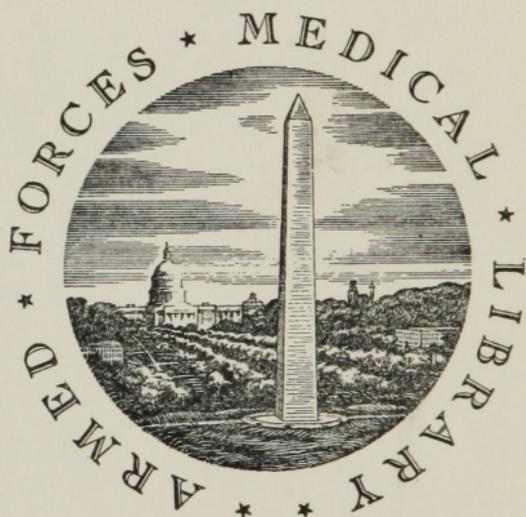


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



FOUNDED 1836

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Imperfect: signature F wrongly perfected;
p. 42-43; 46-47 wanting.

[Lobbett, William]
OBSERVATIONS

ON THE
EMIGRATION

OF

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY,

AND ON THE SEVERAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED TO HIM, ON
HIS ARRIVAL AT NEW-YORK,

WITH ADDITIONS;

CONTAINING MANY CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACTS ON
THE SUBJECT, NOT KNOWN HERE, WHEN THE
FIRST EDITION WAS PUBLISHED :

TOGETHER WITH

A COMPREHENSIVE STORY

OF A

FARMER'S BULL.

THE THIRD EDITION.

“ Du mensonge toujours le vrai demeure maître :
“ Pour paraître honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être ;
“ Et jamais, quoi qu'il fasse, un mortel ici bas,
“ Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est pas.”

BOILEAU.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS BRADFORD, NO. 8, South-
Front-Street.

1795.



INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

To the Gentlemen of the City

of Philadelphia

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN this Pamphlet first appeared in
your City, you all agreed, that
it might do well enough in the distant
States of Europe; but that it was by no
means fit for the merchants of the United
States. And you have very lately changed
the public with the copy of a letter from La-
verpool, in which, you say, the writer ob-
serves, that the Observations on the
Emigration of Doctor Joseph Priestley
have been republished there, and that
it is one of the most scandalous publi-
cations that ever issued from any press.
These are rather hard words, gentlemen.
I do not know what I have done, that is
drawn down your vengeance on me. True,
I cannot, like you, take pains with
standards as fast as Father Fair takes pains

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

To the *Gazetteers* of the City

of Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN this Pamphlet first made its appearance in this City, you all agreed, that it might do well enough in the despotic States of Europe; but that it was by no means fit for the meridian of the United States. And, you have very lately obliged the public with the copy of a letter from Liverpool, in which, you say, the writer observes, that the Observations on the Emigration of Doctor Joseph Priestley have been republished there, and that, "it is one of the most scandalous publications that ever issued from any press."

These are rather hard lines, gentlemen. I do not know what I have done, thus to draw down your vengeance on me. 'Tis true, I cannot, like you, take towns and islands as fast as Father Luke takes snuff.

or erect a bridge across the English Channel with as little trouble as some people can the bridge of a fiddle: I cannot put Dukes into iron cages, and send them to Paris for Mocking Birds, or chop away at the heads of kings and ministers with as little ceremony as if I were chopping a stick of wood: nor can I spread fleets over the ocean, and religion, peace and plenty over a country as quick as a surgeon's 'prentice spreads a plaister. No, gentlemen, it is your province to perform feats like these, and, if I am not much deceived in my own heart, I am far, very far, from envying you your exalted stations. But, if you are strong, be merciful. 'Though you are the great Leviathans of Literature, you may suffer a poor herring to swim in the same sea; there is certainly room enough for you and me too.

Was it well done, gentlemen, first to play at foot-ball with a poor pamphlet till you were tired, and then turn it into a shuttle-cock and set your devils to knocking it from one hemisphere to the other? Assuredly not; for, though the work itself might merit rough treatment at your hands, yet, as it was in print, the natural affection that you must be supposed to bear your typographical brethren, ought to have wakened in you some compassion towards it.

You have had the goodnes to inform the public, that this work is neither fit for the meridian of the United States, nor the meridian of Great Britain; but, it appears that the public (in this country at least) think otherwise. How the public dare to differ from you in opinion I shall not pretend to say, but certain it is, that the numerous applications for this pamphlet have induced me to publish, with your leave, a third edition of it.

To render this edition more worthy the perusal of your Honours than the last, I have made a considerable addition, which I have been able to do from my being now in possession of some curious facts, concerning the Doctor's Emigration, which were unknown on this side the water, when the first edition was published.

I obey the call for this edition with more pleasure, as it furnishes me with an opportunity of proving, beyond contradiction, many things, which some people have looked upon as very "hazarded assertions," and which you, gentlemen (never the most delicate) have not scrupled to call falshood.

I cannot conclude this address, without praying you to continue me your good offices. If the first edition merited your disapprobation, I am in hopes this

will be found to merit it in a much higher degree. If it should be otherwise decreed, if I am doomed to suffer your applauses, I trust, that he who is preparing me the chastisement, will give me fortitude to bear it like a man.

I AM,

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR'S, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia }
Feb. 8th. 1795. }

OBSERVATIONS, &c. &c.

WHEN the arrival of Doctor Priestley in the United States was first announced, I looked upon his emigration (like the proposed retreat of Cowley, to his imaginary Paradise, the Summer Islands) as no more than the effect of that weakness, that delusive caprice, which too often accompanies the decline of life, and which is apt, by a change of place, to flatter age with a renovation of faculties, and a return of departed genius. Viewing him as a man that sought repose, my heart welcomed him to the shores of peace, and wished him, what he certainly ought to have wished himself, a quiet obscurity. But his answers to the addresses of the Democratic and other Societies at New-York, place him in quite a different light, and subject him to the animadversions of a public, among whom they have been industriously propagated.

No man has a right to pry into his neighbours private concerns ; and the opinions of every man are his private concerns, while he keeps them so ; that is to say, while they are confined to himself, his family and particular friends : but when he makes those opinions public ; when he once attempts to make converts, whether it be in religion, politics, or any thing else ; when he once comes forward as a candidate for public admiration, esteem or compassion, his opinions, his principles, his motives, every action of his life, public or private, become the fair subject of public discussion. On this principle, which the Doctor ought to be the last among Mankind to controvert, it is easy to perceive that these observations need no apology.

His answers to the addresses of the New-York societies are evidently calculated to mislead and deceive the people of the United States. He there endeavours to impose himself on them for a sufferer in the cause of Liberty ; and makes a canting profession of moderation, in direct contradiction to the conduct of his whole life.

He says, he hopes to find here, “ that protection from violence, which laws and government promise in all countries, but which he has not found in his own.” He certainly must suppose that no European intelligence ever reaches this side of the Atlantic, or that the inhabitants of these countries are too dull to comprehend the sublime events that mark his life and character. Perhaps I shall show him, that it is not the people of England alone who know

how to estimate the merit of Doctor Priestley.

Let us examine his claims to our compassion : let us see whether his charge against the laws and government of his country be just, or not.

On the 14th of July, 1791, an unruly mob, assembled in the town of Birmingham, set fire to his house, and burnt it, together with all it contained. This is the subject of his complaint, and the pretended cause of his emigration. The fact is not denied ; but in the relation of facts circumstances must not be forgotten. To judge of the Doctor's charge against his country, we must take a retrospective view of his conduct, and of the circumstances that led to the destruction of his property.

It is about twelve years since he began to be distinguished among the dissenters from the established church of England. He preached up a kind of *deism*,* which nobody understood, and which it was thought the Doctor understood full as well as his neighbours. This doctrine afterwards assumed the name of Unitarianism, and the *religieux* of the order were called, or rather they called themselves, Unitarians. The sect never rose into consequence ; and the founder had the mortification of seeing his darling Unitarianism growing quite out of date with

* This is one of those " hazarded assertions," alluded to in the introductory address. But how is it hazarded ? The Doctor says, in his answer to Paine's Age of Reason, that " the doctrines of atonement, incarnation, and the trinity, have no more foundation in the scriptures, than the doctrine of transmigration." Is not this a kind of *deism* ? Is it not *deism* altogether ? Can a man who denies the divinity of *Christ*, and that he died to save sinners, have any pretensions to the name of *Christian* ?

himself, when the French Revolution came, and gave them both a short respite from eternal oblivion.

Those who know any thing of the English dissenters, know that they always introduce their political claims and projects under the mask of religion. The Doctor was one of those who entertained hopes of bringing about a revolution in England upon the French plan ; and for this purpose he found it would be very convenient for him to be at the head of a religious sect. Unitarianism was now revived, and the society held regular meetings at Birmingham. In the inflammatory discourses, called sermons, delivered at these meetings, the English constitution was first openly attacked. Here it was that the Doctor beat his drum ecclesiastic, to raise recruits in the cause of rebellion. The press soon swarmed with publications expressive of his principles. The revolutionists began to form societies all over the kingdom, between which a mode of communication was established, in perfect conformity to that of the Jacobin Clubs in France,

Nothing was neglected by this branch of the parisian *Propagande* to excite the people to a general insurrection. Inflammatory hand-bills, advertisements, federation dinners, toasts, sermons, prayers ; in short, every trick that religious or political duplicity could suggest, was played off to destroy a constitution which has borne the test, and attracted the admiration of ages ; and to establish in its place a new system, fabricated by themselves.

The fourteenth of July, 1791, was of too much note in the annals of modern regeneration to be

neglected by these regenerated politicians. A club of them, of which Doctor Priestley was a member, gave public notice of a feast, to be held at Birmingham, in which they intended to celebrate the French revolution. Their endeavours had hitherto excited no other sentiments, in what may be called the people of England, than those of contempt. The people of Birmingham, however, felt, on this occasion, a convulsive movement. They were scandalised at this public notice for holding in their town a festival, to celebrate events which were in reality a subject of the deepest horror: and seeing in it at the same time an open and audacious attempt to destroy the constitution of their country, and with it their happiness, they thought their understandings and loyalty insulted, and prepared to avenge themselves by the chastisement of the English revolutionists, in the midst of their scandalous orgies. The feast nevertheless took place; but the Doctor, knowing himself to be the grand projector, and consequently the particular object of his townsmen's vengeance, prudently kept away. The cry of *church and king* was the signal for the people to assemble; which they did to a considerable number, opposite the hotel where the convives were met. The club dispersed, and the mob proceeded to breaking the windows, and other acts of violence incident to such scenes; but let it be remembered that no personal violence was offered. Perhaps it would have been well, if they had vented their anger on the persons of the revolutionists; provided they had contented themselves with the

ceremony of the horse-pond or blanket. Certain it is, that it would have been very fortunate if the riot had ended this way ; but when that many-headed monster, a mob, is once roused and put in motion, who can stop its destructive steps ?

From the *hotel of the federation* the mob proceeded to Doctor Priestley's Meeting-House, which they very nearly destroyed in a little time. Had they stopped here all would yet have been well. The destruction of this temple of sedition and infidelity would have been of no great consequence ; but, unhappily for them and the town of Birmingham, they could not be separated, before they had destroyed the houses and property of many members of the club. Some of these houses, among which was Doctor Priestley's, were situated at the distance of some miles from town ; the mob were in force to defy all the efforts of the civil power, and, unluckily, none of the military could be brought to the place, 'till some days after the 14th of July. In the mean time many spacious and elegant houses were burnt, and much valuable property destroyed ; but it is certainly worthy remark, that during the whole of these unlawful proceedings, not a single person was killed or wounded, either wilfully or by accident, except some of the rioters themselves. At the end of four or five days this riot, which seemed to threaten more serious consequences, was happily terminated by the arrival of a detachment of dragoons ; and tranquillity was restored to the distressed town of Birmingham.

The magistrates used every exertion in their power to quell this riot in its very earliest

stage, and continued so to do to the last. The Earl of Plymouth condescended to attend, and act as a justice of the peace; several clergymen of the church of England also attended in the same capacity, and all were indefatigable in their endeavors to put a stop to the depredations, and to re-establish order.

Every one knows, that in such cases, it is difficult to discriminate, and that it is neither necessary nor just, if it be possible, to imprison, try, and execute the whole of a mob. Eleven of these rioters were, however, indicted; seven of them were acquitted, four found guilty, and of these four, two suffered death. These unfortunate men were, according to the law, prosecuted on the part of the king; and it has been allowed by the Doctor's own partizans, that the prosecution was carried on with every possible enforcement, and even rigour, by the judges and counsellors. The pretended lenity was laid to the charge of the jury! What a contradiction! They accuse the government of screening the rioters from the penalty due to their crimes, and at the same time they accuse the jury of their acquittal! It is the misfortune of Doctor Priestley and all his adherents ever to be inconsistent with themselves.

After this general review of the riots, in which the Doctor was unlawfully despoiled of his property, let us return to the merits of his particular case, and his complaint; and here let it be recollected, that it is not of the rioters alone that he complains, but of the laws and government of his country also. Upon an examination of particulars we shall find, that so

far from his having just cause of complaint, the laws have rendered him strict justice, if not something more; and that if any party has reason to complain of their execution, it is the town of Birmingham, and not Doctor Priestly.

