

Can find history of this
in the notes.

six

political
discourses founded on
the scripture by
Hugh Montgomery
Crackerridge³⁰⁰
Lancaster printed
by Francis Bailey
in the year
1779

P O L I T I C A L

Geo. & South

D I S C O U R S E S

F O U N D E D O N

~~*By*~~

T H E

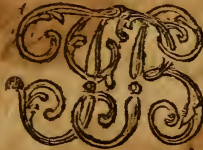
~~*Alexander*~~

S C R I P T U R E .

B Y H U G H M O N T G O M E R Y B R A C K E N R I D G E .

*War, fierce war shall break their forces;
Nerves of tory men shall fail,
Seeing Howe, with altered courses,
Bending to the western gale.*

1772



L A N C A S T E R :

P R I N T E D B Y F R A N C I S B A I L E Y .

1777



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P R E F A C E.

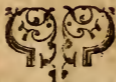
LET not the word *scripture*, in the title page, prevent that general attention to these discourses which they might otherwise receive. I know it is natural for us to be cautious in looking into any thing that borders on religion, lest we should meet with some sly insinuation *like a bayonet-point to dart upon the conscience.*

For this reason, in the very *patibulo*, or entrance, I am careful to assure my countrymen, that these discourses are what they pretend to be, *of a nature chiefly political.*

They were written at different times, since the opening of the last campaign in Pennsylvania, and were intended for the military. The three first were delivered on some occasions.

If they shall now more generally serve the great cause in which we are engaged, it will be an ample recompence for the time spent in transcribing them for publication

THE AUTHOR.



D I S C O U R S E .

I.

THE bloody Vestiges of Tyranny.
*Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of
Gain. Jude i, 11.*

II.

The Nature and the Artifice of Toryism.
*—And ran greedily after the error of Balaam, for
reward. Jude i, 11.*

III.

The Fate of Tyranny, and Toryism.
—And perished in the gainsaying of Core. Jude i, 11.

IV.

The Agency of Heaven, in the Cause of Liberty.
And there was war in heaven. Rev. xii, 7.

V.

The Blasphemy of Gasconade and Self-Depen-
dence in a certain General.
*And there was given unto him a mouth, speaking great
things and blasphemies. Rev. xiii, 5.*

VI.

The great Wrath of the Tyrant, and the Cause
of it.
*Having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath
but a short time. Rev. xii, 12.*

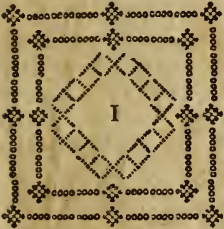
T H E

B L O O D Y V E S T I G E S

O F

T Y R A N N Y.

Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain—Jude, i, 11.

 T is very usual in any language, when we mean to draw a character to the highest point, to compare it with one already known, and confessedly eminent in virtue, or in vice. This is the ground, of the expression in this place, woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain—

Cain, we know, was a bloody-minded man. The fierceness of his nature, did very early shew itself, in great vehemency of passion, and in the sullen gloom of a reserved countenance. He was very wroth, and his countenance was fallen. No wonder, for he was indeed a very bloody man. He shed the first blood that ever crimsoned the earth. He bathed his hands in a brother's blood. These two circumstances of his guilt, place him first, in the line of murderers. He is so infamous-

ly famous, that when we mean to say of any one, that he is fierce and savage to a high degree, we may strike off his character at once, by saying, he hath gone in the way of Cain.

I shall not detain you, with a longer introduction, but proceed to say,

I. What it is to go in the way of Cain.

II. Who are they, who have most eminently, gone in the way of Cain.

Lastly, conclude with something in the spirit of these words—Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain.

I. What it is to go in the way of Cain. It is to give indulgence, in the least unlawful measure, to the anger and resentment of the breast; for who so hateth his brother, is a murderer. The evil principles of envy, malice, and ambition, like so many younger Cains, lurk within the breast, and wait only for an opportunity to shew themselves in action. The evil principles of envy, and ambition, lead to murder; for they seek to end in the death of those, who stand in the way of the proposed rise, and strike not readily to their superior greatness. Hence it is, that the tyrant makes war upon his own, or the neighbouring nation, because they refuse to live precariously by his bounty, and to hold their property, liberty, and life, intirely at his disposal. It is the nature of the wicked heart of man, to desire absolute dominion. Let a wicked man be made a magistrate, and he will desire to be supreme in office; and if supreme by the appointment of his countrymen, he will aspire to unrestrained authority; and in order to acquire despotic rule, he will not hesitate to shed the blood of kinsmen, friends and fellow-citizens. This is to go in the way of Cain——To shed blood like him, and to take the same character upon the earth——But I am to say,

II.

II. Who are they who have most eminently gone in the way of Cain. I need not tell you, that such is the degeneracy of human nature, that we all, some time or other, have gone lengths in the way of Cain. The rich man hates him that is richer than himself, because he is unwilling that any one should be equal or superior to him, in the same line of eminence. The learned for the same reason, hates him that is more learned still, and the candidate for office, hates the brother candidate. A temper of this cast, is not so rare, as men unattentive to themselves and to others, may suppose it. What man is there among us, who is not conscious to himself, of having too much indulged the passion of resentment against a brother, from some improper cause and principle? What man is there among us who has not found in himself a sentiment of some revenge against a brother, because he had not submitted to him in a dispute in conversation, or in a competition for a magistracy, or place of public trust and appointment of some kind or other? Every man has his ambition, and in the frustration of this particular hope, by the competition of a rival, he is vulnerable. The lady envies dress, precedency, and degrees of honour in the sphere peculiar to herself. The gentleman is troubled at the mention of superior fame, in wealth, wit, learning, or honour in some other way. Envy, malice, hatred and revenge may be found in some degree, at some time or other, in almost every breast. We have therefore all proceeded frequently too much, in the way of Cain.—
But,

Who are they who have most eminently gone, in the way of Cain? From the day that Cain slew Abel, to the present hour, there have been many, who have gone in the same path of blood, concerning whom history is silent. One half the wickedness

edness mankind is buried in oblivion. From the day of Cain to the deluge, we have particularly, the name but of one man, who shed human blood. Lamech, by his own confession, slew a man to his wounding, and a young man to his hurt; and with such circumstance of aggravation, that in his own judgment, he had deserved a punishment seventy-fold greater than the punishment of Cain. In this long period we have the name but of Lamech on record, though, no doubt, there were many more who shed the blood of man. The earth at this time was filled with violence——with contention, with havock, with war and blood-shed in every place. Many an unjust tyrant fought dominion, and obtained it by the death of thousands. Such was the scene of things before the flood: But by and by, the sacred history, more and more unfolds itself, and we begin to see many, very many, to take the character of Cain upon the earth. Nimrod first began to be a mighty one; that is, as we may conjecture, one who first at the head of a small band made himself famous, but shortly dared to usurp dominion over others, that were not willing to allow it. But as we have nothing more explicit concerning him, I pass him by, and come down to a more remarkable personage, even Pharoah king of Egypt, who went with hasty steps, and to a great length in the way of Cain. I might say a great deal of this bloody man, and set in high colours, the complexion of his crime, who to the slavery of the father, added the infant son's death. But I leave this instance in my view, and likewise all that happened to the chosen people, under the tyrants, that made war upon them, after their settlement in the promised land. I leave behind me the cruelty of many of their own kings, and in particular the bloody tragedy of Ahab, who took the life of Naboth, for the sake of the poor man's vineyard,
upon

upon which he had fixed his covetous desire. I leave behind me the inroad of the Syrians, and all that the Chaldean monarch did, when he transplanted the ten tribes from their own land, to a distant country. I come down to profane history, and there I likewise leave behind me, all that is told us of the mighty captains and conquerers of ancient time—the Alexanders—the Cæsars—the Jengifchans—the Tamarlanes. I leave behind me, all that is related of the Hun, the Vandal, or the Goth, and all the cruel, persecuting, bloody princes, and people in more modern times, when Europe floated as one sea of blood. I pass them by, and hasten on, for I have an object of greater wickedness in view—an object of such accomplished fraud, perfidy, and murder, that every one heretofore mentioned, is lost and disappears. I mean him of England—the fierce, cruel, unrelenting, and bloody king of Britain. What has this tyrant done? What has he not done?

He meditated with himself in cold blood, and before he had the least foundation of resentment, the enslaving of this rising country. He could view without a tear, & without one check of conscience, this early land, bound in the chains of servitude, which he forged for it. This was the prospect, which he had painted to his own imagination. It was this which he endeavoured to accomplish, by the insidious, and as he hoped insensible gradation of a slow approach; in bribery, and flattering promises to vain persons, and then by distant acts of parliament, that did not seem immediately to involve the loss of freedom, but did by sure steps lead to it. Those that are most skilful in the art of poisoning, make use of a slow bane, which wastes the system gradually, and is not discernable in its operation, from a natural disease. Such was the attempt of the king of Britain. But he failed him to accomplish our destruction by

which

which might be called a sap, with what composure did he determine with himself, to drench with slaughter, and imbrue the continent in blood. With what continued and unbroken obstinacy, hath he persevered in the design. Let the streets of Boston, and the bloody fifth of March, be witness of his cruelty, when several lovely and unresisting youths fell by the hands of the bloody Preston, who acted the savage pleasure, of his still more savage master. Let the streets that were wet with this blood, and drank it not, for the blood ran down upon the stones.—Let the streets that were wet, and ran down with this blood, speak loud of it, and cry to heaven for a day of vengeance. Let the town of Boston be witness to their cruelty.—The town of Boston with the cries of infants, and the groans of distressed mothers, detained from their relatives and husbands, by the perfidy of Gage, in violation of his plighted faith. Let the heights of Boston, naked of the sister town, which stood upon them, be witness of the cruelty of Britain. Let these call to mind, and shew the graves of the brave men, who fell fighting gallantly, for the noble cause of freedom. Let these be witness to the tyranny, and at the same time, some part of the punishment of Britain; for the heroes saw themselves revenged, and slept not in death, untill fifteen hundred of the foe, lay vanquished on the soil. Let the heights of Canada, and the environs of Quebec, call to mind, and publish the bloody vestiges of tyranny, in that unhappy country. Like the heights of Gilboa, let them be ever recollected, for there the blood of a Montgomery flowed upon the plain. Like the blood of Abel, it shall cry from the hostile ground, and God shall require it of the George of England, as he required the like blood of Cain, saying, where is my Montgomery, who once drew his sword in thy defence, before these very walls—who

continued

continued faithful, until the hand of tyranny was stretched to destroy? From the heights of Canada, to the distant barrier of Fort Sullivan, let the intermediate states, give in remembrance, to remotest times, what they have suffered, from the Hessian ravisher, and from the inroad of the cruel Englishman, wasting their plantations. Let the Jersey state be witness to their vestiges. Let the blood of Haslet, on the plain of Princeton, cry aloud to God for a day of retribution. Let the fourteen wounds of Mercer, with the bayonet-point, on the same victorious eminence, open their dumb mouths afresh, and cry aloud for justice.

But omitting those who fell in the field of battle, let the unhappy prisoners of the states declare what they have suffered from the tyrant.—Let the prisoners of Fort Washington, relate the hunger, cold, and every shape of misery to which they were consigned. Sick, emaciated, dying, let them tell, if by their last breath, they can give some faint account of it, How for many days they tasted not food, until sharp famine began to prey upon their vitals, and destroy the love of life.—How for many months they were detained, in the wintry and inclement season of the year, comfortless, in cold rooms, and without fire, until the blood of the body lost its motion in the veins. Let them tell the quality and pernicious taste, of that unwholesome food, which was served to them, and intended for their death. This let those who suffered speak; but we can testify, what was the appearance and lamentable state, of the meagre, faint and heart-dejected few, who for a time survived the usage, and at length to save some pretence of an exchange, were dismissed from the fangs of such barbarity. We saw them—oh spectacle of horror and commiseration! the legs swollen, and from the ankle to the knee, of an equal shape—the belly contracted to the ribs—the eye

eye sunk, and hid within the head—the visage narrow—the cheeks fallen to the bone—the voice shrill, feeble, and not to be distinctly heard—the dress ragged and scarcely hanging on the body. Ask one of these, what became of his companion, whom we see not? He died the first week partly with hunger and partly with the cold. He recommended his wife, and infant children, to God, and his death to be revenged by his country. What became of another whom we see not? He died the second week on board the ships, by the badness, and, as we suppose, poison of the food, which was served to us. He hoped that the God of heaven and the freemen of his country would call the tyrant to account for this. What became of another known to us, but whom we see not now amongst you? He died the third, the fourth, the fifth, or the sixth week of our captivity. He, with twenty more, was found dead, one morning, amongst our feet. They had perished with cold, being without covering in the night. Many, very many perished every day. The carriage for the dead, came, every morning, to the door. From twenty-five or twenty-seven hundred, we are now reduced to twelve, and of the twelve hundred that were suffered to depart, not perhaps one hundred worn out with sickness, which cold and famine had produced, are now alive.

Thus we see, great has been the cruelty of this infernal tyrant; but to add to this, let the prisoners taken by his pirates on the sea, be witnesses of his horrid depredation. Let the prisoners sent by him to India, and the burning islands of the east, be witnesses of his inhumanity. There hath he purposed to send—There hath he sent our brethren and our fellow-soldiers in the common cause. There hath he sent them, distant far, and hopeless from their native land, to antichristian settlements and pagan-
ish

ish domains. There hath he sent our countrymen, beyond those settlements, and solitary streams, at which the captive Hebrew sat, and hung his harp upon the willow-tree; for music suited not in such distress. There many a poor American may sit this day, forlorn, and deeply melancholy, in a distant clime. There may they sit, far on the Cape of Comorin, or on the Malabar or Coromandel shore, looking westward o'er the main, to the setting sun, where their native country lies. There may they sit and look in vain; for the tyrant hath sentenced them, though fairly prisoners in war, to this unpitied state. This hath he done, and this hath he purposed to do, while we have treated those of the enemy, who by the chance of war, have fallen into our hands, with every exercise of tenderness, compassion, and humanity. This we have done, but as for them, they have gone in the way of Cain.

