instances, plainly demonstrated that they also consider themselves as the prime movers and principal in the present war. Let us, for example, consider the pressing remonstrances which have been repeatedly made on the part of the British minister, to the different powers of Europe, either to join in the conspiracy, or prosecute with more ardour the cause in which, with so much lukewarm apathy, they had engaged. On this account, we find remonstrance upon remonstrance, accompanied, as it were, with a burning desire of the honour of subsidizing all Europe. We find that they have not only, with great willingness, complied with the desires of Prussia, and granted a very large subsidy to a monarch who shewed no great inclination to perform any part of the stipulations, that of receiving the money alone excepted; but that last summer, so anxious were the ministers of this country to perpetuate

perpetuate the war and increase the activity of the powers of Europe, that Earl Spencer was positively sent with a zeal warm and fresh from the hot bed of alarm, and an avidity sharpened by the enthusiasm of recent apostacy, to the Court of Vienna, to intreat and solicit the Emperor of Germany to accept that subsidy, for which he had before hinted some little inclination.

Let us consider also the conduct of the British minister towards the neutral powers. Let us see the anxiety with which he endeavoured to plunge those powers into the war against France, who had so determinately kept aloof. I have already given you an instance in the kingdom of Naples which was dragooned into a war, in which it had pledged its honour not to engage. I need not call to your minds the transactions at Genoa: they are fresh in every man's mind. In spite of national vanity we cannot contemplate, without some degree of contempt, the figure Great Britain made upon that occasion; when our bullying fleets blocked up the ports and harbours of that *little* independent republic, and threatened them, in vain, with the extinction of their commerce if they refused to plunge into that mad havock and desolation in which the other parts of Europe were engaged. Yes, we bullied! Great and mighty Britain!—the *soi disant* sovereign of the ocean—the self-constituted arbitress of Europe—the terrestrial destiny, who holds in her omnipotent hand the *balance of power*, and weighs out the fates of nations, as she weighs out tea and tobacco in her warehouses:—This great and mighty Britain bullied the little republic of Genoa; with one hand offered her a war with France, and with the other threatened her with annihilation; but the *little republic* laughed at her *big words*; and the fleets of Great Britain at length withdrew, and confessed her *insignificancy* to the world.

Denmark and Sweden also partook of the threats, if they did not partake of the fears which had agitated Genoa; and we find these two countries at last obliged to lay their subjects under contributions—not for the purpose of plunging them into wars which might be ultimately fatal to their own liberties, but to protect them from the *power*, I had like to have said the *insolence*, of those who wished to plunge all other nations into the same calamitous situation into which they had plunged their own.

The threats of our Cabinet were for a while more successful against Tuscany. It was in vain that fortune had blessed that country with a prince who had some regard for the hap-

piness of the people ! It was in vain that the reins of power were held by a minister desirous of perpetuating the blessings of peace ; that prince was to be controlled, that minister disgraced ; nor would the Cabinet of Britain be satisfied till the minister who thwarted its wishes was dismissed from his office and Tuscany plunged in war :—a war, which but for the generosity of the French Republic might have been fatal to that country.

These are sufficient to prove that the Cabinet of England has hitherto considered itself as the principal mover and head of that federation. At least it appears to me that the facts are sufficient to build this conclusion upon. You will weigh in your own minds how far they are so ; and give yourselves the trouble, I hope, to investigate how far the facts are impartially stated.



The Pretences for entering into the present War.—
From the same.

CITIZENS, I shall next proceed to enquire what are the *pretences* on the one hand, and the *real objects* on the other, in the British Cabinet for embarking so deeply in this undertaking ; and endeavour to shew how far they appear worth the expence, the danger, and the calamity with which they were to be pursued and purchased. We know, Citizens, that the first pretence for engaging in the present war was the *protection of Holland*. We were told that the trade of Holland, which flourished so happily under the auspices of the House of Orange, that the liberty of Dutchmen so considerably confirmed by the honourable proceedings of the Stadtholder, backed as he was by the fleets of Britain and the armies of Prussia, were in danger from French republicanism. We were told, that to protect this commerce and these liberties, was an inviolable duty, which the English ought never to depart from : because the Dutch were always so extremely anxious to fulfil their part of their treaties with this country !—Our minister certainly called to mind the very generous conduct of the *Stadtholder*, if not of the people of Holland, during the late American war ; and the battle off the *Degger Bank* was not forgotten. Our minister undoubtedly considered that, though there have been wars since the sacred and inviolable
treaty

treaty that was to be made use of as godmother,—or grandmother (for it was old enough for either) to this holy crusade, in which the good people of Holland, (seeing that it would be a happy thing for this country, that America should be emancipated) had taken part against us; yet that the treaties, old and musty as they were, were nevertheless not to be departed from upon our part: And that if the Scheldt should be opened, and the Brabanters permitted to navigate their own river, that we should be called upon to enter into hostilities to close it up again.

Yet, Citizens, examine, either upon the principles of policy, or the principles of justice, this pretence, and see what foundation it will yield for supposing this to be a justifiable reason for plunging the nation into a war by which millions of its inhabitants were to be destroyed, and hundreds of millions of its property lavished and expended.

With respect to policy, I should be happy to be informed how it would be worse for this country that the navigation of the Scheldt should be free than that it should be monopolized? I am well aware, that habits have a very considerable influence upon the judgments of mankind, and that those persons who have long made the encouragement of monopoly at home a part of their system, may with the same habits to be encouraged abroad, without investigating whether that monopoly would be to their advantage or not. But, Citizens, laying aside this habitual feeling, which the audience are not so much in the habit of cultivating, as the persons of whom I am speaking; Why were the Dutch to prevent Brabant from navigating her own rivers? Certainly I should think that all the facts of history tend to support this great truth, that the more unrestrained the commerce of any country is, the more advantageous it is, not only to the inhabitants of that country but to all the inhabitants of all neighbouring nations, and of the globe at large. That which has been said by a poet, of the tender passion, is also true of a generous and liberal spirit of commerce—

“ That free as air, at sight of human ties

“ It spreads its wings and from restriction flies.”

The fact is, that a considerable part of the benefits of commerce must necessarily be lost in any country that attempts to put restrictions upon the commercial transactions of its own subjects, or the subjects of any other country with which it may keep up an intercourse.

But according to the principles written in my heart, and which I could wish disseminated among all mankind, because I believe they are the principles of justice.—According to these principles I should suppose it unnecessary to investigate what would have been the particular advantages to this country, or what the disadvantages from the navigation of the Scheldt; because it appears to me, that the eternal principles of justice, are principles of the soundest policy; and that every country wishing to promote its own happiness, ought to be jealous of violating those principles which ought to guide and direct the conduct of the whole universe. What justice should we then perceive in a similar transaction, if any neighbouring power presumed to say, The people of Britain shall not navigate the river Thames? Holland and Austria are allied together; and it was agreed between *them*, half a century ago, that the whole advantage of the navigation of the Thames should be secured to the Dutch?—Or suppose we make a statement nearer to the truth: Suppose it should be said, Holland has hitherto monopolized, in a degree, the fisheries of the British coasts; the British coasts have hitherto furnished wealth and sustenance to the inhabitants of Holland, instead of the inhabitants of Britain; and the very produce of these coasts have been afterwards sold in scanty proportions, at aggravated prices, to the people of England and Scotland, which they ought to have had in abundance from the skill and industry of our own fishermen. This, suppose it should be said, has hitherto resulted, not from the blameable negligence and impolitic regulations of the British government, but from foreign coercion. Austria and France, we will say, have guaranteed, by a special treaty, the monopoly of the fishery on the British coasts to the Dutch nation. What would Britons, should they happen to come to their senses, and wish to recover a great part of the advantages of this fishery, say to this treaty? Should we have felt that it was right for Austria to declare war against this country, to prevent us from recovering that advantage which our ill policy had hitherto neglected? Should we not spurn at this attempt of foreign nations to take from us those advantages which the common laws of nature seem to have presented to us?

Citizens, another pretence for the present war was the necessity of preserving the balance of Europe, by driving the French from Brabant. Nor can we but remember the very curious language made use of by the Minister upon that occasion.

cession. He told us he not only should not be satisfied that the French should relinquish Brabant; but he should consider it the duty of this country to go to war to prevent that country from becoming an independent republic. So that it is not enough for us to say nations shall not navigate their own rivers. It is not enough to say, they shall not be at liberty to shake off their yoke, and chuse their own government; they shall not join themselves to this country or that, because it would destroy the balance of power in Europe: But we must say, also, when the chances of war have emancipated them; when their tyrants, tired of oppression, or incapable of defending them, have left them to themselves; we will plunge all Europe into war to prevent them from forming a government of their own, and compel them to return to their ancient state of dependance.

But, Citizens, the grand pretence is yet behind. If the Minister had been sincere (a crime, of which I do not mean very frequently to accuse him)—if he had been sincere in his professions relative to the above objects, as soon as the French had been driven out of Brabant, certainly he would have shewn his disposition to restore peace to Europe.—The end being accomplished, an end might certainly have been put to the war, and undoubtedly there were considerable indications in the conduct of the French, which shewed that they would have had no great aversion to enter into a treaty of peace upon fair and equitable principles. Had we been ready to grant as a preliminary, that right, which no law can take away, no force can destroy—the right of every nation to manage its internal concerns, to reform its own abuses, and fix whatever government it pleases, upon its own basis—what impediment could then have remained in the way of peace?

Yes, Citizens, we might then have had peace—It was offered and we refused. It was found inexpedient, from some views which the Cabinet might understand, though we cannot.—We do not pretend to be competent to the understanding of all their reasons: we are very few of us acquainted with their weight. But, for some reason which the Cabinet understood, they thought it necessary that peace should not be restored to Europe: and another pretence was to be hunted for, or, to speak the truth, was found ready at hand; but which it was not convenient to bring forward in the first instance. It was now found to be—Mark the swelling language, and tell me whether are we to look for gasconades in the British Cabinet

binet or the Convention of France?—It was found necessary, that the omnipotent arm of Great Britain should be stretched forth to restore the disfigured mafs of Anarchy and Jacobinism once more to the beauteous form of Order and Regularity, which monarchic institution can alone preserve; and to set up again those great divinities of ministerial adoration, Priestcraft and Despotism, to controul the atheistical ardour of twelve millions of enthusiasts.

“O, say they, it is necessary, most necessary, that we should interfere, for if we let these madmen go on thus, we are ourselves in danger!”

Who they meant by WE I cannot say. For my own part I never believed myself to be one of those WEs that were in danger from what had occurred in France. I slept as soundly in my bed when the Bastille was thrown down as when it was standing: and to tell you the truth, I do not believe that throwing down Bastilles in any country would break my repose. Nor do I believe that the people in general found themselves in much danger that the walls of that old edifice, while tumbling down in France, should fly across the herring pond, and knock their brains out in England. WE, however, you know, is a word of very various application. Sometimes it may mean two people, and sometimes two hundred million: nay, sometimes (for great occasions supercede the necessity of grammar), it may mean only *an individual person*. Now, whether there were two or three WEs in Britain, who found themselves in danger, from that world of practical science which the early events of the French Revolution opened to the mind of man, I shall not attempt to investigate. Certain, however, it is, that they endeavoured to show to this country the necessity of engaging in a war to restore order to France; that they painted, in fine metaphors, this necessity, till it was repeated from our very cottages and workshops, “that when your neighbour’s house is on fire, you must endeavour to extinguish the flame, to prevent its communicating to your own.”

Citizens, Citizens, when Statesmen standing up in grave assemblies—when Judges solemnly from their benches (and we have had Judges lately who could appeal to such arguments!) find reason fail them, and appeal to metaphor, you must suspect them ever—strongly suspect either the sincerity of their hearts or the soundness of their understandings. What fire could be kindled in France that the waters of the ocean

ocean might not extinguish ere it could cross to us?—unless, indeed, they meant that fire of political truth—the irresistible flame of reason which warms the injured and virtuous, while it consumes their oppressors.

Lord Chief Justice Eyre, himself, confessed, in his late curious charge to the Grand Jury, and laid it down as a fundamental principle, that all laws and all governments are only to be supported as they tend to the benefit of the whole mass of the people: that for this alone even the royal authority, in all its functions, is to be exerted and operate; and that it is only for the preservation and happiness of the people, that the laws can be justified in throwing such strong fences as they have around the king's person. Now grant but these premises and what sort of danger could this or any country be in, from the progress of any set of opinions in France. If you had given a few years of peace and quietness to the new government and principles of that nation, the eyes of mankind would have been impartially directed towards them, and if they are really so destructive to human happiness as they have been painted by those who shew their affection for peace and order, by rushing into war and desolation, and display their pious humanity and moderation by every aggravation of rancorous hatred and calumny, the more they were seen the more they would have been detested. If they were principles tending to the destruction of all peace and order in society, the constitution of this country would have been the more firmly fixed in the affection of the people by regarding their excesses: and all would have been eager to avoid the consequences of such destructive principles. Does it not appear then, that the ministers who plunged us into war, to prevent us from seeing the genuine consequences and effects of those principles, had something like a lurking suspicion at their hearts, (I am speculating upon their sentiments you know, not advancing my own!) that these principles had, in reality, a tendency to produce an effect diametrically opposite to what they pretended? Seeing then that it is right, that every thing should be done for the best for the great body of the people, although that which is best for them is frequently injurious to a few individuals who grasp the whole power, wealth and patronage of a country, does it not really seem as if WE, I mean THEY, were in reality in danger, and as if it was necessary to preserve themselves from the influence of this light of truth and reason so dangerous to the cause of corruption, by conjuring up the clouds of war between the two countries. Whether these arguments were well or ill founded I am not investi-

investigating. I am examining their arguments ; and if their conduct furnishes arguments against their principles, the fault is theirs, not mine ; for we have a right to investigate the conduct and sentiments of our government, and so long as I have breath I will endeavour to stimulate my fellow-citizens to a zealous exertion of that right.

Citizens, the conduct of the British Cabinet has been supposed by many to have been actuated also by another motive. The Count de Montgaillard (in his very excellent, though very prejudiced pamphlet, the facts and reasonings of which will lead, I believe, every reflecting reader to conclusions directly opposite to those which he intended)—has shewn (though he has been induced by the spirit of flattery to cover his opinion and make it as palatable as he can)—that he suspects that the leading object with Great Britain, in particular, and the other powers of Europe in general, was *the dismemberment of France*: the desire of taking a part of France and giving it to one power, and another part and giving it to another. Nay, Citizens, in a very excellent pamphlet which a foreign Citizen (a native of one of the countries in alliance with Britain) was kind enough to bring me the other day, and which though written in the French language the government of this country took the pains to surpris, by purchasing up the whole edition—I say in that pamphlet, which has furnished me with a great number of hints upon this important subject, we find it supported by good reasoning and documents that even long before Britain openly engaged in the present war, the ambassador of Great Britain at Madrid had made use of every artifice to persuade the Cabinet of Madrid to take possession of Roussillon ; to begin the work of dividing France, and thus break to pieces the empire which they pretended to be so anxious with generous haste to restore to the house of Bourbon. Spain resisted this. Spain was averse to entering into any war. She began to perceive that the depopulating system, which in the course of a century and a half has thinned her population full one-third, must shortly, if pursued, lead to inevitable dissolution. The Spanish Court began to conceive that these mad projects were plunging it into irretrievable ruin ; and, therefore, desirous of checking the fiery steeds of war before, Phæton like, they were plunged from the chariot of empire, into similar ruin and destruction with that which overwhelmed the French monarchy. Spain resisted : but, at last, the scruples of the Spanish sovereign con-

considerably got the better of ;—and indeed the French Convention seems to have been well informed of the cabals, artifices and intrigues that were going on at the Court of Madrid; for very shortly after they declared war against England, they declared war against the Spanish monarchy also. We have, therefore, a proof of the early desire of the English Cabinet to produce the dismemberment of France; and I am afraid, notwithstanding the good opinion I have always entertained of the Girondist party,—of their virtues I mean, for they had no energy! I am afraid that France itself must have gone to wreck and ruin if the feeble hands of the Brissotines had been suffered to continue to hold the reins of government. Many of them I reverence from the bottom of my soul; though I believe that with respect to some of the members of that faction, there has been a little English intrigue, and a little English gold in the affair, and that the object of federalism was intended as the previous step towards effecting that dismemberment which would have produced not only the ruin of France, but the slavery of Europe.

Citizens, there are other circumstances which are not so ambiguous. When Valenciennes was taken. In whose name was it taken? Was it taken in the name of the Dauphin, the young king, (as they chose to call him) of France? No, of the Emperor of Germany. It was to be one of the bonuses by which he was to be drawn into this commercial negotiation for human blood. When Condé was taken, was it taken in the name of the French king? No. When Dunkirk was besieged, or threatened with siege,—besieged it was, I believe, with gold; though as it happened that the cannons and balls did not match; as 12-pound guns were furnished with 24-pound balls (a fact which the officers in the ordinance know to be well established!) and 24-pound balls not being able to go into the 12-pound guns, it is true that nothing but gold ever did besiege that place. But was it ever supposed that it was to be taken for the young king of France? No.—It is very well known that the retreat from Dunkirk was made in the name of another sovereign. Here then are additional arguments for the supposition that the dismemberment of France was one of the real objects of the present war.

Another argument may, perhaps, be drawn from the treatment of the ex-princes of France: for though I am convinced that they are men who ought not to receive the countenance of any country, of any cabinet, of any set of beings, because I suspect that if they were common men, not a profligate

is to be found, who would not blush to sit down in their company. Yet I am much inclined to suspect that we must attribute to another cause the coldness with which they were received here; that is, the conviction of the ministers of this country that their objects were not the same as the objects of the ex-princes.

I do not mean to say that they were unwilling to restore the same degree of power in France. They have shewn themselves not very averse to despotic monarchies by the selection they have made of their alliances, but it seems as if a mutual jealousy prevailed; and hence a considerable part of the failures, of the disgraces and defeats which the allies have experienced.

The nationality of France is well known. Perhaps there is as much nationality in Britain: but whether there is or not is not now the question. The great degree of nationality in France is matter of public notoriety, and therefore, we find the people stung with detestation and abhorrence at that assistance which was to dismember their country. Even the royalists and banditti of La Vendee were unwilling to co-operate with the allies in the reduction of a country whose government they did not like, but at whose dismemberment they were too honest to connive.

But, Citizens, an ostensible object held out in the present war was the restoration of monarchy in France: The restoration of the House of Bourbon to the throne of that country: though it should seem by some of the speeches delivered in a very important assembly, that they did not much care who the tyrant was, so that a tyrant was but set up in France; for I recollect a ministerial member of the upper house, being reported in the newspaper to have said with exulting congratulation, that France was making rapid strides towards royalty; that Robespierre was already all but king; that his person was attended by guards through the streets of Paris, that he was grasping all the power and sovereignty of the country, and that consequently the republicanism of France was almost in its last stage.

Citizens, so much for the generosity of the noble friends to the House of Bourbon: However we find their conclusions not very just. They did not happen to know any more than Robespierre what were the energies of a nation that had tasted freedom; and that no Robespierre, with all his scenes of blood and cruelty, could subdue the enlightened and philosophic spirit of a nation panting for freedom, though they were some-
times

times mistaken in the road. The absurdity of this attempt is so evident from the facts of history, that one cannot but wonder at the ignorance (perhaps it would be more polite to say the blindness) of those men who have attempted it in the present æra. No attempt to force upon a great people, a sovereign that they did not like ever yet was successful. We know it is an honour to which this country has frequently aspired. We have endeavoured to make kings of France ; we have endeavoured to make kings of Spain ; I was going to say, we have endeavoured to make kings of Holland. In short, we have the rage of king-making. We are a very generous people ; and very willing to participate to others those supreme blessings we enjoy ourselves. A much greater man than any that exists in the present alliance endeavoured to force himself as a sovereign upon France :—Henry V.

This is one of the tales that has been misrepresented by the glossing pens of historians, boasting that this little island was the frequent conqueror of France. But when we attempted to subdue the French nation, remember that all Normandy, Picardy, Gascony, all the richest and most flourishing parts of France belonged to us. Burgundy was in alliance with us, and the different parts of the country were distracted with that federal despotism under which Europe at that time groaned ; so that we led into the field the subjects of the very kings we attempted to dethrone.

Yet, Citizens, what was our real success ? Edward III. claimed the Crown of France. But though England was depopulated, though France was converted into one scene of slaughter and desolation, what lasting triumphs did we obtain ? Let the distractions which followed those mad projects of ambition dictate to us a more wise and prudent conduct for the future. Instead of preventing civil discord all our attempts at conquest have produced that discord.

Henry V. had, also, at first, the appearance of success. He was crowned at Paris, and died time enough to avoid the infamy of losing that which with so much blood and treasure he had gained. At another time, a more recent period, we endeavoured to force upon the Spaniards a king they did not like. The Spaniards, however, gained their point, they cashiered the king we set up, and were wise enough to set up another in his place. We might, therefore, calculate, from the facts of history, the improbability of succeeding in such wild projects. But there is a still greater absurdity in the present undertaking ; because it is not individual aversion we

have to combat against. There is added also, the aversion of system. Whether their system is right or wrong I do not discuss at present. I do not wish to give opportunities to those wretches who insinuate themselves into every assembly to take advantage of the speculative opinions of men, and turn them into treason or sedition. I do not, therefore, determine whether their aversion to monarchy is right or wrong. But certain it is, if our eyes are open, if we are capable of receiving impressions from facts, there can be no doubt that an almost universal abhorrence reigns through France against the very name of king; and which even the tyrannies of Robespierre could not obliterate.

Thus then we are not only endeavouring to impose upon them a king they dislike; but we are endeavouring to impose a system they dislike; and to whose restraints they are too enlightened and philosophic to submit.

But, Citizens, let us suppose, for a minute (for it is no harm, for the sake of argument, to suppose very great absurdities.) Suppose for a minute we could succeed: that the House of Bourbon could be restored to the Crown of France; are you sure whether, even then, you would have reason to exult in the wisdom of your policy? Is it likely, that after such transactions and such principles as we have displayed, the House of Bourbon, if restored, should have much affection for the people of Great Britain? No, they would remember the national insults which have been offered; they would and must remember the attempts that have been made to dismember their country: nay, dismemberment being part of the system, success would breed in their minds an hatred and aversion which would not be easily removed. Add to this the consideration of who must be the present rulers of that country, if the monarchy were restored.

Would Monsieur, who was refused entrance into the port of Toulon by the English, while they were in possession of that town, in the name of Louis the 17th—Would the Duke D'Artois, who has been driven from Hull, forgive the indignity they have met with? insults, not greater than they deserve, for that is impossible; but which it is equally impossible they should ever forgive: and with such a regency, a blessed harvest of amity we should be likely to have. On the contrary, as is well argued in the pamphlet I have before alluded to, the personal civilities which the Empress has been politic enough to extend towards these men, would make Russia the country with which they would be likely to enter into the closest alliance. Let England, and let commercial men consider

sider what degree of interest they would reap from such an alliance !

Citizens, I perceive that I have yet a very considerable and important branch of the investigation to enter upon. I have still to go through all the pretences for not negotiating peace, the examination of these pretences, and the confutation of them. I have to examine the resources which remain for carrying on the war, and the advantages and disadvantages of the respective powers; and I observe that my time is very nearly exhausted. I am afraid I shall wear out your patience, but I am unwilling to hurry over a subject of such importance. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of resuming it on Wednesday, dismissing you for the present with one quotation relative to the state in which we, at present, stand with respect to our allies.

In the Morning Chronicle of this day, a paper not prone to take up every idle report and affirm it with confidence, we have this paragraph:

“ We have avoided to mention the report which has been freely circulated on the continent for some time, but without any other evidence than its probability, we mean the separate peace actually said to be concluded between the French and the King of Prussia, it is now reported upon authority that in our minds is decisive of the fact, ministers do not deny it, and even the terms have transpired.

Now, Citizens, see what are the terms of your faithful Ally. See, by the good faith which *monarchs* display to one another, the force of the argument that you can put no trust in republics, nor expect them to keep faith and treaty with you. “ A body of the Prussian troops are, perhaps, at this moment on the march,” not to join the allied army, but it is strongly suspected, that Hanover is to be made the theatre of action of the two powers; the conquest and guarantee of which will be made to Prussia by the French as the price of peace. On the same authority we learn the equally important fact, that the Emperor persists in refusing the loan offered to him by this country, since the extraordinary movements in his own neighbourhood make it incompatible with his own safety to proceed in the war. The terms offered him by the French are too advantageous to be resisted, and there is but little doubt, but that he, like Prussia, will accept of the boon that is held out to him, namely, the guarantee of that which has been the chief object of his ambition, the guarantee “ of Bavaria.” Thus, then,

then, your faithful allies, your despotic, regular, orderly, established governments of the continent, return your subsidies with insult, with desertion in the hour of danger, and leave you to the mercy of a prevailing, and as the ministerial papers themselves confess, an irresistible enemy, whom your mad and frantic measures, (I mean the mad and frantic measures of your cabinet—for I believe that you detest them from your hearts!) whom the mad and frantic measures of your cabinet have irritated against you. Surely, Citizens, this is an additional argument why you should repeatedly, closely and anxiously investigate the situation of the country; the pretences for continuing the war, and the resources by which it can be continued.

SECT. IV. *The EXAMINATION of HARRY EATON before the PRIVY COUNCIL.*

See Morning Post, 16 May 1794.

ON Wednesday evening about four o'clock Master *Eaton*, a boy about *fourteen* years of age, who lives in the house of Mr. *Thelwall*, and who has attended at his Political Lectures, was taken into custody by Mr. Shaw, one of the King's Messengers, and examined before the Privy Council. His examination began at nine o'clock, and lasted till eleven—of which the following are brief particulars.

The Clerk of the Council was proceeding to swear the child, when he declared he would undergo any torture rather than be sworn.

The *Attorney General*, with his usual gentleman-like conduct, observed, that he was not brought there to be tortured; and suffered him to be interrogated without being sworn.

The interrogatories were to the following effect.

Q. Do you know your Catechism?

A. No.

Q. Can you say the Lord's Prayer?

A. No.

Q. Are you a Christian?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know the hand writing of Mr. *Thelwall* (showing him several manuscript papers); are any of these his hand writing?

A. I

A. I cannot say I do. They differ much, and I am sure the words in capitals were not made by Mr. Thelwall.

Q. Were you at the meeting at Chalk Farm?

A. Yes.

Q. Was not there a supper consisting of bread and cheese and porter after that meeting? and were not you present?

A. Yes.

Q. Did not Mr. Thelwall take a pot of porter, and cut off the froth or the head of it with a knife? And did not the meeting afterwards drink "*The Lamp-irons in Parliament street*?"

A. I was out of the room, and therefore knew nothing of the matter.

Q. Did you not take, at the door, the price of admission to Thelwall's Lectures?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you not think it a mean situation? and did you not expect to be noticed by the Minister?

A. I did not think it a mean situation; I did not think I should be noticed by the Minister; for I did not want from him any favour.

Here the child entered into a political harangue, in which he used very harsh language against Mr. Pitt; upbraiding him with having taxed the people to an enormous extent; which, among ignorant people, brought blame on *his Majesty*, when it in justice, should belong, he said, to the Minister.—(Pitt turned aside, and smiled at the shrewdness of the boy, while the Members of the Council seemed surprised at his confidence).

H. Eaton was next informed, that he might return to the house of the Messenger, or go home if he pleased; to which he replied, that "he would rather go home."

Before he departed he addressed Mr. Dundas. He appealed to him, and asked him if it was consistent with the humanity that should actuate the breast of man, to deprive Mrs. Thelwall of an opportunity of seeing her husband. He then withdrew.

[*The consequence of this remonstrance was, that the paltry, malicious order respecting my wife and infant was recalled; and they were permitted again to visit me. Not a word, however, was permitted to be said but what the Messenger was to hear.*]

After the boy withdrew, he was taken to the Cumberland Coffee-house, where he was treated with an excellent supper by the Messengers, but was not suffered to enter the house of Mr.

Mr. *Thelwall* by the constables, who were arranged at the front. In consequence of which, at a late hour he was thrown on the town, to encounter the nocturnal vices of the metropolis, from the danger of which he was, however, rescued by a gentleman, who, on hearing his tale, humanely provided him with a lodging.

I have every reason to believe that the account of this examination is far from being exaggerated. Indeed the Messengers themselves told me it was quite the reverse; and that it gave a very feeble picture of the boldness and shrewdness of the lad, whose deportment astonished (and I dare say they might have added *confounded*) the whole Council.

From the same quarter I understand, that when speaking of the barbarous order for excluding Mrs. T. he demanded in express terms of *Dundas*, whether he was not *ashamed of himself* to keep a wife from her husband, and a husband from seeing his wife in such a situation?

[*To be continued.*]

Political Maxims, &c. From *Mercier's Fragments of Politics and History.*

Patriotism.—How can a love for the country reside in a nation, where the wretched inhabitants every where display poverty, tatters, and the hollow and sunken eye of misery?
p. 60.

Knowledge.—There can be no liberty where knowledge and science do not flourish: the more these are diffused, the more does the haughtiness of power lose its oppressing force.
p. 11.

Despotism.—Courtiers establish despotism by extending immoderately the royal prerogative, by perverting the laws to their private views, by imposing ruinous taxes, and by converting the soldiers of the country into the executioners of the citizens. Courtiers, actuated by caprice, or by a desire to protect the invaders of the rights of men, have contrived to turn the military force against the social body, to tear out the bowels of the state. p. 133.

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. VI.

Saturday, 18th April, 1795.

An Examination of the Arguments against negotiating a PEACE with the FRENCH REPUBLIC; and of the Causes of the Disgrace of the Allies.—The fourth Lecture on the Causes and Calamities of War.

I Come before you, Citizens, with such preparation as could be made by the bed side of an expiring parent, to speak upon one of the most momentous subjects that ever was investigated by man. I am sure that no powers or faculties I ever possessed, however free my heart might be from that anguish which prevents the present exertion of my faculties, ever were such as could do justice to the subject now before me. I am aware that the situation of the country is momentous in the extreme; and that I come from one scene of hopeless anxiety to the contemplation of another equally calamitous and hopeless. I shall endeavour, therefore, to forget the melancholy feelings of private regret in such exertions as I am capable of making towards averting the miseries of my country.

The subject of war has taken up a very large portion of the investigation during the present course of lectures. On the last evening I investigated, as far as the nature of the lecture and the extent of time would permit, the real sources and origin of the present war. I endeavoured to convince you that this country was the prime agitator of that war, that the cabinet of this country considered itself as the leading power in the alliance, and that the allies themselves, evidently, by their conduct, have proclaimed to the world that they are only the auxiliaries, the hired assistants of the administration of Great Britain.

Citizens, I now come to investigate the pretences for continuing the war:—a subject of more importance than the former: because, as my system precludes all possibility of revengeful feeling, and attributes the misconduct of mankind not to intentional guilt but to mistakes and delusion, no sort of

repentment attaches itself, in my mind, to that which is past. Whatever therefore, the pretences for entering into the war may have been, if we consider the situation of Europe to be such as to call aloud for the healing hand of peace, for the restoring power of tranquillity, the important question is, What are the pretences for with-holding that peace and tranquillity, and the means by which it can be restored? not what have been the artifices and headlong absurdities by which the nation has been plunged into this almost irretrievable destruction.

Citizens, it is admitted on all hands that the resources of the French nation are immense; it is admitted by the most rational of the speculative writers, in favour of the system I oppose, and even by the intelligent emigrants themselves, that the resources of the French nation are, at this time, considerably more powerful than even at the period when the war began; while at the same time, it must be universally acknowledged, that almost all the powers of Europe are paralyzed; that the martial arm falls listless by the side of the continental despots; and that incapable of pursuing the trade of death any longer, they almost avow the wish to save themselves from destruction, by suffering it to fall unresisted upon this country, to whom they have hitherto represented themselves as good and faithful allies.

Citizens, a writer in behalf of despotism—a man of very considerable power of mind, and certainly of great intelligence, Montgaillard, one of the emigrant nobility of France, an avowed advocate for the most detestable tyranny, has furnished a variety of statements, which, though he endeavours to urge on the war, are enough to convince any thinking man of its impolicy, and the total impossibility of success. The same conclusion also is supported by a pamphlet, purporting to be a speech intended to have been delivered in the House of Commons. This latter pamphlet, it is true, states, that the population of France is but *twenty-four millions*, while that of the allies amounts to *one hundred and thirteen millions and an half*. So that the superiority on the part of the allies, as to individual population, is nearly *five to one*. But he gives afterwards in this excellent pamphlet a variety of reasons why, in estimating the superiority of power, we are not to calculate upon that physical superiority of force; and he substantiates his position, by shewing the great degree of moral and political energy infused by the conventional government of France.

Citizens, the aristocrat, Montgaillard—(I love to quote from the enemies of liberty, when their facts are favourable to the

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the conclusions of its friends : their arguments fall with tenfold weight as they cannot be suspected of partiality.) Mont-gaillard has, in two admirable pamphlets, which now lie before me, and from which I shall trouble you with a few quotations, stated many facts worthy your serious attention. After having analysed the language in which he wrote, for epithets of opprobrium and contempt, he states in a variety of passages, the boundless activity—the almost omnipotent energies of France. “ Every thing,” says he, “ acts in concert with “ the Committee of Public Safety, laws are made, roads are “ constructed, and canals dug, almost at the same instant. “ The arts and sciences are called upon to consecrate their “ crimes ; work shops and military manufactories are every “ where founded to defend them. The most abundant re- “ sources are lavished ; public schools instituted, and the “ French language is carried to the foot of the Pyrennes “ and amidst the heaths of the Lower Britany.” *State. Fr.* page 6.

He shews, also, by a great variety of facts, how this general and universal energy, which the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety, have inspired throughout the country, is directed to that point which must sooner or later, if his statements are true, bring destruction upon all those states who are mad enough to persevere in the present war. He expressly says, “ The Committee of Public Safety have directed the “ attention, the fears, and agitation of Paris to the affairs of “ Europe, to the war, and the factions. They have destroyed “ the splendor of equipage, of dress, and of servants ; but they “ have replaced them by an expence more suited to their new “ empire ; by an industry wholly military ; which employs “ their workmen, whom the want of labour had rendered dan- “ gerous. The restless activity of the people is turned to “ profit by their agitators. Two hundred thousand hands “ are night and day busied to forge the pikes of insurrections, “ and the musquets of the army ; and a thousand, or eleven “ hundred are daily finished in the workshops of this city. “ One hundred pieces of cannon (four and eight pounders) “ are monthly cast ; and the exertions of the establishments “ of Meulan, or Corbeil, and of Fontainebleau, as well as “ those of each department, is correspondent with this dread- “ ful activity.” *P.* 21 and 22.

In another part he shews the astonishing power of their pecuniary resources ; and, after investigating the advantages

and disadvantages under which they lay, he prophecies that, if order and tranquillity should be restored by the republican government of France, if the system of terror should be laid aside, that it would be no very unlikely thing that France should combat the powers of Europe with the whole accumulated resources of those powers concentrated in its own government and exchequer, while at the same time all the hostile governments are struggling on the verge of bankruptcy. Yet he tells you, you are to go on with the dreadful game, because if peace is made with France, jacobinism must triumph, and the well-regulated, established, virtuous governments, of kings, priests, and aristocrats must be laid prostrate at the feet of the swinish multitude.

Now, as these emigrants consider Cassius, the last of all the Romans, as a jacobine, and the *Brutus*es as jacobins, that "Brutus, who being proof against all charm of benefits, struck so brave a stroke into that Cæsar's heart who sought to enslave his country," and that elder Brutus who sacrificed his own sons for the security of the republic of Rome.—As these have been expressly stigmatized by these emigrants as jacobins and infamous assassins; and as Montgaillard himself stigmatizes with one intemperate execration all who have had any hand in any part of the revolution, from the Constitutionelles of the Constituent Assembly to the Maratists and Robespierrists of the Convention, the conclusion is, that by jacobinism he means nothing more than the principles of liberty; and that by the overthrow of regular government he means that reformation will take place; and that consequently, if the administrations of the different countries wish to keep their places, they must at all events go on with the war, though he lays down such facts as prove that the continuance of it must be inevitable destruction not only to their power but to their persons.

Citizens, in other parts of this pamphlet, he shews you the impossibility of effecting the scheme of starving France; and says when we consider the resources of that country, we must banish famine from the catalogue of these calamities with which Providence sometimes afflicts the nations of the earth, *Page* 30 and 31. He might have gone a little further. He might have calculated the resources of the powers at war with France; and have shewn, that though France could not be in danger of famine, yet those who are sending the stores out of their country, for the foreign armies, that were to effect this chimerical starvation, were not secure them-

themselves from that calamity; and that, perhaps, the famine with which they threatened twenty-four millions of gallant republicans, might meet them at their own doors, to the devastation of their fields and the depopulation of their towns and villages.

He has shewn you also, how these assassins and villains—for these are the only names he ever gives them; and after having called Brutus and Cassius assassins and villains, no liberal mind will be very much hurt by the obloquy of this fry of bigotted and voluptuous emigrants.—He tells you, that these villains and assassins, whose only talents are *audacity* and *crimes*, have nevertheless concentrated all the military genius, all the *tactics*, all the knowledge, all the science of all the great men that ever existed in France; and having thus concentrated and improved those military talents that had displayed themselves under the monarchy, that they were now most barbarously and ungratefully employing them for the destruction of that monarchy.—Hear his own words. “The Military Committee directed by Carnot, La Fitte, d’Aniss, and many other individuals, whose only talents are crimes and wickedness, draw the plans of attack and defence, combine their operations, and adapt their military tactics to the spirit of the Revolution. From the memoirs, and from all the precious vestiges of the exploits, the zeal, and the intelligence of the great Generals, Ministers, and Statesmen, who adorned our Monarchy, those villains have extracted the means of its annihilation.” P. 5.

Citizens, when we calculate these resources, when we consider that every one of those events have actually taken place, which this Author foretels, if ever they should take place, would give twofold energy to the republican government of France, what are we to say to this very man, who comes forward again, and publishes another pamphlet, telling us, that the war must be pursued; and that peace cannot be contemplated by the governments of Europe, without the destruction of those governments, and the total overthrow of privileges and religion.

Citizens, you will, perhaps, be curious to know what can be the occasion of this astonishing energy in the French people. You will be surprised how these twenty-four millions of men should be able to cope with a population in alliance against them of five times that number. But, Citizens, the reasons for this are not unfathomable. We shall find what the disabilities are that lie upon the combined powers: we shall

shall find also, if we consider a little seriously, what are the sources of the almost supernatural abilities of the French Republic.

In the first place, every man in France feels a thorough conviction—whether this conviction is rational or whether it is insanity, is not for me to declare. I do not pretend to guess whether they are mad or whether our governors are so—certainly the madness is on one side or the other; and perhaps it would be best to call in Dr. Willis to decide the question—

Citizens, in the first place then, we are to remember, that every man in France—every peasant at the plough, every common soldier in the field, and every nameless inhabitant of that country believes that he is toiling for himself and family—that he is fighting for his own liberty, and that in consequence of that liberty, for the establishment of which they are struggling, every individual, down to the meanest peasant and manufacturer, becomes, in reality, a much more noble, exalted, generous, and respectable being than any sovereign or potentate that ever reigned.—Just as the private citizens of Rome, at the time when that triumphant republic was making such gigantic strides towards the empire of the universe (I hope so mad a project does not inflate the brains of the republicans of a neighbouring country!) would have thought themselves disgraced by any marriage or alliance with any of the Kings who at that period tyrannized over the enslaved barbarians of the earth.

Now, Citizens, another circumstance of considerable importance is, that every man considers the duty of fighting against the enemy as the common lot. A small sum is not levied upon the rich, in order that certain officers, either of the parish or of the crimping-house, may have a right to seize upon the persons of the poor. No; from the richest merchant, from the most wealthy landholder to the poorest peasant, every man takes his common share of the hazard and the glory of defending that country, which is considered as the common property of all; for the defence of which, therefore, one part of the people are not to be made beasts of burden to the other.

Add to this, that the *Citizen Soldier* finds, that the situation of defending his country is not a service of barren honour. On the contrary, that there are real advantages and compensations affixed to it; and that, whatever may be the situation of the interior country, the government has
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laid down this as a maxim, that the man who is fighting and bleeding to prevent the liberties of the republic from being destroyed, should not, in addition to the hardships and dangers of actual service, be exposed to the aggravated calamities of famine, and that long train of diseases which are the consequences of unwholesome food. "No:" says the detestable, Jacobinical government of France, "our armies shall be first supplied with the best of every thing the country produces; nor shall the luxurious vintage of the country sparkle upon the board of the richest merchant or citizen, while the soldier on the frontier is in want of that inspiring cordial."

Citizens, these circumstances, and the large pay which is given to the French soldiers, are really principal sources of that great, that astonishing, that unparalleled energy, which the Republicans of France have displayed. They know—and it is a consoling knowledge—a comfort of whose cheering and supporting influence, the man who is bleeding for his country ought never to be deprived, that even though want and famine might chance to threaten them at home, yet scarcity will not meet them in the camp, nor the debilitating diseases of penury unnerve them in the field. The only evil that threatens them, is that which the enthusiasm of liberty can despise—is that of dying in the midst of victory, pierced by honourable scars, by which they think they have purchased immortality in the Pantheon of their country, and contributed to the freedom and happiness of mankind.

Yes, every individual there believes, that his name will be transmitted to posterity, though he should be the meanest soldier in the ranks, if by any act of virtue, transcendently superior to his fellow men, he has proved the ennobling energies of his soul. But, alas! what is the condition of those military machines who support the war on behalf of the despotic sovereigns on the continent? Do they receive for their brave efforts even the reward of merited applauses! Are they distinguished by the honourable mention of a grateful government? Are they rewarded according to their labours, with popularity and preferments? Are they compensated for the sacrifices they have made, and consoled for the wounds they have received? No, no, no!—Gazettes proclaim the triumphs of the General! Gazettes proclaim the valour of particular officers! Gazettes lament the loss of men who stand in an elevated situation; but the common soldiers, by whose blood and toil the victory has been obtained, perish by wholesale in forgetfulness: "no friendly hand to close their eyes"—no
tongue

tongue to speak their merits—no pitying friend to snatch their orphan families from want. The field of honour, as it is called, manured as it is with their blood, furnishes not one poor sprig of laurel for their tomb, nor so much as a melancholy cypress to shade the heads of those who are left destitute by their fall.

I have painted this as the fate of the common soldiers under the *despotic governments* of the continent—your imaginations will immediately point out to you, how much of it is also applicable to those who bleed at the command of the *mild and equitable government* of England!

The fact, however is, that the system of equality in France, which considers every man's life of equal value, considers that no man is to be left to perish if help can be extended to him, and that no man, on account of the obscurity of his situation, is to lose the glory or the reward of a generous and heroic action. But, alas! in those countries where a monopolizing spirit prevails, even the wounds of the mutilated soldier are but too frequently neglected. Better is it for the governors, that the poor wretch should languish and die unpitied, than come home maimed and disabled, to claim the pension that has been promised to some great man's pimp, or increase those heavy burthens which they are so *unwilling*, upon such frivolous pretences, to lay upon the shoulders of their subjects.

Citizens, this is not all. These circumstances may account for the energy of the enemy, but they do not account entirely for the parallelized impotency of the allies. Citizens, we are to consider, that though the population of France is only 24 millions, and the population of the allies 113 millions and an half, yet, that out of this 24 million the French nation, under its present government, can send more soldiers into the field without exhausting and destroying itself, than all the allies together: And for this reason, that the expence of supporting the respective governments is widely different.

Though the pay of the French soldier is larger than the pay of any other soldier in Europe, yet can the resources of France be more readily extended to the support of that army, than the resources of the allies to the support of those armies it has to contend with. Indeed there is another thing may be remarked—It is not the good fortune with every nation as with England, to have such a number of Staff Officers, men of rank and dignified situations to support in the army; nor does it happen in all countries, that if a regiment should
happen

happen to be broke down to a hundred, or a hundred and sixty men, that still it must have the same number of officers duly filled up, and kept in constant pay, as if it had its full complement of a thousand men.

But, Citizens, this is a partial circumstance, applying in a great measure, to Great Britain alone. There are others equally applicable to all the allies. They have all mill-stones enough hanging round their necks.

I shall not consider the advantages or disadvantages of privileged orders; my veneration and respect for gentlemen of that description is very well known; and I certainly shall not endeavour to inspire you with any factious or Jacobinical aversion to men so useful, so important; and but for whom all things must fall into chaos—all the happiness of human society must be dissolved!!!

But, Citizens, there is another set of men, to whom I am not called upon to pay such implicit veneration. Some persons may venerate them more; but as their numbers in this country are comparatively small, I shall prove my loyalty, by pointing out their uselessness, and commending the wisdom and virtue of this country for reducing them to so small an establishment. I spring forward, therefore, to the grateful duty of painting in proper colours their mischievous influence on the energies of society.

You are to remember, then, that besides the armies that are to fight the battles of their country, the nations in alliance have also (to use the language of a pamphlet I have already quoted) a numerous army of religionists maintained by the combined powers "to fight the devil and his angels!"

Citizens, in Portugal we find, under various denominations, 250,000 of these most important soldiers. In the King of Sardinia's dominions we find 350,000—(towards the support of whom, perhaps, part of our 200,000*l.* a year may be piously and charitably applied.) In Naples and Sicily there are 113,000; in the Papedom, from which they all sprung, 100,000; in Spain 200,000; in Germany, and in the Austrian and Prussian dominions more than 200,000; in Holland (wise and frugal Holland) only 3000; and in England, Scotland, and Ireland, above 30,000. Now, Citizens, when you consider that the powers in alliance have to support 1,246,000 soldiers, whose whole warfare is carried on, not against the enemies that assail our bodies in this world, but against those which are to be drawn up in battle array against our poor souls in the world to come, you must remember, that there are

1,246,000 mostly able-bodied men, cut off from the number of those who might be employed in the terrestrial work of grace—that is to say, *cutting the throats of the atheistical French!*

Then, Citizens, remember this also, that though a soldier who fights your enemies in this world must be content with 5*d.* or 6*d.* a day; yet you are sometimes forced to give 14 or 16,000*l.* a year to a soldier who is to fight your battle in the world to come. (Some person here said a general.) True, it is to a general. However, you will please to remember, that in this army the generals are many; the colonels and captains are provided for in the same extravagant proportion; and that none of your soldiers who are to fight this after game will be content with the same portion of pay as the soldiers who are to fight in this world, though one would think, as their salaries are present, and the service future, some deduction ought to be made for prompt payment.

Citizens, whether it be right or wrong that Europe should support this swarm of *one million two hundred and forty-six thousand* spiritual heroes, I shall not now contend. But the expence of supporting so many unproductive labourers must evidently be a great impediment to the carrying on those schemes of human policy, in which the nations who have to support them, are engaged.

Citizens, there is another disadvantage under which the allies have to struggle, namely, that they are not one and indivisible!—that they are only allies. Remember the fable of the old man and his sons and the bundle of sticks. If the sticks are bound firmly together it is impossible to break them: but if you can take them separately you may snap them asunder, as quick as you please. Now these sticks (I am sorry to speak of those sublime personages by so wooden a metaphor) these sticks are of such a nature that they cannot be bound together. Their interests are in many respects widely different; and those interests are most different, which act most powerfully upon them: namely, those nearest to their doors; for, if we grant that their ultimate interest is one and the same, yet we are to remember that the mole hill, when it presses hard upon the sight seems larger than the mountain at a distance, so the interests which are daily and hourly pressing home upon them, will influence them to act in direct opposition to the interests of each other; because men will yield to that which is near, though that which is at a greater distance is in reality

reality a much more serious and ought therefore to be a more powerful motive.

We find by experience, also, that this which theory might have pointed out, has been eternally taking place. In what alliance in Europe did the different powers in alliance ever act cordially together? Has it not always been found, that each, while professing to play the general, was playing his particular game? and, consequently, was ready to sacrifice his closet ally, such is the faith of treaties, to that which his ambition or his avarice pointed out? Such is the case with respect to the present war.

Has Prussia faithfully co-operated? Or, has she received the pay of Britain and refused to do its work? Has Russia co-operated? Has the Emperor himself co-operated? who, by loan after loan, has been drawing, though not openly, that assistance which he meant to apply to the security of his own individual power at home and not to the promotion of the object which the alliance had in contemplation!

But, Citizens, whatever have been the disadvantages with which the allies have hitherto had to combat, those disadvantages are now more than doubled. Montgaillard, whose pamphlet I have before pointed out to you, foresaw, that the cruelty, the ravages, the something worse than anarchy that was inflicted by Robespierre could not be of long duration in France. In the beginning of last summer he said—the time is coming, it is near at hand, when the Committee of Public Safety and the Convention of France will give peace, will give order, security, and internal tranquillity to the French nation; and when it does, powerful in the gratitude of the people for the victories it has obtained, powerful in the resources which he has innumrated, France will then be enabled to carry on the war with still greater energy and effect. (This was the prophecy of the man before the downfall of Robespierre; before many of the astonishing events of the last campaign!) and when they have so done they will be able to combat the allies with greater energy; while those allies will lie prostrate at the victorious feet of the Republic. Such were the prophecies of the man, who still advises us to continue the war.

He tells us, however, that our system of carrying it on is totally wrong. And in this respect, I believe, he spoke the perfect truth. Granting the war to be right, his argument is just. The system of carrying it on has been foolish and ridiculous to the last extreme: and one would suppose, that the

men who have carried it on had a design of producing the very effect they have produced, namely, that of securing the permanence of the Republic of France, on a basis more broad and solid, than could otherwise, perhaps, have been expected. You attempt, says this partizan of the ex-princes, by one army to take possession of one place for the Emperor of Germany, you attempt to take possession of other places, by other armies, for the king of England; but if you go on thus to dismember—(I do not mean, says he, with courtly hypocrisy, to accuse you of intending the dismemberment of France!) but, if you go on with this apparent dismemberment, the bitterest enemies to republicanism will be also the bitterest enemies to you, and your undertaking. It is by French hands, only, that the French government can be altered.—Important axiom! Gleam of immortal truth shot from the night of prejudice itself! How irresistibly the maxims of justice frequently make their way to the intelligent mind, even while struggling to maintain the cause of falsehood!—Yes, it is only by the efforts of a nation—its own independent efforts, that tranquillity, that peace, that happiness, can be restored—that the government of any country can be changed or fixed upon any permanent formation: and they who seek for the blossoms of peace from a soil manured by the hands of foreign interference, will mourn in foreign chains, their blasted hopes, and bewail, too soon, their folly and absurdity.

Citizens, I do not mean to feed the prejudices of nationality: as far as I know my own heart I detest it. I believe I do not love an Englishman merely for being an Englishman, one degree better than I love a Frenchman for being a Frenchman, or an African for being an African. I wish to be, and I wish you to be, *Citizens of the world!* to consider all human nature as one family; to be tender of the blood of every human creature, whatever his country, his complexion, or his opinions. I wish to see the cultivation of human happiness promoted by the united efforts of the whole human species knit together in the indissoluble bands of fraternity. I would have the only struggle between mankind, how to give his happiness the widest diffusion. This is the object I wish you to pursue, and when you find that this plan can be carried into effect, it matters not what powers you employ provided they are the best calculated to the end. The happiness of the human species is the only object virtue has in contemplation; and patriotism, which has made so much boast in the world, and assumed the garb of virtue, is reality only a little expansion

sion of that contemptible and illiberal principle which makes the ignorant rustic suppose that the inhabitant of the next village, *the foreigner of the adjoining hamlet*, ought not to come and get his bread in the village where he resides; and which makes those sacred guardians of parochial rights, the churchwardens, and overseers of the poor, remove the diseased and wretched pauper from district to district in a cart, till he expires, for fear he should become burthensome to a parish in which he was not born.—But though this diffusive principle is the genuine source of virtuous action, we are to remember that all effects cannot be produced by all means. You must take human society as it is. You must take nation separate and distinct from nation as at this time you find them. Remember the rulers of nations, under whatever denomination, have generally one object; the enlargement of dominion, the increase of power, the extension of patronage; and so long as that shall continue to be an active principle of the leaders of nations, it is impossible for one nation to give freedom and happiness to another. Virtue, freedom, and happiness can only be expected to be secured to a nation by its individual efforts: because none but its own inhabitants can have an opportunity of understanding what is proper for themselves or have a common interest in doing that which is best for the general happiness and prosperity.—If a nation, as was lately the case with Holland, has the misfortune to be pressed by foreign interference on both sides; it must chuse between two evils; and nothing but tyranny and absurdity can deny its right of judging for itself which of the two evils is least. But the situation of France is different; and the reasoning of Montgaillard is just.

Citizens, this Montgaillard, in the passage which led me into this digression, has declared that nothing but French arms can restore tranquillity to France. He believes, which I do not believe, that there is an aversion to republicanism still existing in the hearts of Frenchmen. I believe, on the contrary, that if there is in the universe one passion more powerful, more energetic at this time, than ever burned in the breast of man before, it is the love of republicanism—the detestation of monarchy at this time existing in the hearts of Frenchmen.

He admits, however, that if there is a great desire for the restoration of royalty in France, yet that royalty can never be restored but by the arms of Frenchmen alone. And therefore, if you mean fairly, says he—if you wish for a counter-revolution in France, you must employ French commanders,

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acknowledge the regency of Monsieur, and put the invading troops under the command of the Duke d'Artois.

This reasoning is consistent enough to be sure in a man an avowed advocate of the House of Bourbon; who is an open champion of the divine right of Kings—and a stickler for the unqualified restoration of the old despotism:—the man who implicates every individual, however moderate, who has ever articulated the words reform and liberty, in the same indiscriminate censure: who considers the Constitutionelles themselves, the first glorious and philosophic leaders of the Constituent Assembly, as the authors of all the subsequent calamities of France; as the beings whose guilty machinations produced the carnage of the 10th of August, and the massacres of September. He who says these are the wretches whose guilty hearts ought to be searched and probed as the authors of the desolation of France and of Europe, may, indeed, consistently bow down to the golden calf of hereditary despotism, and uphold the sacred right of the detested Monsieur to the regency, and the profligate d'Artois to the command of the armies of the alliance; and he may, also, think that beings so despised and hated are the best instruments to reconcile the people to the restoration of royalty. But the powers of Europe can see the real characters of these men: and they have other views. It is true they wish to continue the war; but they will not trust men of such abominable characters with the command of their armies and the dissipation of their funds and resources.

Citizens, you see, then, their own counsellors—for the emigrant priests and nobility of France had too large a share, I fear, in the Councils of this country.—Their very Counsellors tell them upon your present system you cannot succeed. France, though it hates the Convention, will rally round the standard of that Convention, to resist and ruin you, while you thus proceed. But the Minister will listen to every part of their council but this. I tell you, says the Minister—and I tell the confiding House of Commons of England, which will believe whatever I say, if you will not—I tell you, and I tell them, the resources of the Convention are near exhausted. We are only living upon the interest, they upon the capital.—They have nearly exhausted their capital, but it is only the interest we are expending.

Precious sophister. He does not tell you, however, where our capital exists. He does not tell you, that our capital is mere moonshine! the mere airy bauble of paper credit; the
ignis

ignis fatuus of public confidence—a funded vacuum, which has no existence but its name. Our capital, says, he, remains untouched; we are only spending the interest: they are spending their capital, and therefore must soon be exhausted.

What cannot this man, whose sole pretensions for being the Minister of a great nation, are founded upon his profound knowledge of “Cocker’s Arithmetic”—upon being the greatest adept in the rule of three that was ever flogged through a school.—Cannot he, or will he not see, that if they are spending their capital they are only doing what we have done already. Why did we borrow and borrow, and sink year after year the capital thus borrowed, till our credit is so near to bankruptcy, that the Jew usurers upon Change—circumcised and uncircumcised, (for there are Jews of all nations and descriptions) will lend us but sixty pounds for an hundred? Why, I say, do we thus continue to borrow capital that we may be able to pay the interest, if the fact was not that before we appealed to that method, we had already got to the end of our real capital. Our national domains were already expended. Our national capital, as it may be called, vested in the hands of government, was already gone—mortgaged and sold, to support the profligate ambition of our Edwards and our Henries; our Tudors and our Stuarts; and then it was found necessary, by our Whig calculators, to appeal to the Dutch fashion of borrowing and depending upon the interest of a nominal capital, that our Dutch King might be enabled to pursue the same ambitious game. So that the plain and simple fact is, supposing Pitt’s calculations true, supposing that they were rapidly exhausting their capital, and that none of that capital was returning back to them (which is by no means so to the extent he would persuade us) yet the French, after expending their whole capital, will have that game to begin which we are now almost at the end of: and, therefore, this exhausting of resources is true only as to us; and his calculations make, not against the government of France, but against the government of this country.

But, Citizens, there must be pretences and there must be real objects for the continuance of this war. Among the pretences which are obliquely held out is the necessity of humbling the marine of France; and breaking that huge mass of growing power, which has so long been the envy and dread of Europe; the necessity also of producing the commercial destruction of that neighbouring and rival nation. Now, Citizens, let us consider, in the first place, if we were
able

able to do all this what advantage would it be? Does a man, to come to familiar instances, attend less actively to his business and his shop, because there happens to be another shop of the same description, in the same town or village where he lives? On the contrary, is it not found, that in proportion as emulation is diffused among mankind, in proportion as the spirit of rivalry subsists, and the spirit of rivalry cannot subsist without an object upon which to operate, in the same proportion the energies, the exertions, the resources of mankind are doubled; and, consequently, no greater calamity can happen to an individual, or to a nation, than to have no person, no object to which that emulation from which all exertions are to proceed.

This is not mere theory. The facts of history support the conclusion. Was it happy for *Rome*, that *Carthage* was laid in ruins? On the contrary, did not the destructive influences of corruption and luxurious indolence take root in the republic of *Rome*, from the overthrow of the rival city, whose destruction they were so anxious to procure? Did *Athens* flourish the more for the destruction of *Sicily*? On the contrary the wealth, the resources of *Athens*, however apparently increased, were destroyed and ruined by the expeditions against that island. And the pompous fleets which with banners of silk and prows overlaid with gold, set off from the shores of *Attica* for the subjection of *Syracuse*, did, in reality, take with them the liberty and energy of the *Athenian Republic*, never to return again. *Athens* secured the downfall of *Sicily*, but it left itself thereby an easy prey to the arms of *Lacedemon*. *Lacedemon* was not more wise in the destruction of the rival city of *Athens*. The fate of the conqueror was sealed by the fall of the vanquished: nor was the period distant when other arms were to triumph over the country, whose virtue had been enfeebled by the malignant fury with which it had pursued its rival.

Citizens, the whole history of the universe is replete with this important truth, that no country was ever yet ultimately benefited by the destruction of the powers or energies of another country with which it had stood in competition.

But, Citizens, let us consider how far is it probable that these effects should be produced, what are the symptoms which lead us to suppose that the marine of this country can destroy the marine of France? It is true a glorious victory was obtained the first of June last, over the French fleet; and I remember contemplating at my leisure, from the windows

dows of the Tower, the whole Thames exhibiting one scene of glory from the illuminations fixed upon the lofty masts of ships; I remember seeing the blaze of bonfires; I remember hearing the crackers, and seeing the rockets flying about; and I remember, also, that within these walls a hired banditti assailed the aged parent now languishing in the pangs of death! and the wife, the child, whose guardian and protector had been dragged away to dungeons by the stern hand of power; I remember that insults and indignities were offered to an unprotected but a virtuous woman, whose firmness of mind gave pain to the enemies of liberty, because it was a proof of the unconquerable spirit which the principles of liberty inspire; I remember, also, that the same ruffian band besieged the house of *Hardy*; I remember that the wife, then pregnant, of that virtuous patriot—that pattern of Spartan fortitude and disinterestedness, was driven by the fury of this mob from her own apartment, and compelled to slide upon a penthouse from window to window, to seek protection in an adjoining mansion. I remember too that the consequence of the bruises and the injuries she received on that occasion was the death of that virtuous woman, and of the infant then struggling in her womb.

But, Citizens, though these glorious triumphs are to be recorded amongst the effects of that victory at home, what were the effects of that victory abroad? Was the object for which the marine of France, risked the battle, disappointed or not? Into whose ports did those numerous fleets arrive, which were protected by the maternal wing of the whole French navy: for the wild anarchic government of France does not leave its merchantmen unprotected, a prey to arms it pretends to despise, but at whose energy in reality it trembles. No, Citizens, the whole naval power of France was spread like the wing of the parent bird to shelter the commerce of the country, and conduct its stores safe and secure into the ports of an expecting nation, though at the hazard of some injury to that vain parade and glory which makes nations so proud, though it never bestowed upon them any real comfort or advantage.

The victory of the first of June, then, was of no other advantage but to give a moment's popularity to the ministers, who contributed nothing towards its attainment. Mobs shouted their names through the streets of London; brick-bats and stones were thrown through the windows of those who dared to suppose ministers were not omnipotent and

omniscient; the *Theatre Nationale* as it was called, exhibited pompous displays of naval armaments: and Lords and Ladies, Poets and Poetasters, Wits and Witlings clubbed their brains together to obtain the applauses of the upper gallery with four lines of nothingness, tagged with four gingling syllables. But France secured her object: yes, France triumphed in defeat, and England was disappointed in victory; for the real motive of the engagement, on both sides, was that numerous convoy which was hastening to the ports of France: and we might boast of our victories as we would, but the hearts of our ministers were aching with the humane anxiety that their project for starving 24 millions of people must fail.

Well, boastings and gasconades were made use of on both sides; we published in our Gazette a catalogue of ships sunk and destroyed, which are now riding in Brest water; and they also pretended that they had gained a glorious victory, as indeed upon the first day's engagement, upon which we thought fit to be silent, they did; but they buried, at first, the event of the second day: we have never recanted; but they came afterwards forward with an honest tale. Even that Saint Juste whose head has paid the forfeit of his inhuman crimes, acknowledged that the French Marine had not the energy of the English. They had courage, he said, but the English were superior to them in skill; he was not ashamed, before a people struggling to be free, to confess the defects and errors of his nation: and the consequence of that confession will be that the energy of the republic of France will be directed to supply that deficiency; and now that they have little to attend to, except the great achievement of stripping the crown of England, of its Hanoverian jewel!—Now, I say, are all their astonishing powers to lie palsied and dead, or are we to conclude that they will be directed towards their marine? Consider the immense extent of France, its variety of production; and then ask yourselves this question, If it once comes to be a mere naval war, and the energies of the French should be directed to that, and that alone, whose is the propable prospect of shattered fleets, a destroyed marine, a crippled commerce,—*an annihilated navy?*

Citizens, I believe we shall have crackers and bonfires again. I have no doubt that the hearts of our administration will be inflated by fresh victories, during the ensuing naval campaign; but let it be remembered, that the resources of the two countries are essentially different; and that we shall
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be much more enfeebled by the most glorious victories, than the republic of France by the most disastrous defeats : because with respect to naval operations, it is with them a learning trade ; and because, as Pitt has himself acknowledged, there is eventually, no resisting the reiterated efforts of a nation in arms. But if once we have the misfortune to be beaten, if once so great a calamity fall upon this nation that its naval power should fall before the naval power of France (as we have not the same means of repairing our losses that they have) what will become of that sole prop and stay? Shall we not have occasion to realize in more mournful strains what has been so ludicrously described by Captain Morris?

“ If e’er on French decks shouts of victory roar
 “ The Crown’s a red night-cap, and Britain’s no more.”

Why play for a stake so desperate? why not seek for peace in time? The game is unequal. Our naval war must be defensive—their’s offensive. Our naval force is our existence ; as melancholy experience has taught us that by land we are nothing. They are already omnipotent by land, and their navy is but an auxiliary. The utmost we can get by victory is only to leave us just where we are—but defeat is inevitable destruction ; while, at the same time, to France one victory is decisive, and the most dreadful defeat can only leave her in the same situation in which it found her.

Citizens, it would require some labour, perhaps, to make every individual of you feel the full force of this statement : but I think I can venture to promise, that if you give yourselves the trouble to investigate for ten minutes in your closets, the facts I have laid before you, you will see that the conclusion is just : that the greatest victory can add nothing to the security of this country, more than we might this moment have by negotiating peace ; while, on the contrary, one defeat will be destruction ; while a defeat of the French at sea, omnipotent as they are by land, will make no immediate difference with respect to the internal security and the success of their government.

But we are told we must persevere ; we are told we must have indemnity ! O ! it is a proud word—indemnity. What does it mean? What is the object of the minister, when he talks of indemnity? Will indemnity restore to life the soldiers that have fallen in the conquest? Will indemnity give back to the wife and the orphan the parent and the husband that is slain?

Indemnity, in the old despotism of Poland—that despotism which we have contributed—every one who hears me has contributed part of his income, part of the product of his labour to restore! Indemnity, in the old despotism of Poland, I comprehend; because one of the constitutional maxims in the *orderly, regular, established government* of that country is, that if a nobleman, or if one of the equestrian order kills a peasant belonging to another nobleman, or member of the equestrian order, he shall replace that peasant by another of equal value. Now if by indemnity it is meant by the sage ministers of this country that as many Englishmen as have been lost in this conflict, shall be replaced by so many *Sans-Culottes*, then I am greatly inclined to think he will fight a long while before he will persuade so many French *Sans-Culottes* to live under his administration. If indemnity means any thing else, what is it but insult to talk of indemnity to that country which has lost so many thousands of its most invaluable inhabitants? What is it but worse than Robespierian ferocity, to go on to spill the blood of as many thousands more for the contemptible and ridiculous idea of pecuniary indemnity—even if it were possible to be obtained.—Pecuniary indemnity for human life!!! Let the thought be weighed one moment in your minds, and you will turn with horror and indignation from the being whose faculties could be so clouded that he could utter the expression—O what are we come to when all our calculations are employed upon pounds, shillings and pence; and the lives of men stand for no more than so many cyphers before the numerals.

But we must not now talk of indemnity. The tables are turned. It is the conquering power that talks of indemnity, not the power whose utmost exertions are applied to steal away by night, a few sick and wounded troops, the relics of a ruined army,

So that if we are to continue the war, till we get indemnity we must continue till the tide of affairs is entirely turned; we must battle till the one half of the productive labour of the country, which was formerly paid in taxes, and which is already grown to two thirds, since the commencement of the present war, is extended to three-fourths—to four fifths—to the whole!—till the sponge has been applied to the national debt; and we have commenced once more that career of national credit, to the end of which we are so near.

Citizens, there is another circumstance which is argued as a reason why we should not treat for peace. We are told that they

they have no settled government in France. Citizens, what do they mean by a settled government? Did we not treat with America at the time it had no settled government? Was not the whole constitution of that country afterwards changed? Yet America preserved her faith: though (witness the banks of the Miami!) Great Britain, whose government still continues the same, violated hers. I say, though America has changed its government, it has left no part of the treaty unfulfilled; but it is matter of notoriety, that Great Britain has not fulfilled the whole of her part of the stipulated treaty.

But, Citizens, since we suppose republicans can have no faith, (though I never understood before that republicanism and faithlessness were convertible terms!) what sort of government are the French to have, before we can treat with them? Certainly the old despotism of France was not very singular for the faithful observance of treaties! Certainly the system of slavery on one part and despotism on the other in Russia has not made that government very much signalized for good faith! and certainly the military despotism of Prussia is not the best sort of government to treat with! Prussia entered into an alliance with the Poles one day, and entered the next into another alliance to quarter the Poles. Prussia entered into an alliance with this country, and borrowed money of this country, under *pretence* (I do not say, that the minister who lent it did not know that it was only a pretence) of making common cause with us and fighting against France; and Prussia employed that money to destroy the liberties of Poland. Hence behold the horrid scenes of Warsaw; see the cruel massacres of Ismael repeated again within the walls of that desolated city. So that if you will affirm that you are not to treat with any power till you are sure it will never break its treaty, I am very sure you are at once determined to treat with no power at all: and if you can find a way to restore peace to Europe, without treaties, it will be a very happy thing for mankind if no such thing as a treaty should ever be heard of again.

The very government prints acknowledge, that your good and faithful ally, Prussia, is at this time negotiating a peace. They tell you in the Times (the minister's own paper) that convinced of the inexhaustible resources of that country, convinced of the irresistible energies of the French Republic, that shuffling "king of threads and patches" that royal pedlar, or juggling pedlar (it is difficult to find a name descriptive of

of him) has determined to withdraw himself from the alliance. One day they tell you, that "*The death of the Count de Goliz has certainly retarded the negociation between the king of Prussia and the French Republic. What the nature of it is, we believe few men in this country can accurately ascertain; but certainly it has always been regarded with suspicion. Indeed such has been the crooked policy of the Court of Berlin through the whole course of the war, that no reliance can be placed on its assurances from one week to another. We, therefore, shall not be surprised at any thing we hear of its operations.*"

The next day they tell you, that his place is supplied, that another minister is appointed; and the negociation is carried on. Yet we can treat with the King of Prussia, and send our money to him; but we cannot treat with France for the repose of Europe. Well, then, where will you seek for governments that you can treat with, if you will not treat with republics, whose faith you have never tried. You have tried the faith of governments of every other description. You have tried the faith of the aristocracy of Holland, and that would not do: you have tried the faith of the military tyranny of Prussia; that would not do: you have tried the faith of the federal despotism of Germany; that would not do: you have tried the faith of the trading tyranny of Spain; that would not do: you have tried the faith of that very government which you want to set up again in France; that would not do; so that according to this system of making no peace with governments you cannot confide in, and determining not to confide in a pure republic, because you do not like any thing that is either pure or republican; we are to be making war to all eternity. There is no end to it; for a pure representative republic (the only government we have not tried in Europe) we are resolved never to try; and all the rest we have proof we never can trust.

But, Citizens, there is another reason assigned by a very curious author, upon whom I shall make some few animadversions, why you should not negotiate a peace with France. The blood of Marie Antoinette of Lorraine and Austria has not been sufficiently revenged. And you are told in a passage, which for sublimity is unparalleled, and which on account of its curiosity I take the liberty of reading, that till you have thoroughly drenched the grave of that princess it is an insult to humanity (the humanity of desolating the universe for the pride of two or three oppressive rulers) to attempt to restore
peace

peace to Europe. One professor, Wilde (they call him in Scotland professor parenthesis, on account of the long digressions into which he is apt to run) tells you, "I lament the king of France. Who would not lament him! he was an innocent man foully murdered—he was a good-natured man cruelly betrayed. He had many virtues; though none that belonged to a king." And so 24 millions of people were to be resigned to the absolute dominion of a man, who confessedly had no one virtue which qualified him for his situation. But that is not his crime, "His last days were pious, almost noble. But he should never have been the husband of Marie Antoinette of Lorraine and Austria. He deserved her less than he deserved France." This was the cruel crime, the monstrous guilt which lay upon the head of the poor unfortunate Louis, and which according to this curious author almost justified the fate he met with. "Fatal marriage! Cruel union! The noblest lady in all Europe came in all the gaiety of innocence and youth." She came in all the gaiety of *innocence*." How long she retained that *innocence* he does not say. But "the noblest lady in all Europe came in all the gaiety of innocence and youth to be the queen of the oldest European kingdom. She came to her early grave. The marriage sheets that covered her lovely limbs were cursed by the demons of hell for her winding sheets. The nuptial couch that yielded to the soft pressure of her body was doomed in their incantations to be her bier. The unhallowed voices of the abyss rose up in execrations, and their impure feet trod around her their dance of death. That head, formed at once for love and for command, was to fall under the axe, and be polluted by the gripe of the common executioner. The scaffold of democracy was to be sprinkled with that blood—"

Citizens, it is no laughable thing that the blood of any human being should fall upon the scaffold; but mark what is the reason why this humane professor of laws thinks it ought to be lamented. "The scaffold of *democracy* was to be sprinkled with that blood which full of all the royalty and nobility that ever existed, barbaric and civilized:" (he confesses, that nobility may sometimes be connected with barbarity!) "which full of all the royalty and nobility that had ever existed, barbaric and civilized, run in her veins, from the united sources of the Julian family, and Attila the Hun."

What

What *hereditary virtues* she could derive from the Julian family, whose shameless prostitutions disgraced the Roman empire, or from Attila the Hun, that great tyrant who spread desolation from pole to pole, I leave to be determined by those who consider antiquity and truth to be one, and nobility and virtue synonymous.

"I never will forgive the King of France," continues this Wilde professor—For what? For violating his faith with the nation? for declaring himself to be perjured? for acknowledging he had signed and ratified engagements which he meant to seize the first opportunity of violating? for concealing persons banished by the nation, within the walls of the Thuilleries, and who were killed on the fatal 10th of August, before their counter-revolutionary plots were ripe?—No, these were venial crimes—But "I will never forgive the King of France for the destruction of this Queen." Forgive him? listen humanity! "I would sooner forgive him the ruin of his nation, and the devastation of all Europe."

Restrain your indignation, Citizens, you have not yet got to the height of sublimity to which this genius is doomed to soar. "He should have seen all his people die like rotten sheep, before she could be brought to such hazard. This spirit would have made *him, her, his people, Europe, the world happy.*" So—the royal spirit (for this is the spirit he thinks ought to inhabit a royal bosom!) the royal spirit of suffering the inhabitants of the whole united nations of Europe, to die like rotten sheep, rather than sacrifice the most lewd and impure of women that ever converted a Court into a Brothel—this was the spirit which was to make the people of France, Europe, the world happy. Blessed happiness! Over whom was this tyrannic felicity to reign? Over what deserts was she to extend her empire? The whole human race were to die like rotten sheep. And happiness, seated, like another deity I suppose, in heaven, was to snuff up the incense of so sublime a sacrifice offered to her tyrannic nostrils.

"But her mind did not rule," he says, "and the French monarchy fell, and she fell," (and they all fell together.)

[To be continued.]

[The Political Songs so pompously proved upon the late Trials for High Treason to have been published by the Lecturer; but which the prosecutors, nevertheless, INSIDIOUSLY refused to read, will be republished in the ensuing numbers of this work.]

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. VII.

Saturday, 25th April, 1795.

An Examination of the Arguments against negotiating a PEACE with the FRENCH REPUBLIC.—The fourth Lecture on the Causes and Calamities of War.

[Continued from our last.]

“ BUT her mind did not rule,” continues the *apostate* professor, “ and the French monarchy fell, and she fell. “ She is not to be lamented. *Who dares to lament her?* “ They threw her lovely body into a malefactor’s grave, “ and raked dirt upon it! They calcined it into powder; “ and the Queen of France was, in a few hours, only dust. “ What of it! They carried her to execution on a cart. “ They had laid before, on straw, in a dark dungeon. What “ of it all! Are womens tears to be shed for this! No: “ These are not the obsequies of Marie Antoinette of Lorraine and Austria! Her knell is to be rung over the “ cases of the dead, and in the groans of the dying. The “ alarm of war, and the shout of battle is her’s. Indignation that makes vengeance, and vengeance that is death; “ these are her obsequies.”—Is it a man, or some fiend, broke through from the infernal regions, that dares to propagate this doctrine of cruelty without bounds? of havock without remorse?

“ The camp and the field are the places of her mourners; “ and honour and revenge support the pall. Her funeral honours thus performed, will be the performance also of the “ will of heaven.” That is, when all the people in the world have died like rotten sheep, the will of heaven, according to this curious professor, will be fulfilled. “ When “ it is completed in the destruction of evil we may then “ grieve, with sober dignity, over a Queen of France. The “ source of tears may then be opened, and we may solace our “ nature by their flow.” Good heavens, Citizens, do we live in a civilized country? Are prosecutions (I do not commend them, whatever doctrines they may be directed

No. VII. T. against!)

against!) but are prosecutions instituted against the mild principles of benevolence? are you told by the Solicitor General, that it is a moral turpitude to wish to establish universal peace and fraternity amongst mankind? and are such doctrines as those sent into the world by authority? Is the chair of the professor to be publicly prostituted by such maxims as Hell itself, if there were a Hell, would be shocked to hear. Are we to be thus publicly called upon to make the world a desert to gratify the pride of fallen ambition, and the revenge of a few individuals, educated in the "enormous faith of millions made for one?"

Citizens, such are the pretences for continuing this curious war. Ambition would dismember France; Pride would have indemnity for the injuries itself has offered; aristocratic adulation would depopulate the world, that the carcases of the dying might form an eternal monument of the fall of a woman, who would have been universally despised and detested, but for her elevated situation.—I pity her misfortunes! I pity the misfortunes of all human beings. It is not I that have excited the smile of ridicule at her fall: it is her foolish advocate. I would have spoken of her in other strains. I would not wound the feelings of the living by insulting over the manes of the dead. I would not exult in the groans and anguish of the dying. I hope the heart that dictates to this tongue, can feel the throb and touch of nature, not only for that calamity which calls for it at home, but for the woes of the universe.

But, Citizens, let us not be deluded, let not our humanity light the torch of vengeance and destruction. It is not humanity that would pour forth the blood of thousands upon the grave of a fallen being, whatever grandeur and dignity might have concealed her vices from the world. Humanity delights in the happiness of the human race; and leaves to Enthusiasts, Aristocrats and Usurpers, the insolent barbarity of exulting in scenes of blood!

The subject of War has occupied the space of four Lectures, extracts from the first and second, and the whole of the third and fourth have been inserted in the preceding numbers of THE TRIBUNE. There is yet a very important branch of the subject to be considered, which was intended to have formed the subject of a fifth Lecture, and which, for the sake
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of connection ought to have followed immediately that which is here concluded. But a catastrophe of another kind deranged my plan. The parent whose approaching dissolution I alluded to in the preceding lecture, expired in less than six and thirty hours after its delivery, and the mind, struggling between the duty of fortitude, and the pangs of affection, was naturally distracted from the regular pursuit of previously digested plans. On the Friday evening my place was supplied by a friend: and on the Wednesday following when I resumed my situation in the *rostrum*, I was instinctively led to the consideration of a subject in some degree connected with the event that had taken place, and the state of my private feelings: nor was it till I came to correct the preceding pages for the press, that I recollected that my course of lectures relative to the present unfortunate hostilities was not completed. The subject, however, demands the most serious and persevering investigation; it will, therefore, be resumed, in the course of the present season. In the mean time, it will not perhaps, be disagreeable to the reader to have the theme diversified; and I proceed accordingly with the lectures in the succession in which they were delivered.

*Lecture—On the MORAL and POLITICAL Influence
of the Prospective Principle of Virtue.*

CITIZENS, neither the forms of the world, nor my own feelings permitted me to address you on the last Friday evening; and I would, if I could have devised any effectual means, have prevented on that evening any assembly in this place. But as I found that impracticable, or rather, as my mind was not in a state to seek for expedients, I thought the best way to prevent any disturbance, which might have arisen from a multitude of persons assembling, who could not gain admittance, was to get a friend to take this situation for me. I did accordingly procure a Citizen of whose understanding and excellent principles I have the highest opinion, and who, I am sure, is well qualified to utter those truths to which it is worth the while of any individual to listen.

Citizens, the subject of this evening's lecture is "The Prospective Principle of Virtue;" or, in other words, "That

all Virtues consist in so directing our exertions, and regulating our passions that we may be constantly promoting the future good of mankind." This is a principle, Citizens, in itself, so consistent with reason that it, almost at the very first blush, presents itself to us as unanswerable and self-evident. And yet, Citizens, when we come seriously to investigate this principle, when we come to follow it through all the mazes of practice, into which it will lead us, perhaps there are few of us who have not some prejudices, some habits of mind which will be shocked, some dispositions and principles long imbibed which will be found to be very deeply and materially wounded by this principle.

It is our duty, however, in the first instance, seriously and maturely to deliberate upon the principles of human action; and when we have brought them to the test of reason and argument, and are thoroughly convinced of their truth and authenticity, we must not be terrified at any particular conclusions that may result. Particular conclusions are only the branches of the tree; frequently only the leaves at the extremities of those branches. If the root, therefore, is good, for principles are the root—the stamina of all moral excellence! we must not take it into our heads, that we are at liberty to root them up—to fell them to the earth, because there are particular conclusions resulting from them, which are hostile to our passions, or inconsistent with our habitual mode of thinking. I am, however, aware that liberal as the auditory I have so frequently the honour of meeting here has generally been, notwithstanding their habits of free enquiry, that, yet, I may, perhaps, in the progress of this investigation, advance some doctrines, so new and unexpected that their minds may, in the first instance, revolt from them. Let it be remembered, however, Citizens, that novelty is of itself no proof of falsehood, that the opinions of six moments and of six thousand years, if such an opinion should be found, stands precisely upon the same basis, the basis of reason and argument; and, therefore, must be brought to the same test of experimental investigation, or else must be permitted to fall at once, and be abandoned as unworthy our adoption.

Citizens, though I shall speak my opinions with that firmness which results from the conviction of my own mind, yet I warn you again—I have warned you frequently, but I cannot too often, that I do not deliver opinions from this place, for you to adopt them without examination. I advance them for your
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serious investigation, and I warn you again and again, to beware of that prejudice which, from having formed attachments to individuals, leads us to take for granted all they say. I most seriously recommend you to be as averse to a Pope in Beaufort Buildings as to a Pope at Rome.

Citizens, giving you this warning, I shall proceed without remorse or fear to cut up wide and deep rooted prejudices, with all the power and energy I am master of. Those things which appear to be prejudices to me, may perhaps upon better examination appear to others well founded truths. My opinions (though the results, I believe, of very *dispassionate*, and I am sure of very *anxious* enquiry) may, also, upon more mature deliberation, appear even to myself to have been taken up too hastily, and I shall never be ashamed publicly to change my opinions as often as I am convinced they are wrong. We live to improve, if we are wise; and if we are virtuous, we live not only to improve ourselves but to improve our fellow beings, by encouraging free and liberal enquiry, and submitting, with candour and sincerity, to their investigation, the sentiments which we believe important to their felicity and virtue: and if we treat with detestation the wretch who hoards his gilded counters in a box; with how much more contempt ought we to look upon that individual who locks up in secrecy the more invaluable treasures of the human mind, the discoveries (be they small or be they great) which he has either made, or supposes he has made in the progress of his enquiries. The widow's mite, we are told, was an acceptable offering; the mite of science is an acceptable offering also; and let it be remembered that with knowledge, as with coin, we must divide it into small parts before we can diffuse it through the general circle of society, and fit it for the accommodations and uses of common life.

If, Citizens, virtue consists in promoting the happiness of mankind—if virtue, in reality, means neither more nor less than intentionally doing that which is best for general happiness and welfare, it results, I conceive, as an inevitable consequence, that all virtue must be of an *active*, not of a *passive* nature; and, therefore, that it is the duty of every individual to keep his eye steadily fixed upon that which is before him, and to lose none of the powers and energies of intellect in unavailing glances upon what is past, and never can return. Citizens, this argument will lead us to many conclusions hostile to the general sentiments of mankind. Superstition, with her hood and cowl, presents herself before us at every step, with
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her doctrines of repentance, contrition, retaliation, and retributive justice, and points us back again to the dark and gloomy paths of error, which we, and which others may have passed; and bids us, in sackcloth and ashes, consume our faculties in unavailing lamentations, which can never undo the acts that are past, but which have but too powerful an influence to unfit us for what is to come. We shall find, also, that many of the institutions and habits of society are equally unfriendly to a steady and consistent perseverance in this prospective principle: and hence the general disposition of mankind to brood over the past; to hatch in sullen silence the gloomy passions of despondency and revenge;—hence also the sullen traits of misanthropy which deform the human character and reduce it almost to the brute. Nay, strange to say, the wisdom of ages has conspired to assist this malignant retrospective principle; and the administration of civil justice almost every where recalls to our minds the evils which, because they are irremediable ought to be forgotten, and plunges us, thereby, but too frequently, in others that might have been avoided. You have been told, it is true, in this country, that punishments (such is the cant and theory of law!) are inflicted, not because particular acts of criminality have been done, but because they should not be repeated. But look at the general practice of mankind, mark the arguments with which they maintain their systems, and then tell me whether another principle, the sullen principle of revenge, is not the legitimate offspring of the system; and frequently, and evidently, the prompting motive even with the legislature itself.

Citizens, the retrospective system, the system of brooding over the past, instead of looking forward to the future, has also another tendency of a most fatal description. It frequently sinks the first and greatest characters into despondency and lethargy. We have found, by a gloomy interference of superstition, man unnerved of the energies of his nature; we have seen characters whose powers of mind might have darted like lightning from one extremity of the universe to another sunk by this enfeebling principle into sullen misanthropic monks, and devoting their lives to melancholy sighs and unavailing regrets for the errors (superstitious or real) into which in the vigour of intemperate youth they had been betrayed: and monarchs, and great commanders have shut themselves in their closets to beat their breasts, and rend their souls in repentance for past transgressions, while the cruel, but less infatuated invader, routed their armies and desolated their country.

Citizens,

Citizens, whatever may have been our errors, let us recollect, that there is a nobler path for man to tread. Whatever wrongs he may have committed, whatever errors he may have fallen into, while energy remains, there may be reparation to society. Virtue and beneficence are still attainable; and the same energies which, under the delusions of error, made him criminal, guided by the light of truth, might produce such qualities and such effects as would make full compensation to the world.

Charles VI. after desolating whole nations, and plunging into all the crimes which conquerors (and none but conquerors, and *would be conquerors*) can perpetrate, retired within the walls of a monastery to white-wash his soul with prayers and repentance, and brood over the remembrance of his inhuman guilt. But if, instead of this he had exercised those powers and faculties of mind which he possessed, and used in a proper manner the advantages of his elevated situation, he might have rendered the latter period of his life as beneficial to the cause of truth and virtue as the former part had been inimical to the happiness of the human race.

Citizens, I do not mean to condemn that retrospective glance which surveys the vices and errors of the past, with a view to enable us to avoid them for the future; or which contemplates the virtues of former times, to increase the useful energies of mind. Certainly not. If the page of history ought to be explored, it is still more important that the history of our own private conduct should be searched with critical severity. But for what purpose? That we may afterwards lose our time in repentance—that we may exclude ourselves from the society of those fellow beings who have a just claim upon our exertions in the promotion of the general happiness? No: These are not the objects we are to have in view; and if we are to study with real views of wisdom and benevolence, the history of the human mind, we shall find that every moment of our existence has its duties, that every power and energy has its correspondent obligations, and that, therefore, not one moment, not one thought can virtuously be cast away in any other employment but that of seeking to promote the present and future happiness of mankind, with whose happiness our own is incorporated; and without the promotion of which no generous mind can itself receive the smallest particle of consolation.

But, Citizens, the contrary conduct so frequently preached and enforced by all the artifices which could be invented, has
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its charms for a particular class of people; and we cannot be surprized that there have been men who found it their interest to encourage the desponding, listless, melancholy misanthropy of the retrospective principle.

Yes, Citizens, there is a particular class of jugglers in the world, to whom truth is by no means acceptable; who cannot digest—(though, in some respects, they seem to have the digestion of an ostrich, and no stone is too big, no iron too hard or too rusty for their stomachs;) notwithstanding this, they are not capable of digesting so plain, simple, wholesome, and ailmentary a maxim as that “the only thing a man can do in this world that entitles him to respect and veneration, is prompting the happiness and welfare of his fellow citizens.”—*Fellow Citizens of the world*, I mean! Not Citizens of a town or district.

These men, therefore, finding it their interest to support a different sentiment, have chosen to oppose a system so beneficial to the human race, and to teach those who have the misfortune to fall under their tuition, that melancholy and repentance, are the proper feelings with which the lamp of life should be consumed; because they know very well, that such dispositions unnerving the energies of the human mind, filling the soul with images of terror and apprehension, though the most unfriendly to human happiness and virtue, are very well calculated to make the poor slave of their ridiculous artifices, obedient to their exactions, and subservient to their ambition. If they can make terror, in this manner, the *order of the day*, they know very well that, in consequence of the bugbears which the melancholy imagination is too apt to realize, they can make the poor victims come to them with their laps full of those good things, which might, according to my opinion, be better distributed among the industrious orders of the community. But they, right wisely, no doubt, think otherwise. Their inspiration teaches them—and who shall contend with the inspirations of the spirit, that these good things are more fit for the luxurious accommodation of their tables than to be thrown to a poor, despicable, grunting, swinish multitude, who, as they have no fleece to be shorn certainly cannot expect to be considered as part of their flock!

Thus, then, Citizens, this retrospective system which has such a tendency to unnerve the character of man, to annihilate those active virtues by which only the human race can be benefited, and to reduce him to the sole dominion of melancholy

choly, terror, and dejection, are principles which we must expect will continue to be propagated so long as one class of mankind are paid for deluding the rest.

Is it not evident then, Citizens, that the only energy of character likely to be produced by this retrospective principle, is the feeling of revenge: a passion, indeed, active enough in its operation, and productive of many and many a tale over which the eye will pour with anxious avidity, but which no friend to human happiness will wish to see encouraged.

This has hitherto been the common principle of action between nation and nation. Hence is the page of history deformed with continued tales of slaughter and devastation. Hence imaginary insults, which the flag, or the *flag-staff* of one country (for I see no difference between the gaudy rags and toys of national vanity and the sticks that carry them), may receive from the flag or flag-staff of another. Hence the slightest injury offered to Courts and Princes, has plunged the world in scenes of horror and desolation. Hence it stands recorded on the page of history, that the favourite of one great man bidding against the favourite of another great man for a ring, at a common auction, plunged the Roman empire, that is to say, almost the whole of the then known world into a destructive civil war, which ended in the tyrannous usurpation of Augustus Cæsar, and the total overthrow of the profligate Mark Anthony.

Citizens, whether this last anecdote is accurately true or not, is not worth our investigation. We have witnessed of late, a quarrel almost as ridiculous. We have seen two great nations on the eve of being plunged into a chaos of mutual slaughter and desolation for a few cat skins. It is very true, the agitation of this question might have been encouraged by a bird's eye prospect of a better ground of quarrel; and the two nations that pretended to be about to *clapper-de-claw* one another about the insult offered to these said cat skins, might, perhaps, have had their eyes upon a sweeter piece of vengeance; and while they were pretending to quarrel, were, perhaps agreeing to divide the robe of which they thought to strip the insolent, Jacobinical nation of France, which had dared to provoke the just revenge of all *regular governments*, by talking of rights and liberties.

Not only between nation and nation, has this spirit of revenge, the first fruit of the system of retrospective *virtue*, as it is called, been plunged in war and desolation; but party has whetted the dagger against party, and faction uplifted the

axe against the head of faction from the same detestable cause. Thus we find in almost all the histories of the universe, that one party seldom prevails over another, but the scaffold streams with the blood of the vanquished, and scenes of horror present themselves on every hand, from the contention of principles and struggles of intellect, which might have been productive, but for these revengeful principles, of the greatest portion of happiness and instruction to mankind.

See, Citizens, from this principle of revenge what dreadful consequences have taken place in France! The most noble, the most virtuous, the most magnificent principles that ever were broached by man, have produced effects which tyranny itself can hardly surpass. We have seen from the seeds of freedom, a harvest of desolation. We have seen party struggling with party, stimulated at first, perhaps, by the private feelings of ambition, or the more destructive, though at the same time, in some degree, more excusable principle of universal suspicion, but embittered by opposition, rising to a horrid enthusiasm of revenge which the soul of benevolence trembles to contemplate. The profligacy of manners and the inflexible rage of vengeance, which the cruelty of the Court and the superstition of the Church had conspired to engender in that country, bursting forth in the ferment of the revolution, laid for awhile in the dust the bleeding limbs of that freedom which the revolution was effected to promote: though, happily for mankind, physicians have been found to stanch the wounds and restore her again to the universe.

Citizens, I had hoped that the excesses and cruelties of the system of revenge in that country were entirely at an end. I did believe that the benign principles of benevolence and liberty had completely triumphed; that the scaffolds were to stream with the victims of vengeance no more; but that peace and universal philanthropy were to twine their myrtles together with that laurel which triumphant energy has reaped in the fields of victory; but, alas! I cannot read without regret one part of the present transactions in that country. Perhaps while I am speaking, four individuals who, whatever may be their vices, certainly shine conspicuous in the ranks of intellectual energy, have fallen by the guillotine of vengeance, victims to the party that now prevails in France.

Citizens, this is not the howl of apostacy, this is not the lamentation of a man who wishes for a pretence to desert his principles. I adore—I care not what danger there may be in the declaration! I will not exist longer than I can speak the truths

truths that I believe to be useful to my fellow Citizens!—I will proclaim my principles, because I am sure if mankind would but act candidly and fairly, and avow the genuine feelings of their hearts, that system of terror and tyranny which has so long subjugated the nations of Europe, must fade and shrink away without a struggle—without an individual victim.—I glory in the *principles of the French Revolution*! I exult in the *triumphs of reason*! I am an advocate for the *rights of man*! nor will I desert my principles, without a better reason than the example that other men have acted inconsistently with theirs. But daggers and guillotines are not principles. The disordered imagination of a Burke, the metaphysical phrenzy of a Windham, or the artful and studied harrangues of that great arithmetician Pitt, may confound things together as opposite as darkness to light, or as their darling measures to the interests of humanity and justice; but we will not be so deceived. Daggers and guillotines are not principles; massacres and executions are not arguments; the principles of truth still continue to be true, though those men who have them most frequently on their lips, should happen; in some instances, to have them least frequently in their hearts. It is not the men of France, that I glory in; it is not the execution of the King—I am an enemy to all executions! it is not the fall of the Bastille, for a Bastille, a Luxemburg, or a Newgate are to me indifferent; it is not for names it is for principles that I am anxious—it is to principles, not to unprincipled actions, that I am wedded; and the wanton and revengeful cruelties of Robespierre and his party can no more prove the principles of the French revolution to be wrong, than the sanguinary attempts of a faction in this country, who, with all their vices without any of their virtues, should attempt to establish the same system of terror without the energy to support it, would prove that the new fangled inquisitorial system of spies and informers, which has supplanted the constitution of Britain, is right.

That which I glory in, in the revolution of France is this, That it has been upheld and propagated as a principle of that revolution, that ancient abuses are not, by their antiquity, converted into virtues; that it has been affirmed and established that man has rights which no statutes or usages can take away; that intellectual beings are entitled to the use of their intellects; that the object of society is the promotion of the general happiness of mankind; that thought ought

to be free, and that the propagation of thought is the duty of every individual; that one order of society has no right, how many years soever they have been guilty of the pillage, to plunder and oppress the other parts of the community, whose persons are entitled to equal respect, and whose exertions have been much more beneficial to mankind.

These are the principles that I admire, and that cause me, notwithstanding all its excesses, to exult in the French Revolution. But I do not believe that violence and cruelty, I do not believe that scenes of carnage and execution, can either be the promoters, or the consequences of principles like these. No: the excesses and violences in France have not been the consequences of the new doctrines of the Revolution; but of the old leaven of revenge, corruption and suspicion which was generated by the systematic cruelties of the old despotism.

Citizens, I am still the unaltered friend of liberty. But if liberty has not a tendency to promote the feelings of benevolence, to promote the happiness of mankind, and to make us better members of society, and more happy in our individual capacity, take your liberty, for I will have none of it.

I am convinced, however, that liberty has all these tendencies. I am convinced also, notwithstanding the excesses which have taken place in France, that the struggle in that country will be eventually beneficial, not only to that country but to the human race. I believe it was good that such a despotism as existed in France should not perpetuate itself from generation to generation; and all that I lament is that a few turbulent and ambitious spirits should have stained with their excesses the annals of the most glorious era in the history of man. Let us, however, be just to this great nation. They have received obloquy and abuse enough; they have received threats and injuries enough; let us not dwell only on the gloomy side of the picture; let us not be fond of recapitulating their vices and their errors only; let us speak, also, of those more amiable traits of character, which they have discovered; and which, even at this time, are gaining so considerable an ascendancy. Let us not forget the magnanimity with which they have spurned, in some very striking instances, this gloomy retrospective principle of revenge which I am so anxious to see exterminated from the human character. See how they have treated their prostrate enemies; let us remember that they present the first picture ever exhibited in the world of a conquering army imparting freedom and felicity to the people over whom they had triumphed. Think of
Holland—

Holland—exalted by being vanquished ! Think of the generosity with which they spurned the idea of insulting the weakness of the little prostrate state of Tuscany. Think of the generous maxims which, in the midst of all the exultation of unparalleled victory, they have laid down as principles with respect to hostile and half vanquished nations. Let us remember also that in their present conduct with respect to interior policy there are strong symptoms of the final overthrow of the system of terror and revenge. They have, it is true, and I am sorry they have hung over the heads of Barrere, of Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Vadiere, the sword of the law.—O ! that I could once see law and justice without a sword ; with scales in one hand and the olive of peace in the other ;—the weapon of destruction buried deep in the bowels of the earth ! I do not mean to vindicate the conduct of these individuals. I am convinced, that if it had not been for the tyranny of Robespierre and the assistance lent to that tyranny by these men, the cause of liberty throughout Europe would have been in a very different situation at this moment. I am sure, that if the practice of France had been as good as the theory of France, the irresistible light of reason, the torrent of benevolent humanity that would have swelled the hearts of Englishmen—of all mankind, would have left us, by this time, no abuses to redress. For it is not forms, it is not particular fabrics, that are worth contending for.—You may be happy in a cottage, you may be happy in a palace ; you may be happy in the Corinthian dome, you may be happy though your mansion should be ornamented only with the simple, republican, doric pillar ; nay, you may be happy though you should happen to reside under a venerable pile of Gothic architecture, provided you have but good security that the disjointed stones are not ready to fall about your ears.

It is not, then, the external structure of government that I find fault with—I may like the simple doric best perhaps—but we will not quarrel about the external shell. It is the furniture, the accommodations, the security, and convenience that I am anxious about—It is in short the principle that actuates the government, and if this is sufficiently pure to secure the happiness of the people perish the wretch who would breed contention for forms. Shew me the principles of peace, benevolence, and universal affection, of equal rights and equal laws, I will hail and venerate that country as my own, and rejoice in the establishment of such principles, whatever may be
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the exterior incumbrances, with which accident, or choice, may happen to have surrounded it.

Citizens, I cannot quit this subject without wishing that the party now triumphant in France, and every party who, in the political struggles that convulse the universe, may happen to triumph, could but feel how ungenerous it is first to draw the sting and then to bruise the head of the serpent.—O! for a great lesson to the world, that they would argue thus—"This animal has a glossy many coloured skin, whose beauties, if we had never felt its venom, would have delighted our imaginations. Well—why should we not forget?—We have drawn away the sting;—the venomous tooth is gone; it can bite no more. Why should we still retain our horror? and remembering the evil that is past prevent the good that yet might come? Revenge!—where is the benefit of thy backward glance? Magnanimity!—how great are the advantages of thy prospective virtues!"—Could they but apply this to the various energies of genius, that adorn the minds of these men, and of Barrere in particular, "We have felt your tyranny, they might say, we know that you have brought an odium on our good and holy cause in the eyes of Europe; but France is enlightened, and you can repeat your crimes no more. Go: we have drawn out your sting: we know there are graces and energies of genius in you which can be useful and beneficial to mankind. Having disarmed you of your power to wrong us go where you will. You can no longer be Citizens of France, because the sight of you might awaken indignation, and be assistant to the revival of that system of terror of which you were once the supporters and might be too soon the victims. But go where you will: the Republic of France has too much magnanimity to punish a prostrate enemy. It has magnanimously forgiven Holland; it has magnanimously forgiven the injuries assisted by the weak arm of Tuscany. It has still the same warm benevolence for its own children. Go. It has drawn a veil over the rebellions of La Vandee; and it will forget, in its Old Committee of Public Safety, every thing but its victories, and its energy. Employ, for the future, those talents to the benefit of society which have too often been applied to the destruction of the human race."

O! could I see this benevolent and magnanimous feeling thus triumphant, I should be sure that the sun of liberty had risen indeed, and I should know that my own cottage sooner
or

or later must be illuminated by its cheering light. The clouds of prejudice would then disperse, the fears, the terrors of mankind would vanish before the strong ray of truth and reason, and the night of ignorance would no longer be invoked to shelter the errors of ambition and the interested projects of a few individuals, who call themselves the nation though they are the nation's scourge.

Citizens, the retrospective principle, which has hitherto excited the gloomy passions and resentful dispositions of mankind, is, I am afraid, but too prevalent in this country also. We have light ; but I am afraid our light is not entirely of the right description. The common people feel that they are aggrieved ; they feel that the hand of famine is fastening upon them. They begin to perceive that all this mischief proceeds from this mad ridiculous crusade for restoring the fallen despotism of France, and from the errors and oppressions of government. But I cannot persuade myself that, hitherto the best mode has been adopted for enlightening them as to the proper means of redress. We have taught them the sources of their grievances, and we have talked of denunciations and impeachments, of retribution and revenge : but I am afraid we have not yet been anxious to trace the principles of liberty to their real sources. Let us then unite our energies to diffuse the genuine principles of freedom among mankind. Let us teach them to seek redress, indeed, but to seek it by the means least injurious to public tranquillity and individual happiness. Let us tell them—You are full of commotion ;—you talk of the prices of the necessaries of life ; you talk of the monopoly among the dealers in these commodities. Silly men ! restrain your indignation. The objects of your rage are innocent, are injured, like yourselves. A few rotten principles have found their way into the general system of government under which you live. Corruption has reared its head on high. Let us oppose that corruption. Let us say to our governors, we ask you not for power ; we ask you not for slaughter ; we ask you not for the banners of conquered enemies, even if you had banners of conquered enemies to give ; we ask not for the French West India Islands, by conquering which you will inevitably lose your own ; we ask not a bead-roll of appendages and colonies in this part of the world, and that part of the world, and in the other ; we ask you for that generous, that just, that peaceful administration which will restore to us the opportunity of earning a *comfortable subsistence by moderate labour* ; this is according to our opinions

opinions the only useful object of government. We will not contend with you for forms, *if you will grant us this*. But this we must have—this we will. We are enlightened—we shall soon be unanimous; for we are determined to speak our minds, and such plain truths as we utter must make their way to every heart; and when this unanimity takes place (if you do not give us our rights, now, while you have power to give) you must sink, without a struggle, sink into nothingness; and justice must triumph.

By such spirit, by such reason, by a proper detestation of violence, stilling the fears which have been so artfully excited, peaceful redress might be obtained: and no one can say that temperate redress and progressive improvement are not better than violence and confusion.

Citizens, I wish you to remember, that revenge is always vice—that violence is never to be appealed to but in self-defence. It is true, every individual has a right to defend himself, every community has a right to defend itself also; and I will give you the best authority in a case of this kind, the authority of Judge Foster upon the subject. You shall hear that he lays it down as a constitutional principle, that *the people have a right to resist oppression*. “I am not at present concerned (says he, speaking of the deposition of one of our kings) to enquire whether the charge brought against Edward II. was or was not well founded; but admitting that it was, the Parliament proceeded upon a principle, which in the case of individuals is perfectly understood and universally assented to. I mean the right of self-defence in cases of great and urgent necessity, and where no other remedy is at hand, a right which the law of nature giveth, and no law of society hath taken away.” And he might have added, which no law of society can take away. “If this be true in the case of individuals, it will be equally so in the case of nations, under the like circumstances of necessity. For all the rights and powers for defence and preservation belonging to society are nothing more than the natural rights and powers of individuals transferred to and concentrating in the body for the preservation of the whole. And from the law of self-preservation resulteth the well-known maxim *Salus populi suprema Lex*.”

Citizens, will you not hear with astonishment, that this very maxim, laid down by Judge Foster, in his Crown Law, was one of the maxims for reprinting which, we were accused of High Treason, kept seven months in close confinement (which

(which you are told was no punishment at all) and afterwards tried for our lives at the Bar of the Old Bailey? "I think" continues Judge Foster "the principles here laid down must be admitted; unless any one will chuse to say, that individuals in a community are, in certain cases, under the protection of *the primitive law of self-preservation*, but communities, composed of the same individuals, are, in the like cases, excluded. Or that when the enemy is at the gate every single soldier may and ought to stand to his arms; but the garrison must surrender at discretion." Such are the sentiments of this learned Judge, that the people, in cases of the last dire necessity have a right, upon principles of self-defence, to preserve themselves from ruin and destruction. I do not wish to root out from your hearts the conviction of this truth, but I wish to plant by the side of it another truth, that the redress obtained by headlong violence never can be as effectual as that which is obtained by benevolent means. Thus we see the Republic of France, after having rushed through violence after violence, and finding only change of tyranny, is at last obliged to resort to the principles of benevolence and humanity; and before her work can be completed she must call into action a still larger proportion of these generous principles.

Citizens, It is necessary that we consider a little what are the limits of self-defence. We lay it down as a principle; but before we act upon any principle we ought to understand it. The very term defence supposes it to be the only means you have of redress. If an assassin meets me at the corner of the street, and aims a poniard at my breast, if I have no other means of preservation, I have a right to poniard him. But if I have the power to arrest his hand, and take from him the weapon of destruction, it would be murder in me to prefer the use of the poniard. If the same assassin, struggling in my gripe, resisting my benevolent intention to preserve his life, falls prostrate at my feet, however provoked I may have been in the quarrel, whatever stripes or injuries, whatever wounds I may have received, if I strike my prostrate enemy to the heart, the principle of prospective principle of virtue is abandoned, the retrospective passion of revenge triumphs—he is the injured man and I become, myself, the assassin.

Let us consider then that nothing but the last extremity can justify an appeal to violence. Let us not listen to that sanguinary enthusiasm which breathes revenge—which talks of force and violence. There is no force like truth; there is

no omnipotency but reason. Let this force, this omnipotency be the objects of your constant attention; and do not fear, Citizens, but that the condition of mankind will be ameliorated. All amelioration must be gradual; no society ever rushed at once from absolute tyranny to perfect freedom; no person ever rose from raging disease to florid health in an instant. We may change one sort of misery for another, but change is not always redress.

Citizens, this prospective system, which is to lead by steps to political amelioration, ought to actuate you not only in your public but in your private feelings. Never forget that virtue is a uniform principle; that the same principle that makes a man virtuous in public life, would, if applied to private affairs, make him virtuous there also. There is but one principle of virtue—the principle of benevolence; and the only way to promote this benevolence is to keep our attention fixed upon the circumstances that surround us, and to be constantly considering how we can ameliorate or improve the condition of mankind. To this all our faculties ought to be directed; nor let it be forgotten, that in whatever notions or prejudices we have been brought up, we are practically vicious whenever we consume the energies of our minds by fixing our eyes upon that which is past and irretrievable, and resigning ourselves to the retrospective emotions of revenge, repentance, or regret.

Citizens, in this respect, I come before you (such as it is) with my example as well as my precept. I have recently passed through one of the severest struggles which human nature can experience. I have lost, since I saw you last, a parent by whose aged side, year after year, I have toiled through many a scene of trial and calamity. With her I have met, unappalled the grim countenance of disaster—almost of want; and I have beheld in her age, the same fortitude, the same undrooping resolution that buoyed up myself. This aged partner has been torn from my side. I will not dwell upon her virtues; for what are the virtues of an obscure individual to mankind? I will tell you, however, that she fell a victim to the public spirit of her son. Already bowed down with years and infirmities, the blast of ministerial oppression aimed against this head, though powerless to bend the young oak against which it was directed, struck, in its passage, the aged plant, whose sap could no longer resist its influence.

She broke.—I beheld, when I came from the jaws of my miserable dungeon, the characters of death upon her countenance.

I saw

I saw that she was not long for this world. My conviction was too prophetic. She is gone. I have soothed her last moments; I have caught her expiring breath; and these hands have sealed her eyes.

What can I more ?

Society lives; and it is to the living, and to them alone, that benefit can be imparted.

Be gone, ye idle, melancholy sensations; ye feelings that can produce no fruit.—I call upon *Roman energy*—I call upon *Spartan fortitude*, which characterised the pure and virtuous republicans of the ancient world;—upon these I call to steel my heart with firmness. Let me, so long as I exist, impart (such as it is) my advice, my little knowledge, my best assistance to my fellow citizens; and let me not, by unavailing regrets, and retrospective views, consume the energies to which I have no exclusive right—which are your's—which are the property of my country—of all mankind. For I am not a solitary individual. I stand not upon a world where I behold no inhabitant but myself. I am but a part—a little, little member of the great animal of human society—a palpillary nerve upon one of the extremities! and I must do that duty to the whole, for which by my structure and organization I am adapted.

TORIES—or RAPPAREES.

The Banditti of Ireland, now known by the name of WHITE-BOYS or RAPPAREES, were originally called TORIES; and gave their name to that notorious Faction. The following Account of them, therefore, from Sir John Dalrymple may be entertaining; especially as the reflecting Reader will trace in their manners a striking resemblance with those of the CHOUANS and ROYALISTS of La Vendée, whom that raving Aristocrat, Montgaillard, with consistent infatuation calls "the virtuous and simple peasants of Poitou."

THE *Rapparee* was the lowest of the low people. He lived in the country upon potatoes alone; in his clothing he was half naked; his house consisted of a mud-wall, and a few branches of trees, covered with grass or bushes, the one end of the branch being stuck in the ground, and the other

laid upon the wall; a fabric which could be erected in an hour. He was a part rather of the spot on which he grew, than of the community to which he belonged; or when he entered into society, he did it with all the selfishness and ferocity of uncivilized nature. Each party (the adherents of James and William) hunted out these people against the other though the instrument of vengeance often recoiled upon themselves; for the Rapparees knew little difference between friend and foe; receiving no mercy, they gave none; and, not regarding their own lives, they were always masters of those of other men. They rendezvoused during the night, coming to some solitary station, from an hundred places at once, by paths which none else knew: there, in darkness and desarts, they planned their mischievous expeditions. Their way of conducting them was, sometimes to make incursions from a distance in small bodies, which as they advanced, being joined at appointed places by others, greater and greater every hour; and, as they made their incursions at times when the moon was quite dark, it became impossible to trace their steps, except by the cries of those whom they were murdering, or the flames of the houses, barn-yards, and villages, which they burnt as they went along. At other times, they hung about the cantonments of the troops, under pretence of asking written protections, or of complaining that they had been driven from their country by the other army. It was difficult to detect, or to guard against them till too late, seeing they went unarmed, and more with the appearance of being overcome with fears themselves, than of giving them to others: but they carried the locks of their muskets in their pockets, or hid them in dry holes of old walls, and laid the muskets themselves, charged and closely corked up at the muzzle and touch-hole, in ditches with which they were acquainted: so that bodies of regular troops often found themselves defeated in an instant, they knew not how or from whence. Their retreat was equally swift and safe; because they ran off into bogs, by passages with which others were unacquainted, and hiding themselves in the unequal surfaces formed by the bog-grass, or laying themselves all along in muddy water, with nothing but the mouth and nostrils above, it became more easy to find game than the fugitives. These people gave an unusual horror to the appearance of war; because they mangled the bodies of those whom they slew, partly from rage, and partly to strike terror; and they tore corsets from their graves for the sake of their shrouds.

POLI-

POLITICAL SONGS.

THE world is by this time pretty well acquainted with some of the juggling theatrical tricks which were played off, with such unavailing effrontery, during the late trials. Few of these, perhaps, were more disgraceful to the managers of the prosecution than that which related to the following *Bagatelles*. Three songs, printed upon one sheet of paper, were produced in Court, with great solemnity, by the counsel for the prosecution, upon Hardy's trial; which were proved to have been written and published by me, and sung at the London Corresponding Society. Neither of these songs were, however, read, although Mr. Erskine humorously pressed the prosecutors to amuse the Court with them, as they might enliven them after the dull business they had been obliged to toil through. But in the course of the examinations frequent allusions were made to, and verses quoted, not from these, but from songs of a sanguinary and censurable description; and thus the Court was left to suppose, and many persons, both in and out of Court did suppose, that those bloodthirsty stanzas were the production of my pen. The fact is, that no sentiment of that description ever was sent into the world from me: unless, indeed, the ludicrous story of the Game Cock (a narrative founded in fact, and repeated in the warmth of debate, to shew the difference between muscular and voluntary motion), can be considered as an exception.

The same artifice was again played off, in part, upon my trial. The songs were again produced, with their former solemnity, and proved to have been sold at my Lecture Room; but immediately laid by in silence, notwithstanding the admonition of my Counsel, "What, the *Songs* are not to be read." The sanguinary quotations were not, however repeated; it appearing, perhaps, better to trust to the general impression already spread abroad, than to hazard the unraveling of the plot by necessitating me to demand that my songs should be read.

I shall make no comment on this proceeding. It requires none. But, considering the opinion that has been sent abroad, it is, perhaps an act of justice to myself, and to society, to reprint these Songs, that the public may see how far they support the character so insidiously given to them.

SONG I.

SONG I. *News from Toulon; or, The Men of Gotham's Expedition.* Sung at the Globe Tavern, at the General Meeting of the London Corresponding Society.

SILENCE, men of Gotham all, in country, court and city,
With drooping hearts and downcast eyes, attend unto my
ditty,
A ditty all so sad and strange, from Toulon late I brought it,
And sure you ought to love it dear, for dearly you have
bought it.

Hum! hum! hum!

The burthen of my song is a wondrous *transformation*,
That late (by *hocus pocus* sure) befel a neighbouring nation,
For while *Bastilles* were tumbling down, and palaces of
Neroes,
Lo! a *Swinish Multitude* were chang'd to men and heroes.

Hum! hum! hum!

There **SOLDIERS**, *hir'd to cut the throats of those whom they pro-*
tected,
Transform'd to zealous Citizens, the Court's commands re-
jected;
While **LAWYERS** (wondrous strange to tell!) to honest men
converted,
Plac'd *Reason on the seats of Law*, and quirks and fees de-
serted.

Hum! hum! hum!

There cloister'd **MONKS**, who dream'd and pray'd, with
shaven skulls so bare, Sirs,
Transform'd to useful lab'ers, itch no more in shirts of hair,
Sirs,
E'en **PRIESTS** their *holy frauds* forfake, the public weal to
plan, Sirs,
And chaste and pious **NUNS** demand to learn the *rights of*
man, Sirs.

Hum! hum! hum!

There *Superstition's temples* too—(but hush! I fear 'tis treason!
Are chang'd to temples (strange indeed!) of liberty and
reason!
While *crucifixes, relics, shrines, apostles, saint, and martyr*,
These *sans culottes* (oh! impious dogs!) for beef and brandy
barter.

Hum! hum! hum!

Oh! **WORFUL TIMES!** when schemes like these can madden
 every brain, **Sirs,**
 When *priests, saints, lords and ministers* come tumbling down
 amain, **Sirs;**
 Then those who've plunder'd long the land, alas! refund
 their riches,
 That every villain *Sans-culotte* may get a pair of breeches—
 Hum! hum! hum!

But woe, alas! not here can stop the renovating fury,
 But *Kings and Princes, Queens and Lords* must bow to judge
 and jury;
 Nay, *little CAPET*, so 'twas said, since changes went so fast,
Sirs,
 Must cobble up his *royal thoughts*, and labour at his last, **Sirs.**
 Hum! hum! hum!

This news to **GOTHAM** late arrived, when her wise men
 assembled,
 While *pensioners* were struck aghast, and every *placeman*
 trembled;
 "To arms!" cries each *Aristocrate*, "for if the tempest ga-
 thers,
 "They'll slay us all, and tan our hides, to furnish upper
 "leathers."
 Hum! hum! hum!

A mighty man, and mighty mighty fleet, then sought a mighty
 harbour;
 He came, *saw, conquer'd*—**GOTHAM'S CHIEFS** declar'd it *quite*
the barber.
 Then thus says he "To France at large I bring most glorious
 news, **Sirs;**
 "For *Louis*, by my **NOSE** I swear! shall never cobble shoes,
Sirs."
 Hum! hum! hum!

But, ah! those base-born *sans culottes* kick'd up a mighty riot,
 Nor man of *Gotham, Naples, Spain*, could sleep a night in
 quiet:
 The panic seiz'd on man and beast, of terror all were full,
Sirs;
 And e'en his **POPESHIP'S** *cows and calves* were silent as his
BULL, Sirs.
 Hum! hum! hum!

Thus

Thus while the rout and ruin reign, which nothing could
 controul, Sirs,
 Each would himself a *Cobler* be, might he but save his *soul*,
 Sirs;
 Nay, *Gotham's Captain*, while the balls were whizzing in his
 ears, Sirs,
 Began to think he was not like to live a *thousand* years, Sirs.
 Hum! hum! hum!

Thus ends, the woeful tale, good friends, of *Gotham's* expedition;
 A tale must fill each loyal breast with sorrow's sharp attrition,
 And so God save kings, priests, and lords, and princes altogether,
 And shield them, in these changeful times, from lapstones, lasts, and leather.

Hum! hum! hum!

¶ Since the insertion (in No. V.) of the account of HARRY EATON'S Examination, as printed in the Morning Post, I have received, from himself, a correct and authentic copy of that very interesting document, which shall be inserted in the next Number; and which will be found much more satisfactory than the one before published: The fact, I understand, is, that as soon as he returned from the Privy Council, he wrote out, in the most accurate manner he could recollect, the whole Examination; a copy of which he took to the office of the Morning Post. This copy was unfortunately lost by the person to whom it was intrusted, but not till after he had read it over with considerable attention; and from the recollection of this perusal the report printed in that paper was made. I am happy, however, to have an opportunity of laying before the public a much more ample account of that very curious examination: the authenticity of which the youth is ready to attest.

* * * The two following Numbers will contain the whole of the Lectures "On the distinction between Party Spirit and Public Principle; with Strictures on the Letters of Lord Lauderdale to the Peers of Scotland, and Lord Fitzwilliam on the Affairs of Ireland."

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. VIII.

Saturday, 2d May, 1795.

*Historical Strictures on WHIGS and TORIES.—From
the FIRST LECTURE On the Distinction between
PARTY SPIRIT and PUBLIC PRINCIPLE.*

AMONG the innumerable evils which have been entailed upon mankind by party names, there is one which deserves particular attention; namely, that they have a tendency to perpetuate divisions between one body of individuals and another, long after all the principles which were in agitation between them have died away; and thus by creating the appearance of distinction where, in reality, it does not exist, de-lude the public mind, lead it from the investigation of general principles to the contests of individuals, and make them, instead of virtue, the objects of adoration.

I do not mean, Citizens, to contend with you, that while governments continue to be constituted as most governments at this time are, that society can be expected to exist without such distinctions. I am very well aware, that while corruption shall domineer, and tyranny overwhelm, there will necessarily be lines of distinction between the great body of the people and their rulers. One part of the nation will be advocates for the rights of the people, and the other sycophants to the power that can reward their adulation. I am sure, that while this system lasts we must always have some who will idolize authority and be advocates for the prerogatives of rulers; while others, I hope, we shall always have who will stand forward as champions for the imprescriptible rights of man, and maintain, with firmness and ardour, the duty of government to promote the general happiness and welfare of the human race.

"There is no city," says *Machiavel*, "but is divided into two factions; because the nobles always seek to command and oppress the people, and the people to save themselves from obedience and oppression." And the most revered of the ancient historians, by shewing us that the same character prevailed in the aristocracy of ancient Rome, as *Machiavel* ascribes to that of modern Italy, lead us to conclude that the

vice is in the institution and not in the particular individuals. "Avarice and insolence," says *Tacitus*, "are the common vices of the great." "Pride and arrogance," says *Paterculus*, "are natural to nobility." And *Montesquieu*, though himself a member of the aristocracy, finishes the picture by describing "ignorance, indolence, and contempt of civil government" as the "natural characteristics of the nobles." It is evident, therefore, that while society is so organized, parties, in one sense, that is to say, contentions of opposing interests must continue.

While such systems exist it is in vain to look for that unanimity which proceeds from languor and indifference on the one hand, or from a universal spirit of liberty on the other. It is only when governments are so constituted either that nothing but despotism and doctrines of despotism can be promulgated, or that the interests of the governors and governed are united together, that such unanimity can prevail.

I will not pretend to say under what particular forms of government the latter may be expected, for the future, best to flourish; but certain it is, that, if we regard the history of mankind, we shall find that those which have been farthest removed from the government of an individual, and have tended most to the republican system, have been those in which this virtuous concord has most prevailed; and in which the most glorious effects have consequently been produced to mankind.

It is not my duty, however, to point out modes and forms of government. It will be more instructive, perhaps, to keep the eye fixed upon that state of society which, in theory, we ought to enjoy in this country, to compare how far this theory and the practice agree together, and what are the pernicious excrescences which have grown out of the government to the detriment of this theory.

As long as this country has been distinguished by any spirit of enquiry or liberty, it has been divided regularly and uniformly into two parties. At first we had no other division than that which resulted from one party supporting the individual authority of the sovereign, and the other maintaining the power and the equal prerogatives of the aristocracy.

The contentions of the aristocrats of former periods, who were the only persons who had power or light enough to contend, have been marked with great approbation in the pages of history; in some instances perhaps with more than they deserve, compared with the present state of political illumination,

mination, but certainly not more than they merited, considering the state of society in which those exertions were made. I refer you particularly to those contentions which took place during the reigns of John and Henry III.—contentions which, though really in support of aristocratical privileges, with very few exceptions, produced what has been considered as the foundation or ground work of the British Constitution.

I shall not enter into the merits of Magna Charta. It is a melancholy task to investigate the merits of departed friends! I shall not, therefore, enter into the merits or defects of that great instrument, as it is called, of our liberties. It is enough to observe that it formed a barrier between two great parties in the nation; one of which was sometimes prevalent, and sometimes the other. We find, however, that they agreed uniformly in one principle, namely, to keep no faith while they had the power in their hands to break it. Sovereigns and nobles vied with each other in the arts of treachery and perjury, and all the powers of the priesthood assembled to give countenance to their proceedings. They stood with lighted tapers in their hands, and swore to observe the provisions of the Great Charter and the Charta de Foresta, they threw down their candles, and with solemn imprecations wished that the souls of those who should violate them might so expire and sink in hell (such was the elegant language of the times) as the tapers flunk and expired upon the earth. But no sooner was the sword hid in the scabbard, no sooner was the armour hung in idle trophies in the halls of the respective Barons, than the Charters were violated, the provisions of liberty, such as they were, repealed; and the sovereigns, once again, such is the infatuated thirst of power which particular officers create, aimed at arbitrary dominion and attempted to support it by mercenary troops and alliances with foreign despots like themselves.

The barons, not more nice, when they had got the king entirely in their power (as sometimes happened) continued to rule, *in his name* it is true—for ministers, you know, can make use of the name of the sovereign when they have usurped all the power to themselves!—They continued to make use of the *name* of the sovereign, but grasped to themselves the *power*; and oppressed at once both the prerogatives of the crown, and the rights and liberties of the people.

These parties differed, in some degree, from the factions of the present day. It was not a mere struggle who should be *in* place and who should be *out*. One party contended to support an absolute despotism over the whole, and the other

struggled for the emancipation of a class. They had one thing, however, in common with modern parties. They had no first principles, no great lights of truth and virtue to guide and direct them; and they were therefore totally indifferent about the interests of the great mass of the people, any further than as it was necessary to hold out to them some *shew* of favour and advantage to persuade them to be subservient to their views.

In later periods other struggles have arisen. The accession of the family of the Stuarts, happened at a period when mankind were considerably enlightened. Enquiry had gone abroad; and there were some persons who could read and write, aye, and understand what they read into the bargain, who were neither priests nor nobles. Enquiry getting thus abroad, the mass of the people began to feel a disposition to attain a degree of liberty for themselves, and we soon had the appearance of parties formed upon something more like principle than any thing evident in the former parts of our annals.

I shall not dwell upon passages of history so well known. It will be necessary only to call your attention to the names, the description, and the nature of the parties which existed at that period. We shall find that in the distinctions of Whig and Tory, whatever may now be the case, there was, originally, an actuating motive in one different from that which prompted the other; and that they were not, in the first instance, merely nick-names for two factions mutually struggling for the attainment of the same object.

Citizens, we shall find that Whig and Tory, originally meant, in this country, precisely the same as Aristocrat and Sans Culotte now mean in France.

I know very well, Citizens, that I have been tried for High Treason for calling myself a Sans Culotte, and that some who are called Whigs are not very well pleased at the term. To such Whigs I may be expected to make some apology, before I endeavour to prove that, if they mean any thing when they talk of *Whiggism*, they have no right to find fault with those who boast of their *Sans Culottism*. But apology is not the language of the advocates of truth, and if I can convince them that the thing is as I state, it is not for me to enquire, whether they will be pleased or displeased with the conviction.

Bishop Burnet informs us, that the origin of this title of Whig, is to be traced to Scotland. He tells us, that the South West counties of Scotland, not containing a sufficient quantity of corn for the consumption of the inhabitants, and the

the Northern portions of the country producing a larger quantity than was necessary for their consumption, a great fair was held at *Leith*, to which the inhabitants of the Northern part used to convey their grain, where the *Whiggamors* of the South, that is to say, the drivers of *Whiggams* or waggons, used to come to purchase the corn wanted in their respective towns and villages.

Now it happened, that some how or other, these *Whiggamors*, coming to *Leith*, happened to pick up something besides the grain which they came to buy. They happened to pick up some degree of intelligence, relative to the oppression of their country, (feeling enough of it themselves) and the causes of that oppression, and to contract thereby a desire for redress.

After the defeat of the Duke of Hamilton's army, the ministers, I mean the preachers of that part of the country, animated the people to seek a redress of their grievances; and they accordingly went to the amount of 60,000 to Edinburgh, where they were headed by the Marquis of Argyle. This was afterwards called the *Whiggamores* insurrection; and by way of abbreviation, the insurrection of the *Whigs*. And the Aristocrats, by way of fixing an odium upon the advocates of liberty, called them all, in terms of contempt, *Whigs*, or persons so poor and wretched, that they were obliged to drive their own teams to market. Thus the title at first fixed upon the common people of Scotland, became afterwards to be applied to all persons, of whatever rank or condition, who were advocates for those people. From Scotland it travelled in time to England, and eventually supplanted the name of Roundheads, by which the partizans of the Parliament were at first distinguished. Thus, then, by *Whigs*, is meant nothing more than the common people, or advocates for the common people.

Now let us see what is the meaning of *Sans Cullotte*. The wretchedness of the common people of France under the old despotic government is well known. It was very common in the streets of Paris to see numbers of poor half naked beings shivering in want and wretchedness. Hence they came to be called *Sans Cullottes*: that is to say, people so wretched as not to possess a pair of inexpressibles to conceal their nakedness.

Precisely in this sense was the term *Sans Cullottes* made use of at the beginning of the present revolution. The enlightened friends of mankind, however, soon began to reflect that there was no great crime in being poor, and therefore thought
it

it no shame to be considered Sans Cullottes themselves. Warm-ed with generous feelings they disdained to see these poor beings trampled on earth; and then treated with ignominy and insult because they were so trampled. They felt a common interest with their oppressed fellow Citizens, and claimed fellowship with them. We are Sans Cullottes also, said they; we uphold the principle that the multitude was not made for one or two individuals; but that government was instituted for the benefit of the multitude; and that, therefore, the Sans Cullottes ought to be so provided for and protected by the constitution of their country that distinctions so odious and contemptible might be wiped away. Thus terms of reproach became converted into expressions of public virtue and principle; and men were found in all ranks and departments of society, who were not ashamed to acknowledge that the human being shivering in want and nakedness was still one of his brethren: and that it was his duty to labour for his emancipation from such misery.

Citizens, Another definition of the term *Whig*, which some historians have insisted upon, is somewhat different. It will bring you, however, to the same point, and shew you that the principle of defending the rights of the lower orders of society was all that was meant by this name. There was a particular sort of butter milk in Scotland, the general food of the lower orders of society, which was called *Whig*, whence *Whig-eaters* and *Whigs*—a name equally descriptive of the lower orders of society, who were guilty of the abominable crime of being only able to obtain sour butter-milk for their food and sustenance.

Now, Citizens, having shewn that by *Whig*, or *Sans Cullottes*, or *Swinish Multitude*, nothing more is meant than the common, that is, the great mass of the people, let us see what is the origin of the word *Tory*. We shall find, I believe, that it resembles pretty much the idea that most people at this day begin to entertain of *Aristocrats*:—I do not mean by *Aristocrats* those men who, from never having considered the subject, and not understanding, in reality, what the principles of either party are, have been led by the visionary ravings of Burke and Wyndham, to suppose that *Sans Cullotism* means cutting throats, and that *Aristocracy* means preserving property. Such infatuated dupes deserve our pity, but are not entitled to our reproach.

Tories, then, was a name given in the time of the Stewarts to the party at first distinguished by the title of Cavaliers,
—supporters

—supporters of royal prerogative, supporters of the absolute dominion of a few over the great multitude.

