

No. 9

DR. A. WYLIE'S

4th OF JULY ADDRESS.

2

BLOOMINGTON:

PRINTED FOR THE MONROE COUNTY LYCEUM.

1840.

ADDRESS,
TO THE
CITIZENS OF MONROE COUNTY,
AND TO THE MEMBERS OF
THE COUNTY LYCEUM.

BY ANDREW WYLIE, D.D.

BLOOMINGTON:
PRINTED IN THE OLD COLLEGE BUILDING.
JULY 4, 1840.

Rev. A. WYLIE:

We have been appointed a committee of the Monroe County Lyceum, to solicit a copy of the able address delivered by you on the 4th of July last, to the citizens of Monroe County and the Lyceum, for publication.

A compliance with this request will render great satisfaction to the Lyceum, and to none more than to the undersigned.

JOHN McCORKLE, }
JOHN DALE, }
J. D. MAXWELL. } Committee.

Sept. 18th, 1840.

Messrs. Jno. McCORKLE, Jno. DALE, J. D. MAXWELL:

Gentlemen: A copy of the Discourse delivered by your request, and which you ask for publication is at your disposal. I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of esteem,

Yours, &c.

A. WYLIE.

ADDRESS, &c.

Fellow-citizens ! who have honored me with the Request

That I should address you on this day --

Gentlemen ! Members of the Lyceum ! who have conferred on me

The same token of Respect --

In attempting to fulfil the duty thus assigned me, I perform a service which is, in many respects, very agreeable to my feelings. It gives me the privilege of mingling freely in your society and acting for the day as one of yourselves—a privilege from which we who are Students in the University are, by the course and manner of our life, ordinarily secluded. I say Students. For such, whether teachers or taught, we either are or ought to be.

A Student, Fellow-citizens, is no idler. He works hard; he works every day; rain or shine his hay must be made. At night, too, he works while others sleep; works while others play, works on and on. There is no credit, often, for what he does, because his labors do not harden his hands, nor bring the sweat from his pores. But his brain works—and there is the very place where that is elaborated which sets every thing else to work in this working world—the brain! the workshop of the mind—where it manufactures thoughts—devises cunning inventions—combines the elements of things, in idea, into contrivances which, when brought out of the idea into act, fill the world with the products of all the arts of life! But while we, Fellow-citizens, are thus employed, it is our misfortune to be lost from your sight and from your sympathies. And it may be that we are even, on account of these our habits of seclusion and confinement, accused to you—accused of pride and selfishness; as if our imprisonment were our choice, and not imposed upon us by the duty which we owe to the public; or as if we cherished none of the feelings of humanity nor entertained a wish to be on terms of friendship and good neighborhood with those around us.

Let this day, Fellow-citizens, banish all such thoughts. This day! this blessed day! a good day! a holy day! next, in our affections, to

the Sabbath only. We know a few of you by name; and we know some more by countenance. But that is all. For we cannot visit you at your houses, nor even chat with you when we meet you by the way side, or at the corners of the streets. We are engaged. We have not time. Our duties allow us no respite. We are, as I said, Students: employed always in gathering thoughts, making thoughts, or combining thoughts in our own heads, or hammering them into the heads of others. But to-day—this is a holliday—we mean to do no work to-day, whether servile work, or master's work, or any other kind of work. We will not even *think*, to-day. It is too hard, that work. We will give ourselves up to *feeling* and to that alone. Unyoke our thoughts we will, for this day, and let them go loose, run, walk, swim, dive, fly, soar—nestle and go to sleep—or do whatever else they please. We have no work for them to do to-day. To-day we feel—and we give ourselves up to feeling only; to social feeling, with you, our Fellow-citizens, whom we are glad to meet here on the level of our common rights and privileges; to feelings of exultation, lifted up as we are into a region higher, purer, than that which confines us on other days; feelings of joy and hope, when we look into the bright future, which Providence has prepared for our children and their children in this land for many ages yet to come; feelings of piety with hearts lifted up in gratitude to that same Providence which crowned with success the labors of our patriot Fathers, during that perilous seven years war of the Revolution, and since that time has for now more than half a century guided our councils in peace and given victory in war, sending us rain and fruitful seasons, making our country glad with health and plenty, till now, though still in its infancy, our Nation has attained to gigantic power and greatness; and what is more, is composed of freemen, men who can govern themselves at home and make themselves respected abroad; feelings of patriotism, enthusiastic devotion to our country, our whole country,—the hardy North, the chivalrous South, the polished East, the enterprizing West,—love to all our Fellow-citizens whose interests and destinies are embarked with ours in the bottom of the same Constitution, and guarded and sheltered by our free Institutions which are growing up to strength and stability in the soil of our country consecrated to liberty by the blood of our patriot Fathers;—feelings of awe and veneration for the memory of those patriot sires,—sages, heroes, martyrs—whose names stand forth in our political firmament, a galaxy of brightness in the sight of all nations, to guide and cheer us and them in our future path of glory and greatness; and to confound with shame us and them, especially us, if we linger in it or turn aside from it; feelings of attachment to the very soil of our country not