Some time after the riots, the Doctor and the other Revolutionists who had had property destroyed, brought their actions, for damages against the town of Birmingham, or rather against the hundred of which that town makes a part. The Doctor laid his damages at £.4122. 11. 9. *sterling*; of which sum £. 420. 15. 0. was for works in manuscript, which he said, had been consumed in the flames. The trial of this cause took up nine hours: the jury gave a verdict in his favor; but curtailed the damages to £. 2502. 18. 0. It was rightly considered that the imaginary value of the manuscript works ought not to have been included in the damages; because the Doctor being the author of them, he in fact possessed them still, and the loss could be little more than a few sheets of dirty paper. Besides if they were to be estimated by those he had published for some years before, their destruction was a benefit instead of a loss, both to himself and his country. This sum then of £.420. 15. 0. being deducted, the damages stood at £.3701. 16. 9; and it should not be forgotten that even a great part of this sum was charged for an apparatus of philosophical instruments, which in spite of the most unpardonable gasconade of the Philoso-

pher, * can be looked upon as a thing of imaginary value only ; and ought not to be estimated at its *cost* any more than a collection of shells or insects, or any other of the *frivola* of a virtuoso.

Now, it is notorious that actions for damages are always brought for much higher sums than are ever expected to be recovered. Sometimes they are brought for three times the amount of the real damage sustained ; sometimes for double, and sometimes for only a third more than the real damage. If we view then the Doctor's estimate in the most favorable light, if we suppose that he made but the addition of one third to his real damages, the sum he ought to have received would be no more than £. 2467. 17. 10; whereas he actually received £. 2502. 18. 0; which was £. 35. 0, 2; more than he had a right to expect. And yet he complains that he has not found protection from the laws and government of his country ! If he had been the very best subject in England in place of one of the very worst, what could the laws have done more for him ? Nothing certainly can be a stronger proof of the independence of the courts of justice, and of the impartial execution of the laws of England than the circumstances and result of this cause.

* " You have destroyed the most truly valuable and useful apparatus of philosophical instruments that perhaps any individual, in this or any other country, was ever possessed of, in my use of which I annually spent large sums, with no pecuniary view whatever, but only in the advancement of science, for the benefit of my country and of mankind."

Letter to the inhabitants of Birmingham.

A man who had for many years been the avowed and open enemy of the government and constitution, had his property destroyed by a mob, who declared themselves the friends of both, and who rose on him because he was not. This mob were pursued by the government whose cause they thought they were defending; some of them suffered death, and the inhabitants of the place where they assembled, were obliged to indemnify the man whose property they had destroyed. It would be curious to know what sort of protection this *reverend* Doctor, this "friend of humanity" wanted. Would nothing satisfy him but the blood of the whole mob? Did he wish to see the town of Birmingham, like that of Lyons, razed, and all its industrious and loyal inhabitants butchered; because some of them had been carried to commit unlawful excesses from their detestation of his wicked projects? BIRMINGHAM HAS COMBATTED AGAINST PRIESTLEY. BIRMINGHAM IS NO MORE. This I suppose would have satisfied the charitable modern philosopher, who pretended, and who the Democratic society say did, "return to his enemies blessings for curses." Woe to the wretch that is exposed to the benedictions of a modern philosopher. His "*dextre vengresse*" is ten thousand times more to be feared than the bloody poignard of the assassin: the latter is drawn on individuals only, the other is pointed at the human race. Happily for the people of Birmingham these blessings had no effect; there was no National Convention, Revolutionary Tribunal, or Guillotine, in England.

As I have already observed, if the Doctor had been the best and most peaceable subject in the kingdom, the government and laws could not have yielded him more perfect protection; his complaint, would therefore be groundless, if he had given no provocation to the people, if he had in nowise contributed to the riots. If then he has received ample justice, considered as an innocent man, and a good subject, what shall we think of his complaint, when we find that he was himself the principal cause of these riots; and that the rioters did nothing that was not perfectly consonant to the principles he had for many years been labouring to infuse into their minds?

That he and his club were the cause of the riots will not be disputed; for had they not given an insulting notice of their intention to celebrate the horrors of the fourteenth of July, accompanied with an inflammatory hand-bill, intended to excite an insurrection against the government, * no riot would ever have taken place, and consequently its disastrous effects would have been avoided. But, it has been said, that there was nothing offensive in this inflammatory hand-bill; because forsooth “the matter of it (however indecent and untrue) was not *more virulent* than Paine’s Rights of man, Mackintosh’s answer to Burke, Remarks

* This hand-bill was disowned by the club, and they offered a reward for apprehending the author; but they took care to send him to France before their advertisement appeared.

“on the constitution of England, &c. &c. which
 “had been lately published without incurring the
 “*censure of government.*” So; an inflammatory
 performance, acknowledged to be *indecent* and
untrue, is not offensive, because it is not *more*
virulent than some other performances, which
 have escaped the censure of government! If this
 is not a new manner of arguing, it is at least an
 odd one. But this hand-bill had something
more malicious in it, if not *more virulent*, than
 even the inflammatory works above mentioned.
They were more difficult to come at; to have
them they must be bought. *They* contained
 something like reasoning, the fallacy of which
 the government was very sure would be detect-
 ed, by the good sense of those who took the
 pains to read them. A hand-bill was a more
 commodious instrument of sedition: It was
 calculated to have immediate effect. Besides, if
 there had been nothing offensive in it, why did
 the club think proper to disown it in so cere-
 monious a manner? They disowned it with the
 most solemn asseverations, offered a reward for
 apprehending the author, and afterwards justi-
 fied it as an inoffensive thing. Here is a palpa-
 ble inconsistency. The fact is, they perceived
 that this precious morsel of eloquence, in place
 of raising a mob for them, was like to raise one
 against them: they saw the storm gathering,
 and in the moment of fear disowned the writ-
 ing. After the danger was over, seeing they
 could not exculpate themselves from the charge
 of having published it, they defended it as an
 inoffensive performance.

The Doctor, in his justificatory letter to the people of Birmingham, says that the company were assembled on this occasion “ to celebrate
 “ the emancipation of a neighbouring nation from
 “ tyranny, without intimating a desire of *any thing*
 “ *more than an improvement of their own constitution.*”
 Excessive modesty ! *Nothing but an improvement ?*
 A LA FRANÇOISE of course ? However with respect to the church, as it was a point of conscience, the club do not seem to have been altogether so moderate in their designs. “ Believe me,” says the Doctor, in the same letter, “ the church
 “ of England, which you think you are support-
 “ ing, has received a greater *blow* by this conduct
 “ of yours than *I and all my friends* have ever aim-
 “ ed at it.” They had then it seems aimed a *blow* at the established church, and were forming a plan for *improving* the constitution ; and yet the Doctor, in the same letter, twice expresses his astonishment at their being treated as the enemies of church and state. In a letter to the students of the college of Hackney he says, a
 “ Hierarchy, equally *the bane of christianity and ra-*
 “ *tional liberty*, now confesses its weakness ; and
 “ be assured that you will see its complete reforma-
 “ tion or *its fall.*” And yet he has, the assurance to tell the people of Birmingham, that their superiors have deceived them in representing him and his sect as the enemies of church and state.

But, say they, we certainly exercised the right of freemen in assembling together ; and even if our meeting had been unlawful, cognizance should have been taken of it by the ma-

gistracy : there can be no liberty where a ferocious mob is suffered to supersede the law. Very true. This is what the Doctor has been told a thousand times, but he never would believe it. He still continued to bawl out : “ The sunshine of reason will assuredly chase away and dissipate the mists of darkness and error ; and when the majesty of the people *is insulted*, or they feel themselves oppressed by *any set of men*, they have the power to redress the grievance.” So the people of Birmingham, feeling their majesty insulted by *a set of men* (and a very impudent set of men too), who audaciously attempted to persuade them that they were “ *all slaves and idolators*,” and to seduce them from their duty to god and their country, rose “ *to redress the grievance*.” And yet he complains ? Ah ! says he, but, my good townsmen,

“ ———— you mistake the matter :

“ For, in all scruples of this nature,

“ No man includes *himself* nor turns

“ the point upon his own concerns.”

And therefore he says to the people of Birmingham : “ You have been misled.” But had they suffered themselves to be misled by himself into an insurrection against the government ; had they burnt the churches, cut the throats of the clergy, and hung the magistrates, military officers and nobility to the lamp posts, would he not have said that they exercised a sacred right ? Nay, was not the very festival, which was the immediate cause of the riots, held expressly to celebrate scenes like these ? to celebrate the inglorious triumphs of a mob ? The fourteenth of July was a day marked with the

blood of the innocent, and eventually the destruction of an empire. The events of that day must strike horror to every heart except that of a deistical philosopher, and would brand with eternal infamy any other nation but France; which thanks to the benign influence of the Rights of Man, has made such a progress in ferociousness, murder, sacrilege, and every species of infamy, that the horrors of the fourteenth of July are already forgotten.

What we celebrate we must approve; and does not the man, who approved of the events of the fourteenth of July, blush to complain of the Birmingham riots? "Happily," says he to the people of Birmingham, "happily the minds of Englishmen have a horror for *murder*, and therefore you did not, I hope, think of that; though by your clamorous demanding me at the hotel, it is probable that, at that time, some of you intended me some personal injury." Yes, Sir, happily the minds of Englishmen have a horror for murder; but who will say that the minds of Englishmen, or English women either would have a horror for murder, if you had succeeded in overturning their religion and constitution, and introducing your Frenchified system of liberty? The French were acknowledged to be the most polite, gentle, compassionate and hospitable people in all Europe: what are they now? Let Lafayette, Brissot, Anacharsis Cloots, or Thomas Payne himself answer this question.

Let us see a little how mobs have acted under the famous government that the Doctor so much admires.

I shall not attempt a detail of the horrors committed by the cut-throat Jourdan and his associates in Provence, Avignon, Languedoc, and Rouffillon. Towns and villages sacked, gentlemen's seats and castles burnt, and their inhabitants massacred; magistrates insulted, beat, and imprisoned, sometimes killed; prisoners set at liberty to cut the throats of those they had already robbed. The exploits of this band of *patriots* would fill whole volumes. They reduced a great part of the inhabitants of the finest and most fertile country in the whole world, to a degree of misery and ruin that would never have been forgotten, had it not been so far eclipsed since, by the operation of what is, in "that devoted country," called the law. The amount of the damages sustained in property, was perhaps a hundred thousand times as great as that sustained by the Revolutionists at Birmingham. When repeated accounts of these murderous scenes were laid before the National Assembly, what was the consequence? what the redress? "We had our fears" said Monsieur Gentil, "for the prisoners of Avignon, and for the lives and property of the inhabitants of that unhappy country; but these fears are now changed into a certainty: the prisoners are released; the country seats are burnt, and" ----- Monsieur Gentil was called to order, and not suffered to proceed; after which these precious "Guardians of the Rights of Man" passed a censure on him, for having slandered the patriots. It is notorious that the chief of these cut-throats, Jourdan, has since produced his butcheries in Avignon as a proof of his *civism*, and that

he is now a distinguished character among the real friends of the Revolution.

Does the Doctor remember having heard any thing about the glorious achievements of the 10th of August, 1792? Has he ever made an estimate of the property destroyed in Paris on that and the following days? Let him compare the destruction that followed the steps of that mob, with the loss of his boasted apparatus; and when he has done this, let him tell us, if he can, where he would now be, if the government of England had treated him and friends, as the National Assembly did the sufferers in the riots of the 10th of August. But, perhaps, he looks upon the events of that day as a glorious victory, a new emancipation, and of course will say, that I degrade the *Heroes* in calling them a mob. I am not for disputing with him about a name; he may call them the heroes of the 10th of August, if he will: "The Heroes of the 14th of July," has always been understood to mean, *a gang of blood thirsty cannibals*, and I would by no means wish to withhold the title from those of the 10th of August.