The word *Tory* was a name originally belonging to an Irish banditti; a set of robbers who infested the mountains of that country, and committed all sorts of depredation upon the property of those who happened to fall within their power. That is to say, whenever they could get an opportunity, they levied taxes upon the people without waiting for their consent, or that of their representatives.

These *Aristocrats of the woods and caves* becoming so powerful as to foment an insurrection and rebellion in Ireland, and the king and his court being suspected of conniving at that insurrection, and being, by his agents the Cavalier Party, the prime mover of it, the name of *Tory*, by way of retaliation for the name of *Whig*, was given to all the supporters of arbitrary authority, who believed they had a right to take the money out of the people's pockets without the sanction of *genuine representation*.

Thus *Whig* originally meant a poor man, or an advocate for the rights of the poor; *Tory* meant a plunderer, a robber; one who thought that a few have a right to commit indiscriminate spoil upon the great mass of mankind.

Thus, Citizens, these names are in reality as ancient as the first struggles between the people and their governors upon principles of liberty in this country. And you may see that they did originally convey some sort of meaning.

For a considerable time, however, the old distinctions of Cavalier and Roundhead continued to be more familiar in England.

The time when the names of Whig and Tory were pretty universally admitted on this side the Tweed is supposed, by Rapin, to be at the period of the *unfortunate* restoration of Charles the Second. I say *unfortunate* restoration. It has frequently been called the happy restoration, and the glorious restoration; but let us not be abused by terms and epithets. Unhappy indeed must it be for any country which, after a long and unavailing struggle for liberty, has a monarch restored to absolute despotism, uncurbed by any of those restrictions which the friends of virtue and humanity would wish to prescribe.

The intrigues of Hyde, afterward Lord Chancellor, and Monk, Earl of Albermarle, whose name has been so sounded and idolized, together with a few partizans, occasioned
Charles

Charles II. to be restored without compact or conditions. So that after so many years of struggle and commotion, the country was tricked and cheated by a few individuals into the relinquishment of every advantage which those struggles and commotions ought to have secured. What the consequence was, we know full well. The country had afterwards that to do again which it had done better before ; and after struggling, year after year, with the imperious despotism of Charles was obliged to drive James II. and his posterity out of the country for ever.

At the time when the party names I have been speaking of, were generally and universally adopted I am afraid a very considerable difference had taken place relative to the real meaning of the distinction. The Tories, it is true, still continued to resemble those great and worthy characters of Ireland, from whom they had taken their name. They still continued to plunder the people in so remorseless and shameless a manner, that were it not for the recollection of recent examples, we should not be able to persuade ourselves that ministers could be found with profligate impudence enough to attempt, or people who were so tame as to endure it. I am afraid, however, that those who continued to call themselves *Whigs*, did not preserve their principles in the same vigour. I cannot say that during the struggles with Charles and James, there does to my eye appear much of that disinterested virtue which had bloomed forth in the character of Hampden who sealed his principles with his blood, or those great and immortal colleagues whose struggle in the holy cause of liberty will command the admiration of mankind, so long as history shall remain and curiosity explore its page. After the fall of Sidney, at least, the names of Whig and Tory began to be little more than distinctions of two parties who were mutually struggling for the attainment of the same objects—places of emolument and distinction.

The characters of these two parties have been so ably sketched by the pen of Rapin that I shall take the liberty of quoting his own words, “ Were you to rely on what is said by
 “ both, nothing is more just, more equitable than the motives
 “ by which they are actuated, namely, the glory of God, the
 “ honour of the king, the public good and the welfare of the
 “ nation. For my part, if I may speak my mind, it is my be-
 “ lief that, as they are all men, interest is the main spring of
 “ all their actions. Since the two parties were formed each
 “ has earnestly laboured to gain the superiority over the other
 “ because

“ because this superiority is attended with posts, honours, and dignities, which are conferred on their own members, by the prevailing, in exclusion of the contrary party. This made King William say,”—for the Dutchman had some penetration. He understood pretty well, that as it was better to have a Crown than a Stadtholderate, so also it was better to have a place under that Crown than to have no place at all. “ This made King William say, that *if he had places enough to bestow he could soon reconcile the two parties.*”

Indeed, Citizens, when we consider the very constitution and organization, if I may so express myself, of parties, it is impossible such distinctions can have any permanent meaning connected with principle. For mark their language. Tory families! Whig families! as if principles, as well as estates, could be entailed by a piece of parchment, or man could take the inheritance of virtue as he takes a family name! How can it be supposed that any *house*, as it is called, generation after generation, century after century, should be more inclined to favour the rights and liberties of mankind merely because the ancestors of that House maintained those principles of old?—as if virtue were only an exhalation of putrid effluvia from “ dead men’s bones, and dust of rotten ancestry.”

Citizens, men of penetration have long seen through this mask of faction. They have long seen that *Whiggism* and *Toryism* were, in reality, nothing but stalking horses of aristocratical ambition. *Whig* and *Tory* had become so notoriously mere words of empty import, so early as the year 1711, that Dean *Swift*, though himself an adherent, in some sense, to the Tory faction, observes, “ By this time all disputes about those principles which used originally to divide *Whig* and *Tory* were wholly dropped; and those *fantastical words* ought in justice to have been so too; provided we could have found out more convenient names whereby to distinguish *lovers of peace* from *lovers of war.*”

I shall not pretend to support in this place the insinuation of *Swift*, that the *Tories* are friends to peace and *Whigs* to war: but I will say that if we are to have party distinctions, I could wish for such as have some meaning. Lovers of peace and lovers of war are certainly of this description. I hope, however, if this rational distinction does take place, it will be founded upon *principle*, and not upon *family compact*. I hope also, as the eyes of the people seem to be opening, that we shall soon find none in the party of the friends of war

but the Ministerial Cabal, their Commissaries and Contractors, who are fattened by the general ruin and desolation.

But, Citizens, it cannot be concealed, that all parties have supported the system of general carnage; nor can it be otherwise so long as things are constituted as at present. So long as war can create a wide and extensive patronage; and one man, by means of corruption, perverting that which is called a House of Representatives, into a mere "expensive" chamber for registering the edicts of a Minister," can grasp that patronage in his individual hand, so long will every man who shall be firmly fixed in the seat of power, wish to plunge nations and continents into war, that he may reap the harvest of wealth and power which war creates. Accordingly we find, that the *Whigs* had no sooner placed *their idol*, William III. upon the throne, than this nation was plunged into a crusade almost as mad as the one in which we are now engaged. Two partition treaties were signed between this Royal Republican, this Stadtholder metamorphosed into a King, by the summer fun of Britain, like a grub into a butterfly in the month of May!—Two partition treaties were signed by this Dutch Saviour of Britain, and other Sovereigns of Europe, to divide the kingdom of Spain; to fix the succession of a country to which they had no right; and to force Kings and Constitutions down the throats of the people of that country. This ambitious project sowed the seeds of incessant war; and the swords of the contracting parties were alternately turned against each other's bosoms, as seems likely to be the case among the still more frantic crusaders of the present day.

In the reign of Queen Ann too, we find our famous *Whigs*, our lovers of the rights and liberties of the people, obstinately persevering in the *war of the Grand Alliance*, till the exhausted treasures, and miseries of the country roused a general indignation against the very name of *Whiggism*, and rendered popular, for awhile, the monstrous doctrines of *Toryism*.—Hence the wretch *Sacheverell* became popular by blaspheming common sense, and publicly upholding "divine right" and "passive obedience." And when doomed to punishment by the sentence of the law, (for this is an argument which *Whigs* can use as well as *Tories*:—they also can answer by prosecution, and refute by punishment!) we find this very *Sacheverell*, by doctrines so preposterous, swelled into dangerous importance, and made the idol of the giddy populace. But the triumph of *Toryism* was
of

of short duration. The Whigs returned to power, and maintained a general ascendancy till the present Sovereign happily came to the throne.

It must be admitted, Citizens, that the Whigs certainly had done important services to the House of *Brunswick*; that it was by means of these *Whigs* that the settlement in their favour was made, and the present illustrious family were seated on the throne. It has, however, happened, from wise and benevolent motives, I make no doubt, that during the present reign the Whigs have enjoyed but little power or confidence. The *Whigs* have, therefore, been enemies to the system of war, which procured them no places, no pensions, and no patronage.

But, Citizens, it is evident, that the pacific *principle* does not really belong to a particular set of men. I have never found any first principles or elementary doctrines laid down by one party in direct contradiction to the doctrines of the other. I have found them opposing particular measures, and contending with all the warmth of interested zeal, that the party in power abuses the administration and government of the country in a way in which they would not abuse it if they had the happiness to be in the same situation. But to what principle have they pledged themselves? What object have you seen them stedfastly pursue? Has not party after party amused you with hopes of reform, and when they came into power, have they not totally abandoned every project upon which they had built their popularity.

Party enthusiasm, however, has continued to be nourished; and many individuals even of considerable intelligence, have mistaken this *party enthusiasm* for *attachment to liberty*. Hence the names of *Wilkes* and *Liberty* and *Fox* and *Liberty*, have been echoed from mouth to mouth, as if the men were the chief objects of our veneration, and liberty nothing but the domestic waiting in their train.

The conduct, however, of persons formerly members of what is called the *Whig Party*, has, I believe, in a considerable degree, opened the eyes of the nation. We have seen *Burke*, so indignant against the wicked attempt to curb the spirit of American liberty, the first to raise the war-whoop of Faction, and enforce the necessity of plunging all Europe into war, to destroy the same virtuous principles in France. Yes, we have seen this individual once so loud in behalf of liberty and the Rights of Man, brandishing his dagger in political phrenzy, and out ranting the maddest hero that ever strutted

in a barn, in execration of the very name of Freedom, while *Wyndham, Elliot, Portland, Spencer*, joined in the chorus of apostacy, and applauded his ravings.

What principle did *Whiggism* ever uphold which the leaders of *Whiggism* have not abandoned and reprobated? Consult the furious declamations of this Burke; consult the metaphysical phrenzies of Wyndham; and the childish longings of Portland for a bit of ribbon. Consult, if you please, the conduct of Fitzwilliam—popular as a particular circumstance may have made him in the sister kingdom!—See this temporary idol of an infatuated nation coalesce, for the short lived dignity of mock royalty, with a man whom he held in the utmost indignation, and at the very time when the conduct of that man was more suspicious than ever, and then lament if you can that the dreams of his ambition should end so soon in degradation and insult from a being who seems to have entered into a conspiracy to degrade the aristocratic character below even what the advocates of democracy would represent it.

Citizens, if you could have any doubt that places, emoluments, and distinctions are the only objects for which those parties have been contending, this must convince you—As soon as all hope of getting into power by other means has vanished, what do they do? Why, at the very time when these men whose strides to arbitrary power they have so frequently denounced, are taking a stride more gigantic than ever entered the imagination of any minister, for above a century, you find them making compacts and agreements with these men, and accepting the very scraps and fragments of places—the very offal from the full banquet of ministerial insolence; grasping at any thing they can get, and on any terms; and consenting to seal the compact of their copartnership in the blood of patriots and reformers.

In short—What has been the conduct of all parties? Have they not uniformly succeeded one to the other, and pursued the same measures when in place which they reprobated when out? Has any administration, for half a century back, nay, for a century, granted any one advantage to the people, but what has been extorted by hard and determined struggles, and usurped back again as soon as the public mind is quieted. Leave them then and their unintelligible squabbles to themselves; and fix your eyes upon nobler objects. Principles alone and not particular measures ought to occupy your attention. There can be no good practice which does not spring out of good principle, for principles are the stamina of society, and individual actions are only the smaller ramifications produced from their commanding energy.

WHIG ADMINISTRATIONS.—*From the same.*

WHAT then are the great advantages which this Whig Party, ever since it was so denominated, has bestowed upon this country.

They placed, it is true, William III. upon the throne: or rather the Whigs and Tories coalesced together; because they found that not only the people, but the Aristocracy were to be sacrificed to the sullen and gloomy tyranny of James the Second: because they saw that priests and superstition were to have the sole dominion of the country; and that the power neither of one party nor the other could be supported without a change. They placed William the Third upon throne, but what restrictions did they make to secure the happiness of the people?—Did they reform the abuses in the representation of the Commons House of Parliament? Did they *restore* to the people *their* right of annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage? No.—Did they repeal the law of *Henry VII.* by which Universal Suffrage was abolished, and the present system of borough jobbing introduced? No: They could get no accession to power; they could get no influence or emolument by such alterations, and therefore left them as they found them: or rather they ratified, by their triennial bill, that which never had been ratified before. They gave the colour of law to that which before was usurpation; and sanctified the oppression they ought to have overthrown. But mark what they did besides—They plunged the country into continental wars; they laid the foundation of that national debt which has been ever since increasing, year after year, till its enormous burden is ready to crush the nation into ruin; they connived at the horrible massacres of Glenco; massacres more deliberate and more wicked than those that have taken place in France, during the Revolution.

Let us trace them a little further.—What did they do in the reign of Queen *Anne*? They procured, it is true, the bill for the succession of the House of *Hanover*. We, no doubt, feel *as we ought*, the gratitude due to the *Whigs* on that account. But they still pursued the same conduct of plunging into continental wars, which swelled the national debt, of which before they had laid the foundation, and increased the burdens and calamities of the country. These same Whigs having seated the House of Hanover upon the throne, the first Parliament of George I. met upon the 17th of March 1715. And one of their first acts was to confirm the system of maintaining a
standing

standing army in time of peace in the country. They had already assented to it in the reign of William III. They now confirmed it.—Another of their Acts was the *Riot Act*, under which a poor being who shewed an honest indignation against Crimps and Kidnappers lately expired by the felon hand of the executioner. Another of the measures of this *Whig* administration, was the *suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act*. The *Whigs* speak loudly against its suspension in the present instance; and they do rightly; but this will shew you that *Whigs* and *Tories*, when in power, can use the same instruments. I do not mean to say that the pretences for the suspension in 1715 were quite so weak and frivolous as those under which it is now suspended. But they set the example to those at present in power. Another of the acts which passed under the administration of these *Whigs* was the famous *Septennial Act*. They had already abridged the right of election from annual to once in three years, and now they reduced it to once in seven. They might, as justly have passed another Act to make the Parliament perpetual, and the seats descendible, like *other property*, from father to son. And descendible from father to son in reality they are: for it is not the individual who sits there, it is the person who appoints the Member that is the real Legislator: and if Mr. *Rose*, the immaculate, the modest Mr. *Rose*, possesses, as I understand, a freehold estate in as much plank and green baize in St. Stephen's Chapel, as six Members can cover with their representative bums, it follows as a consequence that Mr. *Rose*, and his descendants to all generations are in possession of an hereditary right to six voices in that virtuous Assembly. So much for the representation of the people, which the "*soi disant* Friends of the People" would not now distract the public mind by seeking to reform.

On the frequent Instances of Tyranny and Corruption among English Judges.

From the Preface to State Trials.

"A Judge is the Creature of the Crown."

"IT has not always been the good fortune of England to have the bench adorned with such persons as behaved impartially, without bearing hard upon the innocent, or shewing allowable favour to the guilty. The reader will light upon certain

certain periods, wherein the Judges, who ought, by the duty of their place, to be the great barrier, and to act impartially between Prince and People, have, notwithstanding given opinions in direct contradiction to the known fundamental laws of the nation, and, as far as in them lay, sacrificed the constitution and liberties of the kingdom to the pride and ambition of an arbitrary Monarch. *This generally ended in the downfall of such Judges, and the Ministers whose tools they were; the politics of those times not having arrived at that height, to know how to influence the representative body of the nation: for what need could Ministers have to corrupt the interpreters of the law, if the makers of it were entirely at their devotion?*"

[This reflection is in part very just. It may, however, sometimes be worth the while of the *proprietor* of a dependant majority in the House of Commons to corrupt the Judges, because, on account of the superstitious attachment of the people to the *idea* of being governed by their ancient laws, it is safer *sophistically* to violate the laws, by means of agents who can no longer be made responsible for their misinterpretations, than *openly* to repeal and alter them as fast as a Minister might find occasion.

Besides such interpreters are necessary engines to destroy, *ex post facto* interpretations, such virtuous men as may be bold enough to combat and expose the incroachments of the despot.]

"Others there have been (as the reader will have too frequent occasion to remark) who, regardless of right and wrong, and all the solemn oaths they had sworn, have *under colour of law, but yet in open defiance of natural justice*, made no scruple to murder the innocent, and by foul, unwarrantable practices to acquit the guilty, *just as they received their directions from, or thought it would be best pleasing to those above them*: to such a monstrous pitch of barefaced iniquity were they arrived, that they stuck not to determine the same point different ways at different times, making the law a mere nose of wax, but always turning it to the destruction of the person tried before them."

Fatal Effects of the Dependence, and consequent Pliability and Corruption of Judges.

"THIS Judge," says Mr. Pierpoint, speaking of Sir Robert Berkley, in the time of Charles I. "did advise such a government

government as future Kings here might exercise the highest tyranny, and the subjects want the benefit of restraints, known to the most slavish eastern nations; where, if their prince do unjustly, he hath hatred for it, and the dangers that follow that. There is no *such bondage as when the laws of freedom are misrepresented by Judges to make men slaves.*

“For a Judge to be unjust more hurts the public than any other. He is not suspected. What a Judge doth, is looked on as a thing that ought to be done. The most pernicious great man that by cunning hath got to himself the heart and tongue of his prince, his ill acts have died with him, if not taken up by others, and then they walk in darkness; no man will justify what he doth, by saying such a favourite did it: But the unjust judgments of this Judge were given in noon-day, were done in the face of the whole kingdom, in the hearing of such as might carry the news to all parts of the realm, and was therefore done: his unjust judgments were our records. We have seen wicked great men most craftily politic; they hated our laws, yet not meeting with active Judges moulded to their purposes, they and their acts have died, the realm flourished: but of late, others less politic, meeting with most unjust Judges, every way as ill as they coul wish them to be; then did the kingdom faint, under the load of its misery did long struggle.”—“If the designs of some would not have such a man to be at liberty, a warrant from some of the Lords of the Council would soon have laid him in prison, and given no cause; had he moved this Judge to be discharged or bailed, he could have obtained neither. If their ways would not have endured that man to live, a Judge, reviling the prisoner, and the Counsel that moved for his discharge or bail, joined with the hate of some great man, might soon have moved a gaoler for unwholesome rooms and lodging, and ill diet for his prisoner, and they may soon take life away. Offenders in prisons are looked after to be safe only; such as are brought in by power against law, are abused.”

St. T. vol. i. p. 693.

A Reflection from Voltaire.

HUMAN NATURE has not arrived at such perfection, as to admit that any Prince shall have a sufficient quantity of moderation to be content with all the power it is possible for him to have; wisdom enough to know his own happiness, and goodness sufficient to support the happiness of others, when instrumental to his own.

B.

EXAMINATION OF HARRY EATON BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL,

Copied from the Memorandums written by himself, immediately upon his return. (The Original in his own Hand-writing is in the possession of J. T. and can be produced if ever it should be necessary.)

ON the 14th of May last, *Mr. Schaw* the messenger, with two assistants, came to the house of *J. Thelwall*, commanding me to appear before the Privy Council, and to go with them now; and on going before the Privy Council they asked me the following questions:—

Q. What is your name?

A. Harry Eaton.

Q. Do you live with Mr. Thelwall?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. How long have you lived with him?

A. About four or five months.

Here one of the Privy Council asked if I was sworn; and, upon being answered in the negative, he desired an officer present to swear me; upon which I told them, that I would not answer any questions, unless Mr. Thelwall was present; as I was not of myself a competent judge what questions I ought, or ought not, to answer.

The *Attorney General* then said, “that I was not brought there on any charge of any crime; and, therefore, I must answer such questions as were put to me.” Upon which I said, that I would not answer any questions unless I could have the opinion of a council, or an attorney, what questions I ought or ought not to answer.

The *Attorney General* then said, that what I alluded to could not be granted; and desired a person to swear me. Upon which I told the Privy Council, that I would suffer any torture, which the human mind can inflict, rather than be on my oath. Here again the *Attorney General* rose and told me, that I was not brought there to be tortured; and then suffered me to be examined without being sworn. They then asked me the following questions:

Q. Do you know your Catechism?—*A.* No.

Q. Can you say the Lord's Prayer?—*A.* No.

Q. Do you know the Belief?—*A.* No.

No. VIII,

A a

Q. Are

Q. Are you a Christian?—A. Yes.

They then shewed me a Lecture on “the System of Law, and its abuses.”

Q. Is this Mr. Thelwall’s hand-writing?

A. I cannot say whether it is, or is not. So many people write so much alike, that I cannot be positive.

Q. Do you think it is Mr. Thelwall’s hand-writing?

A. I cannot say.

Q. Do you believe it is his hand-writing?

A. Yes, I believe it is his writing; but cannot be certain.

Q. Was you at Chalk Farm on the day the meeting was there?

A. Yes, I was.

Q. Who was there present?

A. A great concourse of people.

Q. Was not Richter there?

A. Yes, I believe he was.

Q. Did he not take an active part there?

A. I cannot tell.

Q. Was not Lovet there?

A. Yes, I think he was.

They then shewed me some resolutions in manuscript.

Q. Do you know whose hand-writing those resolutions are in?

A. No, I cannot tell.

Here one of the Privy Council said, that they knew whose writing one of them was, that it was Margarot’s. Upon which I made the following remarks.

Ah! there is an instance of ministerial tyranny. A man who, for being an advocate of the same cause as Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond themselves professed before they had places and pensions. And if Mr. Margarot deserved to be transported; I am sure, that Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond deserved equally to be transported too.

They then shewed me a Lecture “on Fasts and superstitious observances.”

Q. Do you know who wrote this?—A. Yes, I do.

Q. Did Mr. Thelwall write it?—A. No.

Q. Who did write it then?—A. Part I wrote myself.

Q. Who told you to write it?

A. I cannot tell. I wrote it from Gibbon’s Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Q. Did you write it all?—A. No, I did not.

Q. Did

Q. Did Mr. Thelwall write it?

A. I do not think it is Mr. Thelwall's writing. It is too good a hand writing for his.

Q. Do you know these resolutions?

A. No, I do not. [*They have since been proved by Evans to be Martin's.*]

One of the Privy Council. Look at them. Take time,

A. No, I cannot tell whose writings they are.

Q. Did you ever see them before?

A. Never to my knowledge.

Q. Are you sure of that?—A. Yes, I am.

I here observed Mr. Pitt to be speaking to a person, whom I took to be a Member of the Privy Council, in a whispering manner; when they told me, that if I would tell all I knew, or speak the truth, the Minister would take me into favour. At this moment I felt myself so much hurt that I could not help interrupting, and expressing my indignation at such atrocious proceedings, in a place where I should have thought nothing but Virtue and Justice ought to have presided. I therefore said—

“ I never have yet sullied my eyes by the sight of the Minister, nor never wish—for he is a *Traitor to his King and Country.*” Here one of the Privy Council asked me how he was a Traitor? I replied, by increasing the national debt; by causing unnecessary wars; and taxing the people to an enormous amount; and if he did not retract, he would make the poor people hate the King, as much as ever they loved him; when in justice they ought to blame the Minister, who alone deserves the indignation of the people.

Q. Does any body then hate the King?

A. No, not as I know; *but they soon may.*

Q. I think you said you was at Chalk Farm the day the meeting was held there?

A. Yes, I was.

Q. Was you at the supper likewise?

(*Not answering directly, they told me that I was not very well that night, and that I only eat some bread and cheese.*)

A. Yes, I was there, and was very ill.

Q. We know that—Did you not see Green shew some knives of a peculiar construction?

A. I do not recollect any such thing.

Obs. A knife with a spring.

A. I don't know.

A a 2

Q. Did

Q. Did you ever see any of that description at Mr. Thelwall's?

A. Yes.

Here they paid great attention, and desired the person to be very particular in taking my answers. They then began as follows:

Q. When did you see it?

A. I cannot tell exactly.

Q. Who was it that had them there?

A. I do not know—But when it was shewn to Mr. Thelwall, he severely reprobated any such things being in the London Corresponding Society, as it might furnish the enemies of Reform with a pretence for arbitrary proceedings; and then entered into an abuse of the excesses of the French Revolution, and of the horrid massacres of Paris, and hoped never to see any such proceedings in this country; and remarked, that this (*taking up a pen*) should be the only weapon which the Society ought to use.

Q. Did not Mr. Thelwall take up a pot of porter and cut off the froth with a knife? And did not the meeting afterwards drink "The Lamp Posts?"

A. I was out of the room, and therefore knew nothing about the matter.

Q. Did you not take at the door the price of admission to Thelwall's Lectures?—A. Yes.

Q. Did you not think it a mean situation?

A. No: I thought it an honour.

Q. Do you know where Richter lives?

A. No, I do not.

They then told me, after consulting among themselves for about ten minutes, that I was at liberty to go home, provided I promised to come to-morrow. I replied—

"I cannot promise any such thing; but if you should want me again (but I don't think you will), Mr. Schaw knows where to find me."

They then advised me to go home to the Messenger's, where I should have a good supper and bed, as it was too late, to go home. I then again told them that I would rather go home, as Mrs. Thelwall would be uneasy at my stay. They then said I might go if I pleased. But before I went away, I addressed the Privy Council as Gentlemen, and asked them, "If it was consistent with the humanity which ought to accustom the breast of man, to deprive Mrs. Thelwall and her child

child of an opportunity of seeing her husband, which was the case, by an order from Mr. Dundas, or from them." Here one of the Members asked how old the child was? when I answered about ten months. Here again another said, that no such order went from them. But I said I hoped they would take this application into their consideration, as I assured them that it was truth; and that I was sorry to say by the inhuman order of Mr. Dundas. They then promised to take it into their consideration; and the day following Mr. *Schar* came and told Mr. Thelwall, that she might then see her husband.

When I came from the Privy Council I went home: and and on going to Mr. Thelwall's house, I was refused admittance by the constables; and on going away, I perceived a Messenger, who, I since have been informed, came just before me with an order to the constable, who was then attending, not to admit any person to the house; and upon which order I was refused admittance, although I told them again and again, I lived there, and was just come from the Privy Council.

(Signed)

HENRY EATON.

✍ It is worthy of remark, that scarcely one fact came out upon the trials in favour of the prisoners, but what had been again and again attested during the examinations before the Privy Council. Whatever injustice therefore, there may have been in the prosecutions, Government certainly acted with their eyes open. It will be remembered, that a similar circumstance to that which is here attested, relative to my taking up a pen and declaring it to be the only weapon, &c. (an action and sentiment which had been exceedingly common with me) was given in evidence by one of the witnesses for the Crown upon my trial. And, indeed, it was impossible for any person to have witnessed my conduct in the Society, without observing innumerable instances that marked my abhorrence of blood and violence. Yet the newspapers in the service of administration, during the whole time of our confinement, continued to paint me and my associates as a gang of bloodthirsty assassins; and on the very eve of our trials, that infamous vehicle of diurnal slander (the *Times*), occupied a whole page with the most profligate attempt to prejudicate us in the public mind, that even the assassin-like imagination of B—— or A—— could have devised. They represented the purposed convention as having assembled; painted the

the prisoners then about to be tried, in the perpetration of every enormity; and placed me, by the name of Telwell, in the chair, issuing orders for rapes and assassinations, pillaging houses, and burning towns and villages. This ingenious performance was called the "*The New Times*;" and was published in the paper of September the 6th, 1794.

So flagrant an attack upon every principle of public justice, never could have been tolerated by any country that had not a *Pitt* at the helm of Government, or a Sir *John Scott* for its Attorney General.

POLITICAL SONGS, No. 2.

A SHEEPSHEERING SONG.

COME to a song of rustic growth
 Lift all my jolly hearers,
 Whose moral plainly tends to prove
 That all the world are sheerers,
 How *shepherds* sheer their silly sheep,
 How *statesmen* sheer the state,
 And all when they can sheer no more
 Are sheer'd themselves by fate.
 Then a sheering we will go, &c.

The *farmer* sends his clippers forth,
 And deems it not a sin
 To sheer the *lambhog* of his fleece,
 And sometimes snip his skin,
 Then if his *landlord* rack-rents him,
 Can he deem it unfair
 That he thus, in his turn, again,
 Is snipp'd and fleec'd as bare.
 Then a fleecing, &c.

Nor is the wealthy *landlord's* self
 Of fleecing free from fears;
 How oft his rent-roll shrinks beneath
 His *steward's* clipping sheers;
 And if he chances, for redress,
 The *lawyer* in to call,
 Why he takes out his legal sheers,
 And fleeces worse than all.

With his capias, alias, and plurias, declaration, plea, replication, rejoinder, surrejoinder, rebutter, surrebutter, writ
 of

of enquiry, writ of error, habeas corpus—flaws; fees; three and fourpence, six and eightpence, thirteen and fourpence; one pound one, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. ad infinitum.

Thus a fleecing he does go, &c.

But when the hour of sickness comes,
And fevers mar his sleep,
This legal fleecer proves, alas!
Himself a *filly sheep*;
Grave *doctor's* call'd, whose potions, pills,
The speed of death encrease,
While his prescription sheers the while
Strip off the golden fleece;
When a fleecing he, &c.

At length the patient trembling feels
His latter end is nigh—
And conscience brings his crimes to view
And makes him fear to die,
That holy fleecer, call'd a *priest*,
Is then call'd quickly in,
Who, finding all the wool is gone,
E'en strips him of his skin.
Thus a fleecing, &c.

But hold, cries *Mrs. Piety*,
And lifts her goggling eyes,
O wicked lout, these holy men
Thus for to scandalize!
To steal the fleece, or strip the skin
Not wicked robbers they,
But watchful dogs, whose pious care
Keeps fox and wolf away.
Lest a fleecing they should go, &c.

Yet tell me, honest neighbours all,
When oft with fresh demands,
For rates, for fees, for Easter dues
They tax your rack-rent lands,
While for their tythings often they
Perpetual warfare keep,
Do they look more like *dogs* who guard,
Or *wolves* who tear your sheep?
When a fleecing they, &c.

Nor think that they in country shades,
Can all the fleecing own,
Full many a sheepish flat, each day,
Is fleec'd in London town:

There *tradesmen* fleece their customers,
 Them *sharpers* fleece, and then
 Your thieftakers, for hanging fees,
 The sharpers fleece again.

When a fleecing, &c.

There *misses* too, patch'd painted pink'd,
 With fashion's gaudy arts,
 With mincing wiles, and fraudulent guile
 Would fleece us of our hearts.
 Yet while you're roving thus at large,
 You bachelors may find,
 Miss will not only fleece your backs,
 But leave her mark behind.

When a fleecing she, &c.

But these are petty sheerers all,
 And fleece a little flock ;
 Behold where *haughty ministers*
 Fleece the whole nations flock :

The while *pretended patriots*,

A still more venal race,
 With liberty and bawling cant,
 Would fleece them of their place—

When a fleecing they, &c.

But cease ye fleecing *senators*

Your country to undo—

Or know we British *Sans Cullottes*

Hereafter may fleece you,

For well we know if tamely thus

We yield our wool like drones

Ye will not only fleece our backs,

By God you'll pick our bones—

When a fleecing ye, &c.

Since then, we every rank and state

May justly fleecers call,

And since Corruption's venal pack

Would fleece us worse than all,

May we Oppression's out-stretch'd sheers

With dauntless zeal defy,

Resolv'd fair Freedom's golden fleece

To vindicate or die.

When a fleecing they do go.

[The next Number will contain the whole of "the second Lecture on
 "Parties, with Strictures on the Letters of Lord LAUDERDALE
 "to the Peers of Scotland, and Earl FITZWILLIAM on the
 Affairs of Ireland."

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. IX.

Saturday, 9th May, 1795.

STRICTURES on the "*Letters of Lord LAUDERDALE to the Peers of Scotland,*" and of *Earl FITZWILLIAM on the Affairs of Ireland.*—The second Lecture on the Distinction between the Spirit of Party and the Principle of Liberty.

CITIZENS, It is my purpose on the present evening to resume the investigation of the distinction between the spirit of Party and the genuine Principle of Liberty. In the course of the former Lecture I dwelt pretty largely upon the general history of Parties in this country, from the origin of the struggles between the Crown and the Aristocracy, to the situation of Parties at the present period. I believe you will agree with me, that from that history one conclusion, at least, is to be drawn, namely, that in the first instance, parties originated from a real difference of interest between respective bodies of the community; that in reality, party distinctions at first arose from the opposing interests of the great Barons or large landed proprietors and the Crown. It will, also, I dare say, occur to your minds as another deduction from this view of the subject, that in process of time the grounds and foundation of party were in a considerable degree altered; that, in proportion as the mercantile interest, and the landed gentry increased in their influence and power, a certain portion of respect attached to them, in consequence of which, instead of the Barons standing forward as single champions against the rights and prerogatives of the Crown, those merchants and gentry took the lead in all the struggles which opposed the arbitrary assumption of prerogative.

About the time of James the Second a wider diffusion of knowledge, a more liberal spirit of enquiry had awakened the gentry and trading parts of the community from the torpor of slavery in which they had so long lain. They began to investigate questions of a general and abstract nature; and particularly to consider the frame and structure of the government under which they lived, the interests they *had* in that government,

and the larger portions of interest to which they thought themselves *entitled*. This spirit of enquiry kept rapidly increasing; for it is not very easy when such a disposition has once made its appearance, among any order of men for stretches of power or prerogative to prevent it ultimately from enlightening the whole mass. In the time of Charles the First, therefore, we find, that the spirit of enquiry had extended much wider; and, if we consult the history of that period, we shall find that the most intelligent, the most active, as well as the most virtuous leaders of the opposition against the arbitrary prerogatives and usurpations of the House of Stuart, were found, not among the hereditary nobility, but among the gentry and traders who had assumed their seats in that branch of the legislature then called, and still *by some* considered as a *House of Commons*. Then it was that the distinctions of Whig and Tory, as I before observed, first grew into use: and if we reflect with any degree of accuracy upon the early history of those parties, we shall be compelled to acknowledge that they were terms, in the first instance, descriptive of the struggle between the *aristocracy* and the *fansculottism* of the country. I think the facts submitted to your consideration in the former Lecture, are sufficient to prove, that the *Whig interest* was originally precisely the same thing as has since been called the *fansculottism* in France. That it was in reality an interest struggling to maintain the rights, liberties and happiness of the distressed and despised orders of the community, in opposition to that tyrannical Court and usurping Aristocracy, which endeavoured to grasp, in their own hands, every power, rational faculty, and human enjoyment, and treated the great body of the people as slaves and beasts of burthen, upon whom they assumed a right to heap oppression after oppression, till their shoulders were broken beneath the enormous load.

The misery of the lower orders at that time it is not necessary for me to dwell upon: it is sufficient to say, that the common people were at that time almost half as miserable as at this day.

Those parties, therefore, (having much to contend for, the rights and liberties of the people on one hand, and the whole plunder of the people on the other) became the objects of perpetual struggle and investigation; and as it is in the nature of names to be more permanent than principles, we find that the distinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* were perpetuated when the sources of the distinction were forgotten. The plain and
simple

simple fact is, that *two branches of the Tory interest—two factions of the aristocratical branch of the Constitution*, imagined they perceived in those distinctions the means of carrying on their own ambitious projects, under a more specious mask. One association, therefore, of noble families, (that is to say, of *Aristocrats*, or *privileged banditti*) assumed the denomination of *Whig*, and another association of noble families the denomination of *Tory*; and with those different names long continued to abuse the understandings of mankind; and, indeed, it is but lately that we have discovered that they are nothing more than two aristocratic factions, with no sort of difference of principle; and whose uniform object is to usurp all the power, opulence, and patronage of the country.

This circumstance, however, has been lately confessed in a very direct manner by the *Earl Fitzwilliam*. It has been acknowledged, I think, as completely, though not as openly, by *Lord Lauderdale*, in his "Letters to the Peers of Scotland." He tells you, *page 135*—for I shall be particular in my quotations from this book, as I am anxious that you may not suppose I abuse, by false representations, a character for which, in some respects, as I shall shew you, I have considerable esteem! "He who gives himself up to the pursuit of honours and dignities," says he—*p. 135*, "who loves the splendour of a Court, attaches himself to the cause of Monarchy, and soon sees in the increased power of the Monarch the source of additional weight and splendour to those who surround the throne, and of increasing value to the favours which the Sovereign can confer. He who possesses an ardent mind, conscious of its own rectitude, animated with a desire of building reputation upon a more solid foundation, naturally looks with anxious desire to acquire the approbation and applause of his fellow citizens, and discovers with equal alacrity, in the extent of POWER which they may possess or retain the value of THAT he wishes to obtain." So that the possession of power is at last fairly acknowledged to be the grand object of pursuit both with the one and with the other; but, according to the exposition, we are to consider the *ambition* of the *Whigs* as of a more liberal nature—that is to say, they wish to build *their fame, their glory, their reputation*, and by the means of these *their POWER*, upon a more solid foundation than royal favour; and as they suppose their power, reputation, &c. will be more solid when built upon the favour of the people, they therefore think it necessary to court that popularity from whence that security may be derived. Thus, then,

stripping away a few glossing epithets, taking away some of those favourable shades, with which the most honest mind cannot always avoid incumbering the form of truth, when touching upon a subject in which the painter is personally interested!—taking those glossing circumstances away, we find the upshot of the distinction neither more nor less than this, that one party endeavours to gratify its ambition by flattering the Monarch, and the other expects a more solid gratification by cajoling the people.

Citizens, while such principles, or to speak more accurately, such motives, stimulate men who stand forward as the leaders of the people, what are we to expect? The great principle of general virtue is not even alluded to in this illustration of *Whiggism*—the benignant principle that every action ought to be directed towards procuring the greatest quantity of advantage and felicity to the great body of the people, and that personal considerations, either of vanity, ambition, or avarice, ought to be entirely out of the question! these great leading principles do not appear, from the preceding quotation, ever to have been dreamt of, by the strenuous advocate of party. You have ambition on the one hand, and the avarice of power on the other, to distinguish between—if distinguish you can!—This being the case, what could result but that which has resulted, endless commotion about what nobody ever comprehended or pretended to explain; scenes of riot and confusion, by which a few interested leaders are advanced from popularity to power; and the shifting and shuffling of places from hand to hand, without advantage to the people, or prospect of any benefit or advantage whatever.

The consequence is, that the minds of the people have been perpetually fluctuating between *Whiggism* and *Toryism*: at one time no doctrines could be swallowed but passive obedience and divine right—at another, nothing but the omnipotence of Parliament could go down. We shall now, perhaps, be inclined to enquire whether, while Parliaments continue to be organized as they are, there is in reality with respect to the interests of the people any difference between the two doctrines? We may, perhaps, be inclined to think, that if divinity and omnipotence are to be assumed by earthly powers, it is not a question of much consequence, whether we talk of the divine right of a *Monarch*, or the omnipotent power of a few monopolizing *berough-mongers*: though I, for my own part, should prefer the tyranny of the former.

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These fluctuations of opinion from party to party, and the consequent contentions, rancour, and animosity that have ensued, are effects that could not fail of being looked for by every intelligent mind, when the nature of the principle was considered. The fact is, that the only way to effect reformations that can in any degree influence the happiness and welfare of the multitude, is to appeal to one grand principle, namely, that the people are the fountain of all power, honour, trust and distinction—that they have the absolute right of choosing the representatives that are to make their laws, and of cashiering not only those representatives whenever they have forfeited their confidence, but all such officers and magistrates, also, as by their arbitrary proceedings or corrupt practices impede the due execution of those laws.

A principle like this, if followed through all its conclusions, must shortly annihilate all party. It is not possible, if you admit so broad a principle, for any combination of families, however great or powerful, or with how many thousand pompous and unmeaning titles soever they may have incumbered their insignificant names—it is impossible for any factious combination of his house, and your house and t'other's house, and—"the Devil take your houses," as Mercutio says, "what have we to do with your houses!"—It is impossible, I say, for any combination of all their houses together, if this broad principle were admitted, to grasp and monopolize all power in their own hands as they now do. The object would be lost for which family combinations are now made, and the jargon of faction would stun our ears no more.

But the uniform practice of parties has shewn us, that they are aware of this truth; and therefore they have never thought fit to appeal to principles. They have found fault, indeed, with particular measures; and the OUTS have always shewn a most generous anxiety to displace the INS—to rout a Minister that might be in power to day, that they might get into the same degree of power to-morrow. But however anxious they were that the reins of government should be shifted from hand to hand, they have all displayed an equal unwillingness to infringing materially upon the power of the administration, because, say they, though it is a very good thing to turn men out of their places into which we may, by and bye turn ourselves; it is, for that very reason, a very bad thing indeed to take the emoluments and patronage from those places, and diminish their weight and consequence in the Constitution.

It must, however, be admitted, that there are many liberal minds—men who, in their hearts, as far as they understand the subject, are friends to liberty, who entertain very different ideas of party from those I am now delivering. The same Lord Lauderdale, whom I have already quoted, in his 129th page, expresses himself apparently with great strength of conviction upon the subject. He says, “long convinced that the welfare of the country depends upon the existence of a body connected on those principles the *Whig* party has been *understood* to possess; that the nature of its government creates it; that its preservation demands it, I am by principle a party man.”

I own, Citizens, I have considerable respect for the man who thus commits himself freely and fully to the public. A man, who, without any sort of disguise, tells you what he really is, and what are the principles he means to maintain, gives you strong reason to suppose, at least, that he is sincere; that he does in reality believe what he is supporting, and that if there is any thing wrong in the opinion he advances, it is an error of judgment, not of a venal and corrupt disposition. Hypocrites generally disguise the principles or opinions they wish to maintain; and insinuate, with plausible inferences rather than enforce their doctrines by direct and open avowal. To the credit of the author of this book, no such artifice has been used. We can examine his arguments fairly and openly. He has put himself at issue with the public, which I conclude he would not have done, had he not felt a conviction that the opinion he was maintaining was right.

My opinion, however, is directly opposite to that which he entertains. I believe also, that the opinion he endeavours to uphold is going very much out of fashion. I believe the people are rapidly making advances towards the discovery, that instead of the salvation of the country depending upon party, that it is party alone that has so long cajoled the people; that the squabbles and contention of faction have too long drawn off the public attention from those real interests to the serious investigation of which they would otherwise have applied. “I hope to convince you” however, says Lord Lauderdale, in the 131 page, “that though the calamities of war (the involving us in which was the sacrifice Mr. Pitt made to the Duke of Portland and his friends).—I hope to convince you that the calamities of war,” I repeat it to you, for it is a curious fact, “the involving us in which was the sacrifice Mr. Pitt made to the Duke of Portland.” The Duke you find
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is here laid down to be the author of the present war; and that the judgement of Mr. Pitt was sacrificed (a blessed upright character must he be indeed who so sacrificed his judgement in a question involving the lives of millions!) in order to cajole as, in former cases, he had so successfully cajoled the people. "But," continues my author, "the calamities of war, though they are more immediately felt, their ultimate consequences cannot prove more seriously deplorable than the breaking up of the *Whig party*. The sacrifice,"—O! mark how *grateful* these men are; how they sacrifice alternately to each other! the idol of to-day, to-morrow is the worshipper, and the worshipper of to-day is to-morrow the idol!—and thus the sweet incense of their mutual sacrifices is offered up, again and again, while the rights of the people are burnt like so many faggots upon the altar to cook the precious banquet of places, pensions, honours and emoluments upon which they are to regale themselves. Thus, then, we are told that though Pitt the Tory as a sacrifice to the divine honours of the Duke of Portland, plunged us into a calamitous war, and though the whig Duke of Portland sacrificing his principles to the tory Pitt, gave support and energy to that war, yet that the breaking up of the *whig party* was of more serious consequence than the war which has depopulated the country, brought the nation to the eve of bankruptcy, spread a general famine throughout Europe, and brought starvation to the very doors of our peasants and manufacturers. All these circumstances are trifling and insignificant compared to the breaking in pieces that sublime idol, the whig party, to which the prayers of the people have been so often offered in vain, without their ever once discovering that the deity of their adoration was peradventure sleeping, or gone a long journey, or, which is nearer the truth, had in reality yielded up the ghost.

But what have the *whigs* done for us ever since they became an aristocratic party? I can tell you, indeed what they did,—and glorious things they were, before they were debauched by aristocracy. But since whiggism was an aristocratic party, what have the Whigs done? Look to their history from the period of the revolution to the present day; reflect how much they might have done if they had been men of principle and integrity! reflect how much they have left undone, because principle and integrity were never prevalent in their hearts. Did they not lay the foundation of the national debt, whose interest has now accumulated to so enormous a degree, that more than twice as much is paid in annual taxes out of the labours of the poor

poor for the payment of the interest and of the *ordinary* expences (they ought to be called extraordinary expences) of government, as is paid for all the labours of all the industrious poor, from one extremity of the country to another. Did they not, also, give their sanction to the existence of a standing army? an attempt to introduce which had been fatal to the house of *Stuart*! Did they not, knowing full well that the people of this country had a right—an indubitable, till that time a *legally unquestioned* right, to annual parliaments—Did they not, in the first instance, pass that triennial bill, which took away two thirds of the franchises of the people? Did they not afterwards from three years proceed to seven, and having converted, by their own votes and authority, an annual senate into a triennial, and a triennial senate into a septennial senate, did they not thus establish a principle which, if the enlightened spirit of the people did not at this time oppose, might enable them to render the seats in the house of Commons tenements for life; nay, descendable property? so that the portions of twelve square inches of plank in St. Stephen's Chapel might descend from father to son, from generation to generation, just as the tax upon coals descends from one Duke of Richmond to another, till no one can find out the reason for which it was conferred, or the benefit derived for it to the people. Did not these *Whigs* countenance the passing of that riot act so exquisitely fitted for maintaining the purposes of *regular and orderly government*, that a jury at *Birmingham*, properly picked and packed, may require that the fact of absolutely pulling down and destroying houses be proved by good evidence, and the rioters after all may be acquitted, while a poor wretch for huzzaing at the downfall of a crimping house, is condemned to the pains of death, and suffers at the fatal tree without one tear dropped from the eye of patriotism, one generous remonstrance from the people to stop the vindictive arm of courtly vengeance? Have they not as one of the means of "fixing" their fame and reputation upon a *more solid foundation*," plunged the country into perpetual continental wars, without its being possible for any rational man to discover any other reason for those wars, than the desire of increasing their patronage and enriching the contractors and other bloodsuckers that might be dependant upon them? So that, as I have observed in the former Lecture, so early as in the reign of *Queen Ann*, *Swift* discovered that the men who called themselves *Whigs* ought to have been denominated lovers of war. And we find from the quotation of Lord *Lauderdale*, himself, that

that *Whiggism* has not lost its ancient desire for those exploits which spread the fame of an administration at the expence of the blood and treasure of the people.

So much then for the advantages which we have gained! So much for the real benefits which have been conferred upon us by the *Whigs*. Now let us consider what they have not done, and when we put them together, perhaps we may say, in the language of a very sacred composition, "ye have done" those things which ye ought not to have done; and left undone those things which ye ought to have done, and there "is no help in ye!"

Have they ever extended the rights and immunities of the people? Have they abolished or attempted to abolish the vexatious, destructive, annihilating contribution of tithes, those unjust and dreadful clogs upon agricultural improvement? Have they remedied the abuses of the law? Have they curtailed its delays? Have they diminished its expences? Have they removed its scandalous uncertainties? No. Whig administration after whig administration has been formed; but I wish any advocate for this most excellent and glorious party could point out to me any one act of this description which they have ever brought forward. Have they consented to the abolition of unjust privileges? Have they endeavoured to persuade the legislature of the country, with the controul over which they have frequently been entrusted, to take away from opulence and grandeur the privilege of ruining the poor tradesmen who had credulity to trust them, because, forsooth, their sacred persons were not to be amenable to the laws which for similar conduct, would have doomed any of their fellow citizens to the horrors of a goal? Have they made any extensive advances towards the abolition of unjust and unmerited pensions? Have they retrenched the expences of office? Have they brought within rational and proper limits those enormous salaries which are paid out of the labour of the lowest, the most despised, but the most useful orders of society? Have they endeavoured by any regular or consistent plan to take care that a proper average should be kept up between the prices of labour and the prices of the necessary articles of provision? Far from it: no regulations of this kind have ever been adopted; and act after act has been made and sanctioned by all parties, to punish the poor journeymen who associate together for the increase of wages, while the rich manufacturers, the contractors, the monopolists of every description may associate as they please; and, in their conventions, fix, at their arbitrary will, the prices of the commodities in which they deal. Hence a rapid advance in the price of every article of necessity, while the wages of the labourers who produce these articles are left

to the caprice of those who have an interest in depressing them. Have they established seminaries for the annihilation of ignorance, for the diffusion of intelligence, among the great body of the people! Have they, as the convention in France has done—let them look across the water and learn to blush at the virtue they are so forward to calumniate!—Have they disseminated their schools, for the instruction of all ranks of people, from one end of the country to the other, so that the spot should no longer be found, where Ignorance could fix her residence, and that virtue, knowledge, and benevolence should be found growing up thick as the wild flowers that surround the peasant's mansion? Have they ever declared as a principle and endeavoured to confirm by any act of the legislature, the unlimited freedom of the press? a freedom without which liberty may be talked of, but never can be enjoyed; because it cannot be understood!

To conclude the whole, Where will you point me out the whig administration that has made any strides towards that great, that momentous, that all including object parliamentary reform? nay, so far have they been from advancing these principles while in power, that, even when they are out of power, and endeavouring to get into power,—when they are doing all they can to delude the people, to make them the instruments of their exaltation, even now they refuse to pledge themselves to this principle. Parliamentary reform, forsooth, we are told by whig associations, is a subject that must not be agitated at this time. The attention of the public must not be divided; the calamitous situation which, for want of parliamentary reform (for they acknowledge that it is from the want of parliamentary reform that we have been plunged in to the present calamitous situation!)—these calamities are so great they tell us that we ought only to think of curing the present evil; but not to think at all of eradicating the cause. That is we are slightly to patch up the constitution,—just to skin over the sore but leave the disease untouched. “It is true by and by it will break out again; but then you know we shall be in place, we shall have the advantages of nursing the sickly body politic, and consequently of managing the possessions of the poor valetudinarian.”

Such is the plain english of the argument at this time held out to the people by the “Friends of the people:” or as some of the members of that club call them, the friends to themselves.

Citizens, do you wish for a further proof that whigism and toryism is only a bite? Would you have any further conviction? Are not the whigs holding, at this very minute, the very language which the tory Pitt upheld before he got into power? Did

Did he not join clubs and associations for the attainment of parliamentary reform? Nay, though he found it difficult to remember, you I dare say have not forgot, that he met an assembly of delegates, in convention, for the purpose of obtaining this parliamentary reform; and that he then upheld the doctrines of universal suffrage and annual parliaments, which now (assisted by the logic of the learned *Attorney General*, the still more learned Sir *John Misford*, Solicitor General, and the superlative learned *Serjeant Adair*) he undertakes to demonstrate to be the highest of all high treason.

Yes *Pitt* did associate, the Thatched House Tavern has been conscious to his persuasive eloquence; the demonstrations of the necessity of reform have flowed from his lips, and have been echoed by every pannel of wainscoat throughout that great building; and the Duke of *Richmond* has reverberated the invigorating sounds which were to amuse the people and get them into place. Yes these mighty alchymists once pretended to be indefatigable in search of the philosopher's stone of political virtue, but when the moment of projection arrived, when the base metal of their professions was to be transmuted into the golden realities of places and pensions, then what language did they hold out? what was then their plan of parliamentary reform? "*Leave that entirely to me, depend upon it I will sooner part with my existence than abandon the principles I have professed*"; but leave to me the manner of the accomplishment; we must not, *at this time*, investigate the particular manner in which it is to be brought about; nor must we publicly pledge ourselves to the people to bring it about at all. We are plunged into a calamitous war with America; don't let us distract the attention of the people; but let us keep to that one object, fixing our minds upon that, and that alone. Thus," say they aloud to the people, "we shall be able to get a redress of your grievances." But to their own party they say in a side whisper, "Thus we shall get into place, and when fortified there, the swinish multitude may grunt. It is only making a few new laws for the protection of placemen, pensioners, and borough-jobbers, or getting a few ingenious lawyers to make the laws bear a meaning which no one ever supposed them to bear before, and we will keep the rabble down make no doubt of it."

But can we suppose a minister of this country so stupid as to give up that most gainful part of his trade, the *management of the House of Commons*? which he must give up if he pretends to violate the sacred property of borough-mongers, and take from them their right, once in seven years, to sell the franchises of the people at the public market—called a general election!

If such were the sentiments and conduct of Pitt when out of place, and such the pretences with which he deluded the people when he was upon the eve of getting in; and if such is the language of that society which calls itself "the friends of the people," I should be happy to know (if there is any difference between Whig and Tory) which is the Whig and which is Tory? for I profess I cannot discover.

But, Citizens, they may delude themselves as much as they please; they may flatter themselves with the examples of former times, but their day of faction is past: the people of this country will not be so cajoled again. We hear them perpetually exclaiming *there is no public!*—What can we do? there is no public! But there is a public—an enlightened, glorious public in this country: but not for them: it is a public for principle, not a public for party. It is a public that seeks the happiness of the public, and cares not one pin about the downfall of Mr. Pitt, or the elevation of Mr. Fox or Mr. Grey.—In short, there is a growing conviction among the people that party is all absurdity; there is a growing conviction among the people that the only effect of party is the creation of tumults, in which the people may be sacrificed, but from which none but a few intriguers and hypocrites can reap advantage. They are aware of the destructive tendency of all party; they are aware, also, that the parties, happily for mankind! are working their own destruction as fast as they can; that in a little time they must all fall together under the weight of their own profligacy and folly; and it is, therefore, that the public stand patiently by, and behold the feeble struggle without interest or exertion, knowing that it is their duty only to be at their posts prepared to take advantage of the madness and weakness of those by whom they have been so long deluded, and to restore to themselves, at the proper season, their long ravished rights. Such appears to me to be the state of politics, and of the public mind; and I exult in a prospect, according to my calculation, so replete with hopes of the most advantageous kind to the interests of humanity and liberty.

Lord Lauderdale, however, in the 132d page of his work, delivers an opinion in direct opposition to this. He says "A very little reflection must enable any one to detect the fallacy of the idea" (of the mischievous tendency of party) "and teach him to reject the opinion, with respect to this country however generally it may be received.

"Corruption (says he) in reality, will be found to be attended with advantage, just in proportion to the degree the government under which it exists admits of its being founded on

“ on principles : in the simple forms of government there is
 “ no possible difference in principle which can give rise to
 “ combination ; and, therefore, party under them must always
 “ be productive of temporary, often of permanent evil.

“ In a monarchy or a republic there can be no parties
 “ arising from a difference in principle but such as give birth
 “ to confusion ; they afford no subjects on which to combine,
 “ but such as from their nature must tend to generate immediate convulsion. In the one, a difference of opinion with
 “ regard to the right to the Crown, or a desire totally to overturn the government, upon account of real or ideal oppression, both possessing the seeds of instant conflict, are the
 “ only topics for which our imaginations enable us to conceive men can wish to combine, or that the annals of times
 “ past shew us they have united. There are under such a
 “ government no *jarring principles* upon which you can maintain different opinions ; the possession of power depends
 “ solely on the favour of the sovereign, and favour is always
 “ more easily secured by individual address than by combined
 “ effort. In the other, the object which parties must naturally have, and which history points out as their main pursuit, is merely to support the pretensions of different individuals to public favour ; and whilst we recollect the evils
 “ of the disturbances attending such contests, we cannot but
 “ remember how often they have ended solely, in being the
 “ means of advancing the man of brilliant talents in preference to him whose more sound pretensions were founded
 “ upon the purity of his intentions ;—how often the crafty has
 “ been able to make party the engine of his elevation, at the
 “ expence of the able, the virtuous and discerning statesman.”

So you see, Cisizens, that, with respect to a monarchical, and also a republican form of government, Lord Lauderdale can see the inconvenience of party. You will see also, by what he says of aristocracy, (for it is necessary to read this part of his work without mutilation, that I may treat his arguments fairly,) that when he considers forms of government dissimilar to that of England he is accurate in his arguments and just in his conclusions ; but when he shows you why party is good in this country, I think I shall show you that the delusions of habit fasten upon him.

“ In aristocracy,” says he, “ the object of parties has been
 “ to support the pretensions of different families to power ;
 “ and though we have always seen them produce immediate
 “ calamity, it is in vain we look for any permanent benefit
 “ to the society to compensate for the momentary evil. The
 “ struggle is here alone for, who shall have the privilege of
 “ oppression ; and the conduct of all men in power, if not
 well

“ well watched, has but too great a resemblance to make us think that such a contest can produce any lasting good.”

Now, Citizens, I admit the justice of this argument. I admit also the accuracy of the painting relative to the nature of factions under aristocracies; but I appeal to every man who hears me whether it is not a correct, a concise, and perfect picture of all the parties that have existed in this country, for the last 135 years? I call to your recollection, whether you have not regularly found that the object of all parties has been “ to support the pretensions of different families to power?” I call to your recollection, whether we have not “ seen them produce immediate calamity?” and whether we have not also found it “ in vain to look to them for any permanent benefit to the society at large?” I call upon you to consider seriously and minutely whether the struggle has not been “ alone for who shall have the privilege of oppressing?” and whether “ the conduct of men in power” has not been so uniform as to convince us, if experience can convince, that here, in England, we can have no expectation whatever of any advantage, any benefit from these contentions of faction, but the aggrandisement and emolument of a few particular families, combined together under the nick names *Whigs* and *Tories*,—the *Guelphs* and *Gibbeollines* of the British Empire.

If then, Citizens, this argument is true, as I believe it is, if the statement is as accurate as to me it appears, what is the conclusion? Why that whatever may be the form and exterior appearance of our government, we are in reality living under a virtual aristocracy. We may talk of our mixed constitution, of our Kings, Lords and Commons, but in reality it is the spirit of aristocracy that keeps the ascendancy, and all the difference that has existed between *Whigs* and *Tories* from the *unfortunate restoration* to the present time, has been nothing more than a struggle which of the combinations of aristocratical families should grasp the government of the country into their own hands, and monopolize to themselves the exclusive advantages and aggrandizement produced from the labours of seven millions and an half of people.

What party, (I have asked you the question before, and I repeat it) What party has ever conferred any lasting, any real benefit upon the people? Which of them has ever eased the weight of taxes? Which of them has ever assented to the sacrifice of a portion of their enormous salaries towards paying that national debt which, in the struggle of factions, and the projects of their ambition, has been accumulated upon the shoulders of those who are doomed to pay the interest though they never reaped any benefit from the expenditure of the principle? They may blame, when out of office, this measure

measure or that ; but which of the parties, when they got into power, has refused to take advantage of the very measures which they had blamed. The *Whigs*, for we had a *whig* administration a little while, even during the present reign ! —The *Whigs* no great while ago, you remember imposed a receipt tax upon the people ; and the great leader of that *whig* or *coalition* administration, told you “ a receipt was a luxury,” —perhaps because those in connection with them seldom wanted a receipt. The other party abused the tax. Yet, when they came in, did they abolish it ? No ; the receipt tax still continues to be paid by all those who have not the honesty and confidence to trust to each other’s memorandums, rather than contribute when they can avoid it to the support of this infamous war. This coalition administration also framed an India bill ; by which they meant to have grasped into their own hands a large portion of the patronage of India. Pitt declaimed against it ; all the *outs* declaimed against the *ins* ; and at last the *outs* became the *ins*. and the *ins* got out. Yet what did the victors do ? why they effected, in a jesuitical manner, every thing which the other administration openly attempted. They first brought in one India bill which did half the business that the bill of Mr. Fox professed ; and then they brought in another to interpret and explain the former, by which they did the other half of the business, rather in a more snug and silent manner, it is true, but full as effectually as their opponents intended. And thus by the management of that sublime juggler Signior Pittachio, passes the wealth, power, and patronage of India (hey presto) into the possession of the obsequious *Dundas* ; instead of being grasped by the itching fingers of Messrs. Fox & Co.

During the American war the *Whigs* were vehement against the Tory administration of Lord North : no language was sufficiently acrimonious, no opposition sufficiently intemperate to shew their abhorrence of that war and its abettors. Gibbets, halters, and axes danced through their speeches in all the mazes of metaphorical frenzy ; nay, they went so far as to tell you that if they were to trust themselves in a room with the man who had plunged the country into that unfortunate war, they should deserve, and might expect assassination. But mark their consistency. By and by the denunciator and the denounced shake hands ; like lovers that have quarrelled, become so much the fonder in proportion to the bitterness with which they formerly abused each other ; and John Bull is amused and astonished to behold the fierce and mighty Carlo Chan and “ his fair spouse *en cordon blue*,” make their triumphal entry into St. James’s Palace.

Such

Such have been the recent consistencies of those virtuous advocates, those great pillars of party in this country: and we find the same sort of conduct still pursued.

During that American war to which I have before alluded, *Burke* was a most flaming *Whig*:—faith he had good reason so to be. The Marquis of *Rockingham*, the leader of the *Whigs* lent him £20,000 to purchase a qualification, that he might sit in the House of Commons and bark *Whiggism* for him. He took a bond for this £20,000; but never called for any interest; and when the Marquis died, he cancelled the obligation, by his will, and thus made this *Burke* a present of the £20,000 and of the interest also. This was certainly no bad bargain for the sublime and beautiful driver of the *Swinish Multitude*; it was “carrying his pigs to a fine market.” But the Marquis had not long been dead—the £20,000 had not been long secure—the bonds had not long been burnt, before *Burke* found out that being a *Whig* was a very bad trade. The party appeared to have shut up shop in a state of bankruptcy; and he was afraid he should never be able to sell any more of his oratorical commodity to them at so good a rate. What then does this famous champion of party do? he bellows forth, mad as one of the heroes in *Lee’s* mad Tragedies, with a dagger in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and swears he can never sleep in his bed again till original toryism reigns triumphant over the world, and liberty is exterminated from the face of the earth. He tells you that daggers are principles, that philosophy is assassination, and, with all the bitterness and virulence which *Billingsgate* itself could afford, strangely mixed up with all the sublimity of *Parnassus*, pours forth the most lavish abuse upon every man who dared to maintain the sacred principles of the RIGHTS OF MAN.

What would a philosopher be without scholars? and what would scholars be good for if they did not follow the examples of their philosophic teachers? *Wyndham*, who had been educated in the school of *Burkism*, trod in the same path; surpassed him in metaphysical rant; and out did him in all his extravagancies.

In no great space of time, forsooth, *Spencer* cut off the tail from his fox’s coat, and became a tory also—*Portland* followed—to give a new front of solid stone I suppose to the tottering edifice of the constitution which the men he coalesced with had brought so near to ruin. Under the same banner of apostocry marched over the great and mighty Earl *Fitzwilliam*, who, in the hour of spleen, and the intemperate rage of disappointment, lamenting the loss of the patronage of Ireland, has done what party men very seldom did before, spoken the truth

truth, the whole truth, and I believe nothing but the truth, as fully and as explicitly, nay, more fully and more explicitly (unless he had a better memory than Pitt) than he would have done in evidence, upon his oath, at the Old Bailey.

How futile, how ridiculous, after these examples, will appear the following arguments of Lord *Lauderdale* page 135. He says, "In our constitution, however," having shown you that party is a bad thing in an aristocracy, "In our constitution, however, of which in *theory*"—he modestly says "in *theory*, we are taught to admire the beauties, as proceeding from a due mixture of all the different forms of government, there must arise naturally a difference of opinion on principle." In other words, the component parts of which our constitution is framed, according to Lord *Lauderdale*, (heaven forbid I should utter such a treasonable opinion as my own) are of such jarring and discordant natures, so incapable of harmonious union, that nothing can keep them intire, nothing can preserve the texture and form of our government, but the wranglings of party and faction, by which the people are distracted from one end of the country to the other, without knowing in reality what are the causes of contention. A bitter satire this, if it is true, upon the boasted constitution of this country; a bitter satire indeed upon that which we are called upon to respect. For what is any form of government good for, if it cannot be preserved by tranquillity and unanimity? by the harmony of the people at large? But Lord *Lauderdale* tells you, that in such a constitution as this, if that unanimity, if that harmony existed, the constitution must perish: it must tumble. It can only be supported by the three parties, one pulling one way and another pulling another; while the people, like butcher's boys patting their dogs on the backs, are to keep up their mettle in the contest, and finally be snarled at and torn to pieces themselves, as the signal of the reconciliation of the combatants.

"Such a difference of opinion," continues he in the next page, "cannot long subsist without the existence of party founded on principle. The friends of monarchy have in the person of the monarch a common bond of union: they derive from his councils a source of unity of action.

"Poor and feeble would be the resistance which the isolated efforts of the disunited advocates of freedom could make against such an attack. There is nothing in their pursuit which naturally connects them. But they must soon see the necessity of uniting to preserve the value of that

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"for which they all contend"—(That is to say, for places, power, and patronage)—"against the efforts of those who from their situation, naturally present themselves in phalanx."

But, Citizens, if the legislative power, the controuling authority of the country were built upon the fair principles of universal right, if power were confessedly derived *from* the people, and responsible *to* the people, how could there possibly be any such phalanx existing in the country? If the House of commons were, as it pretends to be, the real representative of the people, it could never be managed and controuled by a minister, appointed by any party or faction whatever, and therefore there would want no other check than the intelligence and virtue of the people, which the system of universal representation has so grand a tendency to awaken and preserve.

"The folly of resisting the attack of an invading enemy," continues Lord *Lauderdale*, "by individual exertion is too great, too apparent, not soon to generate, under such a government as our's, the appearance of popular *party*, to counteract the efforts of court intrigue. And as in the form of our constitution we perceive a natural tendency to produce a party of this description, so the benefits that must arise from it are too obvious not to strike any man who suffers his mind to consider the subject. Under the simple forms of government, party can alone tend to overturn the existing constitution, or to create temporary disturbances, without affording the hopes of permanent benefit. Under our mixed form of government, party on principles has a direct propensity effectually to preserve a due balance between the various branches of the government; and by the powerful check which through this means the supporters of freedom are enabled to give to the gradual encroachments of the crown, it has a tendency to prevent that ultimate disturbance" (Mark, Citizens, how speciously this part of the argument is worded!) "it has a tendency to prevent that ultimate disturbance."—To prevent disturbance is certainly a good thing, at all times: but mark what is hid under this sort of reasoning—"that ultimate disturbance which the imperceptible extension of influence is sure to create, when it has made such advances that 'the hoary head of inveterate abuse can no longer draw reverence, or obtain protection from the multitude.'—In other words, when the *hoary head of inveterate abuse* can no longer draw reverence or obtain protection from the multitude, party, by drawing

drawing the attention of the people from the real and main subject of enquiry, is the only thing which can disappoint them in the attainment of a real and radical reform. When ministerial oppression has arrived at this height, the power of reason will operate in conjunction with the feelings of the people, and then, if no deluding pretender, no tool of party distracts their attention from that which ought to be the subject of their consideration, reform will take place, *the hoary head of inveterate abuse* will be laid low in the dust. This is the consequence that must ensue if party forsooth does not step forward, rearing again the fallen idol, and throwing the veil of plausible pretension over the defects whose naked deformity had become too glaring to the public eye to be endured without the assistance of such artifice.

But, Citizens, whatever may be the opinion of this advocate for *whiggism*, with respect to the speculative or theoretical constitution of this country, he is of opinion that the advantages of party are still more eminently displayed, by considering what the *practice* of the constitution is: for every one has found out, that the practice is one thing, and theory another, in this respect.

"Considering what the practice of the constitution is," continues he, p. 139, "Party then appears more than ever necessary; the benefits arising from it are still more conspicuous. For if Party constituted on sound principle, when we consider the Constitution as theory represents it, seemed to form its best nourishment;—when cramped and crippled by its *habitual disorder*, Corruption."—The habitual disorder of this Constitution, he admits is Corruption. Lord Mornington and Mr. Pitt contend that it is one of the component parts, a sort of vital habit that grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, and without which it could not subsist. [See last Debate on Grey's Motion for Parliamentary Reform.]—"When cramped and crippled by its habitual disorder, Corruption—it is the best medicine that the wisdom of the politician can prescribe. In proportion as corruption increases it becomes necessary; and now when in a manner it has universally pervaded the frame of government, without such a combination we can hardly look with hopes of safety to its existence."

Citizens, I shall not absolutely deny the truth of this part of the argument of Lord Lauderdale; but I will draw this conclusion, that if it is really true, as he here asserts, that the frame of this constitution is such, and the corruption of

this constitution such, that nothing but faction, nothing but party can maintain even the exterior form of its existence, "Carthage must fall!"—It wants no army of Sans Culottes to overthrow it! it wants no insurrection or turbulence from within—no pressure of hostile force from without! If what he says be true, if nothing but party can support it, the props are rotten as the foundations, and it is tumbling already about the ears of those whose cabals and intolerable corruption have sapped and under-mined it; for party, in one sense of the word, is now no more; *Whiggism* and *Toryism* have been laid in the peaceful grave. *Dundas* has dug deep and low the grave into which they have been tumbled; *Burke* has said mass over them; and *Pitt*, *Fox* and *North*, *Portland* and *Fitzwilliam*, *Moir*, *Elliot* and *Windham*, have joined in concert to sing the eternal requiem. And so "farewell—a long farewell" to all "th:pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious *Whiggism* and *Toryism*!" For they are gone for ever—"have sunk like the stars that fall to rise no more!"

Parties themselves have sealed the destruction of Parties. The people are at issue with them all. Principles are the objects they are intent upon: and I shall not so far satyrize the constitution of my country, whatever Lord *Lauderdale* may do, as to suppose that as soon as the rotten pretences of party are removed, and the real investigation of principles commences, its glories must end, and its very fabric tumble into ruins.

But, Citizens, there is another thing to be considered, namely, that the whole of this defence rests upon the supposition, that party is to be formed upon principle. Now, a little investigation will show us, that these are terms totally contradictory to each other. It is a figure of rhetoric borrowed from the meritorious imagination of the poet Claudian, where the *epithet* is at constant war with the *substantive*. Party and principle stand in direct opposition to each other, like "nocturnal day" and "meridian night."

Party is a compact and association of individuals: an agreement that whatever way you vote I will vote the same; my family interest shall combine with your family interest, my borough with your borough; when you are in place, I will be in place also, and we will divide the good things between us; when you are out I will be out also, and we will bark together as loud as we can against whoever may come in, and whatever they may do. *Principle* says we will investigate what is true, consider what are the elements of government,

ment, what the purposes for which it was instituted ; and according to the conviction of our individual minds, each individual will vote. Each individual will promote those measures for the happiness of mankind which principle dictates to him. There is one thing upon which we shall eternally and invariably agree, and, perhaps but one—namely, that the government of the whole ought to be government for the whole—for the common and equal benefit of all. How this common and equal benefit may be best secured there may be a variety of opinions, and the majority of voices must decide. This is the dictate of principle, and we might as well talk of darkness produced by noon day-light, as principles produced by party.

But let us refer to practice. Let us review the conduct of the most virtuous leaders of the Opposition at this time. Let us turn to the Demosthenes of that party in Parliament. I respect the private virtues of the man. I lament only, that he has mistaken a particular feeling for virtue, which I believe to be vice; and that thereby he has suffered connections to draw him from the principles his heart would otherwise have dictated.

Why should this great man, with all his intelligence of mind, have stood up in the House of Commons to warn the people against referring to elementary principles and abstract propositions? What—"a party upon principle" afraid to investigate principles! What can be so absurd? What reason can there be for those who act upon principle being afraid that principles should be enquired into?—The question needs no answer. But is it not principle alone that is annihilated by *party*. It obscures also the lustre of genius. Behold its palsy influence on the greatest minds.

Alas! I cannot but conclude, that the great talents of Fox—the splendour of mind which characterizes Sheridan—in many respects, the upright and generous Sheridan! could never have been so obscured and lost, during a period so favourable for rousing all the vigour of intellect as the present, but for this party spirit oppressing and annihilating that energy which an appeal to first principles, and nothing but an appeal to first principles calls so effectually forth. Could otherwise the debates in our Parliament, during this important crisis, have been so dull, so insipid, so spiritless, that no energetic mind can read them without falling to sleep? Could this have been the case, but that this damning, soporific principle—or rather no principle of party renders all who taste, insensible to the happiness and rights of mankind, and
absorbs

absorbs every faculty in consideration of the interests of a few individuals with whom they happen to be connected.

Yes, Citizens, this *false moderation* has, I believe restrained the powers and energies of these great men.

Moderation!—Moderation!—A compromise between right and wrong!—I detest it. But when I speak against *moderation*, let me be understood. There is a sense in which I reprobate moderation as the most contemptible of vices; there is a sense, also in which I venerate it as the first of virtues. In our passions, in our actions, in our intercourse with mankind, let moderation be our guiding principle; for without moderation cruelty will rage where liberty and benevolence ought to smile! without moderation revenge will transform the human character to the likeness of the fiend; and all the god-like principles of science, justice, and truth, will fall into oblivion. But moderation of principle let us abhor: for what is moderation of principle, but a compromise between right and wrong; an attempt to find out some path of expediency, without going to the first principles of justice. Such attempts must always be delusive to the individual and fatal to mankind. If there is any thing sacred, it is principle! Let every man investigate seriously and solemnly the truth and propriety of the principles he adopts: but having adopted, let him pursue them into practice: let him tread in the path which they dictate, and virtue will be his reward. Nothing but delusion and hypocrisy can dread the investigation of principle; that which is delusive will be detected by that investigation. It is, therefore, party that trembles at principle, but truth delights in it. The rights, the happiness, the welfare of mankind depend upon the thorough investigation of principles; but the security of party, the monopoly of particular privileges and advantages, the delusive, ridiculous supposition, that one family is, by virtue of its origin, more virtuous or more to be confided in than another, will, indeed, be overthrown the instant that principles are generally investigated, and therefore party and principle will for ever be at war.

There is one principle, however, to which party has no great objection: the principle of self-interest: and this, I believe, we shall find to be the principle of them all: at least in the extraordinary letter of Earl Fitzwilliam to the Earl of Carlisle, it is publicly avowed to be the principle of the *feeder Whigs*. He says, "when the Duke of Portland and " and his friends were to be enticed into a coalition with Mr. Pitt's

"Pitt's administration, it was necessary to hold out such lures as would make the coalition palatable!"—Where is now the pretence of rallying round the Constitution?—Where is now the boasted virtue of forgetting all indignities in the public danger?—The security of the public peace was indeed a plausible pretence—Plots and conspiracies were necessary stalking horses—but something very different was crouching behind, and lures were necessary to "make the coalition palatable!" And what were these lures?—No trifles I assure you. Baubles and blue ribbons had their charm, it is true; but these were only the whip syllabubs of the banquet; and the seceders, tired with the long Lent of Whiggism, expected to regale their palates with more solid food.

"If the general management and superintendence of Ireland had not been offered to his Grace, the Coalition could never have taken place!!" Accordingly it was offered from the beginning of the negotiation as was also the home department "of Secretary of State," that is to say, his Lordship's principles—for Whigs, you are told, you know, are "a party upon principle"—were rated at too high a price to be purchased by any thing less than a Secretaryship of State, and the patronage attached to it, with the management and direction, power and patronage of Ireland!

See, Citizens, how very fairly, and how very liberally, upon what a thorough commercial system these pure and immaculate rulers—these hereditary proprietors of the swinish herd can carry on this barter of places and principles! "Ask the Duke of Portland," you will see also there is a little swindling in the trade of state, as well as other branches of commerce.—Halhead tells us, you know, he sold his soul upon credit; and now he is obliged to appeal to divine inspiration to get the pledge back again; for as to the money it has never been paid, and he tells you, in direct terms, he is much inclined to suppose not one shilling of it ever will. In this peculiar wholesale market of souls, credit has got to a considerable height, and swindling is refined into a science—so that those who have taken promises in payment, will find they have sold their souls in vain. I don't know whether the Duke had sold his soul; I cannot say whether it may not be the case with Dukes, as Mahometan's say of the fair sex, that they have no souls at all—certainly he had some thing to sell; and mark how it was bargained for. "Ask the Duke of Portland, when he engaged to accept, if he doubted that the office offered to him was to be entire, and such as

his

"his predecessors held it? Ask him if he was forewarned
 "by Mr. Pitt that it was to be divested of half its
 "duties, half its importance, and *all its character*? Ask
 "him if he was apprised that another secretary of state
 "was to be made out of the department? And that he was
 "to be left but a joint possessor, with an inmate? Ask him,
 "*when he accepted the management of Ireland!*"—He the ma-
 "nagement of Ireland!—So then the Duke of Portland was to
 be King *de facto* of the Irish Nation—and Earl Fitzwilliam
 was to have been *his* Viceroy. But no—so material a part of
 the performance was not to be left in such unskillful hands, the
 shew was to have another manager, and the wires of the re-
 spective puppets were to be kept in motion by the *chief pro-*
prietor.—"Ask him when *he* accepted the management of
 "Ireland if he did it under any restrictions whatever? Ask
 "him if he pressed it upon me under any? And if he did
 "not propose and recommend to me to *lay myself out*."—One
 man sells his *soul*, another his *character*, and another *lays him-*
self out; but it is all in hopes of good *interest*; he would not
 so much as lend his name by way of *accommodation* to a fac-
 tious bill, without he thought there would be good *interest*.
 "Ask him if he did not propose and recommend to me to *lay*
 "*myself out* immediately for making such arrangements in the
 "government as would enable me to restore peace, tranquil-
 "lity, and order in the country, and as would reconcile the
 "general mass of the people.

"But, my dear Carlisle, the instant we had proclaimed our
 "acceptance the scene began to open!"—Why how comes
 it that this *great man*, one of the *heads of the aristocracy*, that
 is to say, of course, one of the wisest, of the wisest of the
 people, could not take a peep behind the curtain before the
 farce began. Other persons, it seems, had been present at the
 rehearsal; for during my *pleasant* residence last summer in the
 mansions of the Tower, I remember to have read in the
 Morning Chronicle, the Post, and the Courier, the very secret
 and mystery of the plot which his Lordship was obliged to fit
 the whole play to discover. The writers for these papers un-
 ravelled the whole plot in the prologue; but he, at the end
 of the fifth act, comes forward, and in the epilogue, after the
 manner of the old drama, to untwist the riddle. "The scene
 "began to open; then it was first discovered that the object
 "of all this mighty work was, *not to strengthen administration*
 "by an *accession of character*, but to debase, degrade, and dis-
 "grace that character."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. X.

Saturday, 16th May, 1795.

STRICTURES on the "*Letters of Lord LAUDERDALE to the Peers of Scotland,*" and of Earl FITZWILLIAM on the *Affairs of Ireland*.—The second Lecture on the Distinction between the Spirit of Party and the Principle of Liberty.

(Continued from the last Number.)

" THE instant we had proclaimed our acceptance the scene began to open; then it was first discovered that the object of all this mighty work was not to strengthen administration by an accession of character, but to debase, degrade, and disgrace that character.

" When the junction was irrevocably avowed and declared then the pretensions of Mr. Dundas to the continued management of the war were immediately brought forward, and a new office was to be cabbaged out of the Duke of Portland's." I am very glad to find that our great Peers begin to adopt the language of the Swinish Multitude. It is a prophetic dawn of their *sanfscullotism*—a happy omen of the approach of *Liberty* and *Equality*, which I have no doubt will soon arrive,—“ a new office was to be cabbaged out of the Duke of Portland's and an obvious diminution of his credit and authority was proclaimed.” In other words, the Duke of *Portland* was to be made clerk, or rather servant to *Dundas*, and his livery was to be a piece of blue ribbon.

" No sooner had I declared my acceptance of the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, than delay interposed, and soon doubts and difficulties arose."

And now, Citizens, I think we have one of the prettiest pieces of stock-jobbing duplicity that could ever have been learned among the Jews in 'Change Alley. " It is a matter of public notoriety in this country," (But the noble Lord has but just been able to discover it,) " that Mr. Pitt assured Lord *Westmorland*, as early as August, that he should not

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"be removed; and I know that I could bring evidence to prove, that in the course of the autumn, he pointed out my actual successor as the person to succeed my predecessor."

Citizens, among those jilts whom we call courttezans, I understand it is a maxim that it is a good thing to have two strings to the bow: but a state jilt finds it better to have three; that he may first twang the one, and then twang the other, and then twang the third, and send forth the dart from that which is likely to go furthest towards the goal of his own interest.

"Knowing the importance we gave to the system then pursuing relative to France."—Oh! dismal system! *Whigs* and *Tories* united together for the annihilation of the liberties of Europe.

"Knowing the importance we gave to the system then pursuing relative to France!"—(A precious system that could receive importance from such individuals, such principles, and such intellects!) "he snatched at the opportunity and made that the means of disgracing our characters." In other words, he had found out that they had no characters at all, and was determined that the public should be made as wise as himself, and thus did he succeed in "rendering us fit for no other service but to be his vile tools and instruments. He thought that object perfected and complete, then he cared not how soon *he turned us adrift to all the disgrace and contempt it was his expectation and wish should attach upon our characters.*" Spirit of blindness and infatuation!—can the oracles of party step forward and publish such truths as these, and not perceive that they are sealing the instrument of their own eternal infamy, and insuring the irrevocable inheritance of contempt. Yes, *Fitzwilliam* is kicked away; by and by *Portland* will be kicked away in the same manner;—the minister, however, has taken care if he should fall into a fit of despair in consequence of his disappointment, that he shall not be in want of a garter to put an end to his miserable existence. Yet after all this acknowledged infamy, mark the high tone of aristocracy.—"I have," says Earl *Fitzwilliam*, "the glory of being objectionable to Mr. Pitt." He now finds out that it is a glory to be objectionable to that man, with whom, for sake of the emoluments and patronage of Ireland, he coalesced a few months ago; and with whom he would have continued to have co-operated to this very day if he would have suffered him to have any share of the loaves and fishes which the minister is accumulating to himself.

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The glory of being objectionable to Mr. Pitt? No, Fitzwilliam, no: glory and you have shook hands and parted; and reputation and esteem have followed her. I will tell you how you might have had the glory of being objectionable to this man. You might have been honest, you might have been upright in your principles, you might have persevered in the cause of liberty and virtue, and, with undaunted fortitude, pursued the general happiness of the people.—Then you would have been sure of the *glory* of being obnoxious to Pitt, and a *glory* indeed it would have been in the eyes of the universe and of all succeeding ages. But to talk of the glory of being obnoxious to a man who has made you his tool and instrument to swindle Ireland of her men and money, and then throws you away with neglect and contempt, is language too ridiculous, I assure you, to gull the *swinish multitude*, however it may succeed with the narrow intellects of courts and factions. And to say afterwards that “he has not rendered your character subservient to his views,” is talking that, at which children themselves would laugh. The very drivellers in the street would point their fingers at the man who could make use of such logic as this “I have bargained for the wages of iniquity, and was refused my reward. I, therefore, stand up before the people and talk of my character, and glory in being made obnoxious to the being by whom I am thus disappointed.”

Citizens, such is the letter and such are the facts which Earl Fitzwilliam has submitted to the public. What is the conclusion we are to draw from it? I believe it is simply this—That no man is to be trusted who has ever had any connection with any party whatever. I know there are men who consider themselves as *Whigs*, who will say “this is judging harshly. These men have coalesced, we grant, but we have held out.” Yes, Citizen *Whigs*—if Citizens you will be called; but I fancy you would be much offended if you heard me call you so,—Yes, ye scanty relics of the tattered banner of party, you have held out. Remember the language of *William III.* I have not places enough for them all, or else I should soon be able to reconcile the differences of contending parties.—“Two stars keep not together the same course, nor can the cabinet brook the double reign of Billy Chatham and of C. J. Fox!” But give them what credit we will for their motives, what have they done? what consistency have they displayed? Mark what has been their conduct during the present struggle. The first session that the mania of alarm burst out among us, when proclamations were posted in every street, when the

militia were called out, and parliament assembled in a hurry, *Fox* comes down to the House of Commons, reprobates the meditated war, speaks in the most direct and open manner, so that I really thought he had at last determined to act as the consistent friend of the people,—condemns the alarm, treats it as a juggle and a ministerial trick, and brands the associations with merited infamy. What does he do the next day? Why he goes with his aristocratic friends to the parish meeting of St. George's Hanover-square, and puts his name to one of these very associations, the alarming introduction of which he had so recently reprobated.

Mark the next step of these Whigs. They condemn the war. Yet what do they do? Vote supplies for the vigorous prosecution of that war. They affirm that it is a war levelled at the liberties of Europe; yet, calling themselves the friends of liberty—they say if you do go to war we are determined to support you. Is not this like the coqueting of a young lady who slaps her lover's face with her fan, and calls him a naughty devil, and yet gives him to understand that if he is determined to kiss her she must, per force, submit.

Either the liberties of Europe are or are not at stake in this war. If they feel an honest conviction that these liberties are struck at, how can they vote for prosecuting it with energy? If they are convinced that it is not a war hostile to the liberties of Europe, but a just and necessary war, why oppose it?

Principle would have pointed out a straight line: party always leads into serpentines and mazes, till you know not where you are going, nor where you set out from.

Mark their proceedings respecting the justiciary court of Scotland. They make a motion in behalf of *Muir* and *Palmer*; but they disdain to mention the *sanfcullothish* names of *Skirving*, *Margaret* and *Gerrald*: men suffering in the same cause—men suffering under the same *cruel*, *arbitrary*, and *unjust* sentences. Call it High Treason if you will to arraign the proceedings of the Courts of Scotland; but while I have breath I will call them, as they themselves have called them, *arbitrary* sentences. But *Muir* and *Palmer*, because supposed to be a little less connected with *sanfcullothish* principles, because they were not members of the Convention, were to be named in the House of Commons; but the name of *Margaret*, to whose upright integrity the greatest aristocrat cannot refuse his admiration, and the virtuous *Skirving* already gone to the inhospitable shores of New Holland, were not to be mentioned;

—nor

—nor *Gerald*, now languishing under the miseries of disease and persecution, lying upon a vile hammock, unfit for a common felon!—This man, whose faculties and powers of mind surpass, in gigantic energy, almost every individual existing in the country,—this man, whom Doctor Parr, the tutor of *Mackintosh*, the tutor of *Sheridan*, and the tutor of *Gerald* also, has declared to be by far the cleverest man he ever had under his tuition!—This man is to languish unpitied and unnamed—this glorious energy of intellect is to lie neglected, and not a party man has virtue to reverberate his name, or publish his virtues and the injustice of his persecutors.

An annuity of 3000 a year could the props and pillars of party collect by subscription, for a man who has been toiling all his life time to be Chancellor of the Exchequer or first Lord of the Treasury, and been disappointed in that virtuous and useful pursuit. Three thousand a year has been given to him to console him for the disappointment: but poor *Gerald*, attached to no party, whom nothing but virtue and principle can bias—poor *Gerald* is left unsupported, and unprotected, to receive his daily bread from the scanty pittance, which the honest shoemakers and mechanics of the Town can save from the hard earnings of the week for the support of virtue and the alleviation of unmerited suffering.

What talk you of parties upon principle, while men whose only crime is principle, are languishing in want and neglect. If there is such a thing as principle in the human breast, this must be one of the first results of reason, that for principle, whether mistaken or not, no man shall languish without that generous assistance which those in affluent circumstances might so easily afford.

Citizens, the plain and simple fact is this: let me impress it upon your minds: if you wish for the fruits of virtue, if you wish for the fruits of liberty, truth, and justice, seek them not from the rotten, blasted bough of party: they grow not there. These fruits are only to be expected, (to borrow a beautiful illustration from Doctor Parr) from “the solid trunk of virtuous habit, growing out of the deep root of virtuous principle.”

The Second Lecture *On the moral and Political Influence of the Prospective Principle of Virtue.*

[For the First see TRIBUNE No. VII.]

CITIZENS, The subject of this evening's Lecture is *the Prospective Principle of Virtue*. It will be remembered that some evenings ago, the first time I had the pleasure of meeting you after a melancholy circumstance had taken place in my family, I delivered a Lecture upon this subject, a subject to the choice of which I was led, in a considerable degree, by the state of my feelings. I was conscious of the duty of struggling with those sentiments of regret which we cannot wholly avoid when deprived of those who are dear to us, and I recollect that one of the most pleasing and efficacious methods of rivetting instruction in our own minds, is to endeavour to impart it to others; and I, therefore, upon that evening, undertook to prove that virtue is a prospective, not a retrospective principle, that it regards always those things we are to look forward upon, not those to which we may look back.

Citizens, I had no sooner determined to treat upon this subject, than I found the extreme importance of considering it with accuracy, and giving it an extensive investigation; it will not, however, be surprising to you that I should feel myself, under such circumstances, incompetent to give that methodical and orderly arrangement to which the subject is entitled: for, notwithstanding all our boasts, fortitude itself is a struggle, and when we are struggling against powerful passions our thoughts may occasionally flow, perhaps, with considerable energy, but they will generally be uttered in a loose and unconnected way. I found, accordingly, after I had concluded, that I had very imperfectly performed the task I had undertaken, that many important topics had not been touched at all, and particularly one important branch of my subject, which, perhaps, I was called upon to investigate with some degree of boldness and accuracy, because I had shocked, in a considerable degree, the prejudices of some of my hearers by having promised to attempt to prove that gratitude is in reality no virtue.

I have been induced, therefore, to consider the subject again, and to bring before you those parts of the argument into which I did not sufficiently enter; and though this subject may, in the first view, appear considerably metaphysical, and though many persons

persons may expect that the investigation will not be sufficiently political, I believe this suspicion will be found only to originate from not having sufficiently considered the nature of the subject.

The fact is, that the great question whether virtue is or is not always a prospective principle, is one of those which takes in an almost boundless range of investigation. Perhaps no question, in morals or politics, can possibly be started which has not some degree of reference to it; and I hope I shall be able to prove, that the proper understanding of the subject is of equal importance to practical utility, as to the accurate arrangement of ideas comprehended in the investigation. I think I shall be able to shew, that the prospective principle of virtue, that is to say, that principle which looks forward always to the advantages and benefits that are to be attained—which thinks of nothing but promoting the present and future happiness of society, is a principle the most magnificent, extensive and generous in its influence upon the human character of any that can be devised.

Citizens, If we could but persuade ourselves, not only in theory, but in practice, to keep our eyes thus constantly before us, I have no doubt but we should be able to produce a harvest of felicity of which mankind, as yet, entertain no conception; that we should be stimulated to a degree of energy that would expand the human intellect, enlarge the political powers of man, and produce a universal triumph of happiness throughout the universe;—that we should convert all the passions, powers, and energies of man, now so frequently wasted in profligacy, revenge, or apathy, into powerful engines to promote the general happiness, and to enlarge the capacities of our species!

Citizens, This proposition might, in a considerable degree be illustrated from what all of us must have observed in the intercourses of private life. If we regard the human character, such as we find it, we cannot but reflect, upon the considerable degree of force and activity which the youthful character displays, in proportion as it is inspired by the energies of hope, in preference to that tendency to regret and melancholy which frequently distinguishes the later period of life: for what is this hope but an enthusiastic ardour of the mind that keeps the eye constantly fixed on things that are before. Hence not only the human intellect unfolds to a degree which could not otherwise be accomplished, but we
also

also find the youthful character struggling with, and frequently surmounting dangers and difficulties which, but for this prospective principle, would sink them listless to the earth, and consign them to hopeless desperation. We find them also frequently springing forward to the full attainment of objects which to the cold eye of censure appear unattainable, and which occasion the *foi-disant* moralists of the day to ridicule and censure their daring enthusiasm.

Citizens, Could we carry this principle into the political world—could we persuade mankind to consider the universe, as in reality it is, one continuous system of animated being, and could we persuade the individual to think himself only a part, a portion of that great, and, as far as we can perceive, immortal existence, think how those energies would be prolonged, and reflect what must be the beneficent consequences! For why does age droop into despondency? Why is the vigour, the ardour of the youthful character suppressed by the chilling hand of experience? Is it because we have found that hope and exertion are of no avail? No—It cannot be. Let any individual who has once felt this enthusiastic ardor consider what he has attained by its means, and it is impossible that he should conclude that ardor and enthusiasm are fruitless.

What is the reason then that the energies of the human character are of such short duration? Citizens the reason is this, man when considerably advanced in life thinks he has but little to look forward to, and therefore slides imperceptibly into the retrospective, dwells upon that which is past, seeks his pleasures and his gratifications from the remembrance of what is no more, and thence drops too often into regret, repining melancholy, and dissatisfaction, from reflecting upon those parts of his past history which he cannot approve, or which, if he does approve, are accompanied with the melancholy conviction that they can return no more.

These are the consequences of the selfish system. That man who considers himself as an isolated individual, who believes that all his exertions ought to be made for his individual benefit, soon has reason to relax in his exertions. He finds that he is approaching towards the catastrophe he wishes to avoid; that there is little for him to hope for; little for him to wish; his anxiety for the future is only a gloomy consideration of his approaching dissolution; and he therefore resigns that energetic character which in youth had been the
source

source of his delight and prosperity, and sinks into that disposition to regret and melancholy which is equally barren to himself and injurious, or at least unproductive, to society.

But if we extend our view a little further; if we consider that man lives not for himself alone, but that every existing being, each individual that participates the feelings and sensations of which he himself is conscious—all that have the same common faculties with himself, are entitled to the same enjoyments and the same rights; that year after year, generation after generation, ages after ages, and myriads of ages after myriads, may pass away, and still society exist to reap the benefit of our exertions; then our energy becomes as it were immortal, and the desire, the hope, the anxiety to labor for human happiness, can only terminate with existence, because there only can terminate that satisfaction which the virtuous mind conceives from the consciousness of laboring to promote the general felicity, from the conviction that unborn ages may taste the harvest which his virtue is cultivating.

Citizens, Such, I conceive, with respect to the energies of the human character, are the effects that must result from considering virtue as a prospective principle. It creates to man a sort of eternal interest, in the advancement of virtue and happiness: it enlarges every day, in proportion as his knowledge enlarges the sphere of his activity; and consequently it is likely to be productive of effects to society which nothing but such a principle can possibly produce.

But it may be said, what avails to me the felicity that is to be enjoyed by unborn ages? Why should I exert myself for happiness that is to be tasted an hundred thousand years to come? Citizens, this way of arguing may look like philosophy, but it partakes very little of benevolence, and still less of a thorough knowledge of the sources of human happiness. It is true we may not live to realize a very large portion of the happiness we are laboring to produce. Some of it certainly we must behold; because if our labours in the cause of general happiness are continual, the harvest will be springing up day after day. But this proportion, you say, is small.—True, this proportion, if you consider this only, may be small. But is this all that man enjoys? Those atoms which compose the individuals that surround me, some few years hence may perhaps be winnowed in the gale; in the eter-

nal revolutions of matter they may be transmuted into various forms, flow in the wave, mount with the element of fire, or mingle with their parent dust: but have we therefore no interests in the enjoyments of posterity?—Yes, we have. In contemplation we enjoy them; in the noble and sublime satisfaction which springs from the consciousness of laboring, from the most disinterested principles, in the promotion of the grandest cause in which the faculties of man can be employed. And though you may not live to see the whole of those benefits you are toiling to produce, if you cannot anticipate them and enjoy them, in prospect, while you are toiling, I pity the coldness and fordidness of your imaginations.

The principle of retrospective virtue, if such a contradiction may be permitted, is however of a very different description. The passions it engenders are almost uniformly the very reverse of benevolence. Instead of imparting energy, it begets listlessness; instead of permanent happiness, it produces a sensual disposition to the gratification of the moment; and instead of ardent labor to promote the welfare of mankind, it generates the gloom of hatred, the rancour revenge, and the eternal brooding of malignant passions that disturb the universe and deform the character of man.

The most conspicuous of the *pretended* virtues of this system—for there is hardly any passion, however vile or base, which has not, in some country or some age, been dignified with the name of virtue.

The most conspicuous of the pretended virtues of this retrospective system, may be classed under a very few heads.

The first I shall hold out to your observation is Nationality. A certain ingenious set of romance writers called English Historians, having, time after time, told you very pompous stories of Frenchmen cut into fritters by English valour, of mountains of Spaniards looked to death by the terrors of the British eye, you are taught, by these fine stories, to contract an affection and veneration for the exploits of these glorious proficientes in the science of human butchery, and hence you are taught to consider, of course, that as the persons who tell all these great exploits bore the name of Englishmen, you ought to love the character of Englishmen better than any other, and to hold all other beings in contempt: without enquiring whether they do not possess the same powers of mind, nay, whether the romance writers of other countries, that is to say, their historians, have not, in return, made those Spaniards

ards and Frenchmen cut myriads of English Dogs into fritters in the same miraculous manner. In short, you are to love Englishmen because they are descended from those Englishmen who, as you are told, murdered the natives of France in inconceivable numbers, and you are to hate all Frenchmen (run away emigrants *now* excepted) because they are descended from the Frenchmen so murdered. Hence, Citizens, that perpetual animosity between nation and nation. What!—am I who am descended from Britons who have so frequently scourged those dogs of France—am I to suffer a Frenchman to consider himself my equal? Shall I, who pretend to be so proud of liberty, suffer a Frenchman to think of liberty for himself?—No, it is an insult to the sacred records of British story; and, remembering the cut-throat virtues of my ancestors, I must be sure to carry on the same trade of cutting throats in my time also.

Another species of this kind of partiality, is the spirit of party, proceeding also from the retrospective notion of virtues derived from ancestors—I have known gout, stone, and gravel to be derived from ancestors, but no one ever yet found the power of transmuting virtue, intellect, or learning from father to child. But, in remembrance of virtuous acts, forsooth, which the heroes of particular houses have accomplished, we are to bow down in veneration to those particular houses, we are to love the *Whigs*, because some of their ancestors stole the name from the *Scotch Sans Cullottes*, who stood about 150 years ago so boldly and conspicuously forward in vindication of the rights of man.

We are to revere sects in politics and religion also, because our ancestors were brought up in those political and religious notions; and as we have looked back for the example, it follows, of course, that the example must be right, and it would be almost atheism itself to think we could make any sort of improvement.

Another of the virtues which spring from the retrospective principle, is the system of *proscription*; that is to say, if any man, at any former period of his life, happens to have been guilty of any imprudence, or to have fallen into any vice, we are to take a resolute determination that he shall never have an opportunity of being virtuous again: we are never to think what the man is. The capacities and energies of his mind may be of the most useful nature, his virtues, private and public, may be most eminently conspicuous; we may look forward, also, to the prospect of his being beneficial to society:

all this is very good till you happen to hear, some how or other, that at some former period of his life, he had committed some *faux pas*, or was accused of something of that kind, and then, forsooth, all your veneration and respect is to terminate, and you are to push him back into the paths of vice from which his enlightened intellect had rescued him.

Citizens, can any thing be more opposite to the great interests of mankind, to the desirable object of promoting universal happiness, diffusing felicity to those who are at present around us, and cultivating those virtues that may tend to the felicity of posterity than this retrospective principle of proscription, which so ridiculously and inhumanly says to the unfortunate man struggling to regain his place in society, you may make what efforts you will, and struggle to be virtuous to the last degree, but, if we can prove that you have once been vicious, we will forget your present exertions, we will shut the doors of future virtue against you, and drive you back, whether you will or not, to that situation from which the energies of your intellect had redeemed you.

Two other of the virtues which the retrospective principle cultivates are *sorrow* and *regret*,—weaknesses, which it is no further necessary for me to dwell upon, than as they have frequently not only been cherished, but hypocritically assumed, that the individual might challenge the praise of sensibility. Sensibility! what is it? Sensibility means nothing more than acuteness of feeling; and if there is any particular honor in having a more acute sense of pain than other people, the sickliest valetudinarian has more virtue to boast than robust health and vigorous and useful activity can ever aspire to. In the same degree the feeble, sickly mind, in which there is not energy or virtue enough to do one virtuous action, frequently bears off the palm which ought to be conferred only upon the man glowing with a generous and extensive love of his fellow creatures, but which is, in general, conferred upon that debility into which persons sink from contemplating nothing but their own sensations, and supposing that to those sensations the world and its happiness ought to be rendered subservient.

Another of the virtues of the retrospective system is *repentance*. This is one of the virtues I shall touch upon very delicately, because I would not wish to offend the fine sensations of those reverend Gentlemen who may, perhaps, be anxious not to lose that hold which it gives them of the consciences and consequently the purses of their followers.

But

But the most conspicuous and energetic of all the *virtues* resulting from the retrospective principle is *revenge*: a passion that has done more towards deforming the face of human society, and plunging nation after nation, and generation after generation into all the horrors the mind can conceive, than all the other vices in the catalogue of human errors. Of this principle I shall not enter particularly into the investigation at this time, having spoken of it at length in my former Lecture. I shall, therefore, proceed to the consideration of a more plausible part of the retrospective system; I mean the supposed virtue of Gratitude. These two passions I shall compare together, and endeavour to shew that, however different in appearance, they both proceed from the same selfish principle.

Citizens, as this passion or sentiment of Gratitude is the only one generated by the retrospective system which has any plausible pretence to virtue, and as it has been long revered by the most amiable characters as the germ of every virtue, I am well aware that I have a delicate task to perform. Few, perhaps, who hear me ever questioned that gratitude was a virtue of the first description. A chain of serious reasoning has induced me to consider it as a vice. It will be necessary, therefore, for me to state the question to you with great precision, so that I may be thoroughly understood, and you may perceive the foundations upon which my conclusion is built. It is a doctrine, I believe, which no one has been hardy enough to broach in this country, till it was advanced by a celebrated author of the present day (Godwin) in his "Enquiry concerning Political justice;" and the odium it has drawn upon his head is little calculated to induce others to tread the same path. I am not afraid, however, of popularising those ideas which I believe to be true, because the persons who first propagated them have encountered reproach. If gratitude is a virtue—if it has a tendency to expand the heart, and promote the line of conduct most conducive to general happiness, let it be proved, and I shall be happy to retract. If gratitude, on the contrary, has a tendency to draw the human mind from the consideration of the whole, and to fix it, from a principle of self love, upon a few individuals, then I shall be obliged to conclude that gratitude is no virtue, but that, on the contrary, it is an enemy to that great fountain of all virtue—Justice!—which commands us, without favor or regard to personal feelings, to cultivate felicity in every bosom capable of receiving its impression, and remove sorrow and affliction from

from every sentient being, wherever the opportunity is presented.

Citizens, let us enquire, in the first instance, what is the principle of gratitude, and what is justice. If justice consists in nothing more, according to the ideas of Lombard-street, than merely paying your debts that you may neither injure your credit, nor be sent to prison, why then justice is not the sole foundation of all virtue. But if justice consists, as I suppose, in doing, in all possible cases, all the good we possibly can for our fellow beings, then I must conclude that every thing that is not just is criminal, that nothing that militates against this justice can be a virtue.

Well, then, what do you mean by gratitude? Either it means something, or it means nothing. If it means something, it must mean either something more or something less than justice; or else justice and gratitude are convertible terms:—a position that will never be allowed. If justice, then, is a supreme virtue, if justice embraces the whole universe, if it is the elementary principle of justice that you should do all the good to all human beings that you have the power of doing, and never neglect any opportunity of doing good to any individual, unless by doing that good you are likely to do more injury to other individuals, or, to society at large—If these are the principles of justice, and if gratitude means something more or something less than this, it must be injustice, and consequently is no virtue. It is mistaking a part for the whole, and confining our exertions to a few particular individuals, merely because they have done more for us than we were entitled to, and thereby neglecting that great scale of justice which would lead us to do all the good in our power to all existing beings.

Gratitude is generally understood to be a return of benefits. Now let us consider what are the benefits which ought to be returned.

You must never lose sight, in this enquiry, of the first principle, namely, that justice includes doing all the good you can for all human beings. Now then what is returning favors? The obligation, as it is called, either was a favour which the individual did or did not deserve. If not deserved, then it was an act of injustice; for no man has power to do more than he ought to an individual, without doing less than his duty to the whole; the fact being, that he owes to the whole every power and faculty he possesses, and is bound to lay out those powers and faculties to the general advantage.

If

If therefore he does more to any individual than that individual deserves, he is reduced to the necessity of doing less to other individuals than they deserve; consequently he has done injustice, he has done an ill act. If injustice then has been done in your favour, ought you to do a kindness to another because you have received the benefit of his injustice? Certainly not.

Grant, on the other hand, that what your benefactor did was no more than just and due; that it was beneficial to the human race that the kindness should be done, would you not be bound in the same manner to respect and reverence that human being, whose virtue had led him to do the best for his fellow beings, just the same whether that benefit was conferred upon another individual or yourself? If not, what makes the difference but your own self-love?

Thus then it resolves itself into the principle of justice. But if you lay it down as a principle of gratitude, that if you do me a kindness, I am to do you a kindness again, what is it but a barter? What is it but a traffic? a compact between parties?—Do more for me to day than I deserve, and I will do more for you to morrow than you deserve!—or, in other words, you having done injustice to mankind, that you might heap unmerited favours upon my head; I will do injustice to mankind, for ever after, that I may heap favours upon your head of which you are not worthy.

Citizens, It is not often that I enter upon any subject in this dry and abstract manner: but I wish you to see, as it is a part of that great system I wish to impress upon your minds, that the conclusion I draw from this is not a conclusion unfriendly to doing kind and beneficent actions. It is not an argument against doing as many generous actions as you would otherwise do; on the contrary it is a stimulus to do more: for the conclusion is, that all the good you can do to all existing beings, you ought to do; and that the only standard by which you ought to regulate the proportions of good you are to administer, is the standard of the effective right of the individual: that is to say, the capacity and the inclination of that individual to do good in his turn to other human beings whom it may be in his power afterwards to serve: and the only reason why you ought to give him that preference is, that by so doing, you throw your seed into a soil where it will be sure to be cultivated and bring forth a more abundant produce—not for your particular advantage, the paltry gratification of your contracted senses: no, but for the general diffusion of

of happiness and virtue through the whole of that great family of human beings every one of which, whatever be his name, his colour, or his country, is the brother of all the rest, and ought to enjoy with them a community of rights and happiness.

It matters not whether the individual has done me a kindness or an injury. A virtuous individual, supposing me to be vicious, may have done me wrong! This virtuous individual has the power and inclination to do benefit to all mankind. Now suppose this individual who has thus injured me unintentionally—or suppose he had intentionally wronged me (being then a vicious, tho' now a virtuous man)—This man who has wronged me languishes in want. Those powers, those faculties, those virtues, by which nations and generations might be blessed, are perishing before me. On the other hand lies some worthless individual whom nature may have made my relation, who may have heaped, in profligacy and idle intoxication, perhaps, unmerited favours upon my head: I have the power of serving but one: Who does gratitude call upon me to serve? The worthless being by whose exertions society will never be benefited, or him whose relief confers an essential benefit upon mankind? Gratitude says, relieve the worthless, and let the important sufferer perish. But who does justice, who does virtue, who does the love of my fellow men call upon me to serve? The man whose conduct, perhaps, was once a scorpion to my breast; who, if I relieve his necessities, if I triumph over the selfish narrow principles corroding my heart, may become a blessing to the universe and diffuse felicity through a wide sphere of human population.

Citizens, it may appear paradoxical, but I shall endeavour to prove how nearly gratitude and revenge are allied. I might argue this point by dogmatism, and inference from fact. I might appeal to observation, and remind you that grateful men are generally revengeful, and that revengeful men are generally grateful; and even hence, perhaps, it would be no great presumption to conclude that the revengeful and grateful man act from the same selfish spring of motion, that is to say, the recollection of the benefits or injuries heaped upon himself, and the hatred or love he feels towards the individuals. I shall not however take advantage of this general association, but shall proceed to examine the question upon the open ground of argument. For this purpose, Citizens, I will refer to a recent circumstance, because it will give me an opportunity of meeting the arguments of my opponents on their strongest ground.

You

You all of you know that, together with other Citizens, I have lately been in circumstances of a very extraordinary nature: that the iron hand of oppression was stretched over me to crush me to atoms, that every species of persecution was made use of to destroy at once my person and my character. Well, how came I through this perilous storm? Citizens, TWELVE GOOD MARINERS and THREE EXCELLENT PILOTS conducted my vessel in safety into the harbour of peace. Twelve honest Jurors disdained the sophistry of an host of Crown Lawyers.—*Erskine*, with an imagination all on fire, with a soul full of that energy which nothing but virtuous feelings could inspire, *Erskine* stepped forward with manly eloquence, and asserted the cause of truth and justice to the very teeth of that judge who, in his charge to the Grand Jury, propagated doctrines to which I will not give a descriptive epithet:—posterity will do them justice. *Erskine* stood up in the face of power; he vindicated the rights and liberties of Englishmen, and as he already stood unrivalled for forensic talents, determined to prove that the qualities of his head were not superior to those of his heart.—*Gibbs*, whose soul, unbiassed by party, never yet was plunged in political disputes, felt a correspondent ardour. Burning with honest conviction, elevated with a noble fortitude, conscious that the men who pretended to reverence the law and constitution were trampling law and constitution under foot, and endeavouring to mark every footstep of their tyrannic career with British blood;—*Gibbs*, not curious, perhaps, of those abstract and speculative truths which form the basis of the character of the philosophical politician, but fired with that Constitutional enthusiasm, that zeal for the faithful interpretation of the laws which has occasionally, though not frequently, adorned the English Bar—*Gibbs* stood by his side, like the younger Ajax by the side of *Telemon*, seconded his strokes, and enforced his advantages. Nor must we forget the labours of *Foulkes*, who in a situation less conspicuous, but equally arduous, united the diligence of the solicitor with the disinterestedness of the philanthropist, and the ardour of the patriot.

Such were our champions. They fought, they conquered, and Britain escaped the chains that were forging for it.

Well, Citizens, I feel—I know all this: I acknowledge, I avow, I proclaim (for *justice* calls upon me so to do) that but for these honest jurors, these honest advocates, and this honest solicitor, I had not been here. I am not a man to deny the good offices I have received. That is no part of the system I

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am upholding. The good actions of mankind ought to be publicly proclaimed, nor ought the light of benevolence to be hid under a bushel. But can I suppose, or, if I were so infatuated, could any body else believe that the merit of these men is any way increased because I was the individual who was snatched by their exertions from the jaws of oppression, and restored to my sphere of public and private usefulness. Can I, unless egotism has usurped the seat of justice in my mind, believe that more affection is due to these men, more esteem for snatching *me* from the meditated destruction than for snatching the veteran Tooke, for example, from the same fate? or Hardy, that gallant and disinterested leader of the van of liberty? Certainly not. The *principle* and the *utility* of the action are the real foundations of the esteem we owe the actors, and not the individual object. They would be equally entitled to respect and veneration had they exercised the same energies of mind in behalf of any other individuals equally innocent and equally useful to mankind.

Nay, Citizens, I will go a step further, I say that the respect and veneration which we owe and which society owes to these men, does not arise from the circumstance of past exertions. No, those exertions ought only to be considered as proofs of energetic virtues calculated to produce the happiness of mankind; as land marks, if I may so express myself, on the shore of morals, pointing out to mankind, whenever their happiness and felicity shall need such a shelter of intellect, and legal knowledge, where they may seek that shelter with confidence.

In short, Citizens, it is not this or that good action which individuals have done, but their general usefulness, their power and inclination to benefit society, that ought to stamp their estimation with the thinking part of mankind.

Now, Citizens, I will contrast this by another circumstance. It is not likely that in mentioning the prosecutions I should forget the sanguinary ambition of a *Pitt*, the aristocratic enthusiasm of a *Burke*, the metaphysical frenzy of a *Wendham*, or the apostacy of your *Portlands*, your *Spencers*, and the would-be Viceroy *Fitzwilliam*: yet, Citizens, because we recollect the vices of these men, are our souls to fester with revenge? Are we, like harpies and furies, with lips quivering with rage and indignation (such lips as I beheld in the Privy Council when I was examined!)—Are we, I say, as if we were ready to lap the blood of these men because their principles and conduct are offensive to us, to brood over the gloomy

gloomy feeling of resentment and revenge? No: Perish the wretch the fire of whose patriotism must be fed by the destroying fires of vengeance! Perish the wretch who, remembering only his own petty wrongs, forgets the great interests of humanity!

However contemptible their conduct may have been, or however conspicuous their sanguinary hatred and disposition to oppress, those individuals certainly are no worse members of society than they would have been if they had never persecuted me. If their persecution had fell upon other heads, ought I not to have the same abhorrence for their principles and practices which is justifiable now? Certainly this makes no difference in the great scale. If I am merely an isolated individual, if I am to be acting merely for myself, if I am to consider that I am all, and society nothing, then of course I must hate these men in proportion to the injury they have done me. But, admitting the benevolent principle, can any individual have a right to stake the happiness and prosperity of society, the welfare, the peace, the tranquillity of a whole generation, that he may satisfy his particular feelings of rage, of hatred, of resentment? No: such a right, reason, humanity, justice, all disclaim. I know this is not the popular sentiment. I know how strong a tendency there is in the human character to egotism and resentment; and I therefore warn you when you yourselves are wronged think twice—always think seriously before you suffer yourselves to feel indignation against any individual; but when yourselves are wronged think twice,—think how common a thing it is to over-rate ourselves, and consequently to over-rate the injuries we have received,—and learn that the principles of virtue are principles of general utility, not of particular feeling.

But, Citizens, there is one circumstance more relative to this gratitude, to which I shall allude, namely, the mischievous consequences it frequently produces in the most noble and capacious minds, fettering them to individuals when they were born for the universe, and extinguishing the great principles of general justice in their hearts. How is it that the Demosthenes of our senate, Fox, a man whose soul is occupied by magnificent virtues,—how comes it that this man shrinks as he does from the path of public duty at this period? What is the reason that he should affirm in the Senate, that elementary principles are not to be talked of, that you must not discuss general abstract rules,—you must only consider the particular motives and objects of the present day?—In other words,

words, you may make as many disputes as you please to get yourselves into power, but never discuss what are the rights of the People, the duties of Ministers, or the objects of Government! No: this would lead you to enquiry equally destructive to all parties, and the Outs have as much to tremble for during the investigation as the Ins. But can we believe that this great character is blind to the importance of first principles? Can we believe that his mind cannot see beyond the narrow line of conduct now chalked out?—It is impossible to think so meanly of his mind; but the harpy Gratitude has taken possession of him: recollecting that much of the felicity, much of the ease, the splendor, the consequence of his life, has been derived from a few aristocratic families, from a great combination of *Whigs*, as they call themselves, he therefore supposes that he is bound in gratitude never to desert this party, though, one after another, they have shewn little remorse in deserting him. Thus is this great, this powerful, in many respects this virtuous and energetic mind, trammelled by the fetters of Aristocracy, and society is robbed of those glorious advantages which might be reaped from the free and generous exertions of capacities so gigantic and immeasurable!



IMPROMPTU *on seeing the word LIBERTY half erased from a wall on which it had been written.*

POOR dastard no triumph thy malice imparts;
 What you 'razed from our walls is engraved on our hearts:
 And tho' Pitt and his crew may the legend efface,
 The emblem for ever the mind shall embrace;
 Its firmness—its ardour shall ever endure,
 Engrav'd on our bosoms, unshaken and pure;
 Existence and Freedom together we'll twine,
 And the one with the other we'll only resign.

JUVENIS.



. *An additional Quarter-Sheet will be given with a future Number.*

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. XI.

Saturday, 23d May, 1795.

On the humanity and benevolence of the Dutch Revolution, and the causes of the excesses in France.

The Third Lecture On the Moral and Political Influence of the Prospective Principle of Virtue.

With a Parallel between the Character of PITT and ROBESPIERRE.

CITIZENS, it will frequently happen, from the extempore manner in which these Lectures are delivered, that I shall be considerably mistaken in my calculations as to the extent of matter to be embraced by a single Lecture. On the last evening I intended to have closed the subject of the prospective principle of virtue, and to have entered largely into the *political* considerations that depend upon it; particularly that branch of the subject which relates to the revolutions of nations. I found, however, when the evening was considerably advanced that it would be impossible to accomplish this, or, indeed, to enter at any considerable length into that which forms the most important branch of the subject, namely, the application to the leading characters and events of this important æra, without considerably trespassing upon my usual limits. And as the state of my health was precarious, I thought it not right either to expose myself to hazard, or you to inconvenience by protracting that Lecture to an unusual length. I am glad I made use of this precaution, because, when I came to review my subject again, I found a vast variety of important matter entirely untouched. I recollected also that while I had the honor of residing in the Tower, I had perused, with a considerable degree of attention, the works of an author sometimes very much praised, and sometimes more abused,

“ Now hail’d with joy as true to Virtue’s side ;

“ Now view’d with horror as the assassin’s guide”—

I mean *Machiavel*, who appeared, in a considerable degree, to furnish a clue to the events which have recently taken place

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in Europe; and from whom many important reflections might be adduced: An author, whatever might be his object—whether to instruct the tyrant, or expose the tyranny, whose work is replete with political erudition and, therefore, worthy of the most serious attention. I found, in a review of the present subject, that many of his reflections would apply to that branch I am now going to enter upon, and I shall occasionally, therefore, make some quotations from him. It may be necessary, however, to premise that this author is perpetually speaking of princes and of tyrants, whereas I shall have to apply his reflections to leaders of revolutions by which princes and tyrannies have been overthrown. You will see, however, that the reasoning applies just the same, and that in one instance in particular the only irrelevant circumstance is the use of the word prince, a title to which the individual animadverted upon never attained, nor ever, perhaps, aspired.

Having premised thus much, I shall proceed to remind you that in two former lectures I have dilated very considerably upon that principle of virtue which looks forward to benefits to be procured, in opposition to that which looks backward upon injuries already done. You will remember that I dwelt upon the tendency of the passion of revenge to disappoint the aims of those who use that engine to promote the principle of liberty; the very essence of which is philanthropic virtue. I attempted also to shew you that the deviations from the great principles of political virtue which, according to my conceptions, are observable in that illustrious character, the Demosthenes of the British senate, are to be traced also from the delusive principle of gratitude, a branch as I endeavoured to shew you, of the retrospective system.

I come now to the most important branch of my subject: namely, the influence of the two principles in the grand revolutions which frequently convulse, sometimes destroy, and sometimes improve great communities. And here, Citizens, I shall dwell, in the first instance, not upon the gloomy, but upon the benignant picture. I am sure no man who has a heart can have read the proceedings of the revolution in Holland, without feeling that heart dilated, and finding himself a better member of society from the grand sentiments of justice and benevolence upon which that revolution has been conducted. Remember particularly the doctrines they lay down, how they discard the principle of vengeance, and all those effusions of retrospective fury which have produced such miserable consequences in the world. Think of that proclamation

in which they declare their independence, and avow their determination of forming a government upon the broad basis of liberty and equality. Having been required, with more zeal than discretion, to satiate vengeance upon some of their late oppressive rulers, the provisional representatives, the leaders of the revolution, publish a proclamation, equally admirable for its energy of sentiment, its wisdom and its humanity. "The Dutch," say they, "from the very moment when they first broke their chains, gave to astonished Europe too grand an example of generosity and humanity to let us believe that they would sully that glory in the moments of tranquillity, by avenging themselves on a set of humbled despots, deprived of all strength." This magnanimity will appear very conspicuous, when you consider what has been the conduct of the man who was once the chief magistrate of that country; when you reflect that during the American war, while Holland was at war with England, there are strong reasons to suspect that he sold the fleet of his own country to the cabinet of St. James's (I mean at the battle of the Dogger Bank)—when you reflect, also, upon his conduct to the people, of whose constitution, be it remembered, the Stadtholderate was never an integral part—it was only a provisional office set up by the temporary will of the nation, and liable to be put down again whenever the nation so willed.

The Stadtholderate, I say, and the history of the country bears me out in the assertion, was no integral part of the constitution of the Batavian states; yet you will remember that when the Batavian people thought it their duty—and who shall venture to dispute the right of a people when they do so think, to ameliorate the government, under which they live?—You will remember that when they thought it their duty to ameliorate their government they were prevented by the Stadtholder from so doing. How? By a larger portion of the people declaring against the patriots? No: but by the menacing of a British fleet that threatened their ports, and by troops of Prussians poured into the nation to thrust the Stadtholderate down people's throats, with an increase of power, and additional prerogatives.

But they forgot all this—generously and gloriously forgot it, and remembered the true principles of virtue and policy; as you will hear, "He deserves not to triumph," continue these philosophic patriots, "who basely abuses his victory; he alone can promise himself the constant and happy fruits of victory who makes his vanquished foes blush by his justice and ge-

“nerosity; and convinces them that they are the persons who have chosen the worst cause to defend. Citizens, generosity and justice carry with them irresistible force, nothing can save our country but a constant adherence to those virtues. The exercise of revenge may afford a transitory pleasure in the moments of passion and delirium, but its consequences are commonly sad and fatal; while the exercise of equity and generosity leaves nothing but agreeable sensations.”

They then go on to declare that their great end is to establish a government upon the foundation of the genuine principles of freedom and equality; perceiving (as all men will sooner or later perceive) that all governments that are not founded upon this basis, that is to say, upon the basis of equal rights, equal laws, and equal means of obtaining justice, are in reality nothing but usurpations, how many hundred, or how many thousand years soever they may happen to have been established. “But,” continues the proclamation, “how to attain this end? No method more likely than to shew, on the one hand, grandeur and generosity with respect to the past; on the other, to be severe and inexorable to all attempts against freedom and the supremacy of the people.”

Citizens, I am not sure whether to be severe and inexorable is ever right. You are always to exercise justice,—you are to preserve liberty; but take care, that, while you pretend to make distinctions, you do not ultimately fall into an undistinguishing system of terror and revenge. However, Citizens, there can be no doubt that, in the agitation of passions that must prevail in such a revolution as that in France, and that in Holland, there must be a considerable degree of ferment,—a necessity for a considerable degree of energetic exertion, which at other periods cannot be justified. In a moment of crisis, all the terrors, in the regular course of things, being on one side, it is necessary, perhaps, to create a salutary and counteracting terror, that persons who have no side, no sentiment, no principle but that of self-security, (a description which always includes a large proportion of every people) may not suppose that they have every thing to fear from the triumph of one party, and nothing from the other. If therefore there is any excuse for this language, it is from that consideration. Self-preservation is a right of nature which belongs as much to the friends of liberty as to courts and ministers.

Citizens,

Citizens, I mark this discrimination the more particularly, that I may shew you that there is no more foundation for the calumny which describes me, on the one hand, as a friend to passive obedience and non-resistance, than the calumny which represents me, on the other, as an agitator of violence and massacre. I love humanity, I love my fellow-beings, to whatever party they may belong; and I would no sooner wound or afflict my bitterest enemy than my dearest friend. Either the one or the other I would resist, if I met him in the prosecution of schemes destructive of the rights and interests of man; but I would resist him, which ever it might be, in the mildest and most benevolent manner, from which I could have any prospect of success. This is my land-mark—my boundary between Quakerism and violence; and here I think every man ought to stand to his post, and, when attacked, defend himself and his principles; and if ever the dire necessity should arrive, which I hope never will, I trust I shall be as willing to shed my blood, as spend my breath, in defence of the rights and liberties of man. But not one blow for vengeance! No: that which is past, is past. I would prevent the future evil; I would remove the present; but when, instead of prevention, we talk of punishment, we may disguise it to ourselves in what pompous language we will, but we have departed from the genuine principles of liberty and justice, and plunged into the cruel system by which all the tyrannies of the ancient and modern world have been supported.

Unhappily, citizens, this great political truth has not been understood in all the stages of the French revolution; unhappily we do but too frequently observe, instead of the prospective principle of amelioration, the retrospective glances and passions of revenge, in the struggles of parties which, one after the other, have succeeded in that great, that glorious, though in some respects unhappy country.

Citizens, perhaps in the first instance every one of the factions which have alternately prevailed in that country acted from virtuous principles. I cannot, I own, call back to my mind the glorious sentiments, the godlike reasonings, the generous eloquence, which has so frequently resounded within the walls of the French assemblies, without being convinced that, in many of those leaders who have at last fallen victims to their own ambition, there were pure and enlightened principles of liberty and truth, which perhaps never shone before with equal lustre in the world. But, citizens, one of the

the first misfortunes of France was, that the leading characters of that country formed themselves into factions, (into parties as they are called here !) compacts and associations, which have an inevitable tendency to produce a selfishness of character, a sort of *esprit du corps*, and to banish from the mind those broad and generous principles, without a resolute adherence to which nothing like genuine liberty ever can be produced.

These parties soon became inflamed by suspicions, and aggravated by threats of vengeance. Yes, I say by threats of vengeance ; for I believe the threats held out by the feeble Brissotines were the first cause of the sanguinary proceedings which the Mountain afterwards adopted. When suspicions are generated, when denunciations are springing from every quarter, there is but too necessary a tendency in such proceedings to stir up the gloomy spirit of revenge. Opposition becomes inflamed by mutual hatred, and mutual fear, till nothing but the destruction of one party can satisfy the frantic ravings of those who began in delusion, but end in rancorous animosity. Let it be remembered however, citizens, that I do not attribute the whole of the mischiefs that have taken place in France to the revengeful dispositions of the particular leaders of the revolution. The time is near at hand when it will no longer be virtue to slander France. The time is near at hand when it will be no longer High Treason to do justice to the real character and virtues of that nation. Prussia has already, from a professing friend, become a threatening enemy to this country. Prussia already, from the foe of France, has become her ally ; and, with very few grains of penetration, I think we may discover that part of the alliance, yet behind the curtain, is, that the arms of Prussia and France shall combine to drive the British forces from Germany. Spain and Sardinia, there is good reason to believe, have submitted already, or are upon the eve of submission. The King of Prussia is nominated, as it were, patron of a large portion of Germany ; and, in all probability, under his wing peace will be procured from the French republic for those distracted and half-ruined states. Yet still we sleep supine : we lift not the manly voice for change of men and measures, though the period, I believe, is not very distant, when we must either discard our ministers to make a peace, or submit to a conquering foe, whose revenge we have stimulated by injustice and opprobrium, and whose generosity we have treated with ingratitude and contempt. I believe therefore,

fore, in such a posture of affairs, that it is not improper to prepare the public mind for amity, by removing a part of that odium unjustly thrown upon the French character; and I believe, if we consider the whole history of the revolution, we shall find that the excesses of that revolution have not, in general, proceeded principally from the character of the individual leaders, but still less from the principles which that revolution has promulgated. The revengeful character, the depravity of morals, which stained some stages of the revolution resulted from the old despotism. While every species of cruelty and licentiousness practiced by the court, during whose tyranny no poor miserable *sans culotte* could walk the bridges at night, without expecting that some great man's lackey might chuck him into the river, conscious that he would never be enquired after; while the monstrous cruelties practiced by the nobility, and gentry, as they called themselves, against the industrious order of people; while these things were fresh in the memory of the people, it is a circumstance to be lamented, but not to be wondered at, that a profligate spirit of revenge should have stimulated a part of the revolutionists also. Consider likewise the corruption introduced into that country by the court, nothing but splendor and power was treated with respect; and, therefore, splendor and power has but too frequently been grasped at by vices so detestable that no being would have had the audacity to perpetrate them, if he had not known that titles and gold would hide the deformity from the public eye, and his character be smoothed and polished over by the gold leaf of privilege and distinction.

To this I am sorry to add,—that I believe we must also attribute a considerable part of the intrigues and excesses in France to the cabals and artifices of the British cabinet. Do I say I believe? they have stood up in the houses of Parliament and avowed it. They have said that they sent the money of Britain into France to create internal commotions there. [*Interruption.*] The Citizen groans, but he will groan a little more when he remembers that Lord Stanhope made a motion in reprobation of that avowal. The motion was scouted, and the sentiment remained unretracted, to the disgrace of humanity, which could not but rise in indignation at the idea that any set of men could stand forward and say, we are employing the property of this country, taken from the hard earnings of industry, to spread treachery and crimes through the country of that enemy whom we wish to destroy though we have not the energy to conquer.

Citizens,

Citizens, you will consider, also, the situation in which France was plunged at that period: you will consider the barbarous manifesto of the Duke of *Brunswick*. I mention not his name to give any wound to an unhappy female, who is torn from every connection to reside (such are the cruel mandates of state policy) at the mercy (for mercy, under such circumstances, it must be) of strangers whom, perhaps, she may love, but to whom, perhaps, she never can reconcile herself. I have heard, and I am much disposed to believe,—for I am much inclined to think the Duke of Brunswick one, among the sovereigns of Europe, who possesses a larger share of intellect than belongs to most of them: our own blessed sovereign excepted. (*Reiterated applauses.*)—

I am very happy to hear, Citizens, that you are so loyal; and that you will not suffer a just compliment to be passed upon our benign sovereign, without taking the notice of it that it merits!