owned by lords and lordlings; but by honest men whose honest labor tills it; digs its mountains for the rich stores of mineral treasure hid in their bosoms; or builds hamlets on their misty sides pouring down their thousand streams, cheering the valleys as they go through them, rich with herbage and pastures green, or waving with golden grain, to unite their many waters, congregated into mighty rivers, rivers worthy of the name whose waters after draining and fertilizing millions of acres submit to be dashed into foam by the steam-driven machinery of our Fulton—the deep-sunk, heavy-freighted, strong-ribbed vessel darting through them as if it were Leviathan, having forsaken his briny home, and the dominions of ‘Stern Neptune,’ fiercely cutting his liquid way in quest of inland seas or a ‘North west passage.’ Nor will we, on this occasion forget what Art and Talents and Genius have done in other departments to make our country one that we may love and not be ashamed for loving it. Their names—they are too many to rehearse—nor will we invidiously select. Their monuments we can point to in Sculpture, in Poetry, in Painting, in Eloquence, in Architecture, naval and civil; in Mathematics and Engineering; in Law and the Science of Legislation; in Medicine; in Morals; in Theology; in the higher branches of Natural Science and in Metaphysics:—enough these to rescue our country and its institutions from the imputation once sought to be fixed upon them, that nature degenerates and mind languishes here.

But we will not think to-day. We will feel; we will give the rein to feeling and let it carry us whither it will. And if we mingle with the rest sportive feelings, who will blame us on such a day. Reminiscence—yes, that is the word we want—memory enlivened by feeling—it has in it, and brings with it no labor of thought: we will indulge it a little. There are some here who were in the Revolution of —76 and took part in the war of the Revolution. Your Speaker existed not then. This world received him not till after the Revolution had been completed and the political state had rolled itself round,—for such, you know is the meaning of this word Revolution. Things had rolled themselves round and had begun to settle down in tranquillity, the right side up—when your speaker was born. His reminiscence carries him not quite so far back as that, however: but it does carry him back to a period so near to that of —76, that he verily thinks from this circumstance, as well as from some other proofs satisfactory to himself, that he was born near enough the era of —76 to have caught the spirit of —76. Under the administration of that Greatest and Best of men, that man whose character was without any of those weaknesses which have been, some one of them at least, manifest in the conduct of all other great men, he was introduced into

life. He remembers something about Citizen Genet and Talleyrand—when they were in this country; he heard of Tom-the-Tinker, and was afraid of Tom—as he was also, about the same time, of another celebrated character, terrible to the nursery and a wonderful auxiliary to the nurse—Raw-head-and-Bloody-bones y'cleped. He remembers too, when Washington died; and who it was that mourned; and who it was that rejoiced on that occasion. The rejoicers he marked in his young memory, or rather they marked themselves there. Much he thought about it then, and much since. Then it was a mystery, since it has gradually become more and more intelligible, too intelligible. Let it pass. Washington, though 'First in war, First in peace and First in the hearts of his country men,' was not without his enemies, many & bitter, while he lived; and they rejoiced when he lived no more on earth. Yes, and for a while they sought to injure his reputation, when he was no more. For a while, not long; they ceased, at length, and every calumny grew mute: and so will they remain, as it respects Him, for ever more.

But, Citizens! I am, in spite of myself, sliding into a subject which forces one to think, aye, and to feel too, not as one ought to feel on such a day as this. Avaunt! then ye poisonous reptiles, 'haters of the good, who hiss and spit your hellish spite and venom, at whatever is either great or lovely among men;—away to darkness and oblivion with ye;—and trouble not the bright visions of this good day with your hateful presence!