Will the Doctor allow, that it was a mob that murdered the state prisoners from Orleans? or does he insist upon calling that massacre an *act of civism*, and the actors in it, the heroes of the 12th of September? But whether it was an act of civism, a massacre or a victory, or whatever it was, I cannot help giving it a place here, as I find it recorded by his countryman, Doctor Moore. "The mangled bodies," says he, "were lying in the street on the left hand as you go to the *Chateau* from Paris. Some of the lower sort of

“ the inhabitants of Versailles were looking on;
 “ the rest struck with terror, were shut up in their
 “ shops and houses. The body of the Duke of
 “ Brissac was pointed out, the head and one of
 “ the hands was cut off! a man stood near
 “ smoking tobacco, with his sword drawn, and
 “ a human hand stuck on the point! another
 “ fellow walked carelessly among the bodies
 “ with an entire arm of another of the prisoners
 “ fixed to the point of his sword! A waggon
 “ afterwards arrived, into which were thrown
 “ as many of the slaughtered bodies as the
 “ horses could draw! a boy of about fifteen
 “ years of age was in the waggon, assisting to
 “ receive the bodies as they were put in, and
 “ packing them in the most convenient manner,
 “ with an air of as much indifference as if they
 “ had been so many parcels of goods! One of
 “ the wretches who threw in the bodies, and
 “ who probably had assisted in the massacre,
 “ said to the spectators in praise of the boy’s ac-
 “ tivity; “ *See that little fellow there; how bold*
 “ *he is!* ”

“ The assassins of the prisoners were a party
 “ who came from Paris the preceding evening,
 “ most of them in post chaises, for that purpose,
 “ and who attacked those unhappy men while
 “ they remained in the street, waiting ’till the
 “ gate of the prison which was prepared for
 “ their reception, should be opened. The detach-
 “ ment which had guarded the prisoners from
 “ Orleans, stood shameful and passive spectators
 “ of the massacre,—The miserable prisoners be-
 “ ing all unarmed, and some of them fettered,
 “ could do nothing in their own defence: they

“ were most of them stabbed--and a few, who at-
 “ tempted resistance, were cut down with sabres.
 “ There never was a more barbarous and
 “ dastardly action performed in the face of the
 “ sun.—Gracious Heaven! Were those barbari-
 “ ties, which would disgrace savages, committed
 “ by Frenchmen! by that lively and ingenu-
 “ ous people, whose writings were so much ad-
 “ mired, whose society has been so much cour-
 “ ted, and whose manners have been so much
 “ imitated by all the neighbouring nations?—
 “ This atrocious deed, executed in the streets
 “ of Versailles, and the horrors committed in
 “ the prisons of Paris, will fix indelible stains
 “ on the character of the French nation. It is
 “ said those barbarities revolted the hearts of
 “ many of the citizens of Paris and Versailles,
 “ as much as they could those of the inhabitants
 “ of London or Windsor. It is also said that
 “ those massacres were not committed by the
 “ inhabitants of Paris or Versailles, but by a
 “ set of hired assassins.—But who hired those
 “ assassins? Who remained in shameful stupor
 “ and dastardly inactivity, while their laws
 “ were insulted, their prisons violated, and
 “ their fellow citizens butchered in the open
 “ streets? I do not believe, that from the
 “ wickedest gangs of highway-men, house-
 “ breakers, and pick-pockets, that infest Lon-
 “ don and the neighbourhood, men could be
 “ selected who could be bribed to murder in
 “ cold blood, such a number of their country-
 “ men!—and if they could, I am convinced
 “ that no degree of popular delusion they are ca-

“ pable of, no pretext, no motive whatever,
 “ could make the inhabitants of London or
 “ Windsor, or any town of Great Britain, suffer
 “ such dreadful executions to be performed
 “ within their walls.”

No ; I hope not : yet I do not know what might have been effected, by an introduction of the same system of anarchy, that has changed the airy amiable French into a set of the most ferocious inhuman blood-hounds, that ever disgraced the human shape.

From scenes like these, the mind turns for relief and consolation to the riot at Birmingham. That riot considered comparatively with what Doctor Priestley and his friends wished and attempted to stir up, was peace, harmony and gentleness. Has this man any reason to complain ? He will perhaps say, he did not approve of the French riots and massacres ; to which I shall answer, that he did approve of them. His public celebration of them was a convincing proof of this ; and if it were not, his sending his son to Paris, in the midst of them, to request the *honour* of becoming a French citizen, is a proof that certainly will not be disputed.* If then we

* Another “ hazarded assertion.” Let us hear the Doctor again. “ My second Son, who was present both at the riot, and the assizes, felt more indignation still, and willingly listened to a proposal to settle in France ; and there his reception was but too flattering.” It is useless to ascertain the time of this flattering reception, in order to prove that it was in the midst of massacres : for the revolution has been one continued scene of murder and rapine ; but, however, if the reader has an opportunity of examining the Paris papers, he will find that the ceremony took place within a very few days of the time when Jourdan filled the *Ice-house* at Avignon with mangled bodies.

take a view of the riots of which the doctor is an admirer, and of those of which he expresses his detestation, we must fear that he is very far from being that "*friend of human happiness,*" that the democratic society pretend to believe him. In short, in whatever light we view the Birmingham riots, we can see no object that excites our compassion, except the inhabitants of the Hundred and the unfortunate Rioters themselves.

The charge that the Doctor brings against his country is, that it has not *afforded him protection*. It ought to be remarked here, that there is a material difference between a government that does not at all times afford *sufficient protection*, and one that is *oppressive*. However, in his answer to the New-York addresses, he very politely acquiesces in the government and laws of England being oppressive also. Would he really prefer the proceedings of a *revolutionary Tribunal* to those of a court of justice in England? Does he envy the lot of his colleagues Manuel, Lacroix, Danton and Chabot? How would he look before a tribunal like that of the Princess de Lambelle, for example? When this much lamented unfortunate lady was dragged before the villains that sat in a kind of mock judgment on her, they were drinking *eau de vie*, to the damnation of those that lay dead before them. Their shirt sleeves were tucked up to their elbows their arms and hands, and even the goblets they were drinking out of, were besmeared with human blood! I much question if the assassin's stab, or even the last pang of death with all its concomitant bitterness, was

half so terrible as the blood-freezing fight of these hell-hounds. Yet this was a *court of justice*, under that constitution which “the friends of human happiness” wanted to impose on his countrymen! Paine in speaking of the English government, says exultingly, and as he fancies wittily: “they manage those things better in France.” I fancy, this boasting “representative of twenty four millions of free men” would now be glad to exchange his post of deputy for that of under shoe black to the meanest Laquay at the court of London! Would he not with joy exchange his *cachot* with the reversion of the guillotine into the bargain, for the darkest cell in that very Bastile, the destruction of which he has so triumphantly and heroically sung? His fate is a good hint to those who change countries every time they cross the sea. A man of all countries is a man of no country: and let all those citizens of the world remember, that he who has been a bad subject in his own country, though from some latent motive he may be well received in another, will never be either *trusted* or *respected*.

The Doctor and his fellow labourers who have lately emigrated to Botany Bay, have been continually crying out: “a reform of Parliament.” The same visionary delusion seems to have pervaded all reformers in all ages. They do not consider what *can* be done, but what they think ought to be done. They have no calculating principle to direct them to discover whether a reform will cost them more than it is worth or not. They do not sit down to count the cost; but, the object being, as they think, desirable, the

means are totally disregarded. If the French reformers had sit down to count the cost, I do not believe they were villains or ideots enough to have pursued their plan as they did. To save a tenth part of their income, they have given the whole, or rather it has been taken from them. To preserve the life of a person now and then unjustly condemned, they have drenched the country with the blood of the innocent. Even the Bastile, that terrible monument of tyranny, which has been painted in such frightful colours, contained but *two* state prisoners when it was forced by the mob; and the reformers to deliver these two prisoners, and to guard others from a like fate, have erected Bastiles in every town and in every street. Before the Revolution there were only *two* state prisoners; there are now above *two hundred thousand*. Do these people calculate? Certainly not. They will not take man as they find him, and govern him upon principles established by experience; they will have him to be "a faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," and wish to govern him according to a system that never was, or can be, brought into practice.

These waking dreams would be of no more consequence than those of the night, were they not generally pursued with an unjustifiable degree of obstinacy and intrigue, and even villainy; and did they not, being always adapted to flatter and inflame the lower orders of the people, often baffle every effort of legal power. Thus it happened in England in the reign of Charles the first; and thus has it happened in France. Some trifling innovation always paves the way

to the subversion of a government. The ax in the forest humbly besought a little piece of wood to make it a handle : the forest consisting of so many stately trees, could not, without manifest cruelty, refuse the “ humble ” request ; but, the handle once granted, the before-contemptible tool began to lay about it with so much violence, that in a little time not a tree nor even shrub was standing. That a parliamentary reform was the handle by which the English revolutionists intended to effect the destruction of the constitution needs not be insisted on ; at least if we believe their own repeated declarations. Paine and some others clearly expressed themselves on this head : the Doctor was more cautious while in England, but, safely arrived in his “ asylum,” he has been a little more undisguised. He says the troubles in Europe are the natural offspring of the “ *forms of government*” that exist there ; and that the abuses spring from the “ *artificial distinctions in society.*”—I must stop here a moment to remark on the impudence of this assertion. Is it not notorious that *changing* those forms of government, and *destroying* those distinctions in society, has introduced all the troubles in Europe ? Had the form of government in France continued what it had been for twelve or thirteen hundred years, would those troubles ever have had an existence. To hazard an assertion like this, a man must be an idiot, or he must think his readers so.—It was then the *form* of the English government, and those artificial distinctions ; that is to say, of king, prince, bishop, &c. that he wanted to destroy, in order to produce that “ *other system of liberty,*” which he had been

so long dreaming about. In his answer to the address of "the republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland, resident at New-York," he says: "the wisdom and happiness of republican governments, and the evils resulting from hereditary monarchial ones, cannot appear in a stronger light to you than they do to me;" and yet this same man pretended an inviolable attachment to the *hereditary monarchial government* of Great Britain! Says he, by way of vindicating the principles of his club to the people of Birmingham "the first toast that was drunk, was, *the king and constitution.*" What! does he make a merit in England of having *toasted* that which he abominates in America? Alas! Philosophers are but mere men!

It is clear that a parliamentary reform was not the object: an after game was intended, which the vigilance of government, and the natural good sense of the people happily prevented; and the Doctor, disappointed and chagrined, is come here to discharge his heart of the venom it has been long collecting against his country. He tells the Democratic society that he cannot promise to be a better subject of this government than he has been of that of Great Britain. Let us hope that he intends us an agreeable disappointment, if not, the sooner he emigrates back again the better.

System mongers are an unreasonable species of mortals: time, place, climate, nature itself must give way. They must have the same government in every quarter of the globe; when perhaps there are not two countries which can possibly admit of the same form of government, at

the same time. A thousand hidden causes, a thousand circumstances and unforeseen events conspire to the forming of a government. It is always done by little and little. When completed, it presents nothing like a *system*; nothing like a thing composed, and written in a book. It is curious to hear people cite the American government as the summit of human perfection while they decry the English; when it is absolutely nothing more than the government which the kings of England established here, with such little modifications as were necessary on account of the state of society and local circumstances. If then the Doctor is come here for a change of government and laws, he is the most disappointed of mortals. He will have the mortification to find in his "*asylum*" the same laws as those from which he has fled, the same upright manner of administering them, the same punishment of the oppressor and the same protection of the oppressed. In the courts of justice he will every day see precedents quoted from the English law-books; and (which to him may appear wonderful) we may venture to predict, that it will be very long before they will be supplanted by the bloody records of the revolutionary tribunal. Let him compare the governments of these states, and the measures they have pursued, with what has passed under the boasted constitution that he wished to introduce into England, and see if he can find one single instance of the most distant resemblance. In the abolition of negro slavery for example, the governments of the United States have not rushed headlong into the mad plan of the National Convention. With much more humane views; with a much more

sincere desire of seeing all mankind free and happy, they have, in spite of clubs and societies, proceeded with caution and justice. In short, they have adopted, as nearly as possible, considering circumstances and situation, the same measures as have been taken by the government which he abhors. He will have the further mortification to find, that the government here is not, any more than in England, influenced by the vociferations of fish-women, or by the *toasts* and *resolutions* of popular societies. He will, however, have one consolation, here as well as there, he will find, that the truly great, virtuous and incorruptible man at the head of government, is branded for an *Aristocrat*, by those noisy gentry.

Happiness being the end of all good government, that which produces the most is consequently the best; and comparison being the only method of determining the relative value of things, it is easy to see which is preferable, the tyranny which the French formerly enjoyed, or the liberty and equality they at present labour under. If the Doctor had come about a year sooner, he might have had the satisfaction of being not only an ear, but an eye-witness also, of some of the blessed effects of this celebrated revolution. He might then have been regaled with that sight, so delectable to a modern philosopher;—opulence reduced to misery.

The stale pretence, that the league against the French has been the cause of their inhuman conduct to each other, cannot, by the most perverse sophistry, be applied to the Island of St.

Domingo. That fine rich colony was ruined, its superb capital and villas reduced to ashes, one half of its inhabitants massacred, and the other half reduced to beggary, before an enemy ever appeared on the coast. No: it is that system of anarchy and blood that was celebrated at Birmingham on the 14th of July, 1791, that has been the cause of all this murder and devastation.