I say this piece of Bobadil bravado has been reported not to be the composition of the Duke of Brunswick. It was smuggled into the world, however, under his name: and I am sorry it should so frequently be the misfortune of Princes that their names should give the sanction of authority to measures of which they are totally ignorant, till the mischief has been disseminated through the world.

However, certain it is that this barbarous manifesto, whoever penned it, was one of the causes of the violences in France. Pressed with intrigues within, which were fomented and supported by cabals without, pressed by armies of invading despots, menaced on every side, provoked by every insult, injustice and indignity, their enthusiasm and apprehensions arose to frenzy, and they did acts which I shall not attempt to justify—which I should wish could be blotted for ever from the page of history, if I were not sure that it is good for the future happiness of mankind that every historical truth should be fairly and publicly handed down.

Citizens, we are to remember, also, that, at the time when the country was driven to the last extremity, when arms could not be procured fast enough to be put into the hands of those brave defenders of liberty who were rushing forward to meet the foreign foe; at that time in the prisons, crammed with suspected persons, counter-revolutionists who had never been committed, were found to be concealed, in every part of Paris, and arms were found concealed in those places, evidently for purposes of the most detestable treachery.

When

when we consider these circumstances, we must attribute to an unfortunate concurrence of events, those excesses which have been so frequently related with aggravation upon aggravation, as stains upon the character of the French people. We have, also, to consider that the situation in which they were placed rendered measures of considerable energy requisite. I am sorry they mistook the real character of energy: but the fears of a populace trembling for their new-born liberty, and driven to despair by such a combination of disastrous circumstances, can never be brought forward as a stain upon the general character of a nation, but by persons whose own understandings are either perverted, or who are determined to pervert the understandings of others.

If, however, we should admit, that there are some excuses for the excesses that took place in that country, we must, also, admit that there were men whose gloomy dispositions perpetuated those excesses when there could be no excuse for them whatever: for as Machiavel has well observed "Cruelty, if ever it can be palliated, can only be so when it is committed but once, out of necessity, and for self-preservation, and never repeated afterwards, but converted, as much as possible, to the benefit of the subject." I know that in the vague manner in which this is worded it might be made use of to justify the horrible massacres of St. Bartholemews, or even the still more horrible and atrocious massacre committed by that French aristocrat M. de Memmay, and which all aristocrats are so willing to bury in oblivion. But I quote not the author's words because I mean to admit their full latitude, but because they give me an opportunity of shewing that even the advocates for cruelty and tyranny do not justify that reiterated fury and vengeance into which it is but too common for men to plunge in the fury of political contention. "Cruelty is ill applied," continues he, "when it is but little at first, and is afterwards rather increased than abated.—Those whose cruelty lingers and comes on by degrees, cannot possibly subsist long." The event has shewn how truly this author was acquainted with the springs and influences of political action. It must, however, be admitted that few characters in the world ever had energy enough to do those things which were requisite in such a situation as France was plunged into, without, at the same time, indulging some disposition for revenge and cruelty.

"All new governments," says this same Machiavel, "are exposed to so many dangers, that it is impossible for a new
No. XI. II "Prince,"

"Prince," and such, it cannot be dissembled, at the latter part of his life, was Robespierre, though I believe, at the beginning, he was actuated by the true and genuine principles of republicanism. It is impossible, he says, for a new Prince, that is an usurper, "to avoid the scandal of being "cruel."

Citizens, as I believe the characters of great actors in the political world furnish the most important of the facts upon which the human mind expatiates, I shall next enter into some consideration of the character of Robespierre: by which I shall be able to shew you that he had not a constitution calculated to form an exception from this general rule. I admit, and I think I shall by and by prove, that there were in the character of Robespierre many as great qualities, as magnificent virtues as ever adorned a human being; unfortunately, however, none of those great qualities and virtues were of that description that led to moderation. He had no philosophy, he had no social affections, he had none of those tender sympathies which soften the rugged character of the politician, and reconcile the great and sublime powers of the human mind to the gentle endearments of humanity—that affection and general attachment to his species, which are necessary to constitute the truly excellent character: and without which no character, however splendid, can either command or deserve the general admiration of mankind. His virtues were of the severe and gloomy cast; his vices were those most favourable to cruelty and revenge; he was tainted, nay, he was saturated, if I may so express myself, with the monstrous vice of suspicion; a narrow selfish fiend, which, when it enters into the human character, debauches all the great qualities of the soul, and perverts the energies which might otherwise have been ornamental and beneficial to the human race. He was also, unfortunately a slave to personal cowardice. He had, it is true, political intrepidity; but the history of his proceedings show, that like *Marat*, (though not to so great a degree) he had a heart that trembled for his personal security, and that, therefore, was disposed to raise fences and protections round him, which he thought it necessary to cement with blood. He had also a political impetuosity that could brook no restraint; that must dash forward at once to its object, that could not go step by step to the attainment of that political amelioration at which, at first, he aimed, and which, therefore, hurried him from the path of patriotism to that of individual ambition. He had also a fanaticism gloomy and inveterate; and that fan-

aticism

naticism whetted the axe of the guillotine against the man who had long been his firmest and most useful friend; because, forsooth, (such was the popular pretence at least) this man denied some doctrines, of which he thought fit to make himself the champion.

I wish not to contend on this occasion, whether the atheism of Danton were a vice or not; but I am convinced of this, that if it were a vice, it was of that description that man had nothing to do with; and the individual who once supposes he has a right to shed the blood of his fellow Citizens for differences in speculative opinion, knows not where he may stop. He may cut this man's head off to-day for being an atheist; he may cut off, the next day, another man's head for being a deist, and, the next, send flocks of people to the guillotine, because they receive the sacrament standing, when he takes it kneeling. In short, unless you suffer a man to enjoy the utmost freedom of opinion; unless you lay it down that speculative notions are not objects of punishment, and that punishment, if justifiable at all, is only useful when used to prevent destructive exertions of the powers and faculties of man, for the annihilation of life, or the overthrow of happiness,—Unless you admit these maxims, whatever your religious opinions may be, you are a fanatic. Whether you go to mass with Robespierre at one period, or at another bow down with this high-priest to his new-fangled allegorical religion, whether you go to the conventicle, to the church, the chapel, or the plain meeting of the Quakers, it matters not; unless you uphold that every man has a right to his opinion, you cannot be a friend to genuine liberty and justice; you are hostile to human intellect: for though you think you are right, the man in direct opposition thinks he is right also, and if you want no other judgment than your own opinion to justify coercion, universal massacre must ensue, society must be unhinged, chaos return, and “darkness be the burier of the dead.”

The generality of these qualities, it is true, fitted Robespierre for the times he had to act in: and we may, indeed, observe a tendency in all times and postures of society, to create those characters which are necessary for them.

It is certain that the Brissotines were incompetent to the task of the salvation of France. They had virtue—they had philosophy; but they had no energy: and we may observe, from this, the reason why, in great revolutions, the first movers seldom steer through the whole. It is ridiculous, therefore, to suppose that any man, acquainted with the his-

tory of the universe, is anxious to produce revolutions. Revolutions are always produced by the folly and wickedness of the rulers, not by the projects of individuals. Whoever puts the first hand to the work, in all human probability will be one of the first that loses his head, in the progress of it; for the fact is, that the character of man only fits him for acting in that particular sphere where he finds a similar character in the posture of society. Hence what is called fortune. We say that this man is fortunate, and that man is unfortunate; for both have pursued their way with equal wisdom, and one has succeeded and the other fallen. But it is not fortune, but the times, and the victory of the one, and the fall of the other must result from one of these causes; either the individual who falls was not keen-sighted enough to see what the real state of society was, and what the proper mode of acting in that state of society, or else, seeing what it was, the habits of his character did not permit him to act in the particular way required.

Thus we find the Brissotines, at one period of the revolution, were characters best calculated to help it on. Their deliberate, progressive, cautious movements led forward the people and the country to a particular state, to which it, perhaps, never would have arrived but for those moderate exertions. But then came the dæmon of foreign power, then came calamities, then came a posture of society for which their deliberate measures were no longer fitted. They could not assume the energy requisite for the moment; and the reins of power fell from their feeble hands. They were seized by the energetic gripe of the leaders of the mountain: men born to live among the storms of nature; and "rule them at their wildest."

The different dispositions requisite at different periods, are excellently animadverted upon by the author whom I have quoted to you before "He whose manner of proceeding agrees
" with the times is happy, and he unhappy who cannot accommodate his conduct to them. Hence it is not rare to
" see a leader happy and flourishing one day, and ruined the
" next, without observing the least change in his disposition
" or conduct." The fact is, the cause of his ruin is that he
" is incapable of that change. "For men, to arrive at the end
" which they propose, take very different courses; and if these
" different courses were accommodated to the characters and
" dispositions of the times, all might succeed. One acts with
" moderation, another with impetuosity; one with violence
" another with art; one with patience, another with fury,
" and

“ and yet they may all arrive at the same end. We see, “ likewise, that of two persons, equally moderate, one succeeds, the other miscarries; and that two persons of different “ turns, one moderate, the other impetuous, are equally “ successful. This proceeds from nothing but the nature of “ the times, which either suits or disagrees with their manner “ of proceeding.—Upon this also depends the vicissitudes of “ good; for when a man acts always with moderation and “ patience, if the times and affairs turn so favorably as to suit “ his conduct, he prospers; but if the face of affairs and the “ times change, he is undone, because he does not change “ likewise.”

The whole of this reasoning, which Machiavel continues to a considerable extent, and which is certainly very just, is applied by him to Princes; but it is equally applicable to the leaders of revolutions: as I have in some degree shown you, from what I have observed relative to the Brissotines. The moment the crisis came they were incompetent to the task, and another faction of more power and energy stepped forward, and seized the helm: otherwise, I believe, though France was too far enlightened eventually to have fallen, she would have experienced much greater calamities and difficulties, and been for the present, perhaps, disappointed of her object; a portion of her country would have perhaps been lost; and the real object of the allies, namely, a partition, and perhaps to a considerable degree, might have taken place.

But, however necessary the exertions of the Mountain for the moment might have been, cruel and unjustifiable beyond description, was the manner in which the triumph was enjoyed. Did they maintain such language as I have read to you from the proclamation of the friends of liberty in Holland? Did they with magnanimity turn round, forget the past, and enjoy the triumph without sullyng it with vengeance? No: the retrospective principle had sunk too deep in their minds: the remembrance of the examples of cruelty so frequently set by the despotism from which they had so recently been emancipated, had contaminated their hearts; and the crimes of the French monarch survived, while the monarchy itself was broken in fragments.

Thus, Citizens, Europe was witness to the murder of the deputies; after that to the murder of the friends of those deputies; who were sent to the scaffold for fear they should revenge their blood; these were followed by their friends, and those by their's. And Robespierre, like Macbeth, soon found him-

himself "so far gone in blood," that he thought it "harder to turn back than to go o'er:" Thus from suspicion and revenge he was driven to cruelty, and from cruelty to the necessity of ambitious usurpation; and this usurpation was to be fortified again by blood. Danton was to be sacrificed—Camille Desmoulines—Hebert—all accused of counter-revolutionary crimes, though the real crimes I believe, of some of them were, that they were dangerous rivals to the ambitious Dictator; and the crimes of others, that they wished to restore to France that free representation, which was in some degree usurped by the plausible pretences under which the Convention contrived to procrastinate their power.

But whatever were the causes of the cruelty, the practice continued when the temper of the times could no longer endure it: And we find that not only justice was trampled upon, but discretion also—for though it may perhaps sometimes be true, as my Italian author has observed, "That it is
 " of the two better to be impetuous than cautious; because
 " fortune is a woman, with whom it is impossible to succeed
 " without some degree of violence;" and that "it appears
 " by experience that she more easily submits to those who are
 " fierce and boisterous, than to such as are cool and deliberate."
 "—Though this may be true, yet certain it is, that such violent measures never can be of long duration. Fortunately for the universe, such crimes and such atrocities have a tendency to their own cure: accordingly we find that Robespierre fell by the machinations of his own violence; because he, no more than the party he had displaced, was capable of changing his character with the necessities of the times, but continued to act with violence when moderation and philosophy were requisite to heal the wounds which the struggle had given to the bosom of his country. This circumstance, I own, appeared to me so inevitable, from the perusal of the author I have so frequently quoted, that, when I read the following passage, I could not but consider it as a prophecy of the fall of Robespierre; though, at the time I read it, he appeared to be in the zenith of his power.—
 " Pope Julius II." (for Catholic Popes, as well as allegorical Popes, can be sometimes destroyers of the human race.)
 " Pope Julius II." says Machiavel, "in all his enterprizes
 " acted with passion and vehemence; and the times and circumstances of affairs were so suitable to his manner of proceeding, that he always came off with success; and, by
 " his violent and impetuous measures, succeeded in an enter-
 " prize

"prize which no other Pope, with all the wisdom of man," and he might have said, with all the infallibility of holiness, "could ever have effected."—"But the shortness of his reign saved him from any reverse of fortune; for had he lived to see such times as made it necessary to proceed with caution and moderation, he would have certainly been ruined, because he could never have departed from his natural impetuosity. I conclude therefore, that, as Fortune is changeable, he who always persists in the same measures succeeds as long as the times fall in with them, but is sure to miscarry when the times alter."

Citizens, it must also be observed from the first entrance of Robespierre upon the stage of the French revolution, we have strong traits of the ferocity of his disposition. He was the first man who lifted up his voice in justification of the wanton excesses of the people. So early as the 27th July, 1789, when a proclamation was proposed by *M. Lally de Tolland* to restrain the excesses and violences of the people, he says, "What has happened, after all, from this revolt of Paris? The public liberty."—So far he says true. The public liberty did arise from the revolt of Paris; and if Paris had not revolted as it did, Broglie would have been upon their backs, with his train of mercenary assassins, to destroy every friend of Liberty in the country. But mark how he goes on!—"What has happened, after all, from this revolt of Paris? The public liberty: very little bloodshed, a few heads struck off," says he: "no doubt,—but guilty heads."

This is the way in which that man, in the senate of his country, sported with the disastrous circumstance of the populace having taken vengeance into their own hands, and polluted the streets of Paris with streams of blood; shed in the spirit of wantonness and revenge.—"Very little bloodshed! A few heads struck off, no doubt; but guilty heads.—Ah! sir, it is to this commotion that the nation owes its liberty—that we are now sitting in this place."

Citizens, it is worth while to remark this passage, because it shows you how, from step to step, when a man begins a vindictive system, he goes to the utmost atrocity. This was the first justification, in the assembly, of the excesses of the people.

After the 10th of August 1792, the cry of vengeance was heard again. Some call the events of that day a massacre: I consider them as a glorious victory. The Royalists were conspiring to overthrow the constitution, and restore despotism; the
Jacobins

Jacobins were endeavouring to overthrow the constitution, and set up republicanism. This is the bare statement of the fact: they met at the double crisis, each unconscious how near the plot of the other was to maturity: they met, and the battle was fought out bravely.—He who shall call that a massacre, must suffer me to pity the perversion of his understanding, if, afterwards, he calls any battle by any other name. It was not a mere battle of mercenaries, contending for they knew not what, at the nod of a Court or a Cabinet; it was two parties of men, feeling conviction that their principles were their country; each knew, each felt, that without the downfall of the other they could have no security; and they struggled (in a situation where it was impossible for them longer to live in peace) by one decisive effort which should be the conqueror, the republican or the despot. The conflict began by treachery, gross, unpardonable, abominable treachery, on the part of the Royalists, who, upon seeing their King safe within the walls of the assembly, fired upon the populace, having previously told them that they were all friends, and would all hold together in the same cause. But though they began in treachery, they fought with courage; and, if the conquerors had been truly generous, they would have drawn a veil over the transaction; they would have said, We have conquered,—we are satisfied. But no: the man of blood went to the bar of the assembly, at the head of the sections of Paris, and called for punishment, upon the heads of the Royalists.—Punishment! for what? For having been beaten? for having been overthrown?—Revenge! punishment! retribution!—What, was it not enough to triumph over a party? And can you not then, with generous magnanimity, even applaud the courage of a vanquished foe; but must you yelp for vengeance.

Pardon me! I cannot restrain my indignation. Though I love the principles upon which the French revolution is founded, I cannot but lament that men, conspicuous for their talents, powers, and virtues, should sully so good and holy a cause by the wolfish and hellish yell of vengeance and slaughter.

This deputation went to the bar of the assembly on the 15th of August 1792. I shall draw a veil over the massacres that took place on the 2d and 3d of September. They have been dwelt upon frequently enough already; and the aggravated colours in which they have been painted, and the care that has been taken to conceal all the palliating circumstances with
which

which they were attended, prove that the Aristocrats of this country rather exult in them than deplore them. I shall mention, however, another massacre, which took place at an earlier stage of the revolution, and which the Aristocrats have not been so fond of dwelling upon, or pretended to regard with so much horror. It will shew, however, that the doctrines of Robespierre were in some degree countenanced by the transactions of some of the aristocracy at that time, and that, if the populace of Paris have plunged into cruel excesses of vengeance against their oppressors, they have only practised upon those tyrants a part of that inhumanity which the practices of those tyrants had learned them. During the beginning of the struggle in France, some time about the beginning of August, or latter end of July, 1789, one *M. de Memmay*, who had always sided with the aristocracy, pretended to his tenants, and other inhabitants around his chateau, that he was in reality attached to the cause of liberty, and invited every person attached to that cause to come and join in a civic feast, and exult in the overthrow of despotism. They came (poor unsuspecting individuals!) from every part of the surrounding country. With hearts filled with gratitude and affection, they flocked to his castle, resounding the praises of the man who was thus about to sacrifice his oppressive privileges to the general happiness and welfare of his country. They were entertained with every semblance of hospitality: music, feast and dance went cheerfully and alternately round, and all was joy and unsuspecting felicity. But what was the catastrophe? The whole company, thus assembled, was led to a particular spot, by this infernal aristocrat, to vary their diversions, and he departed, under pretence that he would not damp their mirth by any restraint which his presence might put upon them. But no sooner was he withdrawn to a secure distance, than a match was applied to the fatal train; a mine was sprung, and, in one instant, the whole assembled multitude (men, women, and children) were scattered through the air, and their mangled carcases were found by their patriotic friends weltering in blood,—a spectacle of horror which no tongue can describe, nor heart can scarce conceive.

Citizens, we are told of the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September: the conflict of the 10th of August is called a massacre, that it may throw reproach and odium upon the friends of Liberty. But which of our senators (though this appeared in all the papers at the time) repeats the tale of this

horrid massacre of aristocratic tyranny; this abandoned treachery, which taught the people to be cruel, by convincing them they had nothing but cruelty, nothing but tyranny to expect, if those privileged assassins, who had so long been trampling out human existence in the desolated realm of France, were restored to their irrational and soul-corrupting power.

Citizens, I shall now proceed to the last part of the lecture of this evening, namely, a comparison between the character of Robespierre and the immaculate minister of this country. I know well, citizens, what dangerous ground I tread upon: I know very well that though treason *once* meant *compassing and imagining the death of the King*, it now means telling truth to the shame and confusion of Ministers. I know also, " 'Twere better pluck the master by the beard, than hurt the " favorite's heel." I have no doubt, either, that there are persons here of various opinions: some of them, perhaps, good pious men, who, when they say their prayers, forget the name of God, and whisper Pitt. Let such, however, perform the bidding of their purblind deity. I invite them—I wish them to note every word I say. Let them call upon me to repeat any part they think good ground of prosecution: I will repeat it; for I can support, by historical facts, the opinion that I give; and if the country is so lost in degeneracy that a jury can be *bought* to deprive an Englishman of his liberty, for saying the truth, this is no longer Britain, and I am desirous of being no longer in it. Send me with my beloved compatriot Gerrald—with him let me try the inhospitable climate of New Holland, herd among felons, or escape to the abodes of savages.

Let us compare, then, the usurper Robespierre with the boasted Minister of this country:—a Minister who has been constantly imitating, for a long time, the worst parts of every oppressive measure of the French dictator and his faction, at the very moment while he was calumniating and abusing those measures: that Minister who, without the energy of Robespierre, has all his dictatorial ambition; who, without the provocations which Robespierre and his faction experienced, has endeavoured, vainly endeavoured, to carry into execution the same system of massacre for opinion, of sanguinary prosecution for proclaiming truth, of making argument High Treason, and destroying every individual who dared to expose his conduct, or oppose his ambitious views. Does this appear too strong a censure. It is only so, because the sanguinary

nary malice of the English Minister has been as impotent as it was malignant;—because he and his faction had not energy enough, and British juries had too much honesty, to crown his malice with success. But if you want proofs of the views and objects of the man, peruse the facts relative to the late prosecutions, and particularly the trials, and the documents upon which those trials were founded.—If you find, from beginning to end, one single attempt, one single act, that *leans towards* what the law of this country calls treason—if you find any one act of violence, or attempt at violence, proved against any of the persons tried—if you do not find that the witnesses for the Crown (I should say for the *Minister*, for it is he, I must believe, and not the Crown, that stained the annals of the country with these prosecutions)—if it is not proved, even by the witnesses for the prosecution, that several of the men prosecuted for High Treason were most determinately hostile to all systems of violence; that they had opposed regularly and consistently every thing that looked like violence; that they had always contended that truth and reason were to be their only weapons—if you do not find these things as I now state them, brand me in the forehead, let me be marked with contempt and odium; let me (what can be worse) let me be baptized a *William*, and nicknamed a *Pitt*!

If it should be proved, and I have the documents to prove, —that is to say, I have lodged them where those who have an interest in suppressing the truth shall not be able to seize them till they are printed, and then they may get the printed copies. —If it should be proved also, that those men had all this in evidence before them in the Privy Council, from the witnesses they examined, what will you say, but that *Terror* was to have been *the order of the day* here also; that all argument was to be treason, and opinion felony; and that men for the future were to be afraid to open their lips to a friend at the table, or encore a speech at the playhouse, for fear of being hanged, drawn and quartered, for High Treason?—I think, when you consider these facts, you can have no doubt what the disposition of this man was: what the inclination, however deficient he might be in energy, to imitate the tyranny of Robespierre.—If you recollect, also, as it is pretty well agreed, that 800 warrants for high treason were signed and sealed, ready to be executed upon the conviction of Hardy: of which they entertained no doubt: not recollecting that *English Juries are not Scotch Juries*, nor always ready to obey the nod of a minister, you will

will start with horror at the recollection of the precipice from which you have escaped.

But let us pursue the parallel.

Both of them have proved themselves to be men equally destitute of philosophy, and of those social affections, and tender sympathies that smooth the rugged temper of the politician, and make gentleness and energy go hand in hand. They have both, also shewn themselves to be sanguinary and revengeful, prone to suspicion, and exhibiting a strange mixture of personal cowardice and political impetuosity.

Robespierre and his faction ravaged France, it is true, for the destruction of royalty. *Pitt* and his faction have depopulated Europe, and spread a general famine through this quarter of the universe, for the annihilation of liberty.

Robespierre adopted a *fair and impartial requisition*, for the defence of the liberties of his country: (I say a fair and impartial requisition, for what so just, and so impartial, if you are to have war, as to compel every man, whatever be his fortune, to partake of the hardships and perils of that war? to suffer no man, by procuring a substitute, to put the life of a human being who happens to be in a different state of society in competition with his paltry pittance of property, however it may be acquired?) *Pitt*, on the contrary, has adopted a *partial requisition*, by which the poor are submitted to the absolute controul, without appeal, of any justice of the peace, who chooses to pronounce that they have no visible means of subsistence; and in which the lower orders of society are to be compelled, exclusively, to bleed for the promotion and aggrandizement of the great.

Both have had their parties and their partialities.

Robespierre unjustly oppressed the rich, that he might support his popularity among the poor. *Pitt* has neglected, and by his wars and consequent taxes, oppressed the poor, to secure his popularity among the rich.

Robespierre, in order to preserve a plentiful circulation of the necessaries of life, punished combinations (cruelly and unjustly punished them!—for severity and cruelty are always unjust!) among the merchants and monopolists, that he might shew his partiality for the laborious part of the community. Under the administration of *Pitt*, punishments still continue to be awarded against the labourers who combine to increase their wages, while monopoly is connived at and encouraged, among the wealthy, upon whom alone administration chuse to rest their confidence.

Both

Both have made use of extraordinary means for filling the ranks of their armies, and manning their fleets.

Pitt has tolerated crimps, kidnappers, and press-gangs. *Robespierre* took care that, whatever might be the condition of the other members of society, the army and navy should be well clothed, well fed, and well paid.

Robespierre set up a free constitution, and tyrannized in direct opposition to it. *Pitt* praises another *free* constitution, and tramples all its provisions under foot.

One effected his purpose by a dependent *Committee of Public Safety*. The other by a packed majority of borough-mongers and white slave-merchants: for such we must consider them, if the assertion of Mr. *Alderman Newnham* is true, that the common people of this country, *of whom they dispose*, are in the condition of West-India slaves.

Both pretended to reverence *Trial by Jury*: and both endeavoured to undermine it as fast as they could. *Robespierre* by erecting a Revolutionary Tribunal, which had a perpetual jury, of his own appointment; and *Pitt* by fabricating innumerable acts, which vest the trial of Englishmen (especially the poor, dependent, classes of Englishmen) in the arbitrary discretion of Justices of the Peace.

Robespierre is accused of keeping a set of witnesses to swear whatever he chose, and of calling them his lambs. I don't know whether *Pitt* may be called the *good shepherd*, but he also has as fine a flock as ever grazed on the bounty of his rival: he has his *Groves's*, his *Taylor's*, his *Walshes*, his *Alexanders*, his *Lynams*, his *Upton's*, and a long list of gentlemen, equally respectable, equally valuable, *I don't say with himself*, but with each other; and whom we will dignify, if you please, with the title of *Knights of the honorable order of Confidants, or retainers of gentlemen high in office*.

Pitt has, however, escaped the odium of part of this parallel; for *Robespierre* has been accused of *actually sacrificing*, by these means, a monstrous number of people—A much greater number he has been charged with destroying, than in reality have fallen; for I remember having read of one man's being guillotined six times, who was afterwards killed in a massacre, which never took place, and after that had the honors of the sitting in the Convention: and to add to the pathos, he was a man 70 years old, and had nine children.—*Santerre* was guillotined twice, and had afterwards the honors of the sitting in the Convention. General *Miranda* was guillotined several times, also; and *Kellerman*, who has now
the

the command of one of the armies. Undoubtedly however he did, under the pretence of law, commit a monstrous train of massacres.—But I will ask you, what might have been the situation of this country, if the late prosecutions had succeeded? Consider that there were many thousand members of the London Corresponding Society,—and that a part of the doctrine was, that every member, whether present at their objectionable deliberations or not, was answerable for the whole acts of the society, and for every political act of every individual connected with it.

But, suppose they meant to go no farther than the destruction of those whom they had marked as their first victims—though I am credibly informed that a noble Lord was heard to say, that he believed they must hang a third part of the Constitutional Society, and perhaps that might be enough. Now, as it was admitted that the Constitutional Society was not so bad as the London Corresponding Society, we may conclude that one half of the Members of the latter were to be hanged also; and that might have been enough for them. But who knows, when you once begin a system of massacre, and especially *legal* massacre, for opinion, where you can stop? I do not believe that *Robespierre* meditated, in the first instance, those scenes of carnage into which he at last was plunged. But fear of revenge, and the brooding malice of suspicion, hurried him from act to act of accumulating horror, till nothing but his own destruction could retrieve the country. And I have strong suspicions in my mind, that, if they had touched the life of an individual who stood at the bar of the Old Bailey, the gaols of London (and we all know we have abundance) would have been as crammed as ever the prisons of Paris were, even in the very dog-days of the tyranny of *Robespierre*.

Both these men also have a happy knack of sacrificing their friends, whenever they find it convenient to get rid of them. Thus we find if a *Danton* and a *Hebert* have been cut off by *Robespierre*, as soon as they had answered his purpose, *Pitt* has also abandoned a *Jackson*, a *Fitzwilliam*, and a *Robert Watt*.

But here, Citizens, the parallel ends. For, though *Pitt* has the dictatorial ambition, he can never be accused of the energy or virtues of *Robespierre*.

Pitt is the tool of an oligarchic faction, over whom he appears to tyrannize, but who can make him, when they please, their slave? *Robespierre* made every thing subservient to his own views, and the greatness of his own mind.

The

The one was firm, steady, and constant; the first in the original assembly of France who declared himself hostile to royalty; and he never departed from his text—Whether that text was right or wrong I am not now enquiring. The other, on the contrary, throughout his whole conduct, has been shuffling, treacherous, and evasive. The most anxious advocate for parliamentary reform, associated with the first modern projectors of the plan of universal suffrage and annual parliaments; he has since been the bitterest enemy to reformation, and has even thirsted for the blood of every individual who would not be as great an apostate as himself.

He has, indeed, pretended to be consistent with respect to the slave trade; but it was only, I am afraid, consistent hypocrisy. He can command a majority for places and pensions; but he cannot command a vote for the interests of humanity.

Robespierre had a soul capacious, an imagination various, a judgement commanding, penetrating, severe. Fertile of resources, he foresaw, created, and turned to his advantage all the events that could possibly tend to the accomplishment of his designs. The mind of *Pitt* is barren and inflated, his projects are crude, and his views short sighted.

One was always politically intrepid and unmoved; his means always adequate to the end, and always persevered in with steadiness and consistency. The other, indecisive, fluctuating, and capricious, adopts a project to-day, and abandons it to-morrow; issues an order from the Privy Council in the morning, and countermands it at night. His calculations (which do not depend upon the rule of three) have always been erroneous and deceitful; and his consequent blunders have been such as nothing but his smooth verbosity could cover.

One possessed the key of the passions and understood how to estimate their influences, and command the various operations of the human mind. The whole knowledge of the other is confined to his numeration table. Figures he can command, but in events he has always been so mistaken that he has attempted no one thing without effecting the very contrary.—Anxious to suppress Jacobinism in France, he adopted the very measures best calculated to make “the banner of Jacobinism triumph without a struggle.” The projector of the seizure of the French West India Islands, the means he has employed have been so inadequate to the object, that the event in all probability, must be, after being flattered with a transient gleam of success, the total loss of all our own possessions in that part of the world.

The

The one, though dreaded was respected; he was revered while he was abhorred. The energy of his mind commanded success; victory attended upon the arms he directed, partly, it is true, from the energy of the country; but partly, from the energy, also, of his directing mind; which planned, which formed, which pervaded the whole system; saw all the parts, and knew to which in particular, it was necessary for him to direct his powers. Every one of his plans were conducted to its accomplishment except the last he undertook, and in which he was disappointed because France was too much enlightened, after having shaken off the chains of one tyrant, to yield to those of another. We find attendant upon the heels of his rival—on the contrary—not victory and triumph, but disgrace and defeat: disgraces so innumerable that nothing but the muddy imaginations of the inventors could possibly have occasioned them all: defeats so continued that scorn, instead of lamentation, followed at their heels.

Add to this that *Robespierre* had a mind too great to be debauched by any thing but ambition. He grasped at no accumulation of places and emoluments; he neither enriched himself nor his family; he indulged in no voluptuous pleasures; he was incorruptible; severe in simplicity to the last; and we cannot do greater justice to his memory than by closing this lecture by a quotation from the works of one of his bitterest enemies, *Montgaillard*:—"He possesses a character of incorruptibility," says he, "which hath preserved his influence against all the attacks of the Brissotines, and of the Commune of Paris. Solely confined in appearance to his functions of Member of the Committee of Public Safety and of Jacobin, Robespierre shews every appearance of the most unaffected man. This modesty of triumph, this œconomy of person, and the obscurity of his private life, have so long secured him the popular favour: he lives as he did in 1790, neither altering his manners, nor his taste, and always changeless."

Having reviewed these facts, it is impossible to doubt which of these characters we must prefer.

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. XII.

Saturday, 30th May, 1795.

Lecture on the system of terror and persecution adopted by the present ministry; with animadversions on the treatment of Joseph Gerrald.

CITIZENS, every person who has made use of the least reflection must admit that there is in the human mind a considerable tendency to progressive improvement: that the individual always commences feeble and ignorant, and gathers strength of mind, as well as limbs, in proportion to his exercise and experience. It is true that, after a given period, even the mind, much earlier with respect to the body, is observed to go backwards again towards decay. Old age and debility creep first over the limbs and then invade the intellect, and bring us, in the last stage of our lives, to a second degree of childhood.

This is not, however, the case with society. The aggregate of human existence has no decay, no old age; and the tendency of the human mind, considered in the aggregate, is to perpetual improvement. We may observe that human *institutions*, indeed, are subject to decay; because human institutions growing, at the time when they are first founded, out of the necessities of society, cease to be necessary when the state of society is different, and when the progress of human intellect has made considerable advances. Just as the go-cart is necessary for the child, but no person would think of compelling the full-grown man to follow the go-cart all the days of his life.

There is another reason why these human *institutions* are liable to decay. The improved intellect of society is sometimes, though not always, shared in common by the rulers and by the governed. When this happens to be the case, all is well. But when the agents of the institutions become wiser than the institutions themselves, and the body of the people are kept in ignorance, these agents find out means of making that which was originally intended for the public good a mere matter of advantage to themselves; and thus, preserving an exterior semblance, when they have destroyed all the virtual excellence of those institutions, they bring on the

absolute necessity of overthrow: if timely reform does not remove that dire necessity.

But though these circumstances affect human *institutions*, the *human mind*, as you will see, is not under the same predicament. There is an eternal renovation of youth, of ardour, of activity; and, consequently, there is a universal tendency towards perpetual improvement.

I grant that the whole of this reasoning does not appear practically to apply. If we observe superficially the events of history, we shall find that though, in theory, the human mind is heir to the improvements of the former generation; and though every advancement in the state of society, though it was the mountain to which former ages travelled, forms the level plain from which the succeeding generation is to start, to attain a higher goal of intellectual improvement; yet we cannot deny that history presents us with many instances of a retrograde motion in the political and intellectual revolutions of nations.

This, however, will be found to arise principally, if not always, from some one of the following causes—Either, *first*, from eruptions of barbarians, overthrowing the establishments of civilized societies; or, *secondly*, from those disasters to which the general system of nature at times is subject, such as plagues, famines, inundations, and convulsions of the physical elements; or, *thirdly*, from the usurpations of tyranny.—This last is by much the most frequent cause of the retrograde motions of society; and is sometimes effected by individuals grasping at thrones and dominions to which they had no pretence of legal right, but much more frequently by those who are upon those thrones grasping at a power and authority to which those thrones are not by the proper institutions of society entitled.

These are, as I have observed, the usurpations that are by far more common than the former; and in the preface to a work written by the late King of Prussia, (who was certainly, in these respects, a very tolerable judge) I mean the Anti-Machiavel, we find some very pertinent reflections upon this head; which, as I have royal authority for the publication, I suppose it can be no treason to quote. “As the temptations,” says he, “to which a King is liable are very powerful, it requires a more than ordinary degree of virtue to resist them;” and he very well observes, that “inundations which ravage countries, thunder and lightning that reduce cities to ashes, the pestilence which lays whole provinces
“waste,

"waste, are less fatal to the world than the vicious morals and
 "unbridled passions of Princes. The plagues of Heaven
 "continue but for a time; they only ravage some countries;
 "and these losses, however grievous, are nevertheless repaired;
 "whereas the crimes of Kings entail a lasting misery upon
 "whole nations."—"How deplorable," continues the royal
 author, whose conduct was afterwards so excellent a comment
 upon his text.—"How deplorable," says he, "is the condition
 "of that people who have every thing to fear from the abuse
 "of majesty! whose properties are a prey to the avarice of
 "their Prince, their liberty to his caprice, their repose to his
 "ambition, their safety to his perfidiousness, and their lives to
 "his cruelty!" With respect to the perfidiousness, he left
 the comment upon that to be written by his successor!

Such then are the causes of the retrograde movements of
 society. But, barring these, we must be blind indeed if we
 do not see a perpetual tendency to progressive improvement in
 the intellect, and, I believe, in the virtues of mankind.
 Every new discovery, every fresh event, is a source of extensive
 improvement: slow, indeed, in its operation at first; but,
 afterwards rapid and important.

The *institutions* of society, thus, by the improvement of
 intellect, will every now and then be growing unfit for the
 state and condition to which the mind of man has arrived.
 In the first instance we find, as I have observed before, that
 those institutions grow out of the necessities of society. But
 nothing can be more pernicious to the happiness and welfare
 both of the individuals who attempt it, and mankind at large,
 than to endeavour to perpetuate those institutions, when, on
 account of the altered condition of man, they become, instead
 of necessary, injurious.

Thus it is that the enlightened part of the community are
 always looking forward to an amelioration of their political
 circumstances: and if the enlightened intellect of man were
 left to its free progress—if calumny and persecution did not
 attempt to arrest its steps, peaceful and happy would be the
 advances which men would make; and each succeeding
 generation would look back with admiration upon the liberality
 of that which preceeded it, while it felt an honest exultation at
 having towered to greater heights of virtue and perfection.

Benevolence and wisdom would not only yield to this
 improvement, but would stretch forth the hand of government
 to help it forward. But self-interest and rapacity stimulate
 too often those who happen to be vested with power, to a

directly opposite conduct. An inclination to tyrannize, a disposition to monopolize the advantages of corruption, too frequently leads the statesman, instead of enlarging the boundaries of freedom in proportion to the improved intellect of man, to resist that improvement by contracting them within narrower spaces. Thus the stream of popular sentiment and improvement, the strong current of increasing liberty, in proportion as the waves are swollen, is dammed up with fresh restrictions, and embanked within a narrower channel, till at last, impatient of restraint, it bursts its boundaries, and spreading, like an inundation, sweeps before it at once the tyrannous restrictions that have been erected, and the deluded beings who erected them.

Perfectly consonant with this observation is the experience which is to be derived from all the former facts of history. Persecution is no new invention. It has been tried again and again: and has often been fatal, indeed, to the virtuous reformers who first propped the persecuted cause; but has never failed, ultimately, to secure the triumph of the principles thus ridiculously opposed; and has frequently brought down a terrible vengeance upon the heads of those who have wielded the intolerant sword.

Let us look back upon all that history unfolds. What was the first reception of Christianity in the world? And if we look to the page which records the merits of that institution (whatever particular opinions individuals may have, they are always to do justice to the cause of which they are speaking!)—if we look back to that institution, we certainly must admit it to be one of those that had, to a considerable degree, the happiness and welfare of mankind at heart: the amelioration of the general condition of man; and particularly the uplifting of the trampled plebeian from the dust, and restoring him to that independence which belongs to the genuine system of liberty and equality.

In vain, therefore, did the cruelties and calumnies of the imperial despots of Rome, and their servile coadjutors, persecute the dawning spirit of Christianity. It had too much *political truth* in it, not to make impressions upon the hearts of mankind; and these impressions, instead of being effaced, were rendered infinitely more powerful in their operation in consequence of the persecutions directed against it. Many an excellent and worthy creature, struggling for the advancement of what he believed to be truth, fell a victim to tyranny and persecution. And though lying monks have since disgraced their

their tales, by fabling allegories, and by ridiculous visions, I cannot but think that I discover in the fall of many of these martyrs, strong symptoms of that virtuous spirit which prompts the present exertions of the advocates for the principles of liberty and the freedom of human intellect.

They fell: but christianity triumphed.

I shall not trace the abuses that soon crept into an institution which, virtuous in poverty, became corrupted by being taken under the wing of power. That would be a digression. But I shall observe, that the same instructive lesson is to be drawn from after records, as from those early ones to which I have now referred. Look back to the progress of the reformation. When human liberty first burst forth from that torpor in which it had lain so long, the first struggles were against priestly tyranny; by which every faculty of mind and body was enslaved. Priestly tyranny had its pretended liberties and properties to defend; and the sword of persecution was wielded by the fleshly arm of those who ought to have been all spirit, purity, and tolerance, and to have remembered that they were paid for fighting battles in the other world and not for wetting the daggers of assassination in this.

Thirty years of war deluged the continent of Europe, in this struggle between rousing intellect and the depressing tyranny of priestcraft. In proportion, however, to the persecution, the energy of the advocates for reformation increased; and the blood of the martyrs was again the seed of the church, as it is called; but I shall say the seed of human liberty. Priestly tyranny fell: nor could it be propped, nor could the course of free enquiry be restrained, in this country, by the persecuting fury of a Bonner, or by the perpetual flames of Smithfield, any more than by an age of tyrannous warfare among the despots on the continent.

Thus then we see, that, with respect to what is considered as connected with religious questions, persecution was never capable of ultimately disappointing those views into which liberal and energetic minds had entered. If we look to the civil history of mankind, we shall find the same moral written.

I shall not travel for these examples beyond the boundaries of my own country. It cannot be new to any person who listens to me, and, therefore, it need not be particularly animadverted upon, that once in this country the absurd doctrines of the *divine right of Kings*, *passive obedience*, and *non-resistance*, were fulminated from the pulpit, and thundered
from

from the cabinet of the country, in order to support those doctrines against the innovating fury of those who began to discover that *man had rights*; and that government was instituted, not for the benefit of an individual, but for the benefit of society at large.

Persecution again drew the sword from the scabbard, where political and religious institutions have seldom suffered it to sleep for any considerable time; and we find fictitious treasons, pretended plots and conspiracies, Courts of Star Chamber, and every species of persecution and illegal inquisition was adopted to crush the daring spirit of truth, and annihilate the growing reason of Britons.

What was the effect? The struggle was long. The struggle, in many respects, was melancholy. Sometimes one party prevailed; at other times another. But the persecuted party never lost its energy by persecution; on the contrary, the energy increased. Charles the First fell; Charles the Second was restored, it is true, and the doctrines of divine right were attempted to be extended to a still greater degree than ever.

Till this time the usual language with philosophers, lawyers and historians went to be the *Commonwealth of England*. It is the constant language of all our old constitutional writers, who considered the King as no other than a president with regal powers; the first magistrate of the republic of England. This language was now, however, thrown aside; and judges were found (for, if you refer to the State Trials, you will find that there have been some judges in this country who could make most curious speeches, and lay down most curious doctrines, whenever it would suit the purposes of the court who employed them—I say Judges were found—Chief Justices of the Common Pleas, and Chief Barons of the Exchequer, to broach new fangled doctrines about the imperial crown of Britain, and the unquestionable authority of the King. Not, say they, that we mean to set up an absolute despotism. The king is to govern according to the laws, though he is not amenable to them: nobody has a right to find fault with him: he is to govern according to law; but if he chooses to violate that law, nobody has a right to call him to account: a doctrine, by the way, which these judges had not the merit of inventing; for it was invented by James the First, who said that “every good King was bound of conscience to administer justice according to the laws of the land, but, at the same time, it was nothing less than blasphemy in a subject to question his omnipotent power; for he had no
“bond,

"bond, no restriction but the conscience that inhabited his royal bosom."

The doctrines of divine right were revived, enforced, and aggravated, at the close of the reign of Charles the Second; and during the reign of James the Second attempts were made to subjugate this country entirely: And as they had not then learned the secret of buying Parliaments, they attempted to do without them. Yet, in defiance of their Court of perverted law, in defiance of their inquisitions, in defiance of the pillory, the halter, and the gibbet, the friends of man persevered and conquered. Russel fell, and Sidney fell, and many a glorious patriot fell besides: but the cause for which they bled triumphed at last. Passive obedience and non-resistance, and the divine right of Kings, were laid together in the grave: nor do I believe that all the howlings of Burke, the metaphysical ravings of Windham, no nor the plausible verbosity of Pitt, will ever arise them from their graves again, or obtain them to be acknowledged once more in this country.

But to tell the truth no wish is entertained at this time to revive these exploded doctrines. There is another doctrine, new and curious indeed in its nature, which ministers think more to their interest and advantage; and consequently more to the glory and happiness of the nation, to maintain "by fire and sword and desolation:" namely the infallibility of ministers, the divine right of 162 oligarchic proprietors of the rights and suffrage of the nation. These are the sovereigns of the day; and to speak one word against the rotten boroughs of East Grinstead and Old Sarum, is the highest of high treasons, and is to be punished with fines, imprisonment, transportation, and death.

But, Citizens, the usurpations and despotism of ministers will no more triumph than the despotism of the Church of Rome triumphed, than the prosecuting spirit of the Roman Emperors triumphed, or than the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience triumphed, in the wise and virtuous times of the lamented Stuarts. Ministers indeed may bring forward, as they please, their new inquisitions; but the enlightened spirit of the people will not be suppressed. The improved intellect of man calls for an improvement, not for an increased corruption of the systems of government. Men who are wiser must be governed by more wisdom and moderation, not pressed and trampled down with an increase of burdens and usurpations.

Almost

Almost the whole country begins to perceive that the boasted check which the Commons House of Parliament was intended to have upon the other branches of the constitution, is done away. They know very well, that it is a farce to talk of the representation of the Commons House of Parliament, when 162 rich landholders, nobles and others, can return a decided majority in that House which calls itself the Representatives of the People. And it is, therefore, that for thirty years back considerable agitation has occasionally taken place in the public mind upon the subject of Parliamentary Reform. This, however, has uniformly been resisted by the Ministers who happened to be in place.

The party out of place has now and then lent it some little assistance while they found there were no other means of acquiring popularity; but as soon as they either got into place, or were likely to get into place, they have always abandoned it; and the wishes of the people never have been complied with. But what has been the consequence? Why, an increase in the demands of the people: not a diminution. And whereas in former times a small reform would have been accepted as sufficient, I have no doubt that almost every individual begins to look forward for a reform upon a larger scale. They begin to look forward to annual parliaments, to universal suffrage: because continued discussion has convinced them that every man has rights to defend, and, therefore, ought to have the means of defence; that pure representation is the only defence these rights can depend upon; and that a representation for the whole ought to be a representation of the whole. They discover also, that, according to the theory of our constitution, they have an absolute right to those annual parliaments and to that universal suffrage, the former of which they actually did enjoy in ancient times: a fact which has been particularly proved as to the reign of Edward III. as you will see in my "*Vindication of the Natural and Constitutional Rights of Britons.*" They elected their members for every session of parliament; and if two sessions of parliament were held in one year, then they elected their representatives twice during that year; and sent them, with their instructions in their pockets, dictating to them how they should vote. In other words they were guilty of the high Treason of *over awing* their own servants and representatives.

But, Citizens, the present administration have not been satisfied with merely resisting the wishes of the people, they have adopted persecution against those individuals who have had the boldness

boldness to speak for their rights. And mark the steps by which they have advanced. First, they began with prosecuting for libel and sedition, though both of them are things which no law has defined; of which no act has fixed the limits; which are not to be found in the best constitutional authorities.

Libel, in reality, means nothing more than *little book*. And why a man should be prosecuted for publishing a little book, any more than a large book, I can find but one reason: namely, that large books give but little information, and that little books frequently give a great deal.

As to sedition, the lawyers themselves are not agreed even upon the definition of it. They freely confess they do not know the meaning of the word. And one of the judges of Scotland—Oh, excellent and virtuous judges of the Court of Justiciary! how shall I mention you without pouring forth, in gratitude, your praises! But, however, my esteem for your virtues is not greater than my admiration for your wisdom; and, indeed, I think such virtues and such wisdom ought always to go hand in hand!—One of these judges then, being asked by one of the seditious *panels* at the bar, what was the meaning of sedition? replied, “Why, my lords, does not the panel know that sedition is a very great crime in all the countries of the world?—“It is a monstrous crime—it includes all other crimes, my lords. It is—it is—it is—it is—in short, it is sedition.”

Citizens, upon the strength of this very eloquent illustration, we know that they proceeded to transportation for seven and for fourteen years, against characters upon whose conduct, public or private, not one imputation of scandal can be laid: men whose talents were an ornament to their country; whose virtue, whose independence, and disinterestedness, were even still more conspicuous than their talents. But this was not enough. Transportation for fourteen years did not suppress the rising spirit of enquiry. Men have discovered that they have rights; and feeling a deep conviction of this, they feel also that without the enjoyment of those rights, neither their country nor their lives are worth their care. The next step, therefore, was to prosecute several individuals for high treason, for opposing the projects of ministers, and disputing the divine right of the holders of rotten boroughs.

An attack upon these rotten boroughs was called an attack upon property; just as if human intellect could be property; as if the suffrages of mankind could be property; as if any individual can possibly have a right of voting for millions without, at the same time, possessing the power of crushing

and destroying those millions—loading them with what burdens, oppressive taxations, and impositions, he thinks fit, and, in fact, treating them in every other respect like beasts of burden.

By these prosecutions, however, (though they have been too successful in their attempts with respect to sedition) they were able to effect nothing more than to destroy their own spies.—Perhaps some of these poor deluded *Gentlemen*, those *confidants of Gentlemen high in office*, may be here at this time. But let them take warning by the fate of *Walt* and *Jackson*, and remember how perilous a thing it is to enjoy the confidence of the present administration!

Citizens, in a ministerial paper which gives an account of the trial of *Jackson*, there is a paragraph which justifies this classification. The reporter says that on the trial of *Jackson* “*Mr. Cockayne*”—if there are any *Gentlemen* of the law here they know that man pretty well, I dare say. I was once in the profession myself; and I remember what sort of reputation he then bore. However that is neither here nor there, you know. When we want facts we must take them from the best authority we can get; and when ministers want high Treason and can get no respectable evidence of its existence, they must hang up their men upon such testimony as they can procure.—“*Mr. Cockayne*, an Attorney of London, deposed “that he had been for a series of years the law agent and “intimate friend of *Mr. Jackson*, who a few years since went “to France, as the witness understood, to transact some private “business for *Mr. Pitt*, where he resided for a considerable “time. Soon after his return, *Mr. Cockayne* said he called “on him, and told him in confidence that he had formed a “design of going to *Ireland*, to sound the people for the purpose of procuring a supply of provisions, &c. from them, “for the *French*, and requested him (the witness) to accompany him. Having accepted the invitation, he immediately “waited on *Mr. Pitt*, and discovered to him the whole of “*Mr. Jackson’s* plans. The Minister thanked him for the “information, and hinted that, as the matter was to become a “subject of legal investigation, it would be necessary for “him to substantiate the allegations; but this *Mr. Cockayne* “wished to decline on the principle”—You find *principle* is here made use of in the true ministerial sense—with whom *principle* and *interest* are controvertible terms—“on the “principle that, if the prisoner should be convicted of high “Treason, he should lose by it £300.”—He should lose £300!!!—

£300!!!—Why you know, Citizens, it would not have been very modest to say, Mr. *Pitt*, you must give me 300l, or I will not hang this man. Perhaps neither Mr. *Pitt* nor Mr. *Cockayne* had the brass to stand the brunt of such a proposal: “he should lose by it 300l. in which sum he was then indebted to him. This objection was soon removed, by Mr. *Pitt* agreeing to pay him the money, provided he would prosecute to conviction; and the witness accompanied Mr. *Jackson* to Ireland, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with his proceedings.”

Citizens, I tremble for myself—I tremble for you. What security is there for the life of any man, if a villainous spy chuses thus to fix a price upon his head, and say to a Minister, “Such a man owes me 300l. Pay me that sum, and I will hang him for High Treason!”—Who knows how soon you or I may be in debt to Mr. *Cockayne*, at this rate?

I dwell upon this subject a little copiously, to oblige the ministerial scribblers, who wish to be furnished with a few hints; as it appears: for, in another very respectable paper, of this day, called *The Times*, I am invited not to pass over the affair in silence. And, as I have a high respect for the writers of that print, who have earned their bread, for years, by diurnal slander and assassination; I will not fail to indulge their wishes.

But I should do them injustice, if I were not to quote the words of their invitation.—“Some of our modern Lecturers” say the editors of this respectable print, “might make some atonement for their past political lectures, if they would give the public an oration on the causes of Parson *Jackson*’s suicide; and point out the bad effects of insidious attempts to subvert the constitution. They might also make a few comments on the treasonable conduct of *Hamilton Rowan*, and the republican sentiments of the *United Irishmen*; shewing to what purposes their views tended. And if they gave a sketch of the character of *Napper Tandy*, another seditionist, who fled to America, it would serve to strengthen the family piece, and warn the public of the danger of following the principles of such men.”

This challenge I accept, as far as relates to the person tried: every man, who professes the least respect for the laws of his country, might have the decency to be silent as to the others, against whom there is no legal evidence whatever. With respect to *Jackson*, I admit, in the first instance, that if the charge (standing at present upon the individual testimony of a man

who says he is not bribed, but that he was to secure to himself the payment of £300 by the conviction of the culprit) be true, that it called for the severest animadversion of the law. He who introduces a foreign foe into the country, destroys the liberty and independence he pretends to promote, and damns the good cause in which he pretends to be embarked. I shall not animadvert particularly upon the character of the witness; I shall only observe, that it is the general fate of those who boast of "the confidence of gentlemen high in office," that no person who is not high in office would condescend to be seen in their company. I shall add, however, that I have always thought that in Ireland, as well as in England, the life of an individual was held so sacred, that it was not a single oath that would take it away, however respectable the deponent might be. Surely existence is but a frail tenure, indeed, in an age of spies and informers, like the present, if one man's life is not worth two men's oaths, however pure in moral character, however free from the taint of suspicion!

But as these famous Times writers, or time-servers, or whatever you please to call them, talk about suicide, would it not be worth while to enquire first of all whether it was a suicide or not. Did *Jackson* poison himself? Let reason speak: for we have no facts or documents. Would not a man, who meant to destroy himself, have waited first the issue of the motion that was making, upon such strong grounds, to arrest the judgment, and reverse the verdict? Would the man who after all stood under the recommendation of the jury for mercy (a recommendation not very often neglected), would such a man (for they say he was a man of considerable intellect) have laid the destroying hand upon himself till he had seen the certainty that there was no other means of escaping an ignominious execution?

But there are persons in these countries who have studied *Machiavel* with other views than to confute him. There are persons whose whole conduct shows us that they have treasured the wicked system in their hearts: and one of the things recommended by *Machiavel* is to put a man privately out of the way whom it might be dangerous to expose to public execution.

I charge no particular individuals. I know not who has had access to, or who the care of *Jackson*. I know not by what accidents, particular catastrophes may sometimes take place; but this I know, that in the decline of the Roman empire,

empire, when spies and informers were publicly patronized, poisoning and assassination were also exceedingly common.

Dead men tell no tales: but some men have been found who, in their last moments, have revealed fatal secrets; and considering what multifarious transactions *Jackson* has been concerned in—considering that he has sometimes been editor of a newspaper, and sometimes a writer of scandalous and scurrilous controversy,—considering that he was a very useful servant to a great Dutchess—considering that he was engaged in a variety of services, some of which were not very honourable, there might have been some of his employers unwilling that he should tell all he knew. At least it would have become the writers of “*The Times*” to have ascertained facts, before they had dared to broach the insinuations which have appeared in different papers under that name. But the wretch who, pending the preparation for the trial of twelve men—trials in which, perhaps, the lives of thousands were involved, could publish in his newspaper that scandalous and profligate libel called “*The New Times*,” in which the individuals to be tried were represented perpetrating, in convention, the most detestable transactions—in which the individual now speaking to you was represented as giving orders for rapes and massacres, for burning villages, and plundering towns, and thus attempt to poison the minds of the Juries that were to decide upon their lives—the wretched prostituted editor of such a paper, must be capable of any thing; nor can we ever be surprised at any thing he does or says, or ever expect him to blush,

“ — unless, in spreading Vice’s snares,

“ He blunders on some Virtue unawares.”

But I will suppose that *Jackson* did destroy himself and that he was really guilty of all he was charged with: what, then, is the conclusion to be drawn? In the first place we are to conclude, that there is a wide difference between the firm and manly conduct of a man suffering for principle, and the wretch who takes bribes from both parties; and conducts himself according to the expediences of the moment, as he supposes most favourable to his individual interest. It would teach us also, that the being who has once prostituted himself so much to be a spy and agent of *Pitt*, has no alternative, no hope, no dilemma, but either either to be hanged like *Watts*, or swallow poison like the unfortunate *Jackson*.

The

The halter and suicide are the only resources of these poor spies; and yet such is the miserable condition into which the burdens of the country and the luxury of the times have brought us, that heaps of poor beings, with this dreadful alternative before them, march upon this forlorn hope, under the command of the great general *Reeves*, and with so excellent a pay master as the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But though, spies and informers have met the shaft of death, freedom and virtue have had their scars: On the manly breast of patriotism the wound is still rankling; and the tear of humanity is called, not only for the poor wretch who falls a victim to the crimes into which poverty and ignorance have led him, but for virtue, genius, and transcendent talents, and a fortitude of independence, of which few instances are to be found in the annals of the human race. The mild, the meek, the humane and benevolent *Palmer*, has been followed into exile by the eloquent, the manly, the enlightened *Muir*. The simplicity of *Skirving*, and his untainted honesty could not preserve him; and *Margarot*, whose mind, firm as our rocks, and upright as our masts,—daring in virtue, and vigorous in intellect, opposed the growing corruption of the times—is gone to the inhospitable shores of New Holland, amidst felons and caitiffs of the worst description, to lose, in worse than solitude, those talents which might have enlightened thousands and benefited successive generations.

But this is not all. The cup is not yet drained to the dregs. More of bitterness must be tasted. *Gerrald*, too, whose transcendent mind, and virtues equal to his intellect, challenge the love and admiration of all who know him; he whose vast stores of genius and science command reverence from the first sages of the time—who is revered by all who know what merit and learning are, and esteemed by all who have a nerve for exalted friendship.—*Gerrald*, whose unblemished life—unblemished I say: for what are the little extravagancies of a young man of genius, born, not for the narrow circle of a family, but for the universe—and who, dissipating only what was his own, lays no burthens on society to replace it?—*Gerrald*, this great, this enlightened character, who, in the 35th year of his age, has attained a degree of mental excellence that very few, even of those who stand recorded for their talents, have attained at the maturest periods—*Gerrald*, also, is sent, not to *Botany Bay*, to enjoy the converse of those godlike patriots sent before him—this
were

were something like humanity!—no, but to that solitary speck of earth, *Norfolk Island*, where his only companions must be wretches cast out from society for the meanest and most despicable of crimes, or savages whose untutored minds and ferocious manners exclude all the comforts and alleviations of human intercourse.

Citizens, it is difficult to do justice to such a character as Gerrald's. When we speak of superior excellence, our minds toil with anxiety to reach its merits, and frequently swell into bombast, for want of remembering that we cannot do complete justice to the talents of another, unless our own are of equal magnitude. I shall not, therefore, attempt to toil through the paths of panegyric; but shall read to you a faint and feeble, yet, in some degree, a just sketch of the talents of this martyr, printed this day in the *Morning Chronicle*.

"His mind," says the writer, "grasped various branches of science, and digested them all. The best scholars, the profoundest metaphysicians, and the ablest professors of politics and the law of nations, will be the first to confess the soundness of his classical knowledge, the acuteness and extent of his reasonings, and the accuracy of his information. His eloquence had equally the power to charm and astonish; and the brilliancy of his imagination was not inferior to the terrors of his invective. With all this, his temper is not less entitled to our praise. He was placable and generous to an extreme. The magnanimity of his spirit, and the purity of his sense of honour, could only be completely understood by those who had made them the subject of personal observation. His defence, delivered before the Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh,"—which, Citizens, I recommend you all to read with the greatest attention. It will shew you the difference between the intellects of this champion of liberty and of those who sat in judgment upon him. It will enlarge your minds with the fruits of profound research, into the genuine principles of that liberty which glows in his breast, and which I am sure will for ever continue to glow there, though it must glow where not a breast can receive benefit from its warmth, nor an eye be cheered with its light. "His defence, delivered before the Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, is a master-piece in acuteness of reasoning, purity of composition, and dignity of sentiment. I am aware that the various excellence I ascribe to him would seem like a romance, if *Gerrald* had been a man unknown to the world. But almost every eminent scholar

"and

"and statesman in *Britain* knew his merits, and know that I say less than the truth; because I do not know how to tell the truth in its full extent.

"Having finished his education and his travels, he came to England, the country which seemed best adapted to the display of his talents. Alas! those talents are crushed, perhaps, for ever, by the flagitious act of men who were incapable of understanding them, or understood only to hate them."

Such is the man who is now sent to ignominious exile. But it was not hatred only that stimulated the men who sent him. They were goaded, also, by fear. Alas! what is the condition of a country in which talents, united with intrepid virtue, a power of discovering truth, and a determination to abide by its decisions, can be dreaded by those who grasp the helm of power.

But, Citizens, this man is not only transported, like a felon, he has been treated with aggravated cruelty. Why, for thirteen or fourteen long months, was such a man to be kept stretched on the feverish rack of apprehension? Why, if the door of mercy, as it is called—I should call it justice—was for ever to have been shut against him, why was he not sent, together with those companions, who were not gone from the coast of Britain when his sentence was pronounced? Why was he to be moved from dungeon to dungeon, from the Tolbooth to Newgate, and from Newgate to the New Compter? Why was he for ever to be racked and tortured with hopes and expectations, and partly with promises that his sentence was never to be carried into execution? Did they expect that the proud virtue of Gerrald could have been shaken? Had they hopes that he would disgrace the cause of Liberty by mean concessions? If such were their hopes, I glory in his transportation; for rather would I see,—much as I love, much as I esteem him, greatly as I adore his virtues and intellects, much rather would I see him thus sent to inhospitable regions, than have seen him exposed to the still more cruel ignominy of submitting to crouch beneath the footstool of a *Pitt* or a *Dundas*, and accept of mercy, upon dishonorable conditions, from the hands of men who are not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes.

But it has been said that there was another motive: it has been said that if the prosecutors, in the late trials for High Treason, had been successful, they were to have tried him over again, in England. That they thought transportation
not

not enough ; and that he was to have been one of the innumerable victims that were to have made the streets of this city flow with blood, to complete the parallel between *Pitt* and *Robespierre*.

Whatever might be the reasons for which he was kept so long, the manner of his removal, at last, deserves some notice. It is not many weeks since I went to visit him, in consequence of hearing it whispered about, that he was to be sent off immediately. I found him unconscious of such rumour, but apparently almost in the last stage of a disease, that, if not relieved in time, must have swept him off in a few days.

I found this great man, this light of the universe, unattended, uncomforted, unsuccoured. No hand to administer to his disease, but the person employed, by government, to attend the prison. I do not even know the name of that gentleman, and therefore can mean no disrespect to him ; but I would not leave such a man in the power of any person employed by the present Ministry. I procured him other assistance ; and I had the pleasure, in some degree, to see him out of the jaws of absolute danger, but in that state of health which made his friends think proper to apply to Mr. *Dundas* to know whether he was to go or not, that proper preparations might be made for his accommodation. It was on the 6th of April last, I understand, that this precaution was taken, and the answer of Mr. *Dundas* was (they state the fact in the *Chronicle* of to-day, which agrees partly with the account I had from *Gerrald* himself) that there was no intention of sending him at present ; and, *if it depended upon him*, he would not be sent at all. Yet so short a time after comes the mandate of authority. *Gerrald* goes down upon the summons, and is immediately double-ironed, like the vilest felon, and dragged away without even permission to go back again to his room, and kiss the little lips of his sweet babe, that kept him company in prison. He was scarcely permitted to speak through the grate to a fellow prisoner, and gave him some directions as to the things he left behind him. Away he was hurried, and the first notice his friends had of it was from its being announced on the Monday in the public newspapers.

Such is the man whom the humane, the virtuous, the pious—for they talk of *religion*, as men generally do when they are disposed to do such actions!—Such is the man whom these virtuous Ministers have treated in this ignominious

manner. For what? For opposing the Sovereign on the throne? For disturbing the peace of society, and exciting rebellions and insurrections? For committing depredations upon public virtue and justice? No; but for doing that which no law forbids, no statute proscribes, no *previously adjudged case* (if adjudged cases were in reality any authority!) had warned him to shun; and for doing it with an eloquence which his persecutors could not rival, and with a power of reason and facts to which they could not reply.

THE INVASION: or Credulous Spiders.

'T WAS in a lofty Gothic Hall,
 An old and venerable place,
 Secure, intrench'd within a wall,
 Dwelt the laborious Spider Race,
 O'er whom, with arrogance and pride,
 A bloated Chieftain did preside.

He, with fair shew and subtle parts,
 Unbounded empire had obtain'd,
 And with the same ungracious arts,
 In virtue's spite, that power maintain'd;
 While some a private int'rest sway'd
 And others were by these betray'd.

Strange tales are forg'd, preposterous lies,
 Fit coinage for a faithless court!
 Of armies of invading flies,
 That from some foreign clime resort,
 And all were summon'd to oppose
 With real force these fabled foes.

Or sooth'd by hope, or urg'd by dread,
 The spiders toil with ceaseless pains,
 To guard the realm thick webs are spread,
 Whilst every webb their vitals drains;
 Till weak, exhausted, and beset,
 The fools were caught in their own net.

A LOOKER-ON.

Bristol, May 15.

The

The LECTURE "On Prosecutions for Pretended Treason."

Delivered on *Wednesday the 13th of May, 1795*, the ANNIVERSARY of the ARREST of the PATRIOTS.

CITIZENS, this being the *anniversary of the arrest of the Patriots*, who some time since were implicated in a factitious and ridiculous charge of high treason, it appeared to me that some sort of notice should be taken of the return of a day so important, in the event, to the progress of liberty, but once so threatening to the existence even of the very shadow of British freedom. I therefore chose for the subject of this evening, "Prosecutions for Pretended Treason."

It was my intention to have gone pretty largely into the history of these prosecutions in this country, particularly during the reigns of the Stuarts; reigns which some persons, dignified with official situations in this country, seem to have studied with minute attention, drawing, as it were, all their precedents from those reigns, and the ill counsels given by the ministers of that unfortunate family. I meant to have laid before you a great variety of interesting and entertaining particulars: as the subject is, indeed, of a very curious nature, and well worth our serious attention; and as, during my confinement in the Tower, I was naturally led to the consideration of facts of this description. While I was in that confinement, therefore, I made very copious notes and extracts from history, and from the State Trials, that they might furnish me with matter for a course of Lectures in this place, upon this branch of our political history.

But to those notes I have had no time to refer. Eminent as my duties are in this situation, I have been called upon by a duty of a superior nature, to the discharge of which neither my conscience nor my feelings would permit me to be inattentive.

You will remember, that on the last Lecture-night I took the liberty of proposing to you a subscription for our beloved and persecuted fellow-citizen, Joseph Gerrald. I did not then think fit to announce my intention of setting off the next morning to see that virtuous and persecuted Patriot, whose amiable manners have won the hearts of his fellow-citizens, as his talents have commanded the admiration of mankind. I

did think proper to mention it at that time, because I did not know what jealousies might continue to haunt him; and therefore went as private as possible, lest I should be deprived of the solitary satisfaction which was left me, of seeing once more that beloved and respected patriot, who is going to distant and inhospitable regions, for exerting those virtues and talents which illumine his heart, for the benefit of mankind; and because he would not prostitute his understanding to aristocratic usurpation and ministerial corruption.

I have the pleasure to inform you, that that collection, with which I set off without delay, amounted to 16 guineas; the receipt for which I now have in my hand, and which is ready for the inspection of any Citizen who wishes to be satisfied upon that point.

I had another reason also for my journey. I wished that some memorial of that great man should be left behind him, for the instruction of his country. I wished to procure the means of decorating these walls with the bust of that revered patriot; that, fixing my eye frequently upon the image of his countenance, I might be inspired with similar virtues, and endeavor to imitate those talents which he so transcendently possesses.

For these reasons I have been to Portsmouth, from whence I am but this instant returned. I have but just had time to wipe the dust from my weary brow, that I might take my place in this situation, and submit my thoughts to you upon this important subject, with such arrangements as could be made during my journey.

But, there is one circumstance relative to this visit, which I shall not do justice to you and to society if I pass over in entire silence: though it is something like digression.

Of the deportment of Citizen Gerrald I shall give you some idea at the conclusion of my Lecture; but when I am speaking of my journey, I ought to observe that I have been deceived, and am now agreeably undeceived, relative to the state of the public mind in that part of the country I have visited. In order that no barrier might be thrown in my way, to prevent my seeing the Citizen, I have hinted that I thought it necessary, at first, to keep my journey as private as possible. I found, however, that these precautions were not as necessary as I supposed. I found that in *Portsmouth* there are upright, enlightened, and virtuous magistrates, who will not suffer the peace to be disturbed by any factious set of beings, who may choose to bawl out "*Church and King*," for the purposes of inflammation

inflammation and tumult, and to destroy the peace and property of those who happen to differ from them in political or religious opinion. I found, also, that the seeds of liberty are not only sown, but have spread to a considerable degree, in that aristocratic town; the centre, as it is, of so considerable a portion of patronage, and, consequently, of dependence. Instead of meeting in every house jealousy and animosity, I found a great number of persons anxious for an opportunity of shewing their affection and attachment to those principles which have been lately so much persecuted; and for that cause in particular which occasioned my visit to that place; so that while many strangers found it difficult to obtain accommodations at any price, my friend and myself, on account of our principles and the object of our embassy, were cheered and welcomed by persons of all descriptions, from those of the learned professions down to the simple mechanic and labourer: and were received and entertained with a hospitality that bore more resemblance to the welcome of old and intimate friends, than the greetings and civilities of strangers.

I do not mean to represent these as the unanimous sentiments of the place; but they are sufficiently so to procure protection to any individual whose good intentions may carry him to that part of the country; and I own it gave me great pleasure to perceive that the gall of animosity in the opposite party is either transmuted into the milk of human kindness, or else is kept in awe by the shame which never fails to result when Malice is checked in her career, and sanguinary Cruelty is disappointed and unmasked.

Such having been the manner in which I have been employed, since I last met you, I hope to experience your candour, for any deficiencies in the lecture of this evening; as the only preparation I have had, was made by quitting the coach at a time when others were taking their refreshment, and indulging myself in a solitary walk; that I might collect a few of the ideas that floated in my imagination.

To proceed, then, to my subject: Prosecutions for high Treason, as is well observed by the author of the preface to State Trials, have, in all ages, been the fatal engines so often employed by corrupt and wicked ministers against the noblest and bravest Patriots. It is a little important, therefore, in order that none of us may be made the tools of such nefarious designs, that we consider a little the meaning of the word *Treason*.

Many

Many of you may, in the different periods of your lives, have to decide upon the existence of your fellow Citizens, perhaps upon the liberty and salvation of the country; let me therefore, invoke you seriously to consider the proper meaning that ought to be attached to those terms that sound so dreadfully in our ears; that you may not be in danger of being abused by mere words, when it is the spirit, the soul, the motives and the consequences of action upon which the juror ought to decide.

Treason then, Citizens, as the derivation points out, is the act of betraying. This is, it is true, a very general definition. And, perhaps, in the first instance, it is best to begin with general definitions; and afterwards proceed to the particular. *Treason*, then is, *the act of betraying*; and accordingly we talk in private conversation of *traitor to his friend, traitor to his trust*, treachery to a mistress—a benefactor—an employer; in short, in all the situations in life, in which confidence can be reposed, we talk of treason and treachery.

This definition, however, it is my present duty to apply to the system of politics; and then we shall find that *Treason*, politically speaking, means *betraying the trust reposed in the individual by the country, or betraying that country to the injury and destruction from which it is the duty of the individual to preserve it*.

Now when you consider this definition, which I believe must universally be admitted to be just, one reflection must present itself to your minds: namely, that, generally speaking, the traitors are to be found in that class of men who are themselves the prosecutors for treason. They are the men in whom trust and confidence is placed; they are the men who have the power of betraying, ruining, and destroying the country: they are the men who, if you consult the history of every country in the world, have been continually and perpetually undermining and destroying those constitutions, and those countries, which, with hypocritical plausibility, they pretended to uphold and to revere.

This is treachery indeed. It is betraying a trust; it is deceiving the minds of the public; it is, in fact, inflicting the basest, the deepest, and the most detestable wound that the arm of the assassin can possibly aim. The petty murderer, who meets his merited reward at the gibbet, has destroyed an individual, has overthrown the peace of one family: but the minister who, for his selfish ambition, to gratify the rapacity of

of his dependants and relations, and to monopolize all places, power, and trusts into his own hands, betrays the interest and happiness of his country, murders by wholesale; and the millions that strew the plains of foreign countries, with whose concerns he had no right to interfere, constitute the smallest part of the guilt that stains his polluted conscience!

Citizens, this crime which, in England, is called Treason, has been variously denominated and described by different countries in the world. It is not necessary for me to make an ostentatious display of that sort of learning which any man may acquire by half an hour's consultation with his dictionary; and, therefore, I shall not run through a list of these various names; but I shall just simply instance the descriptive and energetic name which has been given of it by the French republic: observing, at the same time, that, among the many advantages resulting from some of the transactions and proceedings of the French revolution, (for I never gave an unqualified approbation of the whole) we may particularly notice a renewed energy of soul and expression, by which that country has shewn us the power which liberty gives not only to the arms, but to the language of people: enabling the one to mow down ranks of those who have less interest in the struggle, and the other to compress the meanings of volumes into a single word. They have called this crime of Treason *Patricide!*—or *murdering the Country*.

Now citizens, this is, I believe, giving, in one word, a description more copious and more energetic than will be found in all our treatises of the law of treason put together. It is striking at the vital existence and happiness of the country: not that which ministers call the *existence of the country*,—the continuance of power in the hands of a few individuals who have erected themselves into an arbitrary Oligarchy. No: but the continuance of freedom, happiness, and the possibility of maintaining the great body of the people in equal rights, equal laws, and the distribution of equal justice. This is the existence which the real traitor aims to destroy. And what treason, what crime can be so monstrous, as the crime of that individual who meditates so detestable an assassination?

That this was the original meaning of the word Treason in this country might be proved by a variety of documents, if I had time to refer to them. I shall notice, however, only the first in the collection of "State Trials;" and which took place in the reign of Richard the Second, when
Trefillian

Trefillian and other Ministers and Judges were tried for High Treason, for monopolizing to themselves the wealth and power of the country; employing it to the maintenance of mercenary forces, to coerce the people; and dissipating those revenues which ought to have provided for the security, happiness and abundance of the nation.

Citizens, I know of few things more important, than that we accurately define to ourselves the limits and bounds of the terms we make use of; and the train of reasoning into which I have fallen, seems to make it necessary that I should chalk out to you a distinction very important, though hitherto not very particularly attended to; I mean the distinction between *Treason* and *Rebellion*: a distinction which exists in nature, and which is of the most important kind: for treason can only be practised against the happiness, safety, and security of the country; but rebellion may be practised against an usurper who is destroying that country, but who, as he grasps the power, may consider himself as having the right to destroy those who would restrain the arbitrary exercise of his authority. The rebel is not of necessity a traitor, nor of necessity is the traitor a rebel. They are frequently united together; but I think a recurrence to a few historical facts will shew you a very material difference.

When *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton* slew the tyrant *Pisistratus*, did the *Athenians* consider those heroes as traitors to their country, because they were rebels to the usurper, who called himself their prince? On the contrary, we find that their fame was celebrated in odes and poems; and Mr. *Pye*, the present poet laureat, has thought fit to translate one of the odes, which was written upon that occasion, by the Grecian poet *Symonides*: and he does it, he tells you, for this express reason, that such compositions ought not to be lost, as they keep alive the spirit and love of liberty; the writing and signing of that ode having caused the *Athenians* afterwards to follow up the example, and get rid of other usurping tyrants in the same manner.

Citizens, if I recollect rightly, for it is some years since I read the poems of Mr. *Pye*, that poem begins and ends with the following stanza:

“ Eternal honor’s deathless meed,
 “ Shall, lov’d *Harmodius*, crown thy deed,
 “ And brave *Aristogiton*’s sword—
 “ Because the tyrant’s breast ye gor’d.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. XIII.

Saturday, 6th June, 1795.

The LECTURE “ On Prosecutions for Pretended Treason.”

Delivered on *Wednesday the 13th of May, 1795*, the ANNIVERSARY of the ARREST of the PATRIOTS.

[*Concluded, from our last Number.*]

THUS we find, then, that neither the Athenians of old, nor Mr. *Pye*, our most loyal poet laureat, considered it any act of Treason to destroy the traitor who usurped authority to which he was not entitled: though certainly it was rebellion, according to every construction which can possibly be given to the word.

When the thirty tyrants usurped dominion over Athens, was it treason to remove those tyrants, and restore the purity of the Athenian constitution? It was rebellion, indeed: for to rise in arms against the ruling power must always be rebellion. I shall show you by and by that ministers, in the present day, think it is rebellion and treason too, to rise, not in arms, but in words, against them, or any of their measures!

If from *Greece* we travel to *Rome*, we shall find other examples, not less important, as to the distinction which I am laying down.—(I shall take care by and by not to be misunderstood, relative to the object and meaning of these arguments.)—Citizens, when *Tarquin*, the limited sovereign of Rome, became the ravisher of the virtuous *Lucretia*, when he usurped prerogatives that did not belong to him, and when oppression and tyranny ravaged the country, it was *rebellion*, indeed, in *Brutus*, when he stirred up the people to resist the tyranny, and “drove the *Tarquins* from the gates of Rome.” But was it treason to restore the country from the gulph of tyranny and perdition into which it was fallen? There is not a man, who has one spark of British ardour left in his

bosom, who will pronounce such blasphemy against reason and liberty? It was rebellion to resist the usurping decemvirs—that oligarchy that trampled on the rights of Rome!—but, instead of being treason, it was virtue. And when Cæsar lorded it over the senate, and, with a venal pack of senators, who ought to have stood up for the liberties of the people, but who were his creatures, his tools, his hirelings, and dependants—when, by their assistance, he laid the liberties of Rome prostrate at his feet, did the second *Brutus*, did *Cassius*, that “last of *Romans*,” who rose in rebellion against the usurper *Cæsar*, act the part of traitors, or of virtuous citizens?

I believe, we shall admit that they were not traitors, who restored, or attempted to restore the purity of *Roman* liberty; but that, in reality, the men destroyed in this, and all the other instances I have mentioned, were themselves the traitors: that tyrants and usurpers are the worst of traitors; and that, if it is virtue to obey virtuous rulers, if it is just and right to obey legal and constitutional mandates, then must it be always virtue, right, and justice, to resist and oppose those tyrants and usurpers whose sanguinary violence depopulates the country, or whose projects of selfish ambition deprive the nation of its support and freedom.

Akenfide, in his Poem on “The Pleasures of Imagination,” supposes, falsely I believe, that the most sublime image that can possibly be presented to the mind is that Brutus rising from the stroke that laid the tyrant prostrate at his feet.

“Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,
And speak, O Man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar’s fate
Amid the crowd of patriots, and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call’d aloud
On Tully’s name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bad the father of his country Hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust!
And Rome again is free?”

Citizens, I do not approve, though the laureat *Pye*, and the whig *Akenfide* have done so, passages that have such a tendency to excite a sanguinary disposition. I would have the

the powers of genius and reason employed to increase the kindness, not the bitterness of the heart ;—to allay the furious passions and resentments of mankind, not to stimulate to violence and slaughter. I have not therefore quoted either the translation of *Pyc* or the poem of *Akenside*, because they meet with my entire approbation ; but because they shew you that it never has yet been thought, by men who think at all, that those two terms, so frequently confounded together, were one and the same ; but, on the contrary, that they have regarded resistance of oppression as a virtue of the first class, and thought that every thing ought to be encouraged and disseminated that would dispose mankind to such resistance. I also maintain, that resistance of oppression is the first of virtues ; but I would resist it, not by the *dagger*, but by *reason* : I would go slowly to work from circle to circle : I would disseminate the light of truth and benevolence ; and I am sure that, when mankind can be persuaded to lay aside their artfully excited terrors, and to enter calmly into investigation, Liberty will want no poignard to enforce her doctrines, nor no buckler to guard her bosom against those furious foes who at present detest her, only because the artifices of a few individuals have prevented them from contemplating her features ! I think myself, however, entitled, from the observations I have just brought forward, to conclude that, as the men who were destroyed were usurpers and tyrants, the rebellion of those who destroyed them was not Treason.

But, Citizens, I will tell you (for that is the more important part of my subject) how I suppose a man may be guilty of treason, without falling into rebellion : a thing which is much more common. And here permit me to observe, that my object in marking this distinction is to dissuade mankind from committing treason, not to persuade them to commit rebellion ; for rebellion, though another crime, is, generally speaking, a crime of monstrous magnitude ; because it involves the peace and tranquillity of society, and gives a few upstart leaders, whose minds are inflated with a desire of power, too frequent an opportunity of making tools and instruments of those whose situation in society renders them the stepping stones and ladders of the ambition of deducing hypocrites. I do not therefore wish to persuade you to commit rebellion ; but I wish to persuade other persons to cease to commit the greater crime of Treason.

I will tell you then, and I will illustrate as I go on by historical instances, how I conceive that men (if Ministers and

Courtiers may be considered as men) may commit the crime of treason without being rebels.—I consider, when *Cæsar* grasped to himself a power to which he was not entitled, and thus attempted to enslave his country, that he, though not guilty of rebellion, was guilty of Treason of the highest kind. I mean to say also, that when *Agrippa*, *Mæcenas*, and others, advised *Augustus* to seize the sovereign power, and thereby to annihilate entirely all hopes of *Roman* freedom, that these advisers, though they did not rise in rebellion, were guilty of High Treason also; and that their treason was not a wit the less detestable, because they advised him to preserve all the *forms* of the *Roman* constitution, while he destroyed the whole of its spirit and excellency.

I mean also to say (proceeding to events of a more recent date) that, in *France*, for example, the destruction of the *Bastille* was certainly an act of rebellion; that the opposition made by the people to the interference of foreign mercenaries, employed by the then existing government for their destruction, was, also, an act of rebellion; and that the resolution of the *Parisians*, to defend the national Constituent Assembly, was another act of rebellion: but I mean to say, at the same time, that neither the one nor the other of these was an act of treason; but on the contrary, considering the situation of *France* at that time, that they were acts of salvation, to which *France* owes what she yet possesses of liberty, and the means (which are at this time almost completely in her hand) of obtaining a degree of liberty more happy and glorious than any thing that has yet been conceived or thought of.

Broglie with his mercenary troops, at the beck of that power which was then undoubtedly possessed of the supreme authority, was marching to *Paris*, to crush the friends of liberty, and annihilate the *States-General*. The *Parisians* heard of it, and were frantic with apprehensions for their dawning liberty: they ran to the *Arsenal* to provide themselves with arms, never thinking at first of taking the *Bastille*, or suspecting that they were capable of so doing; but the cruel behaviour and treachery of the governor urged their fury, even beyond its first intention, and, happily for the universe, the *Bastille* was laid a smoking ruin upon the earth.

If I were standing up as an advocate for these men, defending them by legal quibbles against the charge of rebellion, I know I must be tongue-tied—I should have nothing to say. But if I were pleading for them upon the charge of Treason,
I should

I should say, Bring as many such traitors as you will before a just tribunal, charged with such actions, under such circumstances, and, instead of fetters for their legs, they must be furnished with crowns of laurel. They were the saviours, not the betrayers of their country : and if a foreign mercenary force can ever be permitted, at the nod and beck of any Minister, or any Monarch, to be brought into any capital, to enforce the commands of despotism, farewell to every thing like liberty,—farewell to every thing like humanity,—farewell to civilization !—This world is a wilderness, where one great elephant may stalk from place to place, and, with his huge proboscis, mow down every thing that might administer to the comfort and felicity of mankind.

But if this was Rebellion without being Treason, let us see, in the next instance, what was Treason in France, though not Rebellion.—It was Treason in those detestable sycophants who stood behind the curtain (and there is but too frequently some whispering fiend, behind the curtain, disturbing the repose of nations, and poisoning the ears of princes)—when they advised the King to give a hypocritical sanction to decrees which they meant afterwards to advise him to violate ; when they advised the King, after having most solemnly sworn to support those decrees, to add perjury to treachery, and shameless effrontery to both, and declare himself destitute of every principle of faith and honesty.—Those men were traitors both to their Country and their King ! and calamities enough they have brought upon both, which sophists may endeavour to lay upon other shoulders, but which are chargeable, in the first instance, to them, and them alone. Those men however, and that woman, who advised the flight of the unfortunate Louis XVI. were not guilty of rebellion, but they were traitors of the worst description ; and if it were possible for me, in any situation, to applaud the severity with which crimes are sometimes pursued, I should be almost inclined to say—that they deserved the fate which they eventually met.—*[A hiss.]*

I am much obliged to the Citizen who has thus interrupted me ! But, as I am sure the *sentiment* is unexceptionable, I perceive that I must have made some mistake in the *expression*. I will repeat, therefore, the idea I meant to convey.—I mean to say, that those evil counsellors of Louis XVI. who advised him to ratify decrees which he did not mean to fulfil ; who advised him to swear to the constitution which he meant to violate ; who advised him afterwards to violate that constitution,

tion, and leave the paper upon his table in which he declared himself to be a hypocrite and a perjurer; who advised him to fly to foreign nations, in hopes of leading foreign armies against his country,—that these counsellors, these vipers let me call them, though they were not rebels, were traitors of the worst description.—This is my meaning. This is what I meant to express before. This, I believe, I have expressed tolerably accurately now: and if any scribes of the Treasury think they can make any thing of it, I will endeavour, as nearly as possible, to repeat it again to those—I was going to say *Citizen Spies*, but—*Gentlemen Spies*, I mean. Far be it from me, Citizens, to inflame your minds against any individual; but, as I know that every night there are gentlemen of that description, I wish to tell them fairly and openly, that if any persons whatever wish to take down any part of my words, if they will signify their design, either in the manner just now signified, or any other way, I will repeat the idea to them. And I will do more: I will shew them the difference between the honor of a plain common man, the simple descendant of a London tradesman and the daughter of a poor country farmer, and the tinsel honor which belongs to persons who wear trumpery titles and trumpery decorations. I will shew them that instead of hiring, like a person of the last description, 50 bludgeon-men to knock out the brains of a man hostile to my sentiments, I will protect even his rude, intemperate, and ungentlemanlike conduct, from the indignation which some might think it merits. No man, however improper his conduct, shall meet with an improper return of it here. His person shall be protected; the freedom of his sentiments shall be protected. If he is a deluded individual, I will endeavour to remove his delusion by candour: if a designing individual, I will shew him how superior the smallest of the friends of liberty is to the malice of such designs.

Citizens, I shall now proceed in my task of making these distinctions, and shewing you that there may be treason without rebellion, and that this Treason is most frequently committed by those individuals who are so ready to charge others with being traitors. I shall proceed to illustrate this by facts from the history of our own country.

You will remember that Charles the First not being wise enough to know how to buy parliaments, and the parliament under Charles the First being disposed to support the rights of the people, there consequently arose what is called a rebellion in this country. (Remember I am not going to justify

justify the last act of the Rebels, as they are called. I do not justify sanguinary punishments in any instance whatever!) But, in consequence of the disposition on the part of the ill advisors of Charles the First, to usurp arbitrary power, and the disposition on the part of the Parliament to support the liberties of the people, what is called a rebellion took place in this country.

Now, in this instance, I think we shall find that the *Treason* did not lie in the people and parliament of England, though they are called *rebels* for defending themselves against the armed force which Charles, by the advice of his ministers, assembled in order to make himself absolute; but that the *Treason* was in the Ministers, who advised him to *abdicate his rightful crown, by attempting to usurp a tyranny and authority to which he had no claim*. I say that the principle traitor was the apostate *Wentworth*, who, while he was in opposition, pretended to be a flaming patriot, a friend to the liberties of the people, and an advocate for a reformation of corruptions and abuses; but who, as soon as he became minister, became one of the most violent persecutors of every thing that looked like liberty; and though I do not commend nor excuse the trial of Lord *Strafford* (the title with which his prostitution was purchased) yet I contend, that those who advise a King to exercise a power which the laws of the land do not vest in him, are traitors to the king and to the country, and do thereby advise him to abdicate the throne on which the constitution has placed him;—do actually advise him to *un-king* himself, and renounce those privileges and prerogatives which, but for his unjust usurpation, he might still have continued to enjoy. I mean to say, also, that the advisors of Charles the Second and James the Second, who as they were also ignorant of the art of *effectually* buying parliaments, took it into their heads to persuade them to do without any parliaments at all (which is pretty nearly the same thing you know!) though they did not rise in rebellion against the royal authority, were also traitors to their country, and to those two unfortunate monarchs.—I say *two unfortunate monarchs*: for though the first of them (as some say) died a natural death, yet his reign was one continued source of vexation and misfortune; and might hold up a striking lesson to all monarchs—that when they attempt to grasp more power than they are entitled to, they grasp at thorns whose sharp and unpoisoned mail will rankle in the hand that attempts to grasp them.

I shall

I shall now just observe, in a brief manner, that these natural distinctions have been too frequently confounded by the arts of courtiers and sycophants.

In the first place, it has been common, by the assistance of metaphor and flattery to represent the person of an individual and the happiness and existence of a whole country to be one and the same thing. I admit, I affirm that the safety, the security, and tranquillity of the individual or individuals who constitute the chief magistracy of a country, are incorporated with the happiness of society; and that he who invades the life of such magistrate or magistrates, whatever be the form of the constitution, commits an offence of a very heinous description against the peace and happiness of society. I think it necessary to make this observation that my intentions may not be misrepresented. I wish you to understand accurately the nature of crimes and offences. I do not mean to persuade you that any thing that is criminal is virtuous; or, which is frequently attempted in another place that, things really virtuous and just are criminal. But I mean to say, that though it is a high crime to assail the magistracy of a country, yet that the magistrate and the country are not one and the same thing: and that no one life ever yet was, or ever can be, as estimable as the life of twenty-four millions, or seventeen millions, or seven millions of individuals of which the population of any particular country may consist.

This is a sort of flattery paid by sycophant writers to increase their own importance in the eyes of those they flatter. But this is not all. Did the encroachment and metaphor stop here I would not have troubled you with so many animadversions upon the subject. But, having, in the first instance, identified, by a figure of speech, the whole nation in the person of the Prince, they next confound the minister of the Prince with the Prince himself; and then call it high Treason to oppose the measures, designs, nay the *contemplations* of that courtier who, by arts the most hypocritical, may happen to have seized upon the helm of power.

Mr. *Gibbon*, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,"—a work which, though perhaps not entitled to so unqualified an approbation as has sometimes been given, must be admitted to be full of profound research, and useful reflection, particularly alludes to this last species of treason—an attempt to identify the person of the minister or favourite with the person of the Prince, and to punish the opposition made

to

to such minister as an offence against the sovereign; and very justly considers it as the last stage of despotism.—(You will remember, Citizens, that at the time Mr. *Gibbon* wrote this reflection, the late accusations for high Treason had not been brought forward—nor had it ever been whispered in Britain that a disposition to oppose measures that had been hinted by a minister, could be considered as Treason in this country.

You will please to observe that, in this country, this last species of Treason has been very jealously guarded against; and it was for this reason that the 25th *Edward III.* was made; for so many things had been charged to be Treason, that bore no resemblance to that crime, that an act was thought necessary in that Parliament, to define the two principal species of Treason to be *compassing and imagining the death of the king*; and actually *levying war against the king*. Having laid down this in so clear and distinct a manner, our ancestors weakly thought that they had done sufficient. But it was not long before attempts were successfully made to extend the limits of the law of Treason. Those limits the good sense of the people has occasioned them to refer to again and again; and the same limits have been again and again declared to be the boundaries of the crime of Treason; and again and again (whenever artful, hypocritical, and *alariming* ministers got possession of the seat of power) under frivolous pretences, have been extended to a most exorbitant degree.

Queen Mary, on account of her religion and intolerance, has been spoken of with a degree of severity which is certainly as much as she is entitled to; she had one merit, however, which ought not to be forgotten; she expressed, by public act, her *detestation of making words Treason*; repealed all the encroaching statutes that had been made; and again fixed the limits of Treason by the 25th. *Edward III.* Those limits, however, since that time have been occasionally extended and again restored: and we have, at this time, to lament two statutes, fabrications of the present minister, (the *Alien Act*, and the *Traiterous Correspondence Act*) by which those sacred boundaries are once more violated.

But this is not all. It is to be observed, that since the revolution, ministers not thinking fit to alter the law of Treason as often as they wished to extend the limits, have induced their judges to appeal to fictions and evasions; by which they have effectually done that which they did not openly dare to avow. Accordingly we find that though the 25th *Edw. III.* expressly says, that to *compass and imagine the death of the*

King shall be high Treason, and that to *levy* war against the King shall also be high Treason; making them, thereby, two distinct species of Treason, and clearly evincing thereby that merely conspiring, or *imagining*, to levy war, was no Treason; yet they have procured many judges to declare, and to pass sentences upon that declaration, that though to attempt to levy war is not Treason under the head of levying war, yet that it is still Treason under another distinct species: namely, that of compassing the death of the King—just as if our frugal ancestors, whose acts were seldom longer than this bit of paper, would have spent their time and words in declaring, that to levy war should be high Treason, if they had meant and understood that even the very idea of such a thing would be an act of high Treason, of the description which they had already previously declared; namely, the compassing and imagining the death of the King.—But let us now return to the times of Charles the Second, by whom it is notorious that an attempt was made to establish an absolute despotism.

If we wanted proof of this, we need only appeal to the alliances formed by the *cabal*, and other ministers of Charles II. their constant hostility to every country that attempted to gain or to preserve its freedom; and their connections with the despot of France, and every other despot on the continent, who would oppose the principles they wished to eradicate.

Now, Citizens, there is a curious circumstance relative to the history of Charles II. namely, that every six or twelve months produced a conspiracy, which, being begotten in the imagination of ministers, was propagated in Parliament, while there was any Parliament, and afterwards in the Privy Council (when Privy Councils became every thing and Parliaments nothing), was afterwards disseminated through the country by inflammatory hand-bills and proclamations. In consequence of these, imaginary traitors, never hearing of such plots and conspiracies till they were indicted and brought to the bar to be tried for them, were time after time dragged, at the peril of their lives, before judges who knew them to be innocent, to hear the scandalous harangues of Serjeants and Attorney-Generals, who knew that the men they were arraigning were innocent and virtuous, and that they themselves, and their employers, were the persons who ought to have stood at the bar and been tried.

If any one doubts whether I have given a faithful account of these plots and conspiracies, let him turn over the pages of Rapin's History. These facts, which stand recorded upon
unquestionable

unquestionable authority, (otherwise they could not have been believed by those who live under the present administration) mark, beyond the possibility of mistake, the designs and objects of the ministers by which these plots and fictitious conspiracies were fabricated: and woe to the nation that shall witness their repetition.

Yes, Citizens, in this reign of Charles II. in which these false conspiracies were hatched, there were also many real conspiracies; but they were conspiracies among those persons that were endeavouring to destroy the pretended conspirators. False plots, and false conspiracies, are necessary things for those who have real plots and conspiracies of their own to conceal.

I would not wish to press the subject too closely; but have we not also had false plots and conspiracies in the present day? Has not the present immaculate minister disseminated his alarms, like electric shocks, from one end of the country to another, to every individual who imagined he had a stake in the country?—as if every man that has life and exertion had not a stake, or ought not to have a stake in the country!—Has not the present minister, by those excellent conductors, warrants for high Treason, proclamations, and reports of secret committees, conveyed his electric shocks of alarm through the country, till the whole deluded mass of the people shook with convulsions before him? much to the amusement, no doubt, of the manager of the machine, though little to the health and benefit of those upon whom he operated. Nay, it is said, that there have been individuals who have had the audacity to attempt to keep up the reputation of their quackery, by charging the juries of this country with being conspirators, also, against the laws and constitution they were called to defend, because they would not hang the men whom they thought fit to accuse.

Yes, if we are not strangely abused, indeed—if our credulity is not most terribly tricked, by those retailers of intelligence, the reporters for the diurnal prints, persons have stood up in public assemblies, and declared that the acquittal of the felons, as they call them, was a proof of the extent to which the conspiracy had spread.

These words are detailed to us as the words of men whose professions of attachment to the Constitution ought to have prevented them from insulting that part of the Constitution, which, I make no scruple of saying, is worth ten thousand times more than all the rest of the Constitution put together: I mean *the great and invaluable right of TRIAL BY JURY!*

But, Citizens, in the midst of these false plots we have, also, had real plots and conspiracies. I remember, a few evenings ago, having the pleasure, or imagining that I had the pleasure, of seeing, in this room, the high and mighty inquisitor, Mr. Reeves.—The sight of this being inspired me with some inclination to let him know that his inquisitorial presence did not daunt the friends of liberty. I, therefore, took the liberty of announcing, at that time, that I should, on a future occasion, lay before this audience an exposition of the plots and conspiracies of Mr. *Reeves* and his associators. And, if ever I should see a tall, gawky, shuffling fellow, who has been idolized very much in this country, and whose principal claim to that idolatry seems to be his talent of shuffling and apostacy!—if I should have ever the happiness to be in company where that right honourable maypole happens to stalk in, I will greet him with the promise of an equally just dissection. At present it is my duty to proceed with my exposition of the plots and conspiracies of *Reeves*.—I speak his name without disguise, that his followers and retainers may be at no loss in their report.

I shall not dwell particularly upon the character of the honourable institution of which he is the founder; nor the baseness, when it was first opened, of signing the name of a person, as secretary, who never had been within the walls of the meeting. I will mention, however, a little anecdote to which this circumstance gave birth. The gentleman went to complain to *Reeves* of the insult put upon his name by introducing it into such company, and found the whole society, consisting of four or five actual members, assembled. They immediately apologised; and said, as they were very much in want of a secretary, they would be very much obliged to him to recommend them one. To which he is reported to have answered immediately, "Why, here is Mr. *Reeves*, who " is a bustling active man, he will do very well, I should " think, for a secretary; and then, perhaps, you may chance to " get a respectable man in the chair."

But, soft: I ought to speak of Mr. *Reeves* with fear and trembling; for he is chief magistrate of the district, and I have not yet forgot the maxim of Homer:

—" Though we deem the short-liv'd fury past,
" 'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last."

This chief magistrate (the man who was to be the judge) about thirteen months ago, when I first began to lecture here, went from house to house, begging of persons to come and complain

complain to him of my house as a nuisance. Having so done, Reeves, with fifteen or sixteen persons, attended at his court-leet—some to complain of nuisance, and others to declare it was no nuisance at all.

Mr. High Steward *Reeves* took his chair, authoritatively, and swore in the witnesses to be examined against me; when, seeing that these and the jury had withdrawn together, I put the following question:

"Pray, Mr. *Chairman Reeves*, am I not to be at liberty to call witnesses also?"

"No, Sir, you cannot.—*Who are you, Sir?*"

"My name is Thelwall. I am the person complained against."

"No, Sir. I shall take care that justice is done. But you cannot call any witnesses."

"Pray, Sir, am I to be permitted to be heard in my own defence?"

"Not by Counsel, Sir, After the verdict you may say what you please to me yourself. But I shall not hear you at any very considerable length."

So you see, the man who is to sit as judge, first of all goes and begs people to come and accuse. After having got persons to accuse, he tells the accused he shall not be at liberty to call any witnesses in his defence. That he shall not be at liberty to say any thing in his defence, till after the verdict; and then he may be permitted humbly to beg and pray in mitigation of fine; but not to speak at any considerable length, lest (I suppose) his defence should happen to become sedition.

I should think this enough to convince you of the situation of the magistracy of this country. But this is not all. Mr. *Reeves* charged every individual of the officers under him to take me into custody, when I came into Court; to commit me (without any warrant whatever) to the round-house. After which, perhaps, I was to be sent on board a ship—being an able-bodied man for a sailor!—or sent off to some of the solitary isles of Scotland, as many persons have been—as Lady Grange, for instance, was.

All this, had the first step succeeded, might have taken place with ease. For, if he had power to take the first step, he might have had power to take the rest; and who should have said him nay?

What then preserved me?—Why there was not a beadle or parish constable throughout the district, who had the hardness to execute such an order; and they told Mr. *Reeves* that they would not execute it.

These are the men who associate to protect liberty and property;

property; and who, under such pretences, enter into conspiracies to seize the person of an individual without legal authority, though under the mask of magistracy—for magistracy is one thing, law another. If this is protecting property, may I never have property to be protected! If this protecting liberty, make me a galley-slave at once! If this is protecting order and civilized society, strip me naked, and turn me into the wilderness with savages, for I am sick of such order and civilization!

Citizens, when this would not do, within less than ten days a charge of high Treason was trumped up. I was dragged from my house; my premises were plundered; not only my manuscripts, the whole labours of my life, but my books, my collections of prints, and the very cloths from my tables were seized, to pack the pillage up in.

Application after application has been made to the Privy Council; evasive answer after evasive answer has been given; and my effects are not returned. (This is protecting liberty and property!) At last I am referred to Mr. *Joseph White*, the honourable Solicitor of the honourable treasury; and Mr. *Joseph White* says, "You may tell Mr. Thelwall I have nothing of his, and nothing shall he have of me." This is protecting property! my books, my manuscripts of all descriptions, in prose and in verse!—whether there is a syllable of politics in them or not;—many of them the labours of years: all are to be seized, and withheld, because I have dared to question the wisdom and integrity of the most perfidious apottate that ever existed.

Yet these are the individuals who have the impudence to tell you they associate for the protection of liberty and property. They ought to tell you that they associate to pillage and plunder.

I meant to have gone further, and read some documents relative to these facts. But I dare not keep documents in my house. I may be taken up for high Treason again, perhaps; and my papers may again be taken, as they were before, lest they should enable me to prove my own innocence, or the guilt of my accusers.

For mark the consequences of this seizure of papers. It does not only furnish the materials of accusation but it takes from the person accused the means of proving the falshood of the charges, however basely forged. Thus, on the late occasion, the Privy Council knew, the Attorney General knew, (at least they must have known, if they had read my papers, which after my house had been pillaged of them it was their duty to do) that the whole of the evidence of Taylor, and
other

other persons brought forward on the trials, was entirely false. It was proved again and again that the persons accused were the very reverse of what they accused them of being; and I can assign no reason for withholding our papers and property, but the fear lest we should be enabled to prove these circumstances.

But this is protecting liberty and property: This is preserving the constitution.—Such protection!

O, Citizens! would I could see that quiet, that tranquil, but that determined spirit of enquiry among you, that you would hear and see before you judged! that you would know the truth before you pronounced!—You could not then be deluded by such ridiculous pretences; you could not be made the dupes of such artifices as these.

But let me not lose again the tranquillity of my soul!—I was in hopes that the scene I had beheld, had entirely allayed those irritable feelings which youthful intemperance is but too apt to indulge. Let me not, when the sting of indignation and the consciousness of injury urges my temper—let me not inflame your minds with similar feelings!—I am to blame: I have spoken with more warmth than either the circumstances or the authors of my injuries are worthy of.—Let me turn to that picture of philosophy which I have beheld on board the transport which is to convey our beloved fellow-citizen to the solitary inhospitable region of Norfolk Island; where even the converse of those friends, sent before him, cannot soothe his melancholy hours. Let me keep before me the virtuous, the godlike fortitude, with which he bears his wrongs; and blush at the recollection that while he with unmoved philosophy bears to be waisted across the tempestuous ocean, into a long, lingering, disgraceful exile of fourteen years, I have suffered a little, paltry pillage, committed by paltry individuals, upon my labours and my little property, to hurry me into an intemperance so unworthy of the principle I would inculcate.

O Citizens! could you have been with me—could you have seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, how would you lament the degeneracy of Britain, that could suffer such a man as Gerrald, in such a cause, to be sent into exile, in execution of such a sentence!

I met, when I visited him, not the dejected countenance of an exile; but the cheerfulness of a philosopher. The health which had been impaired by his close and rigorous confinement, was considerably renovated, by the salubrious breezes of the sea; and the cheerfulness and vivacity to which his
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genius gave so peculiar a charm, again animated his countenance. I shall not attempt to picture to you the whole of those feelings which nothing but friendship can conceive; and friendship only when it is kindled by such exalted talents, and more exalted virtues. But I cannot forget that he left me one bequest; which is not only mine; but is your's also. It is a bequest to every friend of liberty. I had parted from him the third and last time that I went on board the vessel. I had come half down the ladder, by the side of the ship, that was to convey me into the little boat and take me back to Portsmouth; when, with some agitation of countenance, he called me back.—“My friend,” says he (the tear standing in his eye) “look to my little Girl: let her not be forgotten.”

I had intended to have mentioned her to him; but the heart full of innumerable sensations, all crowding forward at once, will often happen to forget the most important. I returned. I enquired of him what could be done for her; and offered her the protection of my house, so long as oppression should leave me one.—“No, no,” says he, “my friend; I hope that is not necessary. I believe that her situation is not, at present totally uncomfortable; but countenance her—countenance my little babe: she is the vital drop that warms my heart. It will be the balm of my soul to reflect that the friends of liberty have not deserted her.”

I would not then disgrace the manly scene before me with a tear: but now, it is no shame, it is no reproach to let them flow down my cheek, while I conjure you, whatever fate may fall upon me, whatever may be the lot of the few particular friends that were dear to his heart, forget not, Britons, forget not, during that long, long fourteen years of banishment, if fourteen years it is to be!) that *Joseph Gerrald* is in exile for his zeal in the cause of liberty; and that *Joseph Gerrald* has an infant Daughter, who may, perhaps, want a friend, and call upon the name of that country which he has served at the peril of his life, for that support which the Father can no longer yield.

Having finished this brief appeal, he turned cheerfully round; and “As for myself,” says he, “bear witness how impossible it is for the little malice of my persecutors to punish me. They may punish themselves by the attempt; but as for what they call suffering, to me it is triumph, and not disgrace.”

Such are the feelings and sentiments that animate the heart of the true patriot: and while such feelings and such sentiments remain, persecution may triumph for a while, but liberty must be ultimately successful.

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. XIV.

Saturday, 13th June, 1795.

*Continuation of the Narrative of the Proceedings of
the Messengers, &c.*

[*Concluded from Number IX.*]

IN the early numbers of this work, I began my promised Narrative of the Proceedings of Government relative to the late prosecutions. It will not appear surprising, in the hurry and fatigue which must necessarily arise from preparing and delivering two Lectures a week, and correcting and superintending a weekly publication, that I should not have found time regularly to continue it. It appears, however, an act of duty to my readers not to close the volume without bringing this narrative to a conclusion. I proceed, therefore, in the same hasty manner in which, under my present circumstances, I am necessarily obliged to execute whatever I undertake, to perform this obligation.

The examinations being concluded for the day, I was conducted back to the house of the messenger, where I continued to be treated with that insulting mixture of affected kindness and jealous restriction, which might be expected from ignorant hypocrisy. The character of this man, however, I saw through in an instant, and one of the first requests I made to him was, that he would forbear to talk to me upon the politics of the day; as it was totally improper, in our situation, to enter upon any such subjects. To this he immediately assented, and at first *pretended* to be very desirous of avoiding every thing of that description, though it was every now and then conspicuous enough that he was laying snares to trepan me into imprudent expressions; and, during the three last days I remained with him, he took such particular and repeated pains to lead me, from whatever subject we talked upon, into the very topic, and the parts of that topic, which it was most my duty to avoid, that I could not but suspect that he had received particular instructions upon the subject; and I was frequently obliged to repel his questions by the most indignant reproach. Once in particular, he introduced

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a man to sup with us, whose face I never saw before, but whom I understood to be a serjeant in the Guards, whose business it was to sleep in the house for my better security. This was not of itself a circumstance which displeased me; for I have some faith in physiognomy, and when I looked in his face, I had no doubt, nor have I still any reason to doubt, that my new companion was an honest, though an ignorant man; and I never objected, even when at liberty to chuse my company, to the society of such a man, whatever might be his situation in life. On this evening, however, while the glass was circulating, *Timms* contrived to introduce the subject of the condition of the lower orders of society. This is a topic with respect to which my heart has always been warm; and from the art with which it was introduced, I am convinced that he had been tutored by persons better informed, as to my passions and feelings, than he had the opportunities or the penetration to be. Upon such a topic there appeared no danger in expatiating. I always have thought, and I never have disguised that opinion, that the poor are oppressed; that they are kept in brutal ignorance, for fear they should free themselves from oppression; and that there is a most wicked and scandalous disproportion between the encrease in the price of labour, and the price of the necessaries of life; and I made no scruple to assert this in pretty round terms. The wretch had watched his time. He saw that I was warm; and supposing me entirely off my guard, put some question to me about the purposed Convention, and the poor taking things into their own hands; or something of that kind—the terms of which I do not now remember. I remember, however, that it was a question of the most suspicious and improper description; and that I turned immediately towards him, and looking in his face with the utmost contempt and anger, asked him whether he was not ashamed to put such a question to a person in my situation!—I had several occasions to use this language to him.—Yet this wretch had the audacity to swear that I used to indulge myself, at his table, in very unguarded conversations; and that I told him, if I had been fourteen days longer at liberty, I should have had so many friends around me, that it would have been difficult for Government to apprehend me.

It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more absurd and improbable than this story: yet as improbable stories are sometimes believed, because it appears equally improbable that they should be invented, it may not be amiss to shew out of
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what slender materials they may sometimes be composed. On the night of my apprehension, while I was yet waiting at the Secretary of State's office, the gentlemen clerks, and others who were in attendance, pretended to condole with me upon my situation, which I (desirous of marking as strongly as I could my contempt for my oppressors) repelled, sometimes with jocularity, and sometimes with gay indifference; and among other things I remember to have said, that "I did not care much about it: though, to be sure, if I had been at liberty a fortnight longer, it would have made thirty or forty pounds difference to me; which, in my present circumstances, would have been of some importance."—At another time, while *Timms* and myself were at dinner, he told me, that it had been intended to apprehend me in my Lecture Room. "I am glad you did not," said I, gravely, "It might have been a dangerous experiment." These were the only foundations for the ridiculous fabrications.

To remain in the power of a being of whom one has formed such an opinion as I had conceived of *Timms*, must be sufficiently tormenting; and it was rendered the more intolerable by the affected, canting, hypocritical civility, with which his tyranny was interlarded.

Let the reader picture to himself an ill-tempered, mean, and illiterate tyrant (the discarded valet of one of our nobility) deriving consequence from a house furnished with every article of ornamental luxury, and a table supplied with costly viands; yet as gloomy and restless as he was consequential; a bigot in religion, and a slave in principles;—let him imagine this being intrusted with sole and absolute dominion over a man whom he pretended to commiserate, but whom it was evident he both feared and hated; and to whom, in the struggle between malice and hypocrisy, he alternately made an ostentatious display of his kindness and indulgence; and of his power, if so disposed, to load him with chains, and fetter him to the floor, or the bed-post.—When the reader has pictured all these circumstances to his imagination, he may form some idea of the first stage of the mild and benevolent system of imprisonment for pretended Treason.

But this was not all. There was another circumstance relative to this *close custody*, which, if it had long continued, must have committed me to the still closer custody of the grave: that is to say, the total exclusion of circulating air. Excluded from all exercise by day, and shut up every night in a small room, whose only window was not only secured with

shutters, bolts, bars, and bells, but also with a thick double curtain, which (in spite of my remonstrances) was constantly let down, and jammed close against the wall with a heavy table, so as to exclude every breath of air. I was thus literally parboiled in my own perspiration; and reduced, in the course of a week, to such a state of debility, that, but for my timely removal to the Tower, it would have been impossible that my health should have supported the assault.

Two days before my removal, Mr. *Ford* called upon me, and told me, in the presence of *Timms*, That, "as in seizing my papers, which were very numerous, the Messenger had taken not only those of a public but of a private nature; the latter should be restored to me without delay, and he would give me his honour that nobody had seen them but himself." He then asked me, "Whether I would have them sent to my own house, or to the Messenger's?"—I replied, it would be some satisfaction to me to see what was returned; and I, therefore, wished them to be sent to me. Upon which he shewed me his seal, and told me, "that I might have the satisfaction of knowing they came from him to me, without being subjected to the curiosity of other persons, that he would send them sealed up with that impression." Yet when I enquired of the messenger, at night, how it came that my trunk had not arrived from Mr. *Ford*, he told me, with more insolent rudeness of tone and manner than he had ever before assumed, that it had been; and that he had sent it to my house, for that he would not have his room littered about with a parcel of papers. Whether, therefore, it was really returned as Mr. *Ford* sent it, or whatever impertinent curiosity might have examined its contents, I cannot say; but when I came, after my trial, to inspect the effects returned, I found that all my fair copies and complete manuscripts were missing; that none of my prints or similar articles, so scandalously taken away in the general pillage, had been returned; and that the whole of the effects, thus ostentatiously delivered back, consisted of some private letters, the notes of four or five of my lectures, a few domestic memorandums, and some blotted fragments and imperfect copies of my unpublished works. So that, in fact, every valuable article is still withheld; and I am yet to learn, whether any part of the plunder is to be restored.

After being six days tormented by the hypocritical politeness and jealous tyranny of this keeper, I was happily relieved, by being

being sent to the more tolerable confinement of the Tower; where, notwithstanding the jealous restrictions and insults to which we were at first subjected, I found my situation comparatively comfortable; for my room was large, airy and pleasant, and the warders, to whose custody we were committed, with only one or two exceptions, were civil and attentive, and discharged their duty in a manner that does them credit.

To this Bastille we were removed with the most jealous secrecy. And although my wife was present when the coach that was to take me away came to the door of the messenger, no sort of intimation was given to either of us, where I was going; nor could I get any information from my conductors, till the direction taken by the carriage let me into the secret.

To the Tower then we were committed; and the first information I received was, that I was neither to be permitted to send for my books, nor have the privilege of pen, ink, or paper. This intimation of a severity so monstrous and so unexpected, struck, for the first time, a momentary damp to my soul; for as I could not persuade myself that the Minister would have the impudence to try us for High Treason, I expected that our imprisonment would be long; and from the iron bars, massive door, and the sentinel planted with fixed bayonet at the entrance of the room, I conjectured that it was to be solitary. The pang, however, was but momentary. A proud exultation in the cause I suffered for rushed upon my mind: I envied my fellow prisoners their share in the honour of such a persecution; and ambition mingling itself with my enthusiasm, I breathed a fruitless wish that I might have stood alone in a struggle so glorious, and so important. I recollected also, a conversation I had held several years before with a friend, of more facetiousness than delicacy, upon the subject of my youthful peculiarities, and in which, with a sort of prophetic flight of imagination, I had pictured myself as excluded in some dungeon; without either books or pen and ink, and asked what I should be likely to do with myself under such circumstances. —“Do with yourself!” replied my friend. “Why, you would dip your finger in your own excrements, and scribble poetry on the wall!”

The conceit at first provoked my risibility; but it led me into a train of reflection productive of sensations much more consolatory and important. A croud of expedients rushed upon my mind; a nail which I picked up in the room appeared

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to be a fund of inexhaustible amusement and utility; and I felt a deep conviction that there was no possible situation into which a man of active mind can be plunged in which he may not find means not only of improving himself, but eventually of benefiting his fellow beings: a conviction attended with sensations which the proudest of my persecutors might have envied.

It was not long, however, before I found that my confinement was not to be as solitary as I expected; for that the sentinel, with his fixed bayonet, not being deemed a sufficient guard for so desperate a rebel, two armed men were, also, to be placed in my room night and day. I was informed, also, that perhaps, upon specific application to the Privy Council, I might, in time, be permitted to send for some of my books.

It happened, also, that the person in whose house, or tower, I was lodged, had formerly been a bookseller, and had some few articles of his former trade still in his possession; and of him I ventured to borrow some volumes of Shakespeare's Plays: neither myself, nor the Warders who had the custody of me, supposing that any thing more was meant by the restriction, than that nothing was to be brought into the Tower which had not first been inspected by the Privy Council, or its agents: nor either of us ever suspecting that the *safe custody* of a traitor could be affected by his reading "Macbeth," or "As you like it."—But we were miserably mistaken. I was detected reading a play-book without permission of Government; the Warder was reprimanded, and the books ordered to be withdrawn; and it was near a fortnight before the repeated and spirited *remonstrances* of my wife could procure for me the *indulgence* (so it was called) of perusing any book whatever, or having the use of pen and ink.

But this was not all I had to complain of. The perpetual and insulting visits of the military were such as constantly to remind me that I existed no longer under what have been called the wise and humane laws of England, but that I was, in reality, submitted to all the jealous tyranny of a military government. I was visited almost every morning by the officers on duty in the garrison; some of whom were insolent boys of sixteen or eighteen, who, having no pretensions either to the dignity of the citizen, or the urbanity of the gentleman, aspired to consequence by the rudeness and haughtiness of their deportment. Three times a day I was also intruded

intruded upon by serjeants and corporals; and every two hours the centinels came bursting into my room, with their arms in their hands, without the least warning, staring in my face with the most insulting rudeness. And, to crown the whole, a serjeant of the Guards was appointed to attend, whenever my sister, my mother, or my wife, came to visit me, to be a spy upon our actions, and note our conversation.

The insolent deportment of this man was no small aggravation of the jealous tyranny with which we were guarded. Our friends were not permitted to see us, without orders from the Privy Council; and this *favour*, with respect to me, was only extended to my nearest relations, twice a week, and for only two hours at a time; and to have a surly fellow of this description seated close by our sides, listening to every word, and insolently rebuking myself, my sister, or my wife, if we did not speak as loud as he wished us, was a degree of aggravated despotism which no law has authorized, and to which no Briton ought to submit.—The spirited deportment of Citizen Martin, however, rid us, as I understand, of this military interference; the visits of officers and soldiers were laid aside, and the office of watching and listening was transferred to one of the warders, in the absence of the gentleman goaler. But though the person was changed, the vexatious jealousy was not to be laid aside, and even when my apothecary, the respected Mr. Wilson, procured an order to see me, partly on account of a temporary derangement of my own health, and partly to satisfy my mind as to the health of my wife, whom the fatigues and anxieties to which she was exposed had thrown into a situation of the utmost danger, not even he was exempted from the general restriction, (though medical men, even under the most barbarous despotisms, have always been regarded as privileged in this respect, and I was of course obliged to forbear many of those enquiries which, under such circumstances, it is natural I should be desirous to make; but which, however important to his peace, a husband will not be disposed to make in the hearing of a third person.

Such then were the circumstances, during our continuance in the Tower, of that treatment which Mr. Dundas says was no punishment, and of the lenity and indulgence of which Mr. Pitt thinks fit ostentatiously to boast.—For ten days or a fortnight I was debarred the use of books, pen, ink, and paper; for

for about seven or eight weeks I was never permitted to go out of my room for exercise, or for air; during the whole of that very hot weather which prevailed during a part of the last summer, my only alternative was to be closed incessantly within this apartment, or to snatch an occasional breath of air on the little leads, at the top of the round tower in which I was confined; and where the intense action of the sun, reflected from the metal, was such as with difficulty could be supported; and, as there were three of us, *Hardy, Horne Tooke*, and myself, who were alternately to enjoy the breezes on this sunny height, no two of us being permitted to bask there at the same time, the intervals were short, during which we could partake even of this *indulgence*. At length a fresh order was obtained at the request, I understand, of some of the prisoners, but which was extended in its operation to all, further *indulging* us with permission to walk round the ramparts of the Tower, guarded each by his respective warder, who had the strictest injunctions not to suffer us to speak either to each other, or to any other person.

Before I quit the subject of the military, I ought to observe the very different manner in which they deported themselves, at the beginning, and towards the latter end, of our imprisonment. At first they seemed solicitous of every opportunity to insult us; and even carried the expression of their abhorrence so far as to level their muskets at us, when we appeared at our windows, and to maltreat every person who testified the least affection towards us:—a circumstance which surprized me not a little, till I heard from one of the warders that, among the infernal fabrications which had been so industriously circulated to inflame the public mind against us, a report had been very successfully propagated among the soldiers, that a part of our detestable conspiracy was a plan for surprising the Tower by night, marching immediately to the Irish barracks, where the soldiers were lodged, and massacring them all in their beds. The eyes of the soldiery, however, as well as of the people in general, became opened, during our confinement, to the infamous artifices of our persecutors; and when, towards the latter end of our imprisonment, we were permitted to walk about the ramparts, they shewed us every mark of civility and attention, and even turned people out of the Tower who attempted to offer us any kind of insult.

At length, after we had been kept five months in suspense, unable to conjecture, and those who best understood the laws of the country were least able to devise, what our persecutors could possibly intend to do with us, a special commission was made out to try us for High Treason, which was opened on the 2d of October with a speech from Chief Justice Sir *James Eyre*, which, for the new and extraordinary doctrines it contains, and the strain of plausible eloquence with which those doctrines were insinuated, will long be remembered by the lovers of English liberty:—A speech which, without any portion of Mr. Brothers's prophetic spirit, I venture to foretell will at least be heard once more in a court of justice, to the great edification of the country in general, and of the bench and the bar in particular.

I shall not animadvert upon the indecent violation of what have hitherto been regarded as essential regulations with respect to the Grand Jury. This has already been better done than I could possibly do it, by Citizen Martin, in his very excellent pamphlet, "An Account of the Proceedings on a Charge of High Treason:"—a pamphlet which I would recommend to the perusal of every Citizen. Neither shall I make any comment upon the decency of lumping together, in one indictment for conspiracy, twelve persons, several of whom had never seen each other's faces, nor heard each other's names.—Suffice it to say, an indictment for High Treason was found, the whole charges contained in which were of so vague and desultory a nature, that they would not have justified a common Justice of the Peace, understanding the duties of his office and the laws of his country, to have granted a warrant for the apprehension of any individual. Yet the indictment had been drawn with special care, and the crown lawyers had made of their case all that could be made.—The plain fact is, that, though there are nine counts in this curious instrument, there is no one direct *overt act* charged in any one of them; and for this reason, that the prosecutors knew they had no *overt act* to charge, and therefore dwelt upon generals,—thinking perhaps, at the same time, that general charges (good sweeping clauses) were best calculated to establish a general system of *Terror and Execution*.

Of the indictment in which I was included, together with a list of between two and three hundred jurors, and two and three hundred witnesses, I was served with a copy on the 13th of October, ten days before the day of arraignment, and my

counsel and solicitor were then permitted to have free access; as was also my wife, the person in my family whom I pitched upon as best qualified (from her fortitude, as well as her affection) to be employed as my confidential agent in this trying situation.

Ten days preparation being allowed to us, by act of parliament, from the service of the copies to the day of arraignment, (exclusive of that day, and exclusive, also, of the intervening Sunday) we expected, of course, that those ten days would not be broken in upon by the prosecutors; and that we should not be moved till the morning on which we were to be arraigned, or at any rate till the evening preceding. But we were mistaken. At nine o'clock on the night of the 23d, when the gentleman goaler came to lock me up, I was informed that we were to be removed to Newgate at six o'clock the following morning. This was, to me, a very considerable inconvenience. My wife and myself had been writing all day, till seven or eight o'clock, when she departed; and I had still some instructions to prepare, which my solicitor deemed important, and which I was to have got ready against eight or nine o'clock the next morning, when she was to come for them, and assist me in writing other letters and instructions to persons who were expected to be useful in my defence. But it now became necessary for me to neglect every other consideration in the preparations for my departure; such as packing up my books, papers, and other effects; and when my faithful agent was on her way, punctual to her appointment in the morning, she had the mortification to meet the procession, and to see her husband conducted into the abode of felons and murderers, where she had a fresh routine of ceremonies and delays to go through before she could be admitted again to visit him.

Nor was this all. When I came to the coach that was to bring me from the Tower-gate, the Sheriff, *Eamer*, refused me permission to send for my books and papers, which I had packed up, but which I had nobody at my lodging to bring for me. Mr. Sheriff *Burnet* would fain have insisted upon that act of justice, but *Eamer* obstinately refused: the consequence of which, and of other delays resulting from this circumstance, was, that even on the day of arraignment my books and papers had not come to hand. And yet I am told that, during a late canvas for the vacant gown (some persons objecting the treatment of the state prisoners, and myself in particular)

particular) this gentleman, or some of his friends, chose to affirm that I had written a letter—to thank him for the particular kindness and attention which he had paid to me.

There was one circumstance, however, attendant upon this removal, which I own was highly gratifying: I mean the deportment of the populace, who, as our removal at that time was perfectly unexpected, were of course a mere promiscuous multitude, and might therefore be considered as representing pretty accurately the general feelings of the country with respect to us.

But, as this circumstance was faithfully detailed the next day in the Morning Post, I subjoin the account from that paper:—

Removal of the State Prisoners to Newgate,

“At ten o'clock on Thursday night, when the gentlemen gaoler came to lock up the prisoners in the Tower, they were informed (having had no prior intimation whatever) that at eight the next morning the Sheriffs would be at the gates of the Tower to receive them, and convey them to Newgate. Accordingly, within half an hour of that time, the Sheriffs arrived; and *Horne Tooke, Kyd and Bonney, Joyce and Richter, Thelwall and Hardy*, were conveyed in three coaches to their new place of destination, attended by a strong guard of constables.

“Notwithstanding the great precaution of secrecy, the crowd, however, soon became very great; and the strongest animation of feeling and sympathy was visible in almost every spectator's countenance. Some could not even suppress the expressions of their regard, or prevent the *warmth* of their hearts from becoming conspicuous, not only in their looks, but even their tongues. Much to their credit, however, whatever might be the feelings of the crowd, they kept them within the bounds (not of affected *inanity*, it is true, but) of the most perfect *real decorum*; which sufficiently shewed that the secrecy and precautions that had been observed were perfectly unnecessary, and that neither private affection nor popular attachment was likely to induce the Friends of Liberty to injure their cause so much, and perhaps the prisoners themselves, as to attempt to impede the course of public justice.—If the persons, whose trials are this day to begin, are guilty of *conspiring to kill the King*, and to introduce a scene of *anarchy and massacre*, those who have been hitherto deluded by them

ought to have an opportunity of being convinced of the mistaken opinion they have hitherto been led to entertain concerning them; and we *hope* there is yet so much of the British character left, that no jury *can* be selected that will pass upon them, without the fullest conviction of their guilt, in the full extent and real meaning of the charge. If they are innocent, it is good that they should have an opportunity of proving their innocence; since their virtue will be ten thousand times more glorious for the ordeal it has to pass through.

"The prisoners retained all that chearful fortitude (or, as some of the venal scribblers in the Treasury prints have called it—*criminal levity*) which has uniformly characterized them during their confinement; appeared to talk with great gaiety to each other, and to the attendants in the coaches; and bowed and smiled with a gaiety, evidently unaffected, to those who saluted them from the streets and windows as they passed.

"It was highly gratifying to those who venerate the real character of the British nation, to see the manner in which they parted from their former keepers at the Tower gate. The mutual expressions of cordiality proved, beyond a doubt, that however rigid (and we cannot help thinking some of them uselessly so) the restrictions may have been that Government thought necessary to lay them under, they have been attended with all the softening circumstances of civility, on the part of those who were entrusted with the immediate execution of those orders—a trait of character which, we hope, will long continue to mark every department of the executive power in this country."

Morn. Post, 25 Oct. 1794.

Whatever little comfort might have been enjoyed while we were in the Tower was now entirely gone: and our accommodations were such as would leave an eternal stain upon the humanity of the country, which subjected even the vilest and basest ruffians to so miserable and murderous a confinement. Richter was absolutely confined in one of the condemned cells, and I in the dead hole, or charnel-house—the common receptacle for the putrid carcases of felons who die of diseases in the jail.

At my first entrance into this place, I was struck at once with disgust and surprise. I had heard of cells and dungeons, and had pictured them to my imagination: but a place so vile, so filthy, and so abhorrent to all the feelings and senses of man;
I never

I never had beheld or conceived. There was a window, it is true, of six panes of glass at the top of the room, but there was a high wall about six feet beyond it, so that the portion of light was so small that there was but one spot in the room where I could see to read or write even in the middle of the day; and as this window would not open, and the door, on account of the situation, could never be left open, a breath of air (even such air as circulates within the walls of Newgate) was not to be had. The ceiling and the upper part of the walls had once been white-washed, but they were now nearly of a colour with the chimney; the lower part had also been wainscotted; but the greater part of the wood had perished from the dampness of the place; and, all on one side, the bare bricks grinned with a sort of sepulchral horror, that might have persuaded me (had I been inclined to indulge the terrors of imagination) that I was already dead and buried. There was indeed a tolerable bed in the corner, hung with old, filthy, tattered curtains of red and white check; but all the rest was one consistent association of the utmost wretchedness. In a dark corner stood a shattered deal table, under which my coats were thrown in a heap, and upon which my viſuals were to be placed; and, to complete the whole, though the floor was of the colour of foot, and in many places clotted with old hereditary filth, standing up in hillocks sometimes thicker than my fist, it was nevertheless flooded with wet, under pretence of having just been washed.