And to the Revolution, with its reminiscences, let us turn our thoughts. The Revolution, that turning round of affairs, was a work of fearful magnitude, an enterprize full of peril. But our fathers who undertook it, thought in their hearts that it *must* be done. And they thought so, simply because the great log of the British Constitution, King-log as, according to the fable one might call it, did not lie right and wanted turning. If, indeed, it had lain floating in the water, as the fable has it, the Revolution or turning of it over would have been an easy matter. Their weight hung on one side of it would have turned it round in its liquid bed. But unhappily the log was not so situated, to us. To John Bull himself it was so. But, alas! for Brother Jonathan, the log lay on dry land, with all its cumbrous length and weight, and it lay too on Jonathan's toes; and ever it and anon they were shoving it on him still more and more, till he had like to have fallen prostrate, supine, before it. To drop this emblematic personage, I might almost say that some of the people were actually in the predicament which I have said Jonathan was in danger of. They lay supine stretching out their hands to heaven for help in their anguish, imploring the aid of their fellow-citizens, supplicating the clemency of them

King and Parliament. Heaven, indeed, did hear their cries and was about to deliver, but not yet. Their fellow-citizens heard and sympathized, some of them, and meditated how help might be given; but yet they gave it not. Nor, indeed, could they just then. As for King and Parliament, though they were the very persons who should see to it, and who, with their levers of power, could instantly have raised off the pressure from the sufferers; they, for their parts, thought the log lay well enough, only that it might be advisable to roll it a little further over upon the sufferers—a thing which, unless they kept quiet, and made no disturbance, Lord North and his Cabinet were in fact resolved to do.

And here, fellow-citizens, let me point out to you the blackest trait in the grim visage of tyranny. Tyranny, by its minions, oppresses, harasses, tortures its subjects;—employs its agents to make disturbance;—and then flies into a transport of rage and fury, and applies to its subjects fresh tortures,—because ‘there should be no disturbance.’ Thus did Lord North and his cabinet. They sent over men in red coats to quell, if they could not prevent, disturbance in the Colonies. And the Colonies did not like to see these men in red coats coming and taking up their quarters among them: because they were the minions of royalty; and because they were to be supported in idleness and lodged in extensive buildings which they called barracks; and because they had no common interest with the people nor sympathy with them in their sufferings; and because they were men—these red-coats, who had been trained and exercised to certain habits which were not good, and therefore likely to produce disturbance; and chiefly because they came over with the air of menace and bravado and bullying, with their red coats and muskets with bayonets and cartridge-boxes and other accoutrements, suspicious-looking. These men in red coats the people did not like to see. But they were not disposed to make disturbance, lest Royalty might be further offended. So they kept quiet and waited to see. And they waited not long till they did see, a sight, strange to behold, and curious; a huge bird, as the thing might seem, larger than a Condor, yet without the power of flying. For though covered with feathers, it had only the semblance of wings no larger, if so large, as those of an Ostrich. This phenomenon appearing in the streets of Boston set the Yankees a guessing. A shrewd people, these Yankees, and apt to examine into the causes of phenomena. So they approached this phenomenon, this strange bird—somewhat timidly and cautiously at first—when, lo! they found it was a man, one of their neighbors whose naked body had been besmeared with a sticky black tar, to give adhesiveness to the skin; in which sticky black soil did seem to grow, feathers. Yet further examination shewed that it was all a matter

of seeming only, and that the tarry substance did not exude like sweat from the pores of the man, nor did the feathers in reality grow out of it. It was an artificial thing altogether; all but the body and soul of the man. They were real; and at the time they were, both body and soul, full of the energy of feeling—a feeling that was deep and terrible, and quick-diffusive like electricity. For, fellow-citizens, there is in that wonderful compound which we call the Nature of Man something taken from all parts of creation. There is in his breast an Apparatus for producing electricity—a thunder-cloud, or what when you chafe the man with rubbing and hard friction for a length of time does produce a thunder-cloud, which though it may not growl and storm and roar like the dark meteor in the sky, emits streams of fire like it and like it sometimes explodes in a blasting hot volley, which carries with it death and ruin to whatever is within striking distance. So it was in this case. This simple countryman, who had been beguiled by these men in red coats to buy an old rusty musket—a thing by law forbidden to a countryman—for tyrants do not allow their people to possess arms—these are for their own cherished slaves, the soldiery—this man I say who, in his simplicity, had bought a musket, and got tarred and feathered for it, by the soldiers, became the nucleus of a thunder-cloud which sent out streams of electric fire that ‘ran all along the ground’ over all the hills of New England; and it passed through New York and Pennsylvania into Virginia and the distant South;—and every man it met it filled with its influence, changing him into a living Leyden-jar, heavy-charged, till three millions of people, connected by those conductors by which Great Nature forms the good into fraternities, stood up—stood together electrified—a vast battery exploding in a succession of lightening-strokes, that shattered and blasted the scarlet-coated columns of Royalty, till not a fragment of them was left. Thus was Lord North and other tyrants taught a useful lesson, that when they by their acts of cruelty and oppression produce ‘disturbance’ in their realms, they must not undertake to punish the people for that ‘disturbance,’ which they themselves alone have made.