This hath come more immediately in later instances before our eyes. Their sad cruelties are now transacted on our own plains. They have landed—they have travelled through a part of the adjacent country—they have burned dwelling-houses—they have destroyed provision and the means of life—they have tortured for money, those whom they suspected of possessing it—they have driven the peaceful inhabitants from their places of abode—they have violated the chastity of women who fell into their hands—they are bending on and breathing slaughter to the whole state. * They meditate destruction, at the risk of their own lives. It is their determination to destroy or to perish. Rather than suffer us to live, they will cease to live themselves. Can any thing be more diabolical—more strongly marked infernal—more in the spirit of the first-born Cain?

I conclude, with something in the spirit of the

C

words;

* *Pennsylvania.*

words ; woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain. In the language of a soldier, too often and very iniquitously used, it might be said damn them ; but such expression is not to be commended. Let our resentment be levelled against their practice, and let our execution be stayed on their bodies, but let us spare the soul. Let us wish them spiritual happiness ; but let every thought and exercise of mind draw forth it self against their conduct. Let us endeavour to conceive with strength the baseness of their crime ; and let us speak to others what we have conceived, so that we may fix the detestation of it beyond a possibility to be erased. This is laudable, for a just and honest indignation against any vice or evil practice, is an evidence of virtue. This is necessary, for we are too apt to lose our hatred of evil, from a familiarity and acquaintance with it. Hence it is that they who are once enslaved, do very seldom exert themselves, to shake off the bondage. It is in this as it is said to be in the charm of a serpent—We fall in love with that which ought to be the object of our hate, as it is the instrument of our destruction. It is therefore necessary to beget, increase, and keep alive an aversion from it—To inkindle our resentment, not by curses and indecent language, but by sensible remonstrances to our selves and with each other. Let it be woven in our daily conversation ; woe unto them for they have intended to enslave us—They have intended to subjugate us to their empire—To make us hewers of wood, and drawers of water, and in every base employment, vassals to their despotic power. By this they have intended to prevent the growth of every art and science in this country ; for without freedom, learning shall decay and no art can flourish. In the destruction of our freedom, they have intended the eradication of every private virtue ; for
when

when the soul is unbraced and enervated by the poison of a base subjection, nothing generous or noble can be expected from it. It is a sentiment as old as the poet Homer——

*For Jove decreed it certain, that the day
Which makes a man a slave, takes half his worth away.*

Woe unto them, for they have rejected the frequency and humility of our petitions. They have rejected them with a fierce disdain. They have been deaf to all entreaty, and the softest words of soft expostulation. They have pursued, without remorse, the dire intention to destroy us. They have pursued it in a cruel manner. They have wared with a rage unknown to civilized nations. They have mangled the bodies of our heroes, on the field of battle. They have defaced our colleges, and schools of learning. They have burned houses of religious worship. They have stabbed, and shed the blood of an unarmed and supplicating clergyman. This they have done to persons of the same language and religion with themselves. Woe unto them, for they have shed a brothers blood. They have gone in the way of Cain.

Let us be careful to recollect, and commemorate their conduct. Let every class of men join to execrate the tyrant, and the tyranny; and to rank the George of England with the Cains, and the murderers of Mankind. Let fathers teach their sons the degenerate nature, and the name of Englishmen. let mothers still with this the children on the breast, and make the name a bug-bear. In thought, in word, let indignation have a place; but chiefly in our actions, let strong resentment shew itself. Let the aged father send his son to battle, with cheerfulness and resignation. Let the wife permit her husband, and perplex him not with womanish exclamation,

clamation, or with tears. Let the soldier in the field, and to such I principally address myself—Let the soldier in the field behave with fortitude. Let him forget the effeminacy of a tender and luxurious life. Let him summon up the blood—give indignation to the visage, and let the spirit of resentment flash from the enraged eye. Let him, in obedience to his orders, shew himself steady—in execution of them prompt—in every enterprize undaunted. Let the arm be stretched with vigour, and give full revenge its scope. Duty, honour, and the love of virtue calls to battle. A bleeding and a ravaged country calls to battle. The wounded soldier, and the dying hero calls to battle. The voice of the brigades † so lately injured by superior numbers, calls to battle. The happiness and glory of the rising generations calls to battle. Let every man give audience to the voice. Let every man become a soldier. Let every soldier acquit himself as valiant. Let him determine victory or death. Let him be of the mind to fight from hill to hill, from vale to vale, and on every plain, until the enemy is driven back, and forced to depart—until the tyrant shall give up his claim, and be obliged to confess, that free men, that Americans are not to be subdued.

† *At Brandywine.*



T H E

NATURE AND THE ARTIFICE

O F

T O R Y I S M.

—And ran greedily after the error of Balaam, for reward. Jude i, 11.

ONE remarkable character, recorded in the sacred history, is that of Cain, who thro' envy of the accepted sacrifice, shed his brother's blood. Another, not a whit behind him, in malignity of disposition, is Balaam, the son of Beor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness. If it may be said of the fierce tyrant and his bloody soldiery, that they have gone in the way of Cain; with no less propriety, it may be said of a certain class amongst ourselves, that they have ran greedily after the error of Balaam, for reward.

This will abundantly appear, if we consider in a few words,

1. What was the error of Balaam.

2. Who are they who have ran most greedily, according to the same error.

Lastly, what is the reward, which they have in view, as the ground of this pernicious conduct.

1. What was the error of Balaam? In order to illustrate this, it will be necessary to say a little of his
his

his birth, education, character and story. We have reason to believe he was of the family of Shem; for he was of Aram so called, as is most probable, from Aram, the son of Shem, who first settled in that country. If so, he was collaterally related to the Israelites; for these, by Abraham, the patriarch, were descended from Arphaxad, who was likewise the son of Shem. Uz was the eldest son of Aram, and gave name to a district of country, washed by the Euphrates, and bordering upon Aram. Job lived in the land of Uz, and was probably of his posterity. Job and Balaam, therefore, may have been related in some degrees of consanguinity. They lived, it is probable, nearly about the same period; for Moses, a few years before this time, is supposed to have written the book of Job. The country of Midian, where Moses kept the flock of Jethro, is not so far distant from the land of Uz, where Job lived, but that he might be well acquainted with the sufferings of this good man, which for the support of the Hebrews in affliction, he may have drawn up in dramatic narrative, as we now have it in the sacred canon.

Be these particulars as they may, with respect to the family of Balaam, the matter is more certain relative to his education. He was brought up, no doubt, in the knowledge of the true God; for the church was continued in the family of Shem; and though from him it spread itself principally in the line of Abraham, yet the other branches were not left wholly destitute of saving light. Job had the knowledge of the true God, and the ceremonies of his worship pure and unmixed with the superstition of the neighbouring nations. He was acquainted with the sacred history, by tradition, as is most probable, from Adam, Seth, Noah and the other aged fathers of antiquity. This appears from that expression: "If I have hid my iniquity in my bosom,

or

or covered my transgression like Adam." Balaam, who, as we have said, was co-temporary with Job, enjoyed the same opportunities of information, handed down in the same family. The knowledge of the true God was not yet wholly lost in that eastern country. It was not wholly lost, many ages after, at the coming of our Saviour; for it was from Mesopotamia, a district bordering to this, and touching the Euphrates, that the wise men came, who had seen his star in the east—The very star of which Balaam had prophesied, as about to arise out of Juda. This star was prefigurative of the Messiah; and it argues some knowledge of Christ about to come, that these men paid attention to it.

With regard to the particular character of this so celebrated and extraordinary person, there is a great variety of judgments and conjectures. Some suppose him to have been a necromancer, and that by his skill in magic he was able to do wonders. They think it probable that he had some smaller devil, or familiar spirit, to wait upon him, and acquaint him with contingencies; so that it was no great difficulty for him, to prognosticate the fate and issue of any undertaking. I am of opinion that were it even so, that he had formed an intimacy with the devil, yet it would have availed him very little towards the knowledge of a future circumstance; for I am disposed to believe that satan cannot see an inch before his nose into futurity, more than other people. It is therefore to me undoubtedly established, that Balaam was a prophet of the true God, and had his inspiration from the source that knoweth time, and chance, and all things. Yet I do not mean to say that he was a good and pious person. The contrary, is for himself, unhappy man! but too plainly evident; for though his language was sometimes that of orthodox religion, yet his conduct was, in many places

places, very much its opposite. These words are very good, and favour of devotion. "I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord to do less or more;" yet it is evident from the particulars of his story, that it was not because the love and fear of God restrained him, but because in this case he was denied the gift and spirit of prophecy.

His story is as follows. The fame of one so eminent and singular in the world, had penetrated to the neighbouring countries. He had, in several instances foretold the good or bad about to come to individuals, and so was thought of by the multitude, as one who must have had some hand in the good or bad which had befallen agreeable to his prediction. The notion of a spell, a charm, or a enchantment, is of very early origin. The king of Moab had heard of him and of his power in this capacity; and as he was at that time exceedingly uneasy by reason of the Israelitish nation, which in their journey through the wilderness, had encamped upon his border, he casts about for some expedient to support himself against them. He bethinks him of the prophet who was said to have some admirable power upon the estates of men, and on the human mind and body. He sends a deputation of his wisest princes, in company with the senators of Midian. The embassy was flattering, and the message not less so, for says the prince "I wot that he whom thou blessedst, is blessed; and he whom thou cursedst, is cursed." Yet notwithstanding this insinuating language, and the promise of a rich reward, the prophet is obliged to confess that they solicit him in vain; for that it was not in his power to do them any service. An embassy more honourable, waits on him a second time. His answer is of equal import; but withal he bids them slay with him that night; and in the morning he should more distinctly know, what he could do for them.

them. No doubt, he was very earnest in his supplication, that it might be granted him, to do the king this favour. The hope of the preferment, and reward in hard money, for he would take no other, was a great incentive to his importunity. We may believe, he prayed by his bed-side, more heartily, this evening, for the gold, than he had prayed, at any other time, for grace. "If the men come to call thee, rise up and go with them." The hasty prophet catches at the appearance of permission; and does not wait, agreeable to the divine command, until the men had come to call him. He is up betimes, and has his ass saddled at the door, and is ready to set out upon his journey, probably before the strangers had got out of bed. It was on account of this such haste and forwardness to go, that the anger of the Lord was so greatly kindled; and the ass opening her mouth miraculously in the way, forbade his madness. I do not mean to give you circumstantially the whole particulars of this incident. It will be equally unnecessary to dwell upon the rite and ceremony of his offering sacrifice, which, it is possible, had something magical and necromantic in it; for it is said on one occasion, that he went not to seek enchantments, as at other times; that is to offer sacrifice, with seven altars, and seven victims on every altar; or with other rites which he had used before. Let it be sufficient to observe, that he seems to have had some hope, by this means to prevail with God to put a curse into his mouth, against this people; for it is elsewhere said, "I would not hearken to Balaam."

What this wicked person could not do, as a prophet commissioned by God; he endeavours to accomplish by human artifice and stratagem. He gives advice. The Jewish people, by the courtesy and arts of Midianitish women, are drawn in to sin. For this, as it was sagaciously expected by Balaam,

laam, who had obtained some knowledge of their law; the wrath of God came upon them, and there fell in one day, twenty and four thousand. After Balaam had offered sacrifice, it appears that he returned to his home. From thence, it is evident that he came again, with a view, most probably, to give farther counsel and assistance; for in the slaughter of the Midianites, he is found among them, and cut to pieces by the sword.

Thus we see what was the error of Balaam. It was covetousness. It was the basest avarice. For the sake of a small increase of wealth, by the favour of a heathen prince, he was disposed in his heart, to pronounce a curse on the people whom God had peculiarly chosen—a people who had done him no injury, and with whom he had no quarrel—a people of the same origin, and of the same religion with himself. He was disposed in his heart to pronounce a curse on this people, though he knew them to have lately suffered from severest bondage; and to have waded through a thousand difficulties, in emerging from this bondage. They had braved the threats of Pharaoh. They had encountered the solitude and famine of the desert. They had penetrated through the wilderness. They had waged war with savage kings. They had overcome them; and were now advancing on, to take possession of that country, which was originally their right, and which God had laid out for their inheritance. He was disposed in his heart, to pronounce a curse on this people; and if he did not actually, pronounce it, it was because God prevented him, and turned his curse into a blessing. He is forced to cry out, in the language of prophetic vision, “Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob; nor is there any divination against Israel!”—Against Israel, whose camp was then in view; and whose tents were spread along the valleys.

lies. This was the error of Balaam. I come to say,

II. Who are they who have ran most greedily, after or according to the same error. I might shew that all are naturally too much of such ungodly disposition. I might prove it plain, that many who call themselves protestants and good whigs, are greatly Balaamites at heart. They consult their own vain appetite for wealth and honour, more than the will of the most high, and the general good of men. How else is it, that we hear of so much squabbling for election among competitors for trust and office? How else is it, that many who have been advanced to honour, civil and military, do sometimes threaten resignation, from a chagrin, because of inattention to their judgment; or from a pique and jealousy of rank and place. This might be ground of declamation; but I mean in this discourse to point out those who have been most greedily the followers of Balaam. Dull as I am, like the ass that spoke out in the way, I would, forbid the madness of this people.

It will not be possible to recount every instance of such abandoned wickedness, from sacred and profane history. It may suffice to select one more remarkable from scripture, and so come down to recent characters, well known and amply distinguished among ourselves. You will recollect the story of the Edomite, who drew his sword against the priests of Nob, to gratify the malice of the angry Saul. It is probable he apprehended them to be a vile set of Presbyterians. Be this as it will, he drew his sword against them; and from the same motive with that which operated on Balaam.—A desire of favour and reward from a base prince. He dared to wage war with heaven, in order to obtain the favour of an earthly master. He ran in the error of Balaam.