That my feelings were shocked at the first view of this den of horrors, I cannot deny; but those principles which had enabled me hitherto to preserve, not only my serenity but my cheerfulness, did not desert me. The proud consciousness of suffering for truth and virtue rushed instantly again upon my soul, and I set myself down immediately to write a little sonnet "THE CELL," which appeared the next morning in the "Post," and is now, together with the other little scraps of poetry to which my situation gave birth, published in a separate pamphlet.

I had scarcely finished this little sketch, when the Sheriffs, &c. entered; and Mr. Sheriff Eamer began to make a thousand *polite* apologies for not being able to furnish us with better accommodations (*every word of which I knew to be false*); and thence proceeded to condole with me upon the circumstance of my confinement, and display his tender feelings, by assuring me how painful a thing it was for a *Gentleman* in such a situation. Of this civil insolence of triumph

triumph, which the tools of office, throughout every stage of the proceeding, shewed such a disposition to display, I shewed my contempt, as usual, by a chearful indifference, equally civil, but more sincere. I told Mr. Sheriff *Eamer*, that "very likely their uneasiness upon this subject might be greater than ours; that, for my own part, I was very careless about the place I was confined in, for that a man's happiness must spring from his mind, not from the situation he breathed in; and that I had no doubt that it was all for the best."

The voluble vivacity with which this was uttered, appeared to shock Mr. Sheriff *Eamer* very much. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and turned away, as though I had uttered blasphemy; and, as plain as eyes and gesticulations could speak, seemed to reprove the "criminal levity" of my deportment. The fact is, that nothing was so offensive to our persecutors, and their agents, as our chearfulness and gaiety. It was a contempt of their power and authority so marked and so impressive, that it was impossible for them patiently to endure it. This their *low assassins of the quill* (the scribblers in their diurnal prints) pretty openly confessed, by their scurrilous abuse. But their more exalted and more discrete agents revealed it in another manner:—they affected, indeed, to fear that our indecorum should hurt us in the public opinion; but their fears were evidently of another kind:—they could not but perceive, in this deportment, an omen of the downfall of that system of corruption they are so desirous to support: the plain and simple fact being, that when men suffering for their principles are so deeply grounded in the conviction of their truth and propriety, as to despise the utmost malice of their persecutors, and, by their chearfulness and fortitude, to display that conviction to the world, it is impossible that those principles should be beaten down. Tyranny and persecution may rage for a while; but, if the apostles of truth deport themselves with becoming firmness, the gibbet and the consuming fire can only assist the propagation of those opinions they were intended to exterminate.

But, whatever might be my own indifference about the place I was confined in, it will not be surprising that the feelings of my faithful scribe, when at length she obtained admission, should be considerably affected. In all former stages of this trying affair, whatever might have been her internal feelings, she had always appeared before me with a countenance of such chearfulness and fortitude as took from
separation

separation half its anxieties; but when she beheld me thrown like a dead dog into a hole so vile, the heart can better conceive than the pen describe, the sensations that must have been inspired:—sensations not likely to be alleviated by the alternate howling, swearing, and obscenity of the female convicts, when walking perpetually under my window, deprived me of the possibility of enjoying even one moment of tranquility and silence. This circumstance, and a conviction that the publication of facts is a sacred duty which every citizen owes to his country, determined me to remonstrate, on the day of arraignment, against the barbarity of our treatment in this particular; and it happened that most of the prisoners had determined to pursue the same conduct, as will be seen from the following quotations from the proceedings of that day, as reported in Ramsey's edition of the State Trials, published by Symonds.—[In Gurney's edition, the proceedings previous to the day of trial are totally omitted: an omission which, in justice to the public, it is hoped he will remedy by an appendix, as those proceedings are fraught with matter for important observation.]

After the proceedings on the arraignment were over, Citizen Bonney began as follows:

"*Mr. Bonney.*—My lords, will your lordships allow me a few words before we quit the bar? I assure your lordships, that if I had been arraigned for any *known and certain treason*, for murder or for felony, I would ask no favour of your lordships; but when I stand before you upon a case in which (*and I believe I have your Lordship's opinion in my favour upon the subject*) if the facts charged against us should be proved, *there would be great doubt as to the law.* In such a case I trust I make no improper request to your lordships, when I solicit that we may be allowed as many of the little comforts and conveniences of life (to which we have been accustomed,) as may be consistent with the security of our persons. Your lordships I am sure will agree with me that a situation in which a man can neither sleep by night, nor cast his eye upon a ray of comfort in the day, is not the best adapted for the necessary preparation of his mind for so important a trial as mine:—and yet, my lords, such is my situation. I beg not to be understood to intend the smallest insinuation against the sheriffs; their language and their countenances when they visited me yesterday in my cell, sufficiently convinced me of the concern they felt at not being able to afford me better accommodation. As it may be some days before my trial can come on, my request to your lordships is, that I may be remanded to the custody

custody of the governor of the Tower, where I have been treated for two and twenty weeks with the greatest humanity and attention.

" *L. C. J. Eyre.*—I doubt the court cannot say any thing to it. If it should turn out that your trial should be postponed to any considerable length of time, it will be necessary for you to make application elsewhere for indulgence.

" *Mr. Bonney.*—My lord, I cannot ask Mr. Erskine or Mr. Gibbs to visit me in the situation in which I am.

" *L. C. J. Eyre.*—I dare say the Sheriffs will do all they can for your accommodation; but, as to ordering you back to the Tower, I think it is not within the proper authority of this court. The application must be made elsewhere, if you wish that to be done.

" *Mr. Gibbs.*—Mr. Bonney, I dare say you will have nothing to complain of.

" *Mr. Richter.*—My lord, my case is precisely the same as Mr. Bonney's. In that situation it will be impossible for me to think of requesting the visits of Messrs. Erskine and Gibbs, or indeed any persons who have been accustomed to the comforts of life.

" *L. C. J. Eyre.*—I have no doubt but the Sheriffs will do every thing that it becomes them to do.

" *Mr. Thewall.*—My lord, in addition to the circumstances mentioned by the other prisoners, I will take the liberty to say a few words. The situation in which I am, though deplorable beyond any thing that ever before entered my imagination, should not be a subject of complaint with me, if I were alone concerned; but men, whose connections have been used to some of the decencies of life, have persons coming to see them, whose feelings may not be supported with that fortitude which the consciousness of persecuted innocence inspires in the breast of the individual. I should wish therefore that some general regulation be made, not only with respect to one or two individuals, but with respect to the whole; at least that we should be in some place where one mouthful of fresh air may be admitted in the course of the day, in order to prevent those pernicious effects which may be produced upon the health of persons who have been used to different accommodations; and that the few friends who may visit us may not have the anxiety and distress of mind, which they must necessarily feel, so cruelly aggravated by beholding the very wretched manner in which we are at present provided. For my own part, I would not notice this; but there are others whose feelings it is a duty to have some tenderness for, and
who

who cannot be expected to possess that fortitude which I flatter myself the circumstances of my situation have enabled me to acquire.

" *Mr. Baxter.*—I wish to state, that the circumstances complained of are not peculiar to two or three prisoners: they are general to all. I should therefore hope it will not be inconsistent with our situation, that we should be better accommodated; and that we might be permitted, at least, to walk in the open air two or three hours in the day.

" *Mr. Richter.*—This was allowed us in the Tower during the whole day.

" *L. C. J. Eyre.*—I can only repeat my recommendation to the Sheriffs, and the Sheriffs assurance that you shall receive as good accommodations as the place will afford you, and the nature of your situation will permit."

Yet this assurance was so far from being followed up by any performance, with respect to any person but Citizen Bonney, who was removed to a small room on the State side, that we remained in our miserable dungeons, just the same as if no promise had been made. The Sheriffs, indeed, waited upon me, to let me know that, if I chose, he would turn some one of the persons confined for seditious practices out of his apartment into my dungeon, that I might be accommodated at his expence:—a mockery to which I could only reply, that "It did not square with my ideas of justice, to turn other men out of their accommodations that I might turn myself into them."—The fact is, however, that this was not necessary; for the prisoners for sedition proposed of themselves a plan, by which three or four decent rooms on the State side might have been furnished for our accommodation: but to this proposal it was not thought fit to attend. The only indulgence, therefore, which we obtained, was permission to walk in the square yard of the State side: an indulgence which, for two or three days, we enjoyed pretty freely, till *Timms* and another messenger happened to pay us a visit, to enquire after our health; when, behold, the next day fresh orders came down to restrain this indulgence to two hours a day, under restrictions so vexatious, that it was hardly worth acceptance.

This confinement, which lasted better than four weeks, under circumstances totally excluding every requisite for health,—where dampness could only be repelled by an enormous fire,—where cleanliness was impossible, and light ex-

cluded,—where even the disgusting necessities of nature were obliged to be complied with in the same close hole in which I slept, sat, and eat my food,—and where the total want of atmospheric air was supplied by daily lustrations of vinegar,—brought upon me a complaint in my bowels of the most malignant complexion, of which I continue to feel the occasional effects even to this day.

At length Bonney procured a *Habeas Corpus* to remove him again to the Tower, and I took possession of the room which he left, and in which my beloved fellow-citizen, Gerrald, had been confined before his removal to the New Compter, and Citizen Muir previous to his departure for Botany Bay:—circumstances which induced me to reflect how much Genius and Virtue are frequently consigned, under the present system of coercion, to those dungeons which it is pretended are built for the punishment only of the most profligate and abandoned of the human race.

Will it not appear extraordinary, after the recital of these facts, that any member of the Government should have the assurance to boast of the humanity and kindness with which we were treated. Yet that this boast has been made in the most public manner appears from the debates of that assembly generally called the House of Commons, in which Mr. Pitt is reported to have affirmed that the confession of the prisoners themselves bore testimony to the humanity and kindness with which they had been treated: a falsehood so unqualified as few men but Mr. Pitt could have uttered without a blush.

Having, after all this oppression and injustice, been acquitted of the ridiculous charge of High Treason, I imagined of course that the property seized in my house, under *false pretences*, by the agents of my prosecutors, would be returned. How far this expectation has been realized, will appear from the following

Correspondence with the Privy Council, &c.

SIR,

I Hereby desire you to restore to me the books, papers, collections of prints, and other property, taken out of my house, by his Majesty's Messengers, on the night of Tuesday the 13th, and morning of Wednesday the 14th of May last.

I am, Sir,

Your's,

J. THELWALL.

Beaufort Buildings, 12th Dec. 1794.

To

To Mr. White, }
Solicitor for }
the Treasury. }

To this I received no answer. I, therefore, on the 17th, sent a second demand; having been informed, in the interval, that Mr. Ford had declared that Mr. White had orders to return my papers upon my sending for them.

*Copy of a letter left at Mr. White's office, on the 17th Dec. at six o'clock in the evening, by J. P*****.*

SIR,

I Hereby desire you (once more) to restore to me the books, papers, collections of prints, and other property, taken out of my house by his Majesty's Messengers, on the night of Tuesday the 13th, and morning of Wednesday the 14th of May last. The decision of a Jury of my Country entitles me, I conceive, to the full restoration of *all* my property; and the injustice of withholding it appears the more flagrant, as many articles (and, among the rest, three volumes of copper-plates, some printed books of considerable value, and manuscripts, the labour of years) were seized and detained, which could never have been supposed, for a moment, to have any connection with the *alleged* Conspiracy.

JOHN THELWALL.

2, Beaufort Buildings, 17th Dec. 1794.

To Mr. White, Solicitor for the Treasury.

To this, however, in spite of repeated applications, I could get no answer. I therefore wrote, in the next instance, to Mr. Ford.

Copy. To — Ford, Esq. Secretary of State's office, 2d Feb. 1795.

SIR,

I Take the liberty of requesting that you will inform the bearer by what means I can procure the restoration of my papers, printed books, collections of prints, and other property, taken out of my house, by his Majesty's Messengers in May last.

I should not have given you the trouble of this application, if I had not twice applied to Mr. White without being able to procure any answer.

J. THELWALL.

*To — Ford, Esq. } 2, Beaufort Buildings,
Secretary of State's office, Whitehall. } Feb. 2, 1795.
(A true copy.—J. K.)*

Secretary of State's, Feb. 3, 1795.

SIR,

IN answer to your Letter of the 2d inst. in which you desire to know by what means you can procure the Restoration of your Papers, and other articles, which were in May last taken by his Majesty's Messengers, I am to acquaint you that every application for that purpose must be made to the Lords of the Privy Council. I am, Sir,

*J. Thelwall, Esq. }
Beaufort Buildings. }*

Your obedient servant, &c.

RICH^d. FORD.

In consequence of this intimation, I applied to the Privy Council accordingly.

J. THELWALL takes the liberty of applying to the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council for the restoration of his books, papers, collections of copper-plates, and other property, taken from his house by his Majesty's Messengers, on the night of the 12th and morning of the 13th of May last.

*To the Lords of his Ma-
jesty's most honourable
Privy Council. }*

J. THELWALL.
No. 2, Beaufort Buildings,
Feb. 7th 1795.

1795.—*Memorandums.*

Saturday, Feb. 7, 1795.—WENT to the Privy Council with a letter from J. Thelwall, requesting his books, papers, and copper-plate prints. J. K.

Monday, 9th.—Called for an answer, and was informed that the opinion of the Attorney-General was wanted upon one point, and that they supposed that might be attained, and the books, &c. returned by that day week. J. K.

Monday, 16th.—Called at the Privy Council.—Was informed that the two Messengers who seized Mr. Thelwall's books, &c. were gone abroad, and that *the Privy Council did not know which books, papers, &c. belonged to Mr. Thelwall, as they had more beside his.* J. K.

Wednesday, April 1st.—Called at the Privy Council.—Was informed that the books, papers, &c. were not yet sent there, nor any orders respecting them. J. K.

That they did not know which books, papers, &c. belonged to me, and which to any other of the persons arrested, I readily believe: and indeed it is totally impossible, from the manner in which they were seized, that either they, the Messengers who

who seized them, or any other person, should have known with any tolerable accuracy. And hence, perhaps, rather than from actual intention, we may account for the perjuries of the Messenger, who, upon my trial, swore to have found upon the person of *Richter* a letter, which never was out of my possession, and which *another Messenger* must have found in my study, between the leaves of Johnson's folio Dictionary, and to have found upon my person another letter (*the direction torn off*) which I never saw, and from a person I never heard of. With respect to the first of these papers, however, there is one very suspicious circumstance which ought to be noticed: namely that, as this was an unsent, and even unfinished letter—and as it was neither written in promotion of, nor in relation to any alledged conspiracy, it is notorious that it was not admissible evidence. The circumstance, therefore, of the Messenger *supposing* it was found upon the person of *Richter* was a *lucky mistake*, as this was a proof of publication; and as, therefore, without some such mistake, this letter (upon which, and particularly upon the avowal of my republicanism which it contains, it is evident that all the hopes of my prosecutors were built) could not even have been read upon the trial.

These circumstances, relative to the seizure of papers, if the present inquisitorial system is to go on, are of the highest importance to the lives and liberties of Englishmen; and as the perjury, with relation to the letter to Allum (had it been, in reality, any evidence of treason) would have equally implicated Richter and myself, I, therefore, subjoin the following correspondence, in further illustration of the scandalous injustice and negligence, to say no worse of it, with which every thing dear to man and to society is put to hazard by the agents of the present cabinet.

Hampstead, 7th June, 1795.

DEAR CITIZEN,

HAVING heard you mention some curious particulars, that fell under your observation, relative to the conduct of the Messengers, as to the papers, &c. seized by them, and their neglect of all precaution as to the means of ascertaining them, I will be much obliged to you if you will communicate them to me, without delay, in writing, as I am at this time publishing an account of my Correspondence with the Privy Council upon this subject, and as they will equally illustrate some gross perjuries of the Messenger, upon my trial; and a curious
confession

confession of our prosecutors, that they have no means of knowing the books and papers of one person from those of another. I am, in civic affection,

To Citizen J. Richter.

Your's,
J. THELWALL.

Citizen J. Thelwall, Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

St. James's Place, 7th June, 1795.

DEAR CITIZEN,

I HAVE just received your letter of this day, and take the first opportunity to answer it. I must first mention that I have been this morning employing myself in writing a letter to the Privy Council, in order to obtain a restoration of the property of which I have been deprived by their authority, (though, from the account in your letter, I fear some other means must be resorted to for that purpose) and then proceed to state the circumstances of the seizure of my papers, &c. as well as the precautions which the Messenger and his assistant thought proper to take to identify them.

After I had been shewn the warrant, they *both* employed themselves, at the *same* time, in *different* parts of my room, in seizing written and printed papers, and books of *all descriptions*, which they then threw together, indiscriminately, into one heap, without any mark to ascertain by whom they were taken, or in whose possession they were found. Nor was any account whatever taken of them; nor would *Timms* suffer a friend of mine to be in the room at the time.

On observing this, I asked *Timms*, "If he would not mark them." He replied, "No not now: *I shall give them to Mr. Ford to examine first, and shall then mark such as he desires me to identify.*"—Here I could not help reflecting on the very unaccountable negligence which was shewn as to the identity of papers, which were to form the support, if not to lay the foundation of a charge of the highest criminal nature known to the law, and by which the fortune, life, and honour, of the individual were to be destroyed. And though I did not think fit to pursue the subject any further at that time, I determined to watch narrowly the steps which were to be taken respecting them.—They were then tied up in silk handkerchiefs, and taken with me to the Treasury Chambers, in a room leading to Mr. *Pollock's* office. Shortly after this, *Timms* left the room, and *Kennedy*, his assistant, soon followed him; *leaving the papers behind them in the room with me*: some other persons being casually

casually present. They soon returned, and *Timms* took the papers away with him, leaving *Kennedy* with me. In less than five minutes, however, he came back *without the papers*; I immediately asked, "If he had marked them?" He answered, "*No, not yet, Mr. Ford is now looking them over.*"

Shortly after this, I was taken into another room, where I was left with *Kennedy* alone for the greater part of the morning; and, in about two hours, *Mr. Ford*, with *Timms*, came in. The former returned me some of my papers, which I now have, and which have no mark whatever upon them; and the latter had my port-folio, containing letters from some of my friends, with copies of my answers; and also a small red leather book, containing an account of the conduct of a Committee of the Society*, which he informed me were to remain in *his possession, as he had marked them*. These, however, together with those which had been returned to me, did not amount to one half the quantity they had taken from me: and, indeed, *Mr. Ford* told me, while I was in the Council Chamber, that there were a good many others which were intended to be returned to me, as soon as *he could look them out*†; but although, during our confinement, I applied several times for them, I never received them.

I need not make any observations on the presumption of a man's attempting to verify, by his oath, the identity of papers which were to bring to hazard the life, fame, and fortune of a fellow creature, which were not only not seized by himself, *Kennedy* having taken part, but on which he made no mark whatever at the time, and before he took any measures whatever, by which he might ascertain them, suffered them to be *overhauled by a third person, out of his presence*, for at least an hour and a half.

Every unprejudiced man will draw his own conclusion from the facts, as I have stated them, and will be able to account for the extraordinary testimony given by *Timms*, "*that your letter to Allum was found by him in my pocket*;" which, however, it is scarcely necessary to tell you, I never saw or heard of till I had an account of his evidence.—But an obstinate, if not a *criminal*, persisting in his own statements, will never surprize those who have remarked *that con-*

* Committee for preparing a plan for the new Constitution of the Society.

† I think he added, "from the multiplicity of papers before me."

Sequential arrogance which appeared to me, during the short period I had occasion to know him, to be the most prominent feature in his character.

As I believe I have omitted nothing in this statement, and am conscious of having added nothing to the truth, you are at perfect liberty to make that use of it which you may deem the most proper.

I remain

Your sincere friend and fellow-citizen,
J. RICHTER, JUN.

Having illustrated this *honourable* confession of his Majesty's *Most Honourable Privy Council*, I resume the thread of my Correspondence.

To the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

WHEN I last applied to your Lordships, relative to the restoration of my papers, books, collections of prints, and other property taken from my house, under colour of the authority of a warrant from the Secretary of State, on the evening of the 12th, and morning of the 13th of May last, I received for answer, after many delays, if your answer was correctly reported, that the Messengers who seized these effects being out of the country, it was impossible to know my papers from those of any other person. Understanding, through the medium of the public prints, that both the Messengers are now returned I therefore renew my application, and cannot but recal to the memory of your Lordships the situation in which the liberty and property of the people of Britain are placed if, after a man having been arrested and kept seven months in close confinement, upon an unjust suspicion, has been pronounced innocent by his country, and, after the Judges from the bench shall have declared, (as the Chief Baron Macdonald did to me declare) That he has "been acquitted in the most reputable of all manners, by the verdict of an attentive Jury," he is not only to be branded by members of the government as "a felon," and a person stained with "moral guilt," but his property (the larger part of which the warrant itself did not authorize the seizure of) is to be with-held from him, as a punishment for not having been guilty of the crime he was charged withal.—I cannot but add that it is a debt your Lordships owe both to justice and your own regulations, to shew that you do not connive at the *almost indiscriminate* plunder which, under colour of the authority of government, has been committed upon my premises.

Beaufort Buildings, } (Signed) J. THELWALL.
April 6, 1795. }

To this remonstrance, after repeated applications, Kennedy at last brought me an answer, that "Mr. White had orders to select, and return, my papers; and that I must apply to him. I therefore wrote as follows:

SIR,

IN consequence of my applications to the Privy Council, I am instructed to apply to you for the restoration of my books, papers, collections of prints, and other property, taken from my house by his Majesty's Messengers, and others, under colour of the authority of a warrant from the Secretary of State, on the night of the 12th and morning of the 13th of May last. I therefore desire you to deliver the said articles to the bearer.

To Mr. White,
Solicitor for the Treasury.

J. THELWALL,
Beaufort-Buildings, 23d April,
1795.

MEMORANDUM.

Saturday, 25th April, 1795.

THIS day called on Mr. White, Solicitor for the Treasury, No. 6, New-square, Lincoln's Inn, and delivered into his own hands a letter (signed J. Thelwall) requesting the restoration of the books, papers, copper-plate prints, &c. which had been taken out of Mr. Thelwall's premises by the King's messengers, &c. and that they might be delivered to me.

On reading the letter, he threw it down, and in a surly manner asked me, What I meant by bringing him this letter? —I answered, The letter explains itself: I was desired by the Privy Council to apply to you for Mr. Thelwall's property, and it is in consequence of their orders that this application is made.

He replied, "Well, Sir, you may tell Mr. Thelwall that "I have nothing belonging to him!"

Wit.

J. KENNEDY.

To the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

I TROUBLE your lordships once more upon the subject of my property taken from my house on the 13th of May, 1794, under colour of a warrant from Mr. Secretary Dundas, and never yet restored, although the verdict of my country en-

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titles me to the restoration of the whole ; and a considerable part was of that description which there could be no pretence, whatever, for seizing.

I am to inform your lordships, that, in consequence of the answer I received to my last communication with you upon this subject, I wrote to Mr. *White*, the Solicitor for the Treasury, stating that I was instructed by your lordships to apply to him for the restoration of my books, papers, collections of prints, &c. but that, instead of having proper attention paid to my demand, my messenger was treated with great rudeness, and dismissed with the following answer:—
 “ Well, sir, you may tell Mr. Thelwall that I have nothing
 “ belonging to him.”

This was on the 25th ultimo ; and since that time I have had no further information, whatever, concerning any part of my effects, nor any thing that indicates the least intention to return them. I request your lordships, therefore, to satisfy me upon this subject,—Whether I am to consider myself as having any right to my own property, or any expectation of its being restored to me? or, Whether *my* books are to furnish the libraries, and my prints to decorate the apartments, of the Messengers and Bow-street Runners, and my family to be deprived of all advantage which might result from the disposal of my former labours?

J. THELWALL.

Beaufort-buildings, 18 May, 1795.

To this letter I have not been able to obtain any official answer whatever ; nor has any part of the stolen property been restored to me, nor, as I understand, to any one of the injured parties. Yet none of the “ Associations for the Preservation of Liberty and Property ” have stood forward, to offer us their assistance towards bringing the plunderers to justice.

✶ The length to which the Narrative and Correspondence has extended, and the applications made to the Lecturer to print the FAREWELL ADDRESS with which the Season was concluded, renders it necessary to publish an APPENDIX on *Saturday next*, with which will be given Title, Preface, &c and No. III. of the Political Songs.

The

The manner in which some of the publications of the Lecturer have lately passed the ordeal of criticism, and the extensive circulation of this work, induce him to subjoin the following extracts.

THE PERIPATETIC; or *Sketches of the Heart, of Nature, and Society*, 3 vols. 12mo. 9s. 1793.

“ The author of these volumes is Mr. John Thelwall, who has lately been honourably acquitted by his country on a trial for high treason. This work was published, as appears from the date, before his imprisonment. In political character, as the reader will be prepared to expect, it breathes an ardent spirit of freedom; boldly asserting the rights of man, and condemning the incroachments upon these rights, committed by those who have either assumed, or been entrusted with power. The author feels strongly on subjects of political oppression; and writes like an honest friend to his species. The peripatetic, however, is something more than a politician. By far the greater part of the work is addressed to the imagination, or the heart: and either describes the different parts of England through which our traveller passes, and the characters with which he meets; or expresses the sentiments and reflections, which may naturally be supposed to occur in the course of his tour. A story, by no means uninteresting, is at several intervals interwoven with the other papers; and the whole is enlivened and diversified with pieces of poetry on various topics. The author’s design appears to have been to unite the different advantages of the novel, the sentimental journal, and the miscellaneous collection of essays and poetical effusions. The character of the language is rather that of ease than elegance. It approaches nearer to the familiarity of Sterne, than to the dignity of Johnson; but is not properly an imitation of any former writer.

“ It is, however, on the whole pleasing, and very naturally and forcibly expresses the writer’s ideas and sentiments.”

After a quotation of several pages, the Reviewer proceeds:

“ Mr. Thelwall possesses a happy vein of satire, and nearly resembles Churchill in the easy flows of his satirical verses. We shall quote a few pointed lines in this way, from an address to the Genius of modern Britain. Vol. III. p. 58.

‘ —Not thou who taught *mellifluous* POPE to sing,
 ‘ Plum’d SHAKESPEARE’S, MILTON’S, DRYDEN’S daring wing,
 ‘ Ere

' Ere whining PRATT, the pink of Common Place;
 ' Pour'd forth long nothings with so *soft* a grace,
 ' Made Sentiment so languishingly creep
 ' To the charm'd Heart, as charm'd it quite to sleep ;
 ' Made SYMPATHY through two long cantos shine,
 ' Without assistance from one feeling line,
 ' And fair HUMANITY—*so soft—so sweet—*
 ' Drawl through dull pages to the hundredth sheet ;
 ' Drew meek MORALITY with such a grace,
 ' With such a *fimpering, lack-a-daisey* face,
 ' Such *water-gruel* sweetness, one would swear
 ' She “ suckled fools, and chronicled small beer.”

Analytical Review, May 1795.

POEMS *written in close confinement in the Tower and Newgate, &c.*

“ These poems are, as the author himself characterises them, and as the reader will naturally expect from an ardent friend to freedom in such a situation, as that of Mr. Thelwall at the time when they were written, rather transcripts of the heart than flights of imagination; rather adapted to rouse the patriotic feelings, than to amuse the admirer of poetic enthusiasm. They are by no means destitute of the graces of poetic imagery, and harmonious versification; but their chief merit consists in the honest spirit of liberty which inspires them, and in the noble example which they exhibit of the manly fortitude with which a patriotic mind can support unmerited sufferings. The poems are sentimental; but not in the hacknied sense of the term. In Mr. Thelwall's own words :

“ Preface, p. iii.—“ They who look for the sighs of personal regret, and the elegiac tenderness of complaint, will certainly be disappointed. The pathetic Ovid might *lament* his banishment from the country of his mistress and the social circle of his friends; but the patriot, immured in the walls of a Bastille, is called upon, by important duties, to repel every enervating sensation, and cultivate those habits of reflection only which may increase the energy of his mind, and enable him to render his sufferings ultimately beneficial to mankind. And if he feels as he ought, whatever affections or attachments may be incidental to him, one preponderating idea will be constantly present to his imagination,—
 THE SACRED CAUSE FOR WHICH HE SUFFERS.

Anal. Rev. April, 1795.

See also *Montly Rev. March.*

THE TRIBUNE, N^o. XV.

Saturday, 20th June, 1795.

*The Address of J. THELWALL to the AUDIENCE
at CLOSING his LECTURES for the SEASON.*

FRIDAY, JUNE 12th, 1795.

HAVING finished the general sketch or outline of the history of Apostacy; and in that hasty and imperfect manner which the pressure of time, and the copiousness of the subject would admit, glanced at some of the innumerable characters whose biography that history would include, I hasten to another part of my subject, which the particular circumstances under which I stand this evening have occasioned to press more immediately upon my heart.

This, Citizens, is the last time I shall have the pleasure of meeting you in this place, for the present season. I am going awhile into privacy and retirement; and you will, many of you, ere long, be seeking for health and recreation in other scenes. Let us, then, before we part, have a few words relative to the nature of this undertaking, the objects to which I wish to draw your attention, and the means which I conceive the friends of liberty ought to adopt for the promotion of that cause of *general happiness and general virtue*, which *must always go hand in hand*, and which alone I hope will ever continue to be the actuating motive of the conduct, and enquiries of the Friends of Liberty.

In the first place let me say a few words upon the reasons of this adjournment.

The thronged attendance upon this and the recent evenings will convince those persons (however unwilling to be convinced) who have hitherto employed themselves in invective and abuse against every individual, however humble, who has attempted to support the cause of liberty, that I do not close these Lectures because my venom, as it has been called, is exhausted, and public curiosity no longer awake to my efforts. But there are various reasons why my present exertions should not be continued without intermission.

No. XV.

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It is neither good for your health nor for mine, that during the whole of that hot weather, which we must now expect, we should so frequently be cooped up within the walls of this place. I feel also the necessity of some retirement. I pant for the long lost pleasures of the rural scene, for the vigour produced by rustic exercise, for the cottage, the thicket, and the rill, and the healthful inspiration of the vernal breeze; nor will the man who has been so incessantly before the public as I have been, be suspected of misanthropy when he confesses that he hungers and thirsts after solitude and obscurity.

Since the time when I escaped, by the virtue of a British jury, from the *charnel-house* of Newgate, I have never had any opportunity of enjoying that relaxation which was necessary for the restoration of my health. And when you consider the infamous manner in which I was used when in Newgate—crammed in a hole where one breath of air wholesome could never gain admittance, and where the only substitute was a daily sprinkling of vinegar; when you consider that for several weeks I was thus immured, and debarred all possible resources of exercise and cleanliness, you will not be surprized to find that I have not recovered from the injuries my health sustained in that noxious dungeon.

I think it necessary therefore to seek, for awhile, the shades of retirement; which though they may appear, for the time, to draw me from the path of public duty, are perhaps necessary in more points of view than one, to fit me for the pursuit of that duty with more vigor and more effect. For health is not all I expect from this retirement: I feel that there is a necessity for the man who stands forward in so public, permit me to say so important a situation, to investigate political subjects that may involve the opinions, and consequently the peace and happiness of thousands, to retire occasionally from the busy haunts of life to that retirement where lonely, deep, and serious meditation may eradicate the views perhaps inherent in his nature, and confirm him in those great truths, which before he can propagate with propriety he must thoroughly understand.

It is from my deep conviction of the necessity of these occasional relaxations of busy and popular exertion, that I have frequently been led to consider, that one of the most fortunate and happy circumstances of my life—because I believe it was a circumstance which will assist towards my future utility to my fellow beings, was the confinement I experienced in the Tower and Newgate.

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No kindness it is true was intended. But if the mind has received a proper bias, it will extract utility even from the persecution and malice of the bitterest enemies.

That which was intended to bow down my spirit to servility and terror, and finally my neck to the stroke of the Executioner, gave me an opportunity to cultivate that firmness and strength of mind which can never be cultivated but in some degree of solitude and retirement. I had an opportunity of investigating, with more seriousness and abstraction than I could ever before have the means of indulging, many of the sentiments which in the warmth of youth I had adopted, perhaps, without a sufficient degree of enquiry. I used this opportunity in a manner, perhaps, which few would have expected, and certainly which my persecutors would not have wished. I struck with greater boldness into many of the new and dreaded fields of enquiry; and the effects were widely different from what the common speculations of mankind would lead them to expect.

I had an opportunity of confirming myself in certain abstract principles: Principles which I believe I shall continue to venerate as the most dear and excellent things to which the human heart can be attached—because those principles, properly applied to the condition and circumstances of society; are the only guides to permanent virtue, and consequently to the permanent happiness of the human race.

I had there an opportunity of confirming myself in many of those opinions which I had before adopted, and upon which I had acted with an enthusiasm of conviction which had drawn down upon my head the hatred of the interested and the persecution of the powerful.

I had an opportunity, also, of detecting some erroneous passions and emotions which had sometimes perhaps perverted my feelings, and which tho' they had never seduced me into the approbation of violence, had mixed perhaps too much of asperity and personal resentment, where all ought to have been philosophy and benevolent enquiry.

I feel therefore the importance and necessity of frequently recurring to retirement and meditation; that I may not be blindly impelling you to principles and modes of conduct the justice of which I have not duly weighed; and that you may find this place, as far as my capacities will enable me to make it so, a theatre of instruction; not a theatre of mischievous inflammation; and that truth not irrational heat and
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pell mell violence, may be the consequence of your attendance round this Tribune.

The meditations which led me to consolidate my opinions upon matters of politics, have also had an influence upon a part of my conduct, which it was always my intention to explain, and which I think I cannot better explain than in this public manner: namely, that which some persons may be inclined to consider as apostacy in me—my withdrawing myself from the popular societies.

Citizens, one of the first reflections that suggested itself to my mind from the late trials, and which was also confirmed by the judgment of all those on whose opinions I could rely, was this—that it was necessary to make my choice between two objects—the Tribune, and political Associations.

When we consider the arts and machinations that were made use of to connect together upon the late trials, circumstances which had in reality no sort of connection whatever—that they endeavoured to hang Hardy for sentiments which I was charged with delivering, in my lectures and private correspondence, and to hang me for the transactions of Hardy at a time when I had no sort of connection with him or his society, it appeared to be important, both to my own safety and that of others, that I should give no crown lawyers an opportunity of involving, by legal sophistry, any political Association in the guilt, if guilt it may be called, of the sentiments that may be delivered from this place: I and could not be ignorant that the more popular my exertions in the public cause might happen to make me—the more desirous those, who wish to suppress all truth and chain the public mind in ignorance would be for my destruction.

I know that standing here, unconnected with any projects or associations, and adhering to the cause of truth, I stand upon a rock which they cannot shake; and that all their attempts against it must only render it the more firm. The laws of my country are clearly and decidedly in my favor; and honest juries shew an enlightened determination not to be misled by the sophistry of crown lawyers, nor the inflammatory abuse of treasury scribblers and the *garbled Reports* of interested alarmists. They will not violate those laws which they are impannelled to defend, to court the favour or shun the defamatory insults of a minister.

I balanced therefore between the two pursuits. I found a necessity either of relinquishing the popular societies, or of
relinquishing

relinquishing this Tribune; and, upon serious examination, I thought I perceived that my individual exertions could be more important to the cause of liberty in this place than in any society whatever.

I therefore quitted the societies, not from any desertion of the cause, not from any change of principle, not from any opinion that political societies are dishonourable or unlawful. —I am convinced they are legal. I am convinced they are just; I am convinced that they are important; and that in many postures of society they are the only things that can save a nation from inevitable slavery and destruction. But considering the necessity of putting a period to all their pretences for making ridiculous charges of High Treason, and conspiracy, and hashing up mock traitors, by the dozen in a dish, some of whom, as in the late cafes, had never seen each others faces or heard of each other before, I found it necessary to cut the thread of connection between the Tribune and the popular Associations. I therefore withdrew myself from them, and chose this as my only field of exertion in the cause of liberty: convinced that a bold, decided, and active mind, determined to pursue the cause of virtue (and by virtue I mean the happiness and welfare of the human race) a mind trusting only to itself, and independent of the humours and sentiments of others, may in some circumstances of society, do more service to the cause of liberty and justice, than can possibly be done by the same individual, when mixed with other persons whose wayward passions may sometimes thwart his activity, and by whose imprudences he may perhaps, by means of such complicated charges as have lately been brought forward, be sacrificed at the sanguinary altar of ministerial ambition.

I will honestly confess to you, Citizens, that there is also another motive which has had some influence in determining my choice: for I ought to have no motive which I am ashamed to state to the public. If it is an honest motive, I despise the ridicule which dishonest knaves may throw upon it. If it is an improper motive, let it be known, that its impropriety may be detected; and that I may be benefited by the animadversions of my fellow citizens.

I have a family to support; a family that perhaps may be growing continually upon me: one that I believe would have been larger by two individuals at this time, if the cruel persecutions of the present Administration had not bowed down an aged mother

mother to her grave, and murdered the infant struggling in the womb.

It was necessary then for me either to abandon, in a considerable degree, the public cause, or to seek some way by which my personal interests could be united to the interest of the public. Such an union I believe is not dishonourable; and if I know my own heart (which I will not be too sure that I do—for it is certainly frequently too true “that the heart is deceitful to itself above all things”—but if I know my own heart, there is no motive can compel me to sacrifice the general to the particular feeling.

Abiding by that determination—and when I do not abide by it I shall no longer have your countenance, I shall no longer have the cheering reward of your approbation—but abiding by that principle I do not feel myself at all disgraced by acknowledging that this theatre of investigation is the source of my subsistence, and of the subsistence of that family which is dependent upon me. It is a subsistence however that appears to me the most glorious independence. It is the unsolicited price of the free exertions of my intellect. It is perfectly voluntary on your part. It is neither extorted from your charity, by supplicating importunities, demanded by the imperious voice of the tax gatherer, nor extorted by litigious collectors of oppressive tythes. No man is obliged to hire me to propagate what he does not approve, nor to pay me for forging the fetters he must wear; neither do I let myself out for hire to maintain all sides of all questions, and determine the weight of argument by the weight of fee. Whatever advantage I receive, is an advantage of the fairest reciprocity. It is a voluntary exchange of your countenance, and your rewards for the exertions which I make; and for your opinion of my integrity and zeal in your service; and tho’ it is impossible that periodical efforts should be uniformly successful, the growing popularity and thronged attendance of these rooms forbid me to suspect that my labours have generally failed of bestowing satisfaction.

Such a compact then—such a reciprocation; I believe to be the most honorable means and the most independent, by which an individual can hope to reap a livelihood by the exertion of his faculties.

I feel however the danger of my situation;—I am conscious of moral mischiefs, to my own mind in particular, which are too likely to grow up from the situation. I hope I occupy
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I shall keep these dangers constantly before my eyes, that I may avoid splitting the bark of my independence, and endangering the shipwreck of that which is the dearest treasure I have, my moral rectitude, upon those rocks of delusion, interest, and passion, which may unfortunately obstruct my course.

I am aware that in a situation like this, the mind is sometimes apt to become inflamed, to lose sight of principles, and dwell too much upon personalities;—to suffer passion to snatch the reins from reason and to foster prejudice and resentment when truth and justice ought to be the only objects.

I hope, whatever there may have been of that conduct this season, will be corrected in retirement before the next. I trust there is less of it this season than in that which preceded; and I trust also, that there will be still less when we meet again. “Else why live I an age of civilization, if I am not to reflect upon the errors of my own conduct and feelings as well as those of others; and by that means endeavour to attain to virtue, wisdom and utility?”

I feel also the danger and the temptation of being carried by the tide of popularity from the direct course of independent principle. But I feel at the same time a settled conviction, that I ought rather to court your hisses than your applause, when that applause is only to be obtained by following, instead of directing the current of opinion; by courting your approbation, instead of first looking to the approbation of my own heart, and propagating any opinion but that which I am convinced from my soul is the opinion of truth and virtue.

To fortify myself in these convictions, I retire awhile into obscurity. Ere I go, however, let me recommend to you to investigate with the most scrupulous exactness every opinion and sentiment you have heard, either from my lips or the lips of any other individual.

Remember—no man can deserve implicit confidence from himself, much less from a numerous auditory. Remember, that hearing and reading are no further useful than as they furnish materials for your own serious reflections and meditations. Opinions, to be useful to you and mankind, must be the result of ratiocination, of examination and re-examination.

Sentiments of genuine liberty must be the result of laborious reasoning, and must spring from deep rooted principles. To be efficacious they must be felt and understood, and not like the babbling of a parrot, who repeats the words,
but

but understands not the meaning they are intended to convey.

Let me advise you also to consider the state and posture of society we exist in. It is an alarming crisis; and no man can possibly determine in what sort of condition, or what circumstances we may meet again, at the end of that recess we are going to enjoy. Let us, then, fortify our minds with virtue, and with principle. Let us restrain the angry and turbulent passion of our souls. Let us cultivate a benevolent affection for each other: even for those who differ from us in opinion; and let us labour by kind and gentle means to turn those from their error who may be treading in the path of vice; or detect, if we can, the errors and vices into which ourselves have fallen.

Above all things let us adhere to the principles of moderation. But let these principles be properly understood. For when it is properly understood, moderation is virtue; though as it is too frequently used it means the most contemptible of vices.

If by moderation you mean a compromise, a midway path between vice and virtue, I despise your moderation as I despise the cavilling of a sophist who would destroy the energy of my intellect, instead of leading me to the conclusions of truth and reason. But if by moderation you mean a steady adherence to the mild principles of justice—a determination to weigh and consider every sentiment before you adopt it, to be inflamed by no factious principles, to be misled by no party attachments, but to do that which is just, and never more; always taking care that we do not let violence and intemperance snatch from our hands the reins of reason, then I am the advocate of moderation—the votary of her power, and the champion of her cause.

Yes, this genuine moderation, so conducive to general happiness and virtue, is the object of my supreme admiration; I only love liberty as it appears to me to promote the virtue and happiness of mankind; and if liberty will not promote this happiness and this virtue, take your liberty, for I will have none of it. And if you could persuade me—it would be very difficult I believe—but if you could persuade me, that the despotism of Turkey could promote the happiness and welfare of mankind more than the principles of liberty and equality, I would be the enemy of that liberty and equality; because I am convinced, that all our endeavours should be directed only to promote the happiness and well re of the human species: that welfare and that happiness which ought to be the dearest objects of every man's pursuit.

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The happiness of mankind then should be our first object. But let us deeply enquire whether that happiness can be secured without liberty. If it cannot, let us brave dangers and persecution; let us stand, if I may repeat the simile, like the Spartan at his post, and defend our land-mark to the last: and though the slaves and agents of oppression should heap rubbish after rubbish, persecution after persecution upon us, there let us stand till we are buried beneath the growling heaps, leaving the monumental pile to all posterity, as a trophy to stimulate their virtue, and awake in their bosoms a correspondent flame in the cause of liberty; a cause to be for ever loved, because the cause of liberty is the cause of justice and of human happiness.



REWARDS OF BRITISH VALOUR.

THE charity and liberality of this country is a subject of eternal egotism. And, certainly, very large contributions for the relief of distress are levied upon the public, both in the form of voluntary subscriptions and taxation. But, alas! all-devouring corruption swallows every thing, and a very small portion of these contributions are appropriated according to the original intention. The following anecdote, for example, will give some idea of the treatment of those brave fellows who, for the caprice or ambition of a minister, are doomed to bleed in the field of slaughter, and be deprived of the use of those limbs, by the industrious exercise of which they used to support themselves and families.

William Borton, of 9th regiment of foot, commanded by Lord Harrington, in the American war, being wounded, was, with many others, immediately sent to England, by the *Barfleur*, 74 guns, Capt. Robinson. A shot had passed through the right leg above the heel, and taken out a piece from the back of the left; he had, besides, two shots in his thigh. There being neither a surgeon on board, nor present at the engagement, several of his companions, being past hope, were (from the insupportable smell, and, at the same time, dangerous consequences that might be apprehended from their mortified wounds) absolutely thrown over-board alive. He, however, arrived, and was sent to the Plymouth infirmary, where the balls were extracted, and his legs attended to. That through which the shot had passed was in such a situation as to be

deemed fit for amputation. Borton insisted he could recover without such an operation, and, resolutely opposing, he was at last dismissed, and on this account could not procure a certificate for 7l. a year for life, from Chelsea hospital. His leg is swelled, 'tis true, and he walks in some respects lame, but is in no pain, and is much better off than with a wooden leg. Now the surgeons have 5l. a limb for every one that is cut off; therefore, for putting 5l. into their pockets, he might have had 7l. a year for life—but, refusing this, he is for ever deprived of what he is in reality entitled to.

This man, now aged 76, who has since been supported by field labour, has no resource but the work-house, if he can be admitted in one, when he is incapable to work; and is to be heard of either at the Horns, or Dun Horfe, Kingsland Road, near Shoreditch Church.

POLITICAL SONGS. No. 3.

Britain's Glory; or, The Blessings of a good Constitution.

TO my muse give attention,
 And deem her not long, Sirs,
 For the blessings of the times
 Are the burthen of her song, Sirs,
 While placemen and pensioners,
 As loyal as may be, Sirs,
 Establish inquisitions,
 To convince us we are free, Sirs.
 O! the golden days that ministers must bless!
 Such are the golden days we now possess.

Now the first thing to prove
 We're so free and so happy, Sirs,
 And as equal as all came
 From one common pappy, Sirs,
 There are volumes of *Excise-laws*,
 As I can inform you, Sirs,
 So num'rous—that, if *burn'd*,
 All the country they would warm, Sirs.
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then the next of our blessings,
 As you know, my good neighbour,
 Are *millions of taxes*,
 For which *millions must labour*:
 Yet hold!—Faith, in these good days
 A better way we learn, yet,
 And continue to *pay* the tax,
 With no trade to *earn* it.
 O! the golden days, &c.

Now the *Spital-fields weavers*
 No longer complain, *Sirs*,
 That night and day, and day and night,
 They labour might and main, *Sirs*;
 For faith they've bounteous leisure now
 To *idle* and to *play*, *Sirs*;
 And, as for *food* and *raiment*,
 Why—for these they've time to pray, *Sirs*.
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then the next great blessing of the land,
 To prove us doubly free, *Sirs*,
 Is a *hundred thousand lawyers*
 All gaping for a fee, *Sirs*,
 Who with quibbles and with quirks, *Sirs*,
 In spite of rhyme and reason,
 Will prove that *truth's a libel*,
 And *argument high treason*.
 O! the golden days, &c.

But lest these honest *guardians*
 Of the *freedom of the press*, *Sirs*,
 With all their learned eloquence
 The land by halves should bless, *Sirs*,
 Each coffee-house, each street, each nook,
 With zeal so pure and warm, *Sirs*,
 Is fill'd (O blessed times indeed)
 With *spies* and with *informers*.
 O! the golden days, &c.

There are *priests*, too, of all degrees,
 So needful to *salvation*,
 Who eat, 'tis true, a *tenth* of all
 The earnings of the nation;
 But tho' in *idleness* they swill,
 If we complain, 'tis odd, *Sirs*,
 Since their most gracious charity—
 Commends the poor to God, *Sirs*.
 O! the golden days, &c.

Then another charming thing
 For the welfare of the nation,
 Is the glorious advancement
 In her *fame* and *reputation*;
 For YORK has taken *Valenciennes*,
 (And somebody else *Condé*,)
 And done as much in *twelve whole months*,
 As e'er was done in *one day*.
 O! the golden days, &c.

And

And then, although his *years*, good Sirs,
 And *feelings* are so tender,
 Did he not march to *Dunkirk*, bold,
 And bid it to surrender;
 And tho' those villain *Sans Culottes*
 Would not permit his stay, Sirs,
 He did as well for you and me—
 For faith he *ran away*, Sirs.

O! the golden days, &c.

And then there are your *Toulon feats*,
 And *feats at St. Domingo*,
 And MOIRA's *expedition*,
 Which we know was just the thing, tho'
 For *sailing out*, and *sailing in*,
 He's just as great, I vow, Sirs,
 As, with his fleet of gallant ships,
 Was gallant, great Lord HOWE, Sirs.

O! the golden days, &c.

And then there's room enough to prove
 Our rulers mighty wife, Sirs,
 For they can things discover
 Ne'er perceiv'd by other eyes, Sirs:
 Nay, deem it wond'rous as you will,
 But facts will prove it true, Sirs,
 They've found it is High Treason
 To cry *cock-a-doodle-doo*, Sirs.

O! the golden days, &c.

They've found, as *Eaton* well can shew,
 Who's now in Newgate lying,
 The tale, my friends, is very strange,
 But very edifying,—
 That cutting off a *game cock's head*
 Deserves a legal thump, Sirs,
 Since his most gracious *Majesty*
 Wears *feathers at his rump*, Sirs.

O! the golden days, &c.

Since then our glorious government
 So wise and good we prove, Sirs,
 Must not each loyal breast expand
 With wonder and with love, Sirs,
 And cry, God save our *noble King*,
Priests, Ministers, and *all*! Sirs:
 For if *they* in his fight should stand,
 We none of us can fall, Sirs.

O! the golden days that ministers must bless!
 Such are the golden days we now possess.

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XVI.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The ensuing Volumes of this work will contain nothing but the Lectures; except, perhaps, an occasional article of poetry, to fill a page that would otherwise be blank. A whole Lecture will be given in each number, for the sake of greater convenience to the reader, and uniformity in the publication. This, it is obvious, will occasion the numbers to vary, in the quantity they contain, and in the consequent expence of printing: an article which, from various circumstances, is constantly growing upon every publisher. Profit, however, is not the object of this publication; and if it pays the expences of the printer, and shorthand writer, the author is satisfied: since a very wide circulation (and such it has hitherto had) is necessary even for that. The numbers, therefore, of the common edition, fluctuating from two half-sheets to three, will continue to be sold at three-pence. When they considerably exceed that they must be liable to a consequent advance. The numbers of the fine edition will continue invariably to be sold at six-pence each.

Aldermore, 13th July, 1795.

The PRESENT WAR a principal cause of the STARVING CONDITION of the PEOPLE.
—The first Lecture “On the causes of the Dearness and Scarcity of Provisions;” delivered by
J. THELWALL, Wednesday, April 29th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

MY feelings are peculiarly gratified to find so thronged an attendance when a subject like the present is held out for investigation; because at the first view it must appear to be one of those which do not promise as large a proportion of amusement, as many other topics might lead you to expect. Your

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attend.

attendance therefore shews the deep anxiety you feel for the attainment of information; and I am sure a subject equally important with the present cannot frequently be selected for your attention. I know hardly any interest of humanity that is not involved in the enquiry. I know hardly any branch of political knowledge that is not necessary for the complete and thorough investigation; nor any individual subject that would require so large a proportion of time and attention to do it justice; or so much ingenuity and precision to place the facts it involves in a proper point of view; and it is justice, not the ostentation of false modesty, which compels me to say, that I am well assured, I do not come before you properly qualified to do it justice. If I should, however, in some degree awaken the attention of the audience, and through their means of the country at large, to the serious consideration of the subject, and a fearless enquiry into the *real* sources of the calamity, I shall have effected a very grand part of my object. And I am convinced that it is the duty of every individual, as far as lies in his power, to labour for the benefit of the human species, by dragging forth to public view every fact which industry and opportunity can put him in possession of, relative to circumstances which embrace so large a proportion of their happiness and prosperity.

There will arise considerable difficulties, however, in the investigation. If I should confine myself simply to facts and arguments, I am aware that a large portion of my audience would not only be disappointed, but from not being in the habits of abstract speculation, would fail of receiving that information which, as far as I have the power, I wish to give them. I am aware, also, on the other hand, that if I run too much into popular declamation, or give the reins too much to fancy, the great object which stimulates me to enter into the enquiry would be lost. Facts would not be brought to your minds with sufficient interest and simplicity; and instead of giving you that light which should guide to happiness, I might only produce that heat which by leading to turbulence, would be injurious to society.

I shall attempt, however, as much as I can, to steer a middle course, and without disdaining to rouse attention by occasional appeals to your feelings and imagination, I shall endeavour by the closest reasoning which hasty preparation enables me to command, to force my way to the conviction of your
better

better judgments. By such a combination *I believe* the best effects are to be produced: But *I am sure* of this—that if I should be able to accomplish this purpose to the utmost of my wishes, I should do the most dangerous thing for my own personal security and peace that any individual, barring projects of violence and commotion, could undertake. For the facts involved in this enquiry are so monstrous, the abuses of government, and those who have the administration of government, so enormous, the scandalous practices and proceedings with which the understandings of mankind have so long been imposed upon, while so large a portion of the people have been reduced to beggary, are so dreadful, that a man who should successfully state them to the public, will be in eternal danger—from those men at whose interests he must strike; and if he escapes the traps and pitfalls of perverted law, he ought to wear a helmet on his head and a coat of mail upon his breast, to preserve him from assassination.

I am however too far pledged to the public to retreat from the path of public duty. After the situations in which I have stood, after the malice that has been directed against me, I cannot retire from the theatre of public action without betraying and injuring the cause I am embarked in, more than I have yet been able to do it good. I shall therefore put aside all personal considerations, and proceed to the investigation of my subject: nor shall I be prevented by any considerations from doing all the justice in my power, to the truths which I mean to bring before you.

I warn you however before hand, that small indeed will be the proportion of light which I can throw upon the subject, compared to what might be thrown upon it, by proper time and attention. Yet though I can do but little, it will be no excuse for me if I neglect doing the little that I can.

The enormous increase of the price of provisions must be so evident to the most casual observer, that it is not necessary to enter into any declamation upon the simple circumstance of that increase. If however we take into consideration the facts of former history, and compare together the state of human society, in this country, in former periods and at the present time, the increase will come swelling upon our view in a proportion so monstrous, that credulity will be staggered; and I should not venture to state the facts to you, if I had not *aristocratic authority* upon which those facts can be established.

When we learn that, 230 years ago, *a chicken was sold for a penny, and a hen for two-pence*, and that now a fowl is not to be purchased in the London market for less than five shillings, we are struck with wonder, and are led immediately to enquire how comes this monstrous increase in the price of provisions?

The philosopher perhaps will immediately appeal to theoretical reasoning, and tell you of the immense increase of the quantity of circulating specie—he tells you, and he tells you truly, that the mines of Peru have been constantly working; that the bowels of the earth have been rent in every quarter of the globe, in order to drag the hidden stores to the eye of day; and that hence results a rapid decrease of the value of money. He tells you, also, that in this country, in particular, the pompous use of furniture made of precious metals has very much declined, that this furniture has, also, got into circulation, and that hence arises another decrease of the value of money. He tells you, also, that the state of society is such that the circulating medium passes with greater facility from hand to hand, and that in consequence of that quick circulation he can adduce an additional reason for the increased price of the necessaries and luxuries of life—or in other words for the decreased value of money.

All this is true. But let us see *how far* this will carry us. It will show us, it is true, that a pound in money now is not as much as a pound in money formerly was. And perhaps, if we trace the matter farther back, we shall find another reason, for the increase of the *nominal value* of commodities; namely, that the weight of that coin which bears the same nominal value, at this time, is not so great as it was at the periods when that nominal value was fixed.

From the first of the Norman Sovereigns of this country to the present times, we may trace a gradual diminution of the value of money: I mean to say in the weight of it. Originally a pound weight of silver was coined into no more than 20 shillings; and hence 20 shillings are called a pound at this very day; although we know very well that 20 shillings are not a pound weight of silver, at this time, but that, on the contrary, 60s. are now coined out of that quantity. This makes however nothing to my present argument, as by far the larger proportion, and if Bishop Fleetwood may be considered as an authority, the whole of this decrease in the weight of money had taken place before the reign of Queen Elizabeth,

Elizabeth, from whom I date the calculations I am about to make. For that Prelate in his very precise and laborious chronology of the fluctuations in the standard and value of money, makes the sterling coin of Queen Elizabeth, correspondent with the standard of the present day.

Let us see then how far these facts will account for the increased price of provisions: for if it is really true, that the sole causes of this increased price are the increase of circulating cash, and the variations of the standard of money, then the condition of the lower orders of society, and of all orders, ought to be, precisely the same as before: because, it being the money that has declined, and not the articles of consumption that have advanced in value, the consequence is, that no other difference has actually taken place, than an increased incumbrance in the quantity of money that you are to take to market with you to purchase the articles you want.

A little enquiry, however, will teach us how very small a proportion of the swollen price of provisions is to be attributed to these causes—for at the very time of which I have been speaking to you, while depicting the very moderate price of several articles of consumption, the common price of manual labour was 8d. a day. You will therefore immediately see that there is no sort of proportion between the increase of the price of manual labour and the increase of the price of provisions, during that 230 years which has thus passed away, sweeping, if I may so express myself, in their flight, every comfort and enjoyment from the cheerless tables of the industrious poor.

As I told you before, I have aristocratic authority for these facts. Mr. *Hume* has never yet been suspected of Jacobinism; yet Mr. *Hume*, in the 3d Appendix to his History of England, (*vol. 8, page 346, of Cadell's small edition*, for I think it right to be very particular in my quotations) states it as a fact, upon the authority of an ancient author, that between 1550 and 1560 "a pig or a goose was sold for 4d. a good capon was sold for 3d. a chicken for 1d. and a hen for 2d.: and yet," continues this author, who wrote at the very period relative to which he speaks, "at this time the wages of a common labourer was 8d. per day." Now supposing that the prices of other things were equally low, according to the present ratio, we find that *the wages of a single day would have bought the poor labourer a fat pig, a loaf of bread, and some good ale to drink for himself and his family.*

But

But consider, I pray you, how many days a poor labourer must work before he must touch either ale or fat pig in the present situation of affairs. For my own part, I do not see why a poor labourer (without whom, by the way, we should none of us have either ale, nor pigs, nor bread, nor any thing else) should not occasionally have his pig to banquet upon, and his pot of ale after it to refresh himself. But alas! these things are now entirely out of the question; and if a man has three or four children, his ordinary wages will not even buy a sufficiency of bread alone: for what is the present price of wages? I believe we may estimate them at about sixteen pence per day throughout the country; and I am in possession of facts enough to prove, that for ordinary labour, that is to say, for eleven months out of twelve, this is the outside. Now the price of a half peck loaf, which for such a family is not too much, is twenty-pence. Such are the blessings of our Constitution in Church and State as now administered.

But suppose we take the estimate from London, where the price of labour is considerably higher. The great part of labouring men employed in this capital receive from twenty-pence to two shillings a day: (Some particular trades, among whom combination is easy, have by a sort of insurrection and violence, extorted more!) But what is the price of a pig or goose now. I never go to market, Citizens, and therefore am obliged to report these circumstances at second-hand; but I am told that a good pig or goose at this time will cost about *seven shillings* instead of *four-pence*; that a capon instead of *three-pence* is *six shillings*; and that fowls, instead of a penny and two-pence, are about four shillings and six-pence, at the lowest.

Now taking the average of the increase from these facts; supposing, for the present, that the increase of other articles has been proportionate, the present price of provisions is about twenty-two times—Mark the fact, Citizens—the price of provisions is multiplied by about twenty-two, from what it was at the period I have been speaking of. Well, are the wages of the labouring poor increased in a proportion of 22 to one? If instead of this, they are scarcely doubled, let us mark in what a very different situation the lower orders of society are placed, from what they were in the golden days of Queen Bess as they are called.—(Golden they might be, to the poor, in this respect: but I cannot help putting in my
caveat

caveat as to the general praise bestowed upon the reign of that despotic termagant).

If the price of labour had kept pace with the growing price of pigs and of poultry, the wages of a labouring man would have been at this time not less than *fifteen shillings per day*.

Now Citizens, if these are facts, and if it is also true that no master could possibly afford to give his labourers fifteen shillings per day, I am entitled to draw this conclusion—that the increase of the price of provisions does not principally result from the decrease of the value of money, from the larger quantity of circulating specie, or from any of those causes which mock philosophers have appealed to, in order to gratify the tyrants who paid them for varnishing over their oppressions, and deluding the people who listened to their fallacious arguments.

Citizens this is not all. I have some reason to believe that, at the time I am now speaking of, the usual day's labour of a working man, instead of twelve or fourteen hours, was but eight. I will tell you my reason for supposing this. I know it to be the fact, that, in a particular part of the country, it was but eight hours at that time; and you will judge how far it is likely that this was an exclusive privilege.

About three years ago, being on the coast of Kent, and taking up my habitation at a friend's house, at Dinchurch wall, which keeps out the sea from Romney Marsh; and being at the house of one of the principal members of the corporation by which that district has the misfortune to be governed, I had an opportunity of learning some particulars relative to their regulations. By the charter of this corporation, which was granted, I understand, about the time I have been speaking of, the price of the day's labour, for a man working upon the wall, which stands in need of constant repair, is fixed at a shilling.

This will shew you that at that period 8d. per diem was the average price, and not the maximum of the price paid for labour, for the price of a day's labour, upon Dinchurch wall, for keeping out the sea from Romney Marsh, was fixed by charter at 1s. Being fixed by charter, it remains the same at this time, and the Corporation itself has not the power of altering it. But the day's labour upon this wall being originally only eight hours, the poor labourers, finding themselves no longer able to live twenty-four hours upon one day's work,
perform

perform regularly a day and an half's work every day: that is to say, they toil twelve hours for which they receive 1s. 6d. for the support of themselves and families.

This is only an individual instance I grant; and therefore does not authorize a very positive conclusion; but as it has led me to suspect, that the day's labour was anciently no more than eight hours, I state the foundation upon which the suspicion rests, in hopes that others may think it worth while to enquire further into the subject. It is certainly worth enquiry; and for my own part, whether it was the general practice or not, I am thoroughly convinced that it is more than enough for the interests and happiness of society; and more than enough to be put upon the individual. Nor can I give unqualified praise to the laws of any country, that does not enable a poor man to maintain his family in decency by the diurnal labour of eight hours.

Nay Citizens, if—which I believe never can be the case, and therefore I don't wish to enforce it upon you as a thing practicable—but if an equal division of labour among all the inhabitants of this island, and if the luxuries, the follies, and fopperies of life were banished, even one hour per diem to each individual would be labour enough for the comfortable subsistence of all. Nay I am informed, that Mr. *Nicholson*, a chymist and philosopher, whose very name commands our reverence, has absolutely calculated, that the whole labour employed in producing the absolute necessities of life, when divided equally among the whole population of the country, is not more than *half an hour* in the day.

Now though I think it a very good thing, that some of the *embellishments*, as well as the NECESSARIES of life, should be attended to, though I think it a very good thing that a country should be adorned with splendid edifices, magnificent paintings, books to inform the mind, and diversions and indulgences to relax and soften it—that we should have articles of ease and gratification, as well as the bare accommodations of life; yet I do not think it right to grind the faces of the poor upon the mill-stone of oppression, that a few worthless individuals may arrogate to themselves the individual possession of all those comforts and advantages.

Citizens, when I am thoroughly aware of the applications that may be made of what I am saying, which I could wish always to be, and how far the inferences will go which I attempt to draw from the facts I am stating, I am very desirous that

that I should never appear to draw a conclusion beyond that point in which the facts, fairly and candidly stated, will bear me out. I ought therefore to observe, that, with respect to the former conclusion upon the prices of provisions, there is some degree of fallacy, and that when this fallacy is fairly stated, it must be admitted to operate as a drawback in some degree, with respect to the disproportion between the prices of provision and of labour; and consequently that the depression of the lower orders of society is *not quite so extravagant* as it might, in the first instance, appear. I wish to put you in possession of all the facts that I am master of; and I shall not therefore be very much afraid of appearing to contradict in one part of my lecture what I advance in another.

I leave ungenerous advantages to the wrong side of the question. Our cause stands not in need of them. I wish to submit the whole of the reasonings, pro and con, fairly and candidly, that you may see how much and how little the facts I bring before you bear upon the conclusions I wish to adduce.

Some abatement then is to be made from the calculation drawn from poultry and other articles of that description, because the fact is, that it was not, originally, so much as it is now, the practice of a few particular individuals of the privileged and opulent orders of society to monopolize to themselves a particular species of food. Luxuries did not always bear a price so disproportionate to the necessities of life as they do now. There was a time when salmon (for example) and all luxurious fish were so plentiful and abundant, that the poorest individual in society as well as the richest, could have them upon their tables, and banquet upon them to satiety.

I had an opportunity to mention to you once before, that it was found necessary, at Winchester, to insert a clause in the indentures of poor boys apprenticed from the parish, to prevent them from being fed more than three times in the week upon salmon. But means have since been taken to preclude the necessity of such clauses. It was known by the great and mighty potentates who dance before us in the puppet show of state, adorned with stars and garters—It was known (I was going to say by these mountebanks; but I mean by these *right honourable gentlemen*, that luxuries were adapted to pamper their appetites, and fill them with the sinful lusts of the flesh, and thereby corrupt their morals and render them

but little disposed to go to church, and still less disposed to listen to every thing that the gentleman in the black gown should say to them, and finally to render them unfit for labour, and destroy their constitutions. These *Right Honourable Gentlemen*, therefore, with respect to many of those articles, were willing to engross the dangerous enjoyment to themselves, knowing very well that their own morals could not be made much worse, and that if they did eat and drink themselves to death, it was matter of very little consequence to society. Salmon was therefore contracted for by their agents of luxury, the great fishmongers; and agreements were notoriously made that only a given number should be brought to market, and the rest, let them be as plentiful as they would, should serve to manure the earth. Other practices (particularly the breaking up of small farms) have tended to increase the price of pigs and poultry: it being found improper for the swinish multitude to have such food—there being something monstrous in the idea of one pig eating another.

These circumstances have caused a great disproportion between the prices of those articles and of the articles of common food: much greater within the remembrance of some persons perhaps to whom I am now speaking, than it used to be. But suppose we take the general difference in the price of provisions at the most moderate calculation possible: suppose we should admit, for the present, that the price of these articles was 1.0 more at the period I am speaking of than the price of common butcher's meat: suppose for example at the same time that a chicken was to be bought for a penny, meat was a penny per pound; what shall we then find the proportion to be? Meat a penny a pound, and labour eightpence per day. *The price of a day's labour, then, at that period, at the lowest computation, was equal to the price of eight pounds of butcher's meat.* Is that the case now?

If this is the lowest calculation that can be admitted, then, certainly, whatever the result is, as to the difference between the proportionate prices of labour and provisions then, and the proportionate prices of labour and provisions now, we shall be compelled to admit that such difference does now exist between the condition of the laborious part of the community then and now.

Well then to make the price of labour at this period equal in point of real advantage to the price of labour at that period,—that is to say, to enable a man for the same quantum
of

of labour to get the same quantity of comforts and accommodations, the average price of labour ought to be 5s. 4d. per diem throughout the country.

Let me be understood accurately. I do not mean to set myself up as the arbitrary judge of what ought to be, and what ought not to be, the price of labour. That is not what I am aiming at. I want to convince you of the nature and causes of the evil; and then let the good sense and understanding of the country seek for its remedy. Whether the proper remedy is to remove the causes of the extravagant price of provisions, or to raise the wages of labour, or whether both ought in some degree to be done, I do not at present decide: But I think I am entitled from this statement to draw this conclusion—that there is a monstrous advance upon the prices of the necessaries and accommodations of life; the whole of which cannot be attributed to the decrease of the real value of the money by which these articles are bought. I think I am entitled, also, to conclude—that either one or other of these two circumstances is the fact—either the quantity of money has been constantly increasing, and the prices of provisions have consequently kept equal pace with that increase, while the higher orders of society have monopolized the increasing money and all the consequent advantages to themselves, so that the lower orders of society, by whom the whole was produced, have not been proportionably rewarded; or else there is an increase in the price of the articles of consumption, disproportionate to an extravagant degree, with the increase of the specie by which those provisions is to be purchased.

I believe, Citizens, both these statements are true. I believe, from causes which I shall afterwards investigate, that the price of the necessaries of life has increased beyond the increase of the circulating medium: I mean the *general circulating medium*. I shall speak of *that swindling bubble called paper credit*, at another part of these Lectures. I believe, also, that there has been a neglect of the lower orders of society; and that the increase of their wages has not borne any sort of proportion with the real *increase of the quantity*, and consequent *decrease of the value* of money.

But let us bring the comparison a little nearer to us. Let us take facts of more recent date: and see what we are enabled to conclude from them.

I shall now proceed to statements to the accuracy of which (if they are accurate) a great proportion of you will be able

to bear testimony; or the fallacy of which (if they are false) you will readily detect:—facts relative to the prices of provisions within the last twenty-five years. I shall then compare these prices with the increase of the price of labour; and see how far the lower orders of the people have been benefited even during that period, for a great part of which the growth of wealth, commerce and prosperity have been so frequently boasted, by that treacherous individual, who has all the while had his dagger at the heart of every blessing, and every comfort and accommodation of the country.

Twenty years ago bread was four-pence per quartern, now it is nine-pence farthing. [*I understand that in London it has since risen to a shilling.*]

Nay this increase, monstrous as it is, has another aggravating circumstance—namely, that many of those vegetables which used to decrease the consumption of bread, are now scarcely to be got at any price whatever. Potatoes which, since I have been a housekeeper, used commonly to be sold at five pounds for two-pence, are now three half-pence per pound. This circumstance may appear trifling and ridiculous to some of us: but it is no trifle, it is no ridicule to the poor individual who has five or six children to support; and who hitherto has been able to give them but little sustenance, but what was derived from these potatoes, fopped in a little of that chalk and water which in London we call milk.

But these are not the only articles which have thus increased in their price. We talk of famine in France. We have a worse famine at home. They have had no scarcity but of bread alone. We, it seems, have a scarcity of every thing. No kind of *meat*, in any part of that country, has ever been more than four-pence per pound. What is the case with us? Boiling beef, twenty or twenty-five years ago, might be bought at from two-pence to two-pence halfpenny: now from six-pence to six-pence halfpenny; roasting ditto at four-pence now at eight-pence; pork and veal at four-pence halfpenny, now at eight-pence halfpenny; mutton three-pence halfpenny and four-pence now eight-pence; for good salt butter that used to be bought at five-pence we now pay eleven-pence; loaf sugar, (good aristocratic loaf sugar) such as you must now pay thirteen or fourteen-pence per pound for, was then sold at sixpence; as for the cheap sort of loaf sugar, as it is called, for which you pay eleven-pence or a shilling, at this time, it is such coarse democratic stuff as no individual,

dual, at the period I am speaking of, would have bought at any price whatever. Moist sugar (a very important article to poor people, who wish to keep their children in health by regaling them frequently with a fruit pudding, used to be two-pence halfpenny per pound, it is now nine-pence. Coals, till within these seven years, were scarcely ever so high as a shilling per bushel. They have been three shillings and three shillings and sixpence, during the late inclement season; and twenty-pence was no uncommon price the winter before. What is the result of all this?—That coals have increased their price threefold, common sugar almost fourfold, butter and bread considerably more than double; some meats have increased threefold in their price, and the average of all animal food is considerably more than double the price now that it was twenty or twenty-five years ago. Now then supposing we could admit that all this increase of price resulted from the increase of gold and silver, from the wealth, and grandeur, and splendour, and prosperity of the country—and Mr. Dundas having told you that *general bankruptcy is a proof of the prosperity of the country*, may perhaps be able to prove to you, that the increased price of provisions is a proof of the grandeur, prosperity, and happiness of the country: But, if this be true, what justice has been done to those millions of our fellow citizens, from whose labour, from whose industry, from the sweat of whose brow, all that wealth and prosperity has been reaped? Ought not this wealth, grandeur, and prosperity, to have enabled the labourer who procured them, at least to eat as well, drink as well, cloath himself as well, lay on as good a bed, and be sheltered by as good a roof as formerly?

For the accomplishment of this, the price of labour ought to be considerably more than doubled. It has not, however, upon an average, from one end of the country to the other, been increased during that period one fourth. In some places it has scarcely been increased at all; and, in many, not one sixth. Mark then the blessed effects of the martial administrations of *North* and *Pitt*; two characters that will go hand in hand down to infamy; the one for the sordid and pusillanimous cowardice with which he suffered himself to be made the chief tool and instrument of a war he never approved, the other for his savage propensity to the destruction of the human race, and the unfeeling duplicity with which he has pursued his ambitious views. But why do I put epithets to the word? Hypocrisy itself includes every thing that is detestable and
 abhorred;

abhorred; and wherever you find that scowling countenance, that shuffling gait, that lapsided arrogance of deportment which marks the political maypole of this devoted country, set down the being thus stamped by the broad seal of nature, for all that the catalogue of guilt contains, from solitary intoxication and debauchery, to the ravage of nations and the depopulation of continents, and the most inveterate hatred to the liberties and happiness of mankind.

Thus, then, we find that the labourers of this country, at this time possess considerably less than half the necessities, comforts, and accommodations, which they were able to obtain twenty or twenty-five years ago, and less than a third of what recompensed the same or a less degree of labour in the middle of last century: while at the same time, the pensions, places, and luxuries of our rulers have been extravagantly increased. The wealth, the power, the insolence of successive administrations, have kept pace with the growing misery of the people; and while one are stripped of half their necessities, the others are insulting common sense and common decency, with the pompous display of more than twice their former opulence and wasteful grandeur. Yet *aristocrats* have the shameless audacity to tell us, that if the price of the necessities of life has increased, the price of labour has increased also.

It is a courtly virtue to lie with the words of truth; and therefore I give them credit for their consistency. The price of labour has indeed increased from eight-pence to a shilling, and from a shilling to fifteen-pence, while the necessities of life have risen at a proportion of from eight-pence to two shillings, and from two shillings to five.

Such then are the facts with respect to the usual articles of common accommodation. But there are other articles which, though not immediately consumed by man, have also a tendency to increase his misery, when they are increased in their price. Hay, for example, and indeed every individual article that bears any price whatever. What then are the facts relative to those articles. Have they increased in price, or have they not? Within five years, from the year 1790, oats have increased 75 per cent in price.

I believe I state this fact from such authority, that I do not stand in danger of any contradiction. I am not myself an adept in the market price of these articles, or in the commerce that is carried on relative to them: but I believe I can state from the best authority, that since the year 1790, the price

price of oats has increased 75 per cent. while hay, every article of pulse, and a great variety of those articles which contribute, in a second-hand way, to the comforts of life, have kept pace with this increase.

What then shall we say to all these facts?—Is it necessary, or is it not, that the causes should be enquired into? I believe it is necessary: for whatever may be the case with respect to theological matters, with respect to political concerns, I believe it is virtue to know good from evil. I believe, that we ought to pluck the apple of science whenever it hangs within our reach. I am sure, also, that if it is good to enquire, it is necessary that the people should make the enquiry for themselves: for I do not believe the ministry will be inclined to make it for them. At this period indeed they have better employment abroad. Their wits and faculties are too much engaged in showing how consistent it is for them to talk of the faithlessness of republicans, by persuading the Royalists of La Vendee to break thro' all the oaths and engagements they have made with the republic of France. They are too busy in sending their 50,000 stand of arms, with their scoundrel run-away emigrant officers, to excite fresh insurrections—fresh scenes of blood and massacre, among the ignorant priest ridden peasants of Poictou;—in arming afresh the Chouan banditti—the midnight murderers of Brittany, that they may have the pretence of something like a shadow of a shadow of the shadow of a probability of success, upon the strength of which, to persuade the people of Britain to be gulled, once more to spend another forty millions in a fresh campaign; and to have the honour of finding themselves in a worse situation at the end than ever.

However this gives me no uneasiness: for things at the worst must surely mend; and our rulers seem determined that it shall not be long before they drive matters to the very worst that human nature is capable of bearing. But say these *virtuous men*, and their *most sapient advocates*, it is not right to enter into enquiries of this kind, at this time. Consider the state of the public mind. It will lead to commotion. Such is the trick and cheat which they have been putting upon our understandings, and perhaps upon their own, for centuries; such have been always the pretences of the individuals who have walked the same infamous round before them, and such always will be the pretences of those who follow in the same routine. The *delinquents* will always think it is not a proper time to enquire into the state of their delinquency.

But

But the fact is, that commotions spring from ignorance, and not from knowledge. He who is wise knows how to redress the grievances he labours under. He who is ignorant feels the sting of disaster: but, instead of taking the path of amelioration, plunges headlong into violence. Men ignorant and uninstructed become mad and frantic with their wrongs: for what is madness? What is phrenzy; but the want of knowledge and capacity to understand right from wrong, truth from falsehood, and to perceive which is the way to accomplish those designs which wisdom, justice, and virtue would dictate.

I wish to allay, not to increase fermentation. I wish I knew how to give you a *Spartan determination of soul*, together with the benevolence and philanthropy with which a few speculative philosophers of the present day have endeavoured to inspire mankind. I would make you hard as rocks, against the assaults of corruption, prejudice and oppression. I would make you stand like a marble wall, and defy the assaults and encroachments of those wretches who dare to set a foot upon the sacred boundary and landmark of liberty. But, at the same time I would fill your souls with a detestation of every thing like violence, rancour, and cruelty. O that I could make you feel the true determination of generous valour, and that you might be as wise and benevolent as you were determined and resolute!

How is it to be done? How shall I steel your breasts, and soften your hearts at the same moment? If I knew how to do this I should then indeed be fit to stand in this Tribune, and listened to by my fellow citizens; because I should then be able to point out to you the certain means of redress, and insure you success in your struggles for the happiness of future ages, without aggravating, even for an hour, the misery of the present generation.

I am sure, however, that this effect is not to be produced by intimidation or by ignorance. I have seen, since I last had the honour of meeting the countenances of my enlightened fellow citizens in this place; I have seen some of the lamentable consequences of the miserable ignorance, in which the governors of this country contrive to keep the people. I have been rambling, according to my wonted practice, in the true democratic way, on foot, from village to village, from pleasant hill to barren heath, recreating my mind with the beauties, and with the deformities of nature. I have traced over many a barren track of land in that county (Surrey) which

which is called the Gentleman's county; because, forsooth the beggarly *fans culottes* are routed out from it; their vulgar cottages, so offensive to the proud eye of luxury, are exterminated, and nothing but the stately domes of useless grandeur present themselves to our eyes. I have been travelling over those spots; I have enjoyed the fine prospects from Leith hill; and have turned round, with a sigh, to behold how many a little uncultivated valley there lies waste; how many a beautiful spot lies desolate, which a thousandth part of that revenue which has been so madly wasted in the present detestable war, might have converted into smiling gardens and luxuriant fields, yielding food and raiment to many a poor family, while their little smiling cottages might have imparted delight, where now nothing but gloomy sterility is to be seen.

In the course of these rambles I have dropped, occasionally, into the little hedge ale-houses to refresh myself. I have sat down among the rough clowns, whose tattered garments were soiled with their rustic labours; for I have not forgot that all mankind are equally my brethren; and I love to see the labourer in his ragged coat—that is I love the labourer: I am sorry his coat is obliged to be so ragged. I love the labourer then, in his ragged coat, as well as I love the Peer in his ermine; perhaps better; for indeed I should not be sorry if the ermine of the Peer were employed in keeping the children of the poor ragged-coated peasant warm of a winter's night. I have mixed, therefore, with these people; and I have grieved to hear their sentiments. Commotion and violence they can readily commend. They can applaud the frantic proceedings of those, who have seized upon the shambles, the mills, and the bakers' shops; and thus have endeavoured, by their arbitrary proceedings, to reduce the price of provisions. Thus far they think the interference of the people right: But as to political enquiry, to this they are too many of them dead. The generality of them still cherish the prejudices that have caused their misery. They hate a Frenchman, for being a Jacobin, as much as they formerly hated him for wearing *wooden shoes*, tho' they know no more of the meaning of the word *Jacobin*, than they did before of the guilt that was attached to shoes of wood. Nay too many of them idolize the name of a contemptible wretch whose father's reputation was the sole cause of his popularity, and whom a few grains of enquiry would lead them to execrate as the author of that very scarcity of which they complain. I

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have argued with these men upon the impropriety of tumult and violence: for I abhor commotion more than I abhor any thing, except despotism and corruption; and I never meet with the advocate of violence, but I endeavour to show him its wickedness and absurdity. But, alas, the uninformed mass love this violence. They uphold the propriety of it, because they are ignorant of the real sources of their calamities; because they do not know that the miller, the baker, and the butcher, against whom their violence is directed, are as much oppressed as themselves; and that they must look higher if they would find the real instruments of their oppression; that they must think more deeply, if they would learn the means by which that oppression is to be removed.

The fact is, as I shall shew you in the course of this enquiry, that though the causes are multifarious indeed, that have produced this oppression, the greater portion of them is to be traced to the errors, to the vices, to the selfish usurpations of those ministers, and their predecessors, who think that no man has rights who was not wrapped in a swaddling band of ermine, and that no man can be entitled to reason, unless he has, either in possession or expectation, a bit of blue ribbon, or a few gold and silver spangles embroidered on his night-gown.

There can be no doubt that the advocates of administration must be anxious enough to prevent enquiry; because enquiry must point out who are the causes of the wrong; and what is the mode by which redress is to be obtained. There is no doubt that tumult and violence are pleasant things to them; because they give them pretences for giving additional force to the arm of authority, and for drawing tighter those reins of government, which, though the poor may bleed at the mouth while the gag presses hard upon them, it is pleasant enough for those who only drive, and whip, and spur them, to be holding with a hard hand. They, therefore, have little objection to the butcher, the baker, or the miller being sacrificed to the ignorant indignation of the people, provided thereby they avert the dreaded calamity of calm enquiry, and shun the light of political truth, which brings conviction to the minds of the people, and threatens, by the unanimous sentiment of virtue and justice which it might inspire, to drive them and their crimes from the seat of power. This they must abhor; because whenever that unanimous sentiment of common sense and justice shall prevail among mankind, down drops the curtain upon the mighty puppets of the day;
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the wires they have been moved by, will no longer make them perform their evolutions, and Punchinello and his family strut in their embroidered robes no more.

Citizens, the field of enquiry that opens before me is immense. The present subject involves almost every question connected with finance; it involves the consideration of that delusion which has been so long upheld, paper credit; it involves the system of taxation; it involves the present mode of partitioning land into farms and tenements; it involves the scandalous neglect which has occasioned one third of the land in this island; (taking England, Scotland and Wales, together) to remain in an uncultivated state.

On the succeeding evening I shall give you the facts stated by the committee of the board of agriculture, and prove to you that one third of the lands of this country absolutely lie waste. What a scandal to the government of the country! What a shame that pensions, places, and emoluments so immense, should be wasted upon a few worthless individuals, while so large a portion of the country lies useless, which, with a tythe of that money, might be converted into regions of plenty and population!

The despotism of China would blush at such absurdity. Go there; behold the population thick almost as the bearded grain that grows upon the cultivated ground. Behold every street swarming with human beings. What is the reason, that even in the midst of despotism the human species can thus be multiplied? They have no pernicious system of paper credit; they have no monopolized system of external commerce; they have no monopoly of lands into the hands of a few holders; they are not year after year, and month after month, turning the little tenant out of his farm, to throw a huge province almost into one concern, and on the speculative mercantile trafficker in land bellow that which might produce the comfortable support of numerous families, and tend thereby to the happiness and prosperity of the country.

It is not my intention to enter into the whole of this wide field on the present evening. I shall confine my observations during the remainder of this Lecture to a few particular points, which are immediately connected with the abuses of government, and with those circumstances that press particularly upon the present moment.

There are undoubtedly circumstances which have occasioned a gradual increase in the price of articles of the first necessity, in this country; there are other circumstances

which have tended to produce an absolute scarcity, not only in England, but in Europe.

Among those which have tended to increase the price of provisions we may reckon the enormous growth of corruption among the higher orders of society; by which the expences of government have been greatly increased. We are to consider, also, among the causes of permanent evil, the restrictions upon the exportation and the importation of corn; and we are to consider, also, a burden rendered venerable by its antiquity, but whose grey hairs can no longer preserve it from contempt, I mean the oppressive burthen of tithes, and a great variety of other causes, which shall be enumerated in their turn. The part, however, which I shall particularly dwell upon this evening, is that which relates to the present war, and which, as all other wars in some degree, but the present more than any former, has occasioned a considerable increase of the price of provisions, independent of taxation, independent of the additional burdens which encumber traffic—as the increase of freightage and insurance, and the like.

The former of these is paid upon all articles of consumption, which are removed from one part of the coast to another; and therefore corn, coals, and other articles which are of home consumption, as well as sugar and articles of foreign produce, partake of the consequent increase of price.

Now, Citizens, I shall state a few facts relative to an individual article, which will shew you, by analagous reasoning, how considerable an increase in the price of the necessaries of life must have been produced by the present war, by the operation of these two species of burthen alone. The freightage of sugars was only four shillings per hundred weight before the war, now it is ten shillings; the insurance upon the same article, which used to be six pounds per cent. is now increased to sixteen.

You will please to remember, that the increase of freightage arises from so many individuals who used to be employed in commercial navigation, being pressed on board our men of war, to be cut to pieces and destroyed for the glory and honour of William Pitt and Co. Such is the price which one half of the community pays for having the other half cut and blown to pieces in ridiculous wars!

With respect to the increase of the insurance, that is to be attributed to the activity of the enemy. For as they sometimes take the liberty of sweetening their tea with the sugar we have paid for, the under-writers of course must take a
greater

greater premium before they can insure the respective cargoes. And by the way it should be observed, that these gentlemen under-writers do not fail to take advantage of these circumstances. War is a sort of harvest moon to these legal gamblers; so much so, that I remember, at the close of the American war, hearing one of them lament that hostilities were over so soon—for, that if they had continued a year or two longer, he should have feathered his nest completely.

Citizens, I do not mean to contend, that the freightage and insurance of all articles have increased in the same proportion; but this will show you how to account for one part of the increase of the price of the necessaries of life resulting from the present war. In short, there is a thousand ways in which it affects them, besides the wholesale accumulation of taxation, and the obvious inconveniences of decaying manufactures and stagnated commerce.

See, then, the advantages of going to war, to those whose destiny it is to survive at home; as to those poor beings who had their heads knocked off abroad, according to Mr. *Burke*, they are gone to receive their reward; and therefore he might tell you the faster our brothers and friends have their heads knocked off the better, because they are going so much the faster to heaven. And as he had the honour of being educated among the Jesuits at *St. Omer's*, I am sure I shall not contend points of religion with him. But admitting this to be the case, there can be no doubt that heaven has been very well peopled by the triumphs of the present war; the last campaign particularly, the exploits of which it is unnecessary to enumerate: and, indeed, it would put one out of breath, as it did the French, to follow them from field of glory to field of glory—from the frontiers of France to the marshes of Flanders, and from the marshes of Flanders to the dykes of Holland, and from the dykes of Holland to the devil knows where.—It would be impossible to enumerate the achievements which will immortalize the name of the British *Frederic*, and cause posterity to go down upon their knees and bless the wise heads of *Pitt*, of *Jenkinson* and *Loughborough*, and all the sapient projectors of this most glorious, salutary, and triumphant war. Paying a little more for the sugar to sweeten our tea, or drinking it without, or having a plumb-pudding or pye or two the less every week, are trifles in comparison with the permanent advantages reaped from undertakings so wise, and exploits so glorious.

There is another thing has produced an increase of the price of all necessaries to be shipped from one part of the country

country to another, namely, the embargo laid upon our merchandize, in order to enable Mr. *Pitt* to get more sailors to fight *his* battles for him.

But there are, in the present war, circumstances of peculiar aggravation, which it seems our state politicians could not calculate.

It was boasted by that great teacher of the Rule of Three, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that we should have for our allies all the powers of Europe. It was well answered by his powerful opponent in the House of Commons (much more powerful he would be still, if he would shake off the trammels of party!)—It was well answered by him, that the greater our alliances, the greater our calamities; because the consequence was, that all Europe being engaged in war, no port would be left open, no place would be neutral, and therefore the greater would be the stagnation both in our external and internal commerce.

But he might have gone further; he might have said, not only our commerce is stagnated, but the very sources of subsistence are dried up, in consequence of this grand alliance. All Europe is at war. Your own produce, scarcely ever sufficient for your own support, is now to be sent in large quantities to the continent, to supply all the armies of all the despotisms of Europe. Stripped, as you will be, of every necessary article of life, where is the neutral nation that is to supply you? What corn will you get from any of the powers on the right or on the left bank of the Rhine? What supplies will you draw from any of those places from which you used to have them? None.—You have plunged all Europe into war; all Europe, of course, must neglect the cultivation and tillage of its land; all Europe must lose the opportunity of supplying you with the necessary articles which your profligacy will destroy.—Where then are you to seek, in the midst of those blessed victories which you anticipate (how well they have been fulfilled we have since seen)—where are you to seek for food to sustain the soldiery who are to fight your battles abroad, and to feed the poor manufacturers who will be languishing in disease and want at home?—Will you expect it from America!—from America, who, if she has one grain of justice or common sense, must love the cause of your enemy, and abhor your's?—America, who must regard every success you may happen to obtain, as a signal of alarm to her independence?—America, who must regard your violation of treaties, on the banks of the *Miami*, as a bone of contention

contention purposely preserved, to furnish you with a sorry pretence, if ever you should think yourselves strong enough, once more to attack her, and attempt her subjugation?—According to this calculation has been the event. Hence neither wheat nor any other grain has been imported since the last harvest, except oats, and very small quantities even of these; most of them from Ireland; very few, indeed, from Hamburgh.

This accounts for the rise of 75 *per cent.* in the price of that article, which has been mentioned before. The very great supplies of oats, which used to be sent through the ports of Holland from various parts of the continent, have entirely ceased.

The states also, on both sides of the Rhine, the Austrians, and the united Netherlands, have either neglected their tillage, or what little they have produced has fallen, not into the hands of Britain, but into the hands of Britain's enemy.—Your allies have left half their lands unsown; and what has been the fate of that which they have cultivated? The triumphant republican, with his sword in one hand, and his sickle in the other, has reaped the harvest, and carried it into his graineries.

Let us observe, also, the conduct of our good and gracious ally the King of Prussia, that illustrious sample of the faith of monarchies, that demonstrative reasoner in favour of treating only with *regular and established governments*. Even when he pretended to be our friend: that is to say, while he showed an inclination to receive our money; for he never showed any inclination to do any thing else for us, but to lighten us a little of that of which he saw we had so much as to make us proud!—Seeing that taking a great deal of it away would bring the people to their senses, he very kindly helped the Minister off with it. But even during the time that he was receiving this money, he absolutely prohibited the exportation of corn to any nation whatever.

Now, whether in reality he was afraid that this corn should fall into the hands of the French, or whether he was afraid there would be a scarcity in his own country, it matters not with respect to my argument. Suffice it to say, that it being known to our wise Minister that he had forbid the exportation of corn, yet our wise Minister thought proper to pay for a quantity of that article; hoping, I suppose, to be able, by weighty arguments, to persuade the King of Prussia, after he had paid for it, to let him have it. And now we may find, perhaps,

perhaps, that the eloquence of the French Convention is more powerful in Prussia, than the eloquence of Britain:—that Court having been a long time studying the French language, tho' I have not yet heard, that any English grammarian has been sent for to instruct them in ours. One part of the English language, however, the King of Prussia understands very perfectly: that which I mean is generally written in characters of the brightest yellow, and which is considered in our senate, as composing the most solid, weighty, and persuasive part of eloquence. The ornamental part of rhetoric, however, he imports from another country; and to these, (as there are some reasons to doubt the soundness of his royal capacity) he may chance to be most attached.

But there is a still more important circumstance to be taken into consideration; namely the exportation to the armies. This is not easily calculated; because I am credibly informed, that, in many instances, what with the shifting of ground, retreating from place to place—for, you know, we have been gravely told in the ministerial papers, that, “ notwithstanding their successes, the French have never been able to take possession of any ground, till the British troops had first of all removed from it.” thereby demonstrating a well known physical proposition, that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.—Well then, what with the bodies of the English armies moving first from one spot and then from another, and the bodies of the French moving on to them; what with sometimes burning the corn and sometimes drowning it, that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy; what with its sometimes actually falling into those hands, it has been known that the orders of the Commissaries have sometimes been three times executed, before the stores have actually arrived at the army for which they were intended. So that even the powerful genius of *Brook Watson* has sunk beneath the weighty duties, and still more weighty profits of his office; and he is said to have exclaimed in despair, that it was impossible to supply a flying army.

Here then is waste for you. Here is a source of aggravated scarcity. The waste and consumption of a camp is always double the quantity that would provide for the same number of individuals in their own peaceful habitations: and the support of a flying army is always three times as much as an army that is successful would require.

But this is not all the wicked and mischievous policy of the present system: It adds wantonness to misfortune, and
aggravates

aggravates with wilful devastation the calamities of the human race. It is reported that even so large a quantity of haystacks as would cover a whole mile and an half of ground in the neighbourhood of Rotterdam, was set on fire by the retreating English and Hanoverians, because it should not fall into the hands of the enemy.

A precious legacy this to bequeath a people whom we had forced into a war they did not wish for; and whom we were incapable of defending!

Magazines of hay having been so destroyed, do you suppose that magazines of corn and beef have not been destroyed in the same way?

O feeble sense of reason and of virtue!—O neglected spirit of justice and humanity! That any being who has capacity enough to count his fingers, or who can put down as many units upon a paper as will make ten, should ever think of plunging continents into war for the gratification of their ambition, when the consequences must be destroying, thus, by wholesale, the means of the existence of so many thousands of their fellow beings, who have the same right to the accommodations of life with themselves; but who, together with their families, are to be reduced to misery and the lingering death of famine, while mad revenge, the avarice of office, and the intoxicating love of power, stalk with inflated insolence over the globe, affect the nod of deity, and snuff the incense of human sacrifices!

Citizens, the evening is far advanced. But late as it is, there is one subject I cannot pass over without some animadversion. I mean the conduct of the Minister of this country with respect to Poland; that country whose struggles for dawning liberty warmed the heart of every generous Briton; that country to which every man who had one spark of veneration for any thing that looked like liberty in the constitution of this country, must have sincerely wished success; that country has been beaten down; its spirit has been annihilated; its population thinned by massacres perpetrated by the *regular Government* of Russia; every spark of liberty has been trampled out; the Hyæna of the North, and the vultures of Germany, have torn its mangled limbs; have feasted on its gore; and have been supplied, by British gold, with the means of this destruction and inhuman partition.

This conduct will shew you, that it is not Jacobinism only, that is hateful to the present minister;—that it is not republicanism only that he detests; that he is a worshipper of unqualified

qualified despotism; that he wishes to establish it throughout the world; and that even the most temperate and moderate reformation; even the merest half-way attempt towards liberty and the amelioration of the condition of the human species, is sufficient to set his gall afloat, and provoke him to glut his appetite for blood.

Look at the history of the attempted revolution in Poland. Were there any appearances of Jacobinism there? Did they set up for that liberty and equality which has been so misrepresented? No: if they had they would have triumphed; and *Pitt*, and the despots of Europe would have been disappointed. But they were too moderate in their views to warm the souls of the great body of the people; too little careful of the rights of the mass of mankind, to awake the glowing enthusiasm which liberty and equality inspires. They could not unite in one effort the congregated energies of the nation: but the congregated despots and cabinets of Europe were united against them. For their destruction hard British gold was sent over to the Despot of Prussia, in subsidies.

What use did he openly make of it? Did he assist the alliance against France? No. Did he not, in the most barefaced manner, apply that money to the destruction of Poland? and did not *Pitt* still continue to send the money of this country to that Despot, even after he saw the use that he made of it? And was he not thereby enabled to hold out against the vigorous exertion of the Poles, till the Hyæna of the north was ready to pour her Barbarians upon them, and to repeat the *massacres of Ismael* in the *streets of Warsaw*.

Yes, this tiger in human shape, this royal savage, is one of the allies with whom our virtuous administration thinks a free people ought to coalesce, for the destruction of republicanism in France, and for the restoration of the despotism of the Capets, and the contemptible superstition of his holiness the pope.

But it may be said, "he was deceived. He was so busy with his calculations, with his arithmetical plans and schemes, that he could not attend to what was doing upon such a spot of the continent as Poland; that he knew nothing of the exertions made by those brave people; and but little of the attempts made by the tyrants of Europe against them." But no—he has abjured all such excuses: with that matchless effrontery which nothing but a *William Pitt*, backed by *Henry Dundas*, could possibly assume, he steps forward

forward and tells you that, "even if he could have foreseen the manner in which the subsidy paid to the King of Prussia would have been applied, he certainly would have paid it."

Here then is a direct avowal of his guilt.—I wish not for punishments; I wish for redress; but if other persons, not as philosophical in their feelings as I wish to be, should ever take it in their heads to redress the wrongs of Europe by coercion, let him take care. When the principal goes to rack, I fear he will find but little security from his plausible harrangues. Nor will it be easy, perhaps, for men of honest and ardent hearts, that wish to keep the cause of liberty unstained by wanton vengeance, to preserve such a culprit from the gripe of a severe retaliation.

Citizens, I shall dwell no longer upon the subject this evening. I have already extended this lecture to an unusual length. I shall therefore adjourn till Friday evening; leaving you for the present with this invocation. Think, I conjure you—deeply think of all the facts that can be collected relative to this subject. It is a subject in which your own happiness is involved; in which is, also, involved the happiness of your posterity; the children yet unborn may bless your patriotic activity, or reprobate your selfish sluggishness, in proportion as you exert yourselves to redress the grievances under which the nation groans. And when I invoke you to redress those grievances, I do not invoke you to deeds of cruelty and violence. I invoke you to the energies of the mind. I invoke you to trace, to the very source, the causes of your calamities. I am convinced you will find almost all those calamities to result from the total want of a representation of the people in parliament. I am convinced that you will find that the corruption, the rottenness, the profligacy which have crept into your administrations, in consequence of the want of this representation, is the genuine source of your calamities; and that *there is no redress for a nation situated as we are* (to repeat those treasonable words which were to have brought the axe of the executioner upon this neck) *there is no redress for a nation situated as we are, but from a fair, full, and free representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament!*

ON COMMERCE.

(FROM THE PERIPATETIC.)

COMMERCE! thou doubtful, and thou partial good!
 'Tis true by thee we swell to Wealth and Power;
 And Britain's name, and Britain's arts by thee
 Are wafted to each region of the Globe,
 Bringing, in rich return, their varied tributes
 Of wealth and elegance, and the rare boon
 To which, o'er all, we owe the power to soar
 Above the brute, toward the god-like frame
 Of heaven-pervading natures—glorious science!
 Man's noblest privilege! But then by thee—
 (With grief the muse records it) oft by thee
 War, savage War! too, lifts his brazen voice,
 To bellow hideous discord through the World;
 To deluge guiltless realms with native blood,
 At mad Ambition's and at Avarice' call;
 'Gainst *human woe* to steel the *human breast*,
 In flame the rancour of compatriot strife,
 And press Oppression's foot with fiercer wrath
 On the bow'd neck of Misery's fallen race.

'Tis thine, too, Commerce, thro' thy native land
 To pour, wide-wasting, like a deluge, round
 The poison'd stream of Luxury, rank-polluted!
 The monster breeding Nile of hideous vice,
 From whose oft stagnant pools incessant spring
 A loath'd mishapen swarm, which Nature's eye
 Turns haggard to behold.

Thou, Commerce, too, monopolizing fiend!
 Fatten'st a few upon the toils of all;
 And while thy favour'd sons, in Parian domes,
 Rival the pomp of regal splendour, lo!
 In every town whose *charter'd insolence*
Barters to Britain's sons the Freeman's name,
 If there thy throne is fix'd, what hundreds throng
 Each sad retreat of Wretchedness, or fill
 The public streets with want's afflictive plaint;
 Mourning thy fickle and capricious sway,
 Whose endless changes, tho' the rich not feel,
 (For Protean gold will ever find employ)
 Oft robs the pale mechanic of his bread,
 And dooms the pensioner of diurnal toil,
 For half the year, perhaps, to idle want;
 Perhaps in age to learn a new employ.

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XVII.

THE SECOND LECTURE *on the Causes of the present*
DEARNESS and SCARCITY of PROVISIONS,
delivered Friday, May 1st, 1795.

[Many of the occasional reflections in this Lecture will not be understood, if the reader is not reminded that a known agent of the Treasury planted himself in a very conspicuous situation this evening, and made several attempts to interrupt the Lecturer.]

CITIZENS,

IN my Lecture of Wednesday evening, I began with observing the vast and evident disproportion between the increase of the price of provisions and the prices of labour. I proved to you from *Hume*, or rather from a writer quoted by *Hume* as an authority, that about 230 years ago, when the common price of labour throughout the country was eight-pence per day, that many of the articles of consumption were cheaper in a degree of twenty-two to one, than they are at this period. I afterwards proceeded to shew you, that, in all probability, a considerable degree of difference had taken place between the proportionate price of the luxuries of life and the mere necessaries, and that, therefore, perhaps some deduction ought to be made from this calculation. But I believe I gave you data sufficient to authorize me in the conclusion, that after all allowances of this kind, it was but a very moderate calculation indeed to suppose that, in order to have kept any pace between the increase of the price of labour and the increase of the necessary articles of consumption, that is to say, to make the condition of the laborious part of the community precisely the same as it was 230 years ago, that the wages paid for labour ought to be, considering what the prices of provisions now are, between five and six shillings per day. I endeavoured to show you, that it was not my intention absolutely to point out that such ought to be the wages at this time, but to show you this fact—that either very great injustice has been done to the common people, with respect to the prices paid for their labour, or else a very extravagant aug-

No. XVII. mentation

mentation has taken place upon the necessary articles of life, inconsistent with the quantum of specie in circulation.

I might have pushed this subject a little further; and when I was enquiring what ought to have been the prices of labour in order to make the comforts and conveniences of the lower orders of society the same as they were were 230 years ago, I might, perhaps, with very great propriety, have enquired whether the condition of the lower orders of society ought not, at this period, to be considerably better than it was at that time. For if it is admitted, society has been in a rapid state of progress, if it is true that knowledge has extended to a very considerable degree, that the mechanical arts have been brought to much greater perfection, that all the different employments to which men are devoted, are now performed comparatively with much greater facility (that is to say, a greater quantum of production may be effected with the same labour and in the same time)—if all these circumstances are true, it would be, perhaps, a fair object of enquiry, whether that class of society, to whose industry and exertions we are to attribute this improvement, ought not, at least, to have had some share in the advantages resulting from it; and instead of living in a worse situation than at that time, whether they ought not to be enabled to live in a situation much more comfortable than they then did; for I cannot see what sort of justice there is in the great body of the people labouring eternally, if the whole advantage is to be monopolized by a few idle drones, placemen and pensioners, some of whom, if I were so inclined, I could point out in this assembly. I cannot perceive the justice or propriety of the great body of the people labouring and exerting themselves to increase the accommodations of society, if the whole benefit is to be seized by a few aristocratic oppressors, who are sending their spies and emissaries into every corner to catch up every word that may drop from a friend of Liberty.—Let me observe, however, that I am glad they do send such persons here, because they may chance to hear some truths that will incline them to be active and useful converts, especially if the audience treat such persons with the candour they are entitled to: for men ought not to be censured on account of the situation in which they are placed. They have frequently been the choice of unexperienced youth, frequently the choice of their parents, and frequently have been adopted from accidents in life over which they could have no command. I do not, therefore, make this observation to stimulate ungente feelings

feelings in your hearts; those persons who frequently attend these Lectures will bear witness, that I have always been anxious to prevent any intemperance even towards the emissaries of those who have absolutely entered into conspiracies, first to knock out my brains by hired bludgeon-men, afterwards to kidnap, and send me, perhaps, as Lady Grange was sent, into the distant solitary islands of Scotland, and lastly, to carve me alive into four quarters, and stick my head upon a pole.

Pursuing, Citizens, the chain of reasoning from which I have been led into this digression by the illiberal interruptions of this man, I say, that, perhaps, I might have been entitled to argue, that while the nobleman rides in a carriage twice as superb, while he lives in an apartment twice as splendid and convenient, the poor peasant has a right to expect, that he should live in a cottage twice as commodious, and wear twice as comfortable a cloathing for himself and family. [TREASURY RUNNER, interrupting—"And so he has,"]

I shall show the *honourable Gentleman* who has made that reply whether it is so or not, by and by. I will state, not assertions, but facts. If Gentlemen will make observations it must spring from their ignorance—however, ignorance is no improper qualification for a tool of Government. I will state the facts, I will tell that Gentleman, that I have read history, and that from the facts contained in the records of times past, and known state of the industrious orders of society, it can be proved that their situation is *three times as miserable, instead of being twice as comfortable as it was.*

I shall not, however, occupy your time by replying to the significant nods and monosyllables of one individual. It is my business to investigate this subject; and I shall investigate it upon general principles, in defiance of all the idle vermin in office, which our pockets are so incessantly picked to maintain,

I was going to add, that I might have argued, that if the liveries of a Prince are to be increased from fifty to one hundred guineas per suit, that the poor ought to have the opportunity of putting upon the legs and feet of their children twice as good stockings and shoes as they did before. Citizens, I next examined the rise of provisions and the increase of the prices of labour, within the last twenty or twenty-five years; and as these are facts, of which a larger proportion of those who heard me could judge, I think it a little curious, that

that an individual who has apparently lived thirty or forty years in the world, should attempt to contradict the conclusion from them.—For as every article of provision has more than considerably doubled in its price, and as the wages of labouring men have not increased one fourth part, I should like very much to know, from some curious calculator, from some of the scholars into whom Mr. Pitt has flogged his arithmetic, how, with so small an increase of wages, at the time when so great an increase has taken place in the price of the necessaries of life, a man can get twice the comfort and accommodation now for fourteen or fifteen pence, that he used to get for a shilling before.

But, Citizens, when I am speaking of the increase, such as it is, of the prices of labour, I ought to animadvert upon the special care which the laws of this country, from a laudable desire to preserve the peace and harmony of society, have taken to place the lower orders entirely in a state of dependence upon those who employ them; the consequence of which is, that when any general national hardship takes place, by means of which the prices of the articles of life are always increased, but by means of which, at the same time, a quantum of labour becomes less, the master takes a convenient and snug opportunity to scotch, as they call it, the wages of the journeymen.

Many of you, I dare say, have read, and I hope such of you as have not will take an opportunity of reading, the excellent pamphlet of *Citizen Friend*, for which that admirable advocate for the cause of Liberty was so scandalously expelled the university of which he was so illustrious a member. You will remember that, in that pamphlet, he takes notice of a very affecting circumstance of this kind: Just after the war had been declared, *Citizen Friend* (for I believe he will be better pleased to be called Citizen than Reverend and Mr.) happened to follow some poor women, who had been to a market-town to take home their work; and who, as they walked along, rung in the ears of each other the doleful and angry complaint, "We are scotched 4d. in a shilling, on account of this war."—I repeat not the words, but the substance.—"O!" says *Friend*, "that the voice of truth and humanity might penetrate the walls of cabinets; and that I might resound in the ears of Ministers and Princes—The labouring poor are scotched 4d. in a shilling, to maintain your ambitious projects and destructive wars, without common sense, common virtue, or principle of justice?"

Citizens,

Citizens, I have had some opportunities, also, of observing the dependent situation of these lower orders of society. Some years ago, before my mind had taken that strong bias in favour of political pursuits, to which it is now attached, going into the native country of my parents, I took the opportunity—being generally desirous to see as much as I could, and, not like those poor wretches condemned to the ignorant confines of the office of a Secretary of State, to know no difference between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, but what was taught me by the lying documents of spies and their employers, which it is the duty of those poor ignorant beings to copy—my employment not being of that description, I took the opportunity of seeing, as far as I could, the condition of those orders of society, about whose happiness in the country I had heard so many romantic stories, while I was an inhabitant of the town, and took my ideas of rural felicity from novels and pastorals. I beheld there poor women, doubled with age, toiling, from morning to night, over their wheels, spinning their flax and hemp; and I found that their condition was so miserable, that many of them were positively obliged to take their work once or twice a day home to the persons who employed them, in order to get the scanty pittance that was to purchase the meal by which they were to sustain their emaciated frames. [*Vide PERIPATETIC, vol. I. p. 143.*]

I was astonished, I own, at this picture of misery. I had read a good deal in poems and romances about rural felicity. I did not know that rural felicity consisted in sitting over a wheel till one is double, and getting neither comforts nor conveniences—no, nor the necessities of life, to sustain and prop one's declining years, by this eternal drudgery.

This made, I own, a deep impression on my mind; which, though it did not operate immediately, stimulated me to a train of enquiry, which could not fail of its ultimate effect.—I had hitherto been a high government man, a supporter of prerogatives, and an advocate for venerating the powers that be.—O! that some way could but be invented to keep mankind (all but the chosen few) in utter ignorance! Then might placemen, pensioners, and the usurping proprietors of rotten boroughs, enjoy, indeed, a golden age, and the *swinish multitude* (driven as their *swineherds* list, and slaughtered at their will) should grant forth sedition no more!—But it will not be. Enquiry will some how or other be awakened; and, when it is awakened, the mists of delusion melt before the rising

rising sun of truth, and the midnight hags of despotism bind us in their spells no more.

I soon found myself compelled to acknowledge that, where such was the condition of so large a portion of society, all could not be right—that “there was something rotten in the state of Denmark;” and every fact which, in the progress of investigation, came under my observation, tended to confirm the opinion.

Among other abuses, I soon found that one of the causes of this calamitous situation was the unfeeling manner in which these poor beings were left to the arbitrary discretion of their employers, who took the liberty, when these poor creatures took home their work, to scotch them as they thought fit; so that, under various pretences, for every pound that was spun by the poor individual, she never got paid for above three quarters, when it came to be estimated by the masters and employers. So much was to be considered as waste, so many deductions were to be made; and the poor individuals, where they are not numerous enough to associate, have no appeal—none at least that they have any hopes from; for you know but little of Justices of the Peace, if you believe a country magistrate will listen to the complaints of a poor friendless being, against the tradesman who has arrived at opulence by his oppression.

Thus then we find, if we regard the facts which history furnishes, that the inevitable consequence must be, from the increased price of the articles consumed, and the want of a proportionate increase in the wages paid to the industrious poor, that within twenty-five years the condition of the latter has been so reduced, that they cannot obtain half the necessities of life they formerly used to obtain; while their opulent oppressors, the placemen, pensioners, and contractors of the day, enjoy more than twice the luxuries and extravagance with which they formerly debased their nature.

I have stated to you, also, that oats and barley, which, in many parts of the country, be it remembered, are used as substitutes for wheat, have still more extravagantly increased; and that oats, in particular, have increased 75 per cent. since the year 1790.

Perhaps the *honourable Clerks of the Treasury* will not be inclined to contradict this. They will have had some opportunity of knowing the truth of it.—But, Citizens, since I met you before, I have had an opportunity of getting possession of some other facts, relative to this very important part of the question.

question. I find, from a person who has been many years in a very considerable way of dealing in those articles, that twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago, the common price of oats, in the retail market, was from 9s. to 10s. 6d. per quarter; that, till within these twelve years, 12s. was the common price, and that they were never higher than 14s.—But now, what is the price of them? Thirty-five shillings! an increase nearly four-fold, in so small a distance of time, as that which I have stated to you.

Now, remember what a very important article of consumption these are for the labouring poor in certain parts of the country. Remember, that throughout the whole of the country parts of Scotland, wheat is a luxury which the poor man never tastes; that oats, that barley, field peas, and other pulse of this description, constitute the whole sustenance of large proportions of the people there: and I could instance a poor being, of the name of Crawford, who emigrated to America on account of his miserable situation, and who has now, merely from the profits of his own manual labour, been able to take a little farm of his own, and to become a master Farmer, in his turn; but whose sole sustenance, for himself and family, while he resided in Scotland, was one meal a day of meagre potatoes; and that, in the horrors and excesses of their hunger, they gnawed the peelings and fragments for their supper, having no other sort of sustenance whatever to keep themselves from absolute starvation.

Now, Citizens, in parts of the country where this was the case, consider what must be the monstrous accumulation of their grievances, and the miserable situation of the poor, when such an accumulation has taken place upon the price of that article in particular (oats) which constitutes the most strong, the most wholesome, and the most important part of their subsistence.

So much for the increased comfort, the double accommodation, the twice as good apartments, and the twice as good raiment and food, which the common people in Scotland maintain at this time.

Such being a small, very small part, indeed, of those monstrous facts which show the blessings of a system of rotten boroughs, and the corruptions of faction, I think myself called upon, as a good Citizen (that distinction, beyond all others, which men ought to be most emulous to deserve) to stand forward and investigate, as far as I am able, the causes of the mischief under which the people groan. Yes, groan, I say;
for

for many a poor, meagre, emaciated, depressed, and heart-broken wretch, in this country pays, with groans and slavery, for the pampered luxury of those, who, because they wallow in the wealth of which they have plundered the nation, think they have a right to stop the mouths of the poor, and the advocates of the poor with the gag of persecution; and, if they cannot effect that, think it right to employ their pimps and perjurers, "Old-Bailey solicitors and the sweepings of "the stews," to disturb their investigations, misrepresent their sentiments, and deprive them of their lives.

Citizens, there is another reason why I am desirous of investigating this subject, and it is this:—That the investigation of such subjects has a tendency to prevent tumult, insurrection and confusion. How desirous some men, who call themselves friends of Government and the Constitution, are to excite such tumults, we may learn from this fact—that whenever they believe a number of persons are assembled, to enter into peaceable enquiry, they send some one or other of their agents to prevent that enquiry, and disturb the peace. Thus, the very night that I had the honor to be arrested, in this place, upon the ridiculous trump'd-up charge of High Treason, Mr. *Walsh*, the Treasury spy, absolutely told me, that he took, to the meeting at the King's Arms tavern, the great over-grown athletic Irishman, that created the riot and confusion there, and gave the Lord-Mayor a pretence for preventing in future the meetings of that peaceable assembly.

Citizens! Citizens! we know, and our enemies know—and their conduct shews that they know it—that if men will enquire, with impartiality and temper, into the causes of these calamities, they will have no occasion for turbulence; they will find that the individuals, against whom they are inclined to direct their fury, are generally as innocent and oppressed as themselves; and that it is not the *mill*, against whose machine they direct their fury—it is not the *butcher*, whose commodity they seize—it is not the *baker*, whose shop they break open and rife,—that these are not the men who are the causes of the calamities under which they groan; that the real causes are of much too weighty a nature to be removed by turbulence. They are so serious, so fortified, so deeply rooted, that they can only be removed by the unanimous spirit of enquiry diffusing itself through the country, and awakening to unanimous effort, by a spirited, firm, and determined (but at the same time peaceable) disposition, to represent their grievances to each other, in the first instance, and then with
one

one congregated voice to that government, which, however it may pretend to make it high treason to overawe any branch of it, will never fail to respect and reverence, as it ought, the sentiments and opinions of the people, whenever, in a firm and unanimous manner, they are thundered in their ears. It was from this conviction that I undertook the present enquiry, and you will remember that on the last evening I traced some of the causes of the evil. I endeavoured to shew you that the evil resulted from impolitic regulations and excessive exactions. I endeavoured to shew you, in part, what I conceived to be the bearing of this question upon the subject of the present war; and I traced, among other circumstances, the great increase of burthens which lays upon many commodities; the increased expence of those transactions, in which they must necessarily be engaged, before they can bring their commodities to market, and I shewed you, that these were, in many cases, increased threefold, from the drawing off of so large a number of sailors and useful labourers for the war, from the superior vigour and activity of the marine of the French republic, which while it has left to England the empty honour of gaining victories in general engagements, and boasting of the barren sovereignty of the ocean, has never failed to sweep our commerce into republican ports, which it was the duty of the administration of this country (if they had understood their duty) to have protected.

I noticed, also, as another cause, the embargo which has been laid upon all, and still continues upon a large portion, of our most essential merchandize; it is true from one or two articles it has been taken off, but the evil was done, and the effects continue to be felt. I stated that the tillage of both sides the Rhine, from which we used to be supplied with various sorts of grain, &c. had been neglected and destroyed;—that this evil had been aggravated by the prohibition of exportation from the country of our good ally of Prussia; and also the very considerable mischief which had resulted to this country, from the large exportations that have been made of all the necessary articles of consumption to the armies on the continent, which on account of the calamitous and disgraceful circumstances, in common with other machinations of our blessed and immaculate minister, have been sent three times before they reached the army for which they were intended; having fallen into the hands of the enemy, or been destroyed, sunk in the waters, or consumed in flames, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy;

and I noticed a particular circumstance, of a whole mile and an half of hay stacks, in the neighbourhood of Rotterdam, being set on fire, in order to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy.

Now, Citizens, those persons who have been used to hear the arithmetic of Pitt will not, I suppose, readily agree with the conclusion I shall draw from these facts: namely, that *it would have been better for this country*, that this hay and these provisions should have fallen into the hands of the enemy, than that they should have been thus destroyed.

I mean in general, Citizens, to draw my arguments in this Tribune, not from partial interest and *political expediences*, but from broad and universal principles; to consider universal justice and humanity the deep root and solid trunk from which my arguments are to sprout and my conclusions grow; and to teach you that these, and these alone, are the proper objects of your veneration. But when I speak of the measures and maxims of ministers it is impossible to talk of general principles, of philanthropy, and humanity. They have abjured all principle both by word and deed. It is a sort of watch-word of alarm, which they never use but to couple it with the indefinable stigma of Jacobinism, when they want to hunt the persecuted patriot to *Botany Bay* or *the Scaffold*. I must meet them therefore upon the ground of expediency; and it is the fate of these muddy-headed oppressors, that chuse what ground they will, they must be beaten.

You will please then to remember, that every considerable destruction of the necessaries of life has a tendency to produce not only a scarcity in the individual country in which the devastation is committed, but mediately in the general stock of the universe—that is to say, in the aggregate stock of the whole of the productive countries from whence these resources spring. All the world suffers, in some degree, in point of real wealth (the wealth that consists in the quantum of real necessaries and comforts) and, to a very considerable degree, when the devastation is so monstrous as that which has been committed by this foolish, revengeful, malicious disposition—the system of mad havoc and extermination upon which the present war is conducted.

Now let us attend a little while to a consideration of what is the fair and honest system of commerce: not such a system of commerce as placemen and pensioners are desirous of promoting. Remember that the fair system of commerce is this—that whatever one country produces more than necessary for the
consumption

consumption of that country, it sends to another country that is in want of that article, in order that it may bring back some other article of necessity, or luxury, of which it stands in need.

This is the fair, the just, and rational system of commerce. And, with respect to *articles of the first necessity*, this is the system upon which commerce must inevitably be conducted. Suppose, then, as is the fact, that the whole produce of those parts of the world that have any commercial intercourse together, taking all the different articles, is pretty nearly in proportion to the whole of the necessities and consumption of all those countries. This I say is nearly the fact; and must be so: for I take it for granted, that man does not toil for the mere pleasure of toiling. He toils to produce as much as he can find a good market for; and is never disposed to produce more than he can consume himself, and turn to his advantage, by disposing of it to others. It will therefore follow that the quantity requisite to supply the demands of the civilized world, will bear a pretty general proportion to the quantity actually produced, when the whole of that produce comes (as by means of commerce it cannot fail, in effect, to come) to a general market. Now the system of commerce being, thus, a general mart for the universe, it follows of course that, with respect to my argument, it matters not whether these productive countries, having intercourse together, be three or three thousand. I will take therefore the smallest number, for the sake of simplicity and convenience. I will suppose that two countries are at war together, and that there is a third country which is in possession of abundance of necessary articles, grain for example, which it is the nature of war to render scarce, and of which, in consequence, the other two hostile countries will be in a considerable degree of want. Now what will this third country do? You may make as many treaties as you choose, to bind the merchants and government of the pacific nation; for treaties are not even packthread—they are nothing but rotten paper, or parchment at best; more feeble than Falstaff's men in buckram, which he knocked down by the half dozen at a time; they stand for nothing at all when the parties have the power of breaking them.—If you wish for a comment upon this text I refer you to the works of the present King of Prussia. Well, Citizens, the country that has corn to spare will send it to the best market, and if there are two markets in want of the commodity,

will find its interest, and will follow its interest, in sending part of its surplus to one and part to the other.

Suppose England then, that England were, at this time, the only country that felt this scarcity, the whole superfluity of other countries would, of course, find its best market here; or if the scarcity be greater here than in France, the consequence must be that those who have, would bring it to the English market, because there it would fetch the best price. But suppose you have produced a scarcity and famine in both countries, reflect, only for one moment, what must be the consequence? Will the country that has abundance of corn bring the whole of it into the English market, by which means the price would be smaller than if they had sent only half of that commodity to England, and the remainder to the market of France?

Now, I ask you, Citizens, if this is not a clear and plain demonstration that the common scarcity, produced by the profligate and abandoned system of burning, drowning, and destroying the articles of human sustenance, is an aggravation, instead of a mitigation of your misfortunes? and that you are in reality by these means in a worse situation than if the provisions destroyed had fallen into the hands of the enemy? Mr. Pitt and his coadjutors would have sophistry enough I make no doubt to answer all this, in their own way, and to carry the question against me *in the House of Commons*: but I put it to you as plain men, understanding a plain question—Men whose calculations are not merely confined to multiplication and subtraction;—understanding also that there is such a thing as political, as well as numerical, arithmetic—calculations of the desires, wants and propensities of men, as well as treaties, compacts, plans, and cabinet projections—taking these things into consideration, (of which *Pitt*, I believe, is as ignorant as the hobby horse that he rode upon when a boy at school)—I ask you whether, in defiance of all the treaties you can make, if you produce a general scarcity, you do not produce a much worse effect upon your own population and country, than if you had produced that scarcity in your own country only, and suffer that produce (which you so ridiculously destroy) to fall into the hands of the enemy?

Thus you see that the generous, humane, and benevolent system of policy, is the best policy, at last, for the country that adopts it, as well as for others to whom it may be extended?

Citizens,

Citizens, there is another circumstance of a very curious nature, and almost as disgraceful as it is curious, which it is necessary for me to dwell upon. But disgraceful circumstances will never put the present administration to the blush; and so I need not have any tenderneis for them on the occasion. I mean the conduct of the cabinet of this country with respect to neutral vessels.

There was a time when Britons had an open, manly and courageous spirit. There was a time when Britons had a sense of honor, and a feeling of benevolence; when they would have disdained to set the example of violating all the admitted laws of neutrality between nation and nation. There was a time, when the people of this country knew that neutral vessels were sacred, whatever war might exist between two contending countries. But this, Citizens, was a time when Britons disdained all weapons but those of open and manly exertion. This was a time when the detestable policy was not understood, nor could ever have been suggested, of attempting to starve twenty-four millions of brave and virtuous men, because they were struggling for their emancipation from unheard of despotism.

Yes, Citizens, there was a time when this country, upon the very eve of a war with France, freely permitted to go to that country large quantities and supplies of corn, because it was known that the rival country was in want of such assistance. I believe it is well authenticated that *George the second*, for *George the second* was a gentleman!—I say it is well authenticated, there was a time when *George the second*, actually engaged in a war with France, yet suffered a supply of wheat to be sent into that country, to prevent the people from perishing with famine.

This was glorious and magnificent conduct, worthy of a Briton! and if I had any nationality about me, it would prompt me to regret that the man who did this act was not born in the country which gave me birth.

There was also a time when the laws of nations were respected;—there was also a time when the brave and hardy Briton met his enemy face to face in the field—I mean not to stand up here as a panegyrist of slaughter, I hate massacre and murder however disguised: yet, comparing the two periods, and the two lines of conduct, I cannot but admire the man who prefers to stand openly forward in the field of combat, to the man who wishes by artificial famine to rid the world of enemies he dare not meet, because he knows his degeneracy

degeneracy of mind has sunk him below the gigantic powers of those who are struggling for freedom and justice. There is a chance that the man who meets his enemy openly in the field supposes he is right, detestable as the acts of murder must always be by which such enmity must be supported. But the wretch who attempts to starve, to poison, or assassinate, who hires perjured spies and tumultuous assassins to breed confusion in a neighbouring country, that he may charge that confusion upon those whom he has basely and insolently injured; such a man, by his detestable arts, and sneaking tricks, proves that he knows himself to be a juggler, and that his cause is as rotten as his heart is hollow.

Well, Citizens, while the generous spirit of freedom still remained, Britain respected the laws of nations: and neutral vessels went free. What has been the conduct during the present war? I shall not recapitulate the circumstances which I stated the other evening, relative to dragooning one nation and another into this mad war with the French Republic: I shall confine myself to the capture of the vessels of those nations which in defiance of the juggling and bullying cabinet of this country, have continued their neutrality. And here even the Treasury runners will not have the face to contradict me. They know the facts. They are a little more in their way. There can be no doubt, when a man begs pardon, whether he has committed the offence. And *Pitt* it is notorious has done so more than once.

He seized every neutral vessel; and brought them into the ports of this country—What has been the consequence? Whether by mismanagement or what not, even the corn seized in the first instance proved good for little upon the hands of the seizers. But the neutral countries began to see this juggling; and they began to juggle in return. They put all their rotten corn on board proper vessels, and threw them in the way of the ships of England, that they might be seized: knowing very well what sort of shallow-pated bullies they had to deal with, and that, sooner or later, they should have full indemnity for them.

Well, the ships were captured in due time; and what did they do with them? Why they sent this blessed harvest, which they had thus reaped by their system of piracy, into the granaries and storehouses in this place, and that place, and the other place; and you may know some of it by the smell, if you go along bank side in the Borough at this time. But do not mistake it for dunghills, or night carts, I pray you. It is

is the corn your governors intended you should eat. For they sent all the good corn out of the country, as fast as they could, to supply their good allies; and behold when they came to open their magazines, (having been obliged already to pay down a good price for the commodity, and make sneaking apologies, as bullies usually do, to the neutral nations they had insulted) they found precious stocks of stuff, the greatest part of which was obliged to be sold to the real swinish multitude: not to the *two legged swine*, but the real swinish multitude, who run on all fours: many of whom even had the seditious and treasonable presumption to toss up their snouts and refuse the ministerial banquet that was offered to them.

Citizens, the evil consequences of this war, and the system upon which it has been conducted, have not stopped here. We must take into consideration the injury which has been done to our own agriculture, at home; the loss of those hands by which the agriculture ought to have been promoted, by distress and misery, by emigration to America, by manning our armies, and by the laudable and excellent science of kidnapping. The individual whose plough should have furrowed the earth, and produced the smile of plenty, has been sent with his sword to gore the breasts of the friends of the human race, and spread devastation and misery throughout Europe.

If this has not produced an absolute decline of the cultivation of our farms, it has at least operated to prevent the improvement and continued increase of production, which the improved state of society would otherwise have insured. We are to recollect, that when war sounds his soul-chilling trumpet, when the shrill blast of revenge and carnage is sounding from one end of a country to another, all other concerns stagnate; commerce droops, the arts expire, science languishes, and agricultural improvement is no more: and they must be miserably ignorant indeed of the condition and state of this country, who do not know that there is room enough for improvement with respect to agriculture among us. I shall give you upon this head the best sort of authority to argue from upon such an occasion: aristocratic authority. I find by the "Report of the Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture, to take into consideration the state of waste lands and common fields in this kingdom," that the whole soil of Britain is supposed to consist of about 49,436,160 acres. Now let us consider what is the quantity of this that is cultivated, and what the quantity that is waste.

We

We are informed that the waste lands in this kingdom amount to 6,259,472 acres; we are informed that the waste lands in Wales amount to 1,629,307 acres; and we find that the waste lands in Scotland amount to 14,218,222 acres; the whole together amounting to 22,107,001 acres, uncultivated; while the whole cultivated land is only 27,329,159 acres. So that there is almost half of this happy, this glorious, this wisely governed and flourishing country lies waste and uncultivated, under the influence and auspices of so blessed a constitution and so blessed an administration as we have the happiness to boast. Almost one half of one of the finest countries in the world lying positively uncultivated, and producing no one advantage hardly to man or beast! These are facts I state not from the visionary conceptions of my own brain; not from the ravings of democrats; not from the insidious inventions of Jacobins, but from the agents of government themselves, from committees appointed by their own Board of Agriculture.

Let us consider then, in the language of their own report, "what a difference would it make in the state and prosperity of this island, were only one half of these extensive wastes to wave with luxuriant crops of grain—be covered with innumerable herds and flocks, or clothed with stately timber!"

It has been objected that a large part of this waste land could not be cultivated. This objection also the Committee of the Board of Agriculture has been kind enough to remove. For it states that the lands incapable of all improvement are only one million of acres; that the lands fit to be planted are three millions of acres; that the lands fit for arable and pasture are fourteen millions; lands fit for tillage three millions; and lands capable of being converted into meadow, or water meadow, one million. So that we have eighteen millions of acres in this country, now uncultivated, which are capable of being applied to the most important uses: those uses directly connected with the subsistence and comfort of the inhabitants. We have three millions fit for timber, and which therefore would be useful, in a secondary degree, to the maintenance of the life and comfort of man; and only one million absolutely sterile; and even this one million might, perhaps, be covered with flocks of goats, which, though they yield no fleece, to increase the commerce of the country, yet afford a wholesome food, by their milk, and their flesh, while young, which would be better than for so many inhabitants of the country

to be in want of all wholesome and necessary comfort, as they are at this time. Now, Citizens, we are told from this same author, that those lands might annually produce as much provisions as would be worth 19,500,000 pounds per year; and that they would produce wood for building, firing, &c. and other uses, as much as would be worth several millions more.