We have seen, fellow-citizens, the British Constitution lying like some great log or ponderous machine pressing to the dust the dearest rights and interests of these colonies. The thing, besides, lay wrong side up. It must be rolled over—perform a Revolution. That it would never do itself. Nor could it be rolled easily. For it lay not in the water—as with respect to Great Britain herself it might be said to do—but on dry land. And, besides, there were these men in red coats stationed all along, with orders and fixed resolution, to keep it to its place. The struggle was hard and long. But the men who were engaged, and had

pledged to each other 'Their lives their fortunes and their sacred honor' were men of bold hearts and strong sinews. And so putting to it their shoulders and all their strength, it moved, it revolved! and the welkin rang again with the shouts of the men when they saw their work accomplished. And the sound rolled over the Atlantic and reverberated along all her shores. France with her twenty-five millions caught the sound. She too had a revolution to perform. And she tried it: and failed.

France failed in her experiment of a Revolution; and it may be amusing as well as instructive to enquire Why she failed?—It was not for the want of hands that they did not succeed in their work of rolling over the state: for France contained twenty-five millions of people, but few of whom had not a hand in the business, the ladies going with their knitting along with them, to partake in the public deliberations. Nor was it because they did not turn the thing often enough. They turned up the Notables: they turned up the Three Estates: the Three Estates turned up the *Tiers Etat*: then was turned up the Fauxburg St. Antoine and the *Canaille*, the *Sans Culottes* or Rascality, with Robespierre at their head—if it was not the Devil himself that was at their head—with his 'Reign of Terror.' Then was turned up the Directory. Then was turned up the Consular Triumvirate: and then was turned up the First Consul Napoleon; and he—he understood mathematics and some other things, and so he contrived to *stay up*; and though he made a wonderful turning round and turning up among the states and kingdoms of Europe, he kept France, the beautiful France, steady under him; and she turned no more till Waterloo turned her back again to nearly her original position—the Bourbons up.—Now, in all these turnings, Why was it that the people never got up to their proper place on the top of the great machine of government? It was because the people had no Faith. A corrupt form of Christianity had destroyed their faith in God and goodness. I say it was the corrupt form of Christianity that did it. Not Diderot, not D'Alembert, not Voltaire. These fools who said in their heart, 'There is no God' could never have persuaded the French people to adopt that creed, had not the French people been already debauched in their principles and practice by a direful superstition under the name of Christianity. Men never step out of vacuity, blank no-belief, into infidelity. Their moral feelings must first be cheated and debased by something which they take to be religion. Then they will do it, or any thing else that may happen to strike their fancy. Another reason why France failed was that she contained too great a proportion, especially in Paris, of what the French call *Canaille*, Dogs, Rascality, Ruffians, people of no sense or feeling, brutish in their ignorance, brutal in their manners and disposition. Witness what they alleg-

ed against the beautiful and accomplished Marie Antoinette, in order to make more bitter the pangs of that cruel death to which they dragged her; a crime unmentionable, which no mother could think of committing. Witness the horrible, the atrocious mangling and barbarous, worse than barbarous, shocking, horrible, unspeakable treatment of the princess Lamballe. Witness the maiden forced to drink the blood of the slain to prove she was no aristocrat. Witness the guillotine constantly streaming with blood; the fusillades; the noyades, or republican marriages, as in derision they called that mode of killing according to which two individuals, one of each sex, were tied together face to face, and cast into the river!—But let us not think of such things to-day, except to remind us by way of contrast, of the decency and moderation which characterized the scenes of *our* Revolution. It succeeded, because it was moved on by men who would tolerate nothing in their ranks which did not comport with decency and moderation. Again, the French Revolution failed because the people aimed at accomplishing impossibilities. The French are fond of conceits and paradoxes. Ah! said the sprightly Calonne to the Queen who doubted the practicability of some scheme of his ‘Ah! Madame: if it is difficult it is already done: if it is impossible it shall be done.’