From

From the story of the Edomite, let me call your attention to a certain class of men, amongst ourselves, who have ran greedily, after or according to the same error. This people have been long known by the name of Tories—A name originally applied in Ireland, to robbers on the high-way—afterwards to the passive-obedient and non-resistant men in England, who had taken part with the second Charles. For as the robber on the high-way takes a purse from the unwary and unarmed traveller; so the abettors of the tyrant endeavoured to rob the nation of its liberty, a more invaluable blessing. The loss of liberty includes the loss of property, nay a right to life itself, and all that is dear to the human heart. Such villains were therefore properly enough denominated Tories. The writers of the past age have given us amply an account of them; but what need we consult writers for what they have said upon the subject, since there are such originals amongst ourselves; and we have it in our power to draw from real life the portrait of many base persons, who have acted in the same abandoned character. Let us endeavour to review their conduct.

At the commencement of the dispute between Great Britain and the colonies, they made use of every art to irritate the minds of Englishmen against us. They represented us as a troublesome and restless people, who were continually harassing government with our rebellious councils and cabals—As a rich and luxurious people, that were in the mean time unwilling to contribute our proportion, to the support of government. When the declaration had been made, and the tax was laid upon us, which gave rise to the first remonstrances, they endeavoured, by every art and soft surmise, to sooth us into a lethargic indolence. The lenity, the mildness, the good intentions of the king were

at one time the subject of their declamation. At another time we had them perpetually haranguing on the military strength and resistless empire of Great Britain. To oppose her arms was chimerical; for in the end we must be forced to submit. Our only way, was to petition very humbly, and by no means to irritate his Majesty, by seeming to put ourselves in the least posture of defence. When every petition had been rejected with disdain, and resistance was determined, what arts did they not make use of to divide our Councils and determinations? It was a Presbyterian quarrel, and by no means that of the whole continent. The inhabitants of Boston, doubtless, had it now in contemplation to give themselves a king, and commence the tyrants of America. Should they unhappily accomplish this, the hanging of the Quakers must ensue, and the unreserved destruction of every other denomination of the people called Christians.

When language of this nature became suspicious, and was noted as a mark of Toryism, a new cant of villainy and nonsense was of necessity adopted. We might unite—we might wage war—but by no means think of independence. A measure of this nature would be madness; for such were the resources of Great-Britain, that she must devour us, at least in one short campaign. Base and shallow headed men! not to see that the very reason urged against independence, was of equal weight against our lifting arms at all. If we had not a prospect of success, why did we make resistance? And if in our first resistance we had a prospect of success, how should a state of independent empire take that prospect from us?

When the declaration of an independent government, through absolute necessity, had taken place; it gave to many, some plausible pretence of receding from the association of their countrymen.

men. Many half-way gentlemen, who had endeavoured to steer a middle course, took hold of this occasion, to retire; and plead it in excuse for that enmity against the common measures, which they had hitherto entertained in their hearts, but thought not proper to declare. We thank them for it. We had been heretofore perplexed with them in our committees and assemblies, pretending friendship; and under this mask stabbing the best interests of their country. Some of them had placed themselves in the very councils of the empire; and were plotting mischief, in the bosom of the Congress. *

Since their retirement from what we may call public business in this way, they have not remained idle. They have ceased not to circulate reports, unfavourable to the state of our affairs. One while the New-England men who had been first in the debate were cowardly, and not to be depended on in battle. At another time the paper currency in circulation was so great, and of consequence the debt of the empire so immense, that we could not hope, at any future period, to be delivered from it. Such base calumnies, and such vain fears were industriously spread by those, who in the mean time, were retained in the capacity of spies to our unnatural and cruel enemies. What was there said amongst us which was not told to the British foe? What was there done which was not communicated to them? From within our very walls they have held a correspondence with the forces of the tyrant. They have given them intelligence of our preparations to oppose them. They have suggested them advice, how, and where to invade us. They have been guides to our unnatural foes, in their inroad through the country. They have joined with them in the plunder of the inhabitants. They have
enlisted

* *Galloway.*

enlisted under the standard of the tyrant, and have drawn the sword against us.

Thus invariably, from the first of our distresses, by secret fraud, or open violence, they have endeavoured our destruction. They have spoken, those of them who had the understanding to express a word, if by any means they might retard our measures. They have written, those of them who had the ability to write, with a view to injure our exertions, and destroy our unanimity. They have acted, those of them who had the courage to appear in arms, if by any means they might fasten down that slavery, which they, inglorious mortals, must, in consequence of our subjugation, be compelled to bear in common with us. What by speeches full of fear, and cowardice, under the mark of friendship and of prudent thought, amongst ourselves: what by counsel and advice suggested to our enemies; and what by assistance openly afforded to them, they have wrought us much injury: They have ran, after the error of Balaam—They have ran greedily—They have ran with a certain voraciousness of appetite. They have had it in their hearts to devour men of the same origin, language, and religion with themselves.

Their ancestors, equally with ours, had experienced the fierce rage of tyranny, under the Stewart family, on the throne of England. They had fled from the tyranny of Britain, to seek for shelter in the woods, and more hospitable deserts of America. Here, we their offspring, had been born, and brought up together. Here, we had lived friendly, and sociably, many years, in the same town, in the same village, or by the banks of the same native river. Their property with ours was equally invaded by the tyrant. The circumstances of our suffering made the cause common. This, one would have hoped, might have softened them to some warm thought
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of sincere affection. There is a certain tenderness of the spirit in distress, which melts the soul of fellow-sufferers to sympathy, and expels the least idea of envy, or resentment, from the breast. The greatest enemies on board a vessel, and perishing from land, would cease from variance, and be friendly to each other. The wildest Indian, in the woods of North-America, attacked by the common enemy, would league himself, and give assistance to his brothers. The fiercest beast familiarized with a playful puppy, that trusts itself to his society, would not devour, or prey upon it. But these men have out-savaged the Indian, and out-tygered the fiercest beast that roams upon the mountain. They have forgot the fathers of which we are descended. They remember not the town, or village, in which we drew our breath together. They call not to mind the school at which we had our common education. They have thrown aside the tender name of country. They have rejected the idea of kinsmen and acquaintance. They have bid defiance to the laws of God, and to all that is held sacred amongst men. They have cursed the cause in which we are engaged. They have cursed the measures necessary for our safety. They have ran in the error of Balaam. They have ran, for the same hope of a base reward. I am to say,

III. What is the reward which they have in view, as the ground of this pernicious conduct? The favour of the tyrant, is, undoubtedly, the object which plays upon their fancy. They promise to themselves great felicity, in the gladsome rays of his royal countenance. In his proclamations from his generals, and in his speeches from the throne, he will vouchsafe them the heart-cheering appellation of my loyal subjects. When the war is ended, and each has acted faithfully his part, he will send for them, and hold them out his hand to
kiss,

kiss, at St. James's, in Old England. He will give some of them commissions, and admit them to the honour of serving him, in some capacity about the park, or in the palace yard. One more eminent among the rest, he may constitute his butler; and another, he may graciously advance to the office of chief baker. Those of them, whom he cannot stow away in this manner, he will provide for, in America. He will give them posts in government. He will reward them for their villainy, with a number of the best houses, in some of our chief cities. He shall satisfy their cravings, with two or three of the forfeited plantations. Some of the more active and leading men amongst them, he will present, with ten or fifteen thousand acres; and constitute them lords of some little manour, on the banks of the Delaware or Schuylkil. He will create them dukes, and earls, and baronets. He will promote them to very great honour, and he will do whatsoever they shall say unto him. This is what they have in view, as the ground of their pernicious conduct. Avarice, not conscience, is at the bottom of their work. Avarice hath corroded, and eat out the soul of every tory. The soul of each is become degenerate, and, for every good purpose, useless. It is like a sword rusted in the scabbard, and cannot be drawn forth to any thing generous or noble. It is like the worm in the grave, and feeds upon the marrow bones of men.

If then, to be a tory is so wicked and detestable a character, let us be careful to avoid that which has the least appearance, or resemblance of it. Who is there among us disposed to hold back, when properly called upon to draw his sword in our defence? That man is a tory, though not in the same degree with him who draws the sword against us. Non-resistance to the tyrant, is a species of submission. Who is there among us, who by unnecessary

hesitation to comply with the injunctions of the legislature of his state, weakens the hands of government, and hinders the course of public order? That man is a tory though he know it not, and may not confess it. Who is there among us, who by a busy competition at election, consults his own vain ambition, and obtains by flattery, and fair speeches, that place to which a person better qualified, might have been otherwise appointed? That man is a tory, and ought to be ranked with them. Who is there among us, who by envious and ill-grounded stories, against those in office, endeavours to obstruct the proper course and success of the common measures? That man hath something of the tory in him.

If there is any man among us, who claims the reputation of a true whig, let him cultivate such general philanthropy, and benevolence of spirit, that he shall easily prefer the good of the whole, to his particular honour and preferment. That Spartan was a true whig, who having stood candidate at an election, and finding himself out-voted by three hundred of his fellow citizens, came home contentedly; and told his little family, with pleasure, that he was glad to find, there were three hundred men in Sparta, better than himself.

But in the last place; if toryism is so much to be dreaded, and so much to be abhorred, let us strain every nerve to disappoint its purposes, and eradicate it from the continent. What? Shall the day come when a base tory shall say to the honest husbandman, begone—this field is mine: the king hath given me a title to it. What? Shall he call that field his own, which is yet wet with the noble blood of your countrymen? Shall he possess that very soil where your father, or your brother, hath contended bravely, and perhaps lost his life? Shall he triumph, and lead his evening dance, on the
very

very ground where the hero fell? May God avert such misfortune; and under his almighty providence, may our best endeavours be exerted, to prevent the dire and unhallowed curse. May we use the means, in the usual course of providence, conducive to this end—Skill in the senator—Valour in the soldier, and a soul of prayer, throughout the continent, in every breast.

C H A

M E I Y L O T



T H E
F A T E O F T Y R A N N Y
A N D
T O R Y I S M.

—And perished in the gainsaying of Core. Jude i, 11.

TH E S E words constitute the last branch of the sentence, in which, to the characters already mentioned, is added that of Core, who is equally reprobated in his memory, and handed down as a warning to succeeding times. With a reference to him, it is said, proverbially, of men vicious in their lives, and unhappy in their end, that they have perished in the gainsaying of Core.

That I may apply this to the purpose, which I have in view, I shall consider,

I. What was the gainsaying of Core.

II. Who are they, whose language, and proceeding, hath been in the same stile and character.

III. What ground we have to hope, that they shall likewise perish in it.

I. What

I. What was the gainsaying of Core. In the Hebrew language, the name is written Korah; but our translators, in this place, have elegantly changed the initial letter; and have given the word an English termination, so that we read it Core. The story of this wicked and unhappy man, you will recollect, from the sacred book; for he was at the head of that abandoned company, who rose in opposition, to the line of order established, in the sacerdotal office. Aaron, at this time, was the high priest; and Moses, in the capacity of chief judge, was vested with the civil government. Moses was himself of the tribe of Levi, and Aaron's younger brother; and so doubly qualify'd as the second priest; and as the chief judge of the Jewish nation. The priestly office was by hereditary and successive right, in his father's family; but his authority in the civil line, was of God's supreme and immediate appointment. Hence we see the nature of the crime of Core. It was an opposition to the will of God, in the persons of those who had been constituted by him. Envy was at the bottom of the wickedness of Cain, and avarice was the ruling motive with the son of Beor; but the ambition of a vain heart, seems to have actuated Core. For being himself of the tribe of Levi, though by a younger brother, he had some pretensions to the priesthood; or at least such influence among the people, as flattered him with the hope of easily obtaining an equal share in the administration of affairs. With this delusive object in his view, we find him at the head of the above-mentioned conspiracy, addressing these words to Moses and to Aaron. "Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them. Wherefore then lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord?" At these words Moses falls upon his face; and afterwards,

wards, with unexampled moderation, makes reply to this malicious language. He takes it not upon him, to assert his long established authority, confirmed by so many miracles, and countenanced by the presence of the divine Shekinah, in the tabernacle. He rather meekly refers it to God, from whom he had derived his authority, to annul, or to authenticate, and so decide between them. He appoints to-morrow for the day of tryal. "And it shall be that he whom the Lord shall choose, he shall be holy; you take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi." After this, at different times, Moses seems again to have spoken to them; and this in the softest and most tender language. "Hear, I pray you, ye sons of Levi, seemeth it but a small thing unto you, that the God of Israel hath separated you, from the congregation, to bring you near to himself, to do the service of the tabernacle, and to stand before the congregation, to minister unto them? He hath brought thee near to him, and all thy brethren, the sons of Levi with thee; and seek ye the priesthood also? For which cause thou and all thy company are gathered together against the Lord, and what is Aaron that ye murmur against him."

These words having had no effect upon their minds; he sends for them, as it would seem, to his own tent; and there would willingly have talked the matter over, and have heard their grievances in private. For knowing the judgement about to fall on them, from God, he was compassionately sorry for them, and desirous by every method in his power, to prevent them bringing matters to a tryal which must be so fatal to themselves. "Moses sent to call Dathan and Abiram, the sons of Eliab, who said we will not come up." It is therefore no wonder, that we find, Moses, though perhaps for the first time, on his own account, was very wroth, and said unto the Lord, "Respect not thou

thou their offering; I have not taken an ass from them; neither have I hurt one of them."

Thus you see what was the obstinacy of these ambitious men. The word used in our text, might have been translated obstinacy. It is elsewhere, if I remember properly, rendered contradiction. Christ is said to have endured such contradiction of sinners—that is obstinacy and perverseness of disposition. They had, no doubt, promised themselves a place of greater trust in government; and it was with this delusive object in their view, that they rejected all intreaty, and would listen to no accommodation. I am to say,

II. Who are they, whose language and proceeding, hath been in the same state and character. That the worthies may be introduced with proper ceremony, I ask your patience to premise a few particulars. In the Jewish theocracy, the legislature was commissioned by God; and the evidence or seal of his commission, was the spirit of prophecy, or the power of working miracles. In other nations where God has not vouchsafed such immediate interposition, the consent of the governed, is that which gives to any one, a right to empire and authority. Thus the choice and approbation of the people comes in the room of the divine appointment, or, in other words, is expressive of it. This may be the foundation of that very common maxim—The voice of the people, is the voice of God. Now let it be observed, that by this authority, I mean the general voice of a free people, fit persons had been chosen and appointed to enact laws, and regulate an empire in America. To this empire we owe obedience, and profess submission. The council of this empire, the continental Congress takes the place of Moses, in the Jewish legislature. Those, therefore, who attempt to subvert such constitution and appointment, and this in order that they themselves

selves may have the rule over us, which is the aim of our British enemies, act in the same line of conduct, with Core and his associates.