Nor let the Doctor pretend that this could not be foreseen. It was foreseen and foretold too, from the very moment a part of the Deputies to the States General were permitted to call themselves a national assembly. In proof of this, I could mention a dozen publications that came out under his own eye; but I shall content myself with giving a short extract from a speech in the British parliament, which is the more proper on this occasion, as it was delivered but a few weeks before the period of their riots. “The Americans,” said Mr. Burke, “have what was essentially necessary for freedom; they have the phlegm of the good tempered Englishmen—they were fitted for Republicans by a republican education. Their revolution was not brought about by base and degenerate crimes; nor did they overturn a government for the purposes of anarchy; but they raised a republic, as nearly representing the British government as it was possible. They did not run into the absurdity of France, and by seizing on the *rights of man*, declare that the nation was to govern the nation, and Prince

“ Prettyman to govern Prince Prettyman.*
 “ There are in Canada many of the ancient inha-
 “ bitants; will it be proper to give them the
 “ French constitution? In my opinion there
 “ is not a single circumstance that recommends
 “ the adoption of any part of it, for the whole
 “ is abominably bad—the production of folly
 “ not wisdom—of vice, not virtue; it contains
 “ nothing but extremes, as distant from each
 “ as the poles—the parts are in eternal oppo-
 “ sition to each other—it is founded on what
 “ is called the *rights* of man, but to my convic-
 “ tion it is founded on the *wrongs* of man, and
 “ I now hold in my hand an example of its ef-
 “ fects on the French colonies—Domingo,
 “ Guadaloupe, and the other French Islands,
 “ were rich, happy, and growing in strength
 “ and consequence in spite of the three last
 “ distressing wars, before they heard of the
 “ new doctrine of the rights of man; but these
 “ rights were no sooner arrived at the Islands,
 “ than any spectator would have imagined that
 “ Pandora’s box had been opened, and that Hell
 “ had yawned out discord, murder, and every
 “ mischief; for anarchy, confusion and blood-
 “ shed raged every where; it was a general
 “ summons for

* If this gentleman could see a *rant* published a few
 days ago, by *my old friends*, the New York Demo-
 cratic Society, he would find that we are improved;
 and that Prince Prettyman is to govern Prince
 Prettyman here as well as in France. “What” say they,
 “ shall preserve public liberty, but the wisdom of an en-
 “ lightened people? In every free state the sovereignty
 “ is vested in the people, and every individual is at once
 “ a legislator and a sovereign.”

“ Black spirits, and white,
 “ Blue spirits, and grey,
 “ Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 “ You that mingle may.”

“ When the assembly heard of these disorders,
 “ they ordered troops to quell them ; but it
 “ proves that the troops have joined the insur-
 “ gents, and murdered their commander. I
 “ look on the revolution with horror and detes-
 “ tation ; it is a revolution of consummate folly,
 “ formed and maintained by every vice.”

But perhaps the Doctor's intense studies ; “ his
 “ continual labours for the good of mankind,”
 might not leave him time to peruse the debates
 of parliament ; however, we may fairly pre-
 sume that he read the letters addressed to him-
 self ; and if so, he has read the following pas-
 sage, “ you think that a neighbouring nation
 “ is emancipated from tyranny, and that a com-
 “ pany of Englishmen may laudably express
 “ their joy on the occasion. Were your premi-
 “ ses true, I would allow your conclusion. But
 “ let us wait the event. Philosophers should
 “ not be too credulous, or form their determi-
 “ nations too rashly. It is very possible that
 “ all the magnificent schemes of your august
 “ diet in France may be succeeded by a ridicu-
 “ lous, a villainous, or a bloody catastrophe.”

Either he foresaw the consequences of the
 French Revolution or he did not foresee them :
 if he did not, he must confess that his penetra-
 tion was far inferior to that of his antagonists,
 and even to that of the multitude of his coun-
 trymen ; for they all foresaw them. If he did
 foresee them, he ought to blush at being called

the “ friend of human happiness ;” for, to foresee such dreadful calamities and to form a deliberate plan for bringing them upon his country he must have a disposition truly diabolical. If he did not foresee them, he must have an understanding little superior to that of an idiot ; if he did, he must have the heart of a *Marat*. Let him choose.

But it is pretty clear that he foresaw the consequences, or, at least, that he approves of them ; for, as I have observed above, he sent his son into France, in the very midst of the massacres, to request the honor of becoming a French citizen ; and in his answer to the addressers at New York, he takes good care to express his disapprobation of the war pursued by his country (which he calls an infatuation) because its manifest tendency is to destroy that hydra, that system of anarchy which is the primary cause. Besides, is not his emigration itself a convincing proof, that his opinion still remains the same ? If he found himself mistaken, he would confess his error ; at least tacitly, by a change of conduct. Has he done this ? No : the French revolution is his system, and sooner than not see it established, I much question if he would not with pleasure see the massacre of all the human race.

Even suppose his intended plan of improvement had been the best in the world instead of the worst : the people of England had certainly a right to reject it. He claims, as an indubitable right, the right of thinking for *others*, and yet he will not permit the people of England to think for *themselves*. Paine says : “ what a

whole nation *wills*, it has a right to *do*." Consequently, what a whole nation does *not will*, it has a right *not to do*. Rousseau says: "the majority of a people has a right to *force* the rest to be *free*;" but even the "insane Socrates of the national assembly" has never, in all his absurd reveries, had the folly to pretend, that a club of dissenting malcontents has a right to *force* a whole nation to be *free*. If the English chose to remain slaves, bigots, and idolators, as the Doctor calls them, that was no business of his: he had nothing to do with them. He should have let them alone; and perhaps in due time, the abuses of their government would have come to that "*natural termination*," which he trusts "will guard against future abuses." But, no, said the Doctor, I will reform you, — I will enlighten you, — I will will make you free. You shall not! say the people. But I will! says the Doctor. By —, say the people, you shall not! "And when Ahithopel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and banged himself, and died and was buried in the sepulchre of his father."

I now beg the reader's company in a slight review of the addresses, delivered to the Doctor by the several patriotic societies at New York.*

* I. An address from "the Democratic Society."

II. From the "Tammany Society."

III. From the "Associated Teachers."

III, From the "Republican Natives of Great Britain and Ireland."

These addresses, with the answers to them, having all appeared in the Gazetteer, it will be useless to give them at length here.

It is no more than justice to say of these addressees, in the lump, that they are distinguished for a certain barrenness of thought and vulgarity of style, which, were we not in possession of the Doctor's answers, might be thought inimitable. If the parties were less known, one might be tempted to think that the addressers were dull by concert; and that by way of retaliation, the Doctor was resolved to be as dull as they. At least, if this was their design, nobody will deny but they have succeeded to admiration.

“The governments of the old world,” say the Democratic Society, “are most of them now basely combined to prevent the establishment of liberty in France, and to effect the total destruction of the rights of man.”

What! The Rights of Man yet? I thought that *Liberty and Equality, the Rights of Man*, and all that kind of political cant, had long been discovered for the greatest Bore in nature. Are there people in this country, and people who pretend to possess a superior degree of sagacity too, who are dolts enough to talk about *French Liberty*, after what passes under their eyes every day? Is not every Frenchman in the United States, obliged to go to a justice of the peace, every two or three months, to have a certificate of residence? And must he not have this certificate sworn to and signed, by four inhabitants besides the magistrate? And must he not pay for this too? And if he fails in any part of this slavish ceremony, or goes into Canada or Florida, is he not marked out for the Guillotine? An Englishman may come when he will, stay as long as he pleases, go where he

will, and return when he will to his own country, without finding any law of proscription, or confiscation, issued against him or his property. Which has most liberty?

I thought no one would dun our ears with *French liberty*, after the decree which obliges every merchant, under pain of the Guillotine, to make a declaration of all his property in foreign countries, and to give up his right and title of such property to the convention; and not only to make a declaration of his own, but of his neighbour's property also, under the same penalty! It has long been customary to express a detestation of the tyranny and cruelty of the Inquisition: but the Inquisition, in the height of its severity, was never half so tyrannical as this decree. This is the boasted "gallic liberty." Let us hear their own definition of this liberty. "Liberty," says Barrere, in his report to the National Convention, on the 3d of January 1794, "Liberty, my dear fellow citizens, is a privileged and general creditor; not only has she a right to our *property* and *persons*, but to our *talents* and *courage*, and even to our *thoughts*!" Oh Liberty! What a metamorphosis hast thou undergone in the hands of these political jugglers!

If this be liberty, may God in his mercy continue me the most abject slave. If this be liberty, who will say that the English did not do well in rejecting the Doctor's plan for making them free? The Democrats of New York, accuse the allies of being combined to prevent the establishment of liberty in France, and to destroy the rights of man; when it is notorious that the

French themselves have banished the very idea of the thing from amongst them; that is to say, if they ever had an idea of it. Nay, the author of the *rights of man*, and the authoress of the *rights of women*, are at this moment starving in a dirty dungeon, not a hundred paces from the *sanctum sanctorum* of liberty and equality; and the poor unfortunate Goddess* herself is guillotined! So much for liberty and the rights of man.

The Tammany society comes forward in boasting of their "*venerable ancestors*," and, says the Doctor in his answer: "Happy would *our* "*venerable ancestors* have been to have "*found, &c.*" What! Were they the Doctor's ancestors too? I suppose he means in a figurative sense. But certainly, gentlemen, you made a *faux pas* in talking about your ancestors at all. It is always a tender subject, and ought to be particularly avoided by a body of men "who disdain the shackles of tradition."

You say that, in the United States, "there exists a sentiment of free and candid enquiry, which disdains the shackles of tradition, preparing a rich harvest of improvement and the glorious triumph of truth." Knowing the religious, or rather irreligious, principles of the person to whom this sentence was addressed, it is easy to divine its meaning. But, without

* Madame Hebert, who had the honor of representing this Deity, and who received for a considerable time, the adorations and incense of the devout Parisians, was guillotined not long ago. It is impossible to say for what she was executed, as the court by which she was tried do not waste their precious time in committing their proceedings to writing.

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to say, *Idoltrous Christians.*" Idoltrous Christians! It is the first time I believe these two words were ever joined together. Is this the language of a man who wanted only toleration, in a country where the established church, and the most part of the dissenters also, are professedly *trinitarians*? He will undoubtedly say that the people of this country are *idolators* too, for there is not one out of a hundred at most, who does not firmly believe in the doctrine of the Trinity.

Such a man complains of persecution with a very ill grace. But suppose he had been persecuted for a mere matter of opinion; it would be only receiving the measure he has meted to others. Has he not approved of the unmerciful persecution of the unfortunate and worthy part of the French clergy; men as far surpassing him in piety and utility as in suffering? They did not want to coin a new religion; they wanted only to be permitted to enjoy, without interruption, the one they had been educated in, and that they had sworn in the most solemn manner, to continue in to the end of their lives. The Doctor says in his address to the Methodists; "you will judge whether I have not reason and scripture on my side. You will at least be convinced that *I have so persuaded myself*; and you cannot but respect a real lover of truth, and *a desire to bring others into it*, even in the man who is unfortunately in an error." Does not this man blush at approving of the base, cowardly and bloody persecutions that have been carried on against a set of men, who erred, if they did err at all, from an excess of con-

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scientiousness? *He* talks of persecution, and puts on the mockery of woe: theirs has been persecution indeed. Robbed, dragged from their homes, or obliged to hide from the sight of man, in continual expectation of the assassin's stab; some transported, like common felons, for ever; and a much greater number butchered by those to whose happiness their lives had been devoted, and in that country that they loved too well to disgrace by their apostacy! How gladly would one of those unfortunate conscientious men have escaped to America, leaving fortune, friends and all behind him! And how different has been the fate of Doctor Priestley! Ah, Gentlemen! do not let us be deceived by false pretenders: the manner of his emigration is, of itself, a sufficient proof that the step was not necessary, to the enjoyment of "protection from violence."

You say, he has "long *disinterestedly* laboured for his country." 'Tis true he says so; but we must not believe him more disinterested than other reformers. If toleration had been all he wanted; if he had contented himself with the permission of spreading his doctrines, he would have found this in England, or in almost any other country, as well as here. The man that wants only to avoid persecution, does not make a noisy and fastidious display of his principles, or attack with unbridled indecency, the religion of the country in which he lives. He who avoids persecution is seldom persecuted.

"The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,

"Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,

every attempt to debase christianity, in whatever shape, and under whatever disguise it may appear.

In the address of “the republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland, resident at New York,” we find a very extraordinary passage indeed. But, before we say any thing about this address, it will not be amiss to say a word or two about the addressers. I believe one might venture to say, that there are but very few natives of Ireland among them; because, the emigrants from that country, being generally engaged in agricultural pursuits from their first arrival here, have not the time to form themselves into political societies: and the words “Great Britain” might probably have been supplied by *one word*. However, as the gentlemen have not thought this word worthy of a place in their address, I can by no means think of introducing it here. But let us see what they say of themselves: “After a *fruitless opposition* to a corrupt and tyrannical government, *many of us, like you,* fought freedom and protection in the United States of America. We look back on our native country with *pity and indignation*, at the outrages that humanity has sustained in the persons of the virtuous *Muir* and his patriotic associates.” We may then fairly suppose, that these “republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland” can be no other than the members of that renowned convention of which the “*virtuous Muir*,” who is now fortunately on his passage to Botany Bay, was president. The passage of their address, alluded to above, is as follows; “Participating in the many bles-

scientiousness? He talks of persecution, and puts on the mockery of woe: theirs has been persecution indeed. Robbed, dragged from their homes, or obliged to hide from the sight of man, in continual expectation of the assassin's stab; some transported, like common felons, for ever; and a much greater number butchered by those to whose happiness their lives had been devoted, and in that country that they loved too well to disgrace by their apostacy! How gladly would one of those unfortunate conscientious men have escaped to America, leaving fortune, friends and all behind him! And how different has been the fate of Doctor Priestley! Ah, Gentlemen! do not let us be deceived by false pretenders: the manner of his emigration is, of itself, a sufficient proof that the step was not necessary, to the enjoyment of "protection from violence."