Consider then, for a minute, what blessings a wise and peaceful administration of this country might have secured; by applying our resources to improvement and cultivation; and reflect what curses they have procured by the mad havock and confusion into which they have plunged us, and the rest of Europe.

Let us consider, Citizens, how many deserts might have been made to smile in fertility, by a proper application of our resources; for though it has been said, and I am much inclined to agree with it, that the inclosures which have taken place in this country, have been a great calamity; yet I am sure of this, that inclosure, upon a fair and honest principle, might be productive of the greatest advantages. For you are to remember that, in consequence of inclosure, you may have a greater height of cultivation, you may have a greater quantity of cattle, and other necessaries of life, produced; that your wool is less injured and of a superior quality, and therefore more advantageous to the producer, and better for the consumer. But inclosures ought not to be conducted upon the principle that has been usual among us. The rich man ought not to have an act of parliament to rob the poor freeholder of his estate. I say the poor freeholder: for I challenge the greatest casuist of the law to produce me a better title, by which the first nobleman in the land holds his estate, than I will produce in favour of the estate which the poor man has in that right of commonage, which may have been bequeathed, or made over to him, by the nobles and great landed proprietors of former generations.

Citizens, our nobles had once some nobility. I wish not to recall to your admiration the ages of feudal barbarism; but I wish not to have the chains of feudal barbarism without any of the advantages of feudal munificence. I remember, from the pages I have turned over, accounts of the manner in which our great nobility enjoyed their revenues in former times: the hundreds and thousands of individuals supported by their bounty; their open halls of hospitality; the recreations, sports and pastimes with which they enlivened the

people, at particular periods; the bounty which they displayed towards them. But in these times they had not learned to consider it as their best grandeur to loll themselves into apoplectick diseases, in a stupid gilded coach; they thought, on the contrary, that the splendour and greatness of their nobility and fortune was best displayed by having their tenants around them, enjoying the comforts and relaxations of life, about them, at their expence. However, in other circumstances, they might be inclined to oppress those individuals, they had some degree of liberality, at least, in their conduct towards them, in these respects.

Among the most conspicuous of them, in point of this endowment, was *John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster*: for Dukes, even royal Dukes, were not always made of such stuff as they are made of in the present day! Among the foremost of those Dukes, whose liberality kept some pace with their possessions, was *John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster*, who bequeathed a great quantity of land to the poor inhabitants, in particular situations, to be held by them, and all future inhabitants of such districts, for ever.

Now I should like to know of those gentlemen who cry out about *Republicans and levellers of property*, and all this stuff and nonsense, which originated in their own distempered brains: I would ask which of them holds their estates upon a better tenure? But the greatest plunderer and oppressor always cries stop thief first; because he is desirous of creating that confusion which will prevent his own villainous practices from being detected.

What then is the system upon which inclosures are now carried on? and what ought it to be?

With respect to agriculture, two objects ought always to be kept in view: namely to produce the largest quantity of the necessaries of life that the country can produce; and to promote the most equal distribution of those articles of comfort which can peaceably and justly be effected. This is my system of equality and justice. This is my idea of the first and genuine principles of just government, with respect to agriculture—to produce the largest quantity of the necessaries of life, and to promote the most equal distribution of those articles. A little observation will shew us that the last of these, the most important, has never been attended to at all; and that the first has been attended to in a very imperfect manner: witness the waste lands I have just stated to you.

Citizens,

Citizens, the fact is, that there is a third object, which, though it ought to be no object at all, is the only object with governments in general; namely, REVENUE! because without revenue, that is to say without taxation, the expences and extravagances of ministers and their favourites cannot be supported; pimps and parasites cannot swell to power and grandeur; numerous trains of spies, informers, and assassins, cannot be supported; and, in short, the whole system of that grandeur, luxury, extravagance and folly, which constitute what ministers call the grandeur and prosperity of the nation, must tumble into ruin if this revenue were not to be kept in the most flourishing and prosperous condition. In order to support this revenue, it has been necessary to oppress, in a great degree, the agriculture of the country: for as *Soame Jenyns*, (who though an aristocrat, could sometimes find out the truth) observed, the commerce of this country may be considered as a hog—You see he thought the rich merchants the swinish multitude!—The commerce of this country may be considered as a hog: if you touch but one bristle upon its back, it immediately begins to make such a grunting, that it throws the whole sty into confusion; and the country is distracted with its clamour; while agriculture, like a poor sheep, is led up silently every year, to yield its fleeces to the shearer, without uttering an individual murmur.

Now, Citizens, such being the pacific disposition of agriculture, or the individuals who are employed in agriculture; and such being the turbulent disposition of our rich aristocratic merchants, it is easy to see that ministers will have as large a portion as they can, out of the labour and sweat of the industrious poor.

But let us now consider how inclosures are at present carried on. A bill is brought into Parliament, that virtuous and immaculate assembly, concerning which I always want words to speak with becoming reverence!—A bill is brought into parliament, by a rich proprietor, who has got a large estate, by the side of a common; and thinks that common would be a very good addition to this estate, and is, therefore, desirous that this common should be inclosed for his benefit and advantage. Well what is the mode of proceeding? A time is appointed, and sometimes no time at all, for you will remember, that, some years ago, a Mr. William Tooke, had an estate in the neighbourhood of a brother of the Lord Chief Justice De Grey, which Chief Justice was a very useful

ful friend to Lord North. And this relation of the Chief Justice had a mind to inclose Mr. Wm. Tooke's estate, for his benefit and advantage. A bill was brought into Parliament. It was introduced, read, and re-read on the same day, and committed to be read the third day, and passed the day following. How was this prevented? Why John Horne, who has since taken the name of Tooke, and who has done many gloriously audacious things in the cause of liberty; and who, notwithstanding the assassin-like attack that has been made upon his aged life, by the Reevites and Pittites of the day, during the last summer, by keeping him shut up in a close unwholesome room, I hope he will live to do many more gloriously audacious things in the same cause—This John Horne Tooke wrote a libel upon the Speaker of the House of Commons: and I have heard him say, that it was certainly the most audacious libel that ever was penned. He got it immediately inserted in the newspaper. This libel kicked up, as he expected, a monstrous riot in St. Stephen's chapel:—for that is sometimes—or at least it used to be:—not the present House of Commons to be sure:—I speak only of former Houses of Commons, about which it is no treason to speak one's mind freely. These, however, have been formerly the most riotous and sometimes the most blackguard assemblies in the nation. The present parliament is undoubtedly very much reformed: but I hope the next will be reformed still more. The Speaker, in a very great fury, took the chair; and immediately declared, he would not sit there and have the dignity of the House attacked through his sides, in this way. A warm debate was produced, and the attention of the public was called towards the subject.

They attempted, but were not wise enough to know how to do it, to punish the author of the libel: but they never dared to bring in the bill a third time; and the relation of the great, and upright, and immaculate Lord Chief Justice, who was the great and powerful friend of the great and powerful Lord North, never had his bill brought in again; and was glad to make his peace, in a fair and honourable manner, with the said Mr. Wm. Tooke, whose estate he had attempted to inclose as his own.

In the usual course, however, a bill is brought in, and petitions may be presented, and which, when they are supported, some little compensation, to be sure, is generally made to the lower orders of society. But suppose it happens, as it does frequently happen, and must frequently happen,
that

that those poor individuals have no friend even to put it into their minds that they have the power of doing such a thing: and the great are not very anxious that the poor about them, should be very well informed as to their political rights! No: they are to be fleeced as bare as can be, and their very bones are to be picked, after they are fleeced, by the rich man, who having committed a highway robbery upon their little properties, talks of the security of property, and enters into associations, with Reeves and his cabalistical informers, to prevent *Republicans and Levellers* from enquiring into the right by which these robberies have been committed.

- But, Citizens, it is very evident that a tenth part of that expence, which has been devoted in this mad and ridiculous war, and in supporting the places, pensions, and emoluments of the corrupt set who have produced the war—a tenth part of this revenue would have cultivated, or made considerable advances towards *cultivating, all the waste lands throughout the country, for the benefit and advantage of the common people*;—not a bare common, with here a blade of grass and there a blade of grass, and here a dangling briar and there a copse to destroy their little flocks. No, they may turn them into a plentiful, luxuriant, smiling country, from which they might reap a part of their subsistence; and not be compelled to toil from their bed to their table, and from their table to their beds, and thus from day to day, in one constant succession of labour, as if the great mass of mankind were only born to breed slaves for the higher orders of society; and to toil and sweat, and die, without comfort and accommodation.

Go even into the neighbourhood of this metropolis; where manure is abundant; where the means of cultivation are easy;—go which way you will; turn to the east, the west, the north or south;—see what tracks of land lay bare and desolate, which, with a little of the care of government, if they had time to bestow it upon such *insignificant subjects*, might procure a comfortable subsistence for innumerable families, whose little cottages, rising here and there, with a little assistance, might turn this waste into a blooming Eden, and make this country, as one of our poets has called it, “the exhaustless granary of the world!” But all our resources are swallowed up by this mad and ruinous war. Nothing can be thought of but the annihilation of freedom. Nothing can be thought of but spreading the name of a *Pitt*, over the continent; and the empty boast, of a shuffling individual and his

his coadjutor, *Dundas*, having given a constitution to a country, who would neither accept of that constitution, nor suffer either the one or the other of them to be door keeper to the Convention for which they would form the laws.

For this, agriculture is to be neglected, the arts are to be destroyed, Wisdom is to be forbidden to open her lips, infant Genius is no more to plume its unfledged wings in popular assemblies, lest it should soar to the realm of light and truth. Every thing is to be neglected; every thing is to be overthrown; the poor are to be starved in myriads, and only have the melancholy alternative to turn their throats like sheep to the butchering hand—I was going to say of *their* enemy—No, not of their enemy, but of the enemy of *Pitt* and his *Pittites*, and *Dundas* and the asses which follow him!—for this, I say, every right, every happiness, every social duty, are to be swallowed up! carnage is to reign, year after year, campaign after campaign! mad project after mad project!—Disappointment, instead of producing wisdom, is only to produce desperation!—and the wretched inhabitants of *La Vendee* are again to be seduced, we are told, from their allegiance; that war may once more rage through that devoted country, and the minister of this devoted country may have occasion to plunge it still deeper, into misery and desolation. From calamities so aggravated I was going to call for guardian angels—I was going to call for preserving Deities to rescue us. But no: I call upon the good sense—I call upon the virtue—I call upon the spirit, and integrity of the people, to snatch the people from the precipice upon which they stand, and preserve us from the desolation which else must inevitably swallow us.

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

(FROM THE PERIPATETIC.)

SPORTIVE Lyre, whose artless strings,
 Brush'd by young Affection's wings,
 (Nymphs and rustics list'ning round)
 Whisper'd sweet the varied sound,—
 Sounds which only aim'd to borrow
 Pathos from the youthful heart,—
 Thrills of Hope, and Sighs of Sorrow—
 Fleeting joy, and transient smart!—
Sportive Lyre! ah, once again—
 Once again, and then no more—
 Let me wake the youthful strain,
 And thy playful strings explore.
 Once again—and then, adieu!—
Bolder heights my soul shall try;
 Bolder objects rise in view—

TRUTH and godlike LIBERTY!
 To these my eye enamour'd turns:
 For these my ardent bosom burns:
 Let these alone my thoughts employ—
 TRUTH and godlike LIBERTY!
 Rous'd by these, my glowing soul
 Pants a nobler wreath to gain;—
 Pants for GLORY's patriot goal
 Where the *daring* Virtues reign!
 Pants to hear the graver Muse
 Wake the loud enthusiast shell
 Whose notes heroic pride infuse
 And bid the soul with ardour swell:—
 Noble Ardour!—virtuous Zeal!
 Parent of each generous deed;
 Guardian of the PUBLIC WEAL,
 For which the valiant joy to bleed.
 Thoughts like these, from hence, alone,
 Shall this glowing bosom own.—
 Thoughts that lift the soul on high
 To make its own Eternity,
 And with Meonian rapture swell
 The notes of Fame's immortal shell.

Meanwhile, Iö Hymen! thy triumphs I join,—
 My Fancy awhile to thy ardours resign:

Those

Those ardours which oft, when anxiety reigns,
 When the nerves wildly throb, or when languid the veins,
 By Stella awakened, pour balm thro' my soul,
 Lull to sleep every pang, and each sorrow controul,
 And, chasing each passion that peace would destroy,
 Restore me to harmony, softness, and joy;—
Those ardours by Nature indulgently given
 To realize all that is look'd for in heaven,—
 To unite us in bonds of affection and peace,
 And bid the rude struggles of selfishness cease,
 Till, heart link'd to heart, all the universe smile,
 And Social Affection each sorrow beguile,
 While Sympathy's touch shall the union sustain,
 And vibrate alike thro' each link of the chain.

Yes such, if by Nature conducted, and join'd
 Not by Interest and Pride, but the tie of the mind,
 Sex blended with sex from affection alone,
 And Simplicity made every bosom its throne—
 Such, such are the blessings from Hymen would flow,
 And this *wilderness* turn to an *Eden* below:—
 An *Eden of Mind* where each virtue should blow.

Then, Iö! thou Hymen that reign'st o'er the few
 Who boldly the dictates of Nature pursue!
 Blest power! who alone to the virtuous art known
 Whose bosoms the charm of Simplicity own,
 While a *sordid impostor*, usurping thy name,
 Of throngs of proud votaries the homage can claim—
 The creatures of Fashion, of Avarice the slaves,
 Whom Vanity leads, and each folly depraves.

But see, what kind omens bright dawning appear,
 The *patriot bosom of Virtue* to cheer!—
 Simplicity comes, by fair Liberty led,
 And Hymen—pure Hymen shall lift up his head.
 Each Social Affection once more shall return,
 And the altar of Truth with pure incense shall burn,
 While Love, like the Phœnix, shall rise from the flame,
 His laws shall restore, and his saboth proclaim;
 And, wide thro' the Heavens his broad pinions unfurl'd,
 Shall shake his bright plumes, and shed peace o'er the
 world,

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XVIII.

Consequences of depriving the MASS of the PEOPLE of their share in the REPRESENTATION. The THIRD LECTURE "on the Causes of the present DEARNESS & SCARCITY of PROVISIONS, delivered Wednesday, May 6th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

THIS is the third time I have met you upon the subject of this night's Lecture: if I were to meet you again and again till I have gone through the whole of my subject, I know not when this course of lectures could possibly close. The further our researches extend, the more we find to investigate. This, so true in sciences, is perhaps more conspicuously true with respect to the sources of those great national calamities under which we are sinking.

I anticipated to you on the first night the very wide field of enquiry into which this topic would lead me. I was not aware, however, of its full extent. In short, it would be totally impossible to do justice to the subject in a course of lectures that professes to be miscellaneous; and I feel myself called upon, from the pressure of temporary matter, to bring it to a conclusion this evening.

In my mode of investigating it I have divided it into two general heads: that is to say, the immediate causes of aggravated scarcity and dearth; and the general regulations which have unfortunately been adopted, in this country, by which the gradual increase has been occasioned. For the sake of methodical arrangement, it would have been proper, perhaps, to have begun with the latter. Circumstances, however, led me to a different arrangement: particularly my having announced as a part of the subject a topic which necessarily connected itself with that branch of the enquiry, at a time when I was not aware that I should deliver any more than one lecture upon the subject before me.

The greatest part then of what I had to say upon the causes of the temporary scarcity, I have brought to a conclusion

sion in the former lecture. I am now going to the immediate investigation of what may be considered as the permanent, though growing, causes of the dearness of provisions in this country. And, among those, I shall consider paper credit; the corn laws; the monopoly of farms; the encouragement of the breed of horses; tythes; the neglect of our fisheries; and contracts and monopolies between fishermen and fish-mongers; from whence I shall digress once more to the affairs of Poland, and then lead you back to that which in fact is the fountain of all the other causes, the monstrous growth of barefaced corruption in this country.

With respect to paper credit, it may not, at first view, appear to be immediately connected with the subject. But this opinion will vanish, if you remember that it is an admitted principle, making exceptions for accidents which may produce temporary scarcity, and also for the contracts and monopolies between the holders of particular articles, that the price of commodities must necessarily be regulated by the quantity of circulating medium;—or in other words, that gold and silver and all other arbitrary signs of property, decrease and fluctuate in their value, in proportion as they become more abundant, but that the real articles of necessity always remain precisely the same. The calculations and customary language of the world lead us indeed to a contrary conclusion. But the fact is, that it is gold that is purchased with commodity, and not commodity with gold: the gold being in reality nothing but the counters or the figures, if I may so express myself, by which the quantum of wealth is calculated. Whenever, therefore, the numeral or nominal wealth is more abundant than the production, you must put down a greater quantity of these counters, or the signs of these counters, to tell how many sheep, how many oxen, or how much corn you are worth, or able to buy.

You are to consider that paper credit, though it does not increase the specie, but on the contrary may be proved to occasion its diminution, yet increases the circulating medium: that is to say, that paper is taken to market, particularly the wholesale market, instead of specie, and, passing in common with the circulating specie, increases the quantity of nominal wealth in circulation, and of course occasions any given quantity of money to be worth so much the less. Thus then you will find that the circulation of paper begets an increase in the price of all the articles of consumption which the great mass of the people have occasion for. It is so important that this

part

part of the subject should be understood, that I would rather be guilty of tautology than be obscure. I will state it therefore in another way: As the price of the article which can be brought into the market, must be proportionate to the quantity of circulating medium which can be carried into the market, it follows of course that if I, having 5000*l.* in specie, can circulate my paper to the amount of 5000*l.* more, and thus carry in effect 10,000*l.* into the market, instead of 5000*l.* I produce an inevitable increase in the price of the articles to be consumed. This, with respect to the dealers in this paper coin, is matter of no inconvenience. It is a struggle of credit. It enables them to carry on their commerce with greater facility; and he whose word passes most current has the best of it. But the common people, the working man and the little shopkeeper, have no part of the credit resulting from this circulating paper. They must take it indeed, sometimes, in payment; and they must abide by the loss of the exchange, and the delay. But their notes will not be accepted; their accommodations between individual and individual will not pass current; they are not permitted to swindle the public, though the rich are; but they must bear their part of the increased price of the necessaries of life, in consequence of this swindling in which they have no share.

And yet, Citizens, no sort of property is protected with so much jealousy as this fabricated, circulating medium. The laws of this country, severe and sanguinary enough in many respects that relate to the treatment of the lower orders of society, have thought it necessary to be still more rigid than usual with respect to this paper credit: and consequently we find that forgery is among those crimes and offences which never escape the last sentence and punishment of the law.

Why is this? There must be some reason for it. Surely we cannot admit that forgery is a crime peculiarly marked with the blackest stains of turpitude.—I stand not up as an *advocate* for crimes that violate property; but I wish that a scale should be observed between the punishment and the turpitude of actions. Surely, then, I say we cannot suppose that there is more moral turpitude in the act of forgery than in many actions that are passed by with a much lighter degree of punishment. The common feelings of mankind revolt at such a supposition: and nothing but that commercial influence which, of late years, has contaminated our councils and our laws, could have countenanced the unremitting

severity with which this crime has been pursued. We find accordingly that where individuals have not been misled either by commercial connections, or by particular attachments, to the modes and practices of the times, that a great disposition arises among mankind to condemn or blame this extreme severity: nor could all the arguments of commercial expediency and the inviolable barrier of mercantile credit, stifle the voice of public sympathy in the recent cases of Peru and Dodd.

A very ludicrous anecdote, applicable to this subject, was once related to me by an officer whose duty it is to attend one of the circuits. A man had been indicted for forgery at the assizes; and a jury of farmers and graziers was impanelled to try the offence. The facts were proved beyond the possibility of contradiction; but the honest farmers did not understand how it should happen, that a man who committed a robbery without any sort of violence, or injury to the peace of society, should be punished in a manner so much more severe than many whose crimes were marked with deeper turpitude. They therefore consulted among themselves, and presently agreed, that tho' the thing to be sure were proven, yet as for matter of that, it was impossible to hang a man for a bit of paper. If he had stole a sheep, it would have been another thing; but to hang a man for a bit of paper, no they could never agree with that matter: as they had just been trying a man, who had killed another by an unlucky blow, and which the Judge instructed them to find only manslaughter, they agreed to bring this in manslaughter also; and manslaughter it was.

But however much at a loss, reasoning like speculative moralists, we might be to account why a superior degree of severity should be adopted, for the preservation of this particular species of property, practice will soon give us a clue. Nothing is so friendly to individual accumulation and monopoly.

This the legislators of the ancient world very well knew. They knew that in proportion as you can compress property into a small compass, a few will have an opportunity of ingrossing to themselves a larger proportion of the riches of the country, and of keeping the other portions of society in misery and depression. Lycurgus therefore invented a species of coin, which has been rendered famous through succeeding ages, by the name of iron money. So that if a man in Sparta was worth twenty or thirty pounds, he was obliged to

to hire a waggon, to remove it from place to place: an expedient which could not fail of producing the desired effect, of preserving a considerable degree of equality among the citizens.

A contrary object has been kept in view by modern legislators, and of course, a contrary practice has been appealed to. It was found beneficial to the revenue, it was found beneficial to corruption, to luxury, and to usurpation, that property should come into the hands of as few individuals as possible; and therefore methods have been devised to favour this monopoly.

The history of the progress of wealth, or rather of the medium of wealth, would be a very curious one if I had time to enter into it at large. In the first instance undoubtedly all wealth must have consisted in what is now called *kind*:—Persons who have collected or who have paid tithes in kind will understand what I mean. But this unwieldy sort of wealth would be very inconvenient upon the present system. It would undoubtedly clog very much the wheels of what ministers call Government—that is to say, corruption. This, however, you would not perhaps consider as a very grievous calamity; and you might even be tempted to exclaim with Pope

“ O that such bulky bribes as all might see

“ Still, as of old, encumber'd villainy!

“ A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!

“ Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;

“ Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:

“ A hundred oxen at your levee roar.”

Essay on Use of Riches.

Specie, then, was soon introduced; but was found not sufficiently convenient: for James I. having ordered a large sum to be given to one of his favorites; but happening, by strange accident, to have a minister who had a little honesty, he took him into the room where the money was all spread out. James was astonished at the formidable appearance of so many guineas; and declared it was too much for any individual. He ordered therefore that his favourite should be content with half.

Nor is this the only kind of inconvenience which politicians have experienced from transactions in specie. It has been found that guineas, like roaring oxen can tell tales. Of this

this I will satisfy myself with one example. A great politician, in the time of William III. had been desirous of a private audience with Majesty, and had accordingly crept up the back stairs: for whether you have a *Whig King* or a *Tory King*, there must always be a back stair-case to the royal closet. What the important intelligence was which he had to communicate was never known, for the affair was conducted with becoming privacy. Nor would it ever have been known what was the occasion of the subsequent alteration in his sentiments and conduct, but for an unlucky accident. But just as he was stealing down again, the bag, in which the bribe was contained, which was to pay him for his future votes in Parliament, happened to burst, and the whole secret was revealed.

“ Once ’tis confess, beneath the patriot’s cloak,
 “ From the crack’d bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 “ And, gingling down the back stairs, told the crew
 “ Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.”

But, Citizens, paper credit has at once given wings and secrecy to corruption. There is now no necessity for cumbersome waggons to take away your heavy iron wealth; no occasion for canvas bags to hold your millions; or cloaks to hide them from the public eye. A little bit of paper that may be “passed thro’ the hollow circle of a ring,” may answer every demand of Government or corruption—may purchase a whole House of Commons, or transport a band of Patriots to Botany Bay.

“ Blest paper credit! last and best supply,
 “ That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly:
 “ Gold, wing’d by thee, can compass hardest things,
 “ Can purchase states, or fetch, or carry kings,
 “ A single leaf can waft whole navies o’er,
 “ Or ship off armies to a distant shore;
 “ A leaf, like Sybil’s, waft us to and fro,—
 “ Our fates, our fortunes as the winds do blow!”

The next article to which I shall call your attention you will immediately perceive to be most intimately connected with the subject. I mean the corn laws.

It is not necessary for me to enter into an investigation of all those commercial regulations which have so strong a tendency to favour the wealthy few, and keep the rest
 of

of society in a state of depression and poverty. I shall only notice such of those regulations as relate immediately to the subject in question: though undoubtedly every one of them in some degree eventually affects the price of all commodities and necessaries of life.

Commerce, in fact, ought to be no part of the subject now before us: for the object of agriculture ought not to be *commerce*, but the comfort and accommodation of the people. But our regulations have not always had this beneficial object in view. We find but too many of them which have a particular tendency towards favoring the opulent landholder, and bolstering up, thro' his means, the System of Rotten Boroughs and Corruption. We find many precautions taken to increase the weight and influence of those gentlemen: and for a very good reason: they are not only proprietors of land; that might be of no more estimation in the eyes of a minister than any other species of commodity, but they are proprietors also of those rotten boroughs, which Lord *Mornington* and Mr. *Pitt* are pleased to suppose constitute so sublime a part of the excellence of our constitution, that, if we were to tear them away, there would be but little left in the glorious fabric to demand our veneration, or promote our felicity,

Citizens, it is very clear that the higher corn and cattle sell, the higher the landlord can raise his rent. For he will always take care (especially now long leases are out of fashion) not to lose his share of the advantage, whatever it may be, which the industry or the ingenuity of the farmer may produce. The higher, therefore, the market, the higher will be his rent, and the greater his opportunities of indulging in those gratifications to which, undoubtedly, the higher orders are entitled, though it would be something like blasphemy to attempt to extend them to the lower classes of the community.

Hence we find that, among other *wise* regulations, there is a bounty upon the exportation of corn, whenever it shall be below a given price: and as the persons who have an interest in fixing this standard as high as it can be fixed, are the very persons who, by the present Constitution of Borough Jobbing and Aristocratic Influence, have the power of altering it whenever they please, we have—or rather, *THEY have*, by means of this politic regulation an infallible means of keeping up the price to the improvement of their own fortunes, it is true—but to the beggary and starvation of the multitude.

multitude. And yet, while our wealthy land-holders are thus associated and represented for the advancement of their rent-rolls, and our unrepresented labourers and mechanics are punished like felons for associating for an increase of wages, Aristocrats have the audacity to talk of the liberties of Britons—of equal laws, and equal justice.

But the injustice does not terminate here. I have repeatedly proved, on a variety of occasions, that, as all taxes must be paid out of the profits of productive labour, the whole burthen of taxation must, in truth, eventually fall upon the shoulders of the laborious orders of the community. Who is it then that pays the bounty?—The laborious poor!—Who is it that receives the benefit of that bounty?—The landholder!—the indolent rich!—Is there any doubt of the accuracy of this statement?—Reflect awhile.—Are not the taxes paid by the people? Is not the bounty paid out of the taxes? Does it not follow therefore, of course, that the more Government pays in bounties the more taxes must be levied upon the people?—And all for what? Why truly for the noble privilege of paying a greater price for every bit of bread they put in their mouths.

How monstrous to plunder the poor peasant and artisan, in this manner, of the very means of purchasing the necessaries of life, and then to tell them that they must pay so much the more for having been so plundered!!!

Nor is this all. Having taken precautions to prevent the price of the necessaries of life falling below the minimum which our land-holders and borough-mongers will condescend to accept, they have also taken other precautions to mount it up to the *maximum* which their *consciences* would suffer them to exact. For this barriers are to be erected to prevent the free progress of mercantile intercourse;—the first great maxim in the communion of nations (“Let the abundances of each be exchanged, that the scarcities of each may be removed!”) is to be violated;—and commerce, the boasted glory of our isle!—Commerce, who from her very essence should be free as air, is to groan in manacles!

Unless the average price in our markets should be upwards of 50s. per quarter, no corn can be imported from foreign countries.

Now, Citizens, be pleased to remember that though 50s. is or was a very high price, yet good wheat may be considerably more than 50s. Nay, and must be so before the ports can be opened; because all the wheat sold at market is not good;

good; and as it is the *average*, and not the *maximum*, that opens or closes the ports, the average price may be 50s. while all the good wheat may be sold at a price very considerably higher. I will instance this by a calculation. The average is fixed by the inspection of officers who attend the markets for the purpose of taking an account of the quantities sold in different districts. Suppose that 50 quarters are sold at 53s. that will give you 132l. 10s.; suppose 200 quarters at 52s. the amount will be 750l.; then suppose 400 more at 49s. which is 980l. for the whole. The result is, that 650 quarters of wheat selling for 1632l. 10s. the average price becomes 50s.; but the good corn has been sold at 52 and 53s. Thus then you see, that till good corn has amounted to 53s. or upwards, the ports must be shut, and no foreign corn must be admitted to come in competition with the corn produced in this country; because such a competition would do what? Injure the great mass of the people?—No; do them good—make bread so much the cheaper. And who can dispute that it would be good for the great mass of the people, that all the necessaries of life should be sold as cheap as possible?—No; the injury would be to the rich landholder, who would not be able to charge so great a price for his land; a thing so monstrous, that the happiness of millions ought not, in the eyes of wise and beneficent legislators, to be held in competition with it for a moment. But even this average, extravagant as it would once have been thought, is not fixed. It is fixed, indeed, with respect to you and me: it is fixed that it shall never be altered for *our* advantage; but it is not fixed that it shall never be altered for the advantage of our borough-mongers and legislators. The fact is, it is altered whenever it suits their conscience that it should be. At no great distance of time, the average was 48s. instead of 50s.—But mark the consequence of your having no voice, no interest in the choice of your *representatives*; of having your legislature with those individuals who are to make your laws and regulations—the rich landed proprietors—the owners of rotten boroughs—the sapient individuals who happen to possess, upon their estates, the fragments and relics of Druids temples at Old Sarum; or to see from the wave-invaded shore the ruins of a church, still struggling with the surrounding sea, whose shattered spire continues to be represented, though the spot that encircled it is no longer the habitation of man.

It is natural enough that those persons, being the only individuals represented, being the only individuals who have any

power of controul over the representatives, their interest should be particularly attended to; and that, therefore, in proportion as the price of corn increases, the average price fixed in the act of parliament should also be altered: nor should I be at all surprized, if, in a few years, we were to run from 50 to 60, to 70, to 100. Why not? The individuals who make the laws having an interest in making this average as high as it possibly can be borne, what should restrain them but a dread of the enlightened spirit of the people? And who shall dare attempt to inspire that dread? To put the borough-mongers in fear, you are told, is to overawe Parliament; and to overawe Parliament, you are told, is High Treason: and as no one, it may be supposed, is very desirous of being hanged, drawn and quartered——

“ Must not things mend in their common course,

“ From bad to worse, from worse to that is worst: ”

SPENCER.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, a sapient magistrate in the northern extremity of the country—a place for the magistrates of which I dare say we all have a becoming esteem)—I mean to say the *Lord Justice Clerk*, on the trial of *Morton* and others for sedition, chose to observe that “ the poor of this country, particularly those infatuated people styling themselves The Friends of the People, pay no taxes at all. It is the landed-property men alone that pay all the taxes; for look you, my Lords, we pay the poor for their labour; and so, as we gi the poor the filler to pay the taxes wi, it is we, in truth, that pay aw the taxes. And if they be not content with our good laws and wise government, they may e’en tack their ails upon their backs, and pack off wi themselves. And let them gang, we’ll be better quat o’ them. But we can’t take our land upon our backs: Na; we mun stay.”—So that, notwithstanding the increased price of rent—notwithstanding the encreased price of the commodities of life, upon which, by the way, all taxes ultimately fall—notwithstanding every burthen and imposition which the laborious poor are subject to, we are told that they pay no part of the taxes: and, as a notable proof of this, we are told that they have nothing left, but that which they can put upon their backs, and go off whenever they choose: and as an equal proof that the rich people, the landed *property men* pay all the taxes, they tell you they have the misfortune to be encumbered with such valuable estates, that it is impossible for

for them to go, let things be as bad as they will. They cannot put their land upon their backs, and consequently they *must stay*.

Citizens, I might here animadvert upon the unchangeable nature of court politics. *Justice Clerk* tells the common people they may get themselves gone, as soon as they will. They may put their alls upon their backs, and away they may trudge; for that it will be a good thing to be rid of them.—What does the cabinet of this country say at this time? Why, it issues a mandate (legally, I grant you, but mark how consistently) saying, that though you are upon the brink of starvation—though your children are crying to you for bread—though distress and misery of every description encircle you round, you shall not attempt to depart from this country, if you have not the permission of *Mr. Secretary Dundas*. It shall be esteemed as a crime of a very high magnitude. You shall be dragged from the ships, and the ships shall be detained, and not permitted to proceed upon their voyage. You shall have but one alternative—either to starve in your cottages, or be both starved and butchered too, in the ranks of those armies who are fighting for a cause from which undoubtedly you will receive very great advantages; though I very much doubt whether any of you are wise enough to discover in what that advantage will consist. But why animadvert upon inconsistencies? If men can sit upon the bench, and talk such rank nonsense as this, what matters whether they contradict to-day what they said yesterday, or to-morrow what they say to-day?—The labouring part of the community may take their alls upon their back, and quit the country!!! Suppose they did, what would *Lord Justice Clerk's* landed estate be worth, after they were gone? what would it produce? I will tell him what it would produce—Such innumerable swarms of vermin as would threaten him with immediate destruction, and to deliver him from which he would pray for the restoring arms of those Sans Culottes whom oppressive cruelty had banished from the country. What can *Lord Justice Clerk*, and all the Lords and the Justices—and the Lord knows who to help them, produce from their estates? Let them sow them with the musty records of the courts of law; let them plant them with acts of parliament, and manure them with the sanguinary sentences of the Court of Jusiciary; let them, if they choose, dig holes, and bury that gold which they so idolized. What will it produce? Briars, thorns, thistles enough undoubtedly. Every sort of annoyance it will produce.

produce. But bread, the food of man, the barley that should make him wholesome liquor, will it yield them these? Will it feed their sheep or oxen, or make them broad cloath? No.—No sort of commodity whatever, for sustenance or comfort, will their land, their law, or their acts of Parliament produce them. Nor will all the mandates of the Privy Council, nor the grave decisions of the Bench make a potatoe grow without cultivation, or turn acorns into melons and peaches. No: these they must receive from the labours of that common rabble, without whom the *Lord Justice Clerk* has the wisdom to say, they could do a great deal better than with them.

O what a sort of system is it we live under, when Judges sit upon the Bench and preach doctrines so absurd and so pernicious: doctrines which nothing can equal but the intoxicated cruelty of the late aristocrats of France, who, while in their gilded carriages, they rolled carelessly over some poor tattered beggar, whom they disdained to turn out of the way to avoid, have been known to exclaim "It is no matter. It is only one of the common fellows; and we had always too many of these wretches!"

We have seen, Citizens what has been the consequence of such doctrines in France, I hope we shall see no such consequences here. But if we do, whose is the fault? Does it rest with those who call out to the oppressor "forbear your inhumanity—Reform your ill policy?" or does it result from those who pollute the sacred vestments of authority by doctrines so diabolical as that which I have read?

Another cause of the growing scarcity to which I shall refer you, is the monopoly of farms. The time has been, as Goldsmith beautifully expresses it, the happy time, "when every rood of land maintained its man." What is the case now! Where will you go for those little farms which supported in comfort, and supplied with all the simple necessities and deficiencies of life, a family healthy from its industry, virtuous from surrounding necessities, and whose interests were inseparably united by the humble situation it was placed in with that of the great mass of the people? Those little farms are no longer to be found. Large proprietors have grasped whole provinces, almost, in one concern; and that useful order of men is annihilated, to make room for the spacious granaries, and unwieldy opulence of monopolists and speculators, who, by reason of their wealth and fewness, find combination and compact easy, and rule the market at their own will and pleasure.

A cor-

A correspondent, residing in Shropshire, gives me the particulars of some circumstances which have taken place in his own neighbourhood. He tells me that, in two villages, in the neighbourhood of his own residence, he remembers, at no considerable distance of time, nine farms to have been contained in the one, and seven farms in the other: each of which supported, of course, the families of the occupiers in decency and comfort. What is the condition now? The *nine* farms are reduced to *three*; and the *seven* are reduced to *two*. Thus then you have two families living in luxury, where you used to have seven maintained in decent competency; and you have three exulting in their large possessions, where you used to have nine carrying their produce to a fair and early market, to the accommodation and benefit of society.

Whose is the advantage of this? There can be no doubt: the landed proprietor's. He collects his rent with less trouble. He finds it more easy to obtain it immediately at the time when it is due; or the proprietor, forsooth, is a man of capital and credit; and if he cannot get specie from him, he can get circulating paper. He finds, also, that he is enabled to demand a higher rent; because when only one family is to be supported, where three were to be supported before, the farmer can be content with a more moderate ratio of profit, and yet his family live in greater abundance than the three families could afford.

This is not all. The mischief does not stop here. This monopoly of farms destroys competition, and encourages speculation; and consequently creates an artificial, and increases the real, scarcity. The little farmer was obliged to take his commodity into the market, when he wanted to make up his rent, or other payments; the great farmer can keep it in his barns till he meets with a chapman at such a price as he chooses to put upon it. The little farmer could not speculate upon the chances of scarcity, and thus create one where otherwise it would never have existed; the great farmer can: he finds no inconvenience in such speculation; because, being a man of considerable property, a man of *respectability*, (as we denominate those who have the power and the inclination to starve their fellow beings by wholesale) he knows that, if he is pressed for an immediate supply, he can have it, by means of the fictitious circulating medium. The fact is, that the very character of a farmer is almost annihilated. In many parts of the country you see no such thing as an individual who attends to his own farm, and is thus brought to something like

like a level with the labourers whom he employs. Instead of this the land is divided between vast proprietors, who consider their farms as objects of commercial speculation, and who look down upon the poor dependent drudges who toil for them, as beings who have no sort of title to commiseration and fellow feeling.

Citizens, we must immediately perceive, if we use a moment's reflection, that in the present state of human intellect and human passions, absolute equality of property is totally impossible. It is a visionary speculation which none but the calumniators of the friends of freedom ever entertained. *Reeves* and his associators might deem it convenient to suppose persons to entertain such notions; but they existed only in the distempered brains of Alarmists. But though this is not attainable, there is another state of society perfectly practicable, and which is the best substitute for this poetical vision—this golden age of absolute equality: I mean the imperceptible gradations of rank, where step rises above step by slow degrees, and link mingles with link in intimate and cordial union, till the whole society connected together by inseparable interests indulges that fellow feeling between man and man, from which, and from which alone, the real fruits of humanity and justice can be expected.

Alas! "What can we argue but from what we know?" This argument, so often applied as the test of science, we may apply to feeling also. We must know what calamity is, before we can feel for it. The calamities of the order of society but just below us!—an order into which we see the possibility that we may ourselves descend, press home to our feelings. We enter into the particulars that constitute their poignancy—we understand their nature, and we feel them in their full force. We are disposed both to respect and relieve them. But he who has been nursed in pomp and luxury, looks down upon the poor drudge, by whom he is supported, as a beast of burden, created for his ease and advantage; and feels no more for his calamities, in three instances out of four, than for the pangs of the expiring brute who bleeds beneath the stroke of the butcher to supply his table.

But these imperceptible gradations are destroyed by the present monopolizing system. There are but three classes of men left among us—the monied speculators, among whom may be classed the great farmers I have been describing; the proud high towering drones, who hum, and buz, and make a noise in the hive; but who never brought a morsel of honey
into

into the cells; and the poor hard-working drudges, who toil from day to night, and almost from night to day, and receive for their useful and important services the bitter inheritance of unpitied poverty. In great towns it is true gradations something more various may be traced; even in these we are hastening to the same dismal state of separation. Hence it is, from these wide gaps, these chasms in society, that there is no common interest, no general affection, no universal sympathy, binding man to man, and constituting one great, united, harmonious mass, having but one object, and adhering steadily together for the preservation of each other and the attainment of that object.

Perhaps it is not proper for me, who certainly am not very far advanced in agricultural speculations, to lay down any particular regulations; but I doubt very much whether it would not be to the happiness of this country, if no farm was held by any individuals of more than two hundred acres. But we have now thousands of acres held in one farm.—What wonder, then, that there are monopolies? What produces monopolies? When great competition exists monopoly cannot flourish. But when the power of competition is in the hands of a few individuals, they have nothing to do but to agree to do that which their mutual interest will prompt them to fulfill, and they have the whole public at their mercy; and the power of starving them into a compliance with their extravagant demands.

Citizens, I do not intend to indulge myself frequently in speculative projects. But one has been submitted to me which I think worthy of attention. I have formerly shewn you, that almost half the land in this island remains in an uncultivated state. “Now we will suppose,” says my correspondent, “that four millions of acres of this was parcelled into small farms of 80 or 100 acres; this would become a receptacle for 50,000 families put into possession of a comfortable subsistence; and would give us in a few years, by the increased accommodation and comfort of these families, an addition to the rising generation of many thousand individuals. Take into consideration also the advantage that would result to agricultural production: and if we suppose only 30 acres of tillage in one farm, this, on low calculation, would produce us 12,500,000 measures of nett grain.” I do not pledge myself to the accuracy of the calculations made in this proposal: But it is easy to see what advantages might result by employing our revenues in such improvements instead of lavishing

lavishing them in projects of sanguinary ambition. These are the means by which our grandeur and power might be indeed increased, instead of depopulating the continent, and rushing into frantic crusades to extinguish the principles of Jacobinism, and restore Royalty and popish Idolatry.—Restore Royalty in France!—We restore Royalty in France!—What absurdity!—What injustice!—Whether the principles of Royalty be right or wrong—whether Republicanism be right or wrong—whether Jacobinism ought to triumph, or Jacobinism ought to fall, what was it to us in the present instance? It was the affair of France, and France ought to be left to settle it; nor had we any more right to go to war to compel that nation to adopt a government according to our taste than I have to break into your houses, and say you have no right to have any sort of food upon your table but such as I choose for you. You like roast beef, perhaps; but you shall have nothing but boiled. You, perhaps, are a Jew and will not eat pork. I tell you you shall have nothing but pork; and if you do not forego your damned Judaical infidelity, and eat pork when I command you, I will pull every hair out of your chin, and turn you out as bare as ever your King Nebuchadnezzar was turned out, to graze upon the common, and eat cold fallads with the beasts of the field.

Another circumstance connected very closely with the state of agriculture is the encouragement given to the breed of horses. No person can be at a loss to conceive how very large a proportion of those commodities which might administer to the comfortable support of man, is devoured by the numerous train of horses kept for a variety of purposes in this country. If we turn our eyes to the studs of Noblemen and Princes; if we consider that many, for mere pomp and vanity, have kept hundreds of horses in stables vying for splendour with the palaces of our nobility, erected at an expence that would build cottages for all the poor in the neighbourhood of London:—if we consider the monstrous quantity of steeds trained for the purposes of gaming, to increase the detestable art of lavishing property on vice and profligacy, instead of bestowing it upon benevolence and charity;—if we take all those circumstances into the calculation which will arise in your minds at the bare mention of the subject, we cannot but immediately reflect, what a large decrease must be thus occasioned of the produce which would otherwise contribute to the support of man. Consider how many cattle might graze, and how much wheat might grow upon the tracts of land allotted

lotted for these steeds; tell me if in this article of luxury and fashion you do not find one of the permanent, though growing causes of that scarcity of provisions of which we at this time complain.

This, also, is extended still further. The farmer must have steeds which occasionally he can convert into horses of pleasure. His very plough would be disgraced by having an ox in it; every part of labour, some of which might even be better performed by oxen, is performed by horses.

To this, also, we ought to add the waste, the profligacy, the dissipation, and destructive vices which result from the scandalous practice of keeping an enormous train of lounging fellows in liveries, the whole of whose labour is devoted, not to increasing the necessities of life, not to add to the useful productions of society, but to increasing the vice, the licentiousness, the luxury, the pride of their employers, swelling them up with the monstrous idea that one set of men was formed to cringe at the footstools of another; and that there are, in reality, distinctions in society besides those of wisdom and virtue. It would be digressing too far to describe all the mischiefs that result to the morals both of the *Lord* thus waited on, and the *Slave* that waits. My present concern is only with the effects upon the production and consumption of the necessities of life; and these are obvious to the most casual observation. I cannot, however, pass by an opportunity of observing, that the very practice of being waited on by a train of insolent slaves in Merry-andrew's coats, besides its other pernicious consequences to society, has a necessary tendency to encourage the idea that one set of men is formed of baser materials than another; that they were born to cringe and bow to a few terrestrial deities; or to be hewers of wood, and drawers of water, mere beasts of burden, for the convenience and pleasure of the erect and lordly few, who call themselves the higher ranks of life: When the fact is, that these characteristics, which we so properly despise, result not from the original nature of man, but from the vicious institutions of society, which make many administer to the luxuries of one; instead of cultivating that spirit of equality to which I hope, one day or other, to see the human race aspire.

It would be unpardonable, when talking of the inconveniences under which our agriculture lies, if I were to pass over the subject of tithes: an oppressive burden, which presses with particular hardship upon those articles to which a con-

siderable degree of favour ought to be extended, in adjusting the burthens of the State. The necessary articles of consumption ought, surely, by the wisdom and care of every Government, to be put under such protection and regulations that they should be sold at the easiest possible rate. How is this to be done? By taxing the farmer, first of all, in common with the other inhabitants of the country, thro' every gradation of his profession, and in every form which the ingenuity of financiers can devise, and then in addition to all this, laying upon his shoulders the aggravated burden of priestly imposition to the amount of a tenth of the gross produce of the soil! A burthen, which, when we consider what has been expended in rent to the landlord, in cultivation of the land, in gathering in the harvest, and a thousand incidental expences, will be found to amount at least to one third part of the profit. This might, perhaps, have been endured with patience at a time when superstition reigned over every mind—when priests were considered as Gods, and had sometimes the audacity openly to call themselves such. But now that the eyes of mankind are opened—when they begin to perceive that every one has a right to save his soul in his own way, and that the pulpit is but too generally prostituted to purposes of political usurpation, the motive for cheerful compliance with so heavy a contribution is no more, and the burthen falling without alleviation upon our shoulders, we cannot but reflect on the immediate effect which this must have on the price of the necessary articles of consumption.

But let us consider also, not only the immediate, but the secondary operation of this *sacred* tax. Has it not a tendency to depress the spirit of agricultural improvement? What encouragement have I to labour from the increase of the produce of my land? What temptations do you hold out to me to improve the soil upon which I live, and to invent new methods of tillage and agriculture, by which society would be benefited? Why this is the advantage: You tell me that a man to hear whom, perhaps, I may piously go three times every Sunday; or to whom, perhaps, I may think it greater piety not to go at all; either because his doctrines are averse to the prejudices in which I have been educated; or because my mind has, some how or other, towered above, or sunk below (for it is not for me to decide) the objects to which he would direct my attention:—This man is to reap the profit of my toil. This man is to reap the harvest I have sown. And, in addition to the increased rent which I must pay to the

the landlord, in consequence of the benefit I have conferred upon his land, I am to have an increased burden upon my shoulders to the pious gentleman in the black gown, from whose assistance, I am told, I am not to reap any advantage in this world; but am to receive a copious harvest in the world to come. I have heard say *there are but two sorts of bad pay-masters: those who pay before hand, and those who never pay at all.* But unfortunately every one of us is obliged to be a bad paymaster in this particular. We are obliged to give prompt payment here: but we must trust to the other world for remuneration: where, if we should be deceived, we shall have no opportunity of bringing the individual to the bar of the King's Bench, to receive compensation from the verdict of an honest jury.

It must, however, be admitted that these men have their *uses* in society. When the country is plunged in war, no matter how, there are generally, you know, fasts and prayers appointed, in order to influence the people to exert themselves courageously to procure a successful issue to that war. Now it must be admitted, that these *pious gentlemen* have considerable influence in persuading the people to yield their throats to the knife, for the grandeur and emolument of ministers, and, of course, you know, for our glorious constitution. But to speak a little seriously, whatever might be the objects in view in establishing such an institution as this, is the imposition I am speaking of a means to make that institution successful? Is it consistent with policy, even, that the teachers and hearers should be in a perpetual state of warfare? Yet what but a perpetual state of warfare results, or can result, from this system of tithes? Every person at all acquainted with the history of any country village knows the disgraceful litigations, scandalous to morality, scandalous to the character of man, with which the parishioners are harrassed by their ministers, who preach forbearance, and practice intolerance; who tell them they are not to throw their debtor in jail for the sake of a little property, and yet put their debtor into worse than any jail whatever, the Spiritual Court, for what common sense and justice cannot discover to be any debt at all.

I believe the best thing for the happiness and morals of mankind is, that every individual should choose his own religion, according to the conviction of his own heart. If he chooses with TOM PAINE to say THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; and DOING GOOD MY RELIGION, I see no reason why he should be persecuted for that faith.

If he chooses to bow down to the Trinity; believing that one is three, and three is one, it is scandalous to interrupt the freedom and tranquility of his worship. It is equally scandalous to interrupt that freedom and tranquility if, on the one hand he chooses to worship God in single Unity, or to bow down, on the other, to all the wooden Saints or moulton calves "which God-smiths can invent, or Priests devise." Let him hear all. Let him listen to all. Let him judge of all with candour, and let him remember that *his* grandmother, and *his* nurse (generally the first formers of our religion) are no better judges, nor more infallible Doctors in these matters, than the Pope of Rome, or any other old woman that might happen to model the infant faith of his neighbours. Let him determine according to the dictates of his conscience. (He can have no other guide than conscience or fear. Let those take the scoundrel passion—the principle of fear, whose minds have not nerve enough for bold enquiry. I am for the British manliness of internal conviction!) Let him hear whom he chooses; and let the instructor and the pupil settle their own terms. It is no business of your's or mine where our neighbour goes, or what he believes, or what he pays. All our business is whether he is a good member of society, whether he exerts his faculties, mental or corporeal, to advance the interests of society.

If so general and benevolent a sentiment is adopted, the diabolical "rancour of theological hatred" must be exterminated from the mind of man; and difference of opinion would no more beget that rancour and animosity that have so long deformed the universe; and, under the mask of propagating the religion of peace, spread fire and sword and desolation through the world: while not content with external ravages, the baneful rapacity with which it has been accompanied has seized upon the vitals of national industry; has damaged the improvement of the most useful arts; checked the progress of agriculture, and aggravated the dearth and scarcity of those articles necessary for the subsistence of human life.

Such, Citizens, appear to me to be among the leading causes that affect the *agricultural productions* of the country. There is another branch, however, of this subject which must not be passed over in silence. Corn and cattle are among the most important articles of consumption; but they are not the only resources of life. This country is so happily situated that both these may fail to a considerable degree, and yet
barring

barring impolitic regulations, no famine reach us. We are surrounded by seas and watered by innumerable rivers: yet what is the situation of the fisheries of this country? Look to our northern coasts, in particular, (you might look at every coast) and see what neglect prevails. Consider how long the people of Holland, more industrious and more politic than ourselves, have caught our own fish upon our own shores; salted them, and preserved them; and afterwards sold them to us, at a price extravagantly increased, in diminished quantities. I have dwelt, in a former lecture, upon this subject; and upon the impolitic duties and regulations, with respect to salt. In my lecture upon the genuine means of averting national calamities, I entered considerably into the subject; and, as I have printed that lecture, in the first number of my Tribune, I shall not go into it again. There are some facts, however, not noticed there, which ought not to be passed over in silence.

Some provisions, under pretence of checking the growth of this evil, have been made: but they are very inefficient; and perhaps, were even intended to be so. In Aberystwith, in Wales, in particular, it is common for the fishermen, during the season, to go out in the morning, and catch as many fine cod, and fish of that description, as they think they shall be able to sell in their own market. These they throw upon the beach; and the people, of all descriptions, come down and purchase what they want—the finest large fish at a penny a piece. An attempt was made, some years ago, to raise them to two-pence; and the common people were so indignant, that they threatened insurrection; and the fishermen were obliged to keep them at the old price. My correspondent, from whom I have the anecdote—a person who has sent some literary productions into the world, enquired why they did not catch a large quantity, as they seemed to procure them with so much ease; but he was answered—To what use shall we catch more than we can sell? We can get no cheap salt to keep them with. Upon enquiring what was meant by cheap salt, he found that a regulation had been made, some years ago, which required a given quantity of salt to be sold, without any duty, at the salterns or manufactories in that part of the country; in order that the salting of fish might be encouraged, for the benefit of the poor of that neighbourhood in particular, and of the interior of the island in general. But what was the consequence? Did the poor fishermen, the common class of the people, reap the benefit of this! No. They

They had more wealthy, and more powerful neighbours, whose turn (for they are represented in Parliament) was first to be served; and the swinish disfranchised herd, who have no voice by which their complaints can be made known, were to be deprived of the means of laying up, in the plentiful season, that which might support them in the time of scarcity. A few wealthy individuals, in order to prevent the trade from getting into the hands of these little retail haglers, which they thought would be injurious to their monopolizing plans, contract, regularly, for the whole of the salt that is thus permitted to be sold without duty; and the poor are not permitted to have a single grain of it for their own tables. Thus, instead of the common people salting the fish, and preserving it for themselves, or carrying it to market, the cheap salt is absolutely bought up, and, as it is said, not made use of at all; lest the product of the fisheries, which monopolizing individuals have a particular interest in keeping at as high a price as possible, should get into the hands of the common people, and be sold at reduced prices.

That there are many practices of this kind it is impossible for us to avoid concluding, when we consider the present price of fish; and what it used to be in former times;—when we consider that the inhabitants on the banks of the Severn, where the finest salmon is caught, can rarely get a single fish; and that in almost every place, where these luxuries used to abound, the same complaint is to be heard. The reason is, that the fishermen are under contract with certain great factors, to sell to them the whole of the fish that they catch; and are bound by engagements, to destroy what is not wanted for their limited markets. This statement, at first view, would appear like fiction; but I have the facts from persons who reside in the neighbourhood of the Severn, and who have had opportunities of ascertaining them. I know that, at first blush, it would appear that this is impolitic in the contracting parties; for that the more they sell, the larger would be the profit. But this is not the case. If the individual can obtain any thing like the sum for a tenth part of the commodity, which he would obtain for the whole—If he obtains even the half, he receives a very advanced emolument: because the agents to be employed in the sale, the care to be taken to prevent the whole from being spoiled, the expence of carriage, &c. &c. are much less when he sells a small, than when he sells a very large quantity.

• But

But how should any individual have the right of making such regulations? Why should the streams which flow from the liberal urn of nature; which are fed by the waters of heaven, and break their unbidden way through the veins of the earth—those streams which are cultivated by no man—which are stocked by no man—which receive no benefit from this man's capital, or that man's capital—why should they be the property of individuals? Are they not the bounties of nature? and has not every one of nature's children a right to share her bounties? Unless, forsooth, you choose to tell us the great are the only legitimate children of nature, and that the rest are bastardized by those statutes of aggrandizement which have lifted a few to rank, emoluments and distinctions, which the mass can never hope to attain!

Such then are a part, and but a part, of the causes of that increasing dearness of provisions, and consequent misery of the mass of the people, of which we complain. That the effects of these gradually operating causes have lately been very much aggravated by others of a temporary nature, has been already shewn; nor shall I attempt to recapitulate them at this late hour of the evening. Suffice it to say, that, like the present war, with which they are so intimately connected, they may all be traced to the same original spring of action—a systematic aversion in our cabinet to the principles of liberty.

There is one of these topics, however, upon which I slightly touched at the conclusion of the lecture of Wednesday last, that seems to demand more ample notice than I then had time to give it; not only as it is most intimately connected with the immediate subject of these lectures, but as it tends to illustrate, in a most eminent degree, the real character and views of our Ministers. It will be obvious that I allude to the affairs of Poland.

It cannot be unknown to you that Poland, in a very considerable degree, was considered as the granary of Europe. What must have been the consequence of the devastations of last Summer? Consider that this granary of the world, instead of being cultivated by the peaceful plough-share, has been rent by the iron scythe of military tyranny;—that the industrious peasants, who used to cultivate the soil, have been prevented from that cultivation by the trumpet, which has called them to arms; by the gnawing thought, that what they produced another might reap; that the sons of Liberty might plow the earth, but that the demons of Despotism might come with

with their scythes and claim the rich harvest, and carry that which ought to have supported a race of men proud of hard-earned independence, into the granaries of northern savages, whose only refinement is slaughter, and whose only appetite, blood and cruelty.

Consider also the devastations of war which have raged through that fine country. Consider the extent to which this calamity has been diffused during that struggle, whose glorious energy, and whose prospects of success, so frequently cheered my heart, while confined within the mansions of the Tower, at a time when prospects of the happiness of other countries were the only consolations of the generous Briton;—for every thing at home laid tamely prostrate at the feet of a despotic faction.—Poor devoted Poland! you might have calculated largely upon the hardships and calamities you had to struggle with; but you had one enemy which, perhaps, never entered into your speculations. You did not expect that corruption would be employed by a British minister, to blast and paralyse your glorious efforts; and to firing with increased energy the tyrannic arm of the Prussian despot!

Citizens, this conduct of the minister of this country—this underhanded exertion to crush the liberties of Poland, discover to you a dismal secret. If you reflect, it will unfold to you the real objects which that minister has in view. Compare this conduct with the conduct of those ministers in the time of Charles II. who, it is now universally admitted, aimed at the establishment of despotism. What conduct did they pursue? Wherever the dawn of liberty was to be discovered, there the British cabinet found a foe. The republic of Holland felt the eternal hostility of the British court. Why? Because the flame of liberty, such as it was in Holland, was thought to be inimical to the project of Charles's ministers for extinguishing the remaining spark of liberty in Britain. Therefore it was that attempts were made to destroy republican Holland. Therefore it was that a Stadtholder was forced upon that people. Therefore it was that Charles's ministers intrigued with the despot of France, for the destruction and overthrow of Holland. That destruction he did not effect; for, just at the time when the brave Batavians, despairing of being able to defend their country, were about to embark, and transport themselves to the East-Indies, the genius of British liberty burst forth, and compelled the the court of Britain to alter its detestable measures.

Compare

Compare these facts with the conduct of our ministers in the present struggle on the continent. Why should the minister of this country, who deals forth his hypocritical admiration of the constitution of this country, be hostile to the liberties of the Poles? They were not Jacobins. They did not proclaim *liberty* and *equality*. They did not erect guillotines. They did not pretend that *sans Culottism* was to be the basis of their constitution. They did not venture (they were not enlightened enough—they were not wise enough—if they had, they would have triumphed!)—they did not venture to proclaim the equal rights of man. They did not attempt to set up a government, in which every individual should have an equal share in the appointment of the legislature. They were not Robespierrists:—they were not even republicans! Why then was there such animosity on the part of the British cabinet against the Polish revolution?—Citizens—Citizens! I fear we shall be compelled to conclude, that the real hatred of our ministers is not against republicanism, but against liberty; not against Jacobinism, but against the least shadow and appearance of independency, and the rights of human beings; a settled abhorrence for every thing like free, just, and humane laws.

O hypocrisy! how transparent is thy veil!—Pitt pretends to approve of limited monarchy: yet Poland attempted to establish a limited monarchy, and Pitt subsidized a German despot to counteract the attempt; and this very Pitt has since told you in the House of Commons (for the audacity of some men is equal to their profligacy!) that if he had been aware of the use to which the subsidies *he* granted would be applied, he would nevertheless have subsidized the King of Prussia. We have therefore his own authority for pronouncing that he was at least friendly to the subjugation of the brave and virtuous Poles. But for this subsidy, it is clear Prussia could not have resisted the brave efforts of the gallant *Kosciusko*. He did not resist them effectually at last. He felt (and trembled while he felt) the zeal, the ardour of that brave peasant.—Yes, *peasant* I will call him; for *Kosciusko*, like *Stanhope*, was an aristocrat only by birth: he could perceive that the peasantry are the life, the soul, the existence of society; and therefore he gloried in the character, and assumed the appearance: like a peasant he fought—like a peasant he conquered—and, at last, like a peasant fell—to *chains* indeed! to *anguish*! but not to *infamy*. No: he fell *from prosperity*; but he rose *to glory*. His name will be resounded; his memory will be

beloved. Posterity will bow adoration to his bust, when *Pitt* and all his dependants, are swept down the tide of oblivion; or if their names are preserved, will only be preserved to infamy.

O Poland! Poland!—Yes there was a time when the friends of liberty might flatter themselves with a hope, that not the General of the Poles, but the *despot* of Prussia (for it is now no longer treason to speak of him as he deserves!) would have felt the galling of chain. But, alas! the gold of Britain enabled him to hold out till the Russian barbarians were ready to take the field.

The Russian!—How my blood curdles at the name! O Poland! O exhausted country! O depopulated Warsaw! whose brave exertions against one despot had robbed thee of the energy that should have defended thee against another!—what heart bleeds not for thy fate! Behold the fiend *Zuwarrow*, hot from scenes of massacre and cruelty, where *Ismael's* sons groaned and bled, by thousands, at his command; nor even *Circassia's* daughters, the beauties of the east, no, nor the smiling infants at the breast escaped his butchering knife. *Zuwarrow* comes, and Warsaw's streets groan beneath his blood-stained steps. And thou, Imperial Dæmon! thou cursed Hyæna of the north, thou pouredst thy savage fury in his soul, and gavest the dagger edge.

Thus Poland fell. It sunk beneath the sanguinary grasp; and scenes of bloodshed and horror marked its fall. Liberty expired; humanity groaned; the hero and his bride; the infant and his parent fell together, in one promiscuous carnage. Such are the triumphs—such the humanity of that regular government, by whose assistance Order and Justice are to be restored in France.

What then was the consequence of this subsidy to Poland? Desolation and massacre. What was the consequence to Britain? The produce of that country, which, if our Cabinet had yielded to the wishes of the people, for the people's hearts were with the Poles (where the heart of the Minister was—if, indeed, he has such a thing, which may be called in question).—The produce of that country, which might have been sent into our ports—that abundance which might have relieved our distresses, is gone. It is not only *robbed from us*: It is destroyed, annihilated. It is worse than *lost to us*; worse than *fallen into the hands of our enemies*. It has fallen into the wide womb of non-entity: it has perished, and we can

can never recover it. Is this then—this Machiavelian policy of our rulers, not connected with the causes of our calamities?

We were told, at a former period, when our blessed Sovereign had the misfortune to labour under certain derangements of his transcendent intellects—we were told by the right reverend fathers in God, the Bishops in conclave assembled—and what right reverend Bishops tell us who shall venture to call in question?—we were told, that the crimes of the people had caused the calamities of the Sovereign. Whether this be true or no, I shall not dispute. I do not pretend to be as well versed in the occult sciences, as the reverend bench of Bishops. But this I know, that whether the crimes of the people produced the calamities of the Sovereign or not, the crimes of his Majesty's Ministers frequently produce the calamities both of prince and people.

Thus in the time of Charles I. when the *apostate Wentworth*, once a bawling advocate for liberty, became minister of the crown, and Earl of Strafford, we find that his bad policy brought the nation into a civil war, and the Sovereign to the block. We find, also, that when *Louis XVI.* yielded the reins of government to that profligate wretch, *Calonne*, that *Calonne*, by his arts and intrigues, plunged the country into bankruptcy and misery; and afterwards, his intrigues plunged *Louis XVI.* into perjury, and eventually the country into anarchy: an anarchy which Pitt and his coadjutors would persuade you was occasioned by the friends of liberty; but which, in reality, was occasioned by the intrigues of the friends of despotism: by the cabals of that wretch *Calonne*, the crimes him, of *Condé*, and *Artois*, and the profligacy of the court of France.

Citizens, I am no advocate for the doctrine of constructive treason. But if it could be admitted, must we not determine that those ministers are guilty of high treason, who seeing the effects of this misconduct, pursue precisely the same line of conduct, which *Calonne* and the apostate *Wentworth* had pursued before.

The fact is, Citizens, that the worst calamities of every nation result from the profligacy of ministers. Ever careless of the welfare of the people, and ever grasping to increase revenue and the wages of corruption, they continue the ravages of oppression, till the energies and resources of the country are exhausted, and desolation appears in every corner. And mark how that corruption has swelled of late among us. See the torrent which it has spread over the country. Once it

was a little rippling stream, it played and murmured round the purlieus of the court; in time it became a spreading river; now a mighty torrent, it has burst its banks, and swelling like another Nile, has drowned the nation in one general inundation: and behold the half-formed monsters of vice, of misery, and luxurious deformity, which rise from its polluted slime!

Yes, Citizens, there was a time when corruption had its bounds; when one place was sufficient for one man. But now, so intrepid becomes the honesty of our courtiers, so zealous and enthusiastic are they in preserving the rights of the people, so much additional energy have they acquired, that to sap their independence requires not one place only, but a dozen, before they will consent to support the measures of the court, and become hostile to the welfare of the people. I shall not attempt to illustrate this by enumerating all the places possessed by *Pitt* and his family in England, by *Dundas* and his family in Scotland, or by *Beresford* and his family in Ireland. In short, such is the power and patronage grasped by these three worthless beings, that England, Scotland and Ireland seem to contain but three men; each of whom, if you touch but the hair of his head, or threaten to remove him from his places, even though you leave him his salaries and emoluments, can threaten you with a civil war, and, perhaps, the wreck and ruin of the whole government.

From this monopoly of places arises another misfortune. For you know *ministers must be supported*; and if they monopolize all the old places to themselves, they must create so many more new places for their dependants. Thus we find, that instead of two Secretaries of State, we have three: all *principal Secretaries of State*, though one of them, forsooth, is hardly permitted to sign his name to a warrant of any description, unless it be to arrest a Jacobinical fellow for high treason, without permission from his high and mighty master and coadjutor, *Dundas*.

As to the creation of lesser places, it were in vain to enumerate these—Boards of Controll, Offices of *Police*, and Boards of Agriculture, with salaries for apostate secretaries; and I know not what. I will refer you, however, for an instance to the Tower, where if you should have the good fortune to experience the same opportunities of information that I have had, you may learn, that in consequence of the economical arrangements of that great reformer, the Duke of Richmond, wherever there are three labourers doing any sort of work, there are always six clerks to see that they do it.

I beg

—I beg pardon, Citizens, I have been guilty of a slight inaccuracy in this statement: the language of the Tower is, that wherever there are three labourers doing *nothing*, there must always be six clerks to see that it is done. Then we must take into consideration, also, the increase of pensions and secret service money; and the compromises which the ministry coming in always makes with the ministry going out. Once it was thought sufficient, when one set of rogues—I beg your pardon—I meant to say ministers went out, for the other set who came in to promise them indemnity; and that they would not impeach them, and bring them to the block. But now, indemnity! they will say with a sneer—indemnity! holding their hands behind them as they retire—I must have something besides indemnity, or I will become so flaming a Patriot, I will not only oppose your measures, but blow up the whole system—let the people into the secrets of office, and make your places not worth your holding. Your contracts, your monopolies, your discounts upon subsidies, your pensions from foreign Courts, all shall be exposed.—Indemnity, indeed! I say indemnity! Give me a good pension, and I will oppose you only in a parliamentary way. But if you do'nt, take care of me, I shall grow desperate, and

“ Let in the light to Pluto's drear abodes,
“ Abhorr'd by men, and hateful e'en to Gods.”

If you want authority for all this, I refer you to Fitzwilliam's letters; and if he does not say the same thing in other words, I have no wit in decyphering the courtly character.

That this inordinate growth of corruption is the spring and fountain head of all our calamities cannot be doubted: for it is clear and evident that this corruption, as it leads to waste, extravagance, and dissipation, as it leads to the decrease of productive labour, and an increase of those inordinate burthens and taxes that consume the profits of productive labour, must tend to increase the price of the necessities of life.

For evils like these, where shall we seek for redress? From tumult and violence? From destroying market houses, and breaking open the shops of butchers and bakers? fie, fie, fie! Can imagination be so dull as to suppose that outrage and tumult can redress calamities so enormous. A little partial evil may, perhaps, sometimes get redress from these criminal exertions; but calamities so great require the peaceful but determined energies of the national mind!—A loud, a fervid, and resolute remonstrance with our rulers. And a union and
association

association among ourselves that may command the respect of those, who have the boldness to despise our individual efforts. We must lay the axe deep to the root of the evil, and not suffer our attention to be diverted by tearing the lesser branches. The plain and simple fact is, that the happiness of the lower and middling orders of society, (for let us not be so deluded as to suppose, that the lower orders can be oppressed and the middle orders not feel the oppression!) the great body of the people are neglected, because the great body of the people are not represented in the legislature; and those who make the laws are not at all dependent upon their favour or approbation.

If you will have redress, seek it quietly, but seek it firmly. Redress the evils of corruption, by reforming the source of corruption.

There is no redress for a country situated as we are, but by restoring to the people their right of universal suffrage and annual parliaments: rights which nature dictates, and which no law can take away: rights which the constitution of this country has stamped with approbation; and which, if we wish for happiness and prosperity, we must seek to restore: for the plain and simple fact cannot be more concisely expressed, than in those words in which I have so often repeated it, that "there is no redress for a country situated as we are, but from a fair, full, and equal representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament."

[PRICE FOURPENCE.]

* * * No. XIX. containing the Lecture "On Barracks and Fortifications, with sketches on the character and treatment of the British soldiery," will be published Saturday the 22d of August.

THE

THE HAMLET.

(FROM THE PERIPATETIC.)

O! how sweet at the hour when, deep-blushing, appears
 The sun's swelling orb at the brink of the sky,
 And Eve, pensive Eve, bathes the vale with her tears,
 And Zephyr, sad Zephyr, expires in a sigh—
 O! how sweet at this hour, when half-wearied with toil,
 And each kind emotion awak'd in the breast
 That Heav'n's varied bounties and Nature's gay smile
 Ere stamp'd on the mind that by Fancy is blest—
 O! how sweet, at this hour, on the brow of some hill,
 By side the clear brook, or embower'd in the vale,
 Directed, perhaps, by the clack of the mill,
 Or Milkmaid's blithe carol, who sings o'er her pail,
 To approach the lone hamlet, our labours to close,
 And share the tir'd peasant's contented repose!
 O! how sweet, when each warbler that trill'd from the spray,
 Or to Heav'n's azure concave with rapture aspir'd
 (The tir'd pinion relax'd, hush'd in silence the lay)
 To the grove's covert shade with his mate has retir'd:
 How sweet, as around every cottage they play,
 (As you wind thro' the lane or the meadow) to hear
 The rude ruddy infants attune the wild lay!—
 What chorus so sweet to Humanity's ear?
 —Sport on, thoughtless babes! ah, yet sport and be gay,
 Enjoy the short rapture, and hail the bright glow!
 Nor reflect ('twere in vain) on the heels of the day
 'Tread Night and her shadows—tread Manhood and Woe!
 Ah! too near is the time that your sorrow assures—
 When toil and Affliction alone shall be yours!
 But see from the furrow, the glebe, and the plough,
 The peasants return with the toil-sullied brow:
 To their rest they return, to their scanty repast;
 For the hour of refreshment relieves them at last.
 As hither with toil-wearied steps they repair,
 Hark what lisps and what shouts their loud welcome declare;
 While, their sports broken off, how the innocents fly,
 And clasp each hard hand with a transport of joy;
 Or hang by the coat, as around them they throng,
 And lend their small efforts to drag them along.
 Each grief these endearments from memory blot,
 And the cares of the day, and its toils are forgot;
 Till again to their dames, o'er their scantling of ale,
 As they eat their brown bread, they supply the short tale:
 Then to bed they retire, their adventures to close,
 To taste (be they sweet!) the short boons of repose;
 While the wealthy and proud in mad riot and joy
 The fruits of their labour and hardships destroy.

Now

Now silence succeeds to the bustle of day,
 And the Moon's silver orb to the Sun's ruddy beam;
 Awhile thro' the dews let me pensively stray,
 And indulge soothing Fancy awhile in her dream.
 While the Nightingale trills, your sweet minstrel divine!
 Let me pierce, O ye Fays! your sequester'd retreat;
 With your Shakespeare, your Colins, your Fletcher recline;
 Your revels enjoy, and your fables repeat.
 Ah, why are ye fled, gentle Fays! from the Muse,
 Whose songs ye adorn'd, and whose lessons improv'd?
 Are ye fear'd that stern critics their sanction refuse?—
 Dull spectres of Night by malignity mov'd!
 Ah, scorn their dark malice, renew the wild strain;
 And give us our Fletchers and Shakespeares again.
 Such—such are my joys, in lone hamlet retir'd,
 When the toil of the day, and its pleasures are o'er.—
 Or, perhaps, with the throng by *rude Nature* inspir'd
 I share the blithe cup, and their feelings explore.
 Ah! little ye know, who, envelop'd by pride,
 Alone the dull pastimes of Grandeur behold,
 What life, and what fancy, and humour reside
 In these circles of Mirth by no Fashion control'd.
 How oft have I smil'd ('twas the smile of the heart,
 Not the simper of Form, by Hypocrisy taught;
 The mask of dull Custom, the effort of Art
 To escape, but in vain, from the torture of Thought.)
 How oft have I smil'd, their shrewd maxims to hear,
 And see the strong traits of wild Nature appear!
 Let the proud and the weak, then, the dull and the great,
 Who loiter in their coaches in indolent state,
 Who idle at home, but for idleness stray,
 And abroad only prize what's at home every day—
 Let to these the proud inn yield its splendour and down,
 And the Country repeat the dull pleasures of Town.
 Let me, whom each pleasure eccentric can move,
 Who would travel to *know* and would live to *improve*,
 When at eve my tir'd limbs relaxation require,
 To some snug little thatch, in some hamlet, retire;
 Where, the cravings of Nature content to supply,
 I may hear, or may join in the hind's rustic joy—
 May Man in his varied conditions compare,
 And learn the hard lot which too many must bear;
 That thus as with all I alternately blend,
 The *mind* may expand, and the *heart* may amend;
 Till embracing Mankind in one girdle of Love,
 In Nature's kind lesson I daily improve,
 And (no haughty distinctions to fetter my soul)
 As the brother of all, learn to feel for the whole.

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XIX.

THE LECTURE "*On BARRACKS and FORTIFICATIONS; with sketches of the character and treatment of the BRITISH SOLDIERY.*"
delivered Wednesday, June 10th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

THE subject that claims your attention this evening is the modern Ministerial rage for Barracks and Fortifications; with sketches of the character and treatment of the British Soldiery; and an enquiry into the genuine modes of national defence.

At the very outset of the consideration of this subject, it naturally suggests itself to us to enquire, *What are the real characteristics of the British nation?* and what have been the means and sources of her former strength and greatness? If we look to history we shall find, that the strength and grandeur of this country has always depended, not upon its military force, but upon its navy; and, if we enquire a little further, we shall be disposed to consider, that this circumstance does not depend upon any thing peculiar in the character of the British people,—not upon any difference in the original conformation of Englishmen, from the conformation of men of other nations:—for the plain and simple fact is, however historians may attempt to seduce us into a contrary belief, that Britons are but men, and that the inhabitants of all other countries are to be considered as men also, partaking of the same common nature, feelings, capacities, affections, and powers of mind and body: that they are, in fact, of one and the same family; and bound therefore by the same universal laws of nature and affection. We must look then not to the conformation of the British mind, nor to the conformation of the bodily constitution of Britons, for any thing either glorious or censurable, in the former history of Britain; but we must look to the circumstances in which the country has been placed, either with respect to its natural situation, institutions

of Government, or casual introduction of information and science for any differences of character or conduct among the people of this nation.

The plain and simple fact then is, that our situation in the universe has pointed out to us the peculiar character we ought to be most anxious to cultivate, both as to our peaceable pursuits, and the vindication of our rights against external foes.

Other countries, which form a part of the Continent, are, from the very nature of their situation, compelled to cultivate the military science: because they are, at all times, open to attacks from neighbouring enemies; and if they had not that martial characteristic among them, which enables them to defend their frontiers, the imaginary lines that may be drawn upon a map, or those more important barriers erected by the professors of tactics would but ill defend them against the ambition of conquest and dominion, so long as the present mischievous system, begot in Courts, and nurtured by ministerial intrigue, the system of war, shall continue to curse and torment the universe.

Happily for this country (had Ministers understood its happiness) we are situated in a different manner. The ocean has formed a rampart, more powerful than alps and fortresses, to defend us from those hostile attacks to which other nations are subjected; and thus has separated us, if we were wise enough to make use of the advantage, from the broils and politics of the other nations of Europe.

What a source of happiness does this offer to us! and how madly have we dashed the cup of felicity from our lips, and drained the bitter draught of voluntary misery even to the very dregs!

Certainly there is no country in Europe that has so excellent an opportunity of keeping itself perpetually at peace, as Britain; no country so little concerned in the phantastic *balance of power*; no nation that has had so few real occasions to see her children orphans in the streets, and her widows lamenting their husbands slain in the field of battle. Unfortunately, however, the country best calculated to remain in eternal peace, has not only been the most signal for frequent wars; but, from a destructive ambition reigning in her Court, and a melancholy defect in her institutions, which enables her Ministers to profit most when havoc and uproar rage with the greatest fury, has too frequently been the cause of provoking war throughout the universe; and keeping Europe, Asia,
and

and the West, in one continued strife of carnage and desolation.

This conduct, with respect to *the people*, who have been made subservient to it, may, perhaps, in some degree be accounted for from one of the worst dispositions that degrades the human character—a disposition to be indifferent to those calamities from which, by personal situation, we are ourselves secured.

These ramparts, raised by the billows of the ocean, have rendered us strangers, as it were, to the real calamities of war. We feel the burdens of taxation, it is true; and we feel them at this time cold and heavy, almost, as the iron hand of death, ready to crush us into non-existence. But we do not behold those ravages which other countries frequently experience. Our “burning villages do not light us in many a midnight march;” nor does “trenching war channel our fields, nor bruise our flowerets with the armed hoofs of hostile paces.” The fields cultivated for our support, are not laid waste by those aggressions that have reduced many parts of the Continent to worse than deserts.—Unfortunately for mankind,—nay permit me to say, and even for ourselves, we are too little acquainted with the real mischiefs produced by this system of war we are so fond of; and, remaining secure at home—that is to say—our statesmen, aristocrats, and rich traders, remaining secure at home, and partaking of no part of the danger, send their fellow citizens, without remorse, to be butchered in foreign climes, and to spread over other nations that devastation from which this country has, *hitherto*, been happily secured.

But let us not deceive ourselves: We no longer can remain secure, if we persist in this scheme of frantic ambition, which must ultimately bring upon us the just hatred and detestation of the world. Proud of our situation; unfeeling, alike from this pride, and from this happiness, we have arrogated to ourselves a ridiculous dominion over the ocean: forgetting that first great principle of justice, that the bounty which results from no man's labour, that bounty which never can be exhausted, but offers a peaceful and eternal source of wealth to all mankind, never, as Gregoire has observed in his excellent report on the rights of nations, never can be the property of any man or any nation. It is a common good owing its existence and its advantages to no one. It is therefore, the common inheritance of all the children of na-

ture; and we must prove that the inhabitants of other parts of the universe are not men, or we can have no right to arrogate to ourselves the exclusive possession of this grand and magnificent inheritance.

But thus arrogating to ourselves the dominion of the ocean, we have not been satisfied with the fruits which that dominion gives. It is the natural tendency of all evil passions, when once gratified, to stimulate fresh desires still more vicious and inordinate. Those who have obtained a monopoly of any kind, and persuaded themselves that it is their right, grasp immediately at a still wider monopoly, and soon persuade themselves that the universe itself was made for them.

Not satisfied with the empire of the ocean, the Indies must be subjugated to our mercantile ambition; the western world must yield its neck to the yoke of British usurpation; and Africa must be depopulated, and her sooty sons, loaded with chains and fetters, must cultivate for us those luxuries which have, in reality, undermined our independence, and sapped that energy of soul which can only be cherished by simplicity and virtue.

These undertakings have been but too successful in the eyes of Courts and Ministers. They have, it is true, increased the misery of the lower orders of society! they have added to the burdens of the great mass of the people! (an opinion to illustrate which I need only appeal to the historical fact, quoted in my Lectures on the Dearness and Scarcity of Provisions, that a larger quantity of the enjoyments of life were formerly procured by a smaller proportion of labour)—they have driven the multitude to a lower state of misery! but they have increased the dominion, patronage, and grandeur of office; they have increased the prosperity and monopoly of a few great families who have risen to power and opulence by the pillage of the nation!

Yes, by these great and glorious exploits, tho' the people are shrinking in bonds and wretchedness, they have increased *this* grandeur and prosperity; and have enabled the individuals, thus advanced, to lay additional weights and restrictions upon those people; who, but for this ridiculous pomp of patronage, might be enabled, with bold independence, to lift up their heads and, to the front of grandeur and oppression proclaim, We are your equals, as individual men; as an aggregate body, we are your superiors; and you who call yourselves
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our masters, are servants, whose duty it is to administer to our happiness. It is for this you are paid; for this you are supported in state and luxury; for this that every labourer among us, even to the lowest drudge, whom you have the insolence to despise, contents to bestow upon you a part of *that property which his toil has created.*

These fatal successes also have begot a lust of dominion in the country, which is, unfortunately, too generally felt even by the great mass of the people, to whom its fruit is nothing but increase of slavery. Hence the poor wretch shivering in nakedness, hence the poor soldier, who toils and bleeds for a scanty maintenance, talks of the glory and grandeur of his country—talks of foreign conquests and great exploits, without remembering that the only advantages to him are wounds and disease; a family left to beggary, and himself an outcast from that society of which he ought to be a member; and which, while he thinks he is protecting it, he is assisting to enslave and ruin.

Citizens, It is in vain that we attempt to disguise the truth. We may dress our opinions in as many pompous ornaments as we please; but these attempts at external grandeur, so much beyond the inherent strength and powers of the nation, must beget, and have begot—internal weakness. Hence we no longer feel that bold and manly consequence, which occasioned Britons once to suppose, that their fleets were their only bulwarks, and their breasts, burning with the enthusiasm of liberty and independence, the only fortifications necessary to secure this country, and protect its liberty and its prosperity. Feeling this internal weakness, but unwilling to confess it, our Ministers have at once amused, and abused with a heap of ridiculous plans and projects, to supply, by adventitious aid, that which can only depend upon the internal virtues of the soul. Hence the *Duke of Richmond's* ridiculous project of building fortifications all round the coast; and thus walling out the ocean, I suppose: for the ocean is the only enemy that walls of earth and stone can keep away. To think of protecting the country by these castles built with cards—for card castles would be of as much importance as the castles his Grace of Richmond has planned. To expect, by these ridiculous, weak, expiring expedients, to protect a country which once looked to its own heart for its protection, and wished for no vigour and no energy but that which the honest feelings of independence could impart to its martial arm, To think, I say, of prolonging the existence of such
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a country, by such means, shews that the disease is not merely corporeal; that the nobler parts have yielded to the assault: and that the intellects are as much enfeebled as the fibre.

You remember, Citizens, that this plan of general fortification was rejected by the casting vote of the Speaker.—With one puff of air he blew down all the fine projects which his Grace had so long been forming; the pasteboard machinery sunk thro' the trap doors of St. Stephen's Theatre, and lo and behold, the scene in the pantomime being changed, you were presented with the comic spectacle of my Uncle Toby, with his crutch upon his shoulder, exercising his imaginary troops, and storming ideal castles upon his Bowling Green.

But the noble projector was not thus to be disappointed. Though the Parliament had rejected his plan for a general fortification—and it is a woeful picture of the energy and virtue of that Parliament, to reflect that it was only rejected by a casting voice! Though thus rejected, he knew that there was another assembly, which was not always known, it is true, to have the power of adopting, in parties, what the Parliament had in toto rejected, but in which no majority would oppose him, where it was proposed that he should try his hand upon a narrower scale.

Unanimity—unanimity, you know, is the favorite maxim of Cabinets; and they would be unfit to share the power and the patronage of a great nation, who would quarrel among themselves about such a trifling circumstance as the expenditure of a few millions of the public money. They saw that the poor man had fixed his heart upon it, and so, lest he should take on and fret himself about it, they even saddled his hobby-horse, *at the public expence*, and let him canter away at his pleasure.

Fortifications have accordingly started up all over the country: particularly at Portsmouth; where any man who has the disposition, and an hour or two's leisure, may have as fine an opportunity of laughing at the expensive absurdities with which his Grace has chosen to saddle the nation, as any man who wishes to amuse himself at his own cost could desire. There you may behold immense fortifications, which must have cost millions of money, so magnificent and so capacious, that all the troops in British pay would not be numerous enough to man them. There you may behold port-holes stopped up with cannon placed behind them, and port-holes that are open without any cannon at all.

But

But, Citizens, how comes it that these great projects are thus neglected? Is it that his Grace of Richmond and his fortifications are now the common jest of all the country, and that the people, in their risibility, forget the millions upon millions which they have paid for the support of them, and for which they pay a dearer price for the bread that goes into their mouths for the meat that should supply the strength and vigour for their frame?—Surely we cannot suspect any part of the British Cabinet of such weakness as attending either to the ridicule, or the complaints of the swinish multitude? How comes it then that these great projects have been neglected? Certainly this does not arise from his Grace having been—I was going to say drummed out of the ministerial regiment—but it matters not in what sort of manner I describe it—from his Grace being no longer in that place of power which he formerly filled with so much lustre—a lustre which nothing but the wisdom and virtue of his first female progenitor could outvie. This I say is not the cause, for this neglect began to be conspicuous before his Grace had thought of resigning his post.

The fact is, that internal danger called off the attention of his Grace from the external means of defence; and he was obliged to neglect the fortifications at Portsmouth, to direct the whole energies of his powerful mind towards securing and fortifying the Tower of London, in which, by a sort of divine forecast, he perceived that Traitors of a most dangerous description were by and by to be concealed. And as he knew very well that nothing but strong fortification could resist the furious assaults of Conventional Reformers, he made the Bastille of London so strong that it would now almost resist an army of eight and forty bridewell boys for eight and forty hours.

Yes, Citizens, from sapient projects of external security, ministerial attention was called to the dangerous perils that threatened the internal safety of THEIR constitution. Places and pensions were declared in a state of siege. Sinécures, honours, and emoluments were likely to be invaded; the fortifications of patronage and corruption were like to have been thrown down. The coronet seemed to totter upon the empty head; and the star to tremble at the hollow heart. To avert these horrors—to resist this danger, his Grace of Richmond and his coadjutors hastened with patriotic zeal, and Portsmouth and its fortifications were left to finish and defend themselves.

New

New dangers require new means of security. And barracks were now to be every where erected, in which the soldiery, shut up out of the hearing of the profane jargon of jacobinical reformers, may repose in ease and quiet; and be starved for want of that assistance from the great mass of the people which they might otherwise derive.

But, Citizens, I will venture to prophecy, that of all the projects of the present administration, and surely no administration was ever more fruitful of projects of a particular description, there never was one so fraught with danger to the peace, liberty, and happiness of the country—there never was one so replete with unconstitutional violations of every principle that has long been dear to this country, as this of burying the British Soldiery alive in Barracks: the alarming attempt to separate the soldiery from that mass of fellow citizens of whom they are a part; to whom they are allied; and whom it is their duty to protect in the full enjoyment of their liberty and happiness, and not to be made the instruments of their oppression and ruin. But the honest soldiery of Britain will not be so deluded. Duty, generous affection—interest alike forbid it: for if the people are ruined and oppressed, what are the soldiery but a part of the people? Their ruin, their oppression, their misery must be the consequence; with the aggravated horror of reflecting that, by securing the misery of their fellow citizens, they have paved the way to their own chains and destruction. Will they consent to forge base fetters for their free-born countrymen; and then, for their reward, like the military machines of German Despots, be sold like beasts in the public market, and hired out like assassins to deeds of murder, for the benefit of a lawless Court.

Citizens, you will remember—every individual acquainted with the history of the country will remember, the precautions taken by our ancestors, to prevent the possibility of a separation of interests and feelings between the soldiery and the great mass of the people. One of the precautions to prevent this, and to preserve a perpetual remembrance that every soldier is in reality a citizen, and that it is the country he is to defend, and not two or three people of high rank and office, who too frequently send this soldiery to be butchered, to promote their ambition—one of these jealous precautions was the total preclusion of a standing army. I say the total preclusion of a standing army: for I mean boldly to assert, for I am ready to prove, that a standing army is not only no
part

part of the constitution, but it is a direct violation of that constitution. And mark, by a standing army of this country, I mean an army of individuals, who, having once received the pay of Government, are therefore considered as having become slaves for life; without the power of ever laying down their arms again, if they wish to withdraw from the profession; and without a power in the people to disband them, whenever the termination of war renders it no longer necessary that their occupation should be continued; and to restore them, with proper reward, with affection, thanks, and esteem, into the bosoms of their friends and families.

To preclude the necessity of this standing army, it will be remembered, that an expedient of the utmost wisdom and propriety was invented; that of arming a certain proportion, or, upon occasion, the whole inhabitants of the country, under the denomination of a militia: an army which was always within the controul of the people; whose officers were originally appointed by the districts in which they were raised, and who thereby became the soldiers of the people, and not the soldiers of the Court. When men are the soldiers of the people, they will defend the people; when they are the soldiers of the Court, the Court will attempt to persuade them that they have an interest separate from the people; and therefore liberty cannot be secured in so firm a manner, in any other way, as by arming the people themselves, alternately, man after man, every one taking his share of the risk and burthen, to defend the great interests of the people. Thus, by dismissing them in their turns, to mix with that body of the people, whom they have at one time stepped forward to defend, and taking others to be trained to the use of arms, you in a considerable degree, at the same time that you take care that every soldier shall be a citizen, make every citizen a soldier. That is, you teach every man the use of arms: and every man being equally able to defend himself, it will be impossible for any faction, either of clubs which designing alarmists pretend to dread, or borough-mongers which the nation at large has so much reason to dread, to over-awe the honest majority of the nation. By this means, also, you prevent those scenes of desolation, with which the struggles of the people, to get rid of tyranny, is at all times sure to be attended.

Citizens, it is impossible to be blind to the great consequences that result from this system. It is impossible to avoid seeing, that every soldier, being only a soldier for a time, must have a common interest with the people: It is impossible

to avoid seeing, that, by this means, every citizen will alternately stand a chance of procuring a knowledge of the use of arms. And, on the other hand, that it will be impossible for any separate faction to trample upon the rights and happiness of the great body of the people. But there is another thing of great consequence and importance, relative to this part of the argument, which may, perhaps, command, and which certainly ought to command, the attention of Ministers. It is impossible to avoid seeing, that, by adopting these means, you are in reality more secure from foreign invasion, than you can be from any standing army: because, then, the whole body of the people become soldiers, and every individual is ready and able to step forward to the frontiers, and expose his bosom against those who attempt to invade his country, to pillage his little property, and to destroy those comforts which his useful industry has procured for himself and family.

But, if we pursue the thread of history, we shall find that the House of Stuart, particularly after their *disgraceful restoration*, contributed, in a very considerable degree, to the invasion of this great security of constitutional liberty. That is to say, when this country was unfortunately struck with such blindness and infatuation, as to restore Charles II. to that absolute dominion, for usurping which they had justly deprived his father Charles I. of his life, that profligate tyrant seeing that despotism was no way to be attained, but by rendering a small part of the people capable of coercing the great body; seeing that it was impossible to persuade the great majority of the country to surrender their liberties, but that he must work his way by a minority, he took precautions to establish a standing army: that is to say, he took certain citizens from out of the great mass of the people, stript them of their liberty, stript them of their right of free agency, stript them of the power of returning to their families, and living in peace, tranquillity and ease, and thus (from the scanty pay which he took care to give them—much better, however, proportionately, than they receive now) keeping them in a state of dependency upon his *bounty*, made them fit instruments of whatever oppression he might think fit to exercise against *his* people.

Unfortunately, at the time of the Revolution, the liberties of this country (such was the degraded situation of Britain!) were thought not any longer capable of being secured by the arms of the people alone; and therefore the Whigs and the
Tories

Tories coalesced together, and brought over a foreign King, protected by a foreign army, and thus, in reality, foisted a band of mercenaries upon the nation; who, however good, however excellent the cause in which they were brought, were, notwithstanding that, still to be considered with a jealous eye, as being mercenaries; and to be considered as having, in some degree, the power of treating us like a conquered people; tho', from the principles upon which this Revolution was said to have been conducted, it ought certainly to have established our liberties upon such broad and general principles, as to have restored the people to the right and honour of defending themselves, and to have stripped all mercenaries of the power of daring to interfere with the concerns of this powerful nation.

Citizens, it is impossible to do justice, by way of digression, to the innumerable mischiefs that result from the interference of any foreign power in the concerns of any nation. There is nothing so diabolical in the whole system of Machiavelian politics, as the attempt of one country to interfere with the internal concerns of another. If the people are disposed to change and alter the mode of their government, or to alter the dynasty of their Kings, they have a right so to do. And if they are disposed unanimously, or by a great majority so to do, they have the power of doing it. But no party or set of men ought to attempt to enforce any change or alteration upon the people, which the people are not, by a decided majority, inclined to adopt. Here, therefore, is one evil, that must necessarily result from any revolution effected by foreign arms, that you never know, in the first place, whether it is the revolution of a faction, or the revolution of the great body of the people; and, in the next place, it is sure to be accompanied with a degree of undue, and undefined power, produced by mercenary coercion, which is eminently injurious to that large and liberal principle of liberty, which the progress of reason, and the enlightened spirit of a nation will be able to procure, when no foreign interference is courted, or permitted.

This was particularly the case with respect to the event I am now speaking of. And William III. having been seated on the throne by a foreign force, and having parted with his Dutch Guards, not without exclaiming, "By God if I had a son these guards should not be sent back;" took the opportunity which the ambiguous circumstances of this revolution afforded to fortify his authority by a standing army:

and thus, one of the first fruits of this *glorious Revolution* was the establishment of a standing army, more numerous than the Stewarts themselves had ever upheld.

But we have not got to the end of the chapter yet. The invasion of the constitutional rights of the people, by a standing army, was in the first instance small; and it was found necessary not only to extend this military establishment, but also to oppress the poor soldiers, who were to be the instruments of those persons, before the grand views and objects of courts could be well effected. Accordingly, in the reign of *Queen Anne*, when a very large increase took place in the military establishment, an alteration also took place which stripped the poor soldiery of a considerable portion of their pay.

I shall illustrate this by facts. Previous to that increase of the military establishment, the principal offices in the army had been rather posts of honour than emolument; rather places of trust and dignity than places that secured to the individual an increase of patronage; and thereby rendered him at once more inclined to be servile and cringing to the power above him, and more capable of reducing those below him, to a state of abject terror and dependence.

But when this increase of the establishment took place, the Colonels who used to advance money out of their own pockets, that they might occasion the soldiers to be better dressed and provided for, and to make a more comfortable and more respectable appearance in the eyes of their fellow citizens—the Colonels thought that this was a practice they might very well lay aside; and instead of putting themselves to expence, in order to increase the comforts of the common soldiers, they began very seriously to reflect by what means they could turn the pay of the common soldiers to their own interest and advantage; how they might bring money into their pockets, instead of sending it out of them. Accordingly we find that, from this time, a regular stoppage was made out of the pay of the soldiery, at the rate of 9d. per day, which amounted to 3l. 0s. 10d. per year, for the article of cloathing.

Now, Citizens, I have been informed by a person who has very considerable concerns in those trades which interfere with the cloathing of the soldiery, that out of this 3l. 0s. 10d. per year, which is stopped out of the soldier's pay, there is, in reality, never more expended than from 40s. to 45s. per year; so that the Colonel, out of the pay of every man, under

der pretence of cloathing him, gets, in reality, what may be called *fleeing money*, to the amount of 15s. per year; which, taking 700 soldiers to a regiment, amounts to 525l. a year, sheered from the backs of the poor soldier, in addition to that enormous pay which he receives as Colonel; and which ought, undoubtedly, to be considered only as a proper reward for the dignity and advantage which a man of *birth and condition* in life confers upon the army of this country, by exhibiting his fine person before it three or four times in a year, in a suit of gold laced cloaths of the finest scarlet.

But the speculation does not stop here. For mark the growth of corruption! Corruption is a towering weed. It is, in short, that grain of mustard seed, often talked of but never before understood, which, once dropped upon any soil becomes a towering tree, and the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, (priests, ministers, and pensioners—all animals of prey) take shelter under its foliage. Corruption having risen to this height, soon spreads to a more considerable degree. For, if you look through the roll of the army; and examine the situations, and the additions of rank added to the name of every Colonel in the army, you will find very few Colonels but what have also other appointments in the army, of still higher rank and dignity: either as Generals or Major-Generals, or some other distinction of honour and emolument.

This, in reality, reduces the Colonel of the Regiment to a mere sinecure officer: a person receiving a certain pay, for no other service than that of bearing the title to which that pay is annexed; and giving himself the trouble to *send to the proper place* for receiving the money when it becomes due; for there is a sort of etiquette in the army, which ordains that no officer, who holds an appointment of superior rank, shall ever perform any duty in the inferior rank: and though a man is both General and Colonel, *at the pay-office*, yet his rank as General precludes him from doing any duty as Colonel in the field, or on the parade:—Ergo, the Colonel is a useless office in the army; because the supposed duties of that office are performed by other persons, bearing titles of less dignity; and receiving their pay according to that inferior station. Thus, in reality, the whole service that the Colonel renders to his country, for his pay, and for this 525l. a year, fleeced from the backs of the soldiers; is no other than strolling about with all the pageantry of military authority, and ornamenting an assembly or a levee with his cockade and sword.

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But, Citizens, I have not yet got to the end, even of that small portion of facts, relative to the unjust and cruel speculations committed upon our brave soldiers, which have come to my knowledge. One of the advantages resulting from a *Commons House of Parliament*, by whomsoever it may be bought, or by whomsoever it may be sold; whomsoever it may represent, or whomsoever it may despise because it does not represent them;—one advantage resulting from such a House of Commons is, that, now and then, in the warmth of those disputes that arise in a squabble for places and pensions, indiscreet individuals, who happen to be charged with more information than they can hold, suffer it to boil out in the froth of debate, and the people get, thereby, possession of a few facts, of which they would otherwise be kept in profound ignorance for ever.

You will remember, some time ago, a very pretty pretence that was made, of making an additional provision for our gallant soldiers. In the debate upon this subject it was admitted by Sir George Young (who at present does not take much share in the debates of the House of Commons you know; being better employed at the Mint) this Sir George Young was obliged to acknowledge, during the investigation of that subject, that there was sixpence a week stopped by the paymaster, out of the pay of every soldier, for necessaries; and he, in the course of his speech, observed, that **SOME HOW OR ANOTHER!**—for these were the words he made use of—**SOME HOW OR ANOTHER** it happened, that this sixpence a week, sometimes amounted to eighteen-pence or two shillings, stopped for necessaries to be provided for the soldiery.

Now it did so happen, that in the whole of *that immaculate House, whose virtues, whose independence, and whose enthusiastic attachment to the people*, we never can sufficiently admire and reverence!!!—It did so happen, that in the whole of that House there was not found one Member so metaphysical (though *metaphysical Members* we know there are in that House) as to enquire what was the meaning of those words *some how or another!* These words seemed so impossible to be understood, or the investigation of them seemed to be so dangerous, that they passed them over in silence: or, as the good old venerable Dames, who teach school in our little country villages, more technically express it, they *skipped it*. “Go on child—Go on” says the Dame. “I ca’nt go on” says the boy, “I ca’nt read this word Ma’am”—“Spell it child—
Spell

Spell it."—"I ca'n't spell it," says the boy—"Why then *skip* it, child: mayhap its Latin." So neither the great boys, nor yet the old women in St. Stephen's School, being able either to read or spell this *some how or another*, or to tell whether it were Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Esquimaux, they even *skipped* it; and went on to the next verse; which was a vote of 23,000l. per year, of the public money, to cover the speculation.

Thus, Citizens, you see that, resulting from this system of a standing army, independent of its tendency to reduce the great body of the people to an ignorance of the use of arms, independent of the circumstance that it renders one part of the people liable to be called out to destroy and trample upon another, independent of the circumstance that, instead of the defence of the nation being vested in the hands of the nation, the defence of the nation becomes vested in the hands of the Minister, and thereby that which was meant for defence, is frequently made an instrument of destruction; independent of all this, there is the patronage, there is the corruption, there is the particular emolument resulting to those who batten upon the plunder of poor beings who toil and sweat, and bleed for their protection.

Poor, unprotected soldiery of Britain! and is it thus you are subjected to the dominion of a few beings, far, far less worthy than yourselves, did ye but know your worth? and who treat you as objects whom they are to scourge for their caprice or gratification; as objects whom they are to starve for their benefit and advantage; and, having reduced you to their dominion of slavery and terror, to make you the objects of terror to others, for the security of their own aggrandizement and corruptions.

But, Citizens, notwithstanding all these encroachments, there was one great advantage which this country, and the soldiery of this country, possessed till very lately, with respect to the military establishment. I remember, *Sir William Blackstone*, the doctrines in whose Commentaries were once considered as the highest pitch of aristocratic assumption, but which are so mild, and moderate, compared with the monstrous doctrines supported by the present administration, that the friends of liberty are now glad to fly for protection under the Tory wing of that Courtly Magistrate:—I remember, that this Judge *Blackstone* exults in his Commentaries, as one of the chief objects of constitutional security, in this country, that though we had a standing army, yet it was not an army of men separate

rate and distinct from the people. It was an army of men who lived among the people; who mixed with the people, who were quartered upon the people; who were, in all respect, upon terms of fellowship and communion with the people; and that it was totally impossible to keep them in ignorance of the general concerns, and interests of the nation, or the subjects that provoked investigation at the time; because they were not, *like the armies of foreign Despots*, shut up in barracks, and excluded, in consequence, from the conversation of their fellow citizens.

But if this was one of the grand constitutional boasts of this country—if Judge *Blackstone*, in his Commentaries upon the Law of England, laid this down as the grand palladium of the security of British liberty, and as the only consolation for the admission of a standing army among us, what is *British* liberty at this period?—Look where you will—turn to what part of the nation you think fit—Enquire in this neighbourhood, or the other, east, west, north or south, what do you hear, but rumours of erecting barracks?—and levies and contributions, a large part of which must be appropriated to the enormous expence of building those Barracks, in which the soldiery are to be immured, and in which they are to lose their small degree of remaining liberty, by being deprived of the opportunity of employing themselves in their peaceful vocations. They are to be robbed even of that fragment of *loco-motive* liberty, which the very brutes in the wilderness enjoy without restraint:—the right of moving from place to place; the right of turning here or there, even in the intervals of duty, and seeking their society among persons whose conversation is agreeable to them, or for whom they have formed an affection or attachment.

One of the smallest calamities that result from this system of Barracks, is the increased expence to the nation: for every individual must see that it is impossible to maintain an army in Barracks, with the same expence as an army may be maintained when at liberty. A large part of the accommodation of the soldier, while mixing with the bulk of the people, he derives from those exertions by which he assists the labours of his fellow citizens and promotes a reciprocation of kind offices. Of this he is entirely robbed; and this must be, some how or other, supplied. It is not then merely the expence of erecting those Bastilles or Dungeons, that are to confine the degraded and insulted soldiery; they are, also, to be maintained at an expence greater, within those dungeons, than that

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at which they might be better maintained in greater liberty, mixing with their fellow citizens, and exchanging good offices with them.

But that expence, grievous and burdensome as it is, is nothing to the evils resulting from this system. I shall not call again to your view the tendency it has to separate the soldier from the citizen; but, as a counterpart of this operation, I must not notice its tendency to engender a ferocity of disposition: for though soldiers are men, and have dispositions no more inclined by nature to rancour than other men, yet, when they are shut up with men only whose trade (if I may call it such) is death, when they are thus prevented from mixing with the innocent and estimable part of the softer sex, and when all the other circumstances attendant upon such confinement are taken into consideration, we cannot but dread the production of a degree of ferocity which they would never otherwise know.

Thus it is that the regular and orderly Governments of this refined and civilized age, do all they can to change the nature of man into the nature, ferocity, and cruelty of the brute; to tread the light of intellect in the dust; to drive away from the breast of the soldier, that milk of human kindness which is the greatest ornament of valour, and to engender in its place the unfocial and ruffian ferocity which distinguishes the Austrian, the Hessian and Russian barbarians with which Europe has so long been scourged. Thus it is we level that glorious distinction which, till this time, has lifted the British soldiery so much above every other soldiery of the world, and made them pride themselves in humanity, as much as valour.

But there is another point of view in which this system tends, also, to operate against the kindness and humanity of the soldier's breast. The soldier becomes more oppressed; and it is the nature of man to grow cruel by oppression. Witness the excesses committed in France, excesses which could not have existed had not the people been so long trod under the hoofs of a *swinish nobility*. I say a *swinish* NOBILITY: for the nobility of France were in reality the true swine of Europe. They were the men who, wallowing perpetually in licentiousness, to borrow a metaphor from Shakspeare, "made their troughs in the embowelled bosoms" of their countrymen; and devoured, or destroyed, every thing which should have contributed to the happiness, the welfare, and glory of the universe.

I say then, Citizens, by the cruelty and oppression of the system of confining the soldiery within Barracks, you do that which may tend not only to make them less worthy members of society, but to rob them of those comforts, and that happiness to which they are entitled, and to reduce them to a situation of greater misery than they would otherwise have been exposed to.

By these means, perhaps, it is wished to reduce the soldiery to a more abject dependence upon the government—to make them believe they have nothing to expect but from the Ministry; to teach them to suppose the people are not their friends; to make an artificial distinction between them; and, in a manner, to say to them—what do you partake from the people? Is not your pay from us?—Is not your food from us?—Are not the little indulgencies, that we think fit occasionally, now and then, to extend to you, all from us?—Is it not to us that you owe the ticket by which you are to buy your meat at a cheaper rate than the other citizens—Do not all these things come from us?—If the poor soldier is shut up from all intercourse with society, they think, perhaps, that he may be disposed to answer “yes.” But if he goes abroad among his fellow citizens, and receives kindness from them, and converses with them, he will be able to answer “No! It is from the *people!* all from the people: all! Nay not only do the people pay for our support, not only do the people pay for our cloathing, but we tell you also that the people pay for your’s. Our scanty meal, our scanty cloathing, is *not an alms received from you.* No: It is a part, and *but a small part,* of that just—that liberal and benevolent compensation which the people of this country are disposed to extend towards us; and which, in point of real pay and taxation, they do extend; but which, in passing through the sieves of Secretaries, Paymasters, Agents, and Contractors, becomes most miserably diminished before it comes to us. From them, also, you receive your gilded coaches, that engender your proud diseases both of mind and body;—from them you receive all your power, your emoluments, your distinctions, and your luxuries: and ~~were~~ it not for them, you would be less than the least of those whom you pretend to despise: less than the least of us whom you treat with this inhumanity, and threaten with that situation to which you shall never reduce us; because soldiers are free-men, soldiers are Britons, and the feelings of humanity shall not

“ not be torn from our bosoms by all the stripes you inflict, and the severities of your military tribunals.”

Such then are the consequences of Barracks. They have a tendency to separate the soldiery from the people, who are in reality one and the same; they have a tendency to increase the burdens of the people; they have a tendency to rob the soldiery of the greater part of those little comforts which, from the present institutions of society, they can expect; they have also a tendency to keep up suspicion and distrust; and increase the mountebank system of alarm, and thus enable the jugglers of the day to play off their tricks with more eclat, and prevent that discovery, which, if ever it should take place, may bring them to account, and may compel them to refund the ill gotten wealth extracted from the groans and ruin of the country.

But what are likely to be the consequences of all this? Has not a spirit of enquiry been long abroad? Have not the seeds of truth, think you, already fallen upon the soldier's minds? Are they the only set of men who have not begun to enquire?

Citizens, these artifices are vain. I know that soldiers have been threatened, and sometimes actually punished, with dungeons, and kept upon bread and water for reading a patriotic newspaper. I know that some soldiers of the Scotch battalion of Guards, now in the Tower, were threatened with confinement and with stripes, for subscribing together to take in “ the *Gazetteer*.” If they had subscribed to “ the *Times*,” or “ the *True Briton*,”—(Oh! that ever the name of Briton should be so prostituted! that such a farrago of prostitution, falsehood, absurdity, and contemptible scurrility, should ever be stamped upon the forehead with the name of Briton! and that a man should be found, throughout the country, to give countenance to such a libel upon the national character!) If this had been the paper they had subscribed for, there would have been no threats of stripes and dungeons; for they have no objection to the soldiers, or any other persons, reading, provided they would read nothing but the prostituted trash published by Reeves and his associators, or the farrago issued from the frantic brain of Burke. They are poor deluded short-sighted creatures, however, who have so narrow an opinion of the human intellect.

Read, read my fellow citizens. It is better to read falsehood than nothing. The trash produced by the pimps and

spies of the present day, cannot but convince you of the falshood of arguments that appeal to such absurdity for support and countenance.

But have the soldiers received no sort of information? Have all the little pamphlets of the day escaped them? After all the diligence which Mr. Dundas, about 18 months ago, so pompously described of planting the Highways, and Wimbledon Common, with seditious pamphlets—what has the seed, so sown, no part of it found its way to the soldier's mess?—And have the soldiers no wrongs to redress?—What, when Sir *Henry Clinton*, in a pamphlet lately published, declares that a part of the spoil taken at *Charlestown*, has not, even to this very day, been divided among the brave soldiers who fought for the attainment of that conquest—such as it was!—What, after having bled and toiled, many of them expired and others lost their limbs, in the service of their country—as it was called;—after all this are they, or their widows and orphans, defrauded of their part of the emolument? Did your officers and great naval commanders divide their thousands and ten thousands fourteen years ago, and do great Generals step forward to avow, that the common soldiers remain defrauded to this day of their scanty pittance?—and will not these wrongs convince the soldiery, how much soever excluded from society, that the abused and persecuted patriots, who insist that reformation is required, are not the enemies of their country, or their country's soldiery—are not the persons, whose throats they ought to cut, even if wretches were found profligate enough to issue such command? Do what they will, so long as Ministers and their agents continue to practice such injustice, so long will the cause of truth be making rapid strides; and the ultimate harvest will be, that Ministers and their Agents, in a few years time, will no longer have the power to delude those whom they vainly suppose they can plunge into utter darkness and mental oblivion.

I could mention a great many other instances; but it matters not dwelling upon particular circumstances. The present situation of Europe opens a wider field of enquiry. We have found that men have rights. We have found that men have capacities to understand those rights, and spirit to assert them. We have found that intelligence can only be extended in proportion as men enjoy those rights; and we have found that virtue can only result from intelligence, and therefore we have only to choose between liberty and virtue, on the one
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hand, and ignorance, vice, and abject submission on the other. Having received these great truths, facts and minute particulars, when they can be brought forward, may assist us a little in the prosecution of enquiry; but the great principles are things to which we should be eternally resorting.

The events that have taken place in Europe might be considered as a warning voice to Ministers, to induce them to reflect, as Citizen O'Connor observes in that admirable speech which will illuminate unborn ages, and confer immortal glory upon the man who delivered it.—Speaking of the treatment of the soldiery, and of the attempts to separate the soldiers from the great body of the people, he says “Do not “depend on the bayonet for the support of your measures. “Believe me that in proportion as your measures require “force to support them, in an exact proportion are they radically and mischievously bad. Believe me there is more “strength in the affections and confidence of the people than “if you were to convert every second house in the nation “into barracks for the soldiery. And when the gentlemen, “whom I have heard this night, tell you that to act in contempt of the public opinion is spirit and firmness, and that “to act with a decent respect for that opinion is timidity and “cowardice, they make the character of the Legislator to “merge into the character of the Duellist. Is it not enough “that you live in the age, and in the midst of the horrors “of revolution to deter you from acting in contempt of the “public opinion? Have you not had examples enough to “convince you that men, in throwing off the russet frock “for the uniform of the soldier, do not, at all times, throw “away the ties of kindred and of blood? Have you not had “examples enough to convince you, that even soldiers cannot at all times be brought to shed the blood of their parents, their kindred, and their friends?” and we might add that soldiers, also, cannot always be kept in ignorance of the incontrovertible maxim that *all mankind are Brethren*; and that tho’ Irish soldiers should be sent into England to cut the throats of Englishmen, or the English be sent into Ireland to cut the throats of Irishmen, that in reality the Englishman acting against the Irishman, is whetting a dagger that will reach the breast of his parent at home, and the Irishman acting against the English is also murdering his own relative at home. Yes, they will see that it is only striking with the left hand instead of the right; but that the blow is as certain
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in this *cross-handed fray*, as if brother pointed the bayonet at the breast of brother, and the father were sabreing his own son. He proceeds,—“And have you not had a great and memorable example to convince you, that the soldiers of an odious government may become the soldiers of the nation.” I would fain hope this warning voice should reach all the Cabinets of Europe; that it should teach Ministers to confess that, not the men whom they proscribe and would destroy on account of their attachment to liberty, are the enemies of the constitution, not these are the Jacobins, as they chuse to call them, but that the real Jacobins are those who having seen the steps and measures which produced the revolution in France, themselves being in power, and having the opportunity, dare to adopt the same measures, and to pursue the very steps, which rendered the Revolution in France necessary and inevitable. One would think they could not be blind to this conviction—that as similar causes will produce similar effects, if they will adopt French oppressions, French retaliations will take place, and that upon their heads must fall the mischiefs that result from their vicious measures.

But, Citizens, as I have objected to barracks and fortifications; as I have objected to a standing army; it may be asked what are the means I would advise, in the present situation of society, for the security of the country: for no man can pretend to be blind to this plain and obvious fact, that

THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER!

It is in some danger I believe from without, from more quarters than is suspected: for the mad and frantic measures of the administration of the country have roused a lion, which they will not be able to soothe again to slumber. They have conjured up a danger the whole extent of which they cannot perceive. They have entered into a ridiculous alliance with the Empress of Russia, under the vain hope of thus averting the catastrophe likely to fall upon the country. But what have they done by this? They have paved the way for the aggrandizement of their most dangerous and ambitious rival. They have entered into a confederacy with a faithless woman, the scourge of Europe, and blotted over with the most hideous crimes. But, if ever this woman shall bring her fleets into the ocean, what is likely to be the conduct of Russia; taking her present system into consideration? Let us ask what is her interest? and, having asked that, the ghost of a murdered husband shall tell you what sort of conduct she will adopt, and what crimes she will stop at when her interest dictates.

tates. What is the interest then of this Russian tyrant?—Why, *her* interest is the destruction of the British navy. She has nothing to do, therefore, but to appear to swell the bulk and importance of your navy; to stimulate you into some attempt beyond the real force that you may carry with you; and then, desert you in the hour of battle, and stand neuter while the enemy destroys your fleets. Then, having been well subsidized, she puts her subsidy in her pocket, and pointing to the British nation with scorn, ejaculates, “Behold the salary you have paid me for insuring your destruction and my own aggrandizement.”

It is not then by alliances; it is not then by fortifications; it is not then by barracks; it is not then by a standing army, that I would have you seek for security. I would have you seek security, in the first place, by standing intrepidly, but peaceably forward, and demanding with unanimous voice the restoration of your rights: shewing to the government of the country, and to the Ministers who are at the helm of that government, that you have an enlightened conviction of the nature of your rights; that you have a British determination to enjoy those rights; making use, also, of this plain argument—There is but one way to make the people of any country unanimous; and that is by giving them a common, universal, unanimous interest in the protection and prosperity of the country. Every man who has any thing to defend will stand boldly forward to defend it. And that country where there is any man, or any body of men, who can be said to have nothing to defend, that country may call itself a limited monarchy, may call itself a free country, or what it will, but the plain and simple fact is, that *it is a country of slaves!* for the only distinction between freeman and slave is this—that a freeman has a stake in the country of which he is a member, —has rights, and the opportunity, at least, of procuring possessions, while the slave has no stake at all, no interest to bind him to the government under which he lives, or to stimulate him to stand boldly forward, and expose himself to defend that country, of which he is a member. Make every man free and every man will be brave: for freedom engenders courage. If this were not the fact, how does it happen that a neighbouring country, whose population was so incompetent to enable her to stand against this country while despotism prevailed, should now lay prostrate at her feet the thrones and tyrannies of Europe, while the feeble arms of Britain in vain endeavour
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to prop their tottering cause, and has almost fallen herself beneath the weight of that enormous ruin in which those tyrannies are involved?

It is then by a general system of liberty, that gives every man an interest in the country, that you can alone create that unanimity by which the country can be defended. It is only by doing this that you can hope that every citizen, in the hour of danger, will become a soldier, from the conviction that every soldier, in the hour of peace, will become again a citizen. But this is a conviction, this a system upon which I do not expect the present Administration will act, because I know that the instant such a system is established, the gilded fabric of their ill gotten power must crumble into atoms; and that part of the constitution which relates to the internal organization of the cabinet, and to the system of borough-mongering—that part, which is in fact an excrescence which corruption has planted upon the constitution, will be wiped away. The genuine Constitution of Britain will then shine forth with renovated splendour; and liberty and equality, justly defined and properly enjoyed, will once more make Britain an envied Paradise in Europe.

THE LECTURES *will re-commence Wednesday, the
2d of September.*

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XX.

THE FIRST LECTURE “*On ALLIES and ALLIANCES; with Strictures on the FAITH of REGULAR GOVERNMENTS.*” *Delivered*
Wednesday, May 27th, 1795.

[Note.—This and the ensuing Tribune are properly to be considered as concluding that Course of Lectures on the Causes and Calamities of War, of which the first four were delivered at the beginning of the season; and for which see *Vol. I. No. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7.*]

CITIZENS,

THE subject for the present evening is, The modern system of allies and alliances; with strictures on the faith of regular governments. This subject is exceedingly extensive. There are various points of view in which it may be treated. And, perhaps, if we trace things to the foundation, in whatever point of view we consider it, we shall be inclined to doubt whether alliances, such as are generally formed between nation and nation, are more absurd in their principle or more dangerous in their practice. The enquiry, from the manner in which I find myself disposed to take it up, divides itself into two heads: *first*, the political influence of these compacts between Government and Government; and *second*, their operation in a military point of view.

On the present evening I shall enter into an investigation only of that part of the subject which relates to the operation of these compacts upon the political liberty, and civil rights of man. What relates to the operation of alliances in the field of battle I shall defer till another evening—When I shall, of course, be led more at large into the characters of the present confederated powers of Europe; and into some speculations on the probable catastrophe of the present war.

In the first place, Citizens, I shall examine the arguments upon which the system of alliance is justified, and shall consider how far these arguments may be opposed by others of more serious importance to mankind. And, perhaps, when we enter seriously into the investigation we shall be obliged to confess that alliances are, in general, little other than combinations of particular governments, to oppress and plunder not only the people of all other countries, but even of their own.

The real principles of justice, I believe, and also the real principles of policy, would teach us to observe a conduct exceedingly different from that which has been followed by the Courts of Europe, not only during the present time, but for centuries back. I believe we should find that Justice would dictate to us to do all the good in our power to all the nations of the world; that policy would point out to us that the best things we can do for ourselves is really to promote the happiness and welfare of all the existing nations in the universe; and that our best way to do that is to form no particular alliances, compacts, or treaties, with any nation, or any set or body of men whatever.

It is necessary, for the happiness of mankind, (and it must be admitted as soon as examined) that animosities of every description should be laid aside; that human beings should consider each other as friends and as brothers; and that they should seize all opportunities of advancing that fraternal felicity which nothing but such principles and such convictions can promote. But it is evident, if you form combinations of alliance at one time, which are to dictate to you at future periods, the events of which you cannot foresee, that you must be frequently led to a direct violation of this principle. Compacts, in their very nature, inevitably proceed upon the short-sighted principle of *self interest*—or more properly of sordid jealousy and exclusion. These combinations, therefore, set out, in the first instance, upon the narrow and unjustifiable project of promoting the interest of a few, in opposition to the interests of the aggregate of the world; and the strong probability is, nay almost the certainty, that the progress of events will shortly render the execution of these compacts even more unjust and impolitic than at the time of their first adoption. Courts, however, have paid very little regard, in their practice, to the grand rules, either of moral conduct or national policy. On the contrary, all the cabinets of Eu-

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rope have been perpetually endeavouring to foment animosities and aversions between the people of their respective nations; and to draw the Courts themselves into a closer union of compact and mutual understanding.

These combinations among the different rulers of different parts of the universe, have for a long time gone on without exciting any degree of jealousy or enquiry among the people. A sort of lethargic confidence seems to have taken possession of the minds of men, and induced them readily to believe the tales of artful jugglers and hypocrites, that those entrusted with the management of public affairs certainly must understand better, what is for the public good than the public themselves; and that therefore they were only to repeat by rote, as parrots, the lessons put into their mouths by their rulers, without considering what were the ideas affixed, or whether they conveyed any ideas at all.

But, Citizens, I believe this is not precisely the case at this time. A spirit of enquiry has gone very widely abroad: a *spirit* which I do not think all the exorcisms of priests, the persecutions of ministers, or even the machinations of that arch inquisitor Reeves himself, will ever be able to lay. The fact is that people begin to discover this truth, that **ALL THE PEOPLE OF ALL THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH HAVE ONE COMMON INTEREST AND ONE COMMON CAUSE**, which it is their duty zealously to promote, the machinations against which they are called upon anxiously to watch, and vigilantly, nay, *if necessary*, BRAVELY to oppose.

This interest—this cause, is the *preservation of* **LIBERTY, PEACE, and UNIVERSAL JUSTICE!** This cause, which can flourish only by suppressing the malevolent passions, and cultivating a disposition to universal benevolence, if ever it triumphs, annihilates at once the systems of nationality and cabinet alliances, and unites the *people* of all climes and latitudes under the peaceful banner of fraternity.

If this statement is seriously and coolly considered; if we strip ourselves of the animosities of faction and the attachments of party; if we take away from this system the miscolouring and misrepresentations with which those who cannot controvert its principles, have endeavoured to calumniate its supporters, I believe it will bring immediate conviction to the heart of man. For who can doubt, for an instant, that peace is better than slaughter? who can doubt, for an instant, that all national aversion, and hatred to persons, on account

of their sects, their opinions, nations, climate, language, or colour, are hostile to those generous and noble feelings of philanthropy, without which peace cannot be preserved, and the general intercourse and happiness of mankind cannot be promoted?

Let us enquire then whether alliances (even abstractedly considered) have a tendency to promote this disposition so desirable for the happiness of the universe. Let us consider also—and perhaps it would be well to consider this in the first place—whether, even if alliances could be admitted in themselves to be good, alliances *upon the present principle* of Machiavelian policy, are of that description which would be desirable. Admitting, for the instant, that alliances ought to be tolerated, what *ought* to be their object and principle, and what is the nature of the alliances that are generally formed? Do they arise from the people of the contracting—or rather the *contracted* nations, mixing and confederating together, and arguing with each other upon their respective views and interests, and learning the real dispositions and qualities of each other's hearts, and thence entering into such compacts and treaties as grow out of their conviction of mutual utility? Or do they in reality grow out of those cabals and confederacies, which a certain set of honourable spies, called consuls and ambassadors, carry on, frequently to the disgrace of morality, and the destruction of every virtuous, candid, and liberal principle which ought to be cherished in the human heart?

If the seed is bad let us not expect that the fruit will be good. If you sow night-shade in your fields, not bread but poison will be your harvest! If you sow treachery, venality, intrigue, and selfishness in your national intercourses, do not expect to reap friendship, faith, and national advantage, for your harvest can only be disappointment, contention, and the sword.

The plain and simple fact is, I believe, that the people are always kept in the dark, as to the real objects of all alliances at present formed between the courts of Europe. They are anxiously prevented from knowing, not only what were the motives, but what are the objects; and are hardly ever acquainted with the real tenor of the compact. There are, it is true, certain general articles with which you are to be acquainted, and upon the faith of which you are to pay your money—4,600,000 pounds, perhaps, at a time! But if any over inquisitive individual should indulge a dangerous disposition

sition to know more than Ministers think fit to reveal, he is silenced at once by some member of the political priesthood, who scruples not to avow with the true air of diplomatic mystery, that there *may be* secret articles behind the screen, but warns the profane enquirer not to approach with impious interrogatories the sanctum sanctorum of cabinet confederacy. So that while you believe you are paying a nation to fight your wars, and defend your interests abroad, you may, perhaps, be hiring foreign mercenaries to cut your throats at home.

But, Citizens, I am, for my own part, much inclined to believe that alliances, conducted upon whatever principle, will be found injurious to the happiness and welfare of nations. I have always seen, during that little intercourse which I have had with the world, that the quantum of advantage produced by the individual exertions of any given number of persons, each toiling and labouring separately, has been very superior to the quantum of benefit or advantage produced by the same number of persons bound together by compact and combination. And accordingly, it has been very justly observed, that when *Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay*, united together to compose a particular work, they all four, clubbing their wits, wrote a great deal worse than any one of them ever did when he trusted to his own individual genius and imagination. It is so in every thing to which the physical or mental powers of the individual are any way competent. Whatever can be done by *an individual* is always *better done single-handed*, than when the same thing is attempted by several persons combined together.

I not mean to say that there is no benefit and advantage in mutual exertions and labour. There are certain things which are beyond the strength, which are beyond the longevity of man, which it would nevertheless be very useful to society to have accomplished. And there are certain undertakings which, in a great measure, depend, and very properly depend upon numbers and combination chiefly for their success; and, therefore, it is necessary for persons to enter into combinations when any such work is to be undertaken. But I mean to contend, that when the business is not of such a nature that it requires a larger portion of physical strength, a larger portion of longevity, than can be commanded by an individual, nor is of that kind to which united suffrage is requisite to give it the stamp of justice and the capability of success—when neither of these is the case, the individual
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does better to trust to the powers, the energies of his own intellect and capacities, than to strengthen and fortify himself, as he supposes, but in reality to debilitate himself, by depending upon the united efforts of other persons.

The question then is—whether the interests and concerns of nations are of that description that they require a combination of several nations together, or whether they are of that description that the individual nation *can* execute them by depending upon itself alone? For it must be observed, that, in many respects, nations resemble individuals, and the arguments that will apply to the individual will frequently apply to the nation, considered as an aggregate individual also. I do not mean to say that this is universally the case. Whoever argues by simile is in danger of falling into sophistry. And therefore let me warn you, whenever similitudes are offered to you, from this or any other place, to examine what are the particular features and accompaniments of the things compared. For there are points always at which they *do*, and others at which they do not touch. But, with respect to the general principles I have laid down, I believe you will find, that the individual body and the social body do exactly agree. That is to say, that whatever can be done by the individual nation, will be better done by that individual nation than by any combination and alliance of various nations; and that combinations, and alliances of various nations, ought only to be encouraged when the undertaking is of that description that, in the nature of things, an individual nation could not accomplish it. As would be the sublime projects of Dr. Darwin (if indeed they can be regarded as practicable at all) for ameliorating the condition, and correcting the climates of the globe which we inhabit. But there is another point at which I suspect the comparison does not touch. For tho' there are certain undertakings for which it is advantageous for individuals to combine, there are strong reasons for supposing that there is none, certainly there are very few objects that it is for the welfare of a nation to pursue, but what it can pursue and accomplish by its own individual exertions.

In short, putting out of our calculations the benevolent visions of philosophers, and considering the characters and pursuits of nations, such as they hitherto have been, I am much inclined to suspect, as you never can produce the same intimate connection between nation and nation as between individual and individual, as you never can produce the same
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mutual intercourse of mind, and thorough comprehension of the views and objects of each, so we shall find, that all those undertakings which cannot be accomplished by an individual nation are of that description that it is a great deal better never to undertake at all. For nothing but disgrace, ruin and infamy generally have attended, or I believe ever can attend, undertakings of so extensive and complicated a nature as to make national confederacies necessary to their conduct.

But there is one circumstance in which this parallel, between individuals and communities, certainly very closely agrees; namely, the energy, the vigour, and resources of intellect, which, standing independent of all other supports, has a tendency to generate in the character. The man who trusts to friends, to promises, and to professions, to extricate himself from embarrassment, or to attain the advantages he looked for, generally meets with nothing but disappointment; and, at last, after trammelling himself with inefficient obligations, is left to the pursuit of his original object in a worse condition than he set out, with a mind stripped of half its vigour, an imagination clouded, a judgment embarrassed, and a spirit deprived of that keenness and ardour with which, if he had always been in the habit of depending upon his own individual exertions, he would have been able to have pressed forward to the attainment of his wishes.