It will be evident, if you give me leave to ask—what lawful ground have they on which to build authority? A divine commission they have not, for otherwise, what prophecy of theirs hath been accomplished, or what miracle hath been performed by them? Our consent they cannot plead; for we reject their government, and hate it, as we ought to hate sin, which is the bane of human nature, and the poison of the soul. The claim of these men is groundless; yet they have persisted in the prosecution of it with very great obstinacy.

On the contrary our conduct with respect to them, has been that of mildness and the softest moderation. Our congress, in the manner of the Jewish legislature, have reasoned and expostulated with them. Seemeth it to you a small thing, gentlemen, that we have been willing to acknowledge the king of Great-Britain, the arbiter of peace and war, and with the same authority over us, in other cases, as is consistent with the constitution of a free society.—That we have so long submitted peaceably to such restrictions, in the article of commerce, as throws the balance of our trade so greatly in your favour.—That we have proposed to contribute handsomely towards the support of government, provided you repeal the inequitable acts of parliament, and give us peace and liberty? Seemeth this to you a small thing, but seek ye our freedom also? This was our language to the king of Britain, in our petitions and remonstrances presented to him: When these had been rejected with disdain, we earnestly desired to talk the matter over with him, by some commissioners appointed for that purpose. The answer was, we will not come over.

In the cloudy list of Core's unhappy followers, I must place another class of men—The tories. I am not untaught to know, that every tyrant is a tory, and every tory is a tyrant; but I use the word as in conversation it is used, to signify those amongst ourselves, who are our enemies. Perhaps it might be well to leave the word entirely to these, and for the future when we mean to speak both of the British and American passive-obedient and non-resistant loyalists, to denominate them Corites.

The language of the tory, with relation to the measures of their countrymen, and more especially the establishment of an independent empire, hath a great resemblance to the language of Core's audacious company. Moses had said, "Seemeth it to you a small thing that the God of heaven hath set you up so high already, in the honourable service of the tabernacle, and seek ye the priest-hood also? These were honest words and intended to recover in their minds, some sense of gratitude to God, for the honour he had already put upon them; but observe with what ungenerous affectation of severe wit and irony, do they, villainously make reply. Yes Moses; there is a piece of conduct very small, we readily allow; but apprehend, that if you take a little time to think upon it, you will find it with yourself; not with us. "It is a small thing, that thou hast brought us up out of a land that floweth with milk and honey, to kill us in the wilderness, except thou make thyself altogether a prince over us. Moreover thou hast not brought us into a land that floweth with milk and honey, and given us inheritance of fields and vineyards. Wilt thou put out the eyes of these men? The strain of this language, is the very strain and dialect of toryism. Is it not enough ye patriotic whigs, that you have so gloriously deprived us of ease, quiet,

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and abundant plenty, which had poured in upon us, in connection with the mother country; but must we be obliged to submit also to your tyrannic government? Moreover, this independency so late set up, hath not such milk and honey flowing with it, as you had made us to conceive. Is it not enough that you have caused us, in our manner of subsistence, to be unhappy at the present time; but will ye altogether take our life away?

Moses, who was a very meek man, and much resembling our general Washington, as I conceive it, was very wroth at the words of Core. May not I who am far behind them both, in patience, take the liberty to wax a little wroth, at the language of such unmanly and provoking tory. What you villain—do you call that state which we have quitted, a state of happiness? Do you call subjection milk, and vassalage honey? Do you prefer garlic and cucumbers to manna? Do you ignobly, and unspiritedly chuse the slavery, and domestic servitude of Britain, before the sweets of liberty, even at the present time, without salt? Doth it not enter to your mind, that we are yet but in the wilderness; and if our quails are not so highly seasoned, yet we may solace ourselves, that we are free, and that by and by, it shall be better with us? Do you not perceive that we are bending brightly to Canaan? Do you not pay attention to the spies who have seen the land, and have brought a good account of it? Every one that hath a soul in him, hath seen the happiness of a state of independence, and hath brought a good account of it. Are you the only one that cannot look beyond the present case, to a more blissful period? Are you the only one that cannot at any time, amidst our present suffering, with brilliant fancy, and imagination, anticipate those

those ages of renown and plenty when fleets shall visit us from every coast of Europe? Are you the only one singularly blind, that cannot contemplate, and hail yourself in congratulation, to those days of sweet serenity, and far-extended commerce, when navies from America shall cross the wide Atlantic and pacific oceans, and bring the silks of every country, and the fruits of every island, at first market, to our own shores?

These days are not far off, though many a tory should not live to see it. The murmuring of the Israelites, was death to many of them; and it were matter of astonishment, if speedy execution did not overtake the constantly-complaining tory of America, and cut him off from those the nobler Calebs of our day, who steadily pursue the land in view, and so shall be admitted to it. I shall not give any farther vent to my resentment, or take up longer time, in expostulation, with the tory; but go on to say what ground we have to hope, that as the tory and the tyrant—under one name the Corite, hath obstinately persisted in his gainfaying; so he shall likewise perish in it. The fate of the tyrant, and the tory, is the same. Like the snakes in the fabled head of Tisiphone, they are so entwisted, and entwined together, that one stroke shall be destruction to them both. If Britain fails in her attempt upon us, the hope and vain ambition of the tory, is likewise blasted with her. That Britain shall be disappointed in her aim to subjugate the continent, I argue from the following principles.

1. The injustice of her cause. I admit it as a truth declared in the word of God, and justified by experience; that the wicked does not always, in this life, meet with the retribution due to his iniquity. There is another state, in which, as individuals,

viduals, we shall again exist, and be accountable. But this is not the case, with regard to bodies politic, of whom it shall no more be heard, as the French, the Spanish, or the English nation. It must be therefore in this life, that every people shall be judged, and suffer accordingly, the demerit of that wickedness, which as a nation they have perpetrated. Besides ; an individual in society, may have redress by common laws of government ; but in a contest between nations, the appeal is made to God ; and his it then becomes, to settle the award of justice. In the present contest with Great-Britain, the appeal hath been made religiously to God. It hath been made to him, with tears, with fasting, and with supplication. We have therefore ground to hope that he will signally appear for our deliverance. To this I add,

2. The usual course of providence in cases of this nature. If we revolve the history of mankind, we shall scarcely meet with any instance of a young and rising empire given up to be destroyed, by an old and decayed nation. The reverse is usually the case, in the rise, and fall of every state. A young and growing people, with great simplicity of life, and manners, are attacked by some haughty and ambitious neighbour. They suffer much, at first, from the invasion ; but at length repel the inroad, and make reprisals on the enemy. The Assyrian empire rose by such degrees, and flourished in the world, till making war upon the Persian, it was cut to pieces by it. The Persian empire had likewise its progression, and advance to eminence ; but fell at length before the Macedonian, and the states of Greece, whom in their infancy, it had invaded. The Grecian empire fell before the Roman. The Roman had its round of greatness ; and in its turn, gave way

way to a number of the smaller, and surrounding nations, to whom, it had been many years a terror.

I might shew a similar course, and revolution, in the empire of the Saracens, which hath been overthrown by that of Turcoman. I might shew it to be the circle, in the smaller states of Europe, since the age of Charlemagne. The fate of Burgundy is a striking and particular instance. This dukedom, which was once so opulent, and powerful, hath become, by an unjust attack upon the Switzers, so ruined and entirely bankrupt, that we hear no longer of it, but as a province of the French monarchy. Such hath been the course of providence in bringing forth, and putting down the empires of the world. Who then can reasonably suppose it probable, that North-America, a young and rising people, is so near her exit as to wealth and happiness, while Britain that hath already lived a life of empire, should still survive and be immortal? That it cannot be, I argue,

3. The great unnatural impropriety, that states already past the age of infancy, and vastly larger in extent of territory, should still depend upon a realm, which once they called their own, and be directed by her. If we cast our eye upon the works of God around us, we shall observe a certain fitness and proportion illustrative of that which equally hath a place in all the ways of providence, in the direction of the affairs of men. What satellite is larger than its planet? What branch of any tree is larger than the tree? Or is there any bird that doth not leave her young when they are taught to fly as swiftly as herself? It is not natural that states, with such extent of territory, and which in a few years, at the usual rate of population, must be superior to Great-Britain in the number of inhabitants, should still continue subject to an island, which

which in the map of the world is but a spot, scarcely to be distinguished in the Geography. It is not natural, that states, in full maturity of growth compared with infancy, should still continue in subjection to an empire, whom, some two hundred years ago, they called their parent. That it cannot be, I mention,

4. The great improbability, in the usual course of things, that Britain should be able to reduce us. It would be a miracle in the common reason, and nature of events, if a country, at such a distance, and of no greater compass than Great Britain, could send a body of troops, able to cope with and subdue the standing army, and militia of this continent. It is true, we read in history, of very powerful kingdoms subdued by a band of robbers, that came upon them like an inundation; but we must take notice of a circumstance in our case completely different. These men were not only more warlike than the people whom they had invaded; but they had migrated from their own country, with the whole strength and numbers of their nation. This was the conduct of the Normans who subdued England. Now unless the tyrant of Great-Britain, should in like manner evacuate his own territory, and find ships to carry him, three thousand miles, with his eight or ten millions, across the ocean, he could not hope to effectuate his purpose. Nay he must find vessels to transport them all at the same time; otherwise the first freight would be wasted and destroyed, before he could bring the rest to reinforce them.

Besides in the case of antient, or of more modern conquerors of kingdoms, it is to be observed; that the nation, overpowered by them, had been divided and at variance amongst themselves; so that they could not bring their whole strength to act against the tyrant who invaded them. The tyrant

rant on the other hand, by taking part with one or the other of the parties, and making use of their assistance, at length obtained an easy conquest over both. This was the case in the East-India settlements, where the natives effeminate, unwarlike, undisciplined, and what is more, at variance amongst themselves, became an easy prey to the rapacious Englishman. Not so the states of North-America, which are harmoniously confederated, and shall stand or fall together. To this may be added,

5. The growing strength and power of full resistance from America. The heroes that we loose in battle, are every day replaced, in thrice the number, by young and rising soldiers, that come successively to manhood. Our numbers, after all our battles, are now undoubtedly superior to what we reckoned at the beginning of the contest. We have at a moderate computation, thirty thousand in their seventeenth year, at this particular time, upon the continent, that shall the next campaign be fit for action. The slaughter must be great indeed, if the whole, or even half of them, the next campaign shall fall in battle. Yet if one half should fall, a new recruit, the following year, of more than thirty thousand, shall add themselves, to those remaining; and thus, our numbers, which encrease continually, shall make our opposition certain, and at last victorious.

The strength of our resistance is encreased farther, in the love of military duty, and improved skill in measures of defence against the foe, or in attack upon them. The present war was not by any means a thing of choice. We engaged in it with reluctance. We were dragged to it. Nothing but the strong law of self-preservation, could have persuaded men to leave the quiet scenes of agriculture, for the noise and danger of the camp. Nothing but the dire necessity of a resistance, could have

have made them willing to exchange the plow, and pruning hook, for the musket and the sword. We were without the love, and without the skill of war.

In the love of war we are sufficiently advanced. It is happy, since we must fight the tyrant, that we love to fight him. Our soldiers are enamoured of marches, and what by others may be called fatigue. They pant ardently for constant and severe encounter with the enemy. The complaint with us, by and by, shall be, what it was with the King of Prussia, in the last war in Europe. It was not that he wanted soldiers, but that he wanted farmers; for all ranks and classes, of his people were so smitten with a love of military life, and enterprize, that there were not sufficient left at home to cultivate the ground.

In the skill of war we have greatly and rapidly improved. I do not think I shall be chargeable with giving cause of just offence to any public military character, by saying, that we have now subalterns in our army, more capable of office and command, than many of our generals at the commencement of this debate. What instances of genius, and what specimens of military science, may we not expect in future actions? I am persuaded, that if the war continues but a few years longer, America shall be the school of valour and experience; and volunteers of highest rank and fortune, shall flock from every court and state of Europe, as many have already done, to serve amongst us. These arguments are nervous; and I brace them with another quite as good, which is,

6. The growing hatred and resentment, every day conceived against the tyrant. The name of Englishmen will shortly be as much abhorred by us, as was that of the Genoese among the Corsicans, when, according to the account of Boswell, mothers stilled with this, the children on the breast, and
said

said proverbially, there comes a Genoese. I will give you to the Genoese. This circumstance, is as a wall of iron, to their inroad. Men will do much before they yield obedience to those whom they hate extremely. More violent pressure, should the tyrant be in a capacity to bring it on us, will give rise to more violent exertion: And should it come to a decisive point, upon the very border of defeat and subjugation; the spirit of resentment kindled in us, would naturally produce such efforts of despair, as could not be resisted by him. I close these arguments with one, which may be taken a posteriore, as the Schools would say, that is,