You say, he has "long *disinterestedly* laboured for his country." 'Tis true he says so; but we must not believe him more *disinterested* than other reformers. If toleration had been all he wanted; if he had contented himself with the permission of spreading his doctrines, he would have found this in England, or in almost any other country, as well as here. The man that wants only to avoid persecution, does not make a noisy and fastidious display of his principles, or attack with unbridled indecency, the religion of the country in which he lives. He who avoids persecution is seldom persecuted.

" The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 " Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,

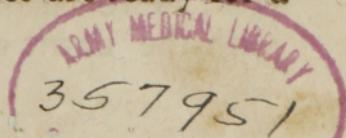
every attempt to debase christianity, in whatever shape, and under whatever disguise it may appear.

In the address of “the republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland, resident at New York,” we find a very extraordinary passage indeed. But, before we say any thing about this address, it will not be amiss to say a word or two about the addressers. I believe one might venture to say, that there are but very few natives of Ireland among them; because, the emigrants from that country, being generally engaged in agricultural pursuits from their first arrival here, have not the time to form themselves into political societies: and the words “Great Britain” might probably have been supplied by *one word*. However, as the gentlemen have not thought this word worthy of a place in their address, I can by no means think of introducing it here. But let us see what they say of themselves: “After a *fruitless opposition* to a corrupt and tyrannical government, *many of us, like you,* fought freedom and protection in the United States of America. We look back on our native country with *pity and indignation*, at the outrages that humanity has sustained in the persons of the virtuous *Muir* and his patriotic associates.” We may then fairly suppose, that these “republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland” can be no other than the members of that renowned convention of which the “*virtuous Muir*,” who is now fortunately on his passage to Botany Bay, was president.

The passage of their address, alluded to above, is as follows; “Participating in the many bles-

“ fings, which the government is calculated to
 “ infure, we are happy in giving it this proof of
 “ our respectful attachment. We are only *griev-*
 “ *ed*, that a fyftem of fuch beauty and excellence
 “ fhould be at all *tarnifhed* by the exiftence of
 “ *flavery in any form*; but, as friends to the
 “ equal rights of man, we muft be permitted
 “ to fay, that we wifh thefe rights extended to
 “ every human being, *be his complexion what it*
 “ *may*. We however look forward with pleaf-
 “ ing anticipation to *a yet more perfect ftate of*
 “ *fociety*; and from that love of liberty which
 “ forms fo diftinguifhed a trait in the American
 “ character, are taught to hope that this *laft*,
 “ *this worft difgrace to a free government*, will
 “ finally and for ever be done away.” So!

Thefe gentlemen are hardly landed in the United
 States before they begin to cavil againft the
 government, and to pant after a *more perfect*
ftate of Society! If they have already difcovered
 that the fyftem is *tarnifhed by the very laft and*
worft difgrace of a free government, what may we
 not reasonably expect from their future re-
 fearches? If they, with their virtuous Prefident,
 had been landed in the fouthern ftates, they
 might have lent a hand to finifh the great
 work, fo happily begun by citizens Santhonax
 and Polverel. They have caught the *itch* of
 addreffing, petitioning and remonftrating in
 their own country; let them feratch themfelves
 into a cure; but let them not attempt fpread-
 ing their diforder. They ought to remember,
 that they are come here “ to feek freedom and
 “ protection ” *for themfelves*, and not for others.
 When the people of thefe ftates are ready for a



total abolition of negro slavery, they will make a shift to see the propriety of adopting the measure without the assistance of these northern lights. In the mean time, as the convention cannot here enter on their legislative functions, they may amuse themselves with a fable written for their particular use.

THE POT-SHOP, A FABLE.

In a pot-shop well stocked with ware of all sorts, a discontented ill formed pitcher unluckily bore the sway. One day after the mortifying neglect of several customers, "gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to his brown brethren in general, "gentlemen, with your permission, we are a set of tame fools, without ambition, without courage: condemned to the vilest uses, we suffer all without murmuring. Let us dare to declare ourselves, and we shall soon see the difference. That superb ewer, which, like us, is but earth; those gilded jars, vases, china, and in short all those elegant nonsenses, whose colours and beauty have neither weight nor solidity, must yield to our strength and give place to our superior merit."

This civic harangue was received with peals of applause, and the pitcher (chosen president) became the organ of the assembly. Some, however, more moderate than the rest, attempted to calm the minds of the multitude. But all those which are called jordan or chamber pots, were become intractable. Eager to vie with the bowls and cups, they were impatient

almost to madness to quit their obscure abodes, to shine upon the table, kiss the lip and ornament the cup-board.

In vain did a wise water jug (some say it was a platter) make them a long and serious discourse upon the peacefulness of their vocation. Those," says he, "who are destined to great employments are rarely the most happy. We are all of the same clay, tis true; but he who made us, formed us for different functions. One is for ornament, another for use. The posts the least important are often the most necessary. Our employments are extremely different, and so are our talents."

This had a wonderful effect; the most stupid began to open their ears: perhaps it would have succeeded, if a grease pot had not cried out with a decisive tone: "You reason like an ass; to the devil with you and your silly lessons."

Now the scale was turned again: all the hord of jordans, pans and pitchers applauded the superior eloquence and reasoning of the grease pot. In short, they determined on the enterprise; but a dispute arose who should be chief: all would command and none obey. It was then you might have heard a clutter: pots, pans and pitchers, mugs, jugs and jordans, all put themselves in motion at once; and so wisely and with so much vigour were their operations conducted that the whole was soon changed—not into china, but *rubbish*.

Let us leave the application of this fable to those for whom it is intended, and come to the address of "the associated teachers in the city of New York."

From the profession of these gentlemen, one would have wished not to find them among the Doctor's addressers; and it will be for those who employ the "associated teachers" to judge, how far their approbation and praise of the writings of such a man, is a proof of their being calculated for "the arduous and *important* task of cultivating the human mind." * They very civilly invite the doctor to assist them to "*form the man*;" and, in his answer, he seems to hint that he may possibly accept the invitation. All I can say on this matter, is, if he should embrace this profession, I hope he will be exactly as successful in forming the man, as he has been in reforming him.

In the answer to the "associated Teachers," the Doctor observes, that, *classes* of men, as well "as *individuals*, are apt to form *too high* ideas of "their *own importance*." Never was a juster observation than this, and never was this observation more fully verified than in the parties themselves. The Doctor's self importance is sufficiently depicted in the quotation that I have given from his letter to the people of Birmingham; and as for the "associated teachers," how familiarly soever they may talk of "the

* I have been informed, that these *associated* brethren of the birch complain of my attacking them in the dark; but let them lay their hands to their hearts, and say, if they can, that I fight more unfair than they do, when they discharge their ill-humour on a poor little trembling wretch, whose pitiful look would soften the heart of a tiger. However, I cease the inglorious combat: I confess it is not fair to attack them with a pen. They know how to write with a rod only; and I dare say their answer to my observations on their address is still legible on the back-sides of their unfortunate pupils.

“intriguing politics and vitiating refinements of the European World,” I must say, I think, they know but little of what passes in that world; or they never would have larded with such extravagant eulogiums, productions, which, in general, have been long exploded.

With respect to the Doctor’s metaphysical reveries, or, in other words, his system of infidelity, I shall leave to himself the task of exposing that to the detestation of Americans, as it has long been to that of the English. * Of his scientific productions, I propose, in a little time, to give the public a short review; † meanwhile I refer the curious, reader to the publications of the royal society, of 1791 and 1792, and to Doctor Bewley’s treatise on air. He will there see his system of chemistry and natural philosophy detected, exposed and defeated; and the “celebrated philosopher” himself accused and convicted of plagiarism. § He will there find the key to the following sentence: “The patronage to be met with, in monarchical governments, is ever capricious, and as often employed to bear down merit as to promote it, having for its object, not science, or any thing useful to mankind, but the mere reputation of the patron, who is seldom any judge of science.” ‡ This is the language of every soured neglected author, from a sorry ballad

* He has made a pretty good beginning already, as we shall see by and by.

† The Doctor has saved me the trouble of doing this.

‡ Have a little patience, reader, and you shall be satisfied of this.

§ This was addressed to the Philosophical society at Philadelphia. We shall see all this unravelled by and by.

monger to a doctor with half a dozen initials at the end of his name.

As to his talents as a writer we have only to open our eyes to be convinced that they are far below mediocrity. His style is uncouth and superlatively diffuse. Always involved in *minutiæ*, every sentence is a string of parentheses, in finding the end of which, the reader is lucky if he does not lose the proposition they were meant to illustrate. In short, the whole of his phraseology is extremely disgusting; to which may be added, that even in point of grammar he is very often incorrect.

As a proof of what I have here asserted, I could give a thousand sentences from his writings; but I choose one or two from his answers to the addressers, as these pieces are in every body's hands; and, not to criticise unfairly, I shall take the first sentence I come at. It runs thus:

“ Viewing with the deepest concern, as you
 “ do, the prospect that is now exhibited in
 “ Europe, those troubles which are the natural
 “ offspring of their forms of government, ori-
 “ ginating indeed in the spirit of liberty, but
 “ gradually degenerating into tyrannies, equal-
 “ ly degrading to the rulers and the ruled, I
 “ rejoice in finding an assylum from persecu-
 “ tion in a country in which those abuses have
 “ come to a natural termination, and produced
 “ another system of liberty, founded on such
 “ wise principles, as I trust, will guard against
 “ all future abuses; those artificial distinctions
 “ in society, from which they sprung, being
 “ completely eradicated, that protection from

“ violence, which laws and government promise
 “ in all countries, but which I have not found
 “ in my own, I doubt not I shall find with you,
 “ though I cannot promise to be a better subject
 “ of this government, than my whole conduct
 “ will evince that I have been to that of Great
 “ Britain.”

This is neither the *style periodique*, nor the
style coupé, it is I presume the *style entortillé*: for
 one would certainly think that the author had
 racked his imagination to render what he had
 to say unintelligible. This sentence of monstrous
 length is cut afunder in the middle by a semico-
 lon, which, except that it serves the weary rea-
 der by way of half way house, might be placed
 in any other part of the sentence to, at least,
 equal advantage. In fact, this is not a sentence;
 it is a rigmarole ramble, that has neither be-
 ginning nor ending, and conveys to us no idea
 of any thing but the author's incapacity.

“ Viewing with the deepest concern as you
 “ do, the prospect that is now exhibited in Eu-
 “ rope, those *troubles* which are the natural off-
 “ spring of THEIR forms of government.” What,
 in the name of goodness, does this mean?—
Troubles is the only antecedent that can be found
 to *their*, and the necessary conclusion is, *troubles*
have their forms of government.

The doctor says, in his answer to the Tam-
 many society: “ Happy would our venerable
 “ ancestors, as you justly call them, *have been*,
 “ to *have found* America such a retreat to
 “ them.” It may perhaps be useful to the
 learned Doctor to know, that he ought to have

said “ Happily would our venerable ancestors,
 “ as you justly call them, have been, *to find*
 “ America, &c.”

I grant that there is great reason to believe,
 that the Doctor was resolved to be as dull as his
 addressers ; but I assert that it is impossible for a
 person accustomed to commit his thoughts to
 paper with the smallest degree of taste or cor-
 rectness, to fall into such gross solecisms, or to
 tack phrases together in such an awkward home,
 spun manner. In short, he cannot be fit for
 even the post of *castigator* ; and therefore it is
 to be hoped that the “ associated teachers” will
 not lessen their “ importance” by admitting
 him amongst them ; that is to say, except it be
 as a pupil.

There are many things that astonish us in the
 addresses, amongst which the *compassion* that the
 addressers express for that “ *infatuated*” and
 “ *devoted country,*” Great Britain, certainly is
 not the least.

The Democratic society, with a hatred against
 tyranny, that would have become the worthy
 nephew of Damien,* or the great Marat himself,
 say : “ The multiplied oppressions which cha-
 “ racterise that government, excite in us, the
 “ most painful sensations and exhibit a specta-
 “ cle as disgusting in itself as dishonorable to
 “ the British name.”

And what a tender affectionate concern do
 the sons of Tammany express for the poor dis-
 tressed unfortunate country of their “ venerable
 “ ancestors.” “ A country,” say they, “ al-

* Robespierre.

“ though now presenting a prospect frightful to
 “ the eye of humanity, yet *once* the nurse of
 “ sciences, of arts, of heroes, and of freemen, a
 “ country which although at present apparent-
 “ ly *devoted to destruction*, we *fondly* hope may
 “ yet *tread back the steps of infamy and ruin*, and
 “ *once more rise conspicuous among the free nations*
 “ of the earth.”