Is it or is it not so with nations? Consult the facts of history. Consult, if you will, the analogies of reasoning.—I believe abstract reasoning would convince you, that the arguments are still more potent with respect to the nation than the individual. But, if you love an easier task, turn over the pages of history, and see whether facts do not bear me out in the assertion I have made. Tell me, ye historians—(I will endure interruption if any man can tell me such an instance) what great, what noble, what glorious achievement ever was accomplished by a number of nations in alliance and combination. But, if you want to know the glorious achievements of individual nations, even petty little states, so small that their numbers would hardly people a second-rate city in France!—if you want the glorious achievements they have accomplished, turn to the histories of the little states of Greece; consult the histories of Athens and Lacedemon, those names for ever glorious—for ever dear to the heart that pants for liberty! those small but magnificent Republics, which, like stars in the political and intellectual firmament,

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will shine for ever as examples to mankind, and light us in the path of excellence. Think of the great exploits of Leonidas, of Themistocles, of Epaminondas—think of the glorious struggles of Thermoply, of Salamis, of Marathon—think of the astonishing achievements which throng in the historic page of Greece and of Rome! Consider, also, the unconquerable energy displayed by the Arabian tribes, under Mahomet, and the early leaders of that religion, which, by the sword of unassociated valour, was established over so large a portion of the earth; not by the numbers, not by the potency, wealth, or resources of the tribes who made those conquests; but by that unity, that individuality, if I may so express myself, which knit and combined the little bands of heroes and the enthusiasts together, and occasioned them to have but one head, one heart, one object and pursuit.

But, whenever alliances have been made, we have always found that the nations thus allied have become enfeebled. We have histories and records of alliances innumerable. If I were to go largely into them, I should forestall a part of that which is to be the subject of my second lecture. I shall, therefore, neither dwell upon the crusades of ancient nor of modern times, at present; but shall refer them to their proper station in the second branch of my enquiry. I think I have said enough, and every individual will be able to recollect enough, to prove my position, that nations, as well as individuals, are enfeebled by extraneous dependencies—by alliances, treaties, and combinations.

There is another part of the mischiefs, however, of those alliances which must not be passed over in silence. It is their inevitable tendency to spread the mischiefs and the ravages of hostility through a much wider circle than could otherwise be affected by the rival interests, the mistakes and passions of mankind.

Alliances have been fruitful sources of calamity. This part of the established system of *regular Governments*, alone, has done more to ruin and depopulate nations, than all the gloomy passions that ever inhabited the breasts of men; nay, than the ambition of Princes and Ministers themselves would ever have been able to accomplish without this powerful engine. The hostility which grows between nation and nation, but for this might be settled by the contest between the two parties. But the system of alliance diffuses the mischief from pole to pole; and if two neighbouring nations choose to contend

tend about the navigation of a river, the possession of an inaccessible rock, or a barren mountain, the consequence is, that the flames of war are to be kindled from nation to nation, the whole universe is to be disturbed, the peasant of every clime is to be torn from his useful occupation to the field of death, and the matrons of the most distant nations to behold "their infants quartered by the hand of war."

It has been pretended, however, that small countries, or countries of but little political force, would not be able to protect themselves, and would consequently be trampled upon by their more powerful neighbours, if it was not for this system of alliance. Let us enquire what sort of foundation there is for this observation: or rather, let us enquire what sort of effect has been produced, in this respect, by this boasted system of justice and generous protection. If security to the weak has resulted from these confederacies; of which Courts and Ministers are so fond, there is then some colour of vindication; altho' I contend, that the principles of justice and sound policy would produce this effect still better without any such alliances. Justice would dictate to me, that if I am a strong man and my neighbour is weak, I am not to suffer another strong man, merely because he is strong, to break into my neighbour's house and destroy him.

I do not mean to say, that you are not to lend assistance to those who are absolutely wronged. I only say, you are not to make alliances and combinations, by which you agree that, however a quarrel may begin, whoever may be right, whoever may be wrong, (for this is always the sense, though not the express wording of every treaty of alliance) you are to make yourselves a party in the quarrels and projects of your ally, by whomsoever insulted or whomsoever he may insult. It is the alliance, not the principle of justice of protecting the weak against the tyranny of the strong, that I censure: And though there was no treaty of alliance between the Court of *St. James's* and the Court of *Warsaw*, yet if one half of that wealth squandered in this country against the liberty of *France*, had been spent to protect the Poles from that destruction which a combination of despots has brought upon them, I should have gloried in the magnanimity of a nation which had stepped forward to save an oppressed and a virtuous people from the jaws of tyrannous destruction: I should have rejoiced the more in the conviction that they did it from the dictates of their honest and virtuous hearts, and not from the compulsive, or supposed compulsive circumstance

of there being a treaty of mutual assistance between the respective powers. But what stronger argument can we have of the impotency and absurdity of these treaties, than the very circumstance of the fate of *Poland*? The Court of *Prussia* enters into an alliance with the Court of *Warsaw*, by which they bind themselves to mutual protection and good friendship. Yet, by and by, true to the Machiavelian maxim, that "a Prince is never to observe his promises any longer than it is to his own interest," forth steps the virtuous and pious representative of the regular Government of *Prussia*, to make an alliance with the still more humane, pious and virtuous representative of the regular government of *Russia*, and the sapient, the just and magnificent representative of the regular government of *Germany*, and they make a fresh compact, and a fresh alliance—for the protection of *Poland*? no, for the division of *Poland*, with whom this self same King of Prussia, this juggling mountebank in gold and purple—this King of threads and patches, had formerly made a treaty of alliance and support. But it ends not here. You have only got to the fourth act of the farcical tragedy. In all probability the fifth is now in rehearsal; and by and by we may have a treaty between the Emperor of *Germany* and the Empress of *Russia*, against this self same King of Prussia, with whom hitherto they have been in alliance, that they may, for the better preservation of the balance of Europe, beat him out of the share of the plunder.

Yet such are the allies we subsidize! Such are the powers to purchase whose faithful assistance, we strip the poor labourer of every comfort and necessary of existence, make his marriage bed a curse, and turn the fruitful issue of his love into plagues and scorpions, harrowing his imagination, and piercing his ears with the cries of want.

To one of these precious allies, in the midst of all our national distresses, 4,600,000 pounds are to be lavished; how much we are to give to the other is yet, perhaps, a secret behind the curtain of the Cabinet; but which we shall one day or other be acquainted with to our cost. Such are the regular governments upon whose faith we can depend, notwithstanding the frequent examples we have had of their unqualified treachery. In the cobweb fabric of their promises we consent to weave the destiny of further years of tremendous hostility, and of thousands of industrious families; upon the frail trust of such a thread we hang our trembling hopes; and, with no better security, consent to prolong the miseries
of

of Europe, and to perpetuate that famine, scarcity, and desolation, so large a portion of which we have already distributed not only among ourselves, but to all surrounding nations.

But what are the pretences for alliances? One of these pretences—and a very favorite one indeed, in this country, is the preservation of the balance of power. So you see, first of all, we describe power by a metaphor, calling it a balance and then realize the dream of our own fancy, and at the expence of the lives of thousands, and the happiness of millions, plunge all Europe into confusion, in order that we may break a piece of power away here, and throw it in there, to preserve the equipoise of these imaginary scales. O convenience of metaphorical logic! If it suited the purposes of these sophistical reasoners, they would find that any other sort of simile was equally descriptive.

The British constitution used to be described as a triple balance, and many fine declamations have been made by political jugglers upon the basis of this ridiculous metaphor; but projects were formed for which this triple balance would not answer, and Judge *Eyre*, finding that this metaphor, instead of supporting his new fashioned theory of High Treason, changed *hocus pocus*, the balance into a wheel: put the poor British Constitution to the rack, (—poor Constitution!—it had been mangled enough already!) and then, to show his knowledge of *physical*, as well as metaphorical science, he tells you, that any thing that presses upon the circumference must injure the centre: though we know very well that a centre is in its nature immoveable, and that whatever violence is committed upon the circumference, can only alter the direction or velocity of the converging points, while the centre inevitably remains uninfluenced. However, a wheel or a balance, or a sword, or a halter, are any of them metaphors sufficiently capable of extensive application, to answer all the purposes of political reasoners. Having got the power in their hands to proceed at will to final demonstration, who shall dispute the intermediate gradations of their logic? or deny that a metaphor is as legitimate a basis of sound argument as a syllogism or a self evident fact?—The *rack* at such times is just as good an emblem of justice as a pair of *scales*; and it matters not whether you adopt the one or the other; while the sword is ready to dispatch the individual whom neither the balance can weigh down nor the rack subdue.

Having made the power of Europe a balance—a balance it should seem of a *hundred scales*! each government supposed itself Briarius (the giant with a hundred hands) that could uphold them all; and, accordingly, it has always been thought necessary, by one or other of them, to keep the world plunged in wars to support the metaphorical equipoise. But if we ever could be blind enough to suppose that the jugglers who talk of this balance of power were in earnest, we ought to be very much obliged to them for their late conduct, which certainly must have opened our eyes, and convinced us that they never had any meaning, nor ever meant to have any meaning, unless it was that the people were to be put in one scale, and the individuals who compose the government in another, merely to show how light the former are in the estimation of the latter; and how immediately they, with their emptied pockets, kick the beam, weighed down by the ponderous mass of revenue, places, and patronage, in the courtly scale.

The balance of Europe! Will any person believe, if in this balance there had been any real meaning, that it was not more destroyed by the partition of Poland, than the navigation of the Scheldt? Is it more dangerous to the safety of Europe, that Savoy should be added to the French Republic, than that so large a portion of Poland should be affixed to the immense empire of Russia?—whose ferocity and ambition, whose rapid strides of usurpation, and whose faithless conduct must have convinced mankind that the real object of her pursuit is the subjugation of Europe! the slavery of the civilized universe, over which her barbarians are to be established as military governors, to restore the reign of ignorance and ferocity!

Another pretence for alliances, (a more modern pretence) is the preservation of order and morality.

Citizens, in what do order and morality consist? In destroying towns and villages? In depopulating nations? In laying fields and vineyards waste, and then raking the ashes together, to spread them decently over the graves of a few great victims, whose power and grandeur could not preserve them from *the stroke of justice*, when the wickedness and indecency of their conduct had shaken, to their foundations, the venerable structures of prejudice and superstition that once protected them? If this is what is meant by the preservation of order and morality, then indeed are the present confederates against regenerated France, at least in their intentions, most orderly

orderly, most moral, and most pious!—then, indeed, have alliances and royal combinations most frequently, and especially in the late instance, advanced the cause of order, and of that moral distribution, upon which so intimately depends the felicity of the world. Then lo Kings, Courts, and Cabinets!—lo alliances and royal confederacies! for the promised millenium is itself at hand!

But if, by order, we mean the establishment of peace and justice; if, by morality, we mean that system of benevolent conduct, which promotes the general welfare and happiness of mankind, what order, I ask, what morality can be promoted by a band of depredators, under whatever titles or distinctions, uniting themselves together to break into a country, with whose concerns they had no right to interfere, to spread desolation through nations that did not choose to adopt their system of politics.—I know but one system of order and morality: and that must spring from the heart; from enlightened understandings, directed to the pursuit of principle; from a determination to promote the peace, the happiness and welfare of mankind, and, as the best means of advancing these, to resist the encroachments of tyranny and usurpation, under whatever forms or pretences their encroachments may be made.

Another of the pretences for alliances and combinations, in the present day, is the preservation of religion. And here, at least, it must be admitted that the advocates for these alliances in this country, have certainly shewn a great disposition to impartiality and justice. So that they may but be employed in protecting *religion*, they care not *what religion it is*. Popish, Protestant, Greek, or Mahometan, it is all the same. So that it be but some one of those systems long established in *regular governments* (and who shall deny the praise of *regularity* to the Governments of the Grand Signior or the Czarina?) it matters not which. We are now very busy in protecting, and restoring the holy Roman Catholic Religion, and we know, a little while ago, that *England* (I mean the ministry of *England*, for the people, you know, in these matters are non entities) were filled with just as anxious a desire for the dominion of *Mahomet*, as they are now for that of the *Pope*: just as ready to draw the sword to preserve the religion of the *Ottomans*, as now to preserve his Holiness in the chair of infallibility, and restore the great hats of the Cardinals to that dignity from which they have been hurled by the atheistical revolution in France.

But

But suppose we are serious for a minute upon this subject, and ask ourselves, whether we can possibly be guilty of a greater absurdity than, in one instant, to fall down on our knees, and worship a being, whom we say is *omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient*, and at the very same time, by drawing our swords to fight against *his enemies*, (admitting, for the instant, that such a being could either entertain or suffer enmity) to confess that we do not believe he is able to take his own part, or enforce his own will?

These are the *pretences* upon which alliances have been made. But those who are acquainted with the history of Courts (and indeed they have been exceedingly busy in publishing expositions of their own history of late) those at all acquainted with the history of Courts know that *pretence* is one thing, the *real object* another.

Now, Citizens as I have all possible respect for the Administration and Senate of this country, I shall not say one word about *their* motives: which I take it for granted, are the very best that they are capable of conceiving. But I believe it must be admitted, whatever is the case with the Cabinet and Court of *Britain*, that, with respect to the Cabinets of many countries, the real object of these alliances has been **TO STRENGTHEN THE HANDS OF GOVERNMENT AGAINST THE PEOPLE!** to support those individuals who have seized the Administration, or abused the Sovereignty of their respective nations; to fortify in their past and meditated usurpations; and to enable them to pour foreign mercenaries into their countries, and menace and overawe, and, if necessary, dragoon the people, who might be otherwise unwilling to submit to their propositions.

That this has been the case with some of the nations of *Europe*, I shall proceed to show. Let us remember what was the case with *Brabant*. *Brabant* imagined, as I suspect every nation will now and then imagine, for there is no accounting for the strange conceits that sometimes get into the heads of men—the Brabanters, I say, *imagined that they had RIGHTS!* that they had a claim to independence! that they were not a parcel of brute beasts, a swinish multitude, who were to be driven, and whipped, and slaughtered at the will of their Lords; but that they had a right to vindicate and assert the ancient laws and liberties of their country, if they were wise enough to improve those laws and liberties, for their own advantage, as their ancestors before them improved the elder institutions, and reformed the elder abuses ~~that~~ existed in their days.

days. You know the history of that struggle. Brabant was upon the brink of accomplishing its object; and the tyrant who refused to govern by the laws was about to lose his government altogether. Alliances, however, were formed with different Cabinets of *Europe* (and, O! shame to speak it, with that of *Britain* among the rest!) which convinced the Brabanters that they must relinquish the chimerical ideas of rights and privileges, and peaceably submit themselves to the wisdom, the virtue, the moderation, and justice of the *regular and established usurpation*. Brabant, however, you will recollect, though disappointed then, has since attained her object; perhaps not so well as she would before; because a nation always does best without the assistance of foreigners, however just and generous these foreigners incline to be.

Holland, also, thought it had a right to settle its own government. The *Batavians* remembered their ancient independence, so bravely purchased, and once so wisely established; and they did not very much like the idea of being governed by an individual, who was evidently the subject of another of the crowned heads of Europe. They therefore took it into their heads, that as they had a constitution which authorised them, whenever they chose, to dismiss or set up a Stadtholder just as they pleased: a Stadtholder being, in reality, no part of the ancient constitution of the Batavian States—They thought they had right to appeal to the ancient laws, and redress the oppressions, usurpations, and grievances under which they groaned; and they began seriously to think of setting about the business. But no, says the Stadtholder: You are combined together, and you are disposed to get rid of me; and you tell me you have a *legal and constitutional*, as well as a *natural* right so to do. I will not dispute the matter of right with you: it is not convenient to me, at present, to refer to histories and constitutions; but I will let you know that there are other Princes and Potentates in Europe who understand a logic of another sort; and with whom I am in alliance and combination; and with a *Prussian army*, and a *British fleet*, I will drive you like a rebellious herd before me, or tumble you into your own dykes, like so many frogs, till you croak for mercy, and hide your heads in Orange peel to get out again.—So much for Dutch and Austrian alliances.

The old despotism of France had its alliances also, and the French people being bit, in their turn, by this same mad dog, love of liberty—for its astonishing how this dreadful canine infection runs from man to man, and from nation to nation, so that,

that, dreadful to think! it may, perhaps, in time, disturb even the *Pope* in his vatican, dismiss the *Grand Signor* from his seraglio, and infect the beautiful nymphs and emasculated Eunuchs with metaphysical notions of the rights of man. France began to think of its rights, and to set about reforming the abuses of government. Aye, says the King—or rather the Queen, for he, “good easy man,” give him but his beef steak and bottle of burgundy, would not trouble you with speeches, if you did not, as you do with other automations, make the speech for him, and compel him to do whatever you desired. Aye, aye, says the Queen, that is all very well, and my good man shall appear to agree with it. But I have great relatives, and my German alliances shall back and support us, whenever I see good that the royal puppet should break his oaths and promises. They shall convince you, that you have nothing to depend upon; that oaths are air; that bonds and constitutions are paper; and that while we are amusing you with fair promises, *our* allies, but your open enemies, were furnishing us with the means of crushing you at pleasure. Thus, by infernal arts and machinations, the offspring of alliances and family compacts, was France interrupted in that career of virtue and philosophy, in which she set out. Yes—I repeat it—that *career of virtue and philosophy!*—for though the spectacled lunatic of St. Omer’s, at the very commencement of the Revolution, fulminated his anathemas, and with his diabolical howlings against the National Assembly stigmatised their holy labours; look at their maxims of virtue, humanity, justice, and then blush, ye combined Courts and Ministers of Europe; blush at those wicked hostilities, and still more wicked intrigues, by which you have driven them from this peaceful career of intellect, to use the destructive weapons of force and violence. France, also, was interrupted in her career, by foreign alliances, by combinations of foreign Courts, that refused to explain the nature of their compacts. But France had too much energy, too much intellect, too much enthusiasm to be disappointed even for a time; and though she chose an alternative which has been dismal, in many respects, in its consequences, and was plunged by an infernal faction into excesses, at which nature shudders, yet she has taught one great and important lesson to the world, that a nation bent upon enquiry and improvement, may sometimes mistake its way, may sometimes, by the arts and the malice with which she is surrounded, be plunged awhile into tumults and mischief, but will persevere not

not only to the final accomplishment of her own virtuous objects, but to the downfall of those whose criminal artifices, or ambitious usurpations, would blast her harvest, and cloud the prospect of felicity and glory.

See then, if it is not digressing too far, what has been the consequence to those who formed those fatal alliances. What has the Emperor got? You will tell me, perhaps, 4,600,000*l.* of English money. But this getting will be to him no gain; not that I believe he will ever pay you one shilling of it again, or ever be able so to do. But what has he got in point of power and grandeur? Let the Brabanters answer you that question. What has the Stadtholder got? A snug retreat on the banks of the Thames; and a Dutch fair, represented in pantomime at *Frogmore*, may, perhaps, convince him of the gratitude of his *Master*, but will poorly atone for the forfeit revenues of seven wealthy Provinces, with all the regal splendours of the *Hague*. But behold the consequence of Machiavelian policy! You may destroy the poor deluded puppets, whose grandeur you would exalt over the rights of man; but human intellect, when backed by human energy, is invincible: and woe to those who are frantic enough to oppose its career.

Citizens, we may remember, that about eighteen months ago, we were also menaced with something like a friendly alliance of this sort in England. A *fortunate* disease visited some foreign troops in the neighbourhood of our coast, and they were humanely landed upon the Isle of Wight. This was only accident, to be sure; but then it served, you know, to feel the pulse a little. Thanks to the state of intellect in Britain, the pulse of the nation vibrated as it ought. The glorious energy of *Stanhope* roused the country to a sense of its danger; and the resolutions of the Patriotic Societies, I shall venture once more to assert, conspired with the speech of that noble Citizen, to chase the Hessian and Hanoverian barbarians from our coasts: and to the latest hour of my life I shall exult, that, at the peril of a disgraceful death, I contributed, by penning some of those resolutions, to save my country from that scene of desolation and mischief, which I am sure will take place, whenever foreign mercenaries shall be marched into its bosom, to coerce the people, and dragoon them into submission to any minister, *whatever may be the pretences* with which a measure so diabolical may be coloured over. Hail! hail! ye setters, chains, and dungeons!—Hail! scaffolds, halters, and axes! you were meant, it is true, as *the brands* of infamy, and the punishments of guilt; but when tyranny and oppression reign,—when attempts are made to

subjugate a nation by bands of mercenary *cut-throats*, ye lose your terrors in the patriot's eye—ye are then the badges of virtue, and the passports of eternal glory.

Citizens, it has been rumoured, that such a design is again in contemplation. But I do not believe it. I think the minister of this country has learned a lesson which will prevent him from doing such things again. So long as Britons are ruled by Britons, I trust that they will use no weapons but reason and enquiry, however great may be their burdens. But I have not faith enough in human patience to suppose, that they will bear to be dragooned by foreign mercenaries; that they will yield their throats to Hessian or Hanoverian butchers, and suffer themselves to be trampled into submission by any foreign interference: nay, I confess that my pacific principles do not go so far as to wish that they should.

The manly spirit of this nation will, I hope, be displayed in peaceable and tranquil exertions: for I am sure of this, that no important reformation, no change or amelioration ought to take place, except when there is a unanimous and manly resolution to demand it: and when there is that manly and unanimous resolution, it will require no artillery to enforce it, no bayonets to accomplish it. But when a government is supported by foreign troops, it is then no longer a question of argument. Silence or resistance are the only alternatives.

Citizens, there is a good maxim among men of moral feelings, as to *common* plunderers. If they meet a highwayman, or footpad; if he demands their money, they will rather give it, than take away the life of a fellow-being, however depraved: but if he proceeds to violence, they must even, if they can, kill him in their own defence. In the same manner, I think the probability is that though the people suffer their money to be taken away by foreign mercenaries, they will not suffer themselves to be dragooned by the admission of them into this country; and if they would, all I can say is, that the modern inhabitants of this island are no more Britons, than the present race of slaves who inhabit what once was Greece, are Athenians and Lacedemonians. Be this as it will, with respect to our money, it must be admitted, we have parted with it pretty freely: for Britain having rather too large a quantity of these *golden globule* flowing through its veins, the political quacks have been very solicitous to apply the lancet; and not a high German Doctor of them all but has occasionally held the basin. How much the better we are for these applications, I do not pretend to determine; but our great State Physician, our political *Sangrado*, seems determined to persevere in the practice.

But

But all this is done to support the reputation of *regular governments*. To regular governments, notwithstanding the repeated instances we have had of their perfidy, we are ready to lend our assistance, and our money. With republican innovators, we are not willing even to cease the monstrous contention of slaughter and desolation; though we cannot produce one single instance of breach of faith in any of those governments, at this time existing, that are worthy of the name of Republics.

Has *America* broken her faith with any of the nations with which she has had any alliance? On the contrary, peruse the transactions on the banks of *Miami*; and then read the treaties between this country and *America*: consult also the rights of nations, and then answer me, Whether the irregular—the fantastical republican government of *America*, or the regular government of *Great-Britain*, can most justly be taxed with violation of its faith. Has the republic of *France* in any one instance, notwithstanding all its wild changes, broke its faith, or violated its compacts? No; on the contrary, in the report of *Gregoire*, relative to the *Rights of Nations*, observe what magnanimity, what principles of justice!—so sublime, I am bound to say, as never before were propagated by the government or public assemblies of any nation in the world. Hear them, in the very moment of triumph and victory, when all the nations of the earth were in a manner prostrate before them—hear them consecrating the equal rights of nations, and declaring, that “sovereignty is the right of every nation;” that “it depends not upon its power, upon its riches or population;” that “a dwarf is a man as much as a giant,” and has the same rights; and that “sovereignty is as much the right of the little province of *Sant Marine* as of the gigantic republic of *France*.”

Turn also, if you please, to the republican government of *Switzerland*. Has *Switzerland*—I ask the question with confidence—has *Switzerland* been less distinguished for its faith than the other governments of *Europe*? Quite the contrary: No nation has preserved a more unblemished character than that republic, in which, to a considerable degree, at least among many of the Cantons, the principles of liberty and equality are established: that republic in which (as the late King of Prussia declared with a sort of involuntary applause) “every individual is at once a peasant, a citizen, and a soldier.”

Away then with the absurd pretences, that you can have no faith in republics; and that you are to seek for it only in the regular governments of aristocracy and monarchy.

But

But they ask you, What signifies making peace with *France*, in her present state? What security can you have for a permanent peace?

What do these *regular governments* mean by a permanent peace? Would not one suppose, from this language, that, before the republican phrenzy broke out in *France*, Europe was always in a state of harmony and friendship? That these *regular governments*, with their compacts and alliances, might quarrel once or twice, perhaps, in four or five hundred years; but that their usual practice was to observe their treaties, and keep the peace inviolate, from century to century?—But what has been the fact? Consult the records only of our own country for the last hundred years, and you will find that, of that period, more than half has been devoted to war and desolation; that we have been five times at war with *France*, and six times at war with *Spain*, as I have shewn in a former lecture; that some of these wars have lasted eight or ten years together; and that it has been a long tranquillity indeed, that has suffered you to be six or seven years at peace. War after war, scene after scene of contention, has ensued. No pretence has been too frivolous, no object too contemptible, to be the ground of hostility.—The plain truth is, that these *Regular Governments* (that is to say, the Ministers who act under them) have an interest in keeping the world perpetually in war: that it is the people who bear the burden, but the governors who are enriched by the plunder. In short, the *regular governments of Europe* have hitherto shewn themselves to be consistent in but one principle—a principle which is indeed laid down by *Machiavel* as the fundamental axiom without which no *regular government* can possibly exist; namely, that they should neither keep peace, faith, nor compact, any longer than it is to the advantage of those by whom that compact is made. And hence it is that one universal system of slaughter and devaluation has been incessantly pursued; nor is it easy to foresee when we shall get to the end of this dismal chapter.

Such, then, are the principles of faith and pacification among these regular governments. I leave it to your serious consideration, whether this is a picture to encourage you to persevere in war, till destruction and misery overwhelm you in one common mass, rather than trust to the yet untried faith of the *French republic*, however various it may be in its occasional formation, or whatever may be the internal factions which at present distract it; and which are not to be wondered at, when we consider the monstrous abyss of guilt, oppression, and contaminating corruption, from which they have been struggling to get free.

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXI.

THE SECOND LECTURE "*On ALLIES and AL-
LIANCES; containing Strictures on the conse-
quences of employing AUXILIARY TROOPS; and
on the CHARACTER and VIEWS of our ALLIES;
with a prospect of the PROBABLE CATASTROPHE
of the PRESENT WAR.*" Delivered Friday,
June 5th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

YOU will remember, that when I formerly treated of the subject of allies and alliances, I entered into an investigation of the principles of the system. I endeavoured to shew you how far it was consistent either with good policy, or justice, to form alliances between one State and another, or rather between the Courts and Governments of respective States. I endeavoured to shew you that it was not, in reality, a union of the sentiments, passions, and interests of the different countries, that those who formed the alliances wished to promote; but that, on the contrary, every opportunity was seized to aggravate hostile dispositions, and to foment those prejudices which stimulate nation against nation, and urge the deluded multitude to deeds of murder and desolation. I therefore proceeded to conclude, that these compacts were rather to be regarded as alliances between Courts and Governments, for private interests and concealed purposes of their own, than contracts of different nations, nominally allied, but in reality no farther interested in the bargain than as they must bear all the burden, hazard, and expence which result from such alliances. I shewed you that the subject naturally divided itself into two branches: First, the effect of these alliances, as they relate to the particular concerns of nations, and may influence the internal happiness and liberties of the people; and secondly, as they were likely to retard or assist the progress of those military projects which are generally

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rally the avowed objects for which they are contracted. It was only into the first branch of this subject that I entered to any considerable length, that evening; and I concluded with reflecting on the subsidiary treaty, at this time about to be concluded between *His Britannic Majesty* and the *Emperor of Germany*. There is a part, however, of that treaty for the Imperial Loan which I have not yet touched upon, and which seems well worthy of consideration: I mean the terms upon which the loan is granted, and the delusive prospects held out to the people, relative to the pretended, profit to result, whenever (*if ever*) the money so borrowed shall be repaid. It has been insinuated, that the terms of the loan are such that the people of this country are to be gainers two and a half per cent. The Emperor is to pay seven and a half per cent; while the whole interest payable by our Government, taking all the circumstances into consideration, amounts to no more than five; it being well known that the general system is to borrow at three per cent. and that the difference between the price of stock and hard cash makes it but about two per cent. more.

Whether this is the case or not you will presently see. And, in the first place, you will please to observe, that this avowed and evident interest, namely three per cent. paid upon the money borrowed, and also upon the fictitious stock that makes up the deficiency of the nominal fund, is only a part of what the nation in reality pays. For there are bonuses, commission money to the bank and to the brokers, and a variety of charges, of the amount of which those only who are in the habit of adding small items and incidental expences together, can form any idea.

But, Citizens, let us consider the real amount and nature of this loan a little closely, before we suffer ourselves to be deluded with these ministerial fables of profits and advantages. Remember that 4,600,000 pounds, hard sterling cash, are to be sent to the Emperor. That, therefore, in addition to all the expences of the negociation, 4,600,000 pounds is to be borrowed upon the funding system. The consequence will be, when it comes to be reckoned, that so many millions of hard cash, *bona fide* borrowed, amounts in stock to twice the sum specified: that is to say, the loss upon borrowing is so great, that the difference between the *nominal fund* and the sum of money borrowed, all things considered, is nearly two to one; and, of course, to lend the
Emperor

Emperor 4,600,000 pounds, we contract a debt of about 8,000,000. But you will recollect, that to buy is one thing and to sell is another. If it is so in the common concerns of life, it is transcendantly so with the stocks and funds in this respect. To those gentry who have thought fit to make a common gambling house of the change or market of those funds, I shall take no notice of the absolute loss which results from the circumstances of buying and selling, and the rise of stocks, and consequent loss to the nation, which would take place immediately, even if this money were now to come into the market again, by means of the fulfilment of the Emperor's pecuniary engagements.

There is another more important circumstance to be taken into consideration. If ever this money is paid at all, it must be in times of peace. And if it be true that the Minister has not already entirely ruined the country, when peace returns, prosperity will in some degree return, also, and the funds will necessarily mount to a considerable degree. Now the same quantity of money only, that he borrowed in time of war, is to be paid by the Emperor in times of peace: that is to say, when the funds are high (suppose at par) he is only to repay the 4,600,000 pounds, which he now receives when the funds are exceedingly low.

I shall not enter into any minute calculations upon this subject, it will lead me too far: and minute arithmetical calculations, with me, require more labour than I have time to give them. I shall just state, however, that Mr. *Fry*, the author of a book entitled "The Guardian of Public Credit," and who is, at this time, about to publish a very useful and important work on the subject of the funded debt, has calculated the proportion of the inevitable loss; and finds that, upon the supposition that the loan was to amount to six millions, the sum originally proposed, the inevitable loss would be to this nation, 2,657,000 pounds, upon this famous and most advantageous contract, even supposing that the Emperor, for novelty sake, should keep his word concerning the payment of the debt thus contracted. You will see then, that independent of the common losses and expences of the negotiation; independent of the circumstance of making a worse bargain for the English loan, in consequence of having a loan to make for the Emperor; independent of all these circumstances, you will see that the strong probability would have been, supposing the whole six millions to have been bor-

rowed, that the nation would have lost, by this bargain, 8,657,000 pounds; but as *only* 4,600,000 were accepted by our Imperial ally, you will find, upon calculation, that the probable loss is *only* 6,637,000 pounds, and the positive loss, independent of the circumstances previously mentioned, is no more than 2,037,000 pounds. A trifling sum for the important service of keeping a few *Austrians, Croats, Bohemians, and Hungarians*, a little longer in the field, to keep alive the languid flame of war, and avert for another campaign, or so, the dreadful calamity of turning the Minister out of place, to pave the way for an honourable and permanent peace with the brave insulted Republic of France.

But let us take into consideration the facts which have lately transpired, relative to the dispositions of the different states of *Europe*. Let us call to our consideration the conduct of the King of *Prussia*. Let us recollect how he has been receiving the money of *Britain* with one hand, and making peace with the *enemies of Britain*—the *enemies of the British Ministers*, I mean, with the other.

Citizens, you will remember, also, that at the time when the Emperor—for the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia seem as if they intended to prove to the world, that they were of the same family—and, indeed, as Kings and Emperors are all of a *race divine*, it may, perhaps, be admitted that there is some degree of relationship among them all! You will remember, that while he was ratifying the treaty which was to secure him the payment of this sum of money, he, also, declared to the Members of the Germanic Body, that he was ready to make peace with the French Republic: by which declaration he in fact did that which the Minister of this country will finally be obliged to do—acknowledged the French Republic as one of the orderly and regular Governments of *Europe*.

But you are told by Mr. *Pitt*, that you are not to suppose the Emperor sincere, in his declarations to his own subjects. There may be something in this: for I conclude that, if the Emperor had been a dealer in sincerity, he would not have entered into any combinations or agreements with Mr. *Pitt*; nor would Mr. *Pitt* have ever thought of going to his shop. You are told that this declaration of the Emperor was a piece of state finesse, one of those artifices which are very consistent with *regular Governments*, but which would fix an indelible stain upon the morals of a Republic. But, as to the ultimate

mate consequences, it is little to us, whether the Emperor is *finessing* with the Empire, or *finessing* with us—whether he is sincere in his professions of sending a large army into the field, or whether he is sincere in his profession of wishing to make peace with the *French Republic*; or whether, in reality, considering the situation in which he is placed, he does not know which he is sincere in, or whether he is sincere in either; but finding himself a little embarrassed, applies, in matters of state, the maxim which *Ovid*, in his “Art of Love,” enforces to those who are impressed with the tender passion—

“Speak boldly on and trust the following word;

“It will be witty of its own accord.”

But let us proceed to the second part of our subject—Namely, the effects, in a military point of view, of those alliances by which a variety of states (all having different objects, in reality, at heart, though *professing* the same designs) have endeavoured to press and bear down a particular country, or to accomplish any great and extensive project whatever.—What has been the degree of energy and conduct, displayed by those confederated powers, which, in different ages of the world, have combined their arms to subdue others to slavery, or subject them to persecution or extermination on account of their opinions, or for whatever cause, from the holy crusades undertaken to gratify the Popes of early times, to the present crusade of Kings, in which the Pope of Rome has been piously guarded, by the *protestant bayonets* of the English soldiery? Whoever has read must remember, that envy, jealousy, suspicion, misunderstanding contention, and a consequent disposition to thwart each others views and objects, however they might profess to agree, have universally distinguished those confederacies, disgraced their arms, and disappointed their views. Each potentate, envious of the reputation, and apprehensive of the power of his colleague, coldly assists, or secretly thwarts his undertakings, and when this mutual jealousy has produced defeat and shame, each exclaims against the rest, to shift the dishonour from his own shoulders, and the consequence has generally been, that discord and distrust have produced lassitude, disappointment, delay, and, ultimately, retreat and ruin.

But it may be said, that the army to which we are to look for the successes of the next campaign, is not to be considered as
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an allied army of this mixed and complicated nature; for as it was observed by one of the French Generals who retook *Toulon*, that the only troops the Pope sent were cows and calves, so it appears, that in the next campaign, the only troops *Britain* is to send are her gold, her stores, and her provisions—if she knows where to find them.

But still we find, though we are no longer able to conduct the war, though our depopulated country, drained of its youth and manhood to the dregs, is no longer able to furnish soldiers for this desperate strife, still its sanguinary and insatiate agitators cannot consent to give repose to Europe—still we are determined to continue our crusade by the help of auxiliary forces.

But have we duly weighed the general consequence of a nation attempting foreign conquests by the arms of mercenaries? Have we well enquired what has been the general result of efforts of that kind? and what has been the general conduct of auxiliaries, when such projects have been pursued?

Citizens, there is a work which, when I consider the moral complexion of Mr. *Pitt's* politics, I suppose he has studied night and morning, even from his youth upward. I mean a work called “the Prince,” written by the famous Secretary of *Florence*, *Machiavel*: a man of considerable parts; tho’, taking him to be sincere in his political maxims, of no small depravity of heart. The *ethics*, I say, of this author, our Minister has studied with the most elaborate care, and has been anxious to try his powers of carrying the precepts into practice. But when I consider his conduct with reference to the degree of *wisdom* which it has displayed, and consider how many excellent things there are, in this respect, which he might have learned from this same *Machiavel*, I then become persuaded, that the morality which I was before inclined to attribute to the precepts of this master, must be, in reality, purely and entirely his own, springing from the congenial fountain of his own heart, or *inspired*, perhaps, by the sooty Deity he appears to worship. For it is difficult to believe, that even the present Chancellor of the Exchequer could read a book with the express determination to separate from it and adopt every thing that was morally depraved, and pass over, or reject all that was prudent, politic, and wise. Let me, however, ring in his ears the warning voice of *Machiavel*, who, upon this subject, has many observations well worthy the attention of the statesman, and who, at once, by argument and

and historical facts, might convince him that he is pursuing those measures which will involve himself and his country in ruin and destruction.

Hear then this Machiavel upon the subject of auxiliary troops. After having told you that the principal foundations of all states were good laws and good arms, and having proceeded to shew the different kinds of arms that Princes may employ, he enters into an elaborate investigation of the nature and use of mixed and auxiliary forces, and, grounded in the facts of history, and assisted by an acute mind, he is led to this conclusion, that no arms are efficacious but those of the individual country, by which they are employed.

"Those arms," says he, "that are mercenary and auxiliary, are unprofitable and dangerous; and the Prince who rests upon them will never be secure or safe: for they are disunited, ambitious, undisciplined, treacherous; insolent to their friends, abject to their enemies, without fear of God or faith to Man; and the ruin of such a Prince is no longer deferred than till he is attacked." He proceeds, afterwards, to shew you that the reason is—because "it is not affection for him that keeps such armies in the field: they having no attachment but to their pay; and this is not a motive strong enough to make them willing to die for him."

Yes, Citizens,—it is true: we find that gold will purchase men to take away the lives of others. Gold will hire men to stab—to shoot—to poison—or swear!—for that is the modern way of assassination. You may hire a man to be a spy and a perjured informer. If he is a little nice, or so, in his conscience, and does not chuse absolutely to make the bargain with you in open and direct terms, he may be given to understand, that, perhaps, the obnoxious person owes him 2 or 300 pounds, and that, if he hangs him, good care shall be taken that it shall not be lost. But though people will sell the lives of others, for the sake of *recovering a just debt*, or the like; nay, tho' some would even make a bargain of blood in a direct and public manner, few men will consent, for a little gold, to be shot themselves; or to get themselves hanged: that is, *if they know what they are about*. But if a man is employed as a spy, who is not clever enough to hang any body else, you know, why then he may chance to get hanged himself: an appetite for blood, being like all other appetites; and, when a man is keen set, he does not like

to be entirely disappointed, and will rather set down to a coarser meal than he intended than go away with an empty stomach.

But, to resume the observations of *Machiavel*. He tells you, a few pages afterwards, "indeed it appears by experience, that Princes and Republics, with their own forces, alone, execute great enterprizes; and that mercenaries are always prejudicial."

He then proceeds to tell you the effect that this practice of employing mercenaries has on the character of a nation: marking, particularly, the inevitable decay of vigour and spirit among those people who seek to be defended by foreign arms. "Besides, a martial common-wealth, that rests upon its own valour, is not so easily enthralled by any of its citizens as one that depends upon foreign troops. *Rome* and *Sparta* maintained their freedom, for many ages, by their own forces and arms. The *Swiss* are more martial than their neighbours, and consequently more free."

Citizens, we might find a great variety of instances to support and illustrate this principle: and even the royal commentator of *Machiavel*, I mean the late King of *Prussia*, has furnished us with some. He tells us, "Experience has shewn, that the national troops of a state are always the most serviceable; as appears from several examples, particularly from the valour of *Leonidas* at *Thermopylae*, and from the amazing progress of the arms of the *Romans* and *Arabians*."

But what was the situation of *Rome* when she had recourse to auxiliaries, and mercenary forces? While she had wise and virtuous Ministers, more zealous to preserve than praise her Constitution; not usurping dominion for themselves, but guarding the sacred Rights of Man from usurping destroyers; she then defended herself by the force of her own arms and her own valour; but when the Romans were reduced to a state of degeneracy and slavery, when their great men became their tyrants, and their Ministers their oppressors; then abject Rome, whose ambition survived her energy, was reduced to hire foreign arms, and to fight her battles with hired swords. But, did victory continue to attend them? Were the citizens of *Rome*, when guarded by the savages of the *Danube* and the *Rhine*—the *Croats* and *Hessians* of the ancient world,—were they then delighted, as of old, with songs in praise of their illustrious Generals, with triumphal processions

sions and wreathes of victory? No, they found that foreign exploits were nothing more than the forerunners of domestic misery and ruin. And, as *Machiavel* well observes, "If we consider the decline of the Roman Empire, we shall find it first proceeded from employing the *Goths*, as mercenaries; by which means the forces of the Empire were enervated, and all their valour transferred, as it were, to those Gothic troops."

So strong was the impression made upon the mind of *Machiavel*, by inferences which he drew from facts of history upon this head, that we find him laying it down, in absolute terms, that it is better for a country to endure any distress and struggle, with a brave despair, than to permit itself to be defended by foreign troops; or to employ the arms obtained by alliances with strangers. "Let every Prince, therefore," says he, "*who would reduce himself to an incapacity of conquering*, employ auxiliary arms: for they are more dangerous than mercenaries." And a little further he says, "Wise Princes, therefore, have always rejected this sort of forces; and depended upon their own: choosing rather to be defeated with these than to conquer with the others: and looking upon that as no victory which is obtained by borrowed arms."

And very good reason there is to think, that nothing deserves the name of victory which is obtained by foreign arms; because the arms that obtained that victory for them, may, and in all probability will withhold the fruits of that victory. And if the nation, for whom it was made, should have the insolence to complain, perhaps, the very troops they so weakly employed, flushed with the insolence of triumph, and urged by that contempt which it is impossible for mercenaries and auxiliaries not to feel, for those who are obliged to hire them, may turn their sabres against them. A victory thus obtained may, in fact, be considered only as a prelude to the destruction and overthrow of the apparently successful country: In short, the project that cannot be effected by the proper force of the particular country that undertakes it, had better never be attempted at all: for the same sort of reason, that nothing but bankruptcy and ruin awaits the individual, who embarks in any business in which he is not competent to conduct himself.

But there is one instance more, which *Machiavel* gives, in illustration of this maxim, which appears to me so exceedingly apposite to this country, and holds up so very

forcible and important a lesson, that I shall not neglect the opportunity, before I quit this subject, of reading it to you. "If we consider the progress of the *Venetians*," says he, "it will appear that they acted with great security, success, and reputation, whilst they made war with their own forces," that is whilst they *fought only by sea*; the *Venetians* being a naval people; a people of commerce, and whose strength lay in their wooden walls; and not in troops employed in foreign conquests and crusades. Nor were the *Venetians*, while they were wise and flourishing, ever disposed to interfere with foreign states; or like our mad and ridiculous Quixottes, to think of such attempts as filling foreign nations with ready made constitutions, before which they had been able to take the measure.

"The *Venetians* were successful whilst they fought only by sea; but, as soon as they made a land war,"—What then? Were they merely defeated? No, Citizens; that would have been little; for, in many instances, defeat is better than conquest. And how calamitous soever, to persons in power, it may appear, and may eventually be, yet I am disposed to think, such is the case with us, in the present situation of this country; and that, calamitous as the times now are, they would be still more calamitous, if it were possible that we should succeed in the present mad crusade. But defeat was not all that the *Venetians* experienced. "As soon as they made a land war, they degenerated from their former valour, and adopted the manners and customs of Italy." What were those manners and customs of Italy, which were such certain signs, and concomitants of Venetian degeneracy? Why they consisted in *treachery*, in *perjury*, in *spying*, and *assassination*: (the last of these has not yet got footing in England!) An infernal system of inquisition is also to be considered as a part of the manners and customs of that Italian profligacy which the *Venetians*, by their bad policy, were led to adopt.

We know very well what sort of morals must arise from such a system; the page of history has not left us the dark in this particular; and we know what the state of society must become wherever these detestable Italian fashions prevail: Where spies are planted in every house, when men are bribed to become informers, and when, of course, individuals are destroyed by falsehood, and perjury.

The *Venetians* then, in this state of degeneracy, employed foreign troops to fight their battles; with the gold wrung from

from the industrious people of the country, they purchased foreign mercenaries, till they lost, with rapid disgrace, all that they had been acquiring with great labour and difficulty. We have been told much of this country being made a department of France; and of its being an appendage to the Republic, one and indivisible. But you have not been warned of the still worse subjugation and slavery, proceeding from the vicious morals and the impolitic character which ministerial practices are introducing into this degenerate country. But be assured, when the character of Britain is lost—when the hearts of Englishmen are no longer to be stimulated by those warm, those generous and *republican* feelings of liberty, of which, of old, we had not used to be ashamed—and when, instead of these, we adopt the base assassin-like arts of Italian degeneracy, be assured that the independence of this country can no longer be preserved, and that something, even worse than becoming a department of the French Republic, must inevitably await us. Be warned then by the signs and prototypes of history, and let not, among the rest, the fate of *Venice* be forgotten.

We are told, that the catastrophe produced in the Venetian territory, by admitting this system of mercenary troops, was, that “in *one battle*, the Venetians were stripped of all “they had been acquiring, with incredible labour and difficulty, for *eight hundred years*: nor is this surprising, for “the conquests that are made by mercenary troops are slow, “tedious and weak, but their losses are rapid and amazing.” Such are the prospects, even according to this Politician, whom courtiers are most in the habit of consulting, (at least if we judge from the moral complexion of their politics;) such are the prospects that arise from employing foreign mercenary troops; and attempting to subdue other countries by the assistance of auxiliary arms.

I shall proceed in the next place to consider, as briefly as possible, what are the characters, the probable views and objects, of our allies; and what may probably be the consequences to this country, resulting from the assistance afforded towards the accomplishment of some of these views, by the present alliances.

Some of the august personages, upon whom it was once my intention to have animadverted with some severity, have made it unnecessary for me to give myself any trouble about them on the present occasion.

Respecting the Emperor, poor man! whatever character he may have had, it seems necessary that he should now look sharply about him, or else he will shortly have no character at all, at least among the estates of the Germanic empire. If we consider the terms of the second treaty concluded between the King of *Prussia* and the *French Republic*, and the effects that treaty may probably produce in Germany, we must presently see, that whatever views and objects he may have had, he must be disposed to think that the only view he can now profitably have, is, how he may disappoint the objects of the King of *Prussia*; which, should they succeed as well as they have begun, may possibly transfer the ascendancy in the Germanic Confederacy to the House of *Brandenburgh*, and annihilate the political importance of the House of *Austria*. You are to remember, that one part of the treaty is, that the King of *Prussia* and the French Republic have joined together to guarantee the neutrality of such of the principalities of Germany as refuse to provide their contingents for carrying on the war. It is believed that the Prince of *Hesse Cassel*, and the Prince of *Saxe Teschen*, in consequence of this, have already declared their determination to avail themselves of this circumstance. Be this, however, as it will, it is evident that, if the Circles of the Empire should so far second the views of the King of *Prussia*, as to be before-hand with the Emperor in making peace, and thereby take advantage of the proffered protection, the Imperial dignity becomes from thenceforward a mere shadow—the constitution of the Germanic Body is shaken to its centre. And yet Mr. *Pitt* supposes it impossible that the Emperor should be sincere in his avowed readiness to treat with the French Republic.—Such are the intrigues going on among the Princes of Germany! And so much for the faith of our regular governments, the stability of allies, and the dependence on alliances.

I conclude then that there must be a soft part in the head of the Emperor of *Germany*, if he does not turn around, and give a sharp look-out at his neighbours, lest, while he is attempting to make the Sans Culottes wear royal breeches again, the King of *Prussia* should snatch his Imperial diadem from off his head, and put a red night-cap in its place.

Citizens, I have talked about delineating the character of this Emperor, but I feel myself incompetent to the task; and for this very reason—because it is evident that he has no character to delineate; that he is a man of times and contingencies

cies—whose views and maxims have descended to him, like his crown, and whose grandeur and importance are derived from the taylor who made his imperial robes. He is in short a mere thing of mechanism and detail—who upholds this and aims at that, merely because the House of Austria have so aimed and held for the greater part of the last century: and therefore it is (a new order of things having suddenly sprung up in Europe) that he knows not what to do in the present exigence, and that his conduct is marked with nothing but indecision, incongruity, and absurdity—yet to such an ally we give 4,600,000l.

But there is another of our allies who is to be regarded in a more serious point of view—an ally whom I shall treat with the utmost gravity and decorum; for you know it is not very polite to level the shafts of ridicule against the ladies. You will perceive that I can mean no other than our most august, most active, most virtuous, most humane, and most pious ally, the Empress of both the *Russias*. I shall not attempt to speak the truth, and the whole truth, relative to this good old lady. No—I remember very well that Lord *George Gordon* was kept in Newgate till he died, for calling the late Queen of France by a name which it was notorious to all the world as properly belonged to her as *homo* belongs to all mankind. I shall not, therefore, when I am speaking of this pious, humane, and virtuous Empress, talk of wives who murdered their husbands and usurped their thrones, and afterwards maintained with blood what had been so bloodily obtained. Neither shall I attempt to delineate the many instances of her piety, and the zeal with which she attempted to convert the infidels of the *Ottoman* empire, by massacring them as fast as the ministers of her holy wrath could fulfil her sanguinary orders. Neither shall I delineate again the conduct of her familiar spirit *Zuwarrow*, at *Warsaw*.

But there is a part of her character which I think it my duty seriously to consider: I mean that part of her political character, by which she appears to me to have been stimulated to take part in the present intrigues and dissensions of Europe. Ever since she has been seated on the throne of *Moscow*, is it possible to be blind to the ambitious projects which this woman has been forming? Is it possible to be blind to the gigantic strides she has made towards the accomplishment of these designs? Is it possible to be blind to the consequent mischiefs which are rising from these projects? Is it possible to be blind to the policy of her present conduct? While combinations

binations are forming between the powers of Europe, for objects the most extravagant and unattainable, she pretends to make herself a party, in order to stimulate their frantic activity; and while they are exhausting their strength in this ridiculous crusade, she, sitting aloof from the storm, husband her resources, and reserves her strength, and, ever and anon, when the combatants begin to grow languid, heartens them up with vague and delusive promises, or rouses their passions with an inflammatory manifesto.

Does this conduct mark the subtilty of intriguing ambition, or does it not? Does it, or does it not look like the conduct of one who has projects that may be advanced by the weakness of the respective combatants? Is it, or is it not precisely the conduct she ought to pursue, if she really grasped, as by the late King of *Sweden* she was publicly accused of grasping, at the universal sovereignty of Europe? And ought we not to be alarmed lest we should blindly enable her to dictate laws to Europe; to destroy all commerce but that which will add to her own aggrandizement; to make the operations in the present crusade the means of extending her empire over that ocean, the dominion of which we have proudly arrogated to ourselves? The accomplishment of such projects may appear very distant; but should any event, during the present struggle, enable her to seize a port in the Mediterranean, the complexion of affairs would be immediately altered; and we should awake from our dream too late.

Cannot the fate of Poland warn us of our danger? Was not her conduct, with respect to that unhappy country, perfectly consistent with the sort of policy I have here ascribed to her? While the King of Prussia was exhausting his strength and resources in the field, she remained in politic inactivity. But, no sooner was he completely weakened, and broken down, and the *Poles* exhausted by their gallant struggle, than forth she rushes upon her devoted prey, reaps the laurels and advantages which *Prussia* had sown, and partitions the devoted country according to her pleasure.

But our Ministers are too busy for such speculations; nor would they, in these days of sedition and revolution, be so *jacobinical* as to question the views, and principles of the regular Governments of *Europe*. All their energies are engrossed in trying the grand question between Governments and people, and deciding, by the usual argument of Courts, the metaphysical problem "whether the people have a right
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"to change their governments, or whether they have not?" Not knowing that the question is already decided, and that, altho' they should reverse the decree in their chancery of appeal, it would be of no avail, since whenever the people are inclined to do it, they will feel that they have not only the right but the power.

Citizens, it would require a greater degree of exertion than, at this time, I am capable of, to enter fully into the views and objects of this good ally: nor is it necessary, perhaps, to say much more upon the subject; for I think there are few people, the Ministers of this country excepted, who are so blind and stupid as not have some insight into her projects. Let us suppose that we continue to carry on this war; that we suffer ourselves to be deluded and cheated as we have been, year after year, and campaign after campaign; continuing all the while to be deluded by the pretences and promises of this woman, till the resources of this country are still further exhausted, and we suffer ourselves thus to be brought into embarrassments and distresses which may be nearer at hand than those men of wealth and property, who plunged us into the war, are inclined to think. In what kind of condition shall we then be, to oppose any ambitious project which she, unwearied and unexhausted, may think fit to avow? And, if these dangers are pressing so closely upon us, as I believe they are, it is not from republicans and levellers, but from the profligacy and insatiation of Ministers, that this country is likely to be brought to ruin and destruction.

Men of more generous hearts than those who have so long been rioting in the blood of Europe, would seize on the first friendly opportunity that opened a way to that meditation which, under such circumstances, must be the first wish of every one who does not, in reality, wish for the destruction of something more than that commerce which we have been told ought to perish, that the rotten boroughs might live.

But suppose that we have not reason to dread all that I have described. Suppose that I have been a little visionary in my apprehensions, relative to this Empress of *Russia*; yet, surely, it cannot be said, that there is *nothing* to apprehend from that quarter, considering the great strides which she has been making. Surely it behoves us rather to watch with jealousy, a power so ambitious, so cruel, and so faithless, rather than admit her into a sort of partnership upon that element hitherto the scene of all our glories, but where the treachery of

of a false friend might, in a critical moment, prove more fatal than all the hostility of our open enemy.

Such, Citizens, appear to me to be the dangers which threaten us from a continuation of the present war, even on the side of our allies; if we look, on the other hand, at the progress of events at home and on the continent, what is the probable catastrophe that stares us in the face? Look at our fields, at our manufactories; look at the state and condition of the people—see the wants, the aggravated miseries that have been produced among us! Look at the enormous growth of the public debt, look at the unexampled strides which the Minister is making in the accumulation of this debt, during the three years in which we have been engaged in the present war! When we look at the facts, we find an expenditure vast beyond all comparison with whatever went before! We find that the taxes are levied with difficulty; and that, notwithstanding all the boasts which the Minister regularly makes, when he opens the budget, of the flourishing state of the finances, and of the prospect of the resources of the current year considerably more than answering the expenditure—yet, that like the morning and even ing tale of the sluggard, the concluding and the opening account never agree, and when he comes to sum up the past receipts and expenditure, he is always compelled to acknowledge that there has been a deficiency. And what makes this more alarming and ominous, as if we had nearly got to the end of our tether in this iniquitous system of stock-jobbing, we find, by comparing the facts, that this deficiency regularly keeps pace with the extent of our new loans, and the consequent increase of the public debt; so that our taxes are no longer equal, and every year are less and less equal to the discharge even of the interest; and we are obliged not only to borrow the capital with which we carry on this mad crusade, but even, each successive year, to borrow fresh sums to pay the interest of the preceding.

Citizens, it requires no nice arithmetic, it requires no elaborate calculations to prove that, if we continue this game of growing desperation, it must inevitably produce a national bankruptcy.

Pause then awhile, and think what you are doing! think of the profligacy of your present undertakings—think of the wasteful expenditure—think of the misery, waste and depopulation, which has already been produced! think what are
already

already the appearances of society. Remember how considerable a depopulation has already taken place; how many useful labourers have been driven to the hospitable shores of America, where punishment for opinion is not known, nor starving industry to be heard of; where the first law of nature may be followed without dread of famine, and children are not yet a curse. There, where no frantic father, pondering over the future destiny of his offspring, and comparing his scanty rewards with his incessant and laborious exertions, is tempted to exclaim with poor Belmour in the play—

“ I have been thinking which of my three boys,
 “ Some few years hence, when I’m dissolv’d in death,
 “ Shall act the beggar best : run barefoot fastest,
 “ Or, with most dextrous shrug, play tricks for charity.”

[*Great impression—and a cry of “ Encore.”*]

Citizens, the speech I have repeated was given by the Poet to the character of a Gamester; and none but a gamester, in any tolerable state of society, ought to be liable (or, so short a time ago as the period when the play I quote from was written, could have been liable, in this country) to be driven to give utterance to a speech so full of melancholy and horrible images. But now, in England, many an industrious tradesman, and many an upright honest member of society, with anguish of heart, may be driven to apply those heart-rending lines which, in answer to your call, I again repeat, and exclaim—

“ I have been thinking, which of my three boys,
 “ Some few years hence, when I’m dissolv’d in death,
 “ Shall act the beggar best ; run barefoot fastest,
 “ Or, with most dextrous shrug, play tricks for charity.”

FATAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

When, I say, you consider this depopulation, and this misery; when you consider the enormous expenditure of the public money; when you consider the shifts to which this proud and insolent Minister is evidently put, even in the midst of all his arrogance; when you consider the strides which he is going on to make (like a desperate spendthrift on the eve of bankruptcy!) When you see him still consent to pay millions upon millions, to an ally, who scarcely deigns even to promise his services in return—when you consider all these des-

perate consequences of the present war—the miseries of the people—the symptoms of approaching bankruptcy, the exhausted depopulation, exhausted means, and exhausted patience of the country—are you not led to apprehend a catastrophe, too dreadful even for the imagination to contemplate without horror?

But, Citizens, there is another part of the consequences of the present war upon which I cannot be quite silent: I mean the consequent neglect of agriculture throughout Europe. How many fields, upon the Continent, have remained unsown! how many harvests destroyed by the iron foot of war! what cargoes have been consigned to devouring flames, and floods!

Europe sees too late, and trembles at the dreadful consequence. The Minister, perhaps, may exult in the prospect that *France* is on the eve of that famine which he wished to make the weapon of his revenge, against all who depart from the sacred institutions of popery and monarchy! “See,” he may, perhaps, exultingly exclaim, “See the misery I have brought upon *France*! tho’ I could not cope with their republican energies, I have destroyed their means of life; I have pillaged neutral vessels, and seized their stores of grain! it is true it has turned rotten upon my hands! but still Frenchmen are starving! glorious prospect! twenty-four millions of people starving by my machinations! this is indeed a triumph worthy me!” A triumph? a triumph? Thou monster look at home. Stand up and face thy country, if thou darest; and answer for the consequences of thy infernal plans! the famine, with which you meditated to subdue the liberties of France, is gnawing the bowels of deluded Britons; and even the expected relief from our *Canadian* settlement has entirely failed!

Such are the prospects, and such are the consequences of a mad, profligate, and desperate war. Such are the fatal effects of national animosity and delusion!

I conclude, then, that the probable catastrophe of the present war is famine, desolation, bankruptcy, and national disgrace: a large portion of which it is impossible we should escape; though, if we have wisdom, public spirit, and determined humanity, we can avoid the worst part, by lifting up the commanding voice of popular opinion, and immediately abandoning that mad and frantic crusade, in which it is impossible to succeed, and in which, were success possible, its sole tendency would be to render us more enslaved and miserable.

ODE

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY G. DYER.

HAIL! more refulgent than the morning star,
 Gay queen of bliss, fair daughter of the sky,
 I woo thee, Liberty! and hope from far
 To catch the brightness of thy raptur'd eye.
 While not unseemly streams thy zoneless vest,
 Thy wild locks dancing to the frolic wind;
 And, borne on flying feet, thou scorn'st to rest,
 Save where meek truth her modest seat may find.
 Hail! radiant form divine, blest Liberty!
 Still rove through nature's walks, and let me rove with thee.

Say, dost thou choose to tread the mountain's brow,
 Or haunt meandering stream, or wanton plain?
 Up the steep mountain's height with thee I go;
 Or wake by river's brink the merry strain:
 Or I will trip the laughing plain along,
 A simple swain, 'midst hinds and virgins gay;
 And still will chant to thee the even-song,
 Unwearied with the raptures of the day.
 And e'en when lock'd in sleep's soft arms I lie,
 Still flattering dreams shall wake the midnight ecstasy.

Or dost thou choose to wear the sober veil
 Of mild philosophy, and walk unseen,
 Serenely grave, along the cloister pale,
 Or in the pensive grove, or shaven green:
 Then will I tend thee on thy secret way,
 And from thy musing catch the patriot flame,
 Gentle and clear, as the sun's smiling ray
 At dawn, yet warm, as his meridian beam,
 When wondering nations feel the piercing rays,
 And think they view their God, and kindle into praise.

Such wast thou seen by Isis' silver flood,
 In converse sweet with Locke, immortal sage;
 Such too by Cam, with him, whose bosom glow'd
 With thy sweet raptures, and the muses' rage.
 Nor less with him, who bore to distant climes
 His country's love, and o'er her miseries sigh'd;
 Brave injur'd patriot he, in evil times
 Who nobly liv'd, and not ignobly died.
 Who nobly liv'd, whose name shall ever live,
 While zeal in Britain glows, while freedom shall survive.

Or art thou wont to couch with lion pride
 Near Britain's genius, slumb'ring as in ire;
 Waiting what time thy children shall abide
 Thy noblest form, and glow with purest fire?
 Sweet slumb'rer rest! yet shall the times be found,
 When Britain's bards shall wake no venal strain,
 Her prophets give no more a double sound;
 No more her patriots thirst for lordly gain:
 And lawless zeal shall sink to endless shame,
 Nor longer keep thy seat, nor bear thy sacred name.

But shouldst thou scorn at length Britannia's isle,
 Then would I pass with Penn the dang'rous sea;
 Yes! I would hasten to some happier soil,
 Where tyrants had no rule, no slaves obey.
 There would I woo thee, goddess, heav'nly fair;
 Sing my wild notes to thee, where'er I roam;
 Britons no more the muse's praise should share,
 Tyrants abroad and miscreants at home—
 E'en Britain's friend would publish Britain's shame;
 While barb'rous tribes should hear, and scorn a Briton's
 name—

But shouldst thou e'en from Britain speed thy way,
 On Gallia's plains still linger with delight;
 And while her patriots hail this sacred day,
 Oh! aid their counsels, and their battles fight;
 May tyrants ne'er, those murd'ers of the world,
 Austria's proud Lord, and Prussia's faithless king,
 Their blood-stain'd banners to the air unfurl'd,
 O'er freedom's sons the note of triumph sing;
 Still with the great resolve the Polish heroes fire,
 To live in thine embrace, or at thy feet expire.

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXII.

An Enquiry into the Truth of an Assertion frequently made in the "*Honourable House of Commons*," That the *CONDITION of the COMMON PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY, is WORSE than that of WEST INDIA SLAVES.* The Second Lecture "*on the Comparative Estimate of the Slave Trade, the practice of Crimping, and Mr. Pitt's partial Requisition Bill.*" *Delivered Friday, February 27th, 1795.*

CITIZENS,

THE number of facts connected with the subject, which I am this evening to resume, occasioned me, in my former lecture, to run rather more largely into detail than was at first my intention; and, therefore, compelled me to leave untouched, or but slightly touched, many of the most important arguments that relate to this very momentous question.

It appeared to me, therefore, not amiss to resume it this evening, and to endeavour to investigate those parts of the subject which I, for want of time, hurried over too much or totally omitted, on the last evening.

On that evening I began with some reflections upon the general character of *Europe*; and was particularly led to condemn the avarice and cruel pride with which it arrogates to itself the right of enslaving the other portions of the globe. My business, on the present evening, is to make a more particular application of those arguments to the character of the nation, a portion of whose population I am now addressing. And, on this occasion, I wish, from those feelings of vanity every man has, with relation to the country in which he was born, that I were able to draw a picture in which nothing but the most pleasing lines and amiable colours should obtrude themselves upon the eye. I wish it were possible for me to delineate a character in which every

No. XXII. Y thing

thing should excite admiration and applause. I am afraid, however, if I discharge my duty, by dealing fairly with my countrymen, it will be impossible to have so grateful a task, on the present evening: for tho' the spark of reason has not only fallen upon the British bosom, but its flame has extended to a considerable degree, so that there is a great disposition in the minds of the people at large, to benevolence and magnanimity, yet I cannot be blind to the operation of those circumstances, which have a tendency to introduce, and, thro' a very wide circle, have positively diffused, characteristics of a very different description. I cannot be so blind as not to perceive, that, for a very considerable time, an illiberal, monopolizing, and *rapacious* spirit of commerce has diffused itself among the people; and, backed by those corruptions that have crept into the government of the country, has tarnished the character of Englishmen. In short, the over eager pursuit of opulence among one class of people, and the consequent depression of the other, have produced a notion among us totally subversive of the feelings of justice and humanity—a supposition that nothing is respectable but wealth; and consequently, an hardened cruelty, or at least an insensibility of disposition, so inveterate as nothing but avarice and rapacity ever can impart to the human character.

If there had wanted proofs of the existence of these qualities, in this country, the debate in a great assembly of yesterday, would furnish me with abundant argument to substantiate the position I have laid down. Let any man but cast his eye, in the slightest manner, over those arguments which were used, in opposition to a benevolent and humane motion in that assembly, and then let them tell me, whether virtue and enlightened generosity are, in reality, the only traits of character by which the present generation of Britons are to be handed down to posterity!

Citizens, I shall take the liberty of entering into a serious investigation of those arguments; because it will shew you, to what retreats the friends of slavery are driven for shelter, and how hard they find the task of supporting their system of enslaving one portion of the human race, to support the luxurious vices and sensual gratifications of another. A learned Alderman has observed, that this abolition, the abolition of the slave trade, ought never to be assented to—why?—not because slavery is just, not because we are entitled to the limbs, lives, and progeny of the poor blacks, by means of the *divine right* of our white complexions: no, this he does

not

not attempt to prove: but, says he, the consequence of such abolition would be the loss, to this nation, of the West India Islands.

If I meant to enter very fully into this part of the enquiry, I am not at all afraid, but that I should be able to prove to you, because it has been repeatedly proved, beyond reply, that this effect would not result. But such a discussion would, I believe, be perfectly superfluous, in more points of view than one—for this is a part of the argument which, notwithstanding the boasts of some, the grand exploits of others, and the confidence of many, I am much inclined to suspect, will not be urged many successive years: for, notwithstanding some apparent successes, and

“ The fine yellow harvest we have got,”

If we look at the condition of our islands, and the energy of the enemy, and consider the resources which, by our perseverance in the system of slavery, we give to that enemy in those regions, I am inclined to believe, that the West Indies will be lost; not by the abolition of the slave trade, but by that cruel and rapacious obstinacy, with which we determine not to relinquish that inhuman traffic. For, if we will not *relinquish*, there is another nation in *Europe* that will abolish it—will tear it up and destroy it, root and branch, with the powerful arm of liberty and equality; and with it will go, I have no doubt, or at least soon after it, the whole of that system of colonization, whose soil is corruption, and whose manure is blood. [*A feeble hiss.*]

I am delivering opinions, Citizens, not wishes. I do not call you together to invoke Deities to further my prayers, or fulfil my prophecies. I call you together to listen to opinions, which I am convinced are the opinions of truth. With my wishes, be they on one side or be they on the other, it would be impertinent for me to trouble you: and, therefore, I cannot but conceive, that marks of illiberal disapprobation must arise from a trembling conviction that these are but too well founded; and the calamity, if a calamity it is to be considered, will be traced to the mal-administration of those, who, having no other way to preserve their popularity, send their emissaries into every public meeting, to disturb the tranquillity of investigation.

I, however, am very doubtful at least, whether the loss of colonies is, in reality, any calamity to any country. But if

it were, is justice therefore to be sacrificed? Are the sacred principles of truth and liberty to be immolated at the altar of interest? And, for the sake of wealth and aggrandizement, are we to persist in those practices, whose cruelty calls aloud for redress, and for the defence of which we have no other argument but interested necessity, the tyrant's constant plea? Yes, says the learned Alderman, you are: for, if you loose your colonies, there is another consequence behind; a consequence, connected with that disposition of rapacity which I have been obliged to acknowledge, in some degree, to be characteristic of my country, the loss of great part of our revenue, which would, ultimately, endanger the existence of the country.

The existence of the country! the existence of the country! How long are we to be deluded by unmeaning cant? How long has party after party, administrations and oppositions, rung the changes upon those words in our ears? But where is the individual who has told us what he means to convey to our minds by this pompous phrase? What, does the air of heaven depend upon our revenue? Do our streams derive their salubrity, and our meadows their fertility, from our revenue? Do the seas, that wash our shores, and waft to us the tribute of the world, depend upon our revenue? Or, is the aggrandizement of parties—the wealth of factions—the general fruit of this revenue?—Is this, I say, the existence of the country? And will mankind be annihilated when Ministers can no longer cover their tables with the wealth of a province, and fill the senate, and every department of an intricate system, with their creatures and dependents, the hungry consumers of this revenue!—But, flimsy as this argument is, it is not true. The revenue is not benefited by colonization. I stand in fear of no contradiction when I say this: and I do not say so, because the nature of this lecture precludes contradiction; but I fear no contradiction from the world, when I affirm that Colonies do not assist the revenue of a country. They assist patronage, it is true, dependants upon Courts and Ministers they assist; but they injure the real revenue: for there was never yet a Colony, whose revenue equalled the expences of its government. And as for their secondary operation upon the revenue, by means of their commerce, the genuine spirit of commerce abhors monopoly and restraint, and the example of *America* might convince us, that the best way to increase our trade is to make our Colonies independent.

But,

But, upon what principle, let me ask, is the idea supported, that to revenue we are to sacrifice the cause of liberty and humanity? Alas! the very argument stamps, with deep conviction, the justice of that character which I felt it my melancholy duty to assign to Britain.—Yes, it is my *duty* to convince you that such is the degraded state of our national character; because, till you are convinced of it, you will not lend your virtuous and peaceable efforts to wipe the stain away.

Behold the consequence of this rapacious avarice. Every thing is to be sacrificed to revenue; without which the wages of corruption cannot be paid. Every thing is to be sacrificed to the interest of a few monopolizing traders; because, unless monopoly goes on to an extravagant length, the extravagant projects of corruption cannot be supported. It is only by the growth of monopoly, that great revenues can be easily collected; and, therefore it is, that wealth is to be held up as the idol of our adoration; that we are to bow down, in reverence, to every thing splendid; and that measure after measure is to be adopted, project after project is to be carried into execution, to keep those who are poor still poorer, to push them further down the ladder of society, to confine all favour and preferment to a few wealthy and powerful families, and to make it difficult for any to acquire but those who have already too much.

But to illustrate still further this principle of rapacity, and to shew you its curious effects upon the rational as well as the moral faculties of its advocates, let us proceed to the curious arguments of that most honourable gentleman, Mr. Secretary *Dundas*. He is, you know, an advocate for the gradual abolition of this traffic: a man of moderation: that is to say, one of those who, not having the virtue to act right, and finding the wrong to be no longer tenable, endeavours to frustrate the cause of justice, by finding out a middle path between the two.

You will remember, Citizens, that in conformity with this system of moderation, about three or four years ago, when every guard and fence of the advocates of slavery was beaten down; and the friends of liberty began to exult in the prospect, that this great fortress of tyranny was about to surrender to the irresistible artillery of reason, *Dundas* stepped forward with his unexpected proposition of gradual abolition, and, under pretence of a capitulation, induced the advocates of justice to raise the siege. It was proposed by him, that the

the measures for this gradual abolition should not take place till the end of four years." *Four years*, he told you, was a period that would make no very considerable difference to those who remained in chains and bondage—four years longer continuance of a traffic, admitted to be a perpetual scene of rapine, blood and cruelty, could be no great injury to the cause of humanity. Just as he told you, on another occasion, that seven months closeconfinement was no sort of punishment whatever. "Another reason," he says, "for giving four years to the planter was, that he might have some time to furnish himself with slaves, and not suffer a stagnation or bankruptcy in his business by a total stoppage."

Can men repeat these words, and yet be ignorant of their import? Can they lay down, after laborious examination, doctrines like these, and not shudder at the consequences? Has it not been proved to you, that the annual consumption (for it seems that human beings are to be spoken of as stock in trade!)—that the annual consumption of Africans in our *West India* Settlements, is no less than 60,000. Multiply—for, if we consider men as property, we must subject them, like other property, to rules of arithmetic, and strike our balances of debtor and creditor with the coldness of commercial precision.—Multiply this 60,000 by four, and you find, that 240,000 Africans were to be sacrificed to the moderation of this humane Secretary—for what?—why to prevent the bankruptcy of a few *West India* monopolists. What then—is this the enlightened and generous spirit so often boasted by Britons? or is it that spirit of rapacious avarice, that regards the lives of mankind, the happiness and liberties of thousands, as trifling circumstances, compared with the hurling of a few wealthy individuals from that rank which their opulence has given them, and casting them, for a while, into the humbler ranks of life they have so long been in the habit of despising.

But mark, Citizens, I pray you, the progress of this gradual abolition. The four years being nearly past, the same most humane and generous pleader comes forward and tells you, that *a longer time is necessary now* than was requisite at the former discussion. Though only four years were requisite four years ago, "more than four years are requisite now;" and he thinks that the abolition ought, at present, to be "deferred indefinitely." This puts me in mind of an anecdote, in ancient history, of one *Simonides*, a poet and philosopher,

pher, who was consulted by the tyrant under whose dominion he lived, about the opinion he entertained of the existence and nature of God. *Simonides*, at first, required two days to consider it; two days were granted, and when they were expired, the Monarch expected a reply. But, instead of answering the question, he required four days more. Four days more were granted, and at the end of these he came, not with his reply, but with a request of six days longer; and, at the end of those six days, he requested an indefinite time; "because," he said, "the more he considered of the nature of the Divinity, the more puzzled he was to give an answer to the question." And so, in the same manner, we have a great and mighty statesman, who finds the same growing difficulties upon a leading question of benevolence, as the ancient philosopher and poet did upon the leading question of theology; and he tells you, after having had four years to consider upon the question, that he is less determined in his own mind when the Deity of benevolence shall begin to be acknowledged and worshipped, than he was when he told you, four years ago, that four years only were necessary before the temple should be built.

But another reason why he now thinks a longer time necessary than at first is, that in war the planter has not the same opportunity of providing slaves.

Citizens, we have heard of a variety of trades; and we have heard of a variety of species of cattle in which traders may deal. In some parts of the world they are very famous for dealing in black cattle; with some, no cattle are in such repute as the golden calf; and there are other countries in which the cattle are all white. Now it happens, that while the trade of war continues, the traffic in white cattle admits of a quicker return, and, in consequence of modern improvements in the way of carrying it on, is discovered to be more profitable than the trade in black. Thus then, during the continuance of the war, it is not quite so easy to procure black slaves for the plantations, as it is to procure white slaves for the ships of war, and the ranks of a devoted army: and, therefore, you are told, upon the old system of bringing forward one piece of iniquity in justification of another, the slave trade is to be prolonged till the return of tranquility shall enable the planter to get such a stock of human cattle as may satisfy his conscientious desires.

If gold is thus to be admitted as an equivalent for life, of trade is to be set up as a thing of more advantage and consequence

sequence than humanity, and justice, can we be surprized that, in the same assembly, doctrines should be preached so abhorrent to the feelings of mankind as those I am about to recite to you? Can we be surprized to hear members, in that same assembly, declare that "liberty,"—hear it Englishmen, if you can, restrain your indignation and hear it with patience! "that liberty is not the unalienable right of man!" What is liberty then the birth-right only of *Britons*? for it has been called *the birth-right of Britons*, even by those *borough mongers* who swindle us out of the inheritance, and then threaten us with the halter for appealing to the title deeds. Is not liberty the right of all human beings? Or is the period come when right is changed into wrong? Are Britons also to be considered as implicated in this new doctrine? And are they also to be taught that their liberties are not unalienable? That they may be stolen by violence, or taken away by fraud, and that he, who has once been a free agent, may be reduced to the condition of a slave?

Are we surprized to hear in the same assembly, also, "that it would be inhumanity to the people of *Africa*, to leave them to their savage liberty; and that nothing could exceed,"—Mark, Citizens, the curious argument, "it is not right to leave the Africans to the possession of their savage liberty, because nothing can exceed the joy and consolation which the Negroes, in the *West India* Islands, experience, upon the arrival of a fresh cargo of slaves from *Africa*: and to rob them of this would be to deprive them of one of the greatest sweets of life."

And is this true? Have civilized and enlightened Britons sunk the simple character of savages so low, that they, also, can exult in the chains and torments of their fellow beings? And feel a wicked consolation, in the midst of their own sufferings, by finding that others are rendered as wretched and as hopeless as themselves? If this malignant disposition is, in reality, generated in the breasts of Africans, by the oppression with which we have treated them, what becomes of the curious argument which Mr. Alderman *Newnham*, thought fit to set up.

Citizens, I am no adept in theological questions. I do not pretend to speculate either upon the world above or that below. I am satisfied with the sphere I move in. I am sure I can do no benefit in any other. But divines, I understand, have upheld the doctrine that, if it were possible for a man to get into heaven, with the passions of demons and fiends in
his

his bosom, still he would be miserable; and heaven, itself, would to him be worse than hell. Mark, however, the very different doctrines of the pious Alderman, whose words I have before quoted, "he hoped that the slaves would have their reward, in another world, for any sufferings they meet in this life: but *while the life of our trade depends so materially upon their slavery, he would never agree to their emancipation.*"

Citizens, I cannot answer for the faithfulness of reporters, but the newspapers have given me this as the logic which this *honourable gentleman*—for "they are all honourable men"—used in the debate of yesterday. But let us compare this with other doctrines that have been held in the same place, and then let us consider what are humanity, liberty, and justice? We have been told, by some of the honourable gentlemen in that assembly, that *our commerce was to perish that our constitution might live.* Now we are told, that *humanity must perish that our commerce may live;* and that we must never think of emancipating millions of our fellow beings, so long as the success of our trade depends upon their groans and bondage. What then—*is humanity only a third-rate virtue?* Alas! how blind have been those philosophers and moralists who have hitherto considered it as the first, the only virtue; and who imagined, that nothing was excellent but only in proportion as it grew out of, or was conducive to this great object! We are now told that it is a virtue of the third degree. That humanity is to yield to commerce, and commerce, in its turn, is to yield to the security of the emoluments of placemen and pensioners, to the sacred rights of the proprietors of rotten boroughs!

Citizens, another argument that has been made use of, deserves also considerable attention. The argument is derived from the dreadful consequences of enquiry and discussion: those Jacobinical weapons with which some late infamous conspirators, "who," in the language of the Solicitor General, "carried their criminal enthusiasm so far as to wish for the establishment of universal peace and fraternity," endeavoured to effect their diabolical purpose.

An honourable member tells you, that "the discussion," not only the abolition, but the simple discussion, "may be attended with the worst consequences; as it would add a spark to the general conflagration that now rages in *Europe.*"

I know not what "these honourable men" mean by the general conflagration that rages in *Europe*. If by conflagration they mean the war and violence at this time raging over the whole continent, let them throw their censure upon the Minister whose intrigues produced that conflagration. If by conflagration they mean the light of political enquiry, I hope and trust the friends of liberty, unawed by threats or prosecution, will fan the sacred fire, will continue to cherish it, and keep it alive, altho' their own blood should be necessary to feed the flame; and that they will never neglect it till its sacred light has beamed into every eye, and warmed every heart in the universe.

Not such, however, are the sentiments of those "honourable men" who constitute the infallible majority of that honourable House. O, the enquiry is certainly a shocking enquiry, echo they. It is a dreadful enquiry at this time. You must not touch the subject at this period, the terms *liberty, justice, slavery*, will ring in your ears for ever, and lead to speculations and principles which at such a time are horrible. True, says Mr. Secretary *Dundas*, rising with the whole weight and patronage of *Scotland* upon his shoulders; true, says he, heaving and straining under that accumulation of places and emoluments, under which he has the misfortune to groan; true, the subject is horrible: "the islands are already in a state of sedition; and if liberty is given them, it is probable they will use their liberty in a very improper manner. Let us think also of the situation of the affairs at home;" (let us consider in what a ticklish situation our places, pensions and emoluments are at this instant.) "Even conversation on the subject, now, can only excite confusion and agitation; and, therefore, I wish that the motion had never been introduced."

And then he proceeds to shew another excellent reason, the necessity of subordination, why the House of Commons should not proceed with the enquiry till they know the pleasure of the House of Lords, which has now been three years nodding over the business. If the House of Commons does not venerate the House of Lords, perhaps the people will not venerate the House of Commons. Such is the interpretation—the plain English of his argument—for I quote not these as his words. I shall read when I quote: when I make interpretations I deliver them extempore, as my own. This is the true interpretation of his argument in reproba-
tion

bation of the animated and generously indignant language of Mr. *Whitbread*, who with a courage and independence worthy a representative of a free and generous nation, reprobated the tardy indifference of the Upper House on this great question.

But mark his words, "The honourable gentleman, in
 "pledging himself to bring forward the motion, over and
 "over again, if he knew it vain to do so, and that their
 "Lordships would be against it—he must say that the gen-
 "tleman meant mischief; to excite tumult, by provoking a
 "fruitless discussion." The author of this motion is a man,
 who, except upon one question, has always uniformly voted
 with our present upright, heaven-born, and heaven-instructed
 Minister: yet Mr. *Dundas* says, "if the honourable gentle-
 "man wished to give the alarm, that justice had not been
 "done by Parliament in past years, he stirred the embers of
 "sedition." How came Mr. *Dundas* to suspect, that the
 conclusion from the arguments in yesterday's debate would
 be that justice had not been done by Parliament? I find no
 such accusation from those who argued for the abolition. If
 I recollect right, there is in an old proverb—something about
 a guilty conscience—I refer, however, to the better memory
 of my audience.

But if we are to admit this sort of argument, let us con-
 sider awhile the situation in which we shall be placed. You
 must not agitate, in the House of Commons, a question upon
 which the Lords have shewn a disposition to put a negative;
 you must not meet in popular assemblies to deliberate upon
 "subjects which are in the contemplation of the Legislature;"
 you must never repeat a petition once refused; and therefore,
 the refusal of the legislature, like the laws of the *Medes* and
Persians, is to be considered as irrevocable; and it is sedition
 to attempt to agitate a question which they shew a disposition
 to lull to sleep. What then is become of your right to pe-
 tition? What is become of your right of remonstrance, if
 even your representatives must not press a disagreeable sub-
 ject upon a confiding House of Commons, without being
 charged with stirring up the ember of *sedition*? Sedition is a
 new crime lately started up among us, and like *Jacobin* and
Buggaboo may be applied to any thing that the speaker fears
 or hates. Search me, ye lawyers (for I see there are several
 present) search me your precedents, explore your voluminous
 statutes, tumble over your high authorities, and shew me a
 definition of this crime, which, like the serpent of Moses,

swallows up every thing that comes in his way; or converts to its own semblance every thing that is disagreeable to the Minister.

We weakly imagine that we once had rights. If we had, they cannot be annihilated by a *vote*, nor suspended by a *nickname*. If we have rights, surely we have a right peaceably to investigate them; to remonstrate again and again; to agitate the question to day, to-morrow, this year, and next year, and again and again, till the mind of the legislature receives that light which may be struck out among what they call the dregs of the people, by which they may be induced to tread in a new path, and may alter the resolutions they may have rashly taken.

But this new doctrine of the passive obedience of the *lower* to the *upper* house, and of members in opposition to a ministerial majority, this doctrine that we are to bow down, with implicit reverence, and entrust every thing, without a murmur, to the superintending providence of the *Lords in Parliament assembled*, calls to my mind some circumstances which, though not generally known, are worth attention, relative to the manner in which the agitation of this question originated. The fact is, that many of those who first started the question, had no sort of inclination that it should ever be so seriously attended to;—that it was, in short, a *mere party job*. In order, says one, to keep the popular attention from grievances at home, let us enter into an enquiry respecting oppression abroad. Let us impeach, year after year, season after season, and Parliament after Parliament, a man whose only crime is having obeyed with zeal the masters whom he served, and whose system, iniquitous as it is, is not only sanctioned, but cherished and encouraged by the existing government. Let us talk, also, of the rights of black men, lest the rights of white men should be too much discussed. Let us go to *Africa* and the *West Indies*, that while the attention is engaged in things abroad, things at home may go on to our liking. But their opponents were longer sighted than themselves. They saw thro' the thin disguise, and determined to fight the enemies of liberty with their own weapons. They saw that, with proper management, the discussion of this question might lead to the discussion of principles, which afterwards they could apply to practice at home; and thus, as I have been told by a very valuable character, whose name I shall not mention, because he has already suffered enough from the iron hand of oppression,—suffice it to say, I have been

been told this by one of the foremost of the agitators of this discussion, that the cause of the poor Africans was made a mere stalking horse by both parties; many of the first, and apparently the most zealous promoters of the cause, having no other view than to promote their respective designs at home. In such a project, it is not easy to conceive which party must inevitably be worsted. And now that the supporters of old abuses, perceive, too late, the consequences, they want to crush the enquiry entirely; because they find that, instead of distracting the popular attention from grievances at home, it has rivetted their attention to the principles from the neglect of which all abuses spring.

But Sir *William Young*, with arguments as brilliant, and as weighty as if they were just come fresh from the mint, contradicts the language of Mr. *Dundas*, relative to the seditious disposition of the islands. He finds another argument to build upon, and therefore proceeds without ceremony to pull down the argument of his friend: and thus, says one of these honourable gentlemen, in reply to the other gentleman equally honourable. "The slaves are very loyal to their *Masters!*"—We understand now, it seems, what Courtiers mean by *loyalty*. I thought it meant respect and obedience to laws fairly made and impartially executed. But Sir *William Young* conceives *loyalty* to be a blind and implicit obedience to those, who think proper to lash us when we dare to murmur. "The slaves are very loyal to their masters; and (this argument is worthy some observation and attention) *there are no peasants in this country more happy than the negro slaves.*"

What, Citizens, is it an argument to prevent us from doing justice to the slaves in the *West Indies*, that the people of this country are reduced to a situation equally deplorable with those negroes, whom they half despise, and half pity. But this is thought too cold by the learned Alderman whom I have so often quoted. He says, "I affirm that *the condition of the negroes is happier than that of the poor among ourselves.*"

Citizens, I know not whether this is one of those statements which the orator thought self-evident, and therefore did not deem necessary to pursue any further; or whether it was one of those sudden rays of light and truth, which burst in upon the mind sometimes in the heat of investigation. But supposing the latter to be the case, I am rather inclined to think, that if this opinion had suggested itself a little earlier, when

when he was preparing the brilliant speech by which he hoped, no doubt, to recommend himself to some fresh contract, or little *bonus*, he might have pursued the argument much further, and thus continued his oration—

“Nay, Mr. Speaker, so incontrovertible is this argument, that it might not only be supported by the actual experience of every *honourable member* of this *honourable house*, but I have absolutely written documents and calculations in my pocket by which I could demonstrate it to this *honourable house*: nay I can produce proofs from the writings even of the jacobinical advocates of the abolition of the slave trade themselves to support me:—for if this *honourable house* will turn to the work of one Citizen *Wadstrom*, on Colonization, page 12, this honourable house will find these words. As to the traffic of the slave trade, as the Whites practice every fraud upon them in the quantity and quality of the goods delivered, and in trepanning their persons, the blacks cannot carry on equal trade on equal terms, without resorting to similar practices. As to the injustice, cruelty and rapine, which, at the instigation of the Whites, they practice on one another, they are not more disgraceful than the well known trades of *crimps* and *kidnappers*, and *press-gangs*.” (The consequences of all which, as this *honourable house* well knows, falls entirely upon the lower orders of society). “All of which,” he continues, “are carried on without foreign instigation, in several European countries, and even protected or connived at by their governments.”

“Nay, Mr. Speaker, it would require no great eloquence to convince you, that the parallel between the two situations is much more close than this *honourable house* would at first suppose; nay, and that wherever there is a difference, that difference is in favour of the blackamoor negro slave. For are not the people of this country suddenly seized and carried to crimping houses, just as the blackamoor negroes are in *Africa*? where they are kept as long as pleases their masters, or till they can find an opportunity to dispose of them! Are not the common people in England, like the blackamoor negroes in Africa, treated with hard labour, little kindness, and less food? Are not those who are kidnapped and doomed to fight for us, *will-they* *will-they*, punished with stripes and blows, as this *honourable house* knows very well? And are they not crammed down into miserable holes, and dungeons, and all that sort of

“ of thing? Suffer me to call to the attention of this *honour-*
 “ *able house* the miserable situation of poor Englishmen—in
 “ crimping houses, and press-houses, and tender-holds, and
 “ I am sure this *honourable house* will then perceive that the
 “ blackamoor negroes ought to be very well contented so
 “ long as white Englishmen, whom this *honourable house*
 “ knows are of the same flesh and blood with this *honourable*
 “ *house*, are treated in such a manner. Nay, and for matter
 “ of that, if we were to do any thing for these here blacka-
 “ moor negroes, those there Jacobins might, perhaps, say
 “ rightly enough, that, if we are to be reforming, we ought
 “ to begin reforming evils at home, before we go abroad:
 “ for *charity begins at home*, says one of our wise old ances-
 “ tors; and if this *honourable house* does not respect the
 “ maxims of our wise old ancestors, how should the people,
 “ you know? And so, as I was saying, Mr. Speaker, I will
 “ prove to this very thronged representation of the people,
 “ that the impress holes, and the dungeons of crimping-
 “ houses, and the tenders, and all that, are worse than any
 “ thing the blackamoor negro slave experiences. For I am
 “ enabled to assure this honourable house, that poor English-
 “ men, when they are impressed, are thrown into a place
 “ called the hold: where they are kept, day after day, to
 “ compel them to enlist, upon bread and water just sufficient
 “ to keep life and soul together; and, if they lie down to
 “ sleep, the rats, that run about the hold, disturb them by
 “ gnawing and tearing the hair off their heads. I am glad,
 “ however, that our wise Minister is about to tax powder;
 “ for poor men will not now be in so much danger of having
 “ their hair gnawed off in these most miserable dungeons:
 “ because why? there will not be any powder and pomatum
 “ to tempt them. Whereas the rats, now, sometimes eat
 “ their hair, and sometimes their ears, so that when the poor
 “ men are induced to enlist, they look as if they had been in
 “ the pillory. And, Mr. Speaker, to keep up the parallel,
 “ and show *this honourable house*, that the condition of those
 “ blackamoor negro slaves, on the *West India* islands, is not
 “ worse than the condition of the lower orders of the people
 “ in this country, I shall ask *this honourable house*, What is
 “ it but slavery, to toil fourteen or fifteen hours a day; and
 “ after that, not to get a decent subsistence for their wretched
 “ families? What does *this honourable house* think slavery is?
 “ Does it not consist in stripes and bondage? In the whole
 “ produce of your labour going to those who have not toiled
 “ with

" with you, and nothing but wretched offals left for you ?
 " What is slavery ? but having no rights, no power to mend
 " your condition, nor no power of getting redress from the
 " laws : which *this honourable house* very well knows, while
 " law is so dear and wages are so low, no poor man can
 " possibly get in this country. Nay, Mr. Speaker, is it not
 " admitted, that the principal difference between freemen
 " and slaves consists in the one being governed by laws of his
 " own making, and the other by laws made by his masters :
 " because why ? we all love ourselves best : and they who
 " make laws will always make them for their own advantage :
 " and they who have nothing to do with making the laws
 " will have no advantage at all. Now, it is well known to
 " *this honourable house*, that the common people in England
 " have no more share in making the laws than so many
 " blackamoor negroes ; and therefore, that they are slaves.
 " And as, here in England, those who toil and bleed for us,
 " are robbed of all their rights because they have so toiled
 " and bled ; now what is this but slavery ? And, therefore,
 " what necessity can there be for abolishing the slave trade,
 " when the blackamoor negroes are no worse off than our
 " own people. For what though we have a *Commons' House*
 " of Parliament, is it not very well known that the *common*
 " people have no right to vote for them ? And, therefore,
 " Mr. Speaker, one set of people making laws by which ano-
 " ther are to be governed *will-they nill-they*, makes them slaves ;
 " and as the slave trade goes on here as much as in *Africa*,
 " with this difference, that the slaves, who are seized and
 " sold by crimps and press-gangs, and the like, are sold not
 " to work in plantations, but to be shot at, in a war, in the
 " success of which, if success were possible, they can pro-
 " mise themselves no advantage whatever."

Such Citizens is, I suppose, the sort of argument which
 this learned Alderman would have made use of if he had had
 time for that consideration which the subject demands. He
 might, also, perhaps, have animadverted upon the pending
 requisition bill. He might, if he had chosen, have ani-
 madverted upon the *unconstitutional* powers vested by
 this bill in the hands of Justices of the Peace : such as the
 clause that " Justices of the Peace for the several divisions,
 " are to hold a Court of general session, for hearing, as the
 " last resort, the appeals which may be made from the re-
 " spective parishes ;" by which, without any trial by jury
 whatever, the liberties, and ultimately the lives of our fel-
 low

low citizens, in the lower orders of society are to be determined upon. Of the same despotic complexion, he might have said, is the clause, "that petty sessions are to be held, "to receive the return of the parishes to such orders, and to "attest and enrol the men to be raised; and for hearing the "appeals of parishes, &c. against the proceedings of regulating officers;" and this, which is, perhaps, the most "extraordinary of all, that "if returns of men, for any "parish or place, shall not be made within three weeks after "the service of the order by the Constable or Tything-man, "the Justices, in Petty Session, may summon the Churchwardens and Overseers, making such default, to appear "before them; and if it does not appear to the satisfaction "of such Justices, that such default has been unavoidable, "and hath not happened by wilful neglect, they are required "to fine the Churchwarden," without trial by jury, without examination of witnesses in open Court, "they are required to fine the Churchwarden, in the sum of thirty "pounds for each man!!! to be levied by warrant and distress on the goods and chattels of such churchwarden, &c. "and Overseer. If the Churchwarden neglects to attend "the summons, as above, he may be fined any sum from "twenty pounds down to five pounds," without trial by jury; without any sort of trial whatever. By the arbitrary will of the Justice of the Peace, he may be "committed to "the common goal, without bail or mainprize, for a space "not more than a month, nor less than a fortnight." And, all this for not being sufficiently vigilant in crimping, buying and inveigling those poor slaves, called the common people of England, into the worse than plantation drudgery to which this bill consigns them!

It might be asked, What are the reasons, why these clauses receive not the same revision which others, which bore less hard upon more opulent classes, have received. The answer is obvious, the revised clauses affected a set of men, who not only have representatives, but influence and weight, and whose complaints could not be treated with contempt. But as for these unaltered clauses, they are parts of the general system. Justices of the Peace are appointed by the Crown; and it is necessary, every now and then, to be vesting additional power in their hands, that they may *keep the lower classes of people in order*; who, if they had the Jacobinical right of trial by jury, might have justice done to them, when it would be more convenient for the exigencies of the state (that is to say, the exigencies

gencies of Ministers and placemen) that they should be hurried on board a tender, or thrown into a dungeon, without any opportunity of vindication. For this it is that power is to be vested in Justices, to send on board the tenders *all whom they think proper to determine* "have no visible mode of subsistence!" And thus any man, who has rendered himself obnoxious to these petty Deities, without possibility of redress, may be seized and hurried on board a tender, to toil and bleed, at once a Briton and a slave.

I am aware, Citizens, that many other arguments might also be adduced, to prove the truth of the position, that "*the condition of the lower orders of the people in this country is as bad nay in some respects perhaps worse, than that of the poor Africans, who are doomed to slavery in our West India islands: who toil for the luxuries of others, but want themselves the necessaries of life; who furnish the nectar that enlivens our banquet, but who pine in sorrow and hunger; drink their own tears, and eat (at the known peril of the most barbarous punishments) the tops of the green plants which their own toil has reared,*

Yes, Citizens, I know it is not only in the West India islands, where misery pines, where groans are heard, where anguish sobs in the cheerless gale, and breaks the silence of the joyless night. No, in the wretched cabins of the poor artificers of this country, I have seen myself famine and disease, shuddering under the mouldering roof, and crouching over a few mouldering embers that no longer emitted one ray of comfort.

Go, Citizens, to that part of the town where our weavers once resided in cheerful abundance; but where now want, nakedness and misery unspeakable, throng every street, and make each tenement a pest-house. This I have witnessed, myself, before the iron hand of power tore me from the sphere of my active exertions in behalf of my fellow citizens. How must that affliction have been aggravated during that season whose severity has reached even the joints of affluence and grandeur, through folds of ermine and double wadded doors. How many of these poor beings must have fallen victims to that piercing season? The bills of mortality may represent them, perhaps, as dying natural deaths; but famine, miserable famine was the real cause of those diseases which brought them to their miserable end.

Relieve this slave-trade then, ye friends of humanity!—Abolish unnecessary war; abolish unnecessary places and pensions;

sions; let not one hundred and sixty-two borough-mongers consider themselves as the sole electors of that assembly which, as it legislates for all, ought to represent the whole population of the country.

O Wilberforce, if thou art indeed that man of humanity which thy zeal in the cause of the wretched Africans would lead us to believe, seek not so wide for objects of thy benevolence; nor expect that redress can begin in the western hemisphere. The seed, the root of the oppression is here; and here the cure must begin. If we would emancipate our fellow beings, in whatever part of the world, it is not by becoming ourselves the slaves of a Minister that so noble an effect can be produced: if we would dispense justice to our distant colonies, we must begin by rooting out from the centre the corruption and oppression by which that cruelty and injustice is countenanced and defended.

Citizens I am warm. I cannot withhold my honest indignation. I cannot "see the sufferings of my fellow creatures" and own myself a man," without feeling the boiling blood rush round my heart in stronger tides. Let me not, however, by an imprudent warmth, stimulate you too far. Judge me, thou Posterity, who, without the passions and prejudices of the present day, shalt view my actions and shalt read my heart—I wish not to rouse to violence. I would warm your hearts with a holy flame; I would awaken the settled glow of humanity, not impel you by the volcanic explosions of anarchy and bloodshed. I detest, I abhor alike the assassin's knife, whether openly brandished by usurping power, or hid under the cloak of conspiracy.

THE HORRORS OF ROYAL AMBITION.

From the BATTLE of BARNET, a Poem in the Peripatetic.

ACCURS'D remembrance of intestine rage!
Lo! friend with friend, and kin with kin engage!
Then frantic Britain arts and laws forsook,
Let ploughshares rust, and broke the pastoral crook;
While harpy Discord wak'd the brazen sound,
Whose savage blast each social feeling drown'd,

And

And call'd her hinds, in each fierce baron's train,
 To spread a bloody harvest o'er the plain;
 With War's dread scythe the horrent fields to mow,
 And lay the boast of human virtue low
 At each stern Master's feet, whose fickle pride
 Waver'd, in direful doubt, from side to side:
 As interest prompts (but dimly understood)
 As private pique, or daring thirst of blood,
 As sordid bribes, or harlot smiles inspire,
 Or spleenful Humour whets the fatal ire,
 Each brutal chieftain arms, with impious joy,
 And feels the dire ambition to destroy:
 Thro' kindred ranks red Slaughter breaks their way,
 And poms of heraldry their crimes display.

See helm on helm, and thronging shield on shield,
 With proud devices darken all the field;
 From sword to sword the beamy horror plays,
 And from throng'd lances wafting lightnings blaze;
 While high in air the threatening banners spread,
 The white rose here, and there the flaunting red.
 The dire alarm prophetic vultures sound,
 And groaning myriads glut the purple ground:
 While titled heroes hence their honours claim,
 And float on vassal blood to impious fame.

"O! thou fond Many!" what hadst thou to do
 In kindred blood the corslet to imbrue?
 Ah! what avail'd the name the tyrant bore
 Who trod your necks, or tax'd your hard-earn'd store?
 One orphan'd babe defenceless left to sigh,
 One briny tear that wash'd the widow'd eye,
 If justly weigh'd, had wak'd a sharper pain
 Than Edward's exile, or than Henry's chain.
 But York's nor Lancaster's proud claims ye knew;
 For humbler tyrants ye the falchion drew.
 As herds to slaughter by their owners led,
 Dumb, and unconscious of the cause, ye bled:
 The titled *ruffian* the pretence supplied;
 And as *he* frown'd the abject million died:
 Each petty Jove, their madness to inflame,
 Shouts the dread thunder of his worship'd name;
 His blazon'd Ægis shakes; and thick they fall,
 Till universal Darkness threatens all:—
 O'er all the realm one night of Horror lowers,
 And huge Destruction, unrestrain'd, devours;
 With stride exulting stalks around the coast,
 And snuffs the offerings of each vassal host!

[To be continued.]

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXIII.

ON the Importance of avoiding personal Factions and Divisions, among the Friends of Reform—The introductory Lecture of the Autumnal Course; Delivered by J. THELWALL, Wednesday, September 2d, 1795.

CITIZENS,

IT is with great pleasure I meet you once more, under circumstances, I believe, considering the state of the public mind, still more auspicious to the cause of liberty than those under which we parted.

During the last season, the anxiety and zeal with which, in common with thousands of my fellow citizens, I was prompted to labour in the public cause, became so far injurious to my health, that my life was in danger of falling a sacrifice to my exertions. I come now before you with my health in some degree recruited, ready to repeat those exertions; wishing not by them to make myself any thing, but desiring to make the cause of liberty and the triumph of human felicity all in all, both to myself and you.

Citizens, you will permit me to bespeak your candour. The exertion necessary to address you, at the opening of a season, is much more considerable than those, who have not been in the habit of public speaking can suppose. Even this short recess occasions me to come before you again with that trepidation and anxiety, which the importance of the cause I am labouring in, is well calculated to increase. There are always great advantages to be encountered on the renewal of any exhibition, of any kind, after a vacation; and which must particularly operate when every thing depends upon the mind and exertions of the individual; and when he is to trust to the moment for that expression with which he wishes at once to bring conviction to the judgment, and rouse the amiable feelings of the soul. This difficulty is still more increased from the impediments thrown in the way of mental preparation, by the attention I have been obliged to pay to the enlargement of the room, and the arrangement of the accommodations necessary for the throngs of auditors, who honour this place by their attendance. I trust, therefore, you will

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listen

listen with candour to the efforts I make this evening, and that you will pass over those defects which result from the circumstances under which I stand, and attribute them to the right causes.

Another disadvantage I labour under, upon this occasion, results from my having been induced, by particular circumstances, to make some alteration in my plan. It was my intention to have commenced this course with a very different subject from that which I am going to bring before you. During my recess my time has been, of course, divided between contemplating those beautiful scenes, which abound in the part of the country I retired to, viewing the state of society, (calamitous and miserable enough, indeed, even in the midst of that Eden of fertility!) and in directing my mind to those pursuits which might better enable me to do justice to the arduous situation in which I stand. These circumstances co-operating together, with the accident of having devoted some serious attention to the political works of Hume, and particularly my having fallen, in this course of reading, upon his essay on eloquence, induced me to chuse, as an introduction to this course of lectures, an enquiry into the natural connection between eloquence and liberty, and a refutation of some of the sophisms which that ingenious philosopher introduced into that essay, not very friendly to the cause of truth and liberty. I had occasion, however, as soon as I came to London, to change this plan. I had the mortification to observe, that among the friends of liberty and reform, there were strong symptoms of the growth of a disposition to *envy*, *faction*, and *division*, against which every true friend to the rights and happiness of mankind will be anxious to set his face.

I am well aware, and you will easily perceive, that nothing can be so fatal to the progress of liberty as a spirit of this kind; and that, therefore, there is nothing which it is so important to expose in proper colours, that it may become the object of hatred and avoidance to those who, but for thus contemplating it, might be deluded to be the tools of personal faction, when principles, and not men, ought to be the objects of their attention; and when the happiness of millions, and not the quarrels and contentions of rivals or calumniators, ought to engross the faculties, and call forth the energies of the human mind.

Citizens, I am not desirous of inflaming but of healing divisions, and I will admit that a disposition to *suspicion*, which

which is one of the chief causes of those factions, into which the advocates for the cause of liberty so frequently split, does not always, as at first sight one might be led to suppose, proceed from the worst and basest of motives that actuate the human mind. There are generous qualities in the characters of men so nearly allied to certain vices and foibles, that it is not found a very difficult matter, amongst the agents of corruption, to turn the very virtues that should warm our bosoms into scorpions to sting our peace; and, instead of suffering them to be conducive to our happiness, to make them instruments of our destruction. If we consider the real character of the principle of liberty, we shall find that it is naturally connected with a certain degree of jealousy. The great importance of the principle we are contending for, occasions a thousand anxieties relative to those whose exertions we look up to for the promotion of its success: as the tender mother suggests a thousand fears and apprehensions, relative to the welfare of her babe, while the hireling regards, with perfect indifference, all those probabilities of injury and danger with which the little cherub may appear surrounded: So, frequently, in our anxiety and zeal for the cause of liberty, in our conviction of the great importance of promoting that principle, we are apt to have our minds perturbed with a thousand needless apprehensions, and frequently to glance the eye of suspicion at the actions of our fellow citizens, when, if we had the cause less at heart, this feeling might not be so prevalent.

I am, therefore, ready to make some apology, for those who may be active in disseminating suspicions: but I wish it to be remembered how far this apology ought to go. We may *excuse*—we ought to *applaud* the man who weighs every circumstance, who scrutinizes every action, who dives to the very bottom of the soul of any individual, or set of individuals, before he reposes that confidence in them, which, if they are unworthy of it, they may hereafter abuse to the injury of the cause: but there is a wide difference between *caution* and *calumny*; between *jealous circumspection*, and the *factious spirit of cabal and ferocious denunciation*: one may be excused from the good qualities of the heart or soundness of judgment which frequently produces it: the other, if it does not proceed from the worst of dispositions, must certainly result from the blindest infatuation; and I warn every friend to the cause of liberty, at the same time that he keeps the Argus

eye of jealous scrutiny upon the conduct of every man, at the same time that he anxiously forbears to repose any more confidence in any man than results from the *necessity* of the circumstances under which we are placed may require,—I warn every friend of liberty to avoid that malignant disposition to calumny, suspicion, and denunciation, which has disgraced the otherwise glorious revolution of France; has brought to the grave so many virtuous and enlightened characters; has annihilated so much intellect, that might otherwise still have been flashing light, truth and conviction through the universe; and has occasioned that country, after all its struggles for the glorious principle of equality, to go backward, instead of forward, in the career of truth and justice; and to relinquish some of the most noble principles that were ever propagated for the felicity and moral advancement of man.

Citizens, this disposition to jealousy which actuates, and which under proper regulations, ought to actuate the breasts of those who are zealous for the cause of liberty, has not escaped the observation of the tools of ministerial corruption. The spies and agents of the infernal system of *despotism veiled under the semblance of law and constitution*, despairing of success from other efforts, conscious that, like all men engaged in a bad cause, every step that they take to extricate themselves from the difficulties into which they are plunged, will but embarrass them still more;—conscious that every effort they make to crush the cause of liberty, and extinguish the light of human reason, does but recoil upon themselves, and, like the flail in the hand of the unskillful thresher, destroy—not the *brains*, it is true, but the *heads* of those who wield it;—finding that their attempts to destroy the advocates of liberty, have but promoted the cause, and that, by stretching too far the string of despotism, they have so destroyed the energy of the bow of power, that it will twang no more, as usual, nor drive home the darts of persecution to the hearts of those whom they wished to destroy—Conscious of this, they have changed their mode of conduct; and being no longer capable of deluding themselves with the expectation of success, by exertions in the open field, they skulk behind the walls and bushes of pretended patriotism, and thence attempt, by covert arts and secret machinations, treacherously to destroy those who, invincible in the truth and justice of their cause, laugh at the malice of open persecution, and defy the ~~forms~~ of their arbitrary authority. Panic struck also at beholding

beholding, and who so blind as not to behold, the rapid diffusion of the principles of liberty through every rank of the community, they feel themselves called upon for still stronger exertions at a time when their folly and their injustice has palsied the arm of ministerial authority, and occasioned the once omnipotent hand of corruption to sink listless by the side they wish in vain to defend: feeling this they appeal to their last resort—they attempt to divide those whom united they cannot prevail against, but whose attachment to the cause of human happiness it is impossible for them to forgive.

“ We have knit ourselves together, say they, in one phalanx; distinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* we have buried in oblivion; and, thus united, with the legible proclamation on our foreheads, that we never had any other principle than the principle of getting into place when out, and keeping in when in—With this proclamation, engraved in brass, and stuck upon every frontlet, we have armed ourselves with lawless arrogance, and with this weapon and this impenetrable helmet, we wish to protect ourselves in the places of power and emolument, which, at the expence of almost thirty millions of taxation upon the groaning people, we have monopolized to ourselves: but it is in vain that we have made our citadels so strong, it is in vain that we have thus armed to defend them; the multitude are a swinish herd no more; they have learned to walk erect; they have discovered that they have intellect; they have discovered that they have rights, and the starvation to which we have reduced them, disposes them to demand those rights; we must, therefore, set them together by the ears among themselves, as quickly as we can,—induce them to hate each other, and cut each other’s throats—or, at least, to blast each other’s characters, and disgust each other with the thankless pursuits they are engaged in, or else farewell to all those golden visions of hereditary places and immortal pensions with which we have delighted our imaginations and filled our coffers.

“ Strong in a just cause, vindicated by the zeal of honest advocates, and rendered triumphant by the intrepidity of upright juries, these champions for the rights of man will prevail, say they, against the sacred immunities of places, pensions and emoluments, if we do not find some other means for their destruction. Ye *Taylor*s, ye *Lynams*, ye *Grove*’s, and ye *Gossings*,* bring us no more your reports of what

* This last mentioned wretch was in the room when this was delivered.

this

this patriot does, or that patriot means to do; even your forgeries and falsehoods, (though we know you are as ready to swear to falsehoods as to truths,) even these will no longer avail: ye must adopt another plan; ye must scatter the poisonous seeds of suspicion in every breast, and sow division between patriot and patriot; and if any little personal difference happens to arise between them, or any misapprehension or suspicion, you must inflame it into the rancour of party hatred and factious animosity; and then, perhaps, we may have an opportunity of enjoying our golden situations a little longer, and the system of corruption may last our day,—which is long enough for us, you know: for by courts and courtiers there is one maxim, at least, of one philosopher, which is always revered and held sacred—*When we are gone, let the world be consumed with fire: it is no matter to us; all our concerns are settled!!!*

“Let us then destroy the characters of the men whose lives we cannot destroy: let us calumniate those whom we cannot move; and if we can neither find juries corrupt enough to do whatever we bid them, nor assassins who are bold enough, or cunning enough, to wreak our revenge in secret, at least we will stab that which is dearer than life to the generous mind,—we will endeavour to send the honest and upright advocate of Truth and Liberty abroad into the world, under the semblance of a monster, as bloated with vice and corruption as we are ourselves.”

Citizens, for such designs it is but too easy to find engines. There are, and there always will be, men whose zeal and enthusiasm is greater than their judgment; and these may be for a while deluded. There are, and there always will be, other men whose minds are full of envy, malignity, and personal animosity; and to these a hint is sufficient. And there are, and always will be, others who, without having either done or suffered any thing for the cause of liberty, aspire to the reputation of being the only good patriots, by denouncing every person who has done or suffered any thing, and holding up to hatred and derision every one who happens to have that share of public confidence and affection, which they know they have not the ability, or virtue, or courage to procure by their own exertions. Such individuals will always be ready to seize upon the slightest pretences for sowing divisions and creating factions: not because they themselves really suspect, or at least not so much as they pretend, the men against whom they direct their fury; not, on the other hand, that they

they really wish to prevent the cause of Liberty from triumphing;—not that they are corrupt enough to mean to play the game of the Minister, but merely because they wish for that popularity which they do not like the trouble of procuring by honest and proper means. To these men “trifles as light as air are confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ;” and there is no accident of the convivial hour, there is no individual circumstance in the history of any man’s life, so insignificant that they will not seize upon to weave the web of calumny, to blast his reputation and destroy his exertions, whenever it happens to suit with their malignant caprice, or be conformable to the views of their narrow ambition.

But though such dispositions exist in some few bosoms, and though the passions of those are frequently communicated, by a sort of contagion, to the most excellent of human minds, the real friend of Liberty and man will not be driven from the course of exertion, by all the calumnies and jealousies of Faction. Others may be factious, but the true friend of Liberty will rather be the victim of Faction himself, than lend his assistance to disseminate those seeds of division which he knows must be injurious to the cause of Truth. For it is not personal popularity that is sought by the real friend of Liberty: no, it is public good; and he deceives himself strangely indeed, who can imagine that he ever was seriously attached to the cause of public happiness and virtue, who can suffer any degree of injustice or persecution to drive him from a steady perseverance in those principles, without the establishment of which the happiness of mankind never can be advanced, nor the calamities of the human race removed.

There are other dangers, however, which result from this factious spirit—this disposition to suspicion and jealousy, against which it is proper to warn the friends of Liberty. The man who feels himself goaded with unmerited reproach is in danger of losing his temper, and being stimulated to rashness, which may be pleasing to those to whom otherwise he would be too wise to render himself subservient. He may be urged, perhaps, in his zeal to prove how unjustly he has been reproached, to acts of imprudence, which may be friendly to the views of those spies and tools of Oppression, with whom guarded caution, mixed with activity and zeal for the public cause, constitute the highest crime: because it renders the assiduous champion of human rights, who unites those qualities, superior to their little artifices, and places him out of the reach of their base misrepresentations.

It is therefore against imprudencies of this kind, that I would particularly warn those who may be calumniated, or who may have the misfortune to be thwarted in the prosecution of those pursuits of liberty and justice, in which they are engaged. These are dangers of which those who first stimulate to disseminate the principles of suspicion are well aware : and there is no doubt, but this is one of the objects for which calumny is frequently employed : because it is frequently seen that warm and generous minds fall into this snare, and lose the guard of prudence that they may get rid of those suspicions, which, instead of being thus thrown off their guard by them, they ought to treat with contempt, or to repel with the firmness and dignity of conscious innocence.

But there are dangers of a more alarming kind proceeding from this disposition to envy and suspicion : and I am very much mistaken, indeed, if (not forgetting the artifices and intrigues of the allied courts and cabinets of Europe) these are not among the principal causes of those excesses and cruelties, which have brought a stain upon some part of the revolution in France. Yes, I am convinced, that most of the crying acts of injustice that have sullied the French revolution, are to be traced to this suspicious and factious disposition which I have thus endeavoured to represent in proper colours, that you may abhor and avoid it : and I cannot persuade myself but that, if this principle of suspicion had been early eradicated, that we should never have heard of the wanton excesses of Robespierre and his party, whose principles I must for ever revere, though I abhor their practices, so opposite to every thing which those principles, well digested and deeply felt, are calculated to produce.

Had mankind, in that part of the world, experienced the advantage of a regular and gradual introduction to the principles of truth, liberty and humanity, which we, in some degree enjoy ; had the scorpion malignity of suspicion, generated by the base and treacherous corruption of the court, been early exterminated from the Gallic mind, it is impossible that a principle the most benignant, the most glorious that ever warmed the human breast, should have been so disgraced as, for one period, we behold it in that country.

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I dwell not upon these excesses with a view to shock you from the principles of liberty. Europe is becoming rapidly convinced that it was not the principles of liberty that produced the mischief, but that the evil flowed from passions and dispositions the most inimical to that sacred cause. The principles of liberty are the principles of benevolence: for I don't understand what liberty means, if its object is not to promote the happiness of mankind, and diffuse through all ranks an equal proportion of rights, felicity, and protection. But let us observe the progress of suspicion: let us observe the history of the rise and fall of the respective factions. If two sets of men differed but a hair's breadth in principle, the high-flown enthusiasts immediately denounced the moderates as royalists, and advocates for federalism; while the moderates, if such extravagant suspicions can be called moderation, reverted the denunciation, by calling out on every side, that those violent enthusiasts were in the pay of the courts in alliance against the liberties of France; and that they only wanted, by the excesses, to disgrace that cause in which they pretended to be so warm.

If we examine impartially, we shall soon find that neither the one nor the other of these denunciations had any basis. The *Brissotines* were not advocates either for Royalty or Federalism: they were not persons who attempted either to restore or modify the fallen despotism of France: they were pure, they were zealous, they were generous republicans; and, if a doubt could have existed before, their conduct in the hour of death proved them to be such, in defiance of the calumnies that were heaped upon them. Nor can common sense, for one moment, believe that the energetic exertions of the *Jacobins*, those vigorous efforts of courage and intellect, with which they roused the nation to an enthusiasm unparalleled in the history of man, and drove the combined powers like chaff before the whirlwind, were meant to support the cause of the allied despots of the continent, by depriving them of their dominions, and reducing them to the most degraded state of terror and humiliation.

Let us then fairly and impartially admit, that men may differ from each other in opinion, without having corrupt and rotten hearts. Let us admit that even the most furious aristocrat may perhaps be deceived and deluded; and that he wants nothing but a little serious argument and investigation, to convince him of the error of the principles he has adopted:

that even he, perhaps, has a heart warm and glowing for the happiness of his fellow beings, though he is unfortunately ignorant of the means by which the happiness of those fellow beings can be promoted. Still more, let us believe that it is possible for a man, or set of men, to differ from us with respect to some particular measures, without immediately concluding that he or they must of necessity be hostile to the liberties and rights of man, and wish to trample under foot those sacred privileges of which every man, by the very circumstance of his manhood, is entitled; and which it is impossible for any set of men whatever to deprive him of the *right of enjoying*, however they may take from him the *present possession*.

But there is another reason why we ought to be careful of these dispositions to split into factions and divisions. What signifies, to you or me, what may be the difference in the particular parts of the system which you or I may have adopted; if there are grievances, mischiefs, and oppressions which we are all of us convinced ought to be remedied, let us seek, by united, peaceable and justifiable methods, for the amelioration of society in those respects, and leave the adjustment of more minute differences to the time when they become more important. Let us not split into fancied parties. Let us not give each other nicknames. Let us not distinguish this man as a *this-ite*, or the other as a *that-ite*: Let us remember, that not factions, but the great body of mankind, ought to be the object of our attention; and that their's is the cause that we ought constantly to labour to promote. But of this we loose sight immediately that we put those contemptible *ites* at the end of names; as if we were the adjuncts of some particular man, whom we have been weak enough to make our leader: not remembering that principles ought to be our only leaders; and that men are nothing any longer than they promote those principles which are favourable to the happiness of mankind.

Unfortunately, from losing sight of this great truth, the revolutionists of France have also lost sight, to a certain degree, of the grandest of those principles they have been so long struggling to establish.

I shall not enter at large, upon this occasion, into the investigation of the plan of government now before them. This will be more proper to be treated upon, when I come (as in a few evenings I shall come) to consider the indefeasible right of annual Parliaments and universal suffrage. But
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let it be remembered, that the true advocates of this universal suffrage, the true champions of the real and just equality of man, the true champions for the abolition of the odious distinction between *citizens and low people* (so odiously restored by this last plan of the constitution in France) brought themselves into disgrace, by the cruelties engendered by faction and suspicion; and brought, by these means, some degree of odium upon the principles they supported: and thus France, after a struggle of so many years, seems in danger of losing, by its factions and suspicions, the glorious principle of universal equality.—I don't mean equality of property. No man was ever wicked enough to put that into the heads of mankind, till *Reeves* and his associators made their appearance among us. He and his colleagues were the incendiaries who broached that doctrine; and if it should unfortunately, (which I hope and trust it never will) sink into the hearts of the common people; they are the guilty wretches who, at the bar of this country, ought to answer for all the massacres and mischiefs which so absurd an idea has a tendency to produce.

It is not then this ruffian principle of equality, it is the real, the just principle of equality, which says that all men—as Paine has beautifully expressed it, in that glorious and immortal work lately sent by him into the world—all men by the right of their manhood possess, and to which “their persons are their title deeds.” This is the sort of equality—an equality of rights, for which I stand up as the advocate: the equality which says that the man, who produces every thing by his labour, shall be as well protected as he who enjoys every thing by the advantages of his ingenuity, or the accidents and circumstances under which he is placed. This is the principle of equality that I defend. This is the principle of equality, which I could almost drop from the bottom of my heart a tear of blood to behold, that the people of France are upon the eve of relinquishing. And relinquish it, according to this compromising constitution they will—at least in theory, though the framers of the plan have glossed it over with expedients, in the hope of rendering it palatable.

If, therefore, fellow citizens, you are really advocates for the rights and happiness of mankind—if you really believe that *fundamental truths* ought always to be adhered to; that *expedients* should be left to shuffling knaves, and *first principles* be the land marks to direct the virtuous advocates for the

happiness of the human race—if you really wish to promote the cause of liberty—if you wish that the crops, produced by your luxuriant soil, should no longer be sent to feed *Hessians, Austrians, Croats, Bohemians, and Hanoverians*—if you wish that *emigrant locusts* should no longer devour the fertility of this country—if you wish that the consequence of your industry should be plenty, that the consequence of plenty should be universal and equally diffused happiness—if you wish that those calamities under which we groan should be removed; that famine should be driven from our doors; that inordinate taxation should no longer be heaped upon our shoulders, to support in idle luxury and splendor those tools of corruption, placemen and pensioners—if you really wish to promote your own happiness, and that of your fellow beings, dismiss from your minds the sordid principle of unfounded suspicion; avoid, by all means, splitting yourselves into factions and divisions; let Candour, the best anchor of Freedom, keep you to your moorings; and when you do sail forward in quest of public happiness, let Humanity and Justice be the pilots that direct your course, and Unanimity and Benevolent Feeling be the mariner and the gale that direct and waft you to your port.

If, Citizens, you will thus adhere to the great compass of principle and reason—though I pretend not to be God Almighty's nephew—though I cannot pretend to point out the oak under which I have lain while the dove of inspiration whispered in my ear, yet I will venture to predict, *the day is not distant when the condition of Britons must be improved.* Knowledge is widely diffusing itself among mankind; the principle of Liberty has had a most rapid spread indeed, during the last six or eight months; mankind begin to feel, in different parts of the country, as they ought; and I have been astonished to observe how numerous the advocates of Liberty are, even amongst those ranks and conditions of life in which we have been generally used to expect nothing but a servile compliance with the corruptions of aristocracy, and the usurpations of ministerial tyranny. Shall we then relinquish this great pursuit from personal motives? Shall we render ourselves unworthy of the liberty we seek, and thus lose the liberty we wish to obtain? or shall we, uniting heart and hand, press boldly forward, by just, spirited, and peaceful exertions, towards the accomplishment of our object—towards the attainment of that liberty to which I trust all from their hearts
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are attached? And if there are any who now hear me, or who may hereafter hear the doctrines that I have this night delivered, who feel (which, under the restraints of principle, it is justifiable to feel) an emulation and ambition to obtain the applauses and affections of their fellow-citizens, let them take from me one short and simple lesson.—“It is in vain that we make disputes about interest and duty. If we wish to live among persons of enlightened intellect, we shall find that interest and duty are one; that he who labours to promote the general happiness, brings to his own heart a satisfaction greater than any selfish exertions ever could produce; and that he who, instead of looking for popularity, looks to the promotion of public happiness, intelligence and virtue, will earn eventually a more durable reputation, than envy, cabal, and jealousy, ever were capable of obtaining. Let us not forget that the reputation obtained by intrigue, the popularity purchased by denunciation, suspicion, faction, jealousy, and envy, is short-lived indeed, while that which is obtained by principle and magnanimity will last for ever.—The fame of *Marat* flourished but for a day, because built upon faction, violence, and injustice; but the glory of *Thomas Paine* (who has built his reputation upon principles and integrity, and an unfeigned zeal for human happiness) stands upon a rock that never can be shaken. So long as the tongue of man can articulate the names of those heroes who have benefitted mankind, so long, in defiance of persecution, will the name of *Thomas Paine* resound throughout the world: for though I may not, nor perhaps any other of his admirers, agree with all that he has said in all his works, or the precise manner in which he has sometimes treated his subject, yet, whoever observes the tenor of his writings and conduct, must admit ‘this was a man of principle, who laboured for the
 ‘ promotion of the happiness of mankind; who kept himself
 ‘ aloof and independent of all faction:—this therefore is the
 ‘ man who has built himself a solid and lasting reputation,
 ‘ because he sought for that reputation alone by promoting
 ‘ the happiness and welfare of man.”

*** The following Passages constituted a Digression in the Second Lecture, but they belong more properly to this, and are therefore here introduced.*

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I have spoken thus far in general terms; because it is the general cause, not the particular feeling that principally actuates my mind. Considering however, the industry with which, during my absence from town, calumny has been employed against me, it may not be improper to make a few brief observations upon that subject: at the same time I shall carefully avoid all personalities and retaliation; as my object is to prevent, not to increase dissention; and as it is a part of my system to have no personal quarrels, and to cherish no animosities against any man who is labouring in the public cause whatever may have been his conduct to me in particular.

It is not difficult to perceive the source of these misrepresentations. There are undoubtedly many well-meaning, but indiscrete men, who are angry with me for withdrawing myself from the popular society; a measure, the motives of which I fully explained in the concluding lecture of the last season*; and which the doctrines enforced from this place sufficiently prove to have sprung from no departure from those principles of liberty to which I have so long been pledged. It was also easy to foresee, that a situation like this could not be occupied without exciting the envy and jealousy of those who have not magnanimity enough to look with complacency upon the good fortune of their fellow-citizens.

Alas—those who envy me the applauses and emoluments of this situation, know but little of the cares that surround it. They perceive and *exaggerate*† the external advantages; but they know nothing of the internal difficulties—the constant labour, the perpetual anxiety, and the sacrifice of health, strength, and social enjoyment, which it demands. If those things had been considered but ever so slightly, surely it would not have been difficult to find a reason, why a little retire-

* See Tribune, Number XV.

† The emoluments of the lecture room (if in this age of persecution a situation in which a man stands up to speak the truth could be regarded as permanent) when the incumbrances produced by three years persecution and disappointment are cleared away, would, it is true, be more than sufficient to satisfy my simple wants. But those who count over the gain by an exaggerated calculation of numbers, little suspect that my expences, independent of house-keeping, &c. are little short of 400*l.* a year.

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ment, in a distant part of the country should have appeared desirable to me, without inventing the paltry story of my having accepted a pension from that *caitiff-minister* who formerly attempted to pension me with a gibbet and an axe.

Citizens, I was not now to learn that calumny is the inevitable attendant of all active exertions; and that he who withes to benefit mankind in any way whatever, must be content to receive, as part of his wages, not only the hatred and malevolence of those whose corruptions he would undermine, but of others also whose factious intolerance cannot bear the slightest difference of opinion from the infallible standard of their own judgment.

It is not unknown to me—it ought not to be unknown to any man that whenever we engage in any efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind, if we escape the halters of aristocracy, we ought not to be sure that we shall escape the guillotine of faction.

I am not therefore astonished, that my back was scarcely turned,—that I had scarcely reached the scene of my retirement before suspicion lifted its serpent-head, and I was branded as a pensioned apostate who had abandoned his post, and abjured his principles. These suspicions, however did not prevent calumnies of a very different nature. And it is curious to compare the contradictory fabrications which were invented by the violent supporters of opposite principles who seem in a manner to have formed a coalition in this respect—or rather to have conspired together to place the poor bark of my reputation between the *Scylla of ministerial and the Charybdis of democratic persecution*. To the scurrilous forgeries of “*the Sun*” and “*True Briton*,” I shall make no reply—It is enough to say, that it was in “*the Sun*” and “*True Briton*,” that they were published. And to confess the truth, I have always had so much vanity as to be gratified rather than hurt at the abuse which ministerial hirelings lavish upon me. A report which has passed through a different channel ought not however to be passed over in silence, because it will exhibit in just colours the fidelity for which those gentlemen called *spies* are so famous, and shew you in the clearest point of view how much justice there is in the government of any country, upon the foundation of their testimony, putting their fellow-citizens in jeopardy of their lives.

It will perhaps be entertaining to hear, that while I was in

in the Isle of Wight, struggling with the attack upon my constitution, information was actually lodged by some of those virtuous spies—that I was at the head of the riots, pulling down a crimping-house in St. George's Fields. If you ask me the authority for this anecdote—I tell you that I have aristocratic authority. Mr. *Ford*, of the Secretary of State's office, has himself declared, that they received such information, while I, forsooth, not knowing what my spectre was doing in St. George's Fields, was 70 or 80 miles from the spot, and scarcely capable of stirring across my room.—A pleasant counterpart this for the report that I had retired from public duty upon a pension of three hundred a year. Citizens, I will not make any boasts either of my abhorrence of violence, on the one hand, or my abhorrence of corruption on the other. The man whose actions do not speak in his favor, deserves no credit for his professions: but this much I will venture to assure you, that whether I ever head a band of incendiaries, or become the humble servant of Mr. Pitt, I will never be bought for three hundred a year, nor *hanged for pulling down a crimping-house*.