7. From a survey of the face of measures which have had place, on either side, in this illustrious contest. A good Physician, well acquainted with the system of the human body, can tell the symptoms of disorder, or the state of health, by feeling gently on the pulse of any patient; but every one can judge with some degree of certainty, by looking on the countenance, and there examining the bloom, or paleness of complexion, as signs of health, or sickness. Just so it is exceeding obvious, and to be read as written very legibly in the conduct of the tyrant, that he shall be unsuccessful; and, at the same time, in characters as plain, in that of the Americans, that they are to be victorious. The tyrant has made use of every wicked art to bring about his purpose. Conscious of his weakness, of himself, to cope with us, he has invited slaves, and savages, to his assistance. In the person of the General who first sustained our opposition, he is chargeable with dissimulation, and breach of promise, relative to the blockade of Boston. In the person of him, at the head of the campaign, against us; he has been guilty of a mean reserve, in settling the cartel, for the exchange of prisoners. He has treated with inhumanity, the prisoners fallen

into his hands, He has mangled the wounded, and refused quarter on the field of battle. He has acted basely, in so many cases, that men hereafter reading the transactions of this period, shall naturally exclaim, before they hear the consequence—this man does not deserve to be successful. On the other hand, the conduct of the Americans, has been so fair, so gentlemanly, that it is to me a presage of the happiness intended for them; and men in future ages reading their behaviour in this illustrious contest, when they shall hear the truth in promises, the candour in negotiation, the fortitude in suffering, and disastrous cases; the valour, and heroic ardour in the day of battle; and to cast a glory on the rest, the treatment of the wounded, and the prisoners, they must declare, before they come to the result, and close of it; these men deserve to be victorious. And why deserve to be victorious; but that God hath given them honesty, and in the truth, and wisdom of their measures, hath laid the foundation of that policy, and empire, which he is about to establish on this continent. You will observe in nature, and in every useful work of art, a certain correspondency between the parts, so that the cause shall have a likeness to the effect, and from the ground work of a building, you may guess the superstructure. Thus from the earlier parts of any enterprize, may be obtained, some distant apprehension of that event which is to be the consequence. The confederacy of these united states has been so singular—The wisdom of their measures so remarkable, as gives a proper bottom to a mighty empire. But on the contrary, the tyrant has been deceived in every information. He has acted most impolitic in many cases. His wisdom has been turned to foolishness. His councils have been so broken, so jarring, and disjointed, that it seems to be of God,

to baffle his unrighteous undertaking. To this purpose is the sentence—*whom God means to ruin, he first strikes with madness.*

I come to close the subject, by observing; that as Great-Britain shall be disappointed in her measures; those unhappy things in human shape, denominated tories, are of all men most miserable. They cannot hope to taste that happiness, which they have so sanguinely expected. They must give up the buildings in the city, and the pleasant seats upon the river bank, which fancy had so generously laid out for them. They must forego their native country, which they have deserted and so basely labour'd to destroy. That the King of England shall send for them, and reward their villainy, with royal bounty and munificence is not so very clear; but it is most certain that they shall be sent to make a tryal, and wait upon him for it. There shall they wander and walk about with other hungry dependents, and shadows consequent on these, until he shall graciously be pleas'd to take notice of them. They shall wait long and at last be disappointed; for I venture to affirm, that the king of England apprehends that they have already, had a sufficient recompence, in the very honour of having served him. It is the nature of a wicked man, who is, or thinks himself superior, to believe that men his fellow creatures, have been born for his amusement. This, I am perswaded, is the sentiment of every tyrant, and particularly of the Majesty of Britain, with respect to those unhappy beings, who subservise him in his dirty work, now carrying on in America. The use of power is intoxicating; and the very servitude that is offer'd to a base prince, will cause him to expect the continuance of subjection. At first he will look upon attachment as a favour. At length he will expect it as a duty—a duty not to be recompenced in any other way, than

in the pleasure, and mighty honour which he supposes them to have had, in performing it. For this reason, these men who labour, by a mighty kind of faith, for the unseen realities of George's favour, are not about to find any certain substance, to answer the deluded expectation. Verily I say unto you tories, you shall lose your reward. You may go home to England, and have a gracious sight of his Majesty's royal countenance, but this will scarcely stave your appetite, or, unless you have clothes upon your back, keep your bodies warm. You may go to England, and walk about as pilgrims on the earth, but you shall be buffeted by Satan, and contemned by every class of men. You may go home to England, and walk about as pilgrims on the earth, while you live; but when you die, I am for having it written on your tombs,

They have perished in the gainsay of Core.



T H E

AGENCY OF HEAVEN,

IN THE CAUSE OF

LIBERTY.

And there was war in heaven. Rev. xii, 7.

TH E S E words have not a reference to the war imagined to be in heaven, when the devil first sinned and fell from the light above—imagined, I say, because we cannot tell whether God permitted him to levy war, for a while, in a dubious contest, with the holy angels; or whether he hurled him at once, by his own almighty power, to the lake of hell. Nor have these words a reference to any war waged since in the higher world; for heaven is a place of love; and as no contention, or hostile debate, can arise amongst the inhabitants now confirmed and secure in bliss; so no kind of violence can have entrance to it, from any other quarter. The meaning therefore is not that angel combated with angel, on the plain of heaven; but that heaven was engaged in a war.

The

The devil is constantly exciting some tyrannic monster, to make war upon the world, and take away the rights and priviledges of society. God is ever ready to resist him; and this, in the common measures of his providence; or by the agency of holy and celestial spirits, that execute his orders.

From this it follows, that at any time, when a war is commenced against the cause of truth upon the earth, there is likewise a war in heaven, or heaven is engaged in a war. In this sense it is said, in the words consequent on those I have chosen, "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought, and his angels."

I shall not undertake to say, who was the tyrant, whom Saint John principally intended. It may have been a certain of the Roman Cæsars; Nero, or Caligula, or Domitian. These were stirred up by the devil, to begin a war upon the earth, against the rights and privileges of the church of God. These came all to an untimely end, and evidenced by their fate, that providence beheld their villainy, and fought against them.

It is possible Saint John may have had his eye, upon a later period. The present time and the George of England may be that which is pointed out in this place of scripture. Be this as it will, the construction is applicable to the tyrant; for wicked men every where are the soldiery of Satan. They support the cause, and range themselves beneath the standard of the devil; but the troops of God are embodied, and war in heaven, is levied to oppose them. I shall so apply it at the present time, and shew,

I. That in our contest with the tyrant, hell hath been against us.

II. That heaven hath taken an active part, and waged war for us.

i. In our contest with the tyrant hell hath been against us. It is evident,

1. From

1. From the nature of the cause, the success of which must be agreeable to Satan. What would the arch fiend wish more, than to behold despotism in America? What would he wish more than to behold one man with such rule, and authority, that with a word, he could take away the life of the bravest subject—That without a jury of his peers, he could sentence him to death, and shed his blood upon the scaffold—That without restraint of law, he could take away the property of any, and spend it on his favourites, and debauchees, sent out from home, to rule, with arbitrary sway, upon the continent. What would he wish more than to behold, in consequence of this, the labour of the husbandman checked, in the annual tillage of the ground—the country waste—every plain desolate? For who could have heart to cultivate the ground, or build a mansion house to hold it, only at the precarious pleasure of some Bashaw, or vice-roy of the tyrant? How laughable would it be to the grim prince of darkness, to behold science, which hath bloomed so sweetly in these infant states, to languish and decay! This I aver to be the consequent on tyranny.

Tyranny is destructive to religion also. The sovereign in his absolute, and unresisted empire, may forbid this or that denomination, to worship God, according to the dictates of their consciences. Good and upright men may struggle hard against it—may seal the truth with blood; but the greater part shall shroud themselves, in the religion of the state, because of the offices, and honours which attend it. The consequence is spiritual death, and the face of misery every where. Ignorance, and superstition follow despotism. Satan is old enough, and sufficiently sagacious, to attend to this. He sees it every day, in India, in Turkey, and in some parts of Europe; and as he traverses the globe, he wishes to behold it in America. Can we then doubt
but

but that in our contest with the tyrant he is, heart and hand, against us? It is evident from the nature of the cause, and

2. From the manner in which the tyrant hath endeavoured to establish it. He hath made use of fraud in negotiation with us. He hath brought a mercenary army, from the heart of Europe, to destroy us. He hath excited Indian savages, to murder us in cold blood. He hath made war, with a remorseless rage; refusing quarter, on the field of battle. He hath famished our prisoners, in his goals; or sentenced them to other climes, at a distance from the light of God's revealed truth. He hath burned towns. He hath wasted settlements. He hath insiduously offered terms of peace, with a view to effect by artifice, what he could not do, by open force, and fair hostility. When we consider these things, can we doubt; but that as the cause hath been fabricated in the shop of satan; so it hath been carried on; in a manner agreeable to his suggestions? Can we doubt, but that satan hath been busy with our enemies? He hath, undoubtedly, been busy. He hath been present at the council board. He hath been an aid upon the field of battle. He hath brought many evil spirits to assist him. The troops of hell hath been against us.

II. Heaven hath taken an active part, and waged war for us. It is conspicuous,

1. From our union which was so early, and so universal. God only, who has the hearts of all men in his hand, could have brought about such consent and full agreement in the cause, amongst a people of different origin, and occupations, and customs, and manners, and religion. The descendants of the Scot, the Irish, the English and the German, have all embarked on the same bottom. The labourer, the husbandman, the merchant, the mechanic, have understood and equally resented the measures

measures of Great-Britain. The presbyterian, the independant, the anabaptist, and the churchman, have made the cause common. The inhabitant of cold New-Hampshire, and of burning Georgia, felt alike the patriotic spirit. The polite Virginian, and severer moralist of Pennsylvania, were equally the subjects of this noble passion. The obedience paid to the resolves of congress by every one of these, was so regular, and so steady, as to excite the wonder of our enemies. What prince, or any legislator in the world, has ever found an equal pliancy, in the minds of subjects, to his laws, as was discovered in the attention of this people, to the committees, and conventions of their respective colonies? The hand of God is visible in this so singular a circumstance. It is equally apparent,

2. In the wisdom of our councils. A more venerable body of men never sat upon the earth than the first congress. Their writings were truly worthy of so great a cause. If any man feels himself to flag in his patriotic principles, let him take up the letters, and remonstrances sent to Britain—let him read the address to Canada—to Ireland—to the Americans, and the declaration, and appeal to foreign powers; and I defy him, if he has the least spark of virtue in his breast, not to feel a noble, a resistless, and almost enthusiastic ardour for his country. The spirit of God, which taught the workmen at the building of the temple, and gave them uncommon skill, was present with these men. The spirit of God, which brightly kindles, the clear spark of genius in the soul, and gives a fine degree of understanding, doubtless, aided them in these productions. The blessed God directed them to prudent words, and to wise and useful measures. Heaven hath taken an active part in our behalf; and this illustriously appears,

H

3. From

3. From the great, and almost unhop'd for success with which our cause has been attended. We took up arms with trembling apprehensions of the mighty difficulties we were oblig'd to encounter. We saw behind us slavery, and before us, the most trying scenes of fortitude, and suffering. As every virtuous and generous mind would do, we fled from slavery, though we know not, but the consequences was death. We had not arms—we had not ammunition—we had not many officers of good experience—we had not soldiers trained and disciplin'd for battle—we had not any thing, but the justice of our cause, and the goodness of almighty providence, to support our sinking spirits. Glory to God, who hath befriended us—hath given us arms, and ammunition, and many officers of good experience, and soldiers trained and disciplin'd, for battle—hath made our arms successful—illustriously successful in many places.

Heaven hath made our cause her own, and this appears,

4. From the manner of our success in general, and deliverance in some particular cases. At the commencement of the war, our greatest fears originated, from the navy of Great-Britain. We did not entertain the least idea of saving the smallest boat or vessel, from her depredation. We apprehended her so fully the mistress of the ocean, that not one bay or creek, or inlet could be found, which was not under her inspection; yet we see, our merchantmen have brought, from every port of Europe, a great supply of what we wanted. Our privateers have scoured the ocean, and in the very channel, on the coast of England, have captured such prizes as more than makes amends for all the loss we have sustained. Our ships of force, of which we had not one at the beginning, have bravely fought the tyrant; and often proved victorious.

This

This is a noble and exhaustless fund of evidence that God himself hath been our Admiral.

In our operations on the continent, we had expected little from the militia soldiery; yet these have had a share not inconsiderable in some the most important actions. The militia fought at Lexington, they fought at Bunker-hill engagement. These little victories were kindly granted them, by providence, as necessary at the first, to lift their hope, and satisfy the mind of every one, that Americans were not irresolute, and Britons, however veteran in experience, were not invulnerable. The militia fought in Carolina, and quelled the Tory insurrection. They fought in the Virginia state. They fought in Jersey. They fought with Harkener. They fought with Stark. They fought with the illustrious Gates. They acted nobly in every battle, and encounter, from the westward of the Hudson, to the heights of Saratoga.

Nor less remarkable was our deliverance, in some particular cases. A gracious providence hath not permitted us to be successful in any one particular place, more than was consistent with the safety, and general interest of our whole exertions. We made the greatest slaughter, but lost the ground at Bunker-Hill engagement, and this because it did not suit us to retain it. Had we possessed the heights, the British must have left the city of Boston, and sailed for New-York or Philadelphia, where we had not been so well prepared to receive them; but flattered vainly with the small advantage of the ground, they still continued to attempt this province. The summer and succeeding winter was, in consequence of this, exhausted fruitlessly; and before they could approach us to the westward, we also were in readiness to bid them welcome.

Our

Our cause was at the lowest ebb, when Howe had travelled through the Jerseys, and appeared upon the Delaware; yet even then, we rose upon the wings of conquest; and from an almost hopeless situation, became the talk and panegyric of the world. Our foe themselves could not but own the merit of our general, those of them especially, who had the soul to understand what praise was due to patience, fortitude, and skill and valour in the breast of heroes.

Our case was gloomy, when Burgoine had passed Ticonderoga, and penetrated deeply through the northern provinces. In this distressed quarter we had expected nothing but defeat and devastation. Our eye of hope was fixed chiefly on the success of the campaign in Pennsylvania. But on the contrary our principal success has been obtained against the northern forces of the tyrant. In this department we have been remarkably victorious; and it would seem that God permitted the rude foe to come thus far, in order that at length his gracious providence might have an ampler field of triumph, in delivering him to ignominy and defeat amongst us.

With this I mention what at first may seem unhappiness; that is the inroad of the foe through Pennsylvania and the Jerseys. But is it not completely evident, that thus it was the will of God to make us taste so much of gall and wormwood, in the cup of tyranny presented to us, that afterwards we should not easily forget it; or even half-way Tories, be tempted to desire a second draught of such malignant poison?