But of all the addressers none seem so zealous on this subject as “ the republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland.” “ While,” say they, “ we look back on our native country “ with emotions of pity and indignation, at the “ outrages human nature has sustained, in the “ persons of the virtuous *Muir* and his patriotic associates ; and deeply lament the fatal “ apathy into which our *countrymen* have fallen : “ we desire to be thankful to the great author “ of our being, that we are in America and “ that it has pleased him, in his wise providence, to make these United States an Asylum, not only from the immediate tyranny of “ the British government, but also from those “ impending calamities, which its increasing “ despotism, and multiplied iniquities, must “ infallibly bring down on a deluded and oppressed people.” What an enthusiastic warmth is here ! No solemn-league-and-covenant prayer, embellished with the nasal sweetness of the conventicle, was ever more affecting.

To all this the Doctor very pitiously echoes back “ sigh for sigh, and groan for groan ; and “ when the fountain of their eyes is dry, his “ supplies the place and weeps for both.”

There is something so pathetic, so irresistably moving in all this, that a man must have a hard heart indeed to read it, and not burst into laughter.

In speaking of Monarchies, it has often been lamented that the sovereign seldom, or never hears the truth; and much afraid I am, that this is equally applicable to democracies. What court sycophants are to a prince, demagogues are to a people; and the latter kind of parasites is by no means less dangerous than the former; perhaps more so, as being more ambitious and more numerous. God knows, there were too many of this description in America, before the arrival of Doctor Priestley; I can therefore see no reason for boastings and addressings on account of the acquisition.

Every one must observe, how the doctor has fallen at once into the track of those, who were already in possession of the honourable post. Finding a popular prejudice prevailing against his country, and not possessing that *patriæ caritas*, which is the characteristic of his countrymen, he has not been ashamed to attempt making his court by flattering that prejudice. I grant that a prejudice against this nation is not only excusable, but almost commendable in *Americans*; but the misfortune is, it exposes them to deception, and makes them the sport of every intriguing adventurer. Suppose it be the interest of Americans that Great Britain should be ruined and, even annihilated, in the present contest; it can never be their interest to believe that this desirable object is already nearly or quite accomplished, at a time when she is become more formidable than ever, in every quarter of

the globe. And with respect to the internal situation of that country, we ought not to suffer ourselves to be deceived by “gleanings from morning chronicles, or Dublin gazettes :” for, if we insist that newspaper report is the criterion by which we ought to judge of the governments, and the state of other countries, we must allow the same measure to foreigners with respect to our own country ; and then what must the people of England think of the government of the United States, upon reading a page or two from the slovenly pen of *Agricola*. “It is charitable,” says this democrat, “It is charitable to believe many who signed the constitution, never dreamed of the measures taking place, which alas ! we now experience. By this double government, we are involved in unnecessary burdens which *neither we nor our fathers* ever knew. Such a *monster of a government* has seldom ever been known on earth. We are obliged to maintain two governments, with their full number of officers from head to foot. Some of them receive such wages as never were heard of before in any government upon earth ; and all this bestowed on *Aristocrats* for doing next to nothing. A blessed revolution ! a blessed revolution indeed ! but farmers, mechanics and labourers have no share in it, we are the asses who must have the honor of paying them all without any adequate service. Now let the impartial judge whether our government taken collectively, answers the great end of *protecting our persons and property* ! Or whether it is not rather calculated to drain us of our money, and give it to men who have not

rendered adequate service for it. Had an
 inspired prophet told us the things which
 our eyes see, in the beginning of the revolu-
 tion, he might have met Jeremiah's fate; or
 if we had believed him, *not one in a thousand*
would have resisted Great Britain. Indeed, my
 countrymen, we are so loaded by our new
 governments, that we can have little heart to
 attempt to move under all our burdens; we
 have this consolation, when things come to
 the worst, there must be a change, and *we*
may rest satisfied, that either the federal or state
governments must fall."

If "gleanings" like these were published in
 England, would not the people naturally ex-
 claim: What! the boasted government of A-
 merica come to this already? The poor Ameri-
 cans are dreadfully tyrannized by the Aristo-
 crats! There will certainly be a *revolution* in
 America soon! They would be just as much
 mistaken as the people in this country are, when
 they talk of a revolution in England.

Neither ought we to look upon the emigra-
 tion of persons from England to this country as
 a proof of their being persecuted, and of the
 tyranny of the English government. It is paying
 America a very poor compliment, to suppose
 that nothing short of persecution, could bring
 settlers to its shores. This is besides the most
 unfortunate proof that could possibly be produ-
 ced by the advocates of the French Revolution:
 for if the emigration of a person to this country
 be a proof of a tyranny existing in that from
 which he comes, how superlatively tyrannical
 must the government in France be? But they
 say, those who emigrate from France are Aris-

ocrats : they are not persecuted ; they emigrate because they *bate a free country*. What ! do they really come to *America* because they *bate a free country* ? Did the governors of Martinico, &c. make a capitulation to be sent here, *to avoid going to a free country* ? The Democratic society will certainly oblige the world very much in explaining this enigma.

I am one of those, who wish to believe that foreigners come to this country from choice, and not from necessity. America opens a wide field for entreprize ; wages for all mechanics are better, and the means of subsistence proportionably cheaper than in Europe. This is what brings foreigners amongst us : they become citizens of America for the honest purposes of commerce, of turning their industry and talents to the best account, and of bettering their fortunes. By their exertions to enrich themselves, they enrich the state, lower the wages, and render the country less dependent upon others. The most numerous as well as the most useful are mechanics ; perhaps a cobbler with his hammer and awls, is a more valuable acquisition than a dozen philosophi-theologi-political empiricks with all their boasted apparatus.

Of all the English arrived in these States (since the war) no one was ever calculated to render them less service than Doctor Priestley ; and what is more, perhaps no one (before or since, or even in the war) ever intended to render them less : his preference to the American government is all affectation : his emigration was not voluntary : he staid in England till he saw no hopes of recovering a lost reputation ; and then, bursting with envy and resent-

ment, he fled into what the Tammany society very justly call "banishment," covered with the universal detestation of his countrymen.

Here ended the pamphlet in its original form, concluding with some of those assertions which were said to be the most "hazarded," and for the truth of which I am sorry I have no better voucher than the Doctor himself.

In the preface to his farewell sermon, preached to his disciples at Hackney, he says: "I hope
 " my friends, and the public, will indulge me
 " while I give the reasons of its being the last,
 " in consequence of my having at length, after
 " much hesitation, and *now with reluctance*, come
 " to a resolution to leave the kingdom." —
 " I cannot refrain from repeating that I leave
 " my country with *real regret*."

Was it a "hazarded assertion" then, to say that his preference to the American government was all affectation, and that his emigration was not voluntary?

"My friends," says he, "earnestly advised
 " me to disguise myself as I was going to London.
 " But all that was done in that way was taking
 " a place for me in the mail coach, which I
 " entered at Worcester, in another name than
 " my own. However, the friend who had the
 " courage to receive me in London, had thought
 " it necessary to provide a dress that should
 " disguise me, and also a method of making my
 " escape, in case the house should have been at-
 " tacked on my account; and for some time my
 " friends would not suffer me to appear in the
 " streets." — "The managers of one of the

“ principal charities among the dissenters ap-
 “ plied to me to preach their annual sermon,
 “ and I consented. But the treasurer, a man
 “ of fortune, was so alarmed at it, that he de-
 “ clared he could not sleep. I therefore, to his
 “ great relief, declined preaching at all.” —
 “ When the Hackney association was formed,
 “ several servants in the neighbourhood ac-
 “ tually removed their goods; and when there
 “ was some political meeting at the house of
 “ Mr. Breillat, though about two miles from
 “ my house, a woman whose daughter was ser-
 “ vant in the house contiguous to mine, came
 “ to her mistress, to entreat that she might be
 “ out of the way.” — “ On several occasions
 “ the neighbourhood has been greatly alarmed
 “ on account of my being so near them. I
 “ could name a person, and to appearance a
 “ reputable tradesman, who declared that, in
 “ case of any disturbance they would immedi-
 “ ately come to Hackney, evidently for the
 “ purpose of mischief. In this state of things,
 “ it is not to be wondered at, that, of many ser-
 “ vants who were recommended to me, and
 “ some that were actually hired, very few could,
 “ for a long time, be prevailed upon to live with
 “ me.” * — “ My eldest son was settled in a
 “ business, which promised to be very advan-
 “ tageous, at Manchester; but his partner,
 “ though a man of liberality himself, informed
 “ him, on perceiving the general prevalence of
 “ the spirit which produced the riots in Bir-
 “ mingham, that, owing to his relationship to

* Servants in England have a character to preserve, I suppose.

“ me, he was under the necessity of proposing a
 “ separation, which accordingly took place.”
 — “ Many times, I have been burnt in effigy
 “ along with Mr. Paine ; and numberless in-
 “ sulting and threatening letters have been sent
 “ to me from *all parts of the kingdom*” —
 “ Ill treated as I had been, not merely by the
 “ populace of Birmingham, but by *the country*
 “ *in general*, and afterwards by the *Representa-*
 “ *tives of the Nation*, * I own I was not without
 “ deliberating on the subject of emigration.”

Was it a “ hazarded assertion” then, to say
 that he fled into banishment, covered with the
 universal detestation of his countrymen?

But, though the above quotations most am-
 ply prove that he was detested by the whole
 nation, from the Peer to the Parish-Boy, and
 that he was a volunteer emigrant, about as
 much as one of the hurlers that our tarpawlings
 catch on the coast of Ireland, yet the real cause
 of his emigration remains to be explained.

While the Birmingham affair was fresh in the
 Doctor’s mind, he says that he had some thoughts
 of emigration ; but that, all things considered,
 he “ determined to stay in England, exposed as
 “ he was to every kind of obloquy and insult.”
 He therefore went to Hackney, to succeed his
 dear friend and fellow labourer of factious me-
 mory, Doctor Price. Here, as appears by his
 own words above quoted, the people disliked

* He might have made an exception or two here ; for,
 among the lords, he had for advocate the Earl of Stanhope,
 whom an English author very aptly compares to *Praise-*
God Bare-Bones ; and, among the commons, he had the
 immaculate Charles Fox. A single word of praise from
 men like these would blast the character of a Saint.

him so much, that he was obliged to remove to Clapton. At this place he found the peace and tranquillity he sought, and for that reason, says he, "I took a long lease of my house, and expended a considerable sum in improving it. I also determined, with the assistance of my friends, to resume my philosophical and other pursuits; and after an interruption amounting to about two years, it was with a pleasure that I cannot describe, that I entered my new laboratory, and began the most common preparatory processes, with a view to some *original enquiries*."

Here then we see him (in the month of August, 1793) in quiet possession of every thing he wanted to enjoy. What then could make him come off to America so soon after? If he had determined to stay, when exposed to every kind of obloquy and insult, what could make him fly away when no longer exposed to it? It must be allowed that the Doctor's passion for controversy and persecution is such as would excuse a belief that he grew angry with the people for letting him alone; but candour obliges me to confess that this was not the case in the present instance; for, he was going on very diligently with his processes and his "*original enquiries*." Yes, reader, it was these cursed "*original enquiries*" that did all the mischief. For, the Doctor being in the height of them, happened to fall upon a **WONDERFUL DISCOVERY**, which, though *erroneous* was not *original*. However, all would yet have been safe, if he had kept it within the walls of his laboratory; but his communicative temper would not permit him to do this, and the unfortu-

nate *wonderful discovery* made its public entry into the book-feller's shops on the 16th of November, 1793.

This brought him a "*New Year's Gift*" from Doctor Harrington, his old antagonist and his conqueror, as we shall see by the following extract from the gentleman's Magazine for May, 1794.

" Doctor Priestley, immediately after the
 " Birmingham riots might be supposed to have
 " real cause of alarm. But as his resolution
 " withstood the first fury of the flood, it
 " is rather extraordinary that he should now
 " all at once turn coward, and fly to America.
 " He must surely be greatly at a loss for solid
 " reasons, when he thinks it worth while to ad-
 " vance such trifling circumstances as the gos-
 " siping of his servant-maid with the neighbours,
 " or the foolish declaration of an individual
 " before one of his congregation. But, that
 " the Doctor was able to brave these dreadful
 " denunciations and the terrors of his maid,
 " appears from his venturing to take a long
 " lease of his house, expending a considerable
 " sum of money upon it, and accepting the
 " contributions of his friends towards another
 " apparatus, laboratory, &c. The Doctor, as
 " a prudent man, would certainly not have ex-
 " pended his money thus, had he not fully de-
 " termined again to remain in the kingdom."

" Then what, give me leave to ask, Mr.
 " Urban, can have so lately happened to make
 " him alter his resolution? As there appears to
 " be something which the Doctor is at pains

“ to conceal, it may be worth while to enquire
 “ what it is.”