But let us dismiss this grating subject: let us dismiss (if the warmth of youthful exultation will permit) let us dismiss all egotism—all personal feelings. Let me exhort you also, every one who may hear me, not, by misrepresentations and ill-founded suspicions, to stir up personal factions and divisions, so hostile to the cause of real freedom. Let us unite heart and hand, and struggle together in the great cause of human happiness; and, if we must have rivalry among us, let this be the struggle of our rivalry—not who shall most *defame*, but who shall most *merit*—not who shall *engross*, but who shall *deserve*, the largest portion of the approbation and affection of mankind.

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXIV.

Report on the STATE OF POPULAR OPINION, and the Causes of the rapid Diffusion of DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES. Part the First, Delivered at the Lecture Room, Beaufort Buildings, Sept. 4, 1795.

IT has been well observed, citizens, by one of our most celebrated poets, that "the proper study of mankind is man." We may certainly then affirm, that in the present state of society, when political disquisition and novel truths are diffusing themselves in every country, one of the most important studies is the state of popular opinion relative to those questions with which the universe is agitated. Nothing can be more desirable than to know the state of popular opinion under such circumstances; because it is by knowing and duly weighing the state of this opinion that violence is to be prevented on the one hand, and persecution on the other.

Ignorance will always dispose mankind to exertions unfriendly to human happiness: as he who is groping about in the dark is more likely to do mischief to himself and others, than he who, walking upright in the broad eye of day, has the opportunity of perceiving and understanding the objects by which he is surrounded. It is therefore that, at this early part of the season, I come before you to give you my report of the state of popular opinion in this country.

I cannot pretend that this is a subject which has been merely suggested upon the spur of the moment. It was in my meditation before I adjourned the last session; and it was a part of my intention to employ a considerable proportion of the summer recess in observing and collecting the necessary facts in different parts of the country. If strength had enabled me to fulfill my designs, I should have been able to come before you on the present evening with a much more ample and satisfactory account than I can at present pretend to present. It was my intention to have divided my time principally between studious retirement, and democratic pedestrian rambles, from which

the opinions of different classes of society may be collected.— In these rambles I meant to mix with all classes who came in my way—for they are grossly ignorant who suppose, that a knowledge of the world is to be obtained by associating with *one class of society*: and therefore it is, that the most ignorant of all the ignorant animals that crawl upon the face of the earth are generally found among our high and mighty potentates and rulers.

I will grant that we are never thoroughly acquainted with society, without some opportunity of viewing and beholding the conduct of the highest orders. But as the highest orders are few, and the intermediate and lower orders are numerous, I will venture to assert that *it is better of the two to be shut out from the society of the highest than to be excluded from all intercourse with the great mass of the people.*

There is another reason why I would recommend to my fellow-citizens, democratic excursions of this kind. The man who travels in a post-chaise from place to place, generally collects no other information than is derived from the mile-stones he passes upon the road, or the charges made by his postillion and the landlord of his inn. He who, on the contrary, leisurely roves from place to place, and mixes with every company that falls in his way, has an opportunity of discovering the real springs of human action, and learning the real value of the human character. For it is not beneath the embroidered vest, it is not beneath the plumed hat of aristocracy, that virtue is to be exclusively sought. Many a time will this glorious principle, united with animating intelligence, be found under the tattered garb of the peasant, and in the bosom of the laborious and despised orders of society. To mix with all ranks of men is the duty of every individual who has the opportunity so to do: for it is thus that we practically learn that great lesson, so theoretically enforced, that *all mankind are of one family*, and that *mutual obligation connects every individual of the universe together in one chain of sympathy and reciprocal duty.*

- “ And thus, as withal we excursively rove,
- “ The mind will expand, and the heart will improve;
- “ Till embracing mankind in one girdle of love,
- “ In nature’s kind bosom we daily improve;
- “ And, no selfish distinctions to fetter the soul,
- “ As brothers to all learn to feel for the whole.”

PERIPATETIC.

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With these views it was that I marked out for myself when I quitted London, a very extensive rout: a rout, however, which I was unable to pursue: the plain fact being, that my exertions in this place had undermined my health too much to permit me to execute any considerable proportion of the project I had formed; and that I had scarcely set my foot upon the delightful shore of the Isle of Wight when a cruel disease seized upon that vital organ which in this Tribune is particularly acted upon, and threatened me almost with dissolution.

Such information as I had an opportunity of collecting I did not however neglect; and the fruits both of my personal observations and of my enquiries I shall lay before you; acknowledging, at the same time, that my sphere of actual observation was confined to the Island, the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, Gosport, the adjacent roads, and the city of Chichester. The last of these places I cannot mention without repeating by way of prefatory digression, a little anecdote which may tend to illustrate the sapience and dignity of the loyal magistracy of that corporation; and to shew you with what horror and alarm those most dreadful of all dreadful monsters, *the hunters of political truth*, are regarded by the official guardians of the constitution in church and state as now administered.

Upon strong and repeated invitation, I was induced to make a visit of a few days to Chichester; where I was informed a few avowed and unintimidated citizens, to whom I was hitherto known only by name, eagerly desired the opportunity of my acquaintance. To such an invitation it was not easy to return a denial; and I embraced the opportunity of repairing to a spot famous for its dependence on the famous Duke of Richmond; and for the unequivocal display of his right noble apostacy. I knew pretty well what sort of character was to be expected among the leading members of a rotten borough, with the palace of a great man in its neighbourhood; and I was not ignorant of the mean arts of official cabal; yet what was my surprise to hear, that the worshipful Mayor of this worshipful corporation, on the report of my intended visit, had called his macers around him and given them express orders to keep a sharp look-out to the preservation of peace and order in the loyal city during the time I should remain there; and that if the least disturbance arose in any corner of the city, no matter where I was at the time,

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that horrible Jacobin should immediately be taken into custody:—to be committed, I suppose, to the house of correction; there undoubtedly to experience the humane treatment of jailors and the comforts of close confinement, that Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas might again have an opportunity of convincing you, by their logic, that such confinement is no punishment.—But this, Citizens, was not enough. A very stately and pompous member of that corporation, who calls himself an Esquire, and boasts that he has prevented four petitions from coming to Parliament, from different boroughs and corporations in which he has a most constitutional authority and domination—this pompous gentleman we caught in the very fact of walking backwards and forwards under the window of the friend's house where I was, and clapping his ear against the crevices of the window, to overhear our conversation. We did not let the poor gentleman go without his errand: for all ancient maxims ought to have sacred veneration paid to them; and it would have been a great pity the old proverb should have been marred, that *Listeners never bear any good of themselves*.

Thus much, Citizens, for undoubted facts. If the positive testimony of one individual is to be believed (which, in a circumstance so atrocious and extraordinary, I grant you hardly ought to be the case: there is a tale behind of much blacker import. Such testimony as, if it were on the other side of the question, would send a dozen or two of *suspected* persons to the Tower, and suspend for a third time the *Habeas Corpus* act, that this Esquire-like eves-dropping member of the corporation of Chichester, with two other persons, formed a plan, and for two or three hours paraded the streets of Chichester, for the purpose of executing that plan—either to seize me by force, (that is to say, kidnap me,) or, if I made the smallest resistance, to put an immediate period to my life. I do not give you this as a story I mean to affirm as true. It is a maxim with me, that *miracles* are not to be believed on the same slight testimony as ordinary circumstances; and I yet lack the faith to believe that, however great their profligacy, the aristocrats of the country have courage enough to put into execution schemes so daringly infamous. Threats of violence, however, no more than threats of persecution, ought to terrify the advocate of truth from the duty of promoting human happiness; and feeling, as I trust I shall be credited when I say I have long felt, not only a principle, but a passion for the diffusion of political information, and the improvement

improvement of the condition of my fellow beings, I have not relaxed in my endeavours to qualify myself for the situation in which I stand. I have kept the Tribune constantly in my eye; and, amidst all the wild scenery of the Isle of Wight, the bustle of a great sea-port, and the social circles of Chichester, have endeavoured to collect, as far as opportunities would admit, such facts as would enable me to form some judgment of the state of popular opinion, at this time.

Citizens, in order to accomplish this, I have endeavoured to make observation go hand-in-hand with my studies; and, while one part of my time was devoted to the examination of the arguments in favour of despotism, from *Hobbes's "Leviathan"* to *Peacock's Defence of Parliamentary Corruption*, another part was taken up in observing the condition and developing the opinions of my fellow citizens.

For this last, the sphere in which I moved was in some degree favourable: for it is the *promiscuousness* of society, and not the *multitude*, that enables us to form in any degree a just idea of the state of popular sentiments; and the places in which I have been are particularly favourable to observation in this respect, inasmuch as they are the resorts of persons promiscuously collected from various parts of the country. The island, particularly, is visited for its natural curiosities by people from all parts; and it is among persons thus promiscuously thrown together, that I have endeavoured to form, as far as I was able, some judgment relative to the state of opinion. As to the persons to whom I was introduced, and the individuals who sought my society, on account of the principles for which I have been persecuted, I put them entirely out of the question; because these were evidently drawn together by a sort of *magnetism of principle*, which occasions us to be pleased with those who correspond with us in opinion. We should always, therefore, when we wish to estimate popular opinion, put these out of the case; and this is another reason why great and mighty potentates frequently betray so much of that ignorance to which I have before alluded. Used to flattery, and unable to exist without it; herding only with the particular set of beings about them, who cajole them with false pictures of society; and, taking their own little narrow circle for the universe, they think that the *great majority* of the people must be precisely of opinion with the *little majority* of the virtuous assemblies they frequent.

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But citizens, it is in inns and public houses, in groupes promiscuously met upon the road, in pass-ge-boats and ferry-boats, in, and upon stage-coaches, and the like—in farm-houses and in all places of promiscuous resort, where I was myself unknown, and where I knew not an individual with whom I conversed, that I collected my opinion on the state of popular feeling. Taking the persons thus promiscuously met as the fair though casual representative of the public mind, I cannot but say, that he must be blind indeed, who does not perceive the strong current of popular opinion daily increasing against the men at present in power, and the mad system they have been so long endeavouring to thrust down the people's throats.

Persons of all descriptions, and almost all situations of life, may be met with in excursions of this kind; and I have been pleased to find, that the opinion which I had drawn from my own observation was considerably confirmed by that of others, who had opportunities of extending their observations through a larger sphere. Perhaps it may appear an extravagant calculation, yet I believe it is by no means an exaggeration, to declare that, according to my observations, and, according to the correspondent facts I have collected from the observations of others, taking all the classes of society together, where you meet them in situations where they can openly speak their minds, because they suppose they are not known, a majority of nearly three to one will be found unfavourable to those mad and extravagant measures to which the present ministers seem attached. Even the most firm and furious aristocrats find themselves obliged to make considerable concessions; and there are some subjects upon which the whole country appears, in a considerable degree unanimous: even those who profess aristocratic principles, agreeing, upon certain points, with those who profess principles favourable to democracy.

Among these we may reckon several of considerable importance.

We shall find, I believe, that the opinions of mankind are almost uniformly against the late prosecutions; and that even those persons who seem disposed to wish that all the state prisoners had been hung up at once, yet agree, that the prosecution was marked with a sanguinary spirit, never equalled in the annals of this country; and readily admit, that *Pitt* and his administration have shewn a disposition for blood, though
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not so successful, yet but little less keen and ferocious than that which distinguished *Robespierre* and his faction in *Paris*. I declare to you, that I have heard persons who think no words sufficiently strong to reprobate the measures of the French, who think that, even as it is at present administered, there is something divine in the constitution of *Britain*, yet declare that they are very well convinced, that a closer parallel could not be found than between the present minister and the fallen dictator of France. This is no exaggeration, and I believe you will find it no difficult matter to draw the same confessions from the lips of those who were not many months ago the most zealous advocates of administration, and all the measures they pursued.

There are other topics upon which I have found the public sentiment still more unanimous; and you will remember, that the places in which I have been are not very likely to have given me an opinion over favourable of the degree of sentiment that prevailed in behalf of liberty.

The island whose charms and luxuriant production ought to render it the paradise of human felicity, is the centre of feudal despotism: a few lordly tyrants exercise a tyranny so cruel, that it is astonishing, at the close of the 18th century, beings are to be found so abject as to endure it. I will not mention names, because I do not wish to stir up ungentle feelings against individuals. It is to reform the system that I aim, and not to excite rancour against those who have the misfortune to be educated in that system. The prejudices and errors of society are what I wish to see eradicated: I do not wish to see men the victims of their prejudices and errors: Portsmouth and Gosport are notoriously the centre of patronage and government influence; and *Chichester* is known to be almost immediately under the potent thumb of the great, great, great man whose consequence is increased by a tax of a shilling per chaldron on all the coals consumed in this metropolis. Yet, citizens, even in *Portsmouth*, which lives by war, the voice of the people is unanimously against this war; at least in as far as it is carried on with a view to the subjugation of France, of invasion or continental exploit.—It is true, our successes at sea have inflated the vanity of *John Bull*, and many are much delighted with the idea of the British navy riding triumphant over the ocean, but in the boats that passed from *Portsmouth* to *Gosport*, I have heard the passengers,—sailors—and even officers of the navy declare, that they should like those conquests better if they found them productive

productive of any reduction in the price of bread: and I have heard even naval officers exclaim, with a degree of boldness little expected, against the political measures of the times.— I have heard them forward to declare, and I have never met with any person who was hardy enough to deny their conviction, that the calamities and miseries under which the great mass of the people groan are to be attributed entirely to the mal-administration of men in power, and to the foolish and ridiculous project of attempting the reduction of the French republic. With one of these citizen-officers in particular, I was considerably entertained: he was an old veteran, who seemed to have seen some service; and among the rest, I learned from his conversation, that he had been in the West Indies. In his zeal for the happiness of oppressed and insulted man, it is true, he was a little vindictive, but his heart upon the whole was rather brave than hardened. The mention however of the conduct of our *heaven-born minister*, threw him into a fit of true sailor-like indignation, and in the execrations which he poured upon the author of the present distresses of the poor, among other punishments which his active imagination devised, he had the almost Jacobinical wickedness to say he should like to feed him four times a day upon Indian corn, and let him have no drink.

The fact is, citizens, there is not a department in the state in which the ray of light and truth is not making its appearance. The army seems as if it were not much disposed to be longer made the meer tool and engine of ministerial oppression: *the honest soldier* begins to feel that he *has not put off the rights and duties of humanity, by putting on a scarlet coat*. He begins to perceive, that all the people of the country have one common interest; although the arts of ministerial corruption may attempt to make divisions between one class of citizens and another. In fact, the brave soldier begins to perceive that, there is but one class of beings to whom the affections of the heart ought to be directed, and that they are known, not by the coat that is put on, nor the trappings with which it is decorated; not by a black cloak, or a red jacket—but that they are known only by the upright form and stamp of humanity, which constitutes the only title to affection and esteem.

Citizens, this war was once, perhaps, so near to being popular, that what with the terror impressed on the public mind by a powerful faction, supported by powerful armies, it
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might almost have appeared to have a majority of the people in its favour. But whatever appearances were then produced, it can now no longer be pretended, that the voice of the people is with the war. Even aristocrats, who bear all the strongest prejudices of the ancient system about them, you will hear speaking with the utmost inveteracy against the continuation of this mad crusade; and the worthless wretches in whose behalf we pretend to carry it on. Nay, in this respect, the aristocrats are more inveterate against the unfortunate emigrants than the democrats themselves. The philosophical among the latter description of men, may drop the tear of sympathy over the errors, the delusions, and even the vices of these victims; but the aristocrat has no commiseration left for them; and I have heard, from the lips of the most professed advocates for existing corruptions, the most bitter execrations, and the most fervent prayers, for the destruction of them all. Particularly one afternoon I had the pleasure of riding a little way with one of those aristocrats upon the roof of a coach: for you know we democrats must not be ashamed of our principles, and there is no disgrace whatever in finding it more convenient to travel upon the outside of a coach than the inside: nor have I yet attained such refinement as to be much attached to "being shut up in a glass case, with a varnished cover over my head, like the preparation of a stuffed monster in the cabinet of a natural historian."—While enjoying, then, the prospects from the roof of a stage-coach, I was joined by an aristocrat, who happened to be one of the naval officers who had been upon the famous expedition to *Quiberon*. We had not then received the news of the catastrophe of that expedition: But my companion, after giving me to understand, that he was present at the landing of the emigrants, made no scruple of declaring his opinion, that every man of them would be cut to pieces: and he concluded with a most sailor-like oath, that "by God he hoped they would be so, for he knew not what those damned lubbers of emigrants did in this country, or why we should have spent our blood and treasure in endeavouring to restore such a pack of damned cowardly rascals to their estates."—Yet so far was this man, at the same time, from being at all infected with the principles of *Jacobinism*, as they are called, that in boasting what great exploits we should per-

form at sea, he wished that the Americans would join with the French, that we might "*blow all the republican rascals to hell at once!*"

Such is the opinion, even of aristocrats, relative to these gentlemen emigrants, in behalf of whom we are wasting our best blood, and reducing our people to famine; in behalf of whom we can find stores and provisions to send upon their frantic expeditions, while the industrious poor are starving, and calling in vain to their profligate drivers for bread.

Citizens, every fact that I have observed, every opportunity that I have had of looking abroad, whether I have drank my basin of milk in the stone kitchen of the farmer, in those parts of the island where you cannot meet (as in many parts you cannot) with the common receptacles for travellers—whether I have repaired to an aristocratic looking inn, or set down in little hedge ale-houses;—or whether I have crossed in the common ferry-boats that passed between *Gosport* and *Portsmouth*, or in the passage-boats that ply to and from *Ride*; whether I have travelled about the country on foot, have journeyed in a caravan, or taken my seat on the roof of a coach, I have seen, and glory to have seen, so wide a diffusion of the principles of truth and liberty, that I am sure, if the advocates for reform would but persevere, and preserve their temperance—if they would avoid factions on one hand, and being made the tools, on the other, of villainous spies, who wish to plunge them into violence, that the minister may have a pretence for establishing a military despotism over us, there is no machination of ministerial tyranny—no device of inquisitorial persecution (though *Reeves* could recover his reputation from that sink of infamy into which it is sunk, and restore those associations, so busily employed some time ago in disturbing the peace of society) there is no power upon earth able to snatch from us the glorious prospect of social amelioration, to result from the restoration of our natural and constitutional rights—our annual parliaments, and our universal suffrage, which corruption has secretly and gradually stolen away.

War and corruption have long reigned hand in hand, and the spawn of ministerial dependency produced from their fatal union, has preyed upon the vitals, the morals
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and felicity of mankind; while a few bloated vipers and serpents, glutted with the miseries and destruction of mankind, have swelled to a power and grandeur equalled only by the noble plunderers and empurpled ruffians that disgraced the declining state of the *Roman empire*.—

Yet these depredators are the people who talk of *property*; and fearful lest justice should call them to account,—least honesty and virtue should be restored to their ancient rights, talk of protection against *levellers*—the frantic creations of their own disordered brains.

As well might the banditti of *Castile*, while their caverns are filled with the spoil of murdered travellers, when they hear that the officers of justice are on their way, barricade themselves in their subterranean dwellings, and say,—“Fellow-plunderers, we must defend our property!”

This system, however, draws towards its dissolution.—The symptoms of its dotage are already apparent; and the extravagant and preternatural exertions of the last three years have brought it apparently to the very brink of this awful catastrophe. Yet in the paroxysm of madness and insatiation, the minister perseveres in demanding efforts still more disproportionate to its strength, and more fatal to its existence. Experience preaches in vain; disaster after disaster in vain cries out “forbear!”—Mad Phaeton is in his car, and the world must be consumed before he will quit the reigns.

Regard the history of the last years of his administration.—Mark the whole progress of this ruinous crusade—behold how ridicule has dodged the heels of all his wasteful measures!—how disappointment, disgrace, misery and absurdity, have stared him in the face at every turning! and then wonder at the frenzy of the man who can still adhere to his visionary projects.

When this war was first talked about—when it was first thought necessary to delude the people of Britain into a struggle for the extermination of Gallic liberty, you were told, forsooth, that *France* was presently to be conquered, and that the war could not possibly last beyond one campaign. Nay, according to Mr. *Burke*, it was only a phantom we had to combat—a mere imagination, which, as soon as the torch of British indignation was uplifted, would vanish away: for having put his spectacles upon his nose, and

examined the map of Europe, he declared that it was *impossible to discover the spot which once was France*. The king was gone—the nobility were gone, the priests were gone—the age of chivalry was gone, and *nothing but an immense blank—a vacuum, presented itself to his eyes*. You therefore had nothing to do, but to fill up this vacuum with an army of British soldiers and German allies, and the business, *hocus pocus*, was done at once. And yet, Citizens, not only one campaign is over, two, three campaigns are gone by; and if Mr. Burke, and the whole college of Jesuits to help him, were to put on two pair of spectacles a-piece (save only the little barren spot of *Corfica*) they could not find the speck of earth on which allied Europe can raise a trophy in commemoration of those great exertions by which they were to over-run every spot of land where this nullity (as they affected to call it, and wished to make it) Liberty dared to raise her head, and the light of Human reason dared to shine.

An tier of the wasteful projects of this great and sapient Minister, was the conquest of the *West-India* islands. But look a little seriously upon the state of affairs in that quarter, and answer me, whether the probability exists that one foot of West-India territory shall long remain in the hands of any European power? You would not abolish the slave-trade; you would not wash the guilt of blood from your polluted hands; you listened to the great Scotch logician, Mr. Dundas, and he convinced you that you ought to finish the century in the same iniquitous way in which it was begun; that it would be a shame to have a little patch of humanity at the sag end of that hundred years, the whole of which had hitherto been one continued scene of cruelty—of *West-India* slavery and *East-India* murders. You listened to this flimsy sophistry; you would not abolish the slave-trade: but if you had had a few grains of understanding in this particular—(I speak this to the legislature of the country—not to you, my fellow citizens—for I suspect that the majority of the persons who now hear me, did not wish to continue that iniquitous traffic!)—if those before whom the question was agitated, had exercised but nine grains of common sense and reflection, they would have perceived that the period was fast approaching, when it would be impossible, from the very nature of things, to continue the slave-trade much longer. They might have perceived that the only consequence of attempting to prolong it beyond its natural date, would be that effect, which, in a great degree, has taken place; the total and precipitate emancipation
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of the blacks, before they were fit to receive that emancipation; and, consequently, scenes of cruelty and horror which humanity cannot but sicken at, even while she exults in the prospect unfolding for future generations, when blacks no more than whites shall longer groan under the yoke of slavery, and lift up their fettered hands in vain, to remind their fellow beings that "they are men and brethren."

But monopolists—cannibals who fatten on human gore—wished to continue the blood-stained traffic of Africa; and see the consequence. You would not abolish the slave-trade, but the wicked jacobinical convention of *France* would. They would go a step further. I shall not commend that step. If any choice had been left, it is not to be applauded. It is only to be excused from the dire necessities of the times, and the circumstances under which they laboured. They went further. The whole herd of Negroes (rendered savage and ferocious by the cruel bondage in which they had so long been kept) were emancipated at once. And it is an absurdity too gross for human intellect, to suppose that it is now possible to prevent that decree from operating in all the territories in the West-Indies; though not so immediately, perhaps, as it will operate in their own.

This then is the prospect of the catastrophe of *Pitt's* famous project for conquering the *West-India* islands; and monopolizing all the profits; and all the duties, and all the patronage upon collecting those duties, of the whole sugar trade of the universe.

Another famous project was, the re-union of Dunkirk to this country.—But I will not dwell upon this subject. I have too high a veneration for the unfortunate hero who failed in that attempt. I will draw a veil over it, and not excite your tender sympathy by a relation of his disasters.

Next came the boastful projects of Col. *Mack*; who, with a sabre two yards long, and a pair of whiskers as long as his sabre, threatened to eat up all the *Jac bins* at a breakfast, and restore *Louis XVII.* to the throne of *France*. But it all went off in a whiff of tobacco, which seared his magnanimous whiskers, and obliged him to turn his back, to hide his confusion; not having, like some persons who shall be nameless, lost entirely the faculty of blushing. No—he felt the blood, not of *courage*, but of *confusion*, rising in his cheek, and therefore prudently chose to conceal his *shame*, from those to whom he could not show his *valour*!

Well,

Well, Citizens, projects were not yet at an end : and when all other things failed, then, forsooth, *Louis XVIII.* with a manifesto, full of the sublime and beautiful, in his hand, and pardons and denunciations, so hashed up together that one could scarcely perceive which was which, in his mouth, was to be restored to the crown of *France*. To effect this, the orderly *faith-keeping* government of this country persuaded the plunderers of *La Vendee* to break the faith they had sworn to the republic ; well knowing that faith is never to be kept but with a *regular* government, and even with that no longer than is perfectly consistent with the *royal* principle of self-interest. They persuaded, therefore, the poor wretches of *La Vendee* to break their faith, and throw that province once more into anarchy and slaughter : and they sent an army of emigrants to assist these heroes of nocturnal plunder—for the Chouans are nothing else.—Proper allies for emigrants, you will say, perhaps, and for the patrons of those emigrants!—And these men were to make a conquest of *France*.—What, French emigrants to conquer *France*? Did not 70,000 of them run away in one day from *France*—70,000 men run away at once? Trust such men with arms—and expect great exploits from them! If there had been one grain of valour, if there had been one grain of honesty, in their bosoms, they would either have submitted at once, as virtuous men ought to submit, to the majority of voices in their country, or else they would have shown that they had the courage, at least, though not the humanity of men, and would have stood where they were, to have defended their principles ; and not, like cowards and poltroons, with tears in their eyes, and calumnies, fictions and supplications in their mouths, have fled to other countries for support, in a struggle which they had not courage to support themselves.

Well, the expedition to *Quiberon* failed, as all rational men foresaw it would fail ; and yet, upon the very morning when I departed from that part of the country, I saw another immense fleet sailing to repeat, as generally believed, the same absurd attempt, perhaps upon another, perhaps upon the same part of the coast of *France*. They failed—that is, the emigrants who were on board this fleet failed—amidst the execrations of all parties ; and the only regret which arose at the foreseen catastrophe, was to think how many of our own brave counteymen might perhaps be implicated in the event ; and how much injury would be sustained by the people of this

this country, from the loss of those stores provided for this crusade, and its ridiculous counterpart, the West-India expedition.

How shall we account for this hopeless perseverance? Shall we attribute the conduct of administration merely to the phrenzy which generally accompanies despair? or shall we say, that persons in very elevated situations are lifted above the influence of experience; that their sublime faculties, dwelling always upon their own *golden speculations*, disdain to look down upon the events and realities which instruct a swinish multitude—or to regard the lessons derived from the common occurrences of life; and that therefore they persevere, in despite of the open conviction of former errors?—or shall we, as I believe we must, attribute it to another cause, more interesting, and more sublime?

Yes, citizens, all this ought to be attributed to confidence in supernatural assistance; which though slow, the stars perhaps have told them, is sure. In this opinion I am confirmed, by having lately observed, that our virtuous and excellent minister has got a fresh champion, and advocate, of most extraordinary and reverential character; and this not an advocate who stops, like Mr. *Burke*, to see the star fall upon the earth, before she admires it: no, but one who soars to the stars herself, and reads in them the book of fate by the optic glasses of aristocratical inspiration. In short, it is no other than the great Mrs. *Williams*; the far-famed fortune-teller, who boasts in her dedication, of her acquaintance with our most gracious and excellent queen, and avows herself the champion of trembling royalty. This heaven-instructed Mrs. *Williams*—and surely a *heaven-born minister* ought to have a *heaven-instructed comforter*.—This heaven-instructed Mrs. *Williams* tells our sapient minister, in her new book of fate (price 2s. 6d.—and pray do buy it, it must be a precious morsel!) that notwithstanding the ravings of Brothers, (whom by her skill in *judicial astrology*, she is enabled to pronounce a Jacobinical impostor) monarchy will be restored in *France*, that the Stadtholder will be restored in *Holland*, and that the present house of *Brunswick* (which God grant!) will reign to all eternity upon the throne of Britain!!!!

Citizens,

Citizens, I cannot blame the ministers of this country for seeking supernatural assistance ; for they seem to have brought themselves into a condition from which no natural assistance can extricate them. They have not only made those blunders I have already mentioned, but, worse than all, they have sought to overthrow republicanism in *France*, and they have almost occasioned it to triumph throughout *Europe* ;—they have sought to increase the usurped power and sovereignty of rotten boroughmongers, and they have sapped their power to the very foundation, till the edifice of their high-built fame and glory seems tottering into ruins : and we may shortly expect, that like Shakespeare's " baseless fabric of a vision it will leave not a wreck behind."

The plain and simple fact is, and melancholy as it is to relate, grieved at heart as I must feel at being compelled to announce it to you, yet it is impossible to conceal the dreadful truth, that the principles of democracy are spreading very wide in this country.

But I will not detain you, at this late hour, upon so melancholy a subject. I will therefore adjourn till Wednesday evening, when I will trace the causes of its dissemination, and point out the means by which it may be (not checked indeed, for I am afraid that is impossible) but turned to the general advantage of the community, and rendered it conducive to the renovation, and the ameliorating of our *happy and glorious constitution!!!*

RIGHTS OF BRITONS.

* * In the former volume of this work, I took the liberty of inserting extracts from some of the Reviews, and making references to others, relative to such recent publications as had passed the critical ordeal. I take the liberty of repeating this practice on the present occasion, by inserting, verbatim, the only Review which has yet appeared of my *Vindication of the Rights of Britons*.— This is, I believe, peculiarly justifiable in this instance; as the work in question is intimately connected with the Lectures published in the Tribune: it having been repeated in the Lecture-Room, on the second, third, and fourth nights of the last season; and containing, in a collected point of view, an abstract of those principles which have actuated my political conduct; and which will be found diffused, in a more ample manner, through the whole of my discourses.

CRITICAL REVIEW, July 1795, p. 338.

The Natural and Constitutional Rights of Britons to Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and the Freedom of Popular Association: being a Vindication of the Motives and Political Conduct of John Thelwall, and of the London Corresponding Society, in general. Intended to have been delivered at the Bar of the Old Bailey, in Confutation of the late Charges of High Treason. 8vo. 2s. Symonds. 1795.

“ Mr. Thelwall informs us, in a short advertisement, that this pamphlet contains only the least important part of that statement for which he stands pledged to the public; and which is soon to appear, under the title of a ‘ Narrative of the Proceedings of Government.’ He sends this vindication into the world separately, that the investigation of the principles upon which he has acted may prepare the public to appreciate, with greater justice, the practices by which his persecutors aimed at his destruction. He asserts that he would have delivered this address on his trial, if he had not been persuaded to resign his whole cause into the hands of Messrs. Erskine and Gibbs, whose professional knowledge rendered them more adequate to the task of combating the host of crown lawyers that were embattled against him.

No. XXIV.

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“ This advice, we are of opinion, was judiciously taken. However we may approve of many parts of this vindication as a political discourse, it could not have been considered by the jury as an answer to the speeches of the crown lawyers ; nor, however careless the author might have been of his life, would he have acted the part of a wise man, had he sacrificed it for the mere pleasure of delivering a severe censure on the measures of administration. At the same time we do not dispute the right he had to publish it in its present form, and think it upon the whole highly creditable to his talents as a political writer. There are many passages which might be selected for their eloquence, many for a nice and discriminating acuteness, and many for the honest warmth of innocence, and the fervor of unblushing zeal. His defence of universal suffrage we are not prepared to agree with ; and there are other openings left for critical refutation : but, making allowance for a certain peculiarity of opinion, and for the circumstances of the writer, it is but justice to say that the performance is masterly, both in matter and manner.

“ The following passage will serve as a specimen of the general style and conduct of this defence, and contains a curious fact :—

‘ The man who is at liberty, can select his society ; and
 ‘ if he trusts himself alone with a stranger of ambiguous
 ‘ character, or subjects himself to the misrepresentations
 ‘ of a perjured dependent, he must abide the consequences.
 ‘ But discretion is as impotent as innocence, to guard
 ‘ against the *inventive* malice of the being, who, armed with
 ‘ the warrant of a privy council, drags the victim from his
 ‘ home, and excluding him from all choice of society, and
 ‘ all guardianship of disinterested witnesses, can afterwards
 ‘ come forward in a court of justice, and deprive him of
 ‘ his life, by swearing to circumstances which, though
 ‘ they never occurred, are incapable of contradiction.

‘ But it is vain to cavil about particulars. If loose conversations are once admitted as evidences of treason, pretences can never be wanting to destroy the most innocent and virtuous of mankind !

‘ Yet, to the disgrace of an English court of justice—to the scandal of the British character—to the indelible reproach of that constitution, which those who have violated every principle of it, continue so extravagantly to applaud

‘plaud—at the close of the eighteenth century, in a prosecution for treason, is the feeble mass of accumulative and constructive charges bolstered by evidence of this contemptible nature.

‘For this purpose every tavern and coffee-house has been haunted, into which (rare visitant as I have been to places of that description) I may occasionally have put my head. My hours of conviviality have been attended by spies and sycophants, my doors beset with eve-droppers, my private chambers haunted by the familiar spirits of an infernal inquisition, and my confidential friends stretched on the rack of interrogatory, in order to extort from them the conversation which, in the unsuspecting hours of social hilarity, may have been uttered at my own table.

‘But it will not be believed—posterity will not credit the monstrous tale—that, unsatisfied with former arts—despairing of success, yet eager in the scent of blood, four or five days before my trial, the agents of this wicked prosecution should have sent, in the name of the privy council, for a person known to be one of my most familiar friends—known to be one of the witnesses subpoena’d on my behalf—known, also, to have been entrusted confidentially by my family, and my solicitor in the management of my defence; and after clapping a Testament to his lips, (let Mr. White or Mr. Ford contradict me, if this is false!) should interrogate him on the mode of my intended defence, on the evidence I had to contradict particular charges, and the subjects of those private conversations which, in the unsuspecting confidence of our souls, we had frequently indulged together.’ P. 78.

¶ The reader will perceive, that, with respect to *Universal Suffrage*, the Reviewers are not ready to agree with me, or admit the force of my arguments. As they have not, however, stated their objections, it is not possible for me to answer them. I shall satisfy myself, therefore, with announcing that this subject, in the course of a week or two, will be amply discussed in the Lecture-Room; and that, if I am not very much mistaken, (which in such a case is by no means improbable) every objection to a measure so consonant to justice, and equality of rights, will be answered and overthrown,—as far at least as those objections have come to my knowledge.

THE HORRORS OF ROYAL AMBITION.

From the BATTLE of BARNET, a Poem in the Peripatetic.

[Continued from p. 168.]

O, frantic England! prodigal of blood!
 What stygian fury urg'd this impious mood—
 To rend thy entrails thus?—while foreign foes
 With grim delight behold thy savage woes—
 See, with proud joy, thy own victorious sword
 Turn'd on thy breast, with wilful fury gor'd,
 While the gaunt spectre of thy *Martial Fame*
 Fleets, like a Ghost, a wandering empty name,
 Self-slain, and doom'd thro' all the desert land
 To howl her guilt, and curse her frantic hand!

So, hapless Britain! in a later age,
 I see thy *Sword* against thy *rights* engage;
 See thee, in mad delusion, blindly pour
 Devoted armies on a foreign shore
 To aid the cause of tyranny, and buy
 Th' inglorious fetters freemen should destroy:
 Blind to the schemes by artful statesmen plann'd!
 And British Freedom falls on Gallia's strand:
 Self-slain she falls, in wild, misguided zeal,
 And German despots whet the fatal steel;
 Then shout triumphant; to their legions call,
 And hail the approaching hour of Britain's fall.

Nor yet content might Titled Rage appear,
 Nor stop at Murder in her mad career:
 In bolder Crimes their feudal Pride prevail'd:
 Fair Faith is slain; and Heaven itself assail'd.
 See: on the sword yet stain'd with Yorkish blood,
 The changing hero, in indignant mood,
 Allegiance swears to York's expiring cause,
 And back to life the sinking faction draws:
 While he who late, the *white rose* on his crest,
 Gor'd struggling Lancaster's aspiring breast,
 Now stops the blood; recalls the fleeting breath;
 And vows to York's proud race dismay and death.

Now, front to front, in threatening wrath, behold
 Those painted targets and those helms of gold,
 Erewhile whose proud devices, side by side,
 Throng'd the same field, in amity allied;
 And he who late o'er some half-vanquish'd friend
 Rush'd, the firm shield's protection to extend,

Now

Now barb'd with vengeance wings the thirsty dart,
Or bathes his falchion in the suppliant's heart.

No link of friendship binds ; no kindred tie ;
And oaths in vain their feeble aid supply :
Nor pious awe, nor bond of Faith controls ;
(Limbs cas'd in steel, and adamantine souls !)
Again they change, their broken leagues restore,
And seal new perjuries in new streams of gore.
Their ready slaves with blind obedience turn :
Change as they change, and as they dictate burn :
In either cause with equal zeal destroy ;
Pleas'd if their Lords the savage Fame enjoy.

Chief of these noble locusts in its rage
Sent by offended Heaven to scourge the age,
Stern Warwick, proud in brutal might, appears
Hemm'd round with slaughters, devastations, fears.
His raging breath, omnipotent in ill !
Is drawn to stifle, and but flows to kill :
Tyrants to tyrants in succession rise :—
His voice creates them ; and his frown destroys.

Behold him now the cause of Edward own,
And lift the gaudy pageant to the throne ;
That so the boy (whose vices speak his birth)
Sprung from the *Imperial Spoilers of the Earth !*
With England's treasures, and with England's dames
May soothe his follies, and indulge his flames.—
O'erwearied Toils, extor'd produce waste
In scenes of riot, and lascivious taste ;
Tear from the aged Matron's widow'd side
(Widow'd perhaps to prop his regal pride !)
The virgin treasure of her daughter's charms,
To lie polluted in her daughter's arms ;—
Or doom the husband, in the bloom of youth,
To mourn the pangs of unrewarded truth ;
With guiltless shame his branded forehead hide,
And mourn in widow'd sheets a living bride :
While the proud tyrant, whom his wealth sustains,
Feasts on his wealth, and riots in his pains.
But scenes like these the *milder* woes display
That mark the ravages of kingly sway :
And panting Britain, mark'd with slaughter'ring toils,
Amid these humbler crimes indulgent smiles :—
Pleas'd the short ray of transient Peace to gain,
O'erlooks the *princely* vices in her train,
And deems it bliss nought heavier to support
Than the *lewd pastimes* of a wasteful court.

But,

But, lo! in tears another Helen came;
 With tears of oil to feed the dying flame,
 Renew the wailing fires of Civil Rage,
 And give to Slaughter's reign another age.
 The British Paris feasts his wanton soul
 (For what are Kings, if Reason must control!)
 Fearless of injured Nevil's dangerous ire,
 Hail's the fair sovereign of an hour's desire;
 And Civil Discord lights the Nuptial Fire.

Stern Warwick heard, as from the Gallic shore
 His prosperous sail the plighted princess bore.
 He heard: and like a thunderbolt he came,
 That strikes some reverend Abbey's Gothic frame,
 And while convulsive Nature rocks around
 Lays it a smoking ruin on the ground.
 (Its stately fanes, its pageant-trophies torn,
 And all that distant ages vainly mourn,)
 While prostrate crowds that worship in the quire,
 Crush'd in the hideous shock, with unheard groans
 expire.

Behold, again, from Power's polluted seat,
 The vain, ungrateful libertine retreat;
 While monkish Henry, with his haughty queen,
 (Wanton her heart, and insolent her mein!)
 This call'd from exile, that the dungeon's gloom,
 Again the fickle diadem assume,
 And his stern power with grateful transport hail,
 Who turn'd so oft their sanguine faction pale.

Poor groaning land, whom equal ills betray
 Beneath an idiot's or a tyrant's sway!
 Thy people slaves; a proud, but powerless throne,
 Propp'd by the nobles' force, and not its own;
 Those nobles, lost, as all vain nobles are
 To every liberal patriotic care!
 Honour the exclusive name with which they grace
 The pompous vices of their selfish race!
 Scorning the crowd upon whose necks they ride!
 Dead to each sense, but lust and giddy pride!
 For them in war our wealth—our blood we show'r,—
 And what War spares, their Luxuries devour!
 Their gaudy crimes how long shall Britain brook,
 Ere her bold offspring snap the galling Yoke?

Their swords again the factious Barons draw—
 "Swords and strong arms their conscience and their
 law!"

For faithless Edward still a host attends,
 Whose interests, or whose passions are his friends:
 Here,

Here, to this spot—whose guilty turf appears
 Manur'd with blood, and wet with orphans' tears;
 And still where hovering ghosts with boding strain,
 To Fancy's ear of cruel Fate complain,
 That urg'd them, for Ambition's ruthless strife,
 To slight each fond regard of social life;
 To leave unpropp'd a parent's hoary age,
 In some proud chieftain's quarrel to engage;
 For midnight marches and the din of arms,
 To fly the virgin's yet untasted charms;
 Or leave the widow o'er her babe to mourn,
 And weep for joys that never must return!
 While they (what furies human bosoms tear!)
 Bled for the chains the rising race should wear.—
 —Here, to the spot, the rising squadrons throng,
 While kindred hate drives each fierce host along,
 And banner'd omens, gleaming through the air,
 The direful issue of the day declare.
 Two raging dog-stars, scattering plagues and death,
 Flame in their van, and scorch the blasted heath;
 This, darting far, its corruscations sends,
 And all around destroys—or foes, or friends
 With like contagion strikes the random fire,
 Till all extinct the fatal flame expire:
 While that, still raging with insatiate blaze,
 Pours, in collected wrath, its blasting rays;
 Shakes o'er the foe its red destroying hair,
 That sheds infectious horror and despair;
 Exhaustless flames with pestilential ire,
 And floods the ensanguin'd field with one wide-wast-
 ing fire.

Such the dire omens through the lowering sky,
 That o'er the hostile legions wave on high:
 For thus, while Death shrieks out the hideous yell,
 And hovering furies chaunt the direful spell,
 Grim o'er their looms the fatal sisters weave,
 And fiends of Havock the dire webs receive;
 Then haste, and, shrieking, with portentous glare,
 O'er their stern ranks the threat'ning signals bear;
 Sound the loud blast; the general carnage hail:
 And wait the incense of the tainted gale.
 Too soon, alas! that tainted gale shall rise,
 Blot the griev'd air, and blot the weeping skies!
 For, lo! they meet: wounds answering wounds they deal,
 Strain the tough Yew, and drench the murd'rous steel:
 Thro' kindred bands the mace—the falchion hew,
 Loud strokes rebound, and dying groans pursue;

Stones,

Stones, spears, and darts in slaughtering tempests rain,
 And helms and hauberks sheath the ranks in vain,—
 Heralds in vain the trophied targe supply,
 Cleft shields and broken lances useless lie,
 While roll promiscuous o'er the trampled plain,
 Steeds, arms, and men—the dying and the slain.
 The martial Spirit of Britannia's Isles—
 (Whose brandish'd lightnings aid the patriot toils—
 Whose steady hand, when Truth contends with Might,
 Uplifts the balance of eternal right;
 And, when in awful panoply array'd,
 Indignant Freedom claims her guardian aid,
 Descends in terrors to the warrior maid:
 With Heaven's own thunders aids the sacred cause,
 And proud ambition's tyrant bosom awes!)—
 Shock'd with a scene where *Violence* and *Pride*
 And *Perjur'd Guilt* alone for empire vied,
 In darker folds her sea-green mantle spread,
 And veil'd the beaming glories of her head;
 Call'd from the impious scene her bands away,
 And left to warring fiends the doubtful day:
 (As though to scourge the factious race inclin'd,
 And leave a dread memorial to mankind!)
 The warrior cherubim her call obey;
 Their flaming falchions sheathe, their wings display,
 And seek the realms of empyrean day:
 Yet, lingering, oft, with backward glance, deplore
 The long-protected haunts of Albion's rocky shore.
 With clouded radiance, and abated fires,
 Westward meanwhile the sickening sun retires;
 Involves his brow to shun the slaughtering fight,
 And Night and Chaos threat the closing fight—
 When now blind Chance, not Justice lifts the scales;
 And Edward's fortune in the strife prevails;
 For Warwick, bent with one decisive blow
 To strike deep terror in the yielding foe,
 Calls his choice band, who yet inactive lay
 To watch the changing fortunes of the day)
 With sudden aid his phalanx to sustain,
 Inspire the drooping, and replace the slain;
 When, lo! the banners flaming in the rear,
 And shouts loud echoing in the startled ear,
 (Thro' clouds of dust while doubtful meteors gleam)
 To the gall'd ranks a hostile ambush seem:

[To be continued.]

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXV.

Report on the STATE OF POPULAR OPINION, and the Causes of the rapid Diffusion of DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES. Part the Second. Including Definitions of Democracy, Aristocracy, and Monarchy.---Original Meaning of the word KING ---Consequences of MINISTERIAL AMBITION, &c. Delivered at the Lecture Room, Beaufort Buildings, September 9th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

THE last Lecture that I delivered in this place was the commencement, or rather indeed the continuation of a report of the state of popular opinion. I endeavoured to state, as far as my means would enable me, (and candidly to shew you what my means have been), the progress of popular opinion, since I had the honor of meeting this company; and I concluded with observing, and giving you, such reasons as appeared to me necessary to shew that there was a considerable increase of the democratic principle in this country. I proposed then, on a future evening, to enter into the causes of this increase, and to endeavour to point out the particular conduct of government to which we are indebted for this increase.

But, before I enter into the particular causes, it is necessary that I should give some explanation of my terms; because words of almost every description, are considerably abused in disputes between contending parties; those, to which I allude, in particular. It frequently happens, that appellations, of the highest virtue and excellence, are used by the enemies of liberty, as terms of the most contemptuous reproach.

When we consider the use of the word Democracy, we find that there are two interpretations to be given to it.—The Aristocrats are very fond of fixing an interpretation to it, which the word never did,—nor ever can, bear in this or any other language.

There are, however, two distinct senses, in which an Englishman may naturally be expected to use this word. If we look back to the real meaning of the term, we shall find it to be a government by the great body of the people.

No. XXV.

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Now

Now, a government by the great body of the people, taken in its strict and original sense, does certainly describe a *pure r. public*. Nay, more, it describes a republic without any *intermediate* order, such as we now call a representative assembly. But this is a system whose advocates, in the present day, if any, are extremely few; for the improvement of political science has enabled us to discover very considerable defects in all the ancient forms of government: and it has been found that a democracy, purely and simply considered, can never exist, save, only, in a small country, consisting, perhaps, of a single city and a few miles of territory around it: Nor even in such a state, can this species of government exist long, without occasional tumult and disorder. Modern legislators, therefore, have invented what is called a representative democracy; which is, in reality, if you adhere to the strict definition of terms, no democracy at all; because, if the representatives are vested with the complete and full powers of the state, I think I shall be able to state to you, that this is the only thing which really, justly and properly, can be called an *aristocracy*.

Aristocracy, in fact, originally meant a government of the *wisest*: and who can have so great a right to be deemed the wisest, as those who, for their wisdom and supposed integrity, have been selected, by the great mass of mankind, to be their rulers and governors. This representative democracy is the real essence of what was formerly, theoretically, called aristocracy;—the realization of the visions of sublime philosophers, who, in their attempt to discover how an aristocratic government ought to be constituted, were never able to hit upon this project. They foresaw, indeed, as every one would, that a country ought to be governed by the wisest; and were, therefore, anxious to establish a government of the wisest; *Plato* in particular, considered an aristocracy—as the best government in the world.

But how was this wisdom to be discovered? Why, forsooth, a few philosophers, among the musty cobwebs that hung about their cells, were to dictate, by a sort of divine right, to the rest of the world, and, like the priests of the deluded multitude, were to triumph by a sort of superstition, of which they, themselves, were the authors, and from which they, alone, could be expected to receive any advantage.

Having

Having given these two definitions of democracy, I think I shall be enabled to prove that every Englishman ought, in reality, to be, in a certain sense of the word, a *democrat*. I think I shall prove to you, that, what I shall call *constitutional democracy*, ought to animate every breast; ought to glow in every bosom; ought to dictate to every intellect; and that it is only by cherishing this glorious constitutional democracy—this emanation arising from the *principles*, not from the *corrupt practice*, of our constitution—that we can ever expect to relieve ourselves from the burden of immoderate taxation, and to attain the peaceful and quiet enjoyment of the fruits of our talents and industry.

Let me then, Citizens, put to your consideration this question:

WHAT IS THE CONSTITUTION OF BRITAIN?

If we consider the external forms of our government, we shall find that it consists of a Chief Magistrate and a Senate of two chambers—the one elective, and the other hereditary. If we consider the description of this government which the spirit of our constitution has dictated, we shall find it to consist of *king, Lords, and Commons in parliament assembled*.

Now, Citizens, to substantiate the assertion I have made, that *every true lover of the British Constitution ought to be at heart a Democrat*, it is only necessary to consider the meaning of the plain, simple word—*Commons*.

I should suppose, Citizens,—notwithstanding the variety of abusive epithets that have been invented to obscure the real meaning of this phrase, (such as *wretches, rabble, swinish multitude*, and the like)—that it is still impossible for any individual to be so dull, as not to know what the word *Commons* means. There is no man, not even *Mr. Burke*, himself, in the very paroxysm of his frenzy, who can mistake a human being for a *swine*. No man can be so ignorant of the English language, as to suppose that the word *wretch* is a description of a class, or order of beings. There are *wretches* enough, indeed, in this country; and woe to the wickedness of that aristocracy, which has made them so wretched! There are miserable beings, indeed; but it ill becomes those, who have plunged us into this misery—this swinish ignorance, to reproach us with *their* crimes, and to think that their present usurpations are a justification for usurpations still more abominable and atrocious

cious, The fact is, that the word, *Commons*, carries its own meaning with it. Every body, when you talk of the *king*, as one of the constituent parts of our government, knows very well, that you mean the chief magistrate of the country, invested with certain powers and authorities, by the constitution, for the benefit of the people.—Yes, for the benefit of the people. This is the express condition of his power: and the chief justice *Eyre*, himself (who did not seem very anxious to make acknowledgments to the friends of liberty) was obliged to declare in the outset of his speech, that it was only for the protection, advantage and happiness of the people, that the laws of the country had raised particular fences around the person of the king, and attempted to make him inviolable from the attacks of common incendiaries, or individual violence, which revenge might dictate, or ambition lead to. The *king*, then, is the chief magistrate,—the executive power; and he, our constitution tells us, is one, and *only one*, branch of the constituted authority. By the *Lords* we very well know what is meant; though it would be difficult to find what is the meaning of some persons being made lords, who have got that title. It is, however, very well known that, by *Lords* we mean a certain number of individuals walking, like other men, upon two legs; but, unlike other men, decorated with stars and garters, and such other ornaments, as you might have seen represented in gingerbread, a few days ago, at Bartholemew Fair. They are called *Peers*, that is, the *companions, equals and counsellors of the King*; for such is I believe the original meaning of the word, and the constitutional sense in which it is to be taken; because every peer of the realm has a right to demand, whenever he chuses, an audience of the king, and has a right to give him his counsel and advice:—leaving it to his *wisdom* whether that advice shall be followed or not.

Thus, then, having found out that king means the only person we call king in the country, and *Lords* the whole of the persons called *Lords* in the country; I shall conclude, that *Commons* means all those persons who do not presume to be considered as either kings or lords, or any thing else than mere common people.

It is true, there are some amphibious animals who are in one sense *Commons*, but who are called *Lords* by courtesy; and Mr. *Windham* and Mr. *Burke*, by their metaphysics, might prove, perhaps, that there are *uncommon* men who
may

may be called *commons by courtesy*, also. But if they possess the capacity, the shape, and other attributes common to mankind, I conclude that they are entitled, at least, to be considered as *common men*; and, consequently, that by "Commons in parliament assembled" we mean the democracy of the country, who by their representatives are (ought to be I mean) represented in the commons house of parliament.

Thus, then, Citizens, the constitution of Great Britain may be properly defined a *democracy*, admitting some mixture of aristocracy in its legislature, and adopting an hereditary Chief Magistrate, to be responsible for the execution of the laws, and who is called the *King*.

Citizens, Modern theorists—for modern theorists we have had in abundance, who have been very anxious, by general denunciations against modern theories, to abuse themselves; Mr. *Burke*, Mr. *Windham*, Mr. *Wilde*, and some other champions of the fallen cause of chivalry, are a little confounded at the old constitutional language which lawyers of two or three hundred years ago were accustomed to use. They do not like to hear of the British Commonwealth: for commonwealth and republic are they know synonymous; and, therefore, they have hunted for new theories and new coined phrases, and have chosen to use a very curious phrase, *mixed monarchy*.

Now, if these gentlemen, instead of studying metaphysics, had chosen to study their dictionaries a little, they would not have made use of so nonsensical a phrase. Monarchy means a government in which the supreme power and authority are vested in *one person*. How that can be, and yet, Lords and Commons have a right to share that power and authority with him, is a paradox that will require all the subtlety of these metaphysicians to explain.

The fact then is, that, instead of talking of a *mixed monarchy*, we ought to call our government a *limited or restrained democracy*; the theory and the maxims of our government teaching us, that it is for the sake of the democracy (that is the great body of the people) that all our laws and institutions are made; and that all constituted functionaries are, in reality, as they always must be in practice, whenever practice is called for, subordinate to the grand object, the welfare of that great body from whom all power is derived, and for whom all power ought to be exercised.

How,

How, then, came this government to be called a *mixed monarchy*?—or how can a monarchy be *mix-d*? Lately, indeed, they seem disposed to get rid of the *mixture*, and the chief justice *Eyre*, in plain and direct terms, calls the government of this country a *monarchy*. “To pull down and “subvert that glorious fabric the British Monarchy,” are his plain and unqualified words. Let me ask this learned lawyer, *Who made it a monarchy*? Not the ancestors he talks of. They made it not a monarchy;—a *despotic government of one*. They vested, indeed, in the hands of one man the executive power; but the real sovereignty, the right of making and altering the laws, they vested—or, if their language be supposed an image of their hearts, they meant to vest, in the great body of the people, by their representatives by them chosen: imagining, that their councils would be rendered the more wise, by having a house, filled with men well educated and of superior knowledge, which they called a *House of Peers*. But little did they foresee, that in some future period—not at the close of the 18th Century; it will undoubtedly be the 19th before it takes place.—Little did they foresee that, in some future period, boxing and brutality were to be the qualifications of the ermine robe: and that pimps and parasites were to be decorated with those ornaments, which, if they are to be worn at all, ought to be the badges of honor, virtue and actual service.

But these learned men, happening to understand more of *languages* than *principles*, and being able by the use of these languages, to confound together the words *King*, *Rex* and *Monarch*, therefore, endeavoured to make you believe that a *kingdom*, a *government by a Rex*, and a *monarchy* are one and the same thing.

But let us enquire the meaning of the word *King*; and we shall find it to be of a very different signification from the words *rex* and *monarch*; as a learned etymologist informs me—for I profess myself to be but a plain man, and neither etymologist nor scholar. I want to discover the truth; and a truth of six minutes old is as much revered by me, as a truth that has the stamp of 6000 years. Words and derivations, therefore, have little to do in deciding my principles. I will use, however, when I can, the knowledge of others to any good purpose. *King*, then, is an old Saxon word, or rather a contraction of an old Saxon word. It is derived from the word *konning*, which was sometimes pronounced

pronounced kenning, and sometimes cunning—and from cunning or kenning—*ken* and *King*.

Thus, then, in reality, *King* means the *cunning man*.

You will please to remember, however, Citizens, that I do not mean to "call the KING a SOLOMON" again. I have been once tried for High Treason for calling the king a Solomon already. Mr. *Groves*, you know, alias Mr. *Powell*, after saying that I spoke in the most contemptuous and reproachful terms of his most sacred Majesty, when he was asked by the judge what he meant by contemptuous and reproachful terms, said he had "heard me call the "*King a Solomon!*" You have heard the old proverb, that the burnt child dreads the fire. I am determined, therefore, never to call the King a Solomon again; being very well convinced that it is as high treason to call the King a Solomon, as it would be a high absurdity to call any of his ministers by that name.

However, Citizens, to be a little more grave, the plain and simple fact is, that Kings, according to our *ancient Saxon constitution*, and according to the original meaning of the word, were persons of eminence, *chosen* to fill the office of first magistrate, on account of their superior wisdom—real or supposed. I say *chosen*: for notwithstanding the boasts made by the supporters of divine right of lineal descent from the God *Woden*, or the devil knows what other gods, or godlings I will venture to affirm that, legally speaking, *the crown of this country never was hereditary, till the revolution in 1688; and that at this very time it is only hereditary, under certain restrictions*: that is to say, upon condition of a strict compliance, on the part of the *House of Brunswick*, with the compact and terms under which the crown was granted.

Citizens, It is very true that our Saxon ancestors had a notion (so ancient, and consequently, so venerable is prejudice!) that wisdom is confined to particular families; and, therefore, they always chose their *King* or their *cunning man* from one particular family; but that they did choose him, is evident to every one who has read the history of his country. They did not always take the elder son, in preference to the younger. An infant or idiot was never suffered to reign upon the throne; and, if they had the misfortune to be mistaken in their first choice, they repaired the evil by setting him aside, and putting up another.

This

This was the practice of our Saxon ancestors; and I defy any historian to contradict the assertion, and bring facts of history to support his contradiction.

What was the practice also, after the invasion by that band of plunderers called Norman conquerors? How did they succeed?

Did the bastard of a woman-servant at an inn succeed to the throne of Great Britain by the divine right of lineal descent? Certainly not: he seized the throne by power; and conscious, even in that barbarous age, that power was not principle, and that possession is but an unquiet state without some semblance, at least, of right he assembled the states of the country, and procured himself to be formally elected: upon certain conditions it is true, with which he did not afterwards conceive that the *faith of regular government* obliged him to comply.

After his death, did his crown descend to his eldest son? No, with the consent of the states of the kingdom he bequeathed his crown to his second son. That second son was succeeded by his third, in violation of what is now foolishly called the *right of primogeniture*. And in fact, if you trace the whole line of kings, from the time of the Norman invasion to the period of the revolution, in 1688, you will find that *there never were more than three persons of the same family, who, from father to son, took the crown in regular descent, and held it during the period of their natural lives*. Some circumstance or other (sometimes real election, sometimes pretended election, and sometimes usurpation and violence, under colour of election) deposed one and set another upon the throne. Nay, to take no notice of Henry VII. who could claim no sort of descent from any family whatever; being a bastard—and of course, according to the *perfection of wisdom*, as revealed in the orthodox code of our law, being no sort of relation either to his father or his mother.—Setting him aside, we find Henry VIII. (convinced of this truth which I am now enforcing) occasionally consulting his parliament (HE also had a tolerably obsequious parliament!) to get them to settle the descent of the crown on the head of one or other of his children just as his caprice happened to dictate or his passions prompt.

Thus I think my position is proved; and I could enter into a longer detail if it were necessary, which it is not,

as every individual can satisfy himself by referring to history, that till the revolution of 1688, there was no such thing as a legally established hereditary succession to the crown of this country.

For what then was the revolution in 1688 made?—Every man who pretends to be an admirer of the constitution of this country, as then established, must acknowledge that it was made; not for the purpose of enslaving, but of further emancipating the people. Well, then, what is the reasoning that results from this? Our revolutionary ancestors had found that certain inconveniences, and very great ones too, resulted from this species of elective succession. They perceived, and rightly, that a crown, such as it has always been held, is much too great a temptation for ambition, much too important an object to be made subject to what is called election; but what, under circumstances of such strong temptation, must conduct to, or found itself upon, civil war, rebellion, or intestine commotion. But citizens, though they established an hereditary throne, under certain restrictions, which it is not now necessary for me to dwell upon, they certainly did not mean to abandon the *Democracy*. This part of the constitution they proposed to leave entire.

I believe, if they had thought a little more deeply; they would have found that the only way to keep it entire was to introduce an immediate reformation into it: to destroy the subterfuges of corruption, by means of which that representation may be so debilitated as to be rendered a mere nullity—a phantom—or, to speak more properly, a fiend-like instrument of oppression, veiled in the angelic semblance of Liberty. To prevent this; they would, I believe, if their attention had been sufficiently directed to this object, have restored the people to their natural and unalienable right (confirmed by the spirit of their constitution,) the right of *annual parliaments and universal suffrage*.

Well then, citizens; if it be true, that originally the democracy was the basis and foundation of the British constitution; if it be true that the revolution in 1688, was not made for the purpose of weakening liberty, but for the purpose of strengthening it, I have a right to conclude, that democracy is of right, the basis of our government; and that we ought to consider the government of this country, as a representative democracy; admitting at the same

time, the check and controul of an hereditary aristocracy, called a House of Lords, and vesting the executive government in a person whom we call, not a MONARCH, but a KING.

This then is a sense in which the word democracy is not only justifiable, but proper; and to vindicate the democracy is equally legal, equally constitutional, as it is consistent with the fundamental principles of justice and of reason.

In this sense, and in this only, I beg the audience will understand me, when I recommend the purification and support of the democracy of this country, and a zealous attachment to the principles of that democracy.

But, Citizens, it has been observed by Hume, and he brings a great number of facts to support this part of his observation, that the government of this country, which for a long while before had been running strongly towards a *sort of democracy*, had, when he wrote, that is to say, fifty years ago, for a considerable time been setting very strongly in towards *absolute monarchy*: and this man, who calls himself a Briton, has the degeneracy of mind to declare, that absolute monarchy is not only the natural tendency of the government of Britain, but the desirable end to which the constitution ought to arrive.

But while theorists of one description are talking of promoting the power of the crown, and increasing the monarchic authority; and while theorists of another description are talking of supporting the dignity of the democracy, by vesting larger powers in the House of Commons, the plain and simple fact is, that *the government of this country, practically speaking, is no longer either a democracy, or a monarchy, nor a mixture of monarchy and democracy; but a usurped oligarchy, constituted by a set of borough-mongers, who have stolen at once the liberties of the people, and abused the prerogatives of the crown.*

To these men every species of reformation, every species of discussion, seems equally abhorrent and frightful. To them, the democracy which I described in the first instance, and the constitutional democracy which I described in the second, were equally dreadful. Every thing that should have a tendency to give any sway or influence to reason, or to throw any authority into the hands of the people, appeared so formidable, that they looked with equal malevolence and hatred upon the most moderate reformer and the most violent revolutionist.

This was evident from the commencement of the revolution in France:—a revolution which, I will be bold to say, till it was disturbed by the intrigues of foreign despots—till it was counteracted

counteracted by the machinations of *Pitt* and his coadjutors, conducted upon principles so philosophical, with a humanity so astonishing, and with a benevolence so enlivening, that it has almost lifted one's ideas of the human species beyond the ordinary level upon which we have been used to contemplate them, and painted to us that regenerated country as a nation of philosophers indeed!—or rather of a guardian genii dropped from the skies, to restore peace, wisdom, and happiness, to every quarter of the globe. Oligarchic usurpers dreaded, however, the appearances of such a revolution: they dreaded it more than they would have dreaded even the sanguinary proceedings which, by their artifices, have since taken place, and upon which they have openly boasted their hopes of a renovation of that system, which would be friendly to the continuation of the orderly regular governments of tyranny and corruption, among the nations of the continent, and to the system of rotten boroughs, by which the people of this country have been so long oppressed, taxed, and insulted.

Men who dread the truth, and who have a cause to support, whose most characteristic attribute is a rottenness at the very core, always attempt to calumniate those who enter into discussion. And I remember a couple of little anecdotes of this kind, which perhaps will form some degree of parallel to the ravings of Mr. *Burke* and his followers. The former of these is from an "Essay on Demoniac Possessions," printed in a recent volume of the "Transactions of the Manchester Society," in which there is a quotation from an old book, written by a pious divine of the church of England, one of those inspired gentlemen, whose holiness may be discovered by their lawn sleeves, and who are vulgarly called Bishops. This venerable and right reverend book was written to prove the existence of *witches* *ghosts*, and *hobgoblins*; and the holy man who wrote it ventures to say, that, if you begin once to doubt the existence of witches, ghosts and hobgoblins, farewell to all hopes of the salvation of your wicked soul: for "as it is a well-known maxim, that they who are for no Bishops are for no King; so it is equally well known, that they who are not believers in ghosts and witches, cannot be believers in God."—The other anecdote has come to me only in a traditionary way: you must not therefore expect chapter and verse. But I am told that one Mr. Toplady, in one of his sublime and terrible orations, laid down a maxim equally clear and demonstrative of the damning dangers of investigation,

and the consequent necessity of making a wide gulp, and swallowing down the whole of the established creed at once, without any chewing. According to him, if once you begin to waver and enquire, you are lost; and the steps to perdition are these: from *Calvinism* you go to *Arminianism*, from *Arminianism* to *Arianism*, from *Arianism* to *Socinianism*, from *Socinianism* to *Deism*, from *Deism* to *Atheism* and from *theism* to the Devil.

In the same way argues that mirror of *political orthodoxy* Mr. *Burke*—for intolerance, religious or political, is the same in principle; and must consequently appeal to the same mode of reasoning. If these enquiries, says he, in essence, at least, if not in words—if these enquiries are permitted to go on in the world—if political reformatations are tolerated by the regular governments of Europe, from overthrowing the despotism of France, they will begin to reform the corruptions of *rotten baroughs* in Britain:—from reforming the corruptions of *rotten boroughs*, they will attack *places and pension*; and from attacking *places and pensions*, they will proceed to grumble at *enormous taxes*;—from grumbling at enormous taxes, they will attack the *enchanted castle* of the *British Constitution* itself, overthrow the venerable remains of feudal necromancy, break down the magic tripos of *ancestral inspiration*; and hurl the *great magician* from his chair; throw all things into anarchy, and thence fall headlong into political perdition.

In the pious hope therefore of saving us from this calamitous fall, he wrote the most raving and fantastical, sublime and scurrilous, paltry and magnificent, and every way most astonishing book ever sent into the world. A book, I will venture to say, which has made more democrats, among the thinking part of mankind, than all the works ever written in answer to it; or all the labours of those, who according to the cant phrases, and nonsensical jargon of our minister and his agents, *organise* anarchy and *establish* confusion, in every corner of the world.

Yes, I will venture to say, that it is impossible for any thinking man, really meditating upon the consequences of the facts and principles which every now and then escape from the pen of this Burke, even in this very publication, and marking the shallow pretences upon which his

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favorite doctrines are built—it is impossible for any man, be his prejudice ever so strong, to read that book without being convinced, that Mr. Burke is entirely in the wrong; and that the truth lies on the side which he is so eager to calumniate.—I confess for my own part, that this was the impression the book made upon me. I had like many others, been educated in the high veneration of certain high-sounding words, and could not think that any thing could possibly be wrong in so *glorious and happy a constitution*, as that enjoyed by *this most favoured corner of the world*, where felicity blossoms like the primrose under every hedge, and happiness towers like the lofty oak in every forest. But when I came to read Burke's book (and I had a professional reason for reading it with very serious attention) I was astonished to hear the man talk of the revolution in 1688, as of an act by which the privileges and liberties of the people were taken away! as an act by which our ancestors relinquished for ever a natural and imprescriptible right, to which formerly he seems to admit we might have laid some claim.

When I found him laying down theories so contradictory to sense and history; and when I found him in order to throw unmeritted calumny on the friends of liberty, representing a woman whose monstrous vices would have rendered her an object of disgust, but for the particular situation in which the accident of birth had placed her, as a star descending from heaven upon the earth, to warn, illuminate, and cheer mankind—when I found him laying down principles which destroy his own conclusions, and asserting facts which destroy his own principles—when I found him, in the same breath denying the right of a people whom he calls free, to judge of the conduct of their rulers, and rejecting with disdain the supposition that such rulers ought to consult the feelings and stand in awe of the opinions of the people, and yet contending that it was impossible for the members of the constituent assembly of France, to effect their purpose of giving freedom to France, because “To secure any degree of sobriety in the propositions made by the leaders in any public assembly, *they ought to respect in some degree, perhaps to fear, those whom they conduct*:—“To be led any otherwise than blindly, the followers must be qualified, if not for actors, at least for judges;” that

that is say, the people must either be driven like wild beasts, or else they must be enabled to judge for themselves; and how are they to be enabled to judge, but by that very diffusion of information, the very mention of extending which to the *Swinish Multitude*, throws Mr. Burke into such paroxysms of frenzy!—"To be led otherwise than blindly," says he, "the followers must be qualified, if not for actors, at least for judges; they must be judges also of *natural weight and authority*;"—not the factious authority of tyranny and wealth—but "**NATURAL WEIGHT AND AUTHORITY!!!**"—When I found in this farago, every part of which, that is not founded in gross falsehood and misrepresentation, militates in principle against his own conclusions, nothing (to speak in Johnsonian phraseology) but the *frenzies of sublimity, the contradictions of reason, and the tortuosities of sophistification*, could I avoid suspecting, that there was "something rotten in the State of Denmark," which this State Juggler wanted to conceal from view; and that there was in reality something so excellent in the principles espoused by the *French Revolutionists*, that it was impossible for a man even to write against them without promoting them? The fact is, that nothing can be fatal to truth but silence (or commotion). Do but write or speak, no matter how absurd the principles you set out upon, and it must triumph. Nay, perhaps the best way to promote it, in an enquiring age, is to write away against it as fast as you possibly can.

The writing of this book was certainly one of the first active causes of the growth of democracy in this country. Discussion was no doubt considerably promoted by the immortal writings of *Thomas Paine*, *Joel Barlow*, *Thomas Cooper* of Manchester, *James Mackintosh*, and many other enlightened men, who took up the pen to vindicate the revolution of France: little imagining that because they had thus vindicated the French revolution, persons in this country, some of whom had never read their books, were to be tried for high treason [for that which they had written.

But However these books assisted, and undoubtedly they did very considerably assist the progress of the cause of Democracy, it is to be observed, that they owed their existence to the publication of *Burke*; and therefore

we are to look upon him as the great father and first propagator of the principles of democracy in this country.

But mark the step that followed!—It was thought that the reading of these answers would be a very pernicious thing indeed. It was never attempted to prevent persons from reading the book itself: for you know there is no harm in reading or inquiring upon on side of the question—but to attempt to examine both—O 'tis most horrible! and on the opposition side, all *regular governments* will agree that the press ought to be shackled, as much as possible. Shackled, therefore, it was resolved it should be; and the *Diabolus Regis* (as in ancient times the king's Attorney General was called)—the *Diabolus Regis*, that is the *King's Devil* was instructed to launch forth the subterranean thunders of his legal Pandemonium. Proclamations were immediately issued to forbid the people to read or think but the devil was in the people (not the *King's Devil*, but *Tom Paine's Devil*; or a devil of some other description) and the more they were forbidden to read or think, they did but think and read the more. These proclamations instead of preventing their career of enquiry, made them enquire with more avidity, and judge with greater profundity: and I understand it was very common, on market days, in little country towns, for the country, people who had never heard of *Paine's* name before, to go to the little book-shops, and, not knowing any other way to ask for it, to make themselves understood by saying, “Why Maister, we want that there book we “maunt read.” Thus were proclamations against Democrats, a second effective cause of promoting the principles of democracy.

Proclamations not succeeding, the next thing was to proceed to prosecutions: accordingly we find, that men have been prosecuted by wholesale, some for *writing* books, others for having published them, and others for having read them. For my part, my case was a little singular; for I was prosecuted, and that to the jeopardy of my life, *for not having read them.* *Joel Barlow's* book, in particular, which was one of the things from which large extracts were read upon my Trial, I had never seen till after my acquittal. Since, indeed, I have read and admired it very much: for I thought it necessary, as I had been in danger of being hanged for it, that I should know what it contained.

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That excellent and worthy citizen, *Frend*, was also to be persecuted in the university of which he was so ornamental a member, for having written a book professedly with a view of reconciling the contending parties, and preventing the excesses which he and every man foresaw that the mad extravagances of the minister were plunging us into. *Winterbottom* for preaching sermons in which nobody can discover what were the passages that were called seditious, was thrown into Newgate, where he is to lie four years; and *Holt*, the printer of the *Newark Herald*, while the *Duke of Richmond* and Mr. *Pitt* are the principal members of the cabinet of this country, is actually prosecuted, condemned, and imprisoned, for re-publishing the letter, which the *Duke of Richmond*, Mr. *Pitt's* patriotic coadjutor so industriously disseminated throughout the country, as containing the best and only means of restoring our constitution to its ancient vigor and purity.

But it was not enough to prosecute men for books. Perjured spies, men known to be inflamed with the utmost rancour and hatred against the parties, were permitted to swear in courts of justice, from their loose recollections of conversation still more loose and unpremeditated; and, upon such evidence, men were condemned for indiscrete and idle words: words which, not being deliberately spoken, ought to be considered, as all hasty and unpremeditated words must be in the view of candour and reason, as perfectly innocent.

Breillat was condemned for expressions of this kind, alleged by his prosecutors to have been uttered almost a year before the time of his prosecution. In the hour of inebriation, in a coffee-house, the master of which gave the information, poor *Hogson* was taken into custody, crammed in a vile dungeon; and now forsooth lies in jail, for laughing over a bargain, which no good man will approve, — made between the *Prince of Hesse Cassel* and the *Electors of Hanover*, respecting the sale of their subjects at £30 per man; and having therefore called his most sacred and august majesty “A Hog-butcher!” What is majesty if it can be wounded by a nick-name?—And who ever heard of any prosecution commenced against that most infamous slanderer *Edmund Burke*, for calumniating the still more sacred and august majesty of the people by calling them a *Swinish Multitude*? Yet for this foolish piece of levity and buffoonery

buffoonery, (while the spectacled buffoon of St. Steven's is yet at large) is poor *Hodgson*, forsooth, also, confined in Newgate, with a fine upon his back, in violation of the constitution of the country, Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, which expressly say that no judge shall, at his peril lay unconscionable fines upon any man, which must weigh him down for ever. There he lies loaded with an enormous fine, evidently for the express purpose of keeping him a prisoner for life: because those who imposed the fine, know that neither he nor his connections are worth the sum of money fixed upon his head.

The case of poor *Frost* was still more wicked. He had been drinking with his friends at a coffee-house, in a private room; and was retiring to his home, when a man stopped him as he was going through the coffee room: "I think you are *Citizen Frost*"—"Yes, I am"—"You have been in France lately?"—"Yes, I have."—"How do you find things going on in France?"—"Oh very gloriously, every thing goes on just as it ought."—"Oh you are a liberty man; you are for liberty and equality I think."—"Yes, I am for liberty and equality."—"What for liberty and equality and no king?"—"Yes Sir, for liberty and equality and no king."—"What are you for liberty and equality and no king in England?" Vexed and indignant as every one must feel, under such circumstances, he replied, "Yes, Sir, I am for liberty and equality and no king in England."

I was present in the court when this cause was tried: and I heard this *Abolus Regis*, fulminate such a volume of horrible denunciations, and opprobrium against the culprit, that one would have imagined, if one had only heard his speech, and not known the particular crime for which the man was tried, that he had absolutely endeavoured to murder the king, put his sons to the torture, and violate the purity of his daughters.

Indignation and not fear was stirred by these proceedings; and men became more and more democratic, when they saw the violence and injustice with which those who were the enemies of democracy proceeded.

The next step, however, instead of being a milder was of a more severe description. Men for speaking their sentiments in a convention—sentiments, many of which may be traced to the glorious Alfred himself, the founder of our liberty—sentiments which, at the period of the re-

volution, would have been thought to be the boast and the glory of Englishmen. Britons—Men for speaking these sentiments, under that constitution which pretends to be the same as was established at the Revolution in 1688, were transported, like felons, to Botany Bay.

However what is the consequence? How ignorant must those men be who think opinions will be beaten down by persecution — Are they ignorant of the history of their country? Are they ignorant of the history of that christianity, which they profess, but which they disgrace by their conduct? Do they not know that, when opinions are persecuted, if they have but the least portion of comparative truth, they will grow ten times stronger in consequence of that persecution?

Men who never troubled themselves with the investigation before, felt their blood boil within them at this treatment; and stepped forward to shew that they were not ashamed of being the advocates of men thus cruelly treated: and from being advocates of the men, they became advocates of the cause. Though they would not have been so but for the injustice with which those opinions were persecuted.

Well, finding every thing they had done to prevent the progress of liberty had only increased its progress — what was the next object? *Blood! Blood! Blood!* Ferocity could no longer be restrained. Those beings whose glaring eyes, rolling like fiends, and convulsive lips, quivering like beasts of prey, with savage expectation, exulted over those beings whom they thought they had in their power, and thus made a place, which ought to be the seat of wisdom and of sanctity, a sort of bear-garden by their ferocity — and who treated the persons who were brought before them like reptiles unfit to be looked at — these wretches — pardon me if I am too warm in my expressions — Humanity cannot always bear with patience the recollection of such insulting brutality, as I have encountered! — These beings attempted to take away the lives of men for persevering in doctrines they themselves had set afloat; and upon the stream and current of which they had sailed into the port of power.

In the midst of their ferocity, however, they were cowards. They did not dare to act a wicked part like men: and in order to fortify themselves against the consequences of so illegal an act, they seduced persons, who, till that time were supposed to have some little character, to join them,

them, and make a most unnatural coalition, and Whig and Tory joined together in a faction so heterogeneous, as was never before thought of; that thus by their united power they might venture to destroy a few plain, simple, fortuneless, unconnected men, who had dared to tell their fellow citizens that they ought to be free, and that the principles which were true when these men were out of power, continued still to be so now they are in. Hence came forward, from the same cowardly spirit, the assassin-like attempts of toad-eating scribblers and hired journalists. A pamphlet was published by Mr. *Reeves's* Bookseller, the very title of which treated us as if we were already convicted; speaking of *the treason committed by the persons now in custody upon a charge!*

What affirm that a treason was actually committed, and send these affirmations in heaps to every corner of the country, while the men remained yet untried; and the minister and all the lawyers around him had not found out what specific crime to charge upon the warrant! What, was this prejudication to be permitted in this *land of liberty*? Yes and more flagitious prejudications still.

Sir *John Rose*, the Recorder of London, and one of the commissioners, by whom we were afterwards to be tried, if the papers recorded justly his speech on that occasion, stood up in his judicial capacity upon the swearing in of the new Sheriffs, and accused us, as though we had been men already convicted, of having conspired against the life of the King. "Gentlemen, you will have in the discharge of your functions, duties of peculiar importance to fulfil. You will have to take charge and custody over men who have had the profligate audacity to lift the arm of treason, against the sacred life of the King."

These are our *Judges!!!* O Britons! Britons!—What is our situation if upon such Judges, and such witnesses as those who sent us before such judges thought fit to provide, the pure administration of justice is to depend.

But Citizens, these continual calumnies and prejudications would not do; these are attempts which the passions of men cannot endure. These are attempts which even the perverted judgments of Aristocrats will not approve. They had stretched the cord till it broke: and the men whose lives they sought, found glorious champions among the foremost leaders at the bar; they wanted not the assistance

assistance of honest men in another branch of the profession; and they found a glorious asylum in that port and harbour of British liberty—[AN INDEPENDENT JURY] which all the arts (and arts enough were appealed to) of courtiers and ministers could not corrupt.

This attempt broke the charm of popular infatuation. The furious Aristocrats hid their heads in confusion; and I am happy to say, the Democrats had the virtue and the wisdom not to abuse their triumph. Instead of becoming more furious, they became more moderate; and shewed the genuine excellence of their principles, by not falling into that intemperance which the enthusiasm of weak minds is too apt to produce, but which must be always injurious to the cause of truth and virtue!

But citizens, there is another way in which these persecutions served the cause of liberty. It was pretty universally believed, that one of the terms of agreement made with certain parties when they came into the Grand Cabinet Coalition, was, that the minister should absolutely prove us to have been guilty of High Treason, and convict us accordingly.

Having found with what security and confidence he could *promise and vow in the name of a House of Commons*, without the trouble of a previous consultation, the minister was ready to offer himself as godfather also for a British Jury: but a British Jury is not a British House of Commons; and that which he promised in their names, they did not think, *when they came to meet, that themselves were bound to perform.*

The country perceiving two such strong and mighty factions, become so weak and so impotent, that they were obliged to combine together in this extraordinary manner, and to adopt such extraordinary measures, against a few simple unconnected men, began to enquire what the reason of this could be; and they immediately found that the real reason was *corruption*—that these virtuous Whigs finding they had no longer any chance of having all the loaves and fishes to their own share, very prudently consented to take half the loaves and fishes, rather than have none at all!

This then destroyed all confidence in party: and confidence in party has always been found the greatest enemy to the principles of liberty, and the genuine rights of mankind. It is in principles only that you can confide; and

and no man can be entitled to countenance or affection, but as he is subservient to those glorious principles upon which the rights and happiness of mankind are built, and upon which alone those rights and that happiness can be supported.

The enormous taxation with which the people are burdened is another of the operating causes: and when they found themselves, by the multiplication of places and pensions, burdened with additional loads, this led them to consider a little more deeply the principles of that democratic branch of the constitution, without which the constitution of this country would be worth nothing at all. When they found that not only *aristocrats* but *opposition men* had places and pensions; when they found that not only the *Tory Pitt* and the *Tories* that adhered to him, but the *Whig Stormont*, now *Mansfield*, and other *Whigs* held places of some thousands a year, paid by the toil and industry of the people—when they found that illustrious ornament, in point of intellect, to the country in which he lives—that man of powerful mind whose exertions have contributed alone to furnish any respectability to the *Whig Party* during the last half century—that even *Fox*, though in truth he *holds* no sinecure place, has *spent the money for which he sold one*: and that therefore he found himself bound to contend that patent places are property so sacred that you must not venture to attack them; not even in the shape of taxation; when they found all this was it possible for them not to see through the juggle of the present system, and to wish for an assembly in which the democracy should be purely and truly represented?

In this then it is palpable, that both parties are agreed. Administration and Opposition are in harmonious concert: when *Mr. Harrison* brought forward a motion for laying a tax upon the places of persons receiving favors from the Crown *Mr. Pitt* thought it impossible any *honourable gentleman* could suppose the *honourable gentleman* to be in earnest. No, no, he could not suppose the *honourable gentleman* could mean any thing but a joke. Astonishing assurance! as though he should have said in direct language, “What does the *honourable gentleman* suppose, after we have been grasping at power so long and so successfully—after we have devised so many expedients to turn that power to our own advantage—after we have laid such burdens upon the shoulders of the people, in order

der that we may fill our own coffers—after we have taken such pains to secure to ourselves the plunder of the country, does the honourable gentleman suppose us to be so weak and inconsistent, as, that we will now suffer by our own free will and consent, any part of that plunder to be taken away from us!"

Thus, then, whatever disagreement there may be between Whigs and Tories, as to who ought to have the largest share of those places and pensions, and the like, it is evident that they are perfectly agreed, that no part of this sacred property shall be touched for the purpose of lightening the burden of the people. Nor is *John Bull* so blind as not to perceive the juggle: and hence an additional reason for wishing the restoration of that true Democratic House of Commons by which alone this juggling can be put an end to.

Citizens, I am afraid I shall not be able to go through all the subjects I proposed this evening. I believe I shall not be able to enter at large into the blunders, the ridiculous professions, the bravadoes and boastings with which the present war has been attended. Suffice it to say, the people have opened their eyes, and, having discovered the real objects of the war, are dissatisfied with its continuance. They have begun to enquire how this war came to have been undertaken; and they perceive it to have been undertaken, in consequence of their having no organ to represent their interests in the national Council—and they begin to think also that the man who earns every thing, whose labour creates all the wealth of the country, has almost as much right to have some voice in naming the representatives by which the country is to be governed, as those who produce nothing but consume the whole.

Something too towards opening the eyes of the people, has been done by the imbecility with which this war has been conducted—which began with bullying, was carried on with absurdity, and is likely to terminate with disgrace. This war and this conduct of the war has tended to a considerable degree to open their eyes: and blunders and disgraces, tho' they have not made the Minister a whit wiser, have had some effect upon the people; and, if I am not much mistaken, *he will find that they are somewhat wiser than they were.*

I hope they will be wise enough; that whatever they attempt they will attempt by peace, reason and justice: not by tumult
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and violence. Commotion and coercion are the game of the Minister; enquiry and reason are the game for us: because we have truth on our side, and if we once persuade the great multitude of the people (and soldiers are people as well as we are)—if we can once convince the great body of the people that they have rights; and persuade them peaceably and firmly to demand their rights, I should like to see the four or five hundred men, or the four or five thousand, who would have the impudence (not to say the courage) to stand against the congregated voice of the nation. It is the very nature of men, who are wrong, who feel they are convicted of wrong, and are confronted by millions having truth on their sides, to blush and retire; and violence is only rendered necessary by the intemperance of those who have not patience enough to wait for the peaceful operations of human reason.

Citizens, there is one very important thing however which the present war has taught us, it has taught us the absurdity of the idea that *one Englishman can beat half a dozen Frenchmen*. It has taught us that if Englishmen, formerly, had any advantage over Frenchmen, it was only because the English were more free than the French: for that liberty and enthusiasm are every thing, and climate, feature, and complexion nothing at all,

The infatuation of Ministers however still continues. They have rummaged all the universe almost to find out persons, who would accept of pensions, commonly called subsidies, in order to support the alliance; and having ranged almost the whole of this terraqueous globe, I suppose the next step will be to subsidize the Prince of the infernal regions himself, and get him to become their ally; as being a fit—perhaps the fittest agent for their purpose.

Nay, there are strong symptoms of some negotiation of this sort already: for they have lately acquired an Ally who may be supposed, by some, to have dealings with that great personage—and to be in no small degree in his confidence; and I should not be at all surprized if Mrs. *Williams*, of *Store Street*, who so timely stepped forward to boast her loyalty to the King, and acquaintance with the Queen of this country, and dedicated her work to her, foretelling that *Louis XVIII.* would be restored to the Crown of France; that the Stadtholder would be restored in Holland, and that the arms of Britain (in defiance of the false prophecies of Brothers) would be triumphant, and the house of Brunswick preside upon the British throne for ever—I should not be at all surprized if this

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angust personage should by and by produce her formal credentials, and take upon herself the character of Minister Plenipotentiary from his Sooty Highness: and then both the Pope and the Devil may have their Ambassadors at Court; and the atheistical practice of burning them in effigy on the 5th of November, disgrace the country no more!

But there is one reason why, perhaps, an alliance of this kind might not so very much contribute towards increasing the spirit of democracy among us as some other alliances have: for we are informed that spirits neither eat nor drink; and that the Devil has wealth enough in Pandemonium already. He will not, therefore, want either subsidy or loan; and it will not be necessary to send our bread and beef to the lower regions to feed these new allies. This, however, we are obliged to do for our other allies, and the common people finding themselves reduced to misery and starvation, as in the most fertile parts of this country you may, if you chuse, see that they are reduced!—I say, the common people finding themselves so reduced, for the sake of supporting the principles of aristocratic domination and usurpation, is it not natural that they should be repelled with disgust from principles the maintaining of which cost them so dear; and be led to enquire whether the cheaper dominion of pure justice and free equal representation is not to be preferred to the expence of aristocratic corruption?

Citizens, I cannot part from you without saying a few words relative to the condition of the lower orders of society. You who listen to me are most of you persons who are raised, in some degree, above the misery which I have been condemned to view: but do not suppose, because you are a few steps higher on the ladder of society, that the lower steps can be broken away without securing your destruction.

Citizens, in the Isle of Wight, where Nature seems to have poured her beauties, her sublimity and her fertility with the most lavish hand, where the common average of production upon every acre of land is a third part more than the average of the other parts of Britain—in the midst of this fertility, in the midst of this abundance, in the midst of all the sublime beauties and romantic scenes which that enchanting country presents, how often has my heart ached to behold the beggared misery of the great body of the people.—*Great body!* No, there is no great body of people there. Population is wasting away. Turn wherever you will, you see cottages falling into ruin; you see mansions of luxury rising, the fine

fine feelings of whose masters cannot endure the sight of wretchedness: and who, therefore, permit not a cottage to rise within their vicinity. There you may see the little farmhouse turned into the summer house of some gentleman or lady of quality; the grounds upon which the farmer lived turned into *Fermes Orne's*, where the produce is grasped by the luxurious individual who has laid out the country for his pleasure and amusement. It is true it is better that they produce corn there than that they should lay it out entirely in articles of pleasure and luxury. But what is the consequence? The wealthy individual hoards up the grain. He has no calls for rent; he has no particular necessities to compel him to do justice to society, and bring his corn to a fair market; and therefore he speculates, and waits for an opportunity to take advantage of the artificial distresses of mankind: and to such a height are these speculations carried, that corn in the *Isle of Wight* has been sold this summer at 20l. and 24l. a load, standing on the ground: though in the memory of the oldest man alive in that island it was never 12l. before.

Citizens I have not concluded the picture. It happens that this island produces in one year, as is admitted by all the historians, as much grain and cattle as would maintain the inhabitants ten. It produces, also, the greatest abundance of shell fish, particularly crabs and lobsters, which are sent to the London market. The markets, also, of Portsmouth, Gosport and Southampton are supplied with vegetables from this spot—and boats, and even large vessels, are built in the ports and creeks. Yet with all this, except in a few particular spots, the country is almost a Desert in point of population; and sometimes they are reduced to the greatest distress to get in their harvest.

You will suppose, then, that the peasantry being so few, live in happiness and comfort; that they have decent apparel, decent education, eat a little meat twice or three times a week at least. But, alas! No such thing. Their wages are not sufficient for bread. Their children run in barefoot beggary in groupes, at the chariot wheels of their oppressors; and they will run for miles to get a halfpenny by opening a gate to let you pass through; save your servant the trouble of dismounting, as if the curse of Canaan had fallen upon them that servants unto servants they should be. And thus is the universal condition of the peasantry of that country. I have been grieved at my heart to see human beings thus brought up in ignorance. I have
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been grieved to my soul to see beings whom nature made my equals thus subjected by usurping man to cringing beggary: and doomed to play tricks and anticks to extort that from the levity of their beholders which compassion will not impart. I have grieved to see the finest forms in the world (for the rustic females of the island have peculiar advantages in point of person) climbing over rocks to collect lampets—miserable shell fish that stick to the shelves and shingles, to sustain an existence destitute of comfort, destitute of intelligence, destitute of every enjoyment—nay of every decent necessary of life.

Oh citizens, reflect, I conjure you, that the common class of mankind and you are one! that you are one in nature! that you are one in interest! and that those who seek to *oppress the lower*, seek to *annihilate the intermediate orders*. It is their interest to have but two classes, the very high and the very low, that those they oppress may be kept at too great a distance—and in too much ignorance to be enabled to seek redress; and that those who partake of their favors may take as little as possible from them of the wages of corruption and iniquity.

I have generally been most anxious about the condition of the most distressed orders of society, because they have seldom an anxious advocate: we are apt to feel disgust at abject misery and wretchedness, and the sickly imagination turns away from such objects of contemplation. It is therefore that I dwell particularly upon their case. But it is not to one class of the people I wish to confine myself; I wish not to limit justice to a particular sphere.—I would have it extend throughout the universe, and be participated to every being, whatever be his condition, his colour, nation or his circumstances. It is universal, and not partial justice that I contend for: the rights and happiness of the universe, not the amelioration and benefit of a particular class.

Let me however conjure the middling orders of society to remember that they are particularly interested: that if we have not peace and reform in time, those who are now the middling, must soon be the lower orders; for oppression, though it begins with the poor and helpless mounts upwards from class to class till it devours the whole: and let it be remembered, even by the wealthy and unfeeling merchant, who is now but too often the
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ready instrument of ministerial tyranny, that the only favor reserved for him is like the favor of *Polyphemus* to *Ulysses* - "You have endeavoured to gladden my heart," said the one-eyed monster, "by the beverage you have imparted; and therefore when I have devoured your companions; when I have torn their limbs to pieces, and banquetted on their flesh, you shall be the last sacrifice that shall be made to my rapacious maw."

THE HORRORS OF ROYAL AMBITION.

From the BATTLE of BARNET, a Poem in the Peripatetic.

[Continued from p. 208.]

LOUD cries of vengeance speak their brave despair;
Raging they turn; as wolves their hunters tear:—
Or as the Elephant, whose giant might
Is arm'd by Nature for resistless fight,
His haughty rage by martial art increas'd,
Tramples the myriad armies of the East—
Then (gall'd with wounds, and frantic with his pain) }
Turns on his friends; assails the shrinking train,
And with promiscuous carnage strews the plain. }

So turns the tide of this disastrous day,
And their own swords the Earl's fierce squadrons slay;
Friend falls by friend, on comrades comrades charge;
And raging Devastation stalks at large—

O'er hills of slain his limbs enormous rears,
Joins the loud shout, and thunders in their ears;
Calls to their destin'd feast his vulture brood;
Whets his keen fangs, and bathes his lips with blood:
While frightened Pity, shrieking o'er the plain,
Bares her white breast, and wrings her hands in vain.

While thus the "Dogs of War," with wild despair,
Those who "let slip," their furious havoc tear,
The bated chief, who stain'd his tusks with gore,
"And made the forests tremble with his roar,"
Among his hunters, long, indignant, stands
O'er the strew'd wreck of his disorder'd bands;
This way and that the deathful fury deals,
And tenfold rage his hopeless pangs reveals,
Resolv'd, and furious, in this closing strife,
To crown the savage slaughters of his life;
Till, fate-commissioned, flies the thirsting dart,
Drives thro' his breast, and quivers in his heart—
Here, on this spot, perhaps, where now I tread,
Writhing in death, his mighty limbs were spread;
And while his vassals, prodigal of blood,
Pour'd on his tyrant corse the vital flood,
And kept alive the dying flame of fight,
Till added deaths appeas'd his fullen sprite,
In dust and blood sob'd forth that fiery soul
Earth could not hold, and Heaven could scarce control.

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXVI.

Report on the STATE OF POPULAR OPINION, and the Causes of the rapid Diffusion of DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES. Part the Third. Including Inquisitorial Associations---Principles and Conduct of the War---Starvation---IMPOLITIC TREATMENT OF THE SOLDIERY, &c. Delivered at the Lecture Room, Beaufort Buildings, September 11th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

ON the last evening I entered into an investigation of the different species of democracy, or rather of the different interpretations which have been given to the word. And though I did not deny that there might be some prevalence of a spirit of absolute democracy among us, the object to which I particularly directed your attention, was that *Constitutional democracy* which *ought to prevail in this country*, which I conceived generally did prevail, and which I recommended to your zealous affection and diligent cultivation.

I shall enter upon the business of this evening, by observing that in the former lecture, I was compelled to pass over some topics in a more slight manner than, upon review, I find consistent with their importance. Among other subjects, there are many facts relative to the war, and the influence it has had in rousing in the public mind an anxious desire for the revival of our constitutional democracy, which were then not animadverted upon; and also certain circumstances preparatory to the present infamous crusade, which were indeed very slightly passed over. The one I shall particularly notice is the system of inquisition introduced by the *Reevite* associators: a system, it is true, which late events have contributed, in a considerable degree, to supersede in England, but which still continues to rage, in another part of the nation, I mean in Scotland, with a degree of obstinacy which would be surprising, if one did not recollect that *when Judges are permitted to make the law which they are to expound, there is no tyranny*

so abominable, no absurdity so gross, which they will not have the effrontery to practise!

Citizens, during the last season, I had an assistant or secretary of the name of *Kennedy*, whose only recommendation to me was that I knew he had been driven by persecution from Scotland: a country in which no man, however innocent, will stay to be tried if he can get out of it; because there accusation and condemnation are the same thing: one of the Judges of the Court of Justiciary having indeed avowed as much, by saying in so many words, "*Gin they had na been guilty, they would na have been brought here!*"

This citizen, contrary to the advice of his friends, returned to Scotland, and was, of course, thrown into the Tolbooth, and a very curious charge is exhibited against him—to wit—of having been guilty of absenting himself from Scotland, when the treason hunters were after him; and having "come to England, and there connected himself with the "disaffected, conspirators against our happy constitution:" which last, as I understand, are the words of the *Procurator Fiscal*; and the interpretation of them is "having been secretary to an acquitted felon."

I dare say you had no idea before that you were a gang of conspirators, or that we may be conspirators without knowing it: just as mystical divines inform us, that men may *sin*—or, as they call it *fall*, ten times a day without being conscious of once tripping.

But perhaps it will not be amiss to take more particular notice of the origin of this system of inquisition, than I had time for on the last evening.

It had its commencement in the Reevite Association, which under the fanciful denomination of "Protectors of Liberty and Property," stepped forward to denounce every man whom they chose to consider as a leveller or republican, though they were not polite enough to give any interpretation of these cabalistic words.

This was one of the steps for precipitating the people into the present war. Numbers undoubtedly were deluded by the specious pretences of these men. But the thinking part of mankind, instead of being shocked from the principles of liberty, began to suspect that there must be something very improper in the administration of our constitution, when it could stand in need of such paltry props, to support its power and give it artificial consequence. This first attempt towards the Jacobinical establishment of "*club law*," was followed up by the *Meeting at Merchant Taylor's Hall*; where the merchants

chants of this rich and flourishing country assembled together to behave towards those who differed from their opinion with a degree of brutality that would have disgraced a St. Giles's Club. I beheld them, myself, distorting their countenances with every disgraceful expression of blackguardism; and, with hideous noises, thrusting their gnashing teeth and goggling eyes in the faces of those individuals who had the courage to hold up their hands against their propositions, telling them, in terms and accents the most ferocious, that they should mark them as disaffected men, and take care that they should meet with the punishment they deserved, for not being precisely of the opinion which they, in their great wisdom had picked out from the journals and ledgers in their counting houses.

I believe it is not difficult to prove that those associations contributed, in a very considerable degree, to increase the democratic principle; because they stamped an authority upon the very right they meant to dispute—the *right of popular association to direct, by the voice and will of the people, the dispositions and actions of the government*. They however were of a different opinion; and I am informed, from very good authority, that many of the ministerial merchants exulted with very great triumph, after this meeting; and in their letters to foreign and country correspondents, boasted triumphantly, and exclaimed; “well we have crushed those levelling rascals, effectually.

Citizens, I wish they had crushed the *levelling rascals*—for the only levelling rascals I ever knew in this country, are the *Reevite Associations* and *cowardly alarmists*.

Reeves's association publicly propagated the doctrine of levelling property, which was never thought of before. Reeves's association attempted to level all character to one common standard of baseness and insignificance, and to submit all the property of the country to the plunder of an upstart faction, struggling to retain the seat of power without law or constitution on their side, and without what is of still more authority, the affections and confidence of the people.

The alarmists were very anxious to hurry us into a war, by which how far the levelling system has been promoted let the innumerable bankruptcies that ensued, and the opulent families reduced to beggary declare.

But however these levelling principles of the Reevite associators and alarmists, might ultimately tend to strengthen the true principles of genuine democracy in our minds, it cannot be denied that, among a particular class of people a different

fort of impression was at first produced. Temporary infatuation, among the unthinking part of the community, was produced to a considerable degree by those associations, which was artfully increased by the inflammatory harangues of placemen, pensioners, proprietors of rotten boroughs, and the expectants of commissions and contracts: who seemed, for a time, to be overwhelming every thing like democracy in our Constitution, and to be introducing a degree of tyranny which the country never before experienced. I say never before—for the tyranny of corruption, the tyranny of rotten borough-mongers, the tyranny of associated inquisitors, of men who hold their power and authority without any sort of sanction from the constitution whose forms they still pretend to reverence and preserve, is on account of its indefinable nature and *apparent* popularity, a tyranny more to be dreaded than that assumed by magistrates in the open eye of day, confirmed by arbitrary laws, or established by principles of pure despotism.

But the people in time began to discover the error into which they had fallen, and to be anxious to retrieve that error. It was however too late. The war had taken place; bankruptcy had stalked through every part of the country, and a general prospect of misery presented itself.

This situation of affairs produced a conviction upon the popular mind, that if we had not been entirely left to the power of the miserable nominees of monopolists and money-jobbers, that it would have been impossible such an infatuation ever could have taken place. For if the Parliament be appointed annually, by *the people*, they will find an interest in seeking the real welfare of the people; but if, on the contrary, great Lords, monopolists and money-jobbers, are the only men who are to elect your representatives, they will be the only men whose interests will be consulted; and the great body of the people will be certainly a prey to those delusions which artful individuals will endeavour to spread, in order to gratify their individual ambition and promote their schemes of private interest.

This conviction began to take considerable hold upon the public mind; and the anxiety to restore the lost democracy of our constitution spread itself more amply among people of all descriptions: and hence it was that those more coercive measures, which I alluded to in the former lecture, were adopted: how vainly adopted you have all seen.

The next fatal blow to the system of monopolists and borough-mongers was the manner in which the war was conducted.

ducted. Britons have long been in the habit of boasting the openness and generosity of their spirit. Proud of their courage, zealous to defend the reputation of frankness, they were shocked to see that instead of open attack, famine was to be made the instrument for the destruction of a brave and generous people; that corruption was to supply the place of open effort; and that intrigue, treachery, cabal and purchased insurrection were to be employed in the heart of the enemy's country. Then it was that Britons began to blush at the reflection of having lost that freedom, upon which depended the generous energies of their souls and the noble character in which they had so long prided themselves.

This system of hired insurrections however is not to be abandoned. To support *the just claim of regular governments to the exclusive reputation of faith*, the *Vendeans*, who had made their peace with the republic, are to be hired, with *British* gold, once more to violate every oath and contract, and to lift the dagger of assassination once more against the generous and confiding breast of that republic, which had had the magnanimity to pardon their rebellion, and to restore them to the bosom of the country they had endeavoured to destroy. And this, we are told, proves the good principles of the royalists of *La Vendee*: for Windham, in one of those curious metaphysical speeches in which he frequently indulges himself, commenting, during the last session, upon the treaty between the royalists of *La Vendee* and the republic, says, "It is very true these men have made their peace with the republic; and all seems in a degree to be restored to tranquillity; but when I consider the whole of the circumstances," (perhaps he knew more of the whole of the circumstances than we are informed of!) "I am sure that I perceive a body of good principles still existing in *La Vendee*, which may be turned to the advantage of the alliance!"

What then are the good principles of aristocracy violation of faith, perjury, injustice? Are these the good principles we are told to admire? And can the men who vent such sentiments in a popular assembly, expect any other than a growing conviction in the public mind that the principles which induce them to utter such expressions, ought to be abhorred by all good men. If these are the champions of aristocracy, they will say, give me the pure plain principles of democrats, who think that faith ought to be sacred, and solemn engagements ought not to be made for the purpose only of being violated.

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But it is not only by the manner in which the war has been conducted, with respect to principle, that the democratic feeling has spread among us. Its successes, so *glorious* and so *splendid*, and its expences, so *mild* and so *moderate*, have contributed in a still greater degree to bring the conviction, that if we do not wish to be *levelled indeed*, in universal beggary, we must appeal to those democratic principles of our constitution which, if never violated, would have saved us from the mischief, and which, if restored, will restore us once more to peace, plenty and glory.

Yes, Citizens, *John Bull* is rather a sleepy animal it must be confessed. He has not all the mercury of our neighbours; but *John Bull* has two nerves of sensibility, yet remaining: one of which is conveyed, by proper meandrings, to his stomach, and the other to his pocket. Touch but the papillary nerves that open themselves into either of these receptacles, and immediately the whole frame is seized with convulsive vibrations, and his exquisite sensibility is delineated in every feature.

The Minister has been determined that these nerves shall not lose their sensibility for want of being frequently stimulated. He has, therefore, taken good care to make frequent applications to the pocket; and, in the course of two campaigns, has expended seventy millions of money, while he is now crying aloud, if report may be believed, for thirty millions more.—Glorious consequence of a war, begot by corruption, fostered by the fears of aristocracy, and persevered in to preserve the sacred rights of rotten boroughs, and prevent the ruins of Old Sarum from being overgrown with the moss of political oblivion!

With respect to the stomach, the sensibility of that has been equally affected: for what with the stoppage of our external supplies, and the waste of our internal produce, poor *John Bull* has been almost reduced to that situation in which the gastric juice preys upon its own receptacle for want of other employment.

This country ought, and, if well governed, would produce much more of all the necessaries of life than are required by the inhabitants. Yet, what with the impolitic regulations that are made, what with the neglect of cultivation, what with the wasteful extravagance of some, and the monopolizing arts of others, we find that it does not produce a quantity sufficient for its maintenance.

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I shall not now enter into a particular investigation of the causes of this. Suffice it to say, that this being our situation, the measures adopted during the present war have tended in no small degree to aggravate the evil. We suffered *Poland*, the granary of *Europe*, to be destroyed, to gratify the ambition of a man who, as soon as he had got possession of the prize, abandoned those who had been secretly parties to the infamous fraud. Corn has also been sent out, from time to time, to supply foreign armies: as if every mouth were to be fed but the mouth of the British peasant. Every mercenary soldier is supplied at the expence of *Britain*; and British produce is sent away with an extravagance never heard of before. Witness, for example, even in the midst of all the starving misery of the people—witness the immense stores sent to supply the rascally Emigrants at *Quiberon*: those wretches, the authors of all the desolations of their own country! the authors of all the calamities under which the nations of the world at this time groan! whose infamous delusions, whose treachery, and whose barefaced profligacy would have prevented any admistration, but the present, from lending them that countenance which they have experienced! these beings, seventy thousand of whom, like a flock of geese, fled from the fery looks of the republicans! these were to be sent back to conquer the country, whose glorious efforts have almost laid *Europe* prostrate at its feet; and British gold, British stores, British ammunition, and British food was to be sent to support them; whatever might be the sighs and groans, and anguish of those *Britons*, who languished in want of that which was thus wantonly thrown away.

Yes, Citizens, these were the men that were to be favoured. They were aristocrats. They were friends to the old *despotism of France*: and therefore, by the ministers of the *free country of Britain*, certainly ought to be countenanced. If they were in misery or misfortune, they were to receive their half guinea a week, out of the public purse, and Mr. Pitt was to insert in his budget, so much money applied to the distressed clergy and laity of *France*, while thousands of industrious families were to subsist upon 7s. 8s. or less, the reward of intolerable drudgery for twelve or fourteen hours a day. But there are good reasons for this. If you pamper those without whose assistance you could not be pampered yourselves, they will be saucy,
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will think they have rights ; and thus you will be precluded from the opportunity of swelling to unwieldy opulence by places and pensions ; while those who produce that opulence are in misery and subjection.

Such is the aristocratic argument ; but the plain truth is, the further you sink them into subjection, the more they will be dissatisfied ; the more you compel them to a state of ignorance, the more disposed to violence : and if you are disposed really to preserve them in that subordination which the order of society requires, restore them to their rights ; let them feel that they are human beings, that you *love them as brethren*, not that you *lash them as taskmasters do their slaves*.

Citizens, at the very time that these emigrants were thus provided for, in the house of industry in the Isle of Wight, which is boasted of by topographers as the best regulated receptacle of charity throughout the country, so miserable was the condition of those who are there maintained at constant and hard labour, that the present master of that house, after having made repeated remonstrances to the *Gentlemen* who hold the purse of the island, upon the scanty manner in which they are provided for, has at last sent into them his determination that, if they will not feed the poor better, he will not remain in his situation : for that he can no longer endure to hear *the cries of starving children who call to him for bread which he is not permitted to give them*.

Yet the *Chouans* must be fed !—the *midnight murderers of Britany* must be provided with the necessaries and comforts of life !—the stores of this country must be exhausted, and its provisions sent forth, that these *royalists*, these great supporters, these enlightened advocates for the cause of despotism may not be beaten down under the arm of republican freedom ! and, at this very time, contracts are making in Ireland, to buy up *fresh stores and provisions*, to send to the coast of France, to be consumed in foolish expeditions in quest of defeat and infamy : and so great is the exhaustion, that salted provisions being no longer to be obtained, they are buying up *live cattle* in Ireland to send upon this mad project.

Now I should like to know how it is possible for the common people of this country to perceive that they are starving for the support of the cause of *aristocracy abroad*, without having their affections strengthened for *democracy*
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at home. If they should sometimes in the wild extravagance of their imaginations, go farther than the infallible letter of the law prescribes; if they should sometimes in their speculations not even be satisfied with that democracy which the laws and constitution of the country say they ought to enjoy, can we blame them? Can we wonder, when those who at present are trampling upon the constitution of which they call themselves the supporters, if those who have but little information should draw this hasty conclusion:—*If this be the constitution of Britain, the British Constitution ought to be revered no more. We are for a constitution of equal rights, and general plenty; and not a constitution of ambition and starvation!*

But one of the great causes of the increase of the democratic principle is the conduct of the present administration to the engines by which they seem to intend that their own power should be supported: I mean the military.

Whoever is acquainted with the history of nations, must have observed, that it is the uniform practice of wicked ministers, who aspire to arbitrary dominion, in the first instance, to seek for the establishment of a large military force. They know very well that two or three, five or six hundred individuals, whatever their rank, fortune, or situation, can never trample upon the liberties of mankind, unless mankind are weak enough to assist them in such an attempt. This conviction is very ancient in this country: and there was a time when our ancestors, jealous of the preservation of their rights, took care that *the strength and power of the country should also be the strength and power of its liberties.* They knew well, *laws made for the benefit of all, are best supported by putting arms in the hands of all:* and therefore by arming the great mass and body of the people, they took care to put it out of the power of a few usurpers to trample upon the liberties of Britons, and to establish despotism in a country, the people of which, according to the wishes of ALFRED *ought ever to continue free as their own thoughts!*

The abhorrence of our ancestors to standing armies presents itself to us in the works of every political writer. Among the rest, *Swift* expresses himself in a letter to Pope in a very strong manner—"I had likewise," says he, "in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took *standing armies* to be only *servants hired, by the master of a family, for keeping*"

“ *his own children in slavery ; and because I conceived that*
 “ *a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary*
 “ *troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his*
 “ *subjects: although I am not ignorant of those artificial ne-*
 “ *cessities, which a corrupt minister can create for keeping up*
 “ *forces to support a faction against the public interest.*”

Such, Citizens, were the sentiments of *Swift*, and such were the sentiments of our ancestors in general ; such were the sentiments of *ALFRED*, when he established that glorious institution *a national militia* : an institution, by means of which he was enabled to purge the country from those depredators who had invaded it, and to lift it to a glory and happiness which it never had known before.

Nay, Citizens, so anxious were our ancestors for the establishment of this militia ; so anxious were they for excluding a standing army, that several laws had been made to punish those who neglect to have arms in their houses, and to instruct both themselves and families in the use of them. If you will read “ *Pulton's Reports*” you will find (titles arms and archery) particular instruction who is bound to keep *pikes* in his house, who are to keep halberts, and who are obliged to have complete suits of armour. You will find that, in proportion to a man's property, he is obliged to keep a given quantity of arms ; not that it was thought necessary to keep the common people unarmed, but the cheaper sort of arms were assigned to the common people, because the common people could not procure those of the most expensive nature.

You will find, also, provisions made by those ancient laws to punish persons who, keeping journeymen in their houses, have neglected to have them trained to the use and exercise of arms ; and that every father of a family is punishable, by those ancient laws, if he neglects to instruct his children from the age of seven years to sixteen in the use of the long bow, and other implements, made use of in those days. Yet the pretended advocates for the laws and constitution of this country, make it a crime for any person to have a *pike* found in his house. Nay, they have even attempted to make it High Treason for any man to have known a man, who had ever spoken to another man, who ever had been in company with a fourth man, who had a pike found in his house, or any implements of defence whatever.

But,

But, Citizens. these men may perhaps tell you, and perhaps some part of their conduct would support the pretence, that they are ignorant of the laws of the country; but, unfortunately, they have themselves been the formers and supporters of the propriety of every man being armed. If we recur to a very curious pamphlet written by Lord *Hawkebury*, we shall find that he most strenuously recommends, as a constitutional and necessary measure, every individual providing himself with arms: that he might be able to repel every enemy by whom the country might be invaded; and even *Pitt* himself, in recent times, could not help acknowledging the excellency of a *national militia*; but let it slip over his tongue in a debate in the House of Commons, that it is impossible to subdue an armed nation.—a very pretty argument this, to persuade the house to continue a war against the armed nation of *France*.

But amongst the most anxious and zealous defenders of this system, is to be reckoned the Duke of *Richmond*. His grace, while out of place, is very well known to have held correspondence with an armed convention: a convention of volunteers in Ireland. He is very well known also, to have commended the plan upon which those volunteers were proceeding; and to have supported their measures with all the might of his eloquence. But his conduct was even still more explicit upon the occasion which he had of delivering his sentiments in the corporation of *Chichester*.

"Gentlemen," said he,—if I may take the historian's liberty of putting his sentiments into my own language—
 "let every man get arms; let every man learn the use of
 "arms. It is only by recurring to the old institutions of
 "Alfred—it is only by putting arms into the hands of every
 "individual that we can support our liberties against the
 "arts, intrigues, and corruptions of a minister, who
 "would wish to trample under foot the rights and liberties
 "of Britons—get arms, Gentlemen, therefore; get
 "arms, that you may save yourselves the necessity of an
 "immense standing army. Resist with all your might a
 "system so diabolical, for, if once you suffer a standing
 "army in the country, the liberties of Britain are gone
 "for ever; nor will it be in the power of all the patriots
 "in whom you may confide, to snatch you from the despotism
 "which a standing army must inevitably produce "

Yet,

Yet, Citizens, when the Duke of *Richmond* was Master of the Ordnance, he found how *necessary* it was to fortify, by standing armies, the power which he and his friends had gotten: and when a member of the same corporation not quite so versatile, some time ago proposed that the citizens at Chichester should be armed, he writes a letter to that corporation, to inform the members of it that "the individual who could support such a measure was an enemy to his king and constitution."

"Arm all the citizens," he might be conceived to say, "no, you must only arm those few we can depend upon: whose principles we are acquainted with: and whose *loyal attachment to pensioners and placemen, and rotten borough-mongers* can be depended on, if those pensioners, placemen, and rotten borough-mongers should call for their exertions, to silence the voice of reform, which I myself taught to be loquacious, and to crush the rising spirit of that freedom which, however proper when I was out of place, is certainly high treason, now that I am in."

This Duke of *Richmond* was once a flaming WHIG. But we have found that there is one point, at least, upon which WHIGS and *Tories* unanimously agree: namely, that every measure by which they can help themselves into power is legal and constitutional; and that every measure that in the least threatens to oust them is *Treason*. There is, also, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, a very great degree of consistency in the language and sentiments of the present administration. You will find that they have, always, been advocates for ancient systems: but then, when out of place, their attachment was to the ancient system of *British liberty*; and now, when they are in place, their attachment is to the ancient system of *French despotism*.

Yes Citizens, the old French system is a very great object of attachment among our present Ministers; and they have been anxious to imitate, as far as possible, all its practices.

It is *High Treason* to imitate even the language of French liberty; but it is perfectly constitutional to imitate, not only the language, but the practices of French tyranny. Whence came the system of spies? Did it not come from the old despotism of France? Is it a practice congenial with the open character of Britons? Is it a practice consistent

sistent with liberty, and with that social harmony which a free constitution ought to support?—Whence, also, comes your *police*? established, it is true, under pretence of keeping the peace, but in reality, I believe, for the express purpose of organizing the system of spies and informers, who invaded the peace of all their fellow citizens; and providing rewards and establishments for those whose perjuries in Courts of Justice have vainly aimed at the life of innocent individuals! Come not both the institution and its name from the ancient despotism of France? To this I might add the list of proscriptions—the black books kept by the Reevite associators: in which every man's supposed opinion stands recorded! The most important imitation, however, is the adoption of *standing armies*: It may not be amiss to observe the exact conformity between practices among us and those which were adopted in France, when Louis XIV. established standing armies to support his growing despotism.

It was well known by that crafty monarch, that the despotic power he aimed at could not be supported without an immense military force; an immense military force was therefore determined upon. But say some of his counselors, “*May not the very power you raise to support your despotism turn their swords against you and overthrow it?*” How are we to avoid this inconvenience, for *the army which is formidable to the people, is formidable also to the monarch whenever they chuse to be so.* And the Janizaries who over-awe the slaves of Constantinople, hurl occasionally the sublime Sultan from his throne. O,” say others, “we will find a remedy for that; we will sow hatred and dissention in the centre of the army; and one class of soldiers shall burn with rancour and animosity against the other.”

To execute this design songs were dispersed among them written for the purpose of exciting mutual jealousies. Some for the *infantry*, some for the *cavalry*, some to one class, some to another.

This trick succeeded pretty well for the court. But what were the effects to the country? The army of France being thus disunited, and being excited by mutual aversion, were never able to stand against the armies of those countries in which union and mutual affection prevailed. This was one of the causes why the glory of Britain shone in ancient times so conspicuous when opposed to the military machines of enslaved France. This was one of the causes

causes why a nation abounding in so much gallant spirit, made so poor a figure, comparatively speaking.

But since this system of dragoon hating infantry, and infantry hating dragoon, has been banished from *France*,—since they have been fired by one hope and expectation, mark the enthusiasm with which they have swept every thing before them. Appeal to those gallant soldiers who have experienced their efforts for the character of those Frenchmen, who, inspired by unanimity, have become vindicators of rights and liberty!—they will tell you that courage and magnanimity have gone hand in hand, and displayed a conduct the very reverse of that which the prejudices of this country have led us to expect among them.

A similar object in this country has been pursued by measures, in some degree different. It is not by songs, for we are neither a singing nor a dancing nation, that those who wish to make all soldiers slaves have endeavoured to excite one part of the soldiery against the other; no they have found another way of doing it. They have divided the army into a vast number of distinctions, *dragoons*, *militias*, *infantry*, *cavalry*, *yeomanry*, and *voluntary associations*; and the most successful attempts have been made to prevent any degree of affection from existing between these different bodies. The *esprit de corps*, so unhappily prevalent among all classes of men, renders it easy to excite animosities; and a variety of arts are made use of, to keep up this animosity; so that they may be fit engines for the vengeance thus to be executed.

I shall give you an instance of this. A mutiny took place in one of the camps no very considerable time ago. The guards had been mutinous; and their officers found some part of their claims so just, and the men so obdinate, that they were obliged to pay some degree of attention to them. After having promised them the redress which they demanded, it is very confidently reported that this sort of speech was made to them: “Gentlemen, I know how these dispositions have grown up among you. You have been talking to the *militia*. They have sown the seeds of discontent among you! Gentlemen, why will you condescend to talk with the militia? Are not you *Gentlemen Guards*? Are not you the defenders of his Majesty’s person? You should disdain to disgrace yourselves by holding conversation with *militia men*: a company much too mean
“for

“ for you: and therefore you ought to be above it; and to
 “ keep yourselves from the contamination of them.

“ Gentlemen, if I were to meet with any of the *militia*,
 “ I should think myself disgraced if I sat down with them.
 “ I would advise you to preserve the dignity of your situa-
 “ tion; and depend upon it you will receive the favours con-
 “ sistent with such conduct!”

Now, Citizens, if this language was in reality held, I ask you what sort of principle, what sort of justice and propriety could there possibly be in it? What, shall soldiers be set against soldiers? Shall guards be set against militia-men, and militia-men against fencibles? Shall fencible be set against dragoon, and dragoon against fencible? If this is the case, say what degree of safety and protection must you expect, if the time ever should arrive when your wives and your children are to be protected from the sword of foreign hostility.

Citizens, to me it appears that it would have been much more proper to address the soldiery of Britain in this manner.

“ Citizen soldiers, never forget that you are men enlisted
 “ not to support the authority of a few particular individuals,
 “ but to protect the rights, liberty and property of the coun-
 “ try. If you have complaints submit them in a peaceable
 “ manner to those who should take cognizance of those com-
 “ plaints. Indulge not a mutinous spirit, by which the liber-
 “ ties and peace of the country may be disturbed, by which
 “ part of you may be submitted to the cruel necessity of ope-
 “ rating against another; but cultivate the feelings of affec-
 “ tion between man and man. Let *Dragoons* remember they
 “ are bound to love the *infantry*, who are the main strength
 “ of an army; let the *infantry* remember that they are bound
 “ to love that *cavalry* which is to co-operate with them, and
 “ without whose assistance they must be often impotent, and
 “ inadequate to the protection of their country. Let both
 “ remember they are to love the *militia*, the constitutional
 “ guardians of the sacred rights of Britons. Let the *militia*-
 “ men, also, remember that they ought to love the other
 “ members of the army; because they are to co-operate with
 “ them for the same great object. Remember, also, that the
 “ name of *fencible corps*, or whatever names may be given to
 “ particular men, alter not their nature. That every man is
 “ the brother of every man; and that upon the great princi-
 “ ple of fraternity you are to act according to the spirit of
 “ justice, of liberty, and true military discipline, in preserv-
 in.”

“ ing the peace and protecting the happiness of your fellow
 “ Citizens, that you may return, loved and crowned with
 “ civic wreathes; to your wives and families, who shall bless
 “ you for transmitting the liberties of your ancestors to them
 “ and their posterity.”

“ Citizen soldiers, as you are men you ought to love man-
 “ kind. As you are Britons you ought to cherish British
 “ liberty. As you are soldiers of a free nation you ought to
 “ be jealous of freedom. One soul alone ought to actuate
 “ you. One object you should have continually in view—
 “ the freedom and happiness of your country. Not the ag-
 “ grandizement of a faction to whom you were never meant
 “ to be tools, but the protection of the just rights, the just
 “ liberties and real happiness of those, whom if you are once
 “ made the instruments to enslave, you do but forge fetters
 “ for yourselves more intolerable than those you confer upon
 “ your brethren, whom you ought not to cease to love, be-
 “ cause they do not wear a coat of the same complexion with
 “ your own.”

But it is lamentable to observe how successfully the language most opposite to this has been upheld. Every one who is at all acquainted with the military can inform you that the *militia* envy the *fencibles* for their supposed privileges and advantages; that the *fencibles* arrogate a superiority to the *militia*; that the *volunteers* disdain the *regulars*, whom they consider as a parcel of low inferior beings; and that the *regulars*, on the other hand, have contracted an inveterate hatred against the *volunteer associations*, whom they consider as tools of men of power and fortune associated against the liberty and happiness of the lower orders of the community.

I speak not this lightly. I have positive information of this being the case in parts of the country—Particularly, that this sort of language was held so continually by one of the regiments returned from the Continent, and quartered at *Chichester*, that it was found necessary to remove them from that place, lest massacres should take place between them and the gentlemen associators of that neighbourhood. The very words, “ Damn the scoundrels that associate against their own poor,” were repeated from company to company, and from man to man, till they quivered upon every lip.

What then may not be the dreadful consequence of attempting to sow these divisions, so destructive of all peaceful order, all respect both for laws and military discipline, without
 which

which an army become, instead of defenders, the depredators and destroyers of their country.

These soldiers certainly inspired a considerable degree of panic and terror among the volunteers. Resignations were very common; or notices for resignations. Stories were told about these gentlemen soldiers, and the situation into which they were sometimes thrown, in consequence of this terror, are too ridiculous to mention in the present company. Suffice it to say, the dreaded regiment was again sent to the Continent, not only on this account, but because many of them were found diffusing democratic principles—principles, let me add, which the whole of this system has tended to spread very widely among the soldiery; and which all the attempts to suppress them, do but increase to greater obstinacy.

Nay, those very men who were enlisted and sent to the Continent, to destroy democracy abroad, have brought home a huge cargo of it into *England*, much to the alarm and terror of their rulers; and, therefore, they have most of them been sent back to the Continent, to support the cause for which they were known to have such an inveterate hatred.

I confess I have not myself conversed with the soldiery. I have taken my reports respecting them, from those on whose veracity I could confide: because I do not choose to have it said of me, however unjustly, that I tamper with the soldiery. I wish not to draw them from their allegiance to the King, but I wish them to know that they also owe an allegiance to the people whom they serve, part of whom they are; and with whose happiness their own prosperity is connected. But all the persons I have met with, who have by accident fallen in with the fragments (and scanty fragments in general they were) of regiments that returned from the Continent, have uniformly borne testimony to the good character which the British soldiery are generous enough to give to the French; whom they have declared, in open shops and public houses, were the only friends they met with upon the Continent. They were ill used, they say, by the *Dutch*; they were ill used by the *Austrians*; they were ill used by all the foreign troops with whom they expected to co-operate; and *their enemies*, the French, were the only men from whom they received any kindness or humanity. It is therefore, Citizens, that the greater part of these regiments, or fragments of regiments, are sent back to that Continent, from whence they were so lately withdrawn, or else dispatched to the *West Indies*, lest their Jacobinical doctrines should spread at home.

This policy has been pretty systematically pursued. Whenever it was found that any regiment possessed democratical principles, that regiment was immediately hurried out of the country. This was particularly the case with the *Scotch Greys*; who were found many of them reading *Paine's* "Rights of Man." They were, therefore, sent to the Continent: and I believe we shall not hear of the opinions of the *Scotch Greys* now.

But what has been the consequences of all this? Disastrous defeat! When men are sent to support a cause they do not approve, will they fight with enthusiasm in support of it? No, if you want enthusiasm among the military, it is by a different mode of conduct that you must endeavour to inspire it. It is not by persecuting them for opinions, it is not by making reading a crime among them, and ignorance the supreme virtue. No, it is by kind treatment; by justice and humanity—by giving them a real interest in the cause they are to support—In short, it is by mingling the proud independence of the citizen with the discipline of the soldier that the feelings of the hero can alone be inspired, and the exploits of real glory can be produced.

Yet so blind are our rulers to this truth, that I have certain information that some poor soldiers in the tower were threatened with all the severities of what is called military discipline, for having subscribed to take in the *Gazetteer*. The monstrous crime was discovered, and the alarm was instantly taken—"What, soldiers dare to read an opposition paper? Soldiers dare to look into any thing that shall find fault with any of His Majesty's Ministers? Military subordination could never endure it!" The poor men were obliged to relinquish their literary banquet; and some of them were threatened with black holes and bread and water.

But a stronger circumstance is yet to be mentioned. One *Archibald Ewing*, who was a *Scotch Fencible*, was found to be very fond of reading. I don't know how it came into the minds of the officers, that it was impossible for a man to enquire, but he must become a democrat; but they immediately began to suspect that he was no friend to present measures. On the *King's birth-day*, therefore, as they were marching from one part of Scotland to another, the officers determined to put this man to the test. They had the soldiers seated in rings and gave them whiskey to drink his Majesty's health. The officer however of the corps did not think it enough to give the King's health alone, but coupled with it

a very

a very curious sentiment, "*The King, and damnation to the French, and the friends of the people!*" Ewing did not, however, choose to drink damnation to the friends of the people; because he thought the people had as much right to have their friends as the King had to have his. Add to which that *Ewing* was a religious man, and did not think it such a mighty crime to be a friend to the people, that he ought to wish any man in eternal torments on that account. In short, he was a soldier, not a priest, and did not deal in anathemas; nor would he damn any body: and as they had given the toast in that manner, he refused to drink it at all.

For this crime, which was deemed mutiny, he was immediately, according to the lenient practices of that humane part of the country, put into confinement. He was chained upright, with fetters round his ankles and a collar round his neck, for some days, till he was tried by a Court Martial. There is a citizen present who can authenticate this if necessary. He was then condemned to receive five hundred lashes; but repeated assurances were given him that he should be pardoned, if he would declare that he was not "a friend to the people;" which he refused. Some of the townfolks hearing of the manner in which he was treated, took him some food and other necessaries. But the humane magistrates of Scotland, being informed of these facts, prohibited any person, upon the pains and penalties of law, from giving him any assistance. So that bread and water would have been his only fare, for several days, if he had not been generously relieved by a fellow soldier. His obstinate virtue continued inflexible, a hundred lashes were humanely abated, and four hundred only laid upon his naked back; after which he was turned out of the regiment.

Now, Citizens, I will ask you, *Is it likely that soldiers should be otherwise than democratic, while they receive such treatment?* I will ask you if this is the proper manner to procure the vindication of our laws and the protection of our country? I will ask you whether, on the contrary, the proper way of attacking the soldiery is not to encourage, by proper rewards, instead of urging on by stripes and punishments?