Thus in the manner of our success in general, and deliverance in some particular cases, the hand of God is visible. We have succeeded where we had not hope to succeed. We have been delivered when we looked not for deliverance. Our aid hath come from whence we had not much expected it. We have
been

been favoured in a manner, and on occasions truly singular. Are we not then sensible that heaven is active for us? I argue lastly,

The company of good and pious men, who have most eminently struggled with us. Take a view of those amongst ourselves, who are against us, and count the debauchees, and rakes, and covetous, and designing, and self-interested men, and you will find them to compose a greater part of that collection. On the other hand, set down the honest, the sensible, and serious of your neighbours, and extend your computation, to the good and virtuous of the country round you; and how few, if any of these, will you find against our measures? nay are not the most religious, and most pious persons, the warmest advocates for opposition and resistance? How many sweet and holy prayers, are every day put up, by good and worthy men of all denominations? Our company in this debate is heavenly; and heaven I am persuaded, doth patronize, and will finally succeed it.

Heaven knows nothing of neutrality. The sound of such indifference, was never heard in heaven. Every angel, every seraph feels in our behalf. They know not the secret will of God, and so are anxious for the great event. Doubtless it is pleasing to any one of these, when he is ordered to take his flight to earth, and there direct the course of such a victory, in favour of the brave American. For providence is but the agency of God, either by his own interposition, or by the ministry of powers, and principalities, that stand before him. Angels are his ministering spirits, and they delight to execute his orders amongst men, or through the bounds of the unseen creation. Much sweet assistance have we had from these since the beginning of the contest. There is not one tory, to be found amongst the order of the seraphim. There is not one cold phlegmatic

phlegmatic spirit, that can bear to be a neutral. Heaven is active for us, and her inhabitants, through all their shining ranks and orders.

Let me now improve the subject,

1. You see from hence, that we are to give God the glory. The arm of flesh is weak, and in itself contemptible. It is God that steels the heart, and gives a resolution to engage in trials. It is God that crowns our efforts with success. Let the cause in which we are engaged praise God. Let the councils by which it hath been pleaded praise God. Let the patriots he hath raised to support it, praise God. Let the success which hath attended it, praise God. Let the day of Lexington and the dawn of our renown, praise him. Let the death of Warren and the Bunker-Hill engagement, praise him. Let our approach through Canada, and the death of a Montgomery, praise him. It was God who raised these gallant men, and filled their bosoms with the sacred glow of freedom. It was God who bade them die, and give them immortal to their country.

Think, my brethren on Fort Sullivan, and lift your souls to God. Think on the Carolina—and the Virginia victories. Think on the thousand that we stormed at Trenton. Think on victorious Princetown, and be ashamed of your ingratitude. Think on the Brunswick Ambuscades. Think on the souls who fought at Brandywine. Think on the well-conducted charge at Germantown. Think on Fort Mercer, and the shore of Delaware. Think on Fort-Mifflin so gallantly defended. Think, O think, on these my countrymen, and let your hearts be warmed with a holy fervour.

Think on the noble death of Harkemer. Think on victorious Stark, and the success at Bennington. Think on illustrious Warner, who shared with him in the glory. Think on the garrison at Fort Montgomery—a fort retained and quitted with immortal

mortal honour. Think on the field—the field of Stillwater. Think on the heights—the fair capitulated heights of Saratoga. Think on Burgoyne. Think on his proclamation—what sound, what triumph—what defeat, what ignominy. 'Tis God that raises up the humble, but lays the lofty low before him. Let every pulse that beats throughout our veins, let every breath that draws the air this day, be sacred to his glory. He is God, and there is not another. He is great, and there is none besides him.

From the subject, and the thoughts suggested on it you have

2. Foundation of encouragement. Our cause is yet upon the balance. Our swords are yet unsheathed. Our hands are still upon the hilts of them. Much hath been done. Much yet remains to do. Be not dismayed. Remember your support. Hath France declared war; or is it out of doubt, that Spain hath taken an active part in our behalf? Of this, I am not certain, nor strictly able to inform you; but this I say, that God is for us, and heaven hath taken an active part. The court of heaven hath long determined it, nor was there one dissenting voice among them. Michael says 'tis war, and younger angels say, 'tis war—with Britain.

Are the officers of France called home, to take their places in her armies? * 'Tis said they are; but what is that to us, my countrymen. The officers of France, are noble, gallant and experienced, but

* *The above discourse was drawn up and delivered on the 18th of December, 1777, in Queen-Ann's county, Maryland; at which time there was a report that France had declared war, and that in consequence of this, her officers who serve in America were ordered home to take the command of their respective regiments and divisions.*

but still inferior to the bright and the shining captains of the host of heaven. The officers of France have seen the wars in Germany, in Poland, and in Russia. The captains of the host of God have seen the war, and combat with the dragon—have seen the wars before the flood, and since in every age and country. These have come down to help us, and these shall be continued with us. Had we our eye-sight, we should see, that they that be with us, are more than they that be against us. Had we our eye-sight we should behold chariots of fire, and winged steeds encompassing our mountains. We are afraid perhaps that Britain will recruit from the European continent, and send in thousands to augment her forces. Let us be confident that God is for us, and the armies of the universe, are not sufficient to resist his providence. The subject,

Lastly; suggests to us a motive to repentance. It seems to me our cause shall prosper, and be finally successful; yet cloudy days of suffering may be in reserve before us. I do not by any means expect a sudden issue to the contest. Before it is concluded, many a mother shall have lost her son and many a wife her husband. Let every individual lay this matter for himself to heart. If we are delivered from our enemy, yet many wicked persons, like the unbelieving lord, that that was trodden under foot, at the gate of Samaria, shall not live to see it. What shall it profit any man, if we gain our liberty, and assert our independence, if in the mean time, he shall have lost the eternal liberty, and freedom of his own soul? What will it profit him, if he escape the taxation of Great-Britain; but in the mean time, must lie down in sorrow, and pay the debt, due to God's justice in the flame of hell. In time of war, or in time of peace, there is no safety but in Christ. Hasten therefore, and give no rest to your eyes, nor slumber

slumber to your eye-lids, till you have found an interest in his mediation and atonement. As some countryman, who travels in the stormy night, when the wind shakes the forest, and the rain beats upon him, would hasten to the shelter of a rock, where he may be safe from the hurricane, and the forked lightnings, which play above the mountain; so it becomes every one in this day of storm and sore commotion, to fly swiftly to the rock Christ Jesus, and seek for refuge, in the merit, and peace speaking blood of a redeemer. Amen.



THE BLASPHEMY
OF
G A S C O N A D E
AND
SELF-DEPENDENCE
IN A CERTAIN
GENERAL.

And there was given unto him a mouth, speaking great things and blasphemies. Rev. xiii, 5.

I DO not mean to enter into the controversy, whether it is the Pope, that originally is intended by these words, or some other noble worthy of an equal mouth. I mean to say, that they are applicable to a certain general, with whom we have tried our swords a while; and that is the celebrated John Burgoyne Esquire, lieutenant-general, in North-America, with many other designatory titles, which it were tedious to recapitulate or mention. This general hath spoken great things, and blasphemies.

I. Great things. It is said that a certain old gentleman, of whom many things are fabled, usually comes upon the earth, especially about evening-time,

ing-time, in the shape of a common man; but on discovery of his cloven foot, takes departure in a flame of fire. The general, hath no resemblance, in this particular, to satan; for he came amongst us in a flame of fire, but went away like a common man.

He made his first appearance on the continent, in a sky-rocket, and fire-work description of the day of Charles-Town, and the Bunker-hill engagement. Pyramids of flame, and the roar of cannon, musketry and mortars, sounded and blazed through the paragraphs. I have seen poems on the last conflagration that were nothing to it. The heart of every Whig was made to tremble, for certainly a man that thought and spoke so loftily, must be capable of doing very lofty actions.

We do not hear much more of him, except in his letter to general Lee, until at the opening of the last campaign, when with about eleven thousand men, and half a dozen Indian nations, at his heels, he landed from the lakes of Canada.

The cause of an earth-quake is said to be a column of condensed air, pent up in the bowels of the earth, and suddenly rarified by a hill of sulphur, nitre, or hot materials, of some kind or other, subterraneously on fire. In this case the column hastily expands, and not finding an immediate passage, opens to itself a vent, with great noise and concussion of the continent. This may serve to illustrate the passion and behaviour of the general, who had for a long time conceived a most fierce indignation against the inhabitants of North-America. His wrath was pent up in his breast, and struggled to express itself. He wanted elbow-room. We need not wonder, therefore, that on meeting with some small advantage, like a bed of nitrous particles, to inflame his ire, he burst forth, all at once, in the sound of a proclamation.

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The custom of a proclamation from a warrior, is of very antient date. The champion of Gath was the first who brought it into practice. We read that he came forth and proclaimed to the host of Israel. *Give me a man that we may fight together. O, I love fighting mightily. Do, turn out some active, brisk fellow, that we may have a knock at one another.*

David, a young militia soldier, that had never been in action, takes him at his word, and comes out against him. The Philistine thought it an affront to be matched with a boy, and trusting to his great stature, and his long experience in the service, disdains the stripling rebel, and *curst him by his gods.* As they approached to the combat, the giant opens wide his mighty mouth, in a second proclamation—*come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.*

I am of opinion that Goliah, notwithstanding his challenge to the host of Israel, was, as all bullies are, a coward at the bottom; and that his great vaunt of words, previous to the contest, was intended to intimidate, and, if possible, prevent the young soldier from coming on the ground at all. He could not, consistent with the reputation of his prowess, decline the proposed duel; but it was his hope that he should be able to prevent it, by high looks, big words, and some parade at a distance. *True valour, like true wisdom, talks little.*

The proclamation of Burgoyne was not much unlike the proclamation of the son of Gath. O ye faints and rebels of New-England, wherefore are ye come out against me with pitch-forks, † and with pruning

† *Burgoyne had written a play, called The blockade of Boston, in which the New-Englandmen were represented as coming out to battle, with pitch-forks, and rusty, muskets on their shoulders.*

pruning hooks? Am I a dog that you think to drive me into Lake Champlain, with staves and with broken bayonets? But if so, leave your prayers, and your fastings, and come along, that I may scalp your heads, and toma-hac your carcafes. *I have but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my command and they amount to thousands.*

The one proclamation is very much a copy of the other; yet I am not certain that the British general had this monument of jewish history in view, because I am not certain that Burgoyne reads the scripture. There is indeed no necessity to suppose that he had it in his view, in order to account for the resemblance; for the same spirit, however distant in place or period, will always beget the same manner, and produce the same language.

It is more probable our gallant general, took the idea of striking terror by a proclamation, from the behaviour of Achilles, at the siege of Troy, as it is told us by Homer, in the eighteenth book of his Iliad. The Trojans, with Hector at their head, contending for the body of Patroclus, press upon the Greeks to the very limits of their camp. In this critical conjuncture, Achilles is prevailed on by Minerva, to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments, and endeavour to stop the fury of the Trojans by a proclamation. Accordingly he mounts the parapet, and bawls out very briskly, so that the hostile army are shocked by the clamour and driven back from the battle.

*Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart raised his voice aloud,
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd,
Hosts dropped their arms——*

As the Scotch-man said, when he saw a rope-dancer on the stage, it is a noble thing to be a scholar,

scholar. Burgoyne loves poetry, and doubtless had admired this circumstance in the conduct of the great son of Pelus. He was willing to adopt and put forth in the modern taste, something in the same stile and manner.

A thing of this sort is very pardonable, for we are all usually one half of what we are, by imitation: nay it is commendable, for a study to equal, or excel fine models, is placed by the antient critics amongst the sources of good writing; and may it not be so likewise in the sublime of character and conduct? The great Don-Quixotte made himself still more great, by a constant and careful perusal of the histories of green, black & grey-coloured knights, and by a magnanimous and steady resolution to emulate their warlike glory and achievements.

Burgoyne is not more a poet than historian. Is it not then possible, that he may have had the example of the great Pyrrhus in his eye as we have it related by Polibius? This prince was not less daring in an enterprize, than crafty in device and stratagem. When he had invaded Italy, and lay with his troops above Tarentum, he thought it necessary to make tryal of the patriotism of the Romans, and of their fortitude, before he adventured far into their country. For this purpose he invites Fabricius, the consul, to a conference, in some such manner, as Lord Howe, on Staten-Island, the other year, invited three members of the continental congress. By smooth speeches without any meaning, and by the offer of a sum of money, he endeavours to engage Fabricius, to act inconsistently with the true interest of the common-wealth. Having failed in the attempt, and finding that Roman patriotism was not to be corrupted, he next determines an experiment upon their fortitude.

He provides an old resty elephant, and had it placed behind a curtain, just by Fabricius, with its proboscis

proboscis over him, where he sat in conversation. All at once a stout able-bodied serjeant pricks it with the end of his halbert. The beast suitably alarmed and opening its mouth in a loud proclamation, is exceeding terrible. The animal was strange and unusual to the Roman; but discovering no sign of fear or perturbation, he sat still, and continued his discourse with this reflection: *Thy beast, O Pyrrhus, hath moved me to day as little as thy gold did yesterday.* The king observing such dignity and strength of soul in this people, gave over his attempt upon their country, and transported his troops back to Epirus.

Burgoyne to a certain length hath imitated Pyrrhus. He had not been able to procure an elephant; for though some large bones found upon the banks of the Ohio, do indicate that there may have been of this creature in America, yet none are to be found at the present time.—He had not been able to procure an elephant, to make the tryal in a true classic way; but he does what he can do, and thinks it not amiss to make a little noise himself.

To say the truth he roared very hideously. His first roar was on Ticonderoga hill, † stamping with his foot, and the second roar was on the margin of Lake-George, about ten miles nearer to us. His roaring waxed loud, and shrill, and terrible. As he came down through the woods of Skeensborough, it was audible to a very great distance. It was his intention to roar on to Albany; but a giant of the name of Gates, with a parcel of New-England men, came out against him and caught him by the beard, and smote him, so that his proclamatory voice shall not be heard any more, in the woods of North-America.