“ Doctor Priestly, Sir, for many years, had
 “ been acquiring a very high degree of fame
 “ from his chemical and philosophical experi-
 “ ments. According to his own account, it
 “ was this great reputation which gave him so
 “ much consequence in the eyes of the French
 “ philosophers, and which sanctioned his other
 “ pursuits. On the 16th of November last, he
 “ published a pamphlet in a very boasting and
 “ exulting style, informing the world, that he
 “ had made a most important discovery, that
 “ water was formed of dephlogisticated and
 “ phlogisticated airs; the same airs, and the
 “ same proportions, which your correspondent
 “ Doctor Harrington observes, that the Hon-
 “ ourable Mr. Cavendish, from his mistaken ex-
 “ periments, considers as constituting the ni-
 “ trous acid. The absurdity of these opinions
 “ has been pointed out by Doctor Harrington
 “ in your Magazine for January and February
 “ last; in which it is most clearly and satisfacto-
 “ rily shown in what manner Doctor Priestley
 “ was mistaken: proving at the same time the
 “ real formation of the different airs, displaying
 “ the very great futility and the errors of our
 “ modern chemistry; and at the same time,
 “ bringing the very heavy charge of plagiarism
 “ upon Doctor Priestley.” *

“ As Doctor Priestley, in this last pamphlet,
 “ announced his intentions of publishing again
 “ very soon, having materials for another by

* See the *New Year's Gift*, to Dr. Priestley. Gentlemen's Magazine, for Jan. and Feb. 1794.

“ him, expressing apprehensions lest any per-
 “ son should interfere with him in these experi-
 “ ments, I expected every day to hear of the
 “ Doctor’s vindicating himself and his opinions,
 “ answering the charges of Doctor Harrington,
 “ or acknowledging his philosophical mistakes.
 “ Instead of which, to my very great surprize,
 “ I am informed he is stealing off to America ;
 “ thus leaving his antagonist master of the
 “ field, and only saying that the world may hear
 “ of him again in his chemical pursuits. This
 “ is certainly very different from what he gave
 “ us reason to expect, when he announced to
 “ the world, in his ostentatious pamphlet, that
 “ we might expect to hear regularly from him.
 “ But I think, you will agree with me, that
 “ he has totally fled from his aërial chemistry,
 “ and, what is the most awkward and extraor-
 “ dinary thing of all, without one word of de-
 “ fence from the charges of philosophical pla-
 “ giarism.”

“ It was not till Doctor Priestley received the
 “ New Year’s Gift of your January and Fe-
 “ bruary Magazine, that he was in earnest a-
 “ bout America. And, I am informed, that
 “ he was so much afraid that he should receive
 “ another from the same valuable work, that he
 “ got on board the ship the very evening before
 “ the Magazine for the month of March made
 “ its appearance, although the ship was not like-
 “ ly to sail immediately.”

Was it a “ hazarded assertion ” then, to say
 that the great philosopher was accused and con-
 victed of plagiarism, and that he staid in En-
 gland till he saw no hopes of recovering a lost
 reputation ?

It has been already observed, that the Doctor merited the universal odium he laboured under in England, and we find nothing in his justificatory preface to his farewell sermon (which was re-published at Philadelphia as an indirect answer to the first edition of this pamphlet) that ought to induce us to reject this opinion. For it certainly will not be pretended that his being hated by King, Lords and Commons, by high and low, rich and poor, churchmen and dissenters, proves him to be an innocent inoffensive man: on the contrary, if that trivial and favourite republican maxim, "the voice of the people is the voice of God," be founded in truth, then does the Doctor stand condemned by God as well as man.

But let us hear a little of what he says in his vindication.

After stating that he had been unjustly charged with being a seditious, factious politician, he says; "let any one only cast his eyes over the long list of my publications, and he will see that they relate almost wholly to *theology*, &c." And he has taken care to publish this list at Philadelphia, amounting to *seventy five* different works. Yes, "by thy works shalt thou be judged," but not by the *number* of them.

He tells us he hardly ever meddled with *politics*, and in the very next paragraph, acknowledges that he wrote a small anonymous pamphlet (when he was a younger man) in favour of *Wilkes and Liberty*. Mr. Wilkes has had the good sense to retract most of the wild notions that the Doctor wrote to defend, and happy would it have been for the latter if he had profited from age, and

from the example of his patron. Mr. Wilkes is now a determined champion of that constitution that the Doctor wanted to destroy, and accordingly, he occupies one of the first offices in the first city in the world, while Doctor Priestley is a very insignificant settler, in a town consisting of a couple of hundred of wooden houses.

Another work he wrote, addressed to the dissenters, on the subject of the approaching war with America; which he says was *distributed in great numbers by his friends, and not without effect.* The subject of this work, and the good it was intended to do *his country* are easily conceived, as he tells us it was written at the *request of Doctor Franklin*—He does not tell us whether he was paid in sterling or continental money for this work.

On this occasion the reader will please to bear in mind, that I am not pretending that *we* ought to dislike Doctor Priestley; for he is certainly as much entitled to our gratitude and esteem as Arnold was to that of the British.

After this he says he meddled no more with *politics*; “except as far as the business of the *Test Act*, and all *civil establishments of religion*, had a concern with politics.”* And yet he was *no factious politician!*

* This is the great stumbling block of the English Dissenters. What can there be in this *Test Act*, that makes them so unhappy? Why, it prevents them from obtaining—not the *kingdom of heaven*, but *lucrative employments*. Is it not amazing, that people, who are so very godly that they cannot conform to the established religion of the country, should trouble themselves about places and pensions? They are continually telling us that their kingdom is not of

Boasting of his intimate connexion with Doctors Price and Franklin is a drole way of proving the peaceableness of his disposition, and his attachment to his country. With full as much reason might he boast of being a relation of *Jenny Cameron* or *Guy Fawkes*.

Franklin, Price and Priestley ! A precious trio ! well worthy of each other. Methinks I see them now in one of their dark consultations, like the three Weird Sisters round their cauldron, brewing

“ Double, double, toil and trouble ;

“ Fire burn and cauldron bubble.”

As for Benjamin Franklin, Esqr. and Soap Boiler, his character for *peaceableness* is as well known as his character for *gratitude* and *integrity* ; and most people knows that the “ political divine, ” Price, spent the greatest part of a too long life in endeavouring to blow up the flames of rebellion in England. He was one of the principal projectors of the famous college of dissenting Jesuits at Hackney ; from whence were to come the Titus Oateses of an Unitarian Plot. *

this world, and yet they want to reign. I think, however, it would be but right to grant them what Helvetius was willing to grant the Priests ; every thing *above* the tops of the houses.

* When this pious old Apostle of discord heard of the triumphs of the Paris mob, and of the bloody scenes that ensued, he exclaimed : “ Lord now let thy servant depart “ in peace for mine eyes have seen thy *salvation* ”. Pretty *salvation* truly. According to my ideas of *damnation*, the scenes that have taken place in France since the Revolution,

It is pretty clear that the preface, to which I have been so often obliged, was intended more to procure the Doctor a favourable reception *here*, than to reconcile him to his countrymen; and, in this respect, the thing was prudent, though the publishing of it in England was certainly a trait of insolence, unparalleled even in the annals of Unitarianism. It was courting a kick on the breech by way of farewell salute; but even in this he was disappointed, and was as last obliged to come off without or even so much as a box on the ear, to afford an excuse for his whining, and for the milk-sop sighs of the New-York Societies.

I have heard many grave people, and by no means anarchists, express a sorrow for the ill usage Doctor Priestley received in England. But *how* was he ill used?—He was threatned;—people would not let him into their houses;—servants would not live with him;—a farmer would not learn his son husbandry;—a mechanic turned another son out of his partnership;—Doctor Horsly would not subscribe to his antichristian theology, nor Doctor Harrington to his aerial chemistry. Well, and what then? Do we call this ill usage? Grant me patience! have not the people of England a right to like and dislike whom they please, as well as the people of America?

If, as I have already observed, he had fallen into the hands of a French mob—but stop; we have no occasion to cross the sea. If he had resemble it as much as any think on earth can do. I am sure there has been a continual “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth”.

fallen into the hands of an American mob, how would he have fared? Let us see.

“ About twelve persons, armed and painted black, in the night of the 10th of June, broke into the house of *John Lynn*, where the office was kept, and after having seduced him to come down stairs, and put himself in their power, they seized him, threatened to hang him, took him to a retired spot in the neighbouring wood; and there, after cutting off his hair, tarring and feathering him, swore him never again to allow the use of his house for an excise office: having done which, they bound him naked to a tree, and left him in that situation till morning. Not content with this, the malcontents, some days after, made him another visit; pulled down part of his house, and put him in a situation to be obliged to become an exile from his home, and to find an *asylum* elsewhere.”

This is no “hazarded assertion,” at any rate; unless Mr. Hamilton hazarded it; for it is taken from his report to the President of the United States.

This mob stopped the mail, cut open the bags, and took out the letters. This mob *killed* several persons, took others prisoner, and used the *Marshall* in particular extremely cruelly: they even went so far as to present their pieces at him with every appearance of an intention to assassinate. And yet neither the *Marshall* nor *Lynn* has ever had any thoughts of *emigrating*.

Has any thing of this kind ever happened to Doctor Priestley? Has the weight of a single

finger, ever been laid upon him, or any of his family? "You have," say the addressers at New-York, "fled from the rude arm of violence, from the *rod* of lawless power:— We have learned with regret and indignation the abandoned proceedings of those spoilers who destroyed your house and goods, ruined your philosophical apparatus and library, committed to the flames your manuscripts, pryed into the secrets of your private papers, and in their *barbarian fury* put your life itself in *danger*.— We enter, Sir, with emotion and sympathy into the numerous sacrifices you must have made, to an undertaking which so eminently exhibits our country, as an asylum for the persecuted and oppressed." All this was extremely apropos in the midst of the Western insurrection. If it was "*barbarian fury*" to put *life in danger*, what was it to *take life away*? The people over the mountains seem to have revolted on purpose to make these addressers a laughing stock. Are they not ashamed to have made a canting sympathetic address to a stranger, whose sufferings, if real, they knew nothing about, while they have borne with a more than stoic firmness, and *without a single address*, the well known sufferings of their own countrymen? They want the Pittsburg affair forgotten; why then do they want to perpetuate the memory of the Birmingham riots? "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."

The Doctor complains again in his preface, of partiality in the courts of justice; and says,

“ I am not unaffected by the unexampled pu-
 “ nishments of Mr. *Muir* and my friend Mr.
 “ *Palmer*, for offences, which, if, in the eye of
 “ reason, they be any at all, are slight, and *very*
 “ *insufficiently proved*. But the sentence of Mr.
 “ *Winterbotham*, for delivering from the pulpit
 “ *what I am persuaded he never did deliver*, and
 “ which, similar evidence might have drawn
 “ down on myself, has some thing in it still
 “ more alarming.” Aye, aye, very alarming,
 without doubt, but nothing like Doctor Har-
 rinton’s New years gift.

This is another pretty bold trait of modesty
 and moderation. Here are three courts of ju-
 stice, three grand and three petty juries all con-
 demned in the lump. If what the Doctor says
 be true, then were the English all become a nest
 of scoundrels and purgerers, except his innocent
 self, his three sons, and his worthy *friends* the
 Botany-Bay Convicts; but, if what he says be
 not true, what did he deserve at the hands of
 the English, for thus aiming a stab at their
 reputation?

There are some among us, who pretend
 to have a belief in this partial justice in Great
 Britain; and the hobgoblin accounts of it have
 been noised about these states, in a style that
 would have sounded well from the top of a
 chimney or, at the bar of a brothel; but,
 unfortunately for our political vultures, the trial
 of *Hardy* has undeceived every one that is capa-
 ble of thinking.

When the account of this trial first arrived,

it caused nearly as great joy, among some people, as did the “*taking of Amsterdam*” or the sending of “*the Duke of York to Paris in an iron cage* ;” in fact, it was almost of festivic consequence. But this was soon perceived to be an egregious blunder. People began to reflect. What, said they, there is some justice left in England then? The nation is not become “*one insular Bastille*?”

What a chance would poor *Hardy* have stood before the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris or Bordeaux? Would he have had *eight days* trial? Would he have had *eight minutes*? Would the *sans-culotte* populace have carried him home amidst acclamations? No; unless it had been to his last home. It appears that Messrs. Erskine and Gibbs have received great and deserved applause for their able defence of an innocent man, and that the government has not touched a hair of their heads. — Where is Monsieur *De Malsherbe*, the generous *De Malsherbe*, who stepped forth at the age of 75 to defend his innocent and deserted Sovereign? — Where is he? — Numbered with the dead! Gone to the receptacle of all that was estimable in France! — Neither his admired talents, his long and eminent services, his generous fidelity, his gray hairs, nor his spotless life, could save him from the fury of those regenerated ruffians whom Doctor Priestley does not blush to call his “*dear fellow citizens*.” *

Every man that is condemned in England, whether it be by the public voice or by a court of

* Monfr. De Seze, the second counsel of Louis XVI, saved his life by flight.

justice, is sure, according to some people, to be vilely treated. — The people are slaves; — the jury was packed. — But how would this measure suit if meted to ourselves? A fellow, who was hanged here the other day, told the crowd, just as he was going off, that he had no doubt but the greatest part of them merited the same fate. * This “farewell sermon” was full as modest as Doctor Priestley’s; but if the English were to pretend to believe that the majority of us deserve the halter, should we not call them a set of narrow-souled, ill-natured, envious wretches? Certainly we should, and with a great deal of justice too.

I should here put an end to my observations, flattering myself that the whole business of the Doctor’s emigration has been set in a pretty fair light; but, as he has lately published something, which he calls an *Answer to Paine’s Age of Reason*, and, as he there attempts to wipe off the charge of *deism*, I look upon myself as called upon to say a word or two in reply.