Yes, Citizens, it is by reward and encouragements that you are to expect to rouse the valour of the British soldiery: and if you will give them proper pay, instead of exhausting all the resources of the country upon corruption, and treat them honourably and kindly, you will have little reason to find fault with human beings, for not having enthusiasm enough

enough in their attachment to their country; and not being sufficiently willing to expose themselves in the field of glory.

Give them, then, but the *rights of man*, to animate their courage, and you will still find your soldiery what they were once esteemed, invincible in the field and unequalled in generous exertions in the cause of liberty.

Citizens, I find it totally impossible, at this time of night, to enter upon the remaining and most important branch of this subject:—namely, the conduct of crimps and pressgangs. But before we part I will slightly mention a circumstance of a very extraordinary nature; and which has occupied a great deal of my attention to-day, and, in some degree, prevented me from preparing myself as I could have wished on such a topic. I have received documents tending to prove that this boy (*introducing a lad of twelve years old into the Tribune*) has been most barbarously crimped. I have received from the friends of this lad, and from his own mouth, circumstances which, if I can properly authenticate, I shall submit to your consideration on Wednesday evening. This lad—look at him!—see what a soldier-like appearance he has; and reflect how proper it is to trepan and steal such poor boys from the arms of their friends and relatives, and prematurely to shed their infant blood, in a struggle which it is impossible they should understand, or have an interest in. I will not state to you—neither time nor other circumstances will now permit—the particulars contained in this letter, which after his escape he wrote from *Northampton*, to his only friend and relative in London. I will not now state the variety of circumstances which these papers unfold. It is necessary, in order that I may preserve, even from *suspicion* of credulity or imposture, the dignity of my situation, to make such enquiries as to eradicate every possibility of doubt upon the subject. If I can substantiate the story, I shall unfold to you a scene of criminality so abominable, proceedings so horrid and flagitious, that if they do not immediately have redress, will bring a strong conviction to the breast of every man, that *in this country there is no longer protection for innocence, nor law for the friendless and poor!*

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXVII.

Report on the STATE OF POPULAR OPINION, and Causes of the Increase of DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES. Part the Fourth. Including animadversions on the CRUELITIES and MURDERS committed by CRIMPS and PRESS-GANGS. Delivered at the Lecture Room, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, September 16th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

I Shall now resume, where I dropped it on Friday evening, the subject of the treatment of the *British* soldiery, and the tendency that treatment must inevitably have to diffuse a spirit of democracy through that rank of people from which the soldiery are taken.

There is an author, whom I have had frequently occasion to quote, not from any admiration of his morals, but because he seems to be the great text book of all the ministers of all the *regular* and *orderly* governments of *civilized* Europe. The name of this author is *Machiavel*; who, treating of the means by which the power of Princes is to be upheld, tells us that the two great requisites are "good laws and good arms." With respect to good laws, *Machiavel* does not say much: for, as he is instructing persons how they may become great despots, or the despotic ministers of great despots, he was more solicitous about arms than laws; and gives to understand, that "when-ever you can have good arms, there the laws, per force, must be good also"—that is, they must be of that description which nobody can very safely find fault with.

Citizens, this *Machiavel*, who I am inclined to think was rather disposed to satirize the system he pretends to uphold, enters at large into the mode by which good arms are to be procured and supported: and goes into a description of what are, and what are not good arms. In this part of his enquiry there are many

things well worth the attention of the ministers of this or any other country; but which, upon that very account, perhaps, seem to be passed over in neglect. For instance, confederates, allies, auxiliaries, and mercenaries, he says, never can be good arms; good arms are those which are borne and exercised by the natives of the country, for the protection of which they are to be employed, and from them only can any considerable advantage be expected.

Upon this topic I have already enlarged to a considerable degree (Tribune No. 20 and 21.) I shall not, therefore, dwell upon it particularly at this time. It is more important that I should turn to another part of this discussion. There is one observation he makes which is particularly valuable.

Machiavel seems to have been very well convinced, that in order to have good arms, that is to say, to have an effective soldiery, able and *willing* to support your glory, and carry your projects into effect, numbers and discipline are not the only requisites; that you may have a very numerous army, and yet be very much disgraced and degraded;—that you may have a very well disciplined army, and yet the discipline of this army be fatal only to its employers; and he considers, therefore, that the great object of all is the attachment of the soldiery to the cause they are to support, and to the Prince whose glory they are to promote.

Citizens, we need not have raked the musty ashes of antiquity to have discovered a maxim so plain and self evident.

If we wish to be well protected by a gallant soldiery we must take care that our soldiery are zealously attached to our cause; and as the means to produce this effect, we must merit, by our treatment of them, the attachment of those whom we expect to shed their blood in our defence, and to run all dangers, perils, and hardships for the promotion of our happiness and our glory!

Now, how is this attachment to be secured? It is very evident, if we consider the situation of society at present, that attachment is not now to be obtained in that easy way in which it seems to have been acquired in former times. Feudal rights and feudal attachment have happily, in a great degree, been swept away; and we hear no more, except now and then from some superannuated bigot to the old system, of the duty and principle of inviolable

lable attachment to the leader, upon whose estate you happened to be born; and by whom you have had the honour to be treated, ever since your birth, as a slave or beast of burden. The chieftains adhering to the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster* might indeed display their banners in the air, and be immediately followed by all their tenantry and vassals capable of bearing arms; and thus we might have host embattled against host, one half of the nation seeking the destruction of the other, with the most rancorous avidity, without either being capable of explaining the reason why they had drawn the falchion from its scabbard, and left their fields untilled, to make widows and orphans of their mourning wives and children.

Even in the time of *James* the first, a considerable degree of this superstitious veneration and attachment to certain families and individuals, merely on account of the high situation in which they were placed, seems to have remained; and we have instances in history of the most enormous fines, and even corporal punishments, chains and imprisonment being inflicted upon the base born plebian croud, for having insulted, by word or look, the sacred dignity of those who are decorated with stars and garters, and strut four or five times a year, perhaps, in an old red cloak, bedaubed with gold and ermine.

But the progress of enlightened intellect tended, in a considerable degree, to do away this ridiculous and foolish impression. We find it considerably weakened even at the period I have just been speaking of, and still more so before the end of that reign. In the revolution in 1649 every thing that remained of it was swept, at once, away. The superstitious veneration that had formerly been paid to birth and titles, fled before the sudden burst of reason, and was entirely destroyed. For a considerable time even the trappings and badges of this superstition were abolished: and though titles, rank, birth, and distinction, were afterwards *formally* revived at the restoration; yet there was no power in human caprice, nor human tyranny, to restore the servile adulation with which those circumstances were formerly contemplated by the people. My Lord and his Grace the Duke had been stripped of their gaudy titles, for a while—had been reduced to the plain humble level of citizens, and had been exhibited to mankind unsophisticated by the ornaments of a Court, and proved to be only of the same class and description of beings with those whom they had before looked down upon with
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supercilious.

supercilious insolence, and who had bowed down to their footstools with so much ill-placed veneration. This discovery having once been made, it was impossible for the people to get rid of the conviction that *Lords and Graces and Dukes* were nothing more than men: for as *Thomas Paine* has recently observed, in that treasonable and seditious book which I hope none of you have read, "it is impossible to compel a set of beings to unknow their knowledge or unthink their thoughts."

That this permanent effect was produced by the temporary revolution of 1649 seems to be universally acknowledged: at least, that the change has taken place is universally admitted; though I do not find that the change has ever yet been traced to its real cause. *Hume* himself, the advocate of approaching despotism, is obliged to acknowledge, in his essay on the British Government, that mankind are now no longer held in chains, by a superstitious veneration to mere forms and trappings; and he observes, that even those things, which, in former times, claimed the utmost veneration of mankind, seemed to sink into oblivion, from the persevering reason and enquiry that mankind have directed towards them. "Most people in this island," says he, "have divested themselves of all superstitious reverence to names and authority: The clergy have much lost their credit: Their pretensions and doctrines have been ridiculed; and even religion can scarce support itself in the world."

Well then, Citizens, this ancient foundation for the attachment of one class of people to another has been done away. Ill-placed veneration from accidental circumstances exists no more. Men beginning to venerate each other (to a certain degree, at least, though not quite so much as I could wish) on account of the good qualities they may possess, and the activity with which they may employ those good qualities for the welfare and happiness of mankind. How then are those persons in power and authority to command the attachment which was formerly bequeathed to them from the accidents of their birth. It is certainly necessary, some how or other, to secure the attachment of the people—No, pardon me; not of the *people*; but of the *large standing armies* by which the people, in case of necessity, may be dragoon'd, and to render them subservient to the will of those who created them.

There must be some means, I say, to attach this soldiery to the system they are hired to support: for it is not to be forgotten,

gotten, that the same power which is formidable to the oppressed, is, also, formidable to the oppressor himself; and that the *Fanissaries*, who keep the poor trembling Turks in awe, sometimes hurl the haughty Sultan from his throne, and place the captain of their own banditti; or some other more favoured robber in his stead.

A standing army then, instead of being a defence, is in reality a great danger to the Prince or Minister who employs it; unless some particular means be devised by which the attachment of that army can be secured. What are the means by which this attachment is to be sought? Will the scanty pittance of *sixpence per day* attach any reasonable being to particular individuals, who, while swelling to inordinate wealth by their own pensions and places, still forget the soldier that bleeds in the field, or languishes in the camp, to promote their power and glory? Will punishment for reading and enquiry (instances of which I gave you on the former evening) attach a soldiery to the cause they are meant to support? On the contrary, will not the plainest capacity immediately perceive that they, who dread enquiry, have a lurking conviction at their hearts that they are wrong; and that the cause must be a bad one, which will totter to its foundation as soon as argument and enquiry are brought into the field to examine its merits or defects?

Punishment and hard treatment win not the affection of mankind: nor can stripes and blows, scanty fare and scanty pay, allure their attachment to those from whom they receive such treatment. It is only by honourable reward and encouragement, by raising the soul to a consciousness of its own strength and dignity, that the hearts of a generous race of men are to be won. If you will, therefore, reward, as you ought, the gallant heroes who fight your battles; if you will encourage, with proper subsistence and proper endearments, those who stand foremost for your defence—you will need no *crimps* to fill your armies—no *cat-of-nine-tails* to maintain discipline.

Thus might cruelty and severity be for ever banished; for, however pretended philosophers and the hired agents of corruption may attempt to deceive you, *it is not the nature of man to be supine*. When men are properly stimulated, by generous treatment, there is more danger that they should have too much activity and enthusiasm, than that they should be too backward to run the career of glory, or to vindicate the cause of their country. And, if we look through the annals of mankind,

mankind, we shall find, that wherever this generous treatment has been attended to, enthusiastic rashness, and not cowardice, has marked the character of those who were entrusted with the vindication of a nation's honor.

Citizens, I refer you to the affairs of *France* for proof of this. It was a common observation, before the revolution in that country, that *no nation produced better officers than the French*, but that *the common soldiery could never be kept to their duty*. But the common soldiery of *France*, were at that time, *a herd of military machines*, whose duty was to *protect the drivers of a race of slaves*. It was, therefore, that they felt no common cause, and no enthusiasm; while the officers, who were treated with particular marks of honour and distinction, displayed a gallantry of spirit, which, from the natural situation and many advantages of that country, must always distinguish its inhabitants; unless there be something superlatively iniquitous in its government counteracting the influence which those causes would otherwise produce.

See them now! Is it the soldiery of whom the convention of *France* have had any occasion to complain? Have they been slack and tardy in vindicating the honours and liberties of their country? No,—warmed with the cheering notes of EQUALITY, enraptured with the flattering conviction that *by being soldiers they did not lose the dignity of citizens*, breast deep in snow, they have marched to encounter the enemies of Gallic liberty, singing the songs of victory as they marched; and, if the accounts were true, with which we were pestered in the ministerial prints of the nakedness and forlorn condition of these troops, at the beginning of the war, we have indeed, reason to wonder at the effects of kind treatment—the *endearing rewards*, the “*honourable mention*,” and the like, which converted a race of men whom formerly we despised as slaves and cowards, into a generation of heroes, who thundered at *Jemappe*, and shook the tyrants of *Europe* on their distant thrones.

Citizens, it is not my business to disguise any part of the truth: and as *this country, according to its original constitution, is a popular government*—as the real constitution—that I mean which we are so proud of having been established by our ancestors, (*not Mr. Pitt's constitution of rotten boroughs!*) is, in fact, a democracy tempered and *seasoned* with a mixture of aristocracy, but which was never meant to be robbed of that popular nature which constitutes its nerve and energy, I shall not be afraid of spies when I say that this circumstance—this fair
and

and honourable treatment of the soldiery has always particularly distinguished popular governments; and it is natural enough that the soldiery, having been convinced of this truth during their residence upon the continent, should have returned to this country, with a considerable seasoning of democratic spirit in their minds; and that instead of having crushed the hydra of popular government abroad, they had brought back an attachment to the revival of that government at home.

One might imagine, as it seems impossible for those who have the administration of the government to be blind to this—one might imagine that, even from common sense, even from the selfish design of supporting their own power, they would have thought of extending more kindness and liberality towards those whom they wish to be the supporters of their power. But this is very far from being the case: a variety of measures hitherto, at least in their present extent, never heard of in this country before, have been adopted, as if on purpose to disgust those men to whose support one would think, by other measures, they wished particularly to look.

But inconsistency is never to be wondered at among selfish individuals; there is but one source of consistency; and that is the pure generous spirit of benevolence, the animating love of all mankind, which directs us to promote the general interest, and lose sight of the particular. Men warmed by such a sentiment may preserve a steady consistency; because they act from reason; from deep felt conviction; from serious meditation and a settled plan. But they who seek only their own power, grandeur and emolument, are always inconsistent, because the passions which are their sole guides are ever capricious and inconstant; and that which may gratify one pursuit of ambition or vanity, may be hostile to another, on which in another hour perhaps they would fix their attention with still more steadiness and avidity. Nay, perhaps, having been so long in the habit of politically governing mankind by faction, division, and dissention—keeping up to the old maxim “divide and conquer,” it may have become, as it were, a systematic part of their existence, so that they cannot help acting upon it: so that they proceed, in fact, instinctively.—or as Shakespeare would express it, by “a divine thrusting on” on the principle of division, and are hence disposed to *keep a divided army in awe*, rather than to seek its unanimous love and affection, by generous treatment, integrity, and honest liberality.

But

But it may be said that, in one paltry expedient at least; this latter object seems to have been had in view: namely; the late curious order issued—I will not say in violation of the Constitution of this country, because it came from very illustrious authority; and, as I am known to bow down with great respect to authorities of this description, I shall not fully my own consistency by saying any thing so harsh—But I will say, that I never heard of the individual who pretended to point out the statute, or maxim of the Constitution, which authorised such an order to be issued and executed, without consent of King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament assembled. But perhaps it may be affirmed, by those who support this measure, that there was no necessity to consult the Commons, till it could be found out in what House of Parliament the *Commons* did, in reality, assemble.

You may perceive that I allude to the order for letting the soldiery have bread and meat at a cheaper price than other Citizens had. But how could they be so ignorant of mankind as to suppose that so shallow an artifice would escape instantaneous detection? Could they suppose that because a man might put off a coat of one colour and put on one of another, that he thereby put off common sense? Or could they suppose, that when they had decorated a man in a blue or a scarlet coat, that he would put off the feelings of humanity, and refuse to sympathize with a brother or a friend, languishing in the want and misery, which a profligate and ruinous war had brought upon the country? Or could they suppose either that the soldiery would not perceive the view with which this order was issued?

But, Citizens, it is plain and evident, that an individual practice like this cannot wipe from the mind deep impression; produced by general conduct: and as soldiers have been lately in the habit of reading, and as I have given you the instances of some who have been threatened with the black hole and bread and water, and of others who have been sent to the Continent on the forlorn hope, and others in *Scotland*, that have been fastened with fetters and chains against the wall, kept upon bread and water and punished with 400 lashes, because they would not *damn the friends of the people*—As all these circumstances have taken place on account of the soldiers having the wicked and seditious presumption to read; mark, learn, and inwardly digest; and as it is also true that there has been a certain rage, of late, for publishing small books (cheap, democratic, sans-culottish editions;)

tions;—and as aristocratic works are sent into the world in this form—and of all things in the world, to make men democrats, there are none like aristocratic publications!—If people will but read, no matter what, whether it is *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Tom Thumb the Great*, or *Burke's Reflections*, or any other silly and mad publication, I know where reading and thought must convey them; and the more aristocratic the books they read, the sooner they will get to their point: that is to say, provided they do not only read, but, to express myself in true orthodox phraseology, also, mark, learn and inwardly digest, as they go on!

Now, Citizens, as soldiers will sometimes read—and as it is probable that some impression of this book, called *Hume's History of England*, may have fallen into some soldier's hand, it is probable that, in consequence of this, he may have picked out some facts which may have inclined him to meditate a little upon the circumstances under which he is placed. Recollecting what his pay is at this time, and finding what it was in *Queen Elizabeth's days*, (I gave you a history of the price of provisions in those days in the last season) when a good fat pig was bought for 4d. a hen for 2d. and a good fat capon for 3d. a chicken for a penny, &c. [*Tribune No. XVI. p. 6.*]—Finding that in *Q. Bess's days*, such being the price of provisions, a common soldier received 8d. a day as his pay, which was the price of two fat pigs, he may be inclined to say to himself, how comes it that I do not receive the price of two fat pigs for being shot at now, as I should have had if I had been shot at in the time of that old fashioned Queen?

Citizens, this fact is contained in a note, so exceedingly curious and apropos, that I shall read it to you, both for your amusement and instruction: and that you may see that I am not imposing upon you. In the eighth volume of *Hume's History of England*, page 336, you will find it thus written: “It is curious to observe that the Minister, in the war begun “in 1754,”—O what would he have said if he had witnessed the war begun in 1793!—“that the Minister, in the war “begun in 1754, was in some periods allowed to lavish, “in two months, as great a sum as was granted by Parliament “to Queen Elizabeth in forty-five years.” But, Citizens, the Minister in 1754 was a novice, the present Minister will lavish you much more in two hours! Hume proceeds; “the extreme frivolous object of the late war, and the great “importance of her's, set this matter in a still stronger light. “Money too, we may observe, was in most particulars of
No. XXVII, P P “the

“ the same value in both periods.” That is to say, the current coin of the kingdom was of the same weight and standard of metal. “ She paid 8d. a day to every foot soldier. But our late delusions have much exceeded any thing known in history, not even excepting those of the crusades. For I suppose there is no mathematical, still less an arithmetical demonstration, that the road to the Holy Land was not the road to Paradise; but there is that the endless increase of national debt is the direct road to national ruin.”

Such, Citizens, is the fact relative to the pay of the soldiery in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and such are the reflections of an aristocratic writer when he notices that fact. But, if you please, we will make a little bit of an Irish progress, and go on a little way further back. Having given a specimen from the time of Queen Elizabeth, I will now give you another from the time of Edward III. You will find that, even in the days of good Queen Bess, there was some degree of abatement in the comforts and enjoyments of life to be reaped by the soldier, who fought the battles of his country, and endured hardships to protect the enjoyments and comforts of all the rest: for we find that, in the time of Edward III. (*Hume*, vol. 3, *Cadell's small edition*, page 377) an estimate of the different pay given to a soldier and to a common labourer, it not having been then perceived, that a man ought to receive less emolument for being shot at, than for being employed in the field. “ A reaper, in the first week of August, was not allowed above two-pence a day, or near 6d. of our present money;” that is, in the time of Edward III. one shilling weighed as much as three do now. For you must always keep in your eye, when you are making a comparison of ancient and present times, that the pound weight of silver was originally coined into 20s. which is the reason why we now call 20s. a pound; and that it gradually altered from that standard till the time of Elizabeth, when it assumed the standard that it now bears. Do not forget either that this two-pence, which, in point of metal, was equal to our sixpence, would buy as much corn, meat and ale, as can now be bought for 3s. 6d. or 4s.—“ A reaper, in the first week of August, was not allowed above two-pence a day; in the second week a third more. A master carpenter was limited through the whole year to threepence a day; a common carpenter to twopence, money of that age. It is remarkable that, in the same reign, the pay of a common soldier, an archer, was 6d. a day”—which, by the change

change both in denomination and value, would be equivalent to 10s. or 12s. of our present money. This was something like being a soldier—two or three campaigns made a man's fortune; and if he escaped the first brush or two, he might leave off trade, and retire upon the profits to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*: and yet, strange to say, a war could then be carried on for an hundredth part of the present expence. But you will remember, there were not then so many great ministers and agents—Chancellors of the Exchequer, Lords of the Treasury, Lords of the Admiralty, Clerks of the Treasury, Lords of Trade—Lords Commissioners—Auditors, and a long string of &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.'s. that would tire my patience to repeat, and your's to hear. And as they had not to pay thousands to so many persons who did *nothing at all*—they were better able to pay a good price to those who were to do the whole.

Now, Citizens, it may perhaps happen that these circumstances may not be quite unknown in the country; since they have got in circulation in no less than three different editions of this size, besides several others; and such facts, if known, are not very well calculated to endear to the soldiery the present Boroughmongering system.

But administration seems to have forgotten what the character of a soldier is. And how should it be otherwise? There was a time when Statesmen were *heroes*, not *cabinet intriguers*. There was a time when he who thought he had a right to plunge a nation into war, and send millions to slaughter, thought he had no right to stay at home, and enjoy the honors and profits of the struggle, in security—ignorant of the temper as of the *sufferings* of those by whom it was maintained. This being the case, they were then enabled to discover, that a soldier has a certain jealous feeling about him, called his *honour*, which one of our ancient poets calls "the moral conscience of the brave." But the present men do not seem to know that *honour is the soldier's religion*; and that he who behaves to them like a swindler, degrades himself before them, and meets with their sovereign contempt. Not recollecting this, we find that they have dared to rouse the fiery indignation of the British soldiery, by tricks and artifices, at which common honesty and common humanity recoil. By these tricks they have carried on, by wholesale, the detestable practice of crimping; for which some inferior agents have been so long famous in the retail way. I allude,

Citizens to the circumstances of the establishment and subsequent treatment of the *fencible corps*.

If I am not very much mistaken, while the bill for raising these corps was before the *House of Commons*, an amendment was made by *Sheridan*, and at length adopted, that they should not be sent out of the country. But, whether the clause was actually inserted in the act or not, certain it is we have proof, that under these terms and conditions, many, if not all, the fencible corps were raised. Yet what has been the consequence? Has this agreement been abided by? Had Ministers had the precaution even to keep their faith and hold fast with the instruments to which they took up for the support of their own power and grandeur? No, I shall not particularly notice, on the present occasion, the practice of sending *English fencibles to Ireland*, and *Irish fencibles to England*, or bringing *Scotch fencibles* to this side of the *Tweed*, or sending *English* to the other, because I hope and trust, from the enlightened spirit that has gone abroad among us, that we are fast approaching to the important conviction that *English, Scotch and Irish are one*, bound by one tie of interest and affection to love, support and stand by each other, as *firm and reciprocal friends*, who must mount up together to the renovation of their liberties and privileges, or, should one be struck down, must tumble all at once into the abyss of ruin and debasement.

But there are other circumstances to which I must allude more particularly. We can none of us have forgotten the mutinies and disturbances which have unfortunately taken place, in various parts of the country. We none of us, I trust, have reflected without horror upon those threatening scenes of terror which began to open before us; and there is none, I hope, among us who would not join heart and hand, to remove for ever the causes of such dangerous dissensions, and prevent such terrible events as must exist if ever that military, united for our defence, should turn their swords against each other, or level them at the breasts of their fellow citizens, and extort their own terms from an affrighted nation. Let us not, however, be afraid to mention facts. Let us not shrink from the unpleasant but necessary recollection of scenes that have so lately passed. We cannot forget that a regiment of these fencibles, at *Bristol*, were recently ordered to be embarked for *Jersey and Guernsey*, and that finding their officers were not to go with them, they considered themselves

themselves whipped, trépanned and sold. They took that opportunity; also, of complaining; not only that having been enlisted under pretence of serving only in a particular country; they were now about to be transported into another; but that they had not received the whole of the bounty upon promise of which they were at first enlisted; upon these grounds, therefore, they refused to go. The event is well known. They were remonstrated with; they were promised their bounty as soon as they should get on board;—they had been *promised* before! but what are promises to those who have not the power to enforce them!—They refused to *quit* the country whose shores they had enlisted to *defend*. Force was employed against them; they formed themselves in resolute phalanx; and Bristol was upon the eve of witnessing the horrors of military rebellion, when, finding themselves surrounded by superior numbers, they submitted, were driven on board the transports, and their ring-leaders seized to be tried as mutineers; and it is added, the bounty of which they had been defrauded has never been paid: the pretence being, that the terms upon which this tardy act of justice had been offered had not been accepted by them in time. Whether this last part of the story is true or not I do not undertake absolutely to affirm. There are certain circumstances which, as it is scarcely possible to get to the bottom of them, we must take upon such probable evidence as we can obtain; and all that can be expected of us is, that we do not affirm with greater confidence than we have good reason to believe.

At *Exeter* a similar circumstance took place, in a regiment raised by Lord *Cunningham*, and composed almost entirely of his vassals. These men were entered at a bounty of eight guineas per man, the whole of which had not, it seems, been paid: and part of the terms as they represent it, were, that they should not be sent out of the country; and that they should serve no longer than till the conclusion of the war. They, however, were ordered to the *West Indies*:—that is, they were ordered to be drafted into the 43d regiment, which was bound to the *West Indies*: and which was under no sort of engagement to be disbanded at the return of peace: and it is affirmed that they were, in fact, sold by certain of their officers to that regiment, for fifteen guineas per man. They having been raised at eighty a dead profit of seven guineas per head was thus to be gained by those upright men, who, considering that these poor soldiers were of the swinish multitude, might thus be said to have “brought their hogs to a
“ fine

"fine market," They also refused to be drafted, insisting upon the fulfilment of their contract. But litigations of this sort are settled in a shorter way than by suits in Chancery. They were drafted at the mouth of the cannon; and compelled to quit the regiment to which, under certain conditions, they had joined themselves, and enter into another bound by no conditions of a similar nature.

Shall we dwell any longer upon these scenes? Shall we look to *Ireland*, where regiments ordered to the West Indies, considering that they were only going to a certain grave, were also compelled (contrary it is said to express stipulations) to embark, by the terror of immediate military execution; while, at the same time, we are told that the officers were silenced by a profitable compromise. They being *gentlemen*, were to be treated in "another guess sort of a way:" they were to be permitted to retire with *full pay*. Thus is the character of British officers to be degraded to that of common Crimps, who trepan and sell their fellow men for despicable lucre and sinecure commission!

Citizens, we are told, in a ministerial paper of to day, (for what is it that ministerial papers will not tell us?)—we are told in a very peremptory tone, in that famous oracle of ministerial wisdom, "the Times," that the story about trepanning the fencibles is nothing but a *Jacobinical fable*, invented by a parcel of *incendiaries*, to draw men from the paths of duty and foment commotion. But what do these ministerial oracles say to the letter of Col. *Hay* upon this subject? Is the Colonel one of these Jacobins who are hired to disseminate these perjuries and falsehoods? Is Colonel *Hay*, whose letter has been published in almost all the papers, and who expressly declares that, having an assurance from those from whom he received his commission, that the men should not be sent out of the country, he raised his men upon those terms, and made that express agreement with them; and that he considers it a violation, both of his honour and the honour of his employers, that this compact should be violated, and the men compulsively drafted into other regiments, which have not the advantage of any such terms in their favour.

Citizens, Citizens, are these men serious when they tell us they mean to support the present system? Do they wish we should reverence this ARISTOCRACY, which they say it is treason to defame? Do they wish that we should peaceably submit to this *Oligarchy* of Borough-mongers, which has

has usurped the government, and stripped both the King and people of their rights? If they do, methinks their means are ill adapted to their end! for I do not see how it is possible that even the very instruments of their power should feel themselves thus treated by the leaders and supporters of *aristocracy*, and not be induced to entertain strong feelings of detestation and abhorrence against a system, under which they can be treated with such bare faced violation of every compact and engagement, and every tie of good faith and amity:—nor how it is possible for them not to wish for the restoration of that *democracy* which, were it re-established, would render it impossible for ministers to practice, with impunity, artifices so base; or to degrade the national character, by such a violation of every duty towards those who are the hope and defence of the country.

But, Citizens, we have not yet approached the climax. We have yet to animadvert upon a set of beings, at whose name nature shrinks with abhorrence! a set of beings who bear the form and semblance of man, but who, like cannibals, prey upon human flesh, or revel at the banquets of low debauchery, amongst the groans and anguish of those whom they trepan and destroy. You will perceive that I am speaking of Crimps and Prefs-gangs—who have reduced the art of man-stealing to a science, and established their posts and stations in different parts of the country, from which, I suppose, we shall by and by have intelligence carried by new invented telegraphs, that their system may be conducted with the greater security.

I believe I should not be unauthorised, if I were to affirm, that immense fortunes are made by this infamous trade. I will not dwell, however, upon many particulars, nor name to you what Captains went to what crimping house, and told the Crimp Majors that they wanted ten men, and would give a hundred guineas for them; neither will I detail the commercial haggling that took place for the other fifty. Circumstances of this kind have been so repeatedly brought before the public, and with such strong and convincing proofs, (proofs marked in blood! proofs echoed in sighs of anguish to your ears!) that I need not occupy your time by much detail.

But remember, Citizens, these dungeons of crimping-houses could not exist—this practice of man-stealing could not be carried on, if there were not police officers in league with the wretches who commit these depredations—if the course of justice were fairly administered; if our magistrates
were

were fairly appointed, as by the ancient spirit of our Constitution they ought to be:—if, instead of being the creatures, tools, and sometimes, perhaps, the panders of great men and officers of state, they were men whose situations were conferred upon them merely by the confidence and respect of their fellow citizens. Practices of this kind cannot be conducted without official accomplices; and accordingly we find enquiry repeatedly crushed by the specious pretence, *the King must have soldiers.*

The King must have *soldiers!*—but must the King have *slaves?* for those who are stolen, seduced, or trappaned in the hour of drunkenness, are not soldiers but *slaves!*

Unfortunately, from the growth of corruption, from the immense volumes in which our laws are written—volumes which scarcely any human industry can toil through in a whole life—from the immense expence with which *justice is to be purchased by English freemen!* it is impossible for the poor and the ignorant to receive the benefit of those laws: and emboldened by this circumstance, with such audacity does this trade of man-stealing stalk along our streets, that even persons in what are aristocratically called *respectable situations*—even those whom all mankind considered as having some claims to humanity, are sometimes its victims.

I might refer you, for a fact of a very suspicious nature, to Mr. *Walker*, a bookseller in this town, whose son (a solid and respectable young man of 19) has been missing these five or six months—no one knowing what is become of him: a young man as little likely to have quitted his family or friends, on any vagrant project, as any person in the metropolis. Instances of this sort are numerous indeed, and many similar circumstances have come to my ears which I shall not take up your time by stating to you.

But there is another story circumstantially told me, by persons ready to support the truth of it, which I shall not pass over in silence. The partner in a very considerable mustard manufactory, in the Borough, was taken by force and violence upon one of the bridges, by a party of *kidnappers and crimps*, who evidently knew him, and called him by his name, and when, alarmed by their abrupt greeting, he denied that he was the man, they felt for a large ring that he wore, and, upon finding it, exclaimed, yes, but you are the man, *for here is the ring;* with which they accordingly made free. They then seized him, dragged him to a boat, and carried him to Chatham; from whence he escaped from the simple circumstance

circumstance of a person accidentally recognizing him, and explaining who and what he was. But if he had been a poor man (no matter how honest and virtuous) what would it have availed who had seen, or who had known him?

From this circumstance, Citizens, I turn to the lad, whom on *Friday* last I produced in this Tribune. The aunt of this lad, I should inform you, having seen my posting bills, called on Thursday morning to relate the facts; and the person who answered the door, not knowing that I was above in my study, said I was not at home. The aunt accordingly left word that she called to tell me some circumstances about her boy, who had been crimped; and whom she was ready to bring to me, that he might be produced in this place if I thought proper—that the public might see what sort of a lad had been so practised upon. She was to come again on the Friday morning; which, however, she did not: but about the middle of the day a person came from her, and told me the story in a more particular manner: bringing, at the same time, the newspaper in which, during his absence, he had been advertised, and the hand-bill which had been cried in Bartholomew Fair; to which he afterwards added the letter, written by the lad from Northampton to his aunt, who had protected him, from his infancy—he having lost both his father *before* his birth, and his mother a few weeks *after*: These circumstances, he told me, he would bring the aunt and the boy to state to me; and in the evening they came accordingly. The boy told his story in a very plain and direct manner, stating that he went out from his aunt's house, with intention of going to school, but that it being a little before six o'clock, he took a walk in the Park till the school should open. While thus sauntering about, two soldiers came up to him, "My lad," said one of them, "you look melancholy." "It may be so," said the lad, "but you would not be melancholy," replied the crimp, "if you were a soldier. We who serve his Majesty, have plenty of money, and plenty of good liquor; and are as happy as can be. I will give you five guineas now if you will enlist; and five more when you have enlisted." "I will see your money at the devil first," said the boy. But he was immediately seized by the other, who was behind him; and who put a gag in his mouth, and took him in a coach to some house, he knew not where; confined him in a dark cellar; and in the night took him off, together with two

other boys, upon the road, as he was informed, towards *Manchester*.

The boy relates many curious adventures upon this journey in a very circumstantial manner; and very particularly describes the manner in which he found means, after he was locked up alone in a two pair of stairs room, at a public house out of the high road, where they stopped, by the assistance of his bed cord, to let himself down from the window, and make his escape. He then enquiring of the first person he met, his way into the high road for *London*, was directed to *Northampton*; whence he wrote a letter to his aunt, containing a rude statement of the foregoing facts; and his aunt accordingly went down immediately to fetch him. It was impossible I should have any objection to state facts like these, but, at the same time, it was necessary for me to guard against the possibility of deception; and to be cautious that I did not pledge myself to a story, however plausible, before I had sifted it to the very bottom. I therefore only noticed it in general terms on Friday, and adjourned the more ample statement to this evening. In the mean time I got a friend to go to the schoolmaster, in the first instance, from whom I learn that the boy had been absent, in the manner stated; and that he, for his part, believed the boy's story to be true; that he had a high opinion of the veracity of the aunt; and that he did not believe there was any sort of trick in it. I then got this same friend to write to *Northampton*, to know whether any such had ever been there, and what was the story he had told. The answer was, that he had been there; and the story he told, to the poor woman who protected him, corresponds with what I have already related. Still, however, I deemed it necessary to make further enquiries; and I proposed to the aunt that she should appoint two housekeepers whom she knew, and that I should appoint two that I knew; and that they should cross-examine the boy; and if to them there appeared satisfactory evidence of the truth of the story, that then affidavits should be drawn up for the boy and herself, and that they should go before a magistrate, and offer to make oath of the facts. This appeared to me the best way to avoid all possibility of deception: and, at the same time, as a part of the complaint made to me was, that the magistrates were unwilling to assist in searching the crimping-houses, &c. I conceived, that perhaps they would not be very ready to administer the oath proposed; and that if this should be the case, these

these preliminary enquiries and precautions would make the appeal to the public so much the stronger, and expose the connivance in these infamous transactions the more completely. But with this proposal the aunt refused to comply; observing that she was an Officer's widow, and was dependent, and that she would not fly in the face of Government. I therefore chose to drop all further concern in the affair; and she immediately went to the magistrate (as I have since learned) and offered to make oath of the facts. The magistrate, however, as I foresaw, refused to administer the oath, and expressed no small degree of indignation at her having been with me upon such a business.

Such then, Citizens, are the circumstances of this story, which it appears to me demands most serious investigation: and which, I hope, some Citizen will endeavour to probe to the bottom. If it is true, it is a truth so monstrous, and so alarming to every one, whose heart is alive to parental feeling, as scarcely any instance in the records of human infamy can equal.

Not to dwell, however, upon a story relative to which even the very shadow of a doubt can remain, I shall conclude this lecture with a melancholy circumstance that took place at *Poole*. I shall not go very fully into the affair at present, because from persons in that part of the country I have promises that I can depend upon, of authentic and full particulars of the transaction; and the general heads of it have been some time ago stated in the public papers.

The circumstances are briefly thus—A vessel coming into the port of *Poole*, with only a few hands on board, perceiving itself likely to be boarded by a press-gang, (a banditti of wretches who though well known in this country for their open atrocities, have no sort of legal right or pretence for the depredations they commit on individual security;) the crew, determined to defend themselves: but the master of the press-gang boarded the vessel, and, by the assistance of some soldiers whom he found means to compel, reluctantly, to assist his project, he succeeded in reducing the unfortunate crew; having shot three of the men who had the audacity to defend themselves. Two of them may perhaps be considered as having fallen in the struggle; but the fate of the third can bear no softer name than deliberate murder. The instance I allude to was the Midshipman, who, perceiving his companions and friends fall beneath the ferocious rage of these cannibals, bared his bosom, and exclaimed, "you have mur-

"killed my companions, murder me also." The Russian Lieutenant took him at his word; levelled the pistol at his breast, and shot him dead.

The whole of this affair, and the disgraceful facts which followed, will soon, I hope, be submitted to the public. Suffice it to say, for the present, that the enraged populace, and particularly the relatives of the murdered seamen and passengers, fell upon the press-gang with great fury, and threatened to tear them to pieces. They were rescued, however, and carried to gaol, under pretence of being committed for trial: but when the day of trial came, the principal witnesses, who were some soldiers quartered in the town, were found to have been marched off in the dead of the night: and thus was the course of justice perverted. But the tale of horror does not stop here. The inhabitants of *Poole* affirm, and I have seen very respectable persons who support the affirmation, that the three men who were the principal perpetrators of these murders, by the abuse of ministerial or some other corruption, by the poison that has been poured into that ear which ought to be closed to every whisper but of justice and truth—these men—Shall I call them *men*? these tygers in human shape have been appointed to places, and rewarded with pensions!!!

What, Citizens, is this the law and justice we wish to maintain?—Is this our liberty?—Is this our Constitution? Where is the audacious Minister? Where is the wretched tool of party that can dare to stand up (armed as he may be with all the terrors of perverted law, or military domination)—where is the wretch that dare to stand up and tell me that this is the law or constitution of this country—that these are the objects for which the prerogative of mercy was lodged in royal hands—or that it is for this Britons ought to expend their treasures and exhaust their blood!

Unhappy Britons! why do you rear with fond solicitude the offspring of your loves?—why do ye toil to improve the fertility of the soil, or the excellency of your manufactures?—why do ye plough the dangerous billow, to enrich your country with the fruits of other climes? Alas! alas! and is it all for this—that the press-gang; the crimp, the kidnapper may tear the hopeful or industrious youth from the bosom of his friends and relatives? or having slaughtered the innocent and useful member of society, may exult in the rewards of violence, and be crowned with commemorating honours,

as the ancient Romans were, not when they had destroyed, but when they had saved the lives of their fellow citizens?

We have talked of *requisitions* in France, but what is a French requisition when compared with this? The requisition of France was instituted to compel all ranks and orders of society to take their share in the common danger—to compel the wealthiest citizen to encounter the same hazard as the poorest: which, according to my conception, is most impartial justice. For why should the paltry pittance of a man wallowing in wealth and luxury, be put in competition with my life, because forsooth I have not learned his thriving arts? Why should the wealthy merchant—the ermined Peer—the over pampered parasite of ministerial corruption, remain in indolent security at home, while the peasant quits his plough, or the artificer his loom, to shed his blood in defence of those who disdain to share the common danger? Why should the plain common man be doomed not only to an untimely grave, but leave also a helpless family to beggary and distress, while the rich man reposes in the couch of luxury, amuses himself with the narrative of exploits performed at the expence of the blood of those whom Nature made his equals, and habit has rendered more useful to society than himself?

Nay, according to their own doctrines, the rich, and the rich alone, ought to be sent to fight the battles of any country. They impudently tell us, when we talk of rights, that we can have no rights because we have nothing to lose. If we have nothing to lose, we can have nothing to defend; and I do not know why we should spend *our* blood in defending the possessions and enjoyments of others, who care so little for us, and repay us only with contempt. Instead of soothing us, instead of encouraging us in this unequal warfare, where we stake every thing and have nothing to gain; instead of this, the very reverse is the picture of their conduct, and the poor common soldier either dies in the ranks, or is consigned to a workhouse or an hospital, to brood over his wounds and services: and what adds to these aggravations and insults, the bond of plighted faith is broken with the soldier, enlisted for his country's defence, and military commissions, once the rewards of patriot services, are little other than patents of impunity for man stealing and the traffic of human blood.

What blind infatuation has seized upon the minds of our governors. Why talk we of Jacobinism? Who are such rank Jacobins as the administration conducting our present affairs? Why talk we of anarchy? Who are the organizers
of

of anarchy but Pitt, Dundas, and their subaltern coadjutors? Why talk we of the British constitution? It no longer exists. Those who pretend to idolize it have pulled it down! and even the ill constructed cumbrous pile of oligarchy which faction has raised in its place, those who are most interested in supporting it, seem emulous to destroy; and like Sampson of old, to bury themselves in the ruins of an edifice which they are no longer capable of supporting.

RIGHTS OF BRITONS.

In No. XXIV. I inserted, from the *Critical Review*, an article noticing my "*Natural and Constitutional Right of Britons to Annual Parliaments, universal Suffrage, and the Freedom of Popular Association*," &c.—Since that time the following article has appeared in another literary journal.

MONTHLY REVIEW, Sept. 1795, p. 103, Art. 43 —
The Natural and Constitutional Right, &c.

"IT is the unquestionable Right of free-born Britons, when legally accused of any crime, to be heard in their own defence:—but experience has fully proved that it is more advantageous to the party accused, as well as more eligible for the public, that his defence shall be made by proxy, than in his own proper person. Weighty reasons might be assigned for this;—even in the case in which the person, against whom the charge is brought, possesses talents which might well enable him to become his own advocate. Notwithstanding Mr. Thelwall's eloquence, improved by a habit of public speaking, we apprehend he has no reason to complain that his cause was transferred from his own hands to those of the able and upright pleaders who so eminently distinguished themselves, on the part of the prisoners, in the late state-trials for high treason. Perhaps, too, the public may be of opinion that, after the full report which has been given of their pleadings, and of the whole process of the trials, it is not probable that much important matter respecting these prosecutions can yet remain to be disclosed. Mr. Thelwall, however, thinks it right, after his honourable acquittal, again to present himself before the bar of the public in his own person, by publishing the speech which he intended to have delivered on his trial; and his Vindication will be found to exhibit

exhibit many things, respecting both the general cause and individual case of Mr. Thelwall, with a degree of force and energy which, while it displays in a favourable light the writer's oratorical talents, may serve to establish in the public mind the fullest conviction of the equity of the verdicts in question, and of their importance to the preservation of public freedom. Circumstanced as Mr. T. has been, it is not to be expected that, with his ardour of temper and command of language, he should be capable of writing without some portion of acrimony. The work, however, not only has considerable merit as a political oration, but states, with great strength of argument, several important points in which British freedom is essentially interested;—particularly the question concerning Parliamentary Reform."

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1794.

(From WHITCHURCH'S *Poetical Pieces*.)

THOU long—long year of Massacre—farewell!

With horror I retrace thy bloody reign:

For, ah! of war's sad victims who can tell

The countless myriads in thy circle slain?

Pregnant with human ills of every name,

And all the plagues that desolate the earth;

I saw thee rise in War's destructive flame,

And pensive mark'd thy inauspicious birth.

Oh! stain'd with foulest crimes thy every hour!

Thy reign a register of blood appears,

In which the "Dogs of War" did much devour,

More savage far than in preceding years.

Too much of this, the rapid *Rhine*, the *Meuse*,

The *Scheldt*, the *Sambre*, and the deep *Moselle*,

Can blushing prove, whilst human blood profuse,

Their banks empurple, and their waters swell.

Too much of this, the *Alps*, the *Pyrennees*,

Columbia's Isles, and *Northern Lands*, have found;

For *torrid Zones*, *rough Seas*, and *Climes that freeze*,

Have heard alike the *Battle's Thunder* sound.

Too much of this was *Poland* made to feel,

'Gainst *Royal Robbers* forc'd in arms to rise;

For, ah! beneath the barb'rous *Cossack's* steel

Her valiant *Kosciusko* bleeding lies!

Illustrious

Illustrious Chief!—*sure 'tis no treason here*
 To pay an heart-felt tribute to thy worth;
 O'er suff'ring Liberty to drop a tear,
And curse the bloody Tygrcss of the North.
 Lo! *Ismael's** brutal Conqueror, from afar,
 Leads on his myrmidons in scent of prey;
 Train'd up to all the cruelties of war,
 To age, to sex, they no distinction pay!
 Ill-fated *Praga*† yielded to their rage:
 And, oh! the massacre that there ensu'd—
 In blood of blooming youth, and hoary age,
 Their savage hands were wickedly imbru'd!
 In vain the Mother's prayer—the Infant's cry—
 Nor prayers, nor tears, could move the furious band:
 Beneath the sword ALL undistinguish'd die,
 For thus the FIEND SUWARROW gave command!
 At length thy reign, thou year of blood, is o'er;
 And pleas'd my Muse shall sound thy parting knell:
 Oh! could she still as soon the cannon's roar,
 And bid with thee the pomp of war farewell!

* *Ismael* is a place of considerable strength in European Turkey, situated on the Danube, at no great distance from the Black Sea,—It was taken by storm on the 22d December, 1790, and the Turkish garrison, who so nobly defended it, and whose bravery merited a better fate, were massacred, *in cold blood*, to the amount of upwards of thirty thousand men, by the command of that trusty servant of the *amiable* CATHERINE, the renowned GENERAL SUWARROW.—The town was given up to the unrestrained fury of the Russian soldiery; and the most horrid outrages were perpetrated on the defenceless inhabitants by that hord of savages, who took upwards of three days and nights to complete their work of cruelty and blood!

† Of the storming of this place by the Russian monsters, and the horrible massacre that ensued, some of the newspapers gave the following tragical account: "The suburbs of *Praga*, separated from *Warsaw* by the *Vistula*, was defended by more than a hundred cannon, disposed upon thirty-three batteries. It was under the fire of this terrible artillery, that GENERAL SUWARROW made his troops mount to the assault, in the same manner as he had done at the taking of *Ismael*, where the Russians entered only by climbing over the dead bodies of their comrades, as well as their enemies. The General gave the same orders in the assault of the suburbs of *Praga*: he enjoined the soldiers to give quarter to no one. The engagement lasted two hours; and this memorable day, the 4th of November, 1794, will be numbered among those in which human blood was shed in most abundance, even in these unhappy times in which we live. The number of unfortunate Poles who perished by the sword, the fire, and the water, (the bridge over the *Vistula* having been broken during the action,) are estimated at *Twenty Thousand*!—In the suburbs of *Praga*, *Twelve Thousand* inhabitants, of both sexes, and all ages, were the victims of the first fury of the Russians, who massacred all whom they met, without distinction of age, sex, or quality!"

THE TRIBUNE. N^o. XXVIII.

Report on the STATE OF POPULAR OPINION, and Causes of the Increase of DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES. Part the Fifth. Including Sketches of the affairs of SCOTLAND and IRELAND, with a History of the Progress of DEFENDERISM, and Reflections on the Fate and Deportment of O'CONNOR. Delivered at the Lecture Room, Beaufort Buildings, Strand, September 18th, 1795.

CITIZENS,

IF the state of opinion in England is not very flattering to the champions of aristocracy, let us consider whether, by turning their eyes towards *Scotland and Ireland*, they will find much more reason for consolation and satisfaction. Let us consider what is the state of the public mind there: and let us keep it constantly in remembrance, that we ought to be equally anxious about every part of the opinions of every part of the nation, and that we ought to be equally desirous of promoting the peace, happiness, and prosperity of all the *three divisions*, as they have hitherto been considered, but as I would say the *three integral parts*, of a state, which I should wish to see to the end of time one and indivisible, in sentiments, wishes, and in exertions.

With respect to *Scotland*, we cannot but be aware that there a disposition to dissatisfaction, and that a very strong bias, indeed, towards immediate and thorough reform has been manifested, even before it displayed itself with equal strength in this part of the nation. We cannot but be aware that the principles of liberty are there very widely diffused; and that a considerable degree of indignation and anger still boils in the breasts of Scotchmen, on account of the abject situation in which they are held by corruption, and the slavery imposed upon them by *royal Burghs* and other rotten corporations, by

which their rights are extinguished and their suffrages monopolized.

It is very true, Citizens, that from the unfortunate circumstance of *Scotland* being a country where there are no laws, an inquisition has been established, in that part of the country more successfully than Mr. *Reeves*, and his honourable associates, have been enabled to establish here.—I say from *Scotland* being a country where there are no laws: for when Judges from the Bench shall declare, as the Judges of the *Court of Justiciary* have declared, that an opinion delivered by the Privy Council is binding upon the consciences of Judges, because undoubtedly some of the Judges of the country were Members of that Privy Council—I say when opinions like these are delivered, which, in other words, is asserting that the Judges have a right to make whatever laws it is convenient for them to execute, then the state of the people, as to any hope of legal redress, as to any hope of public virtue and justice, is absolutely that of having no laws at all. Nay, I speak too favourably: they are in a condition much worse than if they had no laws at all: for to have laws to punish, but none to redress, to have laws to crush; but none to protect, to have laws that can trample us into the dust; that can subjugate us to a tyrannous aristocracy, and no laws to obtain a redress against the usurpations of that aristocracy, is a state infinitely worse than that of savages who run wild in the woods, and seek for protection only from their own strong arm.

In consequence then of the modes of proceeding in the Courts of Justiciary, in consequence of the *public prosecutor* being able to appoint, in the most open and palpable manner, the jury, by the *majority of whose voices* the person brought before them is to be tried, they have been enabled to produce a degree of terror never equalled, except under the tyranny of that *Gallic* dictator, *Robespierre*, so frequently abused, and so constantly imitated by those who abuse him most. On this side of the *Tweed* there is more difficulty in executing the arbitrary will of a few inquisitors. Exertions after exertions have been made to crush opinion: and yet freedom of opinion still lifts its head on high, and braves the thunders of ministerial and inquisitorial vengeance. Magistrates have tried all means to suppress discussion, and all would not do. They have tried cabals and intrigues of every description—nay they have winked and connived at violence, and even sent into rooms, where persons were assembled for the purpose of free discussion,

discussion, their police officers to create riots. Yet still the treasury papers call aloud for the magistrates to repeat those fruitless exertions to crush every individual who dares to speak the truth, and to find *honest juries* to acquit him for having so spoken.

Yes, Citizens, the oracular diurnal pamphleteer of a certain great treasury scribbler, has been calling very loud upon the magistrates to repress assemblies, in which it is wickedly maintained that *cruelties and murders have been committed by crimps and press gangs*.

Citizens, I should like to know what sort of exertion it is that magistrates are to appeal to, in order to suppress the *Jacobinical crime of Reason*. *Police officers* have already kicked up riots and neglected to take themselves up for such rioting—*Police officers* have brought huge deluded *coal-heavers*, to bellow forth outrageous songs within these walls—but who, as soon as they heard the voice of reason, well convinced of the truth of the principles they were sent to decry, departed from the room with denunciations against those who had attempted to delude them, and to inflame their minds against those who, instead of enemies, they found to be their best friends. *Reeves*—the grand arch inquisitor! *Reeves*, the chief magistrate of this district, has given orders to every constable and officer of the Dutchy to crimp me—for I can call it nothing else, to take a man up without warrant, authority or criminal accusation, with what view no one has ever been able to discover or divine—but probably to conduct him on board a ship to fight his Majesty's battles, and maintain the honour of the British flag, in defiance of the blasphemous thunder of republican cannon. A pert little gentleman, also, who though at present no magistrate, may perhaps be one some day or other—a little prating Jack a Dandy, of the name of *Jenkinson*, employed on a certain occasion fifty bludgeon men, to knock Lecturer and auditors o' the head, and all has failed—nuisance has failed—sedition has failed, and high treason itself has failed. I should like to know what are the fresh exertions magistrates are called upon to make, that they may rival the triumphant glories of the *Court of Justiciary*, and crush the monster discussion, in this part, also, of Great Britain.

To return, however, to *Scotland*. If we are to judge from mere external circumstances, the sentiments of liberty there lie prostrate at the feet of those to whom liberty is always offensive, and reason always a crime. But let us not conclude too hastily, appearances are frequently delusive; and the rage

and indignation that is smothered and pent up within the bosoms of individuals who dare not speak, frequently engenders fury more destructive, and dispositions more inimical to the preservation of peace and happiness, than all the flaming sedition, as it is called, ever breathed from the lips of those who, boldly speaking their minds, and investigating their principles, are liable to be contradicted at all times; and if they speak falsely to be convicted of that falsehood, and overwhelmed with the shame and disgrace due to the wretch "who dare think one thing and another tell."

Citizens, we cannot be ignorant of the character of the Scotch nation; we must be narrow minded, infatuated beings, if we do not admit that our brethren on the other side of the *Tweed* are a brave, a gallant, an intrepid, and a reflecting people. We must be lost to all knowledge of the human character, if we suppose that such men relinquish their principles merely because they are not permitted, for the present, to speak them. We must be blind indeed to all conviction that results from an observation of the conduct and character of mankind, if we are not convinced that, by attempting to smother and suffocate the discussion of opinions, and forcibly to suppress the expression of popular sentiment, we alienate the affections of those men whom we thus treat like vanquished slaves, and create in their bosoms a determined enmity against that government which thus compels them to be *enemies* when they wish only to be *reformers*.

What can you suppose, at this time, must pass in the breast of the Scotchman, who feels himself no longer enabled, on account of this system of persecution and inquisition, to unbosom himself to the friend of his heart, or speak his sentiments over the cheerful glass? What must be his feelings, I say, when he finds sentiments thus immured in his bosom? Must they not be eminently hostile to the aggrandizement of those who have thus chosen to be dreaded masters, when they might have reigned in the affections of men who, owning no master, look only with veneration and esteem to their benefactors—and, above all, to the public benefactor, whose eminent situation enables him to dispense felicity to thousands.

Citizens, the plain and simple fact is, that there is but one source of national peace and popular attachment; and that is the unforced affections of the heart. You may *compel* men to *hate* you; but their *affections* you must win by kind and gentle means—they can never be forced; and not less ridiculous is any attempt to coerce mankind, and compel them to applaud your

your measures, or be attached to your government, than was the attempt of the oriental Tyrant in the fable, who attempted to compel, by arbitrary laws, every person throughout his Court to wear the smile of gladness upon his face. All the gloomy, all the malignant passions you may extort; but if you wish for dispositions friendly to happiness and virtue, you must win them by gentle means—and if you will not, by wise, virtuous, and just regulations, secure the affections of the people; if you will not, by equal laws fairly and justly administered, secure to the magistracy of the country that veneration which virtue and wisdom can alone obtain, farewell to all hopes of enjoying any peace and tranquillity in the elevated situations to which fortune may have exalted you, or to which you may have aspired by intrigue and artifice.

But let us turn from Scotland to a picture still more gloomy and unfortunate. Let us behold the condition of our sister country *Ireland*. Here, I believe, we shall find still less to exult in, still less to be satisfied with. Here we shall find discontent disseminating itself through all ranks and conditions of the people; and we shall find (melancholy to relate!) that coercive measures have driven many an excellent and upright individual into the mistaken notion of looking for protection from a foreign army, and wishing rather for the assistance of those who hitherto had been considered as their natural enemies, than the protection of those who ought to be their natural and their zealous friends.

Perhaps, Citizens, it may not be improper, in this part of the investigation, to take a brief view of the former history of the country I am speaking of. We are to remember that *Ireland* was in the first instance a conquered province; and we ought therefore, perhaps, to be the more anxious to treat the people with kindness; since it is only from this kindness that we can possibly expect to fix their attachment, and unite them to us in the firm bonds of amity.

The barbarous maxims of ancient conquerors always reduced the natives of a subjugated country to a situation little better than that of slaves; and, accordingly, the descendants from the ancient *Irish*, to this day (for we have not yet entirely conquered those prejudices which early tyranny taught mankind) are to be found principally among the most neglected orders of the community; while the generality of the gentry trace their descent from English families. Hence we have not yet that thorough incorporation of the different classes which must be the zealous wish of every good friend

to

to the peace and happiness of mankind: since without this the gentle intercourses and sympathies of life, the reciprocations, produced by intermediate and gradual steps of accession and declension, have never been known in *Ireland* as once they were in *England*.

Citizens, the abject condition of the lower orders in *Ireland* is such as no individual of feeling and humanity can contemplate, without regret and anguish. Ignorance—savage ignorance reigns triumphant: and what has been the blessed consequence? There have been ministers, in modern times, who were very anxious to suppress all enquiry, and who considered it as an enormous crime to impart information to mankind. If you wish to rule people in peace and keep them in proper order, say they, you must keep the swinish multitude in ignorance. Thus, and thus only, are you to make them quietly submit to their lordly drivers. Yet look at *Ireland*. Is the maxim supported by the experience of that country? a greater degree of ignorance, I should suppose, than prevails among the *wild Irish*, as they are called, even the Ministers of this country would not wish to prevail. And yet the history of *Ireland* is little else than a continued narrative of ferocious depredations committed by these ignorant people, linked in tumultuary combinations, to extort by violence what they have not improved intellect to demand by the voice of manly and intrepid reason.

Citizens, I speak not from national feelings, I wish to triumph over all nationality: and with me, indeed, there is no national distinction between *Irishmen*, *Scotchmen* and *Englishmen*. I care not which name is articulated first. It is only contending which brother of the same equal family shall first be named; and as *I abhor the rights of primogeniture*, I am satisfied with which soever you begin; so that you will but admit that they have all the same common rights of happiness and fraternity.

But at the same time I must observe, that in almost all cases, the brothers and sisters of the same family have a different character. From the little intercourse I have had with *Irish gentlemen*, I have found it pretty uniformly agreed, that even among the higher classes of society, information, generally speaking, is but too much neglected. Hence it is that there is a greater disposition to neglect the rights and interests of the lower orders. I know there are brilliant exceptions. We have had repeated proofs of the strong genius and energetic understanding of the *Irish nation*—proofs that make one
still

still more lament that a mistaken sort of hospitality, too nearly allied to drunkenness and debauchery, should have obscured the faculties which might have contributed so much to the happiness of the universe. Let me observe, however, that nothing can be more unfriendly to the happiness, and consequently to the contentment of the laborious orders of society than that men of the higher (that is to say the *more useless*) ranks should be lost in extravagant debauchery, and insult the starving wretchedness of the poor by the wasteful profusion of privileged licentiousness.

Another circumstance, contributing to this discontent, is the common practice of the gentry in *Ireland*, farming out their estates, as they generally do, in large portions, to intermediate proprietors, whose trade being extortion, trample still more upon those from whose industry the happiness, the grandeur, and the strength of the country is alone to be supported. This being the state of society in *Ireland*, we shall not be much surprized to find that, for centuries, the history of that country has been uniformly marked by the excesses committed by combinations of the common people.

The first instance I shall particularly mention is the *Rapparees*, a set of persons whose history you will find amply detailed in "Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs:" and perhaps you will be a little amused by tracing the very great resemblance between those depredators and the "virtuous peasants of *Poitou*," as the assassins and midnight plunderers of *Brittany* have been affectedly called; and whose sole virtue is being the tools of an insolent swarm of Priests and aristocratic oppressors, and lurking in woods, at the corners of roads, to cut the throats of every individual whom they think differs from them in opinion. That such is the real history of the *Chouans*, if I were disposed to enter further into the digression, might be easily proved. And but too nearly such is the picture drawn by Sir John Dalrymple, of the *Rapparees* or Tories; and who were the individuals who had the merited honour of conferring a title upon the high flown aristocrats in this country.

After these *Rapparees* arose another sect, rather of a different description, but still who unfortunately marked the history of the country by associations highly inimical to public peace and welfare.

But let us mark, if you please, how they arose, as it may be a useful lesson to those who, in this country, are so very fond

fond of the inclosing system.—Not that I find fault with the mere circumstance of inclosure, but with *that system of enclosure by which the rich monopolize to themselves the estates, rights, and possessions of the poor.*

The men of whom I am now about to speak are the *White Boys*; and who, in the first instance, were called *levellers*.

It may not be unimportant to tell you how they obtained that name: for even they were not levellers of *Reeves's* description. The sublime idea of levelling all intellect and plundering all property, was left for discovery to the keen and penetrating genius of that great lawyer—the founder of *inquisitions*, and the organizer of the system of spies and perjured *treachery*.

The *Levellers of Ireland* took their name from the following circumstance. There were, in that division of Ireland where they first arose, very considerable commons, which had been long assisant to the comfortable support of poor families. But certain persons of considerable power and distinction, took it into their heads that they could make a better use of these commons, than the poor people did; and therefore, without any act of Parliament or legal authority whatever, they seized those commons and inclosed them with what are called *dry walls*—that is to say, walls of stones piled one upon another, without any cement. The common people, not very well liking this system of encroachment, levelled those dry walls constantly by night which the aristocrats constantly built up in the day. Hence they were called *levellers*. The usurpers of the people's rights were thus compelled to build wet walls, that the joints of the *aristocratic stones* being combined by the democratic lime, might resist the encroachments of these *levellers*. Such is the early history of these associators, but as they afterwards adopted a strange fashion of “wearing their shirts over their coats,” from that circumstance they came to be called *White Boys*.

Under this denomination they continued their depredations; and, at last, in an unaccountable disposition to do some degree of justice to these common people, who shewed that they would never be quiet till they got it, those commons were restored, by an act of Parliament—to their right owners. But, as generally happens, when rulers struggle against the rights of the people) the repentance came too late. *The seeds of sedition were sown, as they always are sown, by the tyranny and*

ill management of the rulers. And concessions were made, as usual, when those concessions could no longer heal the wounds which tyranny and usurpation had inflicted.—May the concessions of modern Aristocrats be made in better season; before the discontents, which their present system of oppression cannot fail to disseminate, have taken such deep root as to be fatal to the tranquillity of the community! that we may thus avoid the consequences which must inevitably result from a determination to uphold the rights of borough mongers, in opposition to the rights of man! and the privileges of a few, in opposition to the just immunities of all!

Citizens, I shall proceed to observe that there are other circumstances, which result from maxims of policy equally unjust and ridiculous, which have a tendency, at this time, to excite in Ireland even the wildest dispositions of democracy.

I mean, in particular, the universal dissatisfaction which at this time prevails, in consequence of the refusal of an act of justice to the consciences of a great majority of the people, which was so peaceably demanded, and which there was at one time reason to hope would have been so honourably conceded. We cannot, Citizens, avoid observing that, ever since the revolution, there has been a disposition, almost in whatever party happened to be uppermost, to cherish a division of sentiments upon speculative opinions. This is one of the engines constantly employed to divide the people: it being the maxim with those whose principles are weak, and whose ambition is strong to divide first that they may conquer afterwards. Thus, for a whole century almost, have the minds of the *Irish Catholics* been agitated against those of the *established religion*, and the minds of the *Protestants* agitated against the *Catholics*. Hence, also, in this country, have the *ridiculous test and corporation acts* been supported with a view, as one would imagine, to no other end but to keep alive the unnatural ferment and dissatisfaction, which has so long subsisted between *Protestants of the Church of England and Protestant Dissenters*.

This maxim, however, of division upon religious sentiment has been strained too far: as has always been the case with respect to dishonorable expedients. If you go upon the plain, simple principle of justice, you can never strain too far: because the further you go in the right road, the nearer you get to the great standard of truth. But if, on the contrary, you adopt principles of ambition, and paltry expedients

for the gratification of that ambition; those very expedients, carried to an excess, recoil upon those who have attempted to support themselves by such means, and destroy the power they were intended to aggrandize.

Such has been, in a considerable degree, the case with respect to disputations and jealousies upon religious subjects. Mankind have been taught, by artifices so frequently discovered, to consider these as intrigues of state tricksters and jugglers; and have therefore come pretty unanimously to the adoption of this plain and self-evident axiom—that *if you wish for the full and ample enjoyment of the rights of religious opinion, you must first acquire the full and actual enjoyment of political liberty*.

When you have annihilated usurpation, tyranny and monopoly—when you have made the voice and sentiments of the people a fair and just rule for the principles of legislation, you have done away the power of one faction to tyrannize over another; and having established liberty upon so broad a basis, you are enabled to found a temple so capacious, as to afford every honest heart an opportunity to indulge every sentiment, and exercise every inclination, not hostile to the peace, happiness, and welfare of mankind.

We have talked, Citizens, of toleration. We have made an empty boast of *granting a part of their rights* to particular classes of people, till mankind have discovered that *the very word toleration is but an insult: that no person has a right to tolerate the opinions of another: because no person has a right to call the opinions of another in question*. The right to form our own judgment upon every abstract question is a right which can never be taken from man, though its exercise may be tyrannically suspended. (*Interruption.*)

Toleration means putting up with the opinions of others. But I should like to know what right any person can have for supposing it a matter that depends upon his inclination whether another man shall have an opinion, will, or inclination of his own. Nay, opinion is not only an inviolable right; but a right that mocks the folly of persecution; because it never can be taken away. You may make men hypocrites, indeed, (and perhaps governors, not being very much attached to sincerity, may not have any particular objection to hypocrites!) but you cannot compel them to change their opinions. To talk, therefore, of toleration is rank absurdity. It is the *right*, not the *indulgence* of the free exercise of the
convictions

convictions of judgment, upon questions which society has no right to interfere with, that is claimed by every enlightened advocate for the happiness of mankind.

But let us consider what has been the conduct of the Minister in this respect. We cannot, Citizens, be blind to the truth, that the whole people of *Ireland* have, of late, expressed a strong inclination that the *Catholics* should be emancipated from the restrictions under which they lay. It has not only been the wish of *Catholics* themselves; it has been the wish of Protestants. This unanimous wish inspired a rational expectation in the minds of the people, that compliance and not coercion would follow. This expectation we know to have been considerably increased by the appointment of *Earl Fitzwilliam* to the Viceroyalty. I shall not dwell upon events which are fresh in your remembrance. Suffice it to say, that *Ireland* expected emancipation; but that *Ireland* was disappointed; and was taught to remember that she was dependent upon the Cabinet of *London*: or, in other words, upon King *William* the fourth—alias KING PITT; whose sovereign will and pleasure was, that the *Catholics* should not be emancipated; and that the wishes of the people of *Ireland* should not be indulged.

The fact is that a sort of congenial sympathy affected his mind. He was exceedingly unwilling that the *Ponsonbys*, who monopolized all the power, patronage, and wealth of *Ireland*, should lose any part of that power, while he himself, monopolizing all the power, patronage, and property of *England*, had the power of preventing so disagreeable a circumstance. But what were the pretences for refusing the emancipation? Why forsooth we are told, all of a sudden, that the *Catholics*, hitherto proscribed as the most violent advocates for despotic power, by a sort of magical *hocus pocus*, are turned to violent democrats, and that they would overturn royalty, and aristocracy, and all the peaceful and regular institutions of orderly government. This it is true may appear strange! Such an alteration, in so short a time! But the wonder vanishes when we observe how rapid a progress certain principles are making; and that even the *Pope* himself has turned Jacobin, and forced his bull to bellow forth *VOX POPULI VOX DEI*: “the voice of the people is the voice of God! and therefore you, my good son *Louis*, must submit to the will of God, expressed in so clear and audible a manner!” If, therefore, Sir *Infallibility* himself has proclaimed this great truth, it is certainly not impossible that the devotees of

his *infallible holiness* should entertain the same faith. Be this, however, as it will, the catholic emancipation was rejected; and, instead of the abolition of ridiculous distinctions between one religion and another, a system of military coercion is established in *Ireland*, and the reign of a new Viceroy was proclaimed by the arrival of thousands of *English Fencibles*, into a country where *English* and *Irish* ought to be no further distinctions than right hand and left of the same body; one of which could not be employed against the other, without involving an act of suicide.

But what must be the tendency of such a measure? Depression and terror for the present, a civil war for the future. Disunion and destruction, and scenes of slaughter, in which brother, perhaps, must shed once more (as on the plains of *America*) the blood of brother, and the *Irish relative* glut the keen poinard in the breast of his *English friend*.

Measures of this description mark a desperation which can only be ascribed to phrenzy. That the Minister of a great country should hope to enforce these measures, which he cannot carry by trusting fairly to the hearts and wishes of the people, by rendering one part of the country an instrument to coerce the other, is a wickedness so wild and extravagant, that one would be astonished any human being could adopt it without some preconcerted scheme to separate the two parts of the Empire.

But it is impossible this system should succeed. The light of reason has gone abroad, humanity has warmed the breast of man; and we have found (strange indeed that we should have been so long in making the discovery!) that even the footy *African* is our brother: that even the poor "whip-galled slave," in the *West Indies*, deserves our commiseration: and, this being the case, do you suppose we can be blind to this still more evident truth, that *English, Scotch and Irish*, are one and the same—that they are united and bound together in the chains of inseparable interest—and that to attempt to employ one of them, as an instrument of coercion against the other, is an attempt to make men the assassins of each other, who, upon the first moment's reflection, instead of poignards, instead of coercion and malice, will extend the hand of fraternity to each other, and rush forward, not to each other's destruction, but with open arms to the embrace of concord, peace, liberty and affection, exclaiming with ardour—*think not to make us brutes and savages, to tear each other's breasts, we are all men, WE ARE ALL BRETHREN,*
and

and will not shed the blood of those whose manly hearts are warmed with affection for us, and whose generous virtues call for our admiration and esteem!

But, Citizens, notwithstanding all this progress, generally speaking, towards this union of sentiment, it cannot but be acknowledged, that the measures adopted by Ministers have, in particular bosoms, stirred up a spirit of disunion: and I am much deceived if there are not in *Ireland*, at this time, strong dispositions to an absolute separation from this country.

I speak not wishes but fears. My sentiments are certainly congenial to the indivisibility of the three countries. I think we are not too large, considering the great and powerful nations in our neighbourhood: and though I have hopes that the system of hostility is dying away—though I have great expectations that the present hostilities are the last agonizing and convulsive throws of that system of perpetual war and devastation, which has so long depopulated *Europe*; yet, at the same time, I cannot but think that some degree of proportion between the strength, power, and population of neighbouring countries, may have some tendency towards protecting them from the renewal of that system. Therefore I do not, in this case, “speak by tropes,” nor, “by my fears express my hopes.” To whatever degree this disposition may have spread, certainly the measures at present adopted, must have a considerable tendency to increase it: For can we be extravagant enough to suppose, that, by mere military force, we can retain *Ireland* as a dependant Colony? No—She has a right to be considered as an equal part; possessing all the immunities that we ought to possess; and, therefore, in subjection she never will be held.

Observe what dissatisfactions make their appearance. When prosecutions for high treason are going abroad, there is generally a conviction, in the minds of those who institute them, that their measures are such as justify attempts of that description. When we perceive the manner in which they have behaved lately towards the *defenders*; and when we consider how these *defenders* have apparently increased in number, I think we shall perceive that we are not strengthening the bonds of union and affection. And though these *defenders*, in many respects, bear great similarity to the *White Boys* or *levellers* of former times, yet I think the late trial will lead me to suspect, that there is a powerful and formidable conspiracy to effect a separation between *Ireland* and *England*.

I should

I should wish, from the bottom of my soul, that no such conspiracy existed; but if it do, can the late event promise much for the frustration of such a design? quite the contrary. What has been the conduct of the man who, upon the oath of a single witness, swearing himself to be fore-sworn, has been condemned to execution. Think of his manly, his intrepid, his magnificent conduct! Hear, in every word and sentiment that he speaks, the feelings and convictions of an honest enthusiasm—misled and deluded, it is true, or rather driven, by the persecutions and oppressions of the times, into notions and projects offensive to the laws, and opposite, I believe to the real interests of his country—yet an enthusiasm so powerful—so fascinating—so encouraging as cannot fail to produce an effect the very reverse of panic, depression and dispersion. Let us be just to those whose actions we do not applaud. Let us confess then that this man could not have so deported himself—could not have so expressed himself—could not have waked this glow of involuntary admiration in our hearts, if he had not been prompted and animated by an internal feeling of the justice and propriety of his conduct. And who knows how widely this decisive feeling may have spread? or how much warmth, enthusiasm, and revenge, may have been generated in the breasts of his followers, by his heroic intrepidity? Do we, who disapprove the *cause*, feel this veneration for the *man*?—What then may be the emotions of those who participate in his political feelings? Let us remember, also, that these Defenders in general, if there were not a great mixture of justice and truth in their pretensions, could never have become formidable to government. *Wat Tyler*, that great and glorious character, so infamously assassinated, and so wickedly blasphemed by courtly historians, would never have been the leader of a powerful body of the populace, if the pretences for which he had armed had not been founded in justice and natural equity; nor would these Defenders ever have been formidable if there had not been oppressions, and acts of injustice, which stimulated the feelings of many an honest but impatient being, rather than endure the miseries of his country, to appeal to means unjustifiable, but which, from the ignorance they are retained in, are the only means they know how to devise.

In short, I am convinced that this act of coercion, and the magnanimity with which the man has perished, will rather
 promote

promote the cause of *defenderism* than beat it down; and that, if we would in reality check the progress of this evil, we must not appeal to coercion, but must ameliorate the condition of society; and reform those abuses which have reduced the lower orders to their present melancholy situation.

On the independence of mind produced by genuine BENEVOLENCE.—From DYER's *Dissertation on the Theory and Practice of Benevolence*.

[The pamphlet from which the following extract is made, is the production of Geo. Dyer, B. A. a Citizen whose life appears to have been spent in the active exercise of the virtue which his pen is employed to recommend to others. The particular work, of which these paragraphs are a specimen, and "the complaints of the poor," a pamphlet, formerly published by the same estimable author, contain innumerable passages which, both in point of *fact* and *principle*, challenge the attention of all those who sincerely wish properly to understand the condition, and practically to alleviate the calamities of mankind.]

"THE independence of a good man consists in a superiority to every influence, but of moral persuasion, and to every force, but of rational conviction. It proceeds from a sense of dignity, and personal rectitude: it is that decent pride, that characterizes generous minds; that high sense of honour, that will not suffer them to yield to profligacy, or to stoop to meanness: it is a kind of majesty, essential to virtue; or more properly speaking, it is the grace of ingenuousness, and the freedom of innocence.

"This virtuous independence crowns the happiness of private life; and happy are the governments, that give it public security! In steady and pure governments this becomes a principal consideration of national regard. Their aim is to produce public happiness, not to aggrandize or enrich individuals; to procure moral freedom through the medium of political justice. Offices are appropriated to talent; and, if virtues are not distinguished by honours, they are not, at least, exposed to penalties. The cultivator of the land enjoys the fruits without oppression; the legislator, and the magistrate are indemnified, if not rewarded. No one is tempted to exchange

change his principles for a livelihood; and each considers himself as an individual of a family, in which no one is a slave.

“ But governments, as well as individuals, are imperfect, some in a greater, others in a less degree. In many an original sin lurks, that breaks out, at intervals, through every department, and weakens and exhausts the whole political system. One powerful spirit of tyranny pervades them; and men, through habits of tyranny, have scarcely a term to express freedom or honour*. In others, where despotism is not so conspicuous, corruption may supply its place. In a system, where besides the regular salaries of office, sinecures and douceurs are held out, corruption is inseparable. A sinecure is, sometimes, an unequivocal and direct bargain; and at others, where no bargain is openly made, it is secretly implied. You are the property of your patron: not, indeed, his beast, but his dependent; his political slave: and whether your reward be money or honour, it stands not in necessary connection with talents or virtues, but is the price of your principles and of your influence: to give directions would be unnecessary and tedious: you must understand hints: study the language of becks and nods; utter such a word, though you comprehend not its meaning; perform such an action, though convinced of its baseness. An honest man, perhaps, would denominate such douceurs, bribes; and though, possibly, he would not call the receiver a villain, he would scarcely consider him a good man.

“ The douceurs of government are not the only obstructions to independence. Considerations arising from rank, learning, religion, political sentiment, and country, have their separate weight in different minds. But the man, who, before he performs a beneficent action, or exercises the tender affections, must be first satisfied on these points,—Are you a nobleman, or a commoner: a poor or a rich man; a philosopher or a peasant; a christian or an infidel; a black or a white man?—one who must thus, as it were, run over the whole catechism of man, cannot be independent, in the sense in which the philanthropist is.—*Homo sum*,—I am a man—he stops there.

* This is literally true of the Russian language, as I am informed by a gentleman, who resided many years in Russia, and who is well acquainted with the language.

A PATRIOT'S

A

PATRIOT'S FEELING;

OR THE

CALL OF DUTY.

ON QUITTING THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

“ Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terres
“ Quem, nisi mendorum et medicandum ?”——

HOR.

VECTA, farewell—to other scenes I fly,
Far from thy cheerful haunts and genial sky,
Thy fertile vales, thy mountains steep and hoar,
And charms romantic of thy varied shore.
No more along thy level beach I stray,
Nor o'er thy rocky fragments force my way;
Where wrecks of matter in confusion hurl'd,
Wake the wild image of a crumbling world.
No more in *Apley's* pleasant haunts I rove,
Where murmuring surges wash the pendant grove,
O'er *Solent's* wave while barks unnumber'd glide,
And anchor'd navies float in tow'ring pride:
Nor, turning hence to *Chale's* tempestuous shore,
The *Blackgang's* savage horrors I explore——
Terrific chine ! whose yawning cliffs arise
From Ocean midway to the azure skies ;

No. XXVIII.

T t

While

While curling clouds, impregn'd with briny dew,
Wrap thy rough summit from the gazer's view !

These, and a thousand magic scenes beside,
Beauteous or wild—where, in luxuriant pride,
Fertility prevails, or where, unbroke,
O'er-rugged Nature spurns the gentle yoke
Of human culture, to our wond'ring eyes,
While rock, bush, brake, in strange confusion rise—
These I forego ; and leave with these behind,
Whate'er is dearest to the social mind—
The lisping babe, whose artless smiles impart
Joy's anxious throb to the paternal heart,
And the soft partner, whose kind cares bestow
Sweets to each joy, and balm to every woe—
These I forego—the tenderest boons of life !
While I, once more, braving the two-fold strife
Of factious Envy and tyrannic Rage,
Corruption's hydra-headed fiend engage ;
Reason's keen sword, once more, indignant wield,
Truth for my helm, and Justice for my shield ;
Nor fear, thus arm'd, Oppression's fiercest strife—
The Law's dark ambush, nor the assassin's knife !
For, O what mind of generous frame can brook
To see his country to the galling yoke
Of base Corruption bow ? while millions pine,
Condemned each boon of nature to resign !—
To drudge in ceaseless toil, and abject fear,
And ignorance, while Pride, with gripe severe,
Extorts the hard-earn'd produce, to support
The headlong projects of a venal court,
And to unwieldy grandeur lift the crew
Whose crimes undo their country ? Who can view
The peasants' starving wretchedness ; the woes
Which Labour's palid progeny enshrouds

In

In each proud city ; or the village train
 Of barefoot, ragged children, who sustain
 A vagrant life of penury and pain
 By cringing beggary, and dog the wheels
 Of passing Luxury—proud fiend ! who feels
 Nor shame, nor soft compunction, but with smiles
 Enjoys their antic tricks and cringing wiles,
 And holds such abject homage as his due !
 —Who, that has thought, such piteous scenes can view,
 Nor feel indignant ardors urge his soul
 The cause of wrongs so numerous to controul,
 At vile Corruption's o'ergorg'd throat to fly,
 And quell the fiend, or in the conflict die !

Come then,—tho' Calumny, with envious rage,
 In league with tyrant enmity engage ;—
 Tho' base Suspicion, with malignant aim,
 Distort my actions, and my views defame :—
 Tho' those, for whom, at peril of my life,
 I foremost stood to brave Oppression's strife,
 To wildest tales the willing ear incline,
 And with the common enemy combine
 To blast my peace ;—yet come, thou godlike pow'r,
 To whom full oft, at midnight's solemn hour,
 While others sleep, I pour the anxious soul,
 That not alone would reach thy glorious goal,
 O Liberty ! but pants to take along,
 Freed from vile chains, the renovated throng
 Long trampled in the dust ! Come, sacred pow'r,
 O'er every sense the enthusiast ardor show'r
 That warms thy favour'd vot'ries. O arise !
 Flame in my breath, and lighten in my eyes,
 That I may blast Oppression ; rouse mankind
 To truth and happiness, and lift the mind

Above the sordid passions that debase,
And fix the fetters of the human race !

O, let not private wrongs—let not the pride
Of ill-requited services divide
Patriot from Patriot, nor in party brawls
Plunge him, resentful, while the public calls
For zeal unanimous. Teach me, blest power,
That noble magnanimity to tow'r
Above each private feeling. Steel my heart
With all the Stoic's firmness ; and impart
A persevering energy, unsway'd
By Passion or Corruption, undismay'd
By Pow'r or Faction, or the furious hiss
Of undeserv'd Suspicion ; and be this
My sole revenge on those whose stand'rous tongue
Taint my fair fame—to shew the envious throng
Nor wrongs nor favours move his constant mind
Whose first great object is—to SERVE MANKIND :

ALDERMOOR,

27th August, 1795.



THE TRIBUNE, N° XXIX.

The TERRORS and VIOLENCE of ALARM-ISTS, an impolitic confession of the injustice and absurdity of their System:—the Exordium to a course of Lectures on the CAUSES OF THE RECENT DISTURBANCES—commenced Sept. 23d.

CITIZENS,

I SHALL begin with observing, that, among other good effects lately produced by this practice of Lecturing, one of the most important is, that a class of men, tinged very deeply with aristocratic prejudices, have, during this season, very much frequented, and, greatly to their honour, have very peaceably and quietly deported themselves in, this room.—For this I am perhaps indebted, in no inconsiderable degree, to the most virulent of all the ministerial news-papers: for although the government (I should say the clerks and ministers of government) have prevented my advertisements from appearing in those papers, yet “the True Briton” kindly and generously favors me with a puff almost every day, free of all charge and expence. These men, perhaps, remember that they are very well paid by the Treasury, and may therefore afford to do a kind action for a *Sans Culotte*, without reward.

But whether it be from these kind *puffs oblique*, or from whatever circumstance, that I am indebted for such attendance, I know not: but this I know, which is more important,—many persons have gone away from this place, proselytes to the cause they came to ridicule, and ashamed of the prejudices they had so hastily adopted. There are others also, it must be admitted, who quit the room with denunciations and threats of vengeance, and by anonymous letters testify their rancour, and threaten me with the pillory, Newgate, and the gibbet.

Citizens, I cannot pass over these absurd proclamations of the terror and apprehensions which these aristocrats seem to feel at the present political enquiry, without enquiring, Why this anxiety to suppress meetings of this description? My doctrines are peaceable. I labour to prevent commotion, not to promote it: and it cannot be denied, that *the discussion of*
No. XXIX. U U *political*

political subjects is a constitutional right of Britons, and the unalienable right of man. Yet, forsooth, Discussion must be crushed—Enquiry must be prevented. But how? They can no longer hope assistance from the perjuries of their *spies and informers*. Conscious of the legality of my doctrines, I am provided with a short-hand writer, who can prove what I say, and detect, by accurate evidence, the mis-statements of these assassins: and, if it should please his majesty's ministers that these Lectures should be repeated in a court of justice, and circulated through the country in *Reports of Secret Committees*, word for word, it may be pointed out what are the dreadful doctrines delivered from this place.

But, Citizens, there is a consistent want of policy in the conduct of these aristocrats. What will you conceive, when you hear what a dreadful alarm has lately been created through the village of Chelsea, by the libellous Jacobinical words, **DEATH OR LIBERTY**, written on the walls and gateways of that neighbourhood? Would you suppose, that meetings of the Churchwardens and Overseers could be held on such an occasion, and that a lady of quality—a titled lady, (strange degeneracy!) descended from one of those illustrious houses that have spilt their blood in the cause of Liberty, has occasioned a hand-bill to be stuck about, offering £20 reward to whoever would discover the writer of these dreadful cabalistical and jacobinical words?—It was not enough to send a lad to rub them out, with denunciations in his mouth, and a dishclout in his hand, hoping that death would be the portion of the wretch who was bold enough to write so wicked an inscription. No: rewards and parish proclamations were to be issued, to terrify the gaping multitude into the belief, that even to talk of Liberty was sedition and high treason.

Citizens, *there was a time when Death or Liberty was the burthen of every Briton's song*: when it was thought that no man was a friend to the constitution or country of Britain, who was not ready to reverberate those sounds with an energy that proved them to come from his heart. What then is the reason of this change? Is it the intention of Aristocracy thus to libel the institution that sanctions their privileges? Is it their opinion that Liberty and Aristocracy are inconsistent with each other? If it is, I cannot wonder that a miserable system should be accompanied with such miserable fears:—Fears which every little noise can startle, and every breath of wind fan into a flame.

I will

I will give you another instance of this:—The man that kept the *Magpye* in *Chelsea* had in his house the model of a *guillotine*, which had been exhibited about the town, and particularly in the Haymarket, at the time when every exhibition and spectacle was encouraged, by the alarmists, that could excite the terrors, and inflame the prejudices, of the people. This machine, after having done its duty before the public, was deposited, as a security for a debt which the joiner was not able to pay, in the hands of the publican: it was accordingly put in a room seldom used, and where of course this treasonable curiosity was seldom seen. It happened, however, that some party-coloured birds (that is to say, some Justices and Parish Officers) dined at the *Magpye*, and, the house being uncommonly full, necessity induced the landlord to introduce the Churchwardens, Overseers, their Worships, and the whole lot of loyal etceteras, into the room where the guillotine was placed. The consternation and terror of this worshipful company, at the sight of an instrument so tremendous, is not to be described. The poor landlord was denounced for a *Jacobin*. It was in vain that he told their enraged and terrified high mightinesses the occasion of his having the machine in his possession. "It was impossible to have such a thing in his house, without some evil intention. A suspicion was even suggested, that, when he wanted a fowl for his spit, he made use of this implement of decapitation, in order to bring his hand in:" and, after a very tumultuous debate, they insisted on his burning it before his own door; but the master of the *Magpye* not being such a *jack-daw* as to obey such a command, they executed their vengeance on the next licensing day, by taking away his licence.

Citizens, what can be the reason of these panics and alarms?—Frail, indeed, must be that loyalty which the exhibition of a *guillotine* can overturn! Frail, indeed, must be that constitution; conscious, indeed, of their corruption, must be its supporters, if they feel themselves convinced, that, to support it, they must be sheltered by darkness—they must shrink from every ray of enquiry. What, are not the sublime rhetorical flourishes of *Burke*, the metaphysical harangues of *Wyndham*, the flowing eloquence of *Pitt*, and the effrontery of *Dundas*—are not all these combined in one harmonious concert of panegyric, and assisted with the full chorus of all the authority, power and wealth of the country, potent enough to overwhelm the feeble voice of one unconnected individual?

—Is it necessary, with such a combination united together to protect, as they say, to support our blessed and glorious constitution, to impose coercive silence upon a solitary Lecturer, lest, with two hours discourse per week, he should talk down the venerable walls and massy pillars of this ancient edifice, and, out-doing Sampson himself, overthrow the *Lords of Gaza* and their temple together, not by the strength of his muscles, but his voice?

No, Citizens, they know very well, that whatever threatens the Constitution of this country is to be looked for from another quarter. It is the pillars of Corruption, not the pillars of the State, that they are afraid should be shaken. It is System, it is the rotten boroughs—not the institutions of our ancestors, they tremble for; and perhaps they are wise (having this system so much at heart) to prevent enquiry as much as they possibly can: for the moment the light of reason shines upon it, its cumbrous deformities and ruinous defects will be evident, and men will live under such a tottering pile of dangerous and disjointed fragments no more.

Let me advise these very wise and very sapient rulers to examine the question a little further; to think a little deeper. Let them consider the absurdity, the extreme danger, of attempting to crush the progress of Political Enquiry: for it is the tendency of political enquiry to inform the mind; and, though you may keep the mind in ignorance, unless you can also prevent the feelings of mankind from taking cognizance of wrongs, you cannot prevent them from being impatient under those wrongs; and when a people are at once impatient of their sufferings, and ignorant of the means of obtaining redress, violence, commotion, and desperate revenge, are inevitable.

You may instance, indeed, the despotisms of Asia, or the subjugation of Turkish slaves, in opposition to this sentiment: but the cases are essentially different. The people of this country are not a herd of two-legged brutes, with whom the divine rights of the Seraglio, or the Cabinet, constitute a part of their religion. The spirit of this country is not yet broken down: energy yet remains among us, and courage and hardihood continue to be traits of the British character. Let reason then have fair play: set wide open the portals of discussion and enquiry, that this spirit may know the manner in which it ought to exert itself.

ON the CAUSES of the LATE DISTURBANCES.

Part the First. *Including Strictures on the Opinion of Lord BACON, that the Poverty and Misery of the People is the principal Source of SEDITIONS and TROUBLES.*

I NOW, Citizens, proceed to illustrate the axiom, that
 “ PARLIAMENTARY CORRUPTION AND MIN-
 “ STERIAL AMBITION ARE THE ORIGINAL SOURCES
 “ OF ALL THE CALAMITIES AND DISTURBANCES
 “ THAT AFFLICT THE NATION!”

I shall begin this subject with observing, what appears to me to be an ample justification of this enquiry, that *Violence* is the twin brother of *Ignorance*; and that both are engendered by *Misery*, and nurtured by *Corruption*!

In order to illustrate this, let us consider awhile the nature of the late disturbances, and recollect who are the men that have been engaged in them. Have they been the frequenters of political Lecturers, or the members of political associations?—We know from facts the contrary. *Reformers have proved themselves to be no rioters*; and we have seen, by the melancholy occurrences at the Old Bailey, a few days ago, that the very men employed to support by coercion the present system of government, are those among whom the unfortunate beings have been found, who were foremost in expressing, in an improper manner, their detestation of certain practices of an oppressive nature, and to express, by violence and fury, their impatience and sense of their wrongs. I allude to the unfortunate Drummer, whose life, it seems, is to atone for the injuries he has committed against the peace of society: a poor being actuated, perhaps, by an honest and laudable motive; but unfortunately plunged so deep in ignorance, as not to know the manner in which such motives ought to have directed him to act. Yet what is the conduct of the scribbling retainers of this coercive system?—What is the conduct of those diurnal retailers of slander and defamation—which call themselves *news-papers*—as if falsehood and calumny could ever be new, when Corruption and Injustice bear the sway?—We find them anxiously and busily employed in base attempts to turn the attention of the people from the real sources of their grievances, to the unfortunate agents and traders,

traders, who are suffering at least their share of all the miseries of the nation.

Citizens, if you persuade mankind that the miller, the mealman, the butcher, the baker, are the causes of the dearth of the necessaries of life, what will be their conduct? They will see the objects of their resentment at hand; and these will become the victims of their mistaken rage.

But the fact is, that it is not individuals—it is mistaken institutions, false principles, and the delusions of Corruption, that have reduced the great mass of the people to that melancholy situation into which they are plunged. It is therefore not by disturbance, not by violence, but by reformation, that these objects must be effected. To this political melioration let us then direct our attention. By a conduct opposite to this, these disturbances, these dispositions to violence, have been considerably cherished and fermented by the advocates of the present administration: nay, a part of the system of some of these supporters seems to have been (with what view it seems not difficult to divine) to foment among the people a disposition to outrage. Witness the commotions at *Manchester*, at *Birmingham*, and other aristocratic parts of the country—commotions that were evidently excited and encouraged by those very individuals whose duty it was to protect the inhabitants in the peaceable possession of their opinions and property. Let us remember the very inadequate compensation that was given to that excellent experimental philosopher *Priestley*, who, after all the labors of a well-spent life, is driven to seek, in trans-atlantic regions, that asylum which the laws (rather let me say those who have grasped the administration of the laws) of this country would not afford him. Let us remember also, that after Citizen *Walker*, and Citizen *Cooper*, had been attacked in their own houses by the lawless insolence of a Church-and-King banditti, the only recompence they received was, that one, by a cruel combination of aristocratic intriguers, was driven into banishment, and the other, on the evidence of a profligate wretch, who confessed that he had been bribed to take away the life of this Citizen's man, was accused of high treason, and tried for a fictitious conspiracy.

Can we wonder, Citizens, if, after this, persons thus schooled in violence should change the object of their depredations? Can we wonder that there should be found those who were hardy enough to follow the precedent thus set them, to the destruction of peace and order; and that those who first encouraged

encouraged this spirit of turbulence, should tremble at its effects?

I remember, Citizens, at one of the meetings of the Friends of the Freedom of the Press, Mr. *Grey*, in a very animated manner, described the absurd encouragement that had been given to people, assembled in a tumultuous manner, to burn the Apostle of Liberty, *Thomas Paine*, in effigy, after having first carried the mock victim about the streets, with a bladder of bullock's blood for a heart, that they might prick it, and give the surrounding spectators an idea of a fellow-being bleeding to death beneath the assassinating fury of the multitude—I remember Mr. *Grey*, after describing the disgraceful scene, exclaiming with a sort of prophetic feeling, “O weak and deluded men, thus to stir up the malignant passions of a deluded multitude! How will ye answer for the consequences! How will ye be assured, that, in the revolutions which so rapidly take place in popular opinion, the sanguinary dispositions ye are thus endeavouring to excite may not recoil upon yourselves. Perhaps the time may not be distant, when those who have taught this lesson may be the victims to it; and repent, too late, that turbulent malignity they have taken so much pains to encourage!”

—If we turn our attention to the loyal town of *Birmingham*, shall we not find this prophecy is partly verified already? Having wreaked their vengeance on those who refused to think upon religious and political topics as they dictated, they have now thought that they might do the same on those that did not choose to sell provisions at the price they demanded them.—But it is not to one or two, it is not to half a dozen places that these disturbances have been confined: and we cannot but have reason to dread the dangerous consequences which may result to the peace and tranquillity of society, from the still remaining seeds of these commotions.—Citizens, if people are not to be shewn that reason is better than violence, and peaceful enquiry better than turbulence and the sword, however we may lament these delusions, however sorry we may be to find that mankind cannot perceive that the calamities of a nation are not to be amended by pulling down a mill, or gutting a crimping-house, violence must be expected, whenever popular distress prevails.

Let us see, then, if there are no means to prevent these calamities. If there is something in the state and policy of the country that can be proved to be the cause of these disturbances, surely we ought to pity, rather than abhor the disturbers,

disturbers, and to wish that, instead of punishing these individuals, we could find other means of removing the occasion of the evil. Finding, as we must find, that insurrections are never produced in any country, without a gloomy and ferocious opinion having first been produced in the minds of the people, that *they have nothing to lose* by their imprudent conduct.

Let us then review the state of society, and endeavour to develop the cause of the evil; and then consider how we are to procure the remedy. We shall soon find, I believe, that though coercion seems to be one of the readiest ways of correcting offences, yet that it is never the best; that bodies of men, of whatever description, who have been decimated by the arm of chastisement, are not the better for such severity; and that, by such punishment, we aggravate, not remove, the evil we wish to cure.

This is not a Jacobinical sentiment, Citizens, from the school of French philosophers. It is a maxim laid down by one of the greatest philosophers of this country, Lord Bacon of Verulam, who (in his *Essays*, page 77) says, "Neither doth it follow, that because these *Furies* are a sign of *Troubles*, that the suppressing of them, with too much severity, should be a remedy of *Troubles*."—Citizens, we have found that it is no remedy. Our gaols have been crowded, and Botany Bay has been peopled with individuals who were ornaments to society, and who have been subjected to cruel punishments for offences without a name; and we have poor unfortunate beings languishing under cruel sentences, upon charges of the most frivolous kind. Witness the heavy sentence passed upon poor *Walson*, for being proved to have sitten in the same box at an eating-house with a person whom a French emigrant spy swore to have delivered a hand-bill to him—and poor *Barrow*, a young man of education, of parts and expectations, not only now languishing in confinement, but reduced to such misery by persecution and hard treatment, as to depend for his support upon casual charity. Have their punishments so damped the rising spirit of the people, as to lead us to expect that contentment and tranquillity are to be restored by such coercion?

If you want further illustration, look to a neighbouring country: take a short review of the state of *Ireland*. Are coercion and punishment, persecution and dragging, from this picture, so devoutly to be wished?

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A *Conventional Bill* was passed, to prevent the people of Ireland from meeting peaceably together, to seek a redress of grievances. What was the consequence of this Convention Bill? their own statement shall be my reply; they tell you that plans of treason have grown up, in secret holes and corners, under the name of *defenderism*; do you want a more conclusive argument, that when you prevent the progress of reason and investigation, you drive mankind to projects of violence and distraction, which never else would have entered their heads. When these lurking discontents, then, are afloat, throw not the individual into the gloom of concealment and fear. Let him speak his griefs in the wide circle of society; let him see the honest faces of his fellow beings; and he will blush at the idea of harbouring intentions hostile to the peace and happiness of man. He will be obliged to use his reason instead of attempting violence, and thus by free, open, and manly investigation, though a herd of venal Ministers may be hurled from their seats, yet peace, happiness, and virtue (the fair fruits that ripen on the tree of enquiry) will impart their cheering influence through the land.

But, Citizens, this is not all. Severity will recoil on those who make use of it. When you employ force and coercion, the instruments of the system so unwisely adopted may do you more mischief than you dreaded, even from those against whom these instruments were employed. Of this, if report says true, we have a very melancholy instance in the transactions that have taken place relative to the soldiery in *Cork*. Soldiers were first enlisted for what is called the internal defence—that is to say to support the system of coercion at home, and these it appears were afterwards obliged to embark on board certain vessels, contrary to the terms on which they were enlisted, to carry on the system of coercion abroad—To this the troops demurred; the Government became alarmed, at the turbulence and threats of its own favourite agents; and other soldiers were obliged to be poured into the city, to coerce these instruments of coercion, and compel them to embark. What (if report is to be trusted) has been the consequence? The very troops brought into *Cork*, to compel these soldiers to depart to a foreign country, become the scourges of that city and its affrighted neighbourhood—and humanity shudders at the recapitulation of their excesses. The *Morning Post* of yesterday states the circumstance I allude to in brief—that “the most shocking atrocities have been committed. Rape, pillage, murder, and every cru-

"city, are said to have been practised on the peaceable inhabitants."

This intelligence rests, it seems, upon the credit of the Irish papers; it has been detailed not only in the *Cork Gazette*, but also in the *Hibernian Journal*: and in the *Morning Chronicle* and *Telegraph* they have given a much fuller account than I have stated. *The Times* have not been silent upon the subject; they presume this day to contradict the report they gave yesterday; and *the Briton* just pretends to doubt it. But it is scarcely possible, that a paper, printed in so small a city as *Cork*, where the inhabitant of one part could not long remain ignorant of what passes in another, could have admitted so circumstantial an account as is there given, if there were no truth in it. Be this as it will, whether this part of the instance can be supported by good evidence, or whether it cannot, the general reasoning, which is more to my purpose, is not affected. Nothing can be more evident than that violence has a tendency to beget violence; and that coercion is an instrument which, like the flail, is apt to recoil upon the heads of those who use it. So that those who foster the system, frequently, in the end, are the victims of the errors they have adopted.

Let us then, Citizens, wisely conclude that redress is better than punishment: and that all *pretended cures*, that do not eradicate the evil, are in reality aggravations rather than remedies. You stifle, by quackery, for a while, the flame of disease; but, if the glowing embers remain behind, it will burst out again; and the relapse is more dangerous than the original distemper. Nay sometimes, from mismanagement, the Doctor himself is the worst part of the disease. So in political cases, if there are existing grievances in the country, if there are real calamities, and those calamities are deeply seated in the corruptions which have stolen in and contaminated the vitals of its Constitution; let us be well assured, that so long as you refuse to reform those abuses, though gallowses should be erected in every street, you only compel those whom you wish to coerce, to make you still go on further in violence and coercion, till, at last, your system becomes so odious in the eyes of mankind, that humanity can tolerate it no longer.

Lord Bacon, whom I quoted before, has a very emphatic observation in the afore said essay, which is very much to my purpose; and therefore I quote it to you: and some persons may, perhaps, be more disposed to pay attention to the maxim
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when it is presented in the language of a philosopher of the *sixteenth*, than in that of a political lecturer of the *eighteenth* century. "The surest way," says he, (p. 80.) "to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it,) is, to take away the matter of them; for if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire." And, to shew how unwise it is to trust to any of these imperfect and quack remedies, (whether of coercion, or what not,) which produce a temporary suppression of these discontents, without removing the causes of them, he also very justly observes, (p. 82.) "Neither let any prince or state be secure concerning discontents, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no peril hath ensued; for as it is true that every vapour or fume doth not turn into a storm, so it is nevertheless true, that storms, though they blow over divers times, yet may fall at last, and, as the Spanish proverb noteth well, *the cord breaketh at the lust by the weakest pull*." Let us then remember that, if coercion had even been successful, yet we ought to consider the sedition as stifled, not as quelled; and the very success of the system would be a sort of argument against its continuance.

If then it be only by removing the causes of discontents that seditions and troubles can be prevented, let us proceed to enquire what these causes are. In doing this, I shall have to dwell in particular on the picture of the condition of the lower orders of society. I shall then trace this misery to its immediate cause—the inadequate rewards of labour; the scandalous disproportion between which, and the prices of the necessaries of life, I shall shew to be rendered still more calamitous to the common people, by the decline of that system of liberality and hospitality which was once the boast of the English nobility and the great proprietors of the land, ere every claim to liberality and real grandeur yielded to the inroads of Corruption, Luxury, and Licentiousness. I shall afterwards have occasion to take into consideration the national debt, and the constantly increasing burthen of taxes—those fruits of the blessed system of Corruption, which it has lately been thought high treason to assail. The disgraceful system of *Rotten Boroughs* will not pass without its share of animadversion in this discussion;—a system which has done so much towards debauching the morals of every class of men, from the most wealthy aristocrat who revels in luxurious splendor, to the poorest peasant who toils like a slave in the fields to support the imperious grandeur that tramples him

in the dust.—I shall then endeavour to point out the connexion between them, and the tendency which all these causes have had to produce fermentation, instead of tranquillity, in the public mind. I shall also endeavour to shew, that, if immediate reform do not remove the danger, we are on the brink of calamities still more grievous;—calamities from which, I believe, we have no other means to redeem ourselves, than by promoting a thorough reform in the representation of the people, and procuring a restoration of the popular right in the appointment of their respective agents of the constitution.

You will perceive, at once, that it is impossible I should go through the whole of this extensive subject in one night; and it may be taken for granted, that there will be considerable inequalities in the manner in which I shall handle the respective parts. No man can periodically command that energy of mind, and flow of spirits, necessary to give full force and expression to the ideas he wishes to inculcate; but, from the mass of materials which I have collected, I think I may venture to promise thus much,—that each of the Lectures, into which I shall divide this subject, will contain at least some facts not unworthy of your attention, and which may tend to throw some degree of light on the subject I am treating.

I proceed, then, immediately to consider the part of the subject intended for the present evening; namely, the immediate Cause of the existing Disturbances.—This immediate Cause, I believe, we have found to be the distresses among the *lower orders of the community*; for so, according to the present system, we are to regard those worthy and excellent members of the community, the real pillars of the state, by whose toil we are fed, and by whose valour we are protected.

That the distresses and misery of the people are the principal causes that produce disturbances, is a fact which has been discovered and laid down by the philosophers of elder times. Bacon, in particular, (p. 80.) says, that “the matter of seditions” “is of two kinds—*much poverty, and much discontentment.*”—Please to observe, that this is a little contrary to the maxims of modern aristocrats. Our drivers would persuade us, that the only way to keep the labourer in proper subordination, is to keep him poor and miserable. To retain the wretched low-born herd in a state of absolute vassalage, is the only way, say they, to preserve the peace; and they can only be so retained by penury and ignorance. But how is this illustrated
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by present experience? It is long, I believe very long, since so general a disposition to turbulence has manifested itself among this common herd, as they are called; and yet it is equally long, I believe, since so large a portion of them went with hungry bellies.

For further illustration, let us look again to *Ireland*. Is not *Ireland*, according to ministerial accounts, in a state yet more alarming? and yet *Ireland* is in still greater ignorance and misery than England. In short, if it were not for the extreme assurance with which these doctrines (or arguments which in reality amount to these doctrines) are frequently advanced, by unfeeling Greatness and its ruffian retainers, they would not be worth the formality of refutation. For if it is really true, and I should suppose nothing less than a Prime Minister could have the blindness to doubt it, that a tradesman would be better pleased with the government of the country, when he is getting rich under its protection, than when war and taxation are driving him to bankruptcy, and his family to a workhouse, how is it possible that the discontents of the people should be proportioned to the causes they have to be well contented? And if these maxims of state, so incessantly reiterated by *Pittites* and *Burkites*, *Reevites* and *Wyndhamites*, are indeed supported by the experience of mankind, how came that foolish dreaming philosopher, Lord *Bacon*, to be held in such esteem? And how comes it that, in the midst of this general misery that devours us, the people are so far from being the tame and complacent beings they are wished, that *English soldiers* can no longer be trusted to keep *Englishmen* in order—nor *Irish soldiers*, *Irishmen*—nor *Scotch*, *Scots*; but that you must juggle and shuffle them together, like a pack of cards in the hands of a swindling gameller, in hopes that the knaves of one suit may knab the better cards of another?

But let us return to this sometime-thought philosopher Bacon. This same foolish dreaming politician says (*Essays*, p. 31.) “And if this poverty and broken estate, in the better sort, be joined with a want and necessity in the mean people, the danger is imminent, and great. For the rebellions of the belly are the worst!”—*The rebellions of the belly the worst!*—Strange delusion!—Why, it should seem that this supposed philosopher Bacon would not have been able to understand the sublime policy of reducing ten millions of people to the brink of famine in one country, in order at once to pinch and wring all sedition out of their stomachs, and effect the starvation of twenty-four millions more in another.

Again,

Again, this same musty philosopher, among other things, seems as if he were bent upon the mad and foolish project of persuading ministers that it is dangerous to levy too much money upon the people by the imposition of taxes. This part of his argument, however, if it ever had any weight, must have less and less every year—less, for example, this, than the last; for though the demands have become so much greater, yet there is reason to believe their actual levy will be somewhat less; and, if things go on in their present career, I believe, by and by, we shall have no cause of complaint of this sort: we shall pay no taxes at all, having nothing left to pay them with; for you know, Citizens, I have frequently had occasion to shew you, that, however freely *John Bull* may bleed, and however patient an animal he may be, he cannot possibly have more blood taken from his veins than there is in them.

Bacon, however, goes on to observe, that “the causes and “motions of sedition are *innovation in religion*,”—or, he might have added, political exclusions on account of religious opinions.—“Taxes, alterations of laws and customs” (such for instance, as making *Truth* a libel, and *Argument* high treason, in open defiance of the statute of the 25th Edward III. the only Law of Treasons to which we ought to pay any attention!) “the alterations of customs,” (such as the introduction of systems of inquisition, that fill every house with spies, and every corner of the streets with informers, and thus subjecting a once free people to the most detestable slavery of the worst parts of *Italy*!) “Alterations of customs; breaking of privileges; general oppression; advancement of unworthy persons,”—(such, for example, as making a mere *Wha wants me?* one of the principal ministers of state; or a sleepy-headed booby of a lord, who cannot say *Boo!* to a goose, even when he sees his own shadow in a looking-glass, First Lord of the Admiralty,

“At that damned board, where yet he ne’er could learn
“Of ships the difference ’twixt the head and stern.”

merely on account of family relationship.

To these causes, *Bacon* adds “*Dearths, Disbanded Soldiers,*” and the like.

Now, Citizens, of the circumstances thus mentioned as causes of seditions, troubles and insurrections, a great part,
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at least, appear to exist in this country at this time. I think, therefore, if these axioms are all put together, the conclusion will be, that the way to restore peace to society is, not to string men together by dozens, who never saw each other's faces, in indictments for imaginary treasons—it is not to make Pop-gun Plots and Game-cock Seditions—it is not by these, but by timely and radical reformation of existing abuses, that peace and tranquillity are to be restored: and, though you may keep the common people ignorant of principles, and the true means of redress, by these coercive measures, you cannot keep them ignorant of the extent of the evil, inasmuch as relates to the misery they suffer.

It is a great mistake of ministers and aristocrats to suppose, or *pretend*, that seditious declaimers can make men believe they are miserable, when in reality they are happy. I should like, for my part, for the curiosity of it, to hear the man whose eloquence could persuade a man who had just filled his belly that he was still very hungry; or could convince the peasant, who was half famished, that there was no occasion for him to taste food.—As for punishing seditious declaimers, as they are called, for pointing out the *causes* of the calamities, (which indeed is all that argument can do,) you might as well punish the physician for pointing out to his patient the causes of his disorder, as if the discovery of the origin were in reality the creation of the disease.

A few disturbed imaginations may, perhaps, be agitated here and there—a few fantastic individuals may be found, who will credit falsehoods, because dressed in the garb of declamation: but these are too few, too flighty, and too frivolous, to give any rational alarm; and I believe it is equally impossible for all the declaimers in the world to make the people believe they are miserable, while they are living in ease and abundance, as it is for all the eloquence of the Treasury Bench to convince them that they are happy and flourishing, when they are in a state of absolute starvation.

But it is said, that it is clear that these seditions proceed from mere infatuation and artful delusion, because they always begin with the ignorant and common people, who are evidently most easily played upon.—Hear what Dr. *Davenant* says on this subject: “the common people are the first to *complain* of misgovernment, and the first to *feel* the bad effects of it; long wars are carried on at the expence of their blood; heavy taxes pinch them most; revenues are
“ mismanaged

" mismanaged at their cost ; they soonest feel the decay of " trade, and the nation's poverty." *Pol. Works*, vol. 2. p. 57. This was the language of an honest Member of Parliament, at the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne: for then we sometimes had an honest Member of Parliament: and though I believe there are many political errors in his writings, yet they breathe this sort of conviction, that the way really to enrich the country is not to throw all advantages into the hands of a few individuals, but to make the majority comfortable and happy: and that having thus laid the foundation of general prosperity, you may then build your superstructure of national grandeur, without fear of its tumbling into ruin.

Do you want any evidence of the truth of the passage I have just quoted? If you do, let me appeal to the city of *Norwich*; that once flourishing mart of trade and manufacture. The number of inhabitants is estimated at only 40,000, and yet 25,000 of these have been obliged to claim relief from the hand of charity; the poor rates are twelve or thirteen shillings in the pound. Remember, it is upon the middling orders of society that the great burthen of this oppression falls; it being very easily proved that, in every large city, the rich furnish a much smaller proportion of the maintenance of the poor than the middling orders; because the rich live together in the same neighbourhoods, while the poor and middling orders are huddled together; and therefore the parishes in which the rich are not to be found, are those in general which have the heaviest poor's rate to pay. But this rate, heavy as it is, is not the whole of the burthen. There have been voluntary subscriptions, also, to a very large amount, to afford charitable relief to the poor of this city. But what is this which we call charity? What is this ostentation of humanity which enrols our names in lists of subscription and builds palaces for the reception of our poor? What do we do more, after all, than a *partial* act of *Justice*? What do we more (to confess the fact in plain and simple terms) than render in ostentation a pretended charity, a part of that compensation to useful industry, the whole of which we are called upon by justice to afford?—It is the duty of every member of society to see that the laborious classes of mankind are enabled to maintain themselves, in comfort and abundance, by their labours; and shame, shame on that Being who can call himself a man, while, wallowing himself in wealth and superfluity, he suffers those from whose labour every thing is derived,

rived, to pine in abject penury and distress. Short of this, all that we call charity is insult; and even this is nothing more than justice.

I remember I was once talking to a friend of the charity and benevolence exhibited in this country, when stopping me with a sarcastic sneer, "Yes," says he, "we steal the goose, and we give back the giblets." "No," said the third person, who was standing by, "giblets are much too dainty for the common herd, we give them only the pen feathers."

But Norwich is not the only place in which this misery prevails; in the parish of *Mary-le-bone*, as I am informed by an inhabitant of that district, seven hundred and fifty families, no one of which ever received charity before, were obliged to claim relief from the contributions set on foot there, during one week in January last. Now if this is not an instance of growing misery and calamity, I should be glad to know what is.

Nor is the evil of a partial nature. Let any old man, who has been used to view the state of society for years, call to his recollection the very different appearance which the children of labourers and mechanics wear now from what they did in former times. Let me send you, for example, to the east end of the town—to the neighbourhood of Spital-fields. Even in my short remembrance, bare-foot ragged children loitering about in that part of the town were very rare; and I had some opportunities of observation; having been in my boyish days intended for a trade connected with the manufacture carried on in that part of the town.

Citizens, this wretchedness is not confined to children only: for, to the honour of human nature be it spoken, for one instance of an inhuman unfeeling parent you have at least ten who will debar themselves of the common necessities of life, that their children may have such comfort as their scanty lot will afford them.

I remember the time, myself, when a man who was a tolerable workman in the fields, had generally, besides the apartment in which he carried on his vocation, a small summer house and a narrow slip of a garden, at the outskirts of the town, where he spent his *Monday*, either in flying his pigeons, or raising his tulips. But those gardens are now fallen into decay. The little summer-house and the *Monday's* recreation are no more; and you will find the poor weavers and their families crowded together in vile, filthy and unwholesome chambers, destitute of the most common comforts,

and even of the common necessities of life. This, it is true, is in part to be attributed to the caprices of fashion and the decline in the consumption of silk goods. But it arises still more eminently from there being no set of men in the representative branch of the legislature, who feel it their interest, and particularly duty, to look to the condition of the common people, and preserve a just proportion between the price of their wages and the price of the necessities of life. They are languishing in misery, want and distress! But methinks I hear some great and mighty ruler, or some friend of these great and mighty rulers, demand what business have these wretches to make holiday every Monday? I answer, just as much as those who put the question have to make holiday every day in the week.—I know very well that there must be gradations in society, but the more imperceptible those gradations the better; and certainly I could wish to see none so low, so lost in the depths of misery and oppression, that no comfort or enjoyment is left to them; even the consequence of their amelioration should be that none should be lifted so high as to be out of the reach of responsibility or justice. I wish not to impress any ideas of equalizing property; but I wish every man to feel that the blush of shame and conscious guilt should rise on his cheek, when he wallows in luxury at the expence of those but for whose labour neither luxury nor abundance could exist.

Citizens, I shall not dwell upon details at this time; nor delineate the pictures of misery I have witnessed. Let me employ the few minutes, during which I shall detain you, in removing from your minds some of those prejudices which are so frequently played upon, in order to prevent the humane, and benevolent from exerting themselves with generous enthusiasm in behalf of this oppressed and injured part of the community. We are told, forsooth, that the miseries and calamities of the lower orders arise from their own untoward dispositions—that their profligacy, drunkenness, and luxury are such that amendment is impossible.

Oh Citizens! Citizens! can this charge possibly be examined for a moment and be believed? Are you really so lost in prejudice as to suppose that there exists any difference between man and man, but that which springs from the accident that lifts one on high and depresses another? Could the poor labourer have been put to his own free choice, he would, perhaps, rather have been the offspring of some of those high and wealthy potentates, who now look down upon him with contempt. But he was born to a situation which made labour
necessary

necessary for his subsistence: and if he has fallen upon times that make labour dishonourable—if he has fallen upon times when misery is the portion of the labourer, these are his misfortunes not his faults!

Citizens, that there are particular vices which belong to the lower orders of society, for the sake of argument, I will for a moment admit. But if it be so whence does it proceed? Does not the very statement point out their degradation and depression as the cause of these vices?—Remove then the cause and the effect will cease. But this depravity, it is said, is constantly increasing; and the present generation, so loud in their cry for reform, are more depraved, as individuals, than any that have gone before. If it be really so—if we are really to consider the laborious classes of the present generation as more profligate than those of preceding ages, let us ascribe the phenomenon to its real cause—to the corruption among those who direct the government of the country, and the consequent increase of misery among the people; and let us remember that this, instead of an objection, is an additional argument in favour of immediate reform.

But, Citizens, let us compare these classes with the higher orders of society; and I believe the labouring poor will find no occasion to blush at the comparison. Look first of all below you, Citizens; and then look above: nay look as high as you please. Cast your eyes to the very top of the ladder; and tell me what reason you have to believe that those, who stand upon the very highest spokes, have any original advantages, either of intellect or virtue, over those who hold all fast at the bottom. If no evidence of such *original* difference exist, the immediate conclusion is, that any subsequent difference, if real, must spring from the neglect and depression we are endeavouring to rectify; and, consequently, that we ought to lend all our efforts, heart and hand, to prevent mankind from being thrust below as we now behold them.

Let us then, Citizens, disdain that narrow-minded prejudice, which first of all reduces men to misery, and then reproaches them with crimes which that misery produced. Remember that it is our duty to promote the happiness of our fellow beings, and to give them the opportunity of living in more comfort, of receiving more information; and that thus we shall improve at once their individual happiness, and those moral feelings from which the happiness of others may be improved.

No man makes use of the argument I have just attempted to controvert, but he thereby confesses, that the only way to prevent mankind from being profligate and depraved

proved, is to mend their condition in society; and this amendment can, I believe, only be effected by a reformation of the political abuses that have crept into our constitution; and restoring to the people their unalienable and constitutional rights of annual Parliaments and universal suffrage.

THE STATE COACH.

The following article appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* 29th Sept. It is now transplanted into this corner in exultation at the partial fulfilment of this prophecy, in the last stanza. No man more seriously deprecates violence than myself: for no man is more aware how anxious Corruption is to make the actions of the worst men a pretence for destroying the best. The only reason for reprinting it, in addition to its convenience for filling up the page, is that it unfolds the real cause of the violence and commotions by which the nation has been afflicted. J. T.

YOUR Coach of State doth lack repair—

How could it last so long without it!

Your Coachman, BILL, bestows no care,

But might and main resolves to scout it.

Into the filthiest mire he dashes,

Where none but *Swine* unclean wou'd welter;

Through *thick and thin* JOHN BULL he lashes,

The State-Coach follows helter-skelter:

Its *springs* are broke, its *wheels* are clogg'd,

The body totters on its axis;

Yet onward still JOHN BULL is flogg'd,

And drags a world of debt and taxes.

Across him HAL Postillion rides,

And laughs, and swears, and jokes, and spurs him;

The beast bemoans his galled sides,—

HAL chinks his gold, nor stops to curse him.

BILL, not content, a pack of thieves

Next hires (their names I need not tell ye),

To worry BULL an order gives,

Some *flacc* his back, some *pinch* his belly.

A gang of *Foreign Sharps* too,

To rob the Coach with skill contend;

BILL's thanks to each, he owns, are due,

The greater rogue, the more *his* friend.—

Full many a sage discreet forewarns

Rash BILLY of impending danger,

Reminds the youth that *Bulls have horns*—

That to their use JOHN BULL's *no stranger*.

That should he fall among the *Swine*,

The *grazy* hogs might overpower him;

Besmeared with dirt, and *soaked in wine*,

As sav'ry food, they might devour him.

In vain—BILL scorns to quit the box

Till BULL enrag'd shall turn his tether;

And then—who'll wonder if he knocks

State-Coach and Driver down together?

JOHN GILPIN'S GHOST;

OR, THE
WARNING VOICE
OF
KING CHANTICLEER.

PART I.

YE men of Oakham, one and all,
So valiant and so witty,
Of late for treason all agog,
Attend unto my ditty :

A ditty which the bard I ween
In pillory may rue ;
For it a *libel* must be deem'd—
Since ev'ry word is true.

I'll shew how *Johnny Gilpin's* ghost
His dearest son awoke ;
And how that son thro' darkling air,
A wond'rous journey took ;

And how the *Lords of Oakham's town*,—
All men of high degree,
Apothecaries, men of law,
And those that 'squires be !—

B

How

How these, and such like gallant men
 Assembled at the *Crown*,
 Left *Sans-Culottes*, with pop-guns arm'd,
 Should beat the Sign-post down.

That Sign-post which so long has stood,
 The wonder of each lout,
 Till with seditious paper balls,
Tom Paine kick'd up a rout.

(Since when, ah woe ! ah well-a-day !
 How *fool'scap* has abounded !)
 And crowns, and mitres eke to boot,
 And sign-post Dukes confounded.

Then wonder not, ye *Oakham* men,
 Nor scratch your heads to know
 Why those who gaudy sign-posts love
 Should with such fury glow.

But listen to the tale I tell,
 Nor let a word be lost,
 How Lawyer Combes was lately wak'd
 By Johnny Gilpin's ghost.

'Twas at the solemn hour of night,
 When all lay still in bed ;—
 Except the Swinish Multitude,
 Who grunt for want of bread—

For bellies full, as *Berry* knows,
 Dispose us men to sleep,
 While gnawing hunger oft is found
 The eyes agog to keep.

'Twas

'Twas at that hour, when doctors grave,
And keen attornies too,
Their ruin'd clients, in their dreams,
And murder'd patients view,

When *Gilpin*, in his winding sheet,
At Combes's feet did stand :
" Awake," he said, " thou man of law !"
And wav'd his shadowy hand.

" Ah !" who art thou ?" the lawyer cried,
All as the spectre pale ;—
" Some client, sure, who gain'd his suit,
" But died for costs in jail !

" Or some poor famish'd wretch I ween,
" Compell'd the town to flee,
" Because he could not stand a suit
" Against my Lord and me.

" And must I issue join, so soon,
" Before the courts above,
" From which no writ of error I
" Can ever hope to move ?"

" Not so, my son," with solemn voice
The spectre made reply ;
" No tipstaff stern, from heav'n dispatch'd
" With special *capias* I,

" Nor yet, I ween, for thee array'd
" The winged jurors stand,
" Nor God Almighty's Clerk in Court
" Yet bids "*hold up thy hand.*"

But

" But here thy loving father stands,
 " Thy father all so kind,
 " Who rode so fast through Eddihonton
 " And left his wig behind.

" That father who, one night in cups,
 " To loving spouse untrue,
 " Was led astray up *Fetter-lane*,
 " And blest'd the world with you.

" From Mistress Gilpin's jealous eye
 " I kept thee close conceal'd;
 " And, pleas'd to see the thriving hopes
 " Thy early youth reveal'd,

" I put thee to a man of law,
 " In hopes to make thee great;
 " And since, alike alive or dead,
 " Have watch'd thy growing state.

" And now a tale I come to tell,
 " If ghosts can read aright,
 " Shall make thee dear to *Billy Pitt*,
 " And great as *Joey White* :

" That *Billy Pitt*, and *Joey White*,
 " The people's joint salvation !
 " Who all the *cash*, and all the *spies*,
 " Command throughout the nation.

" For, know, from London's wicked town,
 " To mar your blest'd condition,
 " A dreadful lot is on the road
 " Of TREASON and SEDITION!!!
 " All

" All from a wicked wight it comes,
" Who gives in London Lectures,
" And fills the heads of common folks
" With strange and new conjectures.

" He tells them, *common folks are men,*
" *And should like men be treated ;*
" *Nor, like a swinish multitude,*
" *By wealthy knaves be cheated.*

" He tells them, too, 'tis very hard
" *On them and all their neighbors,*
" *That Lords, and Dukes, and Kings, should eat*
" *The profit of their labors :*

" *Or that they should be tax'd and tax'd*
" *(Which he to prove is willing)*
" *Till for two-pennyworth of bread*
" *They're forc'd to pay a shilling !*

" Ye priests and lawyers, how your pride
" Must soon come tumbling down
" Should e'er these *new French principles*
" Arrive in *Oakham town !*

" Then haste, my son ; arise, with me
" To *Biggleswade* repair,
" Ere yet my shadowy essence melt
" Before the morning air."

He said, and seiz'd him in his arms,
Nor for an answer stopp'd ;
And Lawyer *Combes*, by *Gilpin's* ghost,
At *Biggleswade* was dropp'd.

The morning breaks, the coach arrives,
 The lawyer prick's his ears,
 Ransacks the basket, boot, and seats,
 But not a book appears.

Then did he rave and stamp, and forth
 A special *capias* draw ;
 And swear against his father's ghost
 He'd bring a suit at law.

While thus despairing, round he star'd,
 And search'd on every side,
 Beneath an old dame's petticoats
 He something strange espied.

" 'Tis here, 'tis here ; I have it fast,"
 With eager joy he cried—
 " 'Tis here, 'tis here," the echoing walls
 Of *Bigglewade* replied.

The promis'd prize, with trembling hand,
 He drew from its retreat ;
 Then back return'd to *Oakham* town
 Upon a courser fleet.

And all the while as he did ride,
 He counted on the gains,
 Which *Oakham's* sapient *Gothamites*
 Would give him for his pains.

And to himself he thus did say—
 " I'll next to court, I vow,
 " And to the mighty *Billy Pitt*
 " Will make my humble bow.

" Who

- " Who knows but, when this feat is told,
 " Great *Pitt* may deign to smile ;
" And with a little sinecure
 " Reward my faithful toil.
- " Or, should the Inquisition want
 " Another helping hand,
" Why should not *Combes's* humble name
 " With *White's* aspire to stand ?"

END OF PART FIRST.

JOHN GILPIN'S GHOST,

&c.

PART II.

NOW to the *Crown* with one consent
All *Oakham's* heroes fly,
Resolv'd the Sign-post to defend,
Or in the conflict die :

For Fame, upon the market cross,
Did tell the wond'rous tale
Of Lawyer *Combes* and *Gilpin's* ghost,
All as the ashes pale.

First, blustering *Berry* came, renown'd
For bolus, draught, and blister,
And from sedition vow'd to purge
All *Oakham* with a clyster.

Next, *Williams*, trembling for his tithes,
His royal zeal display'd.
He rose; he flew; nor even stopp'd
To kiss his buxom maid.

No

No more he pants to greenland shade
 And bushy brake to run,
 And at his fav'rite *Woodcock* there
 To point his carnal gun——

That *Woodcock* as a partridge plump—
 Tho' stand'rous laymen clatter,
 What priest might not at such a bird
 Permit his mouth to water?

But now at other game he flies,
 With loyal zeal so warm,
 With maudling *Haley* by his side,
 And flagellation *Orme*.

This goodly trinity of priests
 (Three persons, one in mind!)
 Ran to the Crown, in pious hope
 A Mitre there to find.

And there full many a loyal wight,
 With motives just as pure,
 They also met, resolv'd to make
 Their loaves and fishes sure.

Says *Williams*, "In the book 'tis said,
 "As all divines agree,
 "The *Swinish Multitude* must crouch
 "Before the pow'rs that be.

"These pow'rs that be, if right I read,
 "Are King, Lord, Placeman, Priest,
 "Who by this rule are privileg'd
 "On others' toil to feast,

C

" And

"And right it is; for, should the herd
 "Have all their labour brings,
 "They'd live as well as priests themselves,
 "And grow as wise as kings.

"Then Church and State, in wedlock join'd,
 "Should awe the world no more;
 "Nor crowns nor mitres longer swing
 "At every ale-house door."

He spoke; with awe the prostrate crowd
 Their oracle rever'd;
 And once, at least, in all his life,
 His congregation *heard*;

For *Balaam's* stick was hung aloft,
 As once in days of yore,
 And open forc'd that mumbling mouth,
 Which never op'd before.

And now, from *Biggleswade* return'd,
 Came *lawyer Combes* in haste,
 And all before their haggard eyes
 The fearful packet plac'd.

'Tis op'd, with many a mutter'd spell
 To bless the *Crown* from harm,
 And keep them all (God speed the pray'r!)
 From vile Sedition's charm.

When lo! a feather'd hero bounc'd,
 A mangled fight, to view,
 And stretch'd his headless neck and cried
 "Cock—cock-a-doodle-doo!"

And

And still he spurn'd and flapp'd his wings,
And shook his spurs of steel,
While trembling joints and haggard looks,
The council's fears reveal.

For thus prophetic flow'd the strain
That pierc'd each wond'ring ear,
While priests o'er tythe-pigs, fees and dues,
Bequeath'd the parting tear.

" Ah, well, ye servile crew, may ye
" My clarion shrill bewail,
" Whose scream ill-omen'd but forebodes
" A more disastrous tale.

" My crowing speaks the envious light
" That soon must clear the sky;
" For *kingcraft's, priestcraft's night* is past,
" And *Reason's dawn* is nigh.

" In me behold the fate to which
" All tyranny must bow,
" And those who've long oppress'd the poor
" Shall be as I am now."

He spoke—they would have stopp'd his voice,
And kept him close confin'd;
But ah! he 'scap'd their anxious care,
As flits impassive wind.

And still he stalks abroad, the fate
Of tyrants to display;
Nor can the Attorney General's self
The headless spectre lay.



12-2

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