I have already said, that Burgoyne, in the manner of the great Quixotte, had built up himself,

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† *The proclamation was given at Ticonderoga.*

on the system of the early battle-men. He had not read so fully as that celebrated Spaniard, the history of the renowned Amadis de Gaul, Don Bellianis of Greece, or the Seven Champions of Christendom; but he had studied, what was equally improving, the exploits of Mahoment the second, and of Tamarlane who put Bajazet in an iron cage; and made use of him as a block to assist him when at any time he should chuse to mount his horse. He had made himself acquainted with the great killing times, at several periods, on the border of the Greek and Roman empires, so that if the hero of Cervantes had it in his power to boast a superior knowledge in the laws of chivalry and knight-hood, yet the British general was considerably before him in the skill of Cæsar-hood and Alexander-ship. That you may know what I mean, it must be told you, that it is the humour of these great combatants, to cut and carve furiously about them, and to rage and rave like angry lions, or like mad tygers, until they have slain half the world of inhabitants; and then to sit down, and be as tame as a dog that has just chewed a bone, or as a young ox that licks his lips after salt.

The above may serve as a key to the famous speech of Burgoyne, before he left England, promising to *temper his punishment to the Americans with humanity*. It may serve to explain that declaration also, that he would *dance with the ladies, and coax the men to submission*; for you must be told, if you know it not already, that it is the humour of your well bred slaughter-men, to be highly complaisant, gentle and humane, to a distressed lady, the very next hour after they have cut the throat of a fond husband, or an only son, or beloved brother. Of this you have an instance in the behaviour of the Macedonian, to the wife and mother of Darius, whom a few hours before, he had unjustly slain,

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and basely deprived of his kingdom.—It was something of this nature which Burgoyne would have us understand by the *honour of a soldier*, of which he speaks in his proclamation. For though he had let loose, or as he himself terms it, *given stretch* to the Indian forces under his command, to murder the infant, and the young soldier, and the mother, and the virgin, on her bridal day; yet this did not hinder, but that when he came to Albany victorious, he might shew himself a generous conqueror, by wiping away the tears of the mourning family, as Alexander wiped away the tears of Statura.

There is another species of writing not less familiar to the general, and that is the French and English tragedy. Hence it is that he hath drawn many of those noble flights of fancy, conceived in very lofty language, which appear in his speeches and epistolary correspondence. The sentence which may serve as a specimen of many others, says to this purpose; *I would not be justly chargeable with such proceeding, no, not for North-America, had she the wealth of worlds, in her bowels, and a paradise upon her surface.*

It is thought by some young gentlemen to whom I have the honour to be known, that Burgoyne hath in this sentence caught something of the true spirit and sublime of the antient authors. The taste of these young gentlemen is accurate and good; for I defy you to impose upon them a ham of bacon, for a sea-turtle, or a dish of turnips, for a bowl of eg-nog. The only objection that any man can offer to their judgement, is, that, *his non erat locus*—These words are not in their proper place, and do not so well suit a letter upon business, as a speech of Anthony to Cleopatra, or of Herod the great, to his Mariamne.

The General in many places, shines out in such high-winged and silver-tongued words. It is his
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happinefs to have fo rich a vein of tragic fancy, and high flight of dramatic thought, that on occafions very common, he can get upon his bufkins, and talk—*rotundo ore*—with a fwelling mouth.

When, therefore, we fum up the evidence, and confider that the general hath a moft intimate acquaintance with all Homer's heroes; that he hath at his fingers ends, all the great examples of the antient hiftory; that to this he hath added a full and univerfal reading of the beft English plays, and particularly that of the two rival queens, writ by the immortal *Lee*—when to clofe and compleat the whole, we take it into view that he hath drawn copioufly of rich ftile and fentiment, from this fource, or rather thefe fources; need we wonder that when he came upon this weftern continent, a new world, and a new ftage opening to his view, he hath fpoken great things.

II. Blasphemies. Here I mean to be ferious. The word blasphemy is of Greek original, and is made up of two words, one of which is—to wound, and the other is—the reputation. According to its etymology, it is what is wounding to the reputation. It is the Greek word for calumny, and answers to one we have borrowed from the latin—defamation. I have not any author by me to eftablifh it; yet I make no doubt, but that at firft it was ufed to fignify a flander againft the character of men, as well as againft the providence of God. After a little time, in the manner of many words, it loft a part of its original application; and by it we now underftand what is faid in derogation of the divine Majefty of heaven, either in the perfons of the Trinity, his attributes, or providence. This is the ftrict and higher fenfe; yet, no doubt, a word may be occasionally and by conftitution blafphemous. The man that declares to the world, that he will do this or that, and at the fame time
pays

pays no attention to the permission of divine providence, makes a near approach to that which is called blasphemy. It ought to be our language; that if God will, we shall do so. What, so to speak can be more wounding to his reputation in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways, than not to acknowledge him, when we engage in any matter, or not to give him thanks, when, with his help, we have been enabled to perform it? It is treason to the monarchy of heaven. It is blasphemy.

Let us apply this to the proclamation of which we have said some things laughingly. Omitting the invective and falshood contained in it; even the soul of a tory must be sensible that with regard to God, it is daringly impious and profane. Except in one slight phrase, he pays not the least attention to the almighty providence, who rules and governs all things; and even this slight phrase is crouded down, and disappears in the boast and ranting of the other periods. Self-dependent, and balanced on his strength, he seems to look down with scorn, on all the casualties of circumstance and time.

“At the head of troops in the full powers of health, discipline and valour, determined to strike where necessary, and anxious to spare where possible, I invite and exhort all persons, in all places, where the progress of this army shall point—*And by the blessing of God I will extend it far.*” The last words of this sentence make the phrase to which I have a reference as that seeming to hold forth something rational, and pious. Yet if you examine its position, and the manner of its flow in the sentence, you will find that it is not so much an acknowledgment of the superintendency of God, as an oath that verily in spite of all opposition, he will do what he had proposed. It differs little from the common declaration of a soldier swearing by the almighty, that in spite of fortune he will

will do it. The best that we can say of it, is, that when he meant to pray, he naturally fell into the idiom of an oath. Such is the force of habit, on the human mind, and so hard is it to speak in a language different from that to which we have been long accustomed.

But if he meant it even serious, it has something in its nature blasphemous; for if it is wounding to the character of God, the great disposer of events, to deny his kind and good providence, surely it is so likewise, to ask his countenance and aid, in a course of action diametrically opposite to justice and to truth. What?—shall it be your design to strip, rob, and cut the throats of men and mankind, and shall you in the mean time ask the blessing of God in the execution of it? It is an insult upon heaven. It is blasphemy.

I remark farther on the proclamation; that it seems to adopt the stile of the sacred book, and speaks of those called rebels as the scripture speaks of reprobated men after death. The British army are *the messengers of justice and of wrath*; and those which shall be so unhappy as to fall into their hands are *the wilful outcasts*. This is arrogancy to a high degree, for it is more than falls to the share of man to apply to himself or claim.

Such was the language of the general with regard to what he had in view to do. Not less excessive was it in the account of what he had already done. Of this, his letter to lord George Germaine, on the reduction of Ticonderoga, may be selected as an evidence. It is pompous in idea, and conceived in very lofty terms. Were one to read it over, it would naturally extend his mouth as if he had been used to pronounce the high heroic scenes of some swelling tragedy. When you hear him describe the mount, whose top, and gradual ascent was covered with artillery: when you consider the ob-
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structions of the booms and sunken piers through which he made his way: when you listen to the great address of his officers and men in scaling, and climbing over these, you would suppose that each of them was at least a Themistocles, and that the general himself had done more than Alexander did, when he took by storm the city of the Tyrians, having first in spite of winds and a thousand storms, built a mole in the sea to join the island to the continent. A gasconade of this nature becomes irreligious, when it is not accompanied with the least idea of gratitude to God for that wherein he had succeeded.

Taking these things into view, we may easily account for the ignominious exit of Burgoyne. It is to be resolved not so much into our skill and bravery, as into the providence of God, which he had slighted and despised. He had made himself master of the only post of consequence, where he had expected opposition. He had hung on the rear of our broken army, and had taken camp-equipage and prisoners. He had penetrated through a great depth of country, and the road to victory was now smooth before him. At this very instant he is deserted of his wonted prudence. It behoved him to have marched on, with his whole army solidly, and to have given no time to the troops before him, to re-assemble, or to rally. His great strength lay in continuing self-collected and impenetrable to our smaller bodies. But how providentially for us, do we find him sending out his army by detachments! Hence it was that in the very triumph of success, like an eagle that hath stooped for a lamb, and mounted to the clouds, he was wounded with an arrow, and brought down again. Pride and self-confidence was the effect of his success, and it became the cause of his future losses, and his last catastrophe.

From what we have said upon this subject, may there not arise some pertinent reflections? It is the duty and interest of every man, who aspires to be distinguished by a happy success, in that to which he puts his hand, that he acknowledge God, and have an eye to his Almighty providence. *God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.* Let me see a man go forth in any enterprize, confiding in his own skill, resolution, or diligence, and paying no attention to the great disposer of events, and I think I shall pretty generally be right, if I venture to fore-tell to him that he shall not prosper in it. God is represented in the sacred book as jealous of his glory. He will not fail to assert his sovereignty over those who deny it, and by a proud vaunt and boasting of their own great strength and prowess, do virtually preclude the necessity of the divine interposition and assistance.

We are told in the antient histories, of some great and fortunate commander, whose name I cannot now recollect, that in recounting his successes, he added frequently, at the end of each relation, *and in this fortune had no share*, after which it is remarkable, that he never once more succeeded in any undertaking.

The Assyrian monarch is an instance of the same nature. Under God he had done very great things. He had over-run half the world with his arms. He had built Babylon for the domicilium of his empire. The temple of Belus, in magnitude and height, equalled the largest of the pyramids of Egypt. His gardens hanging in the air, and groves planted on a level with the clouds, were a sight new and admirable to the eye of man. His palace for its architecture far surpassed any thing that had ever been in the world before this period. In this palace it is said he walked, and, it was most probably, in some lofty story of it whence he could
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have a view of the whole city, as it lay beneath him. His vain heart swelling with its pride, he breaks forth in a strain of self-applause and arrogance, not to be endured by the God of heaven. *Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of my kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty? And while the word was in his mouth, a voice fell from heaven, and no doubt it came with an awful shock to his soul, O king, to thee is it spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee.*

The saying is as good as it is old, and as expressive as it is simple, that *pride goes before a fall*. It is the history of many men, that they have flourished and continued to ascend in the world for a time; but by and by have experienced a reverse of fortune, and were again dashed down. It is the history of many people, that they have endured poverty, and pain, and at length surmounted these; but that now, almost established in plenty and in ease, they have become viciously secure, and are struck from the happiness which they had in view. The next generation saw their names blotted out, and lost among the things that had once been.

It is the usual course of every war, that some one of the contending people is suffered to prevail, until they are become secure, and irreligious by success; then the wheel returns, and the troops which they had beaten, recover new strength, make head again, and prove the last upon the field.

It is for this reason that I look upon the present to be the most critical point of time, that has yet revolved to America. We set out very weak, and we were sure of the providence of God, because we were sure that we needed it. We were beaten very low, and we despaired not, because there were many instances of those who had emerged from the deepest situation of trouble and distress.

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We have emerged according to our hope, and have struck off a main limb from the body of the tyrant. We may again be overcome. It is an easy thing for the providence which rules the world to lay us lower than he hath yet raised us; and to make our present eminence serving to a fall more terrible.

If we would be still victorious, let us be *still humble*. Was I to see in these united states, a departure, in any instance, from that spirit of sobriety, with which at first we set out, I should fear that it presaged us a great reverse of fortune. I never thought it possible that a people who had virtuously rejected every luxury, and every vain amusement, could be overcome in so just a cause. I never could believe it in the course of providence, that a people could be conquered, whose practice it had now become to go to the house of prayer, instead of a horse-race,* and to church instead of a ball-room. Should this practice be reversed, we should have just ground to apprehend that our fortune also should be reversed with it.

If we would still have ground to boast, let us still take care *that we boast not*. We have seen the nature and the issue of gasconade and self-dependence in Burgoyne. I have spoken of it with some degree of ridicule, in order that it might appear ridiculous. Laudible hath been our practice hitherto, in asking the aid of divine providence when we were about to engage in any undertaking. Landible hath been the recommendation of our Congress in setting apart a day for public thanksgiving and praise to God, when through divine favour we have been successful. Let this taste and sense of things be kept up in the breast of every senator, and soldier, and subject of the states of North-America.

* See a recommendation of the Delegates in Congress, about the commencement of this debate.

North-America. How much more becoming is a day set apart for praise to God, than entertainments in a hall of merriment, or assembly of intemperate joy. How much more becoming is it at a time, when it is yet undecided what shall be the fate and issue of our contest—at a time more especially when many of our countrymen lie in jails famishing for bread. These poor men, fellow soldiers and fellow sufferers in the common cause, must certainly take it very hard to hear of mirth, and musick, and festivity entertained by others, while they lie faint and hungry in the hand of the cruel foe. For this reason, and for many others, may sobriety, and wisdom, be the spirit of our times.

If we begin to *exult* too soon, we shall look very mean and contemptible if we are shortly beaten, and have the ground of our triumph taken from us. If at any time we are frowned on by providence, let us *hope*; but if on the contrary we bend along in a full gale of fair prosperity let us *fear*. In every instance of success,

*O fellow-soldiers let your offerings rise,
Not in loud mirth, and cantico, and song;
But in true piety, and light of love,
And warm devotion in the inward part.
Let your festivity be mixed with thought,
And sober judgment, on the grand event.*

I have said that the present time is a *crisis* to America. We are in that situation where a reverse of fortune doth usually take place. We have experienced for some time past a high flow and full gale of continued success.

The latter end of the last campaign was *critical* to the British arms in America. They had reduced fort Washington, and travelled through the Jerseys.

They had obliged us with a few troops to retire on this side the Delaware. What now remained but the full taste of triumph, and the fruits of victory? They had reached a summit, and this was the *crisis*. From the eminence attained, they now began to decline down the hill. This is no more than what is usual to those, who, flattered by success, look upon their work as already done.