This *Answer* consists of a number of letters, addressed to the *philosophers* in France, and to a *philosophical* unbeliever. In the preface, the Doctor says: “The more I attend to this subject, the more sensible I am that no defence of christianity can be of any avail ’till it be freed from the many *corruptions* and abuses which have *hitherto* encumbered it.” Among these *corruptions* he numbers, *atonement*, *incarnation* and the *trinity*; and, says he: “The *explication* of these *corruptions* I therefore think to be

* See the American Daily Advertiser.

“ the most essential preliminary to the defence
 “ of christianity, and consequently I shall omit
 “ no fair opportunity of reprobating them in
 “ the strongest terms, to whatever odium I
 “ may expose myself.” He has been as good
 as his word ; for, the whole piece appears to be
 an attack on the doctrine of the *trinity* rather
 than an *Answer* to Paine. *

He begins the first letter with telling us, that
 he has, “ read with pleasure, and even with en-
 “ thusiasm, the *admirable* report of Robespierre
 “ on the subject of morals and religion.” Now,
 it is well known, that this report contained a reg-
 ular plan for establishing a *deistical* worship in
 France ; and it is also well known, that Paine
 wrote his book to flatter Robespierre, and by that
 means to procure his own discharge from pris-
 son. How comes it then that the Doctor should
admire the principles of the one, and pretend to
answer those of the other ?

He very artfully cries off all acquaintance
 with Voltaire, Rousseau and Gibbon ; but
 he knows they are in a place whence they
 cannot answer him. However, Gibbon left him
 a letter that he ought not to have forgotten so

* If the reader looks over the first and second chapters of
 the Gospel according to St. Matthew, he will see every
 thing that is necessary to confirm him in the doctrines that
 Doctor Priestley thinks it his duty to *reprobate in the strong-
 est terms*. But the Doctor gets rid of this proof, which he
 knows to be in every one's hands, by telling us that those
 two chapters are “ spurious ;” that is to say, *false*. This is
 a knock-me-down argument. He will certainly tell us that
 the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John is “ spurious”
 also ; and thus he may go on, till he leaves us but just en-
 ough text to make up an Unitarian Creed.

soon.—The Doctor, having no *wonderful discovery* upon his hands, wrote to Mr. Gibbon, not long before the death of the latter, challenging him to the combat. This Mr. Gibbon very politely declined, by saying, that he could never bring himself to dispute with a person from whose writings he had in a great measure imbibed his principles; adding, that if the Doctor was really become a convert to christianity since he had received the last answer from Doctor Horsley, he thought, the propable remainder of his life was by no means too long to repair the injury the former part of it had done; and therefore, advised him not to lose his time in vain and unprofitable dispute. If the Doctor had followed this salutary advice, we should have been spared the pain of seeing an old man turned of sixty amusing, himself and the world with a sham answer to the wild incoherent blasphemy of a poor unhappy wretch, whom disappointment and hunger had driven to despair, and who would have turned Turk, Jew, or even Eunuch, for an extraordinary biscuit or a bundle of straw.*

The Doctor boasts of his having been elected a Deputy to the National Convention, and styles himself their “*highly honored fellow citizen.*” It is subject both of wonder and regret, that he did not prefer France to America; he was pressed to go there, which he never was to come here; there he could have done no harm, here he may. If he had went to his adopted country, and accompanied his colleague,

*When we reflect on the degradation of this quondam Legislator, it is some consolation that he is an Englishman.

Paine, in his legislative career, he might have had an opportunity of *answering* him by word of mouth. The bottom of a dungeon would have been a very fit place for them to debate, like Milton's fallen Angels, on the surest means of sowing discord among mankind, and seducing them from their Maker.

One observation more on this *answer* to Paine, and I dismiss it for ever.

The zealous *answerer* boasts of his freedom as an *American* at the same time that he calls himself a *citizen of France* and a Fellow of the *Royal* society of London! This is being literally, "all things to all men." With the English he is a *Royalist*, with the Americans, a *Republican*, and with the French, a *Carmagnole*. Thus the triple Goddess (under whose influence, Doctor Harrington swears, he acts) is called *Luna* in heaven, *Diana* on earth, and *Hecate* in Hell.

Before I bid the Doctor adieu, I should be glad to ask him how he finds himself in his "*asylum*." It is said, he has declared that the duplicity of our Land-Jobbers is more to be feared than the outrages of a Birmingham Mob; and, indeed, if all his complaints had had the same appearance of being well founded, the public would never have been troubled with these observations; for, there is little doubt of his having been most cruelly fleeced. This honest profession, vulgarly called land-jobbing, a member of Congress very justly styled "swindling upon a broad scale;" it is, in fact, a South-Sea bubble upon *terra firma*, as hundreds and thousands of ruined foreigners, besides Doctor Priestley, can testify.

It is to be hoped that the Doctor's anger against his country is by this time nearly assuaged: dear bought experience has at last taught him, that an Utopia never existed any where but in a delirious brain. He thought, like too many others, to find America a Terrestrial Paradise; a Land of Canaan, where he would have nothing to do, but open his mouth and swallow the milk and honey: but, alas! he is now convinced, I believe, that those who cultivate the fertile Lefowes of Warwickshire,

“ Where all around the gentlest breezes play
 “ Where gentle music melts on every spray,

have little reason to envy him his rocks and his swamps, the music of his bull frogs and the stings of his musquitos.

In the preface, so often mentioned, the Doctor expresses a desire of one day returning to “ the land that gave him birth; ” and, no offence to the New-York addressers, I think we ought to wish that this desire may be very soon accomplished. He is a bird of passage that has visited us, only to avoid the rigour of an inclement season: when the re-animating sunshine of revolution shall burst forth on his native clime, we may hope to see him prune his wings, and take his flight from the dreary banks of the Susquehannah to those of the Thames or the Avon.

SHOR T BUT COMP R E H E N S I V E
A F A R M E R S ' R E P E R T O R Y

THE COPY RIGHT SECURED ACCCORDING TO LAW.

A CERTAIN FARMER, WHO HAD
to pass through a large field, the way to
Meeting-house, met with a fine old cow, the
old bull, lying down in his stall, and basking in
the sun-beams. This bull was at times the tallest
creature in the world; he would utter the
curious yell at him, the farmer, and
even some of the malicious fellows to pull
him by the horns. He was at the very moment
in one of his gentlest humours, remaining
upon his feet and pining down of height; con-
templating the neighbouring dairy and the
farm-yard, where the white cows had all their
days diltended till they were nearly running
over; the calves, and the pigs, and the poultry,
were sitting, and grunting, and cawing on ev-

T H E
SHORT BUT COMPREHENSIVE
S T O R Y
O F
A FARMER'S BULL.

A CERTAIN troublesome fellow, who turned his back upon the church, having occasion to pass through a large farm-yard in his way to Meeting-house, met with a fine majestic venerable old Bull, lying down at his ease, and basking in the sun-shine. This Bull was at times the tamest creature in the world; he would suffer the curs to yelp at him, the flies to tease him, and even some of the mischievous fellows to pull him by the horns. He was at this very moment in one of his gentlest humours; ruminating upon past and present scenes of delight; contemplating the neighbouring dairy and the farm-yard, where the milch cows had all their bags distended till they were nearly running over; the calves, and the pigs, and the poultry, were frisking, and grunting, and crowing on ev-

ery dung-hill ; the granaries were full, and the barns ready to burst : there were, besides, many a goodly rick of wheat, and barley, and oats, and pease, and beans, and hay, and ryegrass and clover. The dairy was full of curds, and cream, and butter, and cheese of every kind. To be sure, there was plenty for the master and his family, and all the servants, and every body belonging to the farm. Nay, those that were poor and needy, and idle, and lazy, and sick, and proud, and saucy, and old, and infirm, and silly, were freely supplied : and even this troublesome fellow himself, notwithstanding he had long since quarrelled with the head-farmer and all his best friends, and an old grudge was still subsisting betwixt them, yet, upon making at any time a solemn promise to do no mischief, had free ingress, egress, and regress, into every part of the farm and the dairy, and was at liberty to help himself wherever he liked. In short he was allowed to do any thing but *skim the cream* and set *his own mark upon the butter*.

Now, because the bull had happened to place himself across his favourite foot-path, although there was plenty of room to the right and to the left, nothing would satisfy this impudent fellow, but he must kick *Old John*, for that was the Bull's name, out of his way : and all the world agrees that *John* suffered him to kick a long while, before he shewed the least inclination to rise and resent the affront. At last, however he got upon his legs, and began to look round him, but still it was a look of contempt only, which the foolish fellow mistook for the marks of fear ;

and now, growing bolder and bolder, and hallooing the curs, and calling all his comrades to prick and goad him in the tenderest parts of his body, the Bull began to threaten and roar; — this was on the 14th of July, one of the hottest days in the summer, when some body threw a fiery stick under his tail, at the very moment that a parcel of impudent half witted fellows were trying to flourish a French flambeau (lighted and blazing at both ends) full in his face. — No wonder that the Bull should set off with a vengeance into the street: — down went the gingerbread-stalls, and the hard-ware shops, the buckle menders and the razor-grinders, and the dagger-makers: he even got into private houses, and in one place threw down whole baskets full of bottles and chemical glasses, crucibles and gun-barrels; — smash went all the jars of inflammable air, which instantly took fire, and spread all over the place; every thing went to rack and ruin; nothing was safe; even the religious houses themselves, where nothing had ever been heard but the most pious exhortations (like those of Doctor Vicessimus Knox), to peace and harmony, and obedience to the governing powers. In short, nothing could pacify, or put a stop to, the fury of this poor enraged animal, till his honest master the farmer, as quiet and as good a kind of church-going man as ever lived in the world, father of a large family, hearing of the rumpus, sent a number of his best and steadiest old servants to muzzle the beast, which had already tossed the fellow with the fiery stick over the tops of the houses, and gored him in fifty different places. It was next to a miracle that

he escaped with his life; and every body thought he had reason to be thankful that he got off so well as he did; but no sooner did he find himself safe in a *Hackney-coach*, than, to the astonishment of all the world, he began to *preach* up his innocence and to lodge a complaint against poor *Old John*, who, in the end, suffered a great deal more than himself. Some silly people pitied him; some laughed at him; others again were wicked enough to wish him at the devil: — even his best friends were ashamed of him; and although they, one and all, defended him as much as they could in public, there was a confounded deal of muttering and grumbling in private. “I thought what it would come to,” said one; “a pretty method of driving a mad Bull through the church-pales,” said another.

But, to go on with my story; no sooner was the Bull fairly muzzled, and properly confined, than the friends and neighbours on both sides were called in, to enquire into the whole affair; but there were so many contradictory stories, that it was impossible to come at the truth, how it happened, or who had first provoked him; but since it was plain to every body that *Old John* did the mischief, and as he was proved to be the *Town Bull*, it was at last settled that the parish should pay all the damages, for not keeping him in better order.

And here again was fresh matter for discontent: some thought it hard to pay for all the inflammable air, which had done full as much mischief as the Bull. Others again objected to a monstrous out-of-the-way heavy demand for a large quantity (several reams) of fools-cap pa-

per, which had been scribbled upon and spoiled long before the affair happened. Indeed, in the opinion of some sensible persons, it was fit for nothing but kindling the fire.

But the strangest part of the story remains to be told ; for when this bustle was all over and settled, and every body thought the perverse fellow was going to take to his church, and get his living in an honest way, what did he do but set to work bottling up his own f-rts, and selling them for superfine inflammable air, and what's still worse, had the impudence to want a patent for the *discovery* ; and, indeed, a good many people were deceived for a long time ; but, they say, two of a tradecan never agree, and so it happened here ; for a brother trade one day caught him at his dirty tricks and exposed him to the whole parish. After this all the neighbours cried shame on him : the women laughed, the girls they tittered, even the little boys pointed at him and made game of him as he went along the street. In short, one dark night when all the neighbourhood was quiet and every body fast asleep, up he got and sat off into into the next parish, bag and baggage.

Here he trumped up a terrible story, pretended to be frightened to death, and swore and d——d his soul if the Bull was not just at his heels. The good folks (who, by the by, had a monstrous grudge against *Old John*) believed him at once : and now there was the devil to do again ; the women screamed and fell into fits ; out run the men and boys with broomsticks and pitchforks and scalping knives to kill the Bull : but it was all a sham, for poor *Old John* was quiet at home, grazing in the meadow, up to

his eyes in clover, and blue-bells, and daffodils, and cows-lips, and primroses, as contented as a lamb, and neither thinking nor caring any more about the fellow with the fiery stick than about one of the flies that he was brushing off with his tail.

But the worst of all is to come yet; for while these silly people were running about and making a hue and cry against *Old John*, their own *Bull* (a thirsty beast that they had penned up in a barren lot, without any pond or watering-place) broke loose, and did ten times more mischief than *John* had ever done. This made a fine laugh all round the country; every body said it served them just right; and so be sure it did, for they should have looked at home, and minded their own *Bull*, and not run bawling about after *Old John*.

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