The present time is a *crisis* to America. We have vanquished Burgoyne. We have reached a very great eminence. Let us so behave, that providence, may not in justice and in punishment fix it down as the summit to which we shall attain. Let not security take the place of prudence. We have yet a great height of mountain to ascend. It would be the best policy of general Howe and the devil, if they knew it, to give way, and make as if they were beaten altogether, so that by and by they might return again, and taking us unguarded, deal a severer blow. On the other hand, it is our best policy to be upon our guard, and notwithstanding our so late success and victory, not to tempt providence by a remission of our vigilance and care—not to offend the great arbiter of causes, by giving way to vain glory and a boasting spirit, while our deliverance is yet incompleat, and it remains to be decided, whether we shall live freemen, or be made slaves.



THE
GREAT WRATH
OF THE
TYRANT,
AND THE CAUSE OF IT.

Having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time. Rev. xii, 12.

THESE words are characteristic of the devil, who, in the late age of the world, and just before the *millennium*, is about to act with redoubled fury, knowing, that in a short time, he shall be shut up in the dark abode of hell, not to vex or disturb the human race any more. It is the case not only with the devil, but with all who in any shape resemble him, that they vent themselves the more outrageously, in proportion as the time is short in which they have any hope of opportunity to exercise their vengeance. It is the case particularly with the tyrant of Great-Britain, who at this time hath made war upon us—He hath had great wrath; and it is because he knoweth that he hath but a short time,

I. He

1. He hath had great wrath. It is usual in language when a man is angry, for himself as well as others to say that he is mad. He is mad with rage—you have made me mad and the like. Nor is there so great an impropriety in these words as may at first be imagined; for according to the ancient, *anger is a short madness*. Passion of any kind and more especially that of anger, disturbs or prevents any exercise of reason, so that the subject of it, in the wildness of his looks, the impetuosity of words, and the extravagance of action, shall differ little from a madman. In the sally of resentment he shall take the way to gratify it which is not only most ineffectual to hurt the person with whom he is offended, but is most deadly and destructive to himself. An eager thirst of revenge will prompt a man to engage in a duel with a more skilful adversary, and to risk his life with but half a chance, for the preservation of it. At the same time, the blind and inconsiderate fury of his rage, will perfectly destroy that small share of skill and prudence which he may have had, and render him an easy prey to the more cool and deliberate combatant.

We saw this remarkably in the direction of the war waged by the tyrant. He was principally enraged with the four New-England provinces, and therefore was disposed to make these the first examples of his vengeance. Prompted by his passion, this quarter of the confederate colonies he attacked first, contrary to the well established maxim—*Seek the weak side of an enemy*. Had he brought his first ten thousand men up the Bay of Chesapeak, and made his inroad on the then unarmed, undisciplined, and defenceless Pennsylvanians, he might have effectuated something. But so inveterate was his rage against the people of the Massachusetts-Bay province in particular, that these he must attack first, though he well knew, that of all the Americans,

cans, they were the best prepared to receive him. This province, which at that time might be accounted the citadel, he continued with unavailing assiduity to batter, until the other parts of the empire were put into a posture of defence, and rendered equally impregnable to his assault. Thus it may be said that the tyrant hath been mad with rage—that his anger hath overshot his wit, and that from a desire instantly to satiate his malice, he hath lost the opportunity to satiate it at all.

The madness of his passion was equally observable in many other parts of his behaviour. His business was to rob, and it was his wisdom to have attempted it, like a man of honour, so that many might give up their purse with some degree of readiness, taken with the gallant look of the highway-man, and the politeness of the manner in which it was demanded. “Gentlemen, he might have said, I am in want of money, and you must pardon me if I take the freedom to request a little. You see my arms, and my capacity to force it from you; nevertheless I scorn any ungentlemanly and unfair advantage. Equip yourselves, and come out and fight with me, and my retinue, in even play and fair hostility. I scorn the assistance of the Hessian offered me from Germany—the Negro, or the Indian, to shed the blood of Christians. If I cannot conquer you myself, I will disdain to take your money. Ladies in the coach be easy and compose yourselves. I make not war upon the fairer sex. It is your husbands with whom I am to combat.”

Very contrary to this was the behaviour of the tyrant. By his grim threats, cruel outrage, and base barbarity, he at once discovered himself to be a ruffian and a villain. The passion of his soul was too dark and gloomy to admit the appearance of so much gallantry and sprightliness, but which, if exercised,

exercised, would have been the only most effectual way to have gained his purpose, and prevented that declaration of independence and separation from his empire, which, in consequence of his brutality, hath taken place upon the continent.

It is evident from the bad policy of all his manners, that the tyrant hath been mad; and to what can we attribute this, so naturally as to the strength of his resentment, which hurried him impetuously to gratify it, without attention to the rules of prudence, or the maxims of experience. He hath been mad with rage. Like a madman he hath been impolitic, but at the same time violent. His rage hath been exerted without skill, but at the same time with great strength and great cruelty. He hath had great wrath.

I need not write, nor describe it to you. It is writ in blood. You may cast up your eye, and read it on every height from Bunker's-hill to fort Sullivan—on the heights of Abraham—on the heights of Danbury—on the heights of the Hudson-river—on the heights of Raritan—on the heights of Delaware—on the heights of Schuilkill—on the heights of Brandywine.

Some time ago we read sad appearances of bloodshed, in the fiery vapours spread upon the north. * Ah! my countrymen, you may read it much better, not in the firmament, but upon the earth. The Hessian hath writ in blood—the Indian hath writ in blood—the British soldiery hath writ in blood. Here lies a Warren—here lies a Montgomery—here lies a Mercer—a Haslet—a Worster—a Harkemer—a Nash—a Wither-
 spoon. The wrath of the tyrant, in blood-red characters hath been writ by every one of these. He hath had great wrath, and

II. It is because he knoweth that he hath but a short time. The tyrant very early had so much
 * *Aurora borealis.* glimmering

glimmering of light upon his mind, as to see what was very easy to be seen, that these colonies could not be very long a member of his empire. It was therefore his policy, he apprehended, to make the best use of them, while he had them in his power. For this purpose he laid the stamp-act upon them, in order to enrich himself, and at the same time keep them low, and at a greater distance from that period, when conscious of their own importance, they might be disposed to throw off all subjection to his authority. In the imposition of this tax he found a greater spirit of resistance than he had expected, and therefore thought it prudent to repeal it for the present. Sensible that he had aimed a most unfriendly stab at the vitals of our liberty, he did not think it possible that we could in any future time forgive him. Thus he was enraged against us, because he was persuaded that we must be enraged against him. So true it is that *he who injures never can forgive*. His fancy and imagination whirled in a perpetual fit of jealousy. He felt within himself, that he had intended the greatest injury, and therefore justly thought, that the people against whom it was intended must have conceived an answerable indignation. He was convinced that it was our true and best interest, to break off all connection with him; and therefore judged that we must be disposed to take the first opportunity to do it. *A state of suspense is worse than a state of disappointment*. His eager and unquiet spirit prompted him, as soon as possible, to make the experiment, and to see whether the Americans had really those designs of separation, which his own evil and foreboding fears had given him to believe they began to entertain. He openly asserts the claim of binding them *in all cases whatsoever*, and thus immediately brings about that establishment of an independent empire in America,

ca, which otherwise might have slept in embryo, for two or three ages.

When the claim was denied, and the attempt to enforce it was resisted, he waxed very wroth, but was not yet come to the height of rage and desperation. He had still some fluctuating hope that he should be able to reduce us for the present, and hold us some longer time in subjection. At the commencement of the debate he was pleasant in his manner, and talked much of clemency. It was some time before he used the word—*rebe.s.* His deluded and mistaken subjects was the term. During the blockade of Boston he confined our prisoners to dungeons, and to jails, but did not put them to death by famine, and the supply of vitiated food. He shed our blood in the Bunker-hill engagement; but we do not hear that he butchered the wounded, or refused quarter to any supplicating for their life. He set fire to Charles-town, but this was rather to skreen his own cowardice behind the smoke, than with a design to desolate the country. In proportion as he became less sanguine in his hope of reducing us, he became more outrageous, and barbarous in his resentment.

It was not until his departure from Virginia, that he set fire to the town of Norfolk. It was not until his retreat from the White Plains, that he began to burn dwelling houses, and lay waste our settlements. It was not until he had ingloriously withdrawn from this tract of country, and retired back into New-York, that he began to shew the civilized world something to astonish them, in the usage of the unhappy prisoners of Fort-Washington.

It was not until his inroad through the Jerseys that he let fully slip the hounds that followed him, to lap, and feast luxuriously upon the blood of men. It was not until this time that he mangled the wounded on the field of battle, and stabbed unpitiedly the soldier,

dier supplicating for his life. It was not until his departure from this state, that he so wantonly every where began to burn and destroy the buildings and edifices of the country through which he made his rout.

In the last campaign he surpassed all that he had done before. In the retreat of Clinton from the neighbourhood of Albany, he consumed every fine building on each side of the Hudson river. He laid in ruins the beautiful and pleasant streets of Esopus or Kingston. He burned many other smaller villages, and marked every vestige of his progress with waste and desolation.

In the inroad of Burgoyne he stirred up the savages to come down upon us, and with more inhumanity than usual even to himself, he encouraged them by a reward to scalp and murder the inhabitants in their places of abode. He ordered our prisoners, under the very eye of the British troops, to be gnawed upon by these *dogs of hell*. He murderously sent them in amongst the trembling captives, and in the manner of the Canibals of South-America, caused them to chuse out the fattest, that they might put their knives in him, and feast upon his limbs with a horrid appetite*.

In his progress through the state of Pennsylvania, we have heard the cry of the ravished virgin, and the murdered soldier, and have seen every horrid act perpetrated that can disgrace the memory of wicked and apostate men. The soft-expofulating souls that want bread in the jails of Philadelphia, recal the memory of fort Washington, and lodge a new complaint in the ear of the God of heaven, and in the ears of their countrymen.

M

I expect

* See the deposition of Doctor Young Love.

I expect that next campaign, if the tyrant is able to effect an inroad, he will vent his fury with a still more despairing vengeance. *We may guess his loss of hope by his increase of wrath.* When his rage is come to the very height, so that no gleam of humanity remains to temperate his actions, we may conclude that it is over with him and the day of our deliverance draweth nigh. Thus, that hour is the darkest which precedes the break of day, and February, which is the last month, is the coldest and most stormy of the wintry year.

I have said that it is probable the tyrant will act, in the next campaign, with a still more despairing vengeance. When I ruminare upon it, I do not see that he has any thing to add, to the gloomy catalogue of his former cruelties. It is true he might assassinate and endeavour to satisfy his malice by the private death of some of our greatest statesmen, and bravest heroes; but this is what he hath already plotted, and endeavoured to accomplish. The dark scene of hell laid against our general, on York-Island, is an evidence of this; And the late attempt made against the great FRANKLIN at the court of France, sets it beyond a possibility of doubt. It would seem therefore that nothing barbarous or cruel of a new nature remains for him to perpetrate. If so, may we not hope that he has run his round, and that shortly his opportunity of shewing himself barbarous and cruel to Americans, shall be made to cease?

It is indeed devoutly to be wished; for much pain and sore calamity is yet upon us; and many poor families driven from their places of abode, suffer in the contest. Well might it have been said with a reference to this war, as in the words of the scripture immediately preceeding those prefixed to this discourse. *Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and the sea, for the devil is come down unto you.* The devil is indeed

indeed come down in the service of the tyrant. We have felt his fury on the *land*. We have felt it on the *sea*. Many of our poor sailors, taken by him, hath he forced to act against the cause in which we are engaged and to do reluctantly that which the principle of conscience disapproves. Many of them hath he shut down in the dark holds of vessels to lament the lost light and the hope of day. Many of them hath he sent away to the scorched isles, where slavery takes place, and where hot fevers soon fix a limit to the life of man.

The time of war is the devil's time. War is not friendly to religion.—It is not friendly to the sciences. Animosity and bloodshed is unfavourable to all that is good and useful on the earth. I trust we shall soon be delivered from the necessity of wading in it.

The reign of the tyrant is the reign of Satan. I trust that a short space of time shall fix the limit to them both. War and fierce debate shall shew themselves no more. Tranquility and days of happiness shall again be ours. The husbandman now destitute of habitation, shall return to his dwelling-house. The tear shall be wiped from the eye of the fair virgin, driven from the city, where she had been delicately bred. The prisoner shall be lifted from the jail, and have his name placed with those who have suffered for their country. The soldier shall retire from the danger of the camp, and the wooden leg and the grey hairs of valour shall be honourable. Historians shall hear from him the tale of that which he did in battle. They shall dip their pens in the lustre of his fame, and give immortality to what they write.

Be cheared, O my country, for thy garden-bowers, and thy walls shall be built again. Thy meads shall be decked with grass, and the grain shall be heavy on thy fields. The villages shall rise from
their

their rubbish and their smoke, and new towns shall smile along thy streams.

Commerce shall extend her wings, and come from every shore. It will be pleasant to see a new *Exchange* in every fair metropolis upon our coast. It will be pleasant to observe every nation in their proper dress about to barter their commodities upon our wharfs—The native of Bencoolen, of Sumatra, of Borneo, and the Malayan, with his pearl fished from the bottom of the sea—The Turk with his Turban on his head—the Venetian—the Genoese—the Frenchman—the Dane—the Portuguese—the Dutchman, and the Englishman himself taught the arts of peace.

Science shall be planted in our country, and many seminaries shall again shew their heads. Like fair lights, and pyramids of fire, they shall shoot up in every state. The muses every where shall strew the land with flowers; and slumbering bards shall yet awake, to sing of nature, and the praise of men.

Religion shall again come down and live upon the earth. Free exercise of conscience shall be allowed every where. Bigotry—vile bigotry that springs from ignorance, shall fly away. Truth, pure truth shall dispel the fog and vapour of the mind. The light of knowledge, like the light of day shall kindle heat in the pious soul. Days, happy days are yet before us.

The devil, in equal measure with the tyrant, hath had great wrath, and it is *because he knoweth that he hath but a short time*. He hath been let loose for a while, but after he hath taken a turn or two more, he shall be shut down in the lake of hell. He shall carry with him blasphemy, and oaths, and profane swearing. We shall have fair weather at the clearing up of this storm.

Let these bright ages hasten on, and to God, with whom all time, and situation, and event is inscrutably laid up, be the glory. Amen.