On this point of aiming at impossibilities you will pardon me if I insist the more, because, if I mistake not, it is the very thing which has more than once threatened, and does still threaten to bring our experiment of a Revolution and a free government to a disastrous issue. And here, fellow-citizens, I fear you may be ready to suppose that we shall have some *thinking* to do; contrary to the promise made to you at the beginning of this thoughtless discourse. It is indeed easy not to think, when one tries to think: but to avoid the sin of thinking, when one strives to avoid it with all his might, is not so easy: so perverse a thing is human nature. But the matter before us is so plain that we shall see it, as we pass along, without much effort on our part.

I told you a while ago, how before the Revolution the British Constitution pressed like some great mis-shapen log upon our rights and interests. I said something, also, about that feathered man at Boston, and the generation of a thunder-cloud, and how the log was rolled over. Now when the storm was over and the thunder-cloud had discharged itself upon the ranks of our enemies, blowing them into the distance, our fathers had time to look about them; and they cast their eyes attentively on many things, and also on that same great log that they had rolled over; and it seemed to them to contain in it some very good timber, which, being wise economists, they thought might be turned to good account. So they put it in their mill and sawed it up, and rejecting as reprobate the gnarled and

the decayed parts, they took the choice pieces and scantling from the Live Oak of the South and Pine from the North, the product of our own native forest, they constructed from the whole a splendid machine and fixed it with gudgeons inserted at each end into a substantial frame-work, to the end that it might rotate. They wanted to have a machine which would rotate, rotate freely and easily. They could not soon forget what straining of muscles it cost them to turn over the old affair; and being, moreover, well versed in astronomy, they no doubt thought it wise to imitate the mechanism of the heavens, throughout which every thing goes upon the principle of rotation. The Earth itself incessant rotates on its axis, revolving at the same time in her annual orbit round the great centre of power, so that something like liberty and equality is enjoyed by every part and portion of her great surface and by every tribe of her multitudinous population. On the same grand principle they set up the thing which they made, the Constitution, and made it to swing on pivots, that it might rotate. Now this rotation has many advantages, among others this, that it precludes the need of revolution, a thing always difficult and perilous. The difference between revolution and rotation is this: when a state revolves, as chariot-wheels for instance, it rests on the ground, and, as it goes round, advances, crushing things in its way and bearing onward the frame-work above, iron-seated, emblazoned, in which roll along, in dreadful pomp, Mars, Bellona, Ate and the Furies. But rotation is another affair. It is the movement of a state like a machine turning on its axis; whereby the difficulty is to keep on the upper side of it, a station pleasant in the eyes of many: but difficult. Yet not impracticable. For, if you turn a grind-stone, a pismire may keep on the top of it, by crawling, with his crumb in mouth, in a direction and at a rate equal and opposite to that of the stone. And a man might, that is, (as the children's song: 'To Barley Butt' has it,) *if his legs were long enough*, a man might even keep on the upper side of this rotating planet, though it turns eastward at the rate of one thousand miles an hour. Let him start, with the sun right over his head, and run westward, taking only seventeen miles or so at a stride, and he will keep up with the sun, making it always noon with him. Politically, men have done such things. There was, for example, a daft old Frenchman, the Bishop of Autun, Perigord Talleyrand his name, who, while things were rolling round in France with such frightful rapidity, yet so managed those monkey-feet of his as to keep himself always on the top. When the sun of Napoleon was in the zenith, Perigord was right under it basking in its rays: and when that sun had gone down to the nadir, and that of the Bourbon had culminated, *there still was Perigord*. And there are those *here*, too, men who are nimble enough to do the like, were it not that

the ballot box, a part of the machinery, takes them in the rear, shoving them down the descending side, scrambling, scratching, thumping, or as the case may be, holding on with death grip to the huge machine, in hope to be brought up with it in the next rotation.

Now, this is a pretty business: the exercise wholesome, and pleasant likewise, save to those who rotate downwards. But it may admit of a doubt whether really we have not too much of this good thing. '*Ouden agan*' said the Grecian sage, 'Do not over-do;' and a most sage maxim it is, and one which merits special regard of us, who are the most over-doing people under the sun. We over-do it in cooking; in eating and drinking and taking physic; in writing poetry and making speeches; in loving and hating; in buying land and selling calves; in riding and all manner of loco-motion; in drsss; in play; in every thing in short that depends on the human will, or strength of nerves, or force of steam, or power of thought, or pressure of inertia. If we try to practise temperance we over-do in that also. I remember the case of a man who, in making a report to an ecclesiastical body some years ago, mentioned it to the praise of the people whom he represented, that they had cut down their apple trees, to the end that they might not transgress the laws of temperance by drinking cider! We overdo it in Phrenology: and are about to teach the people how they may choose their representatives and their wives, and the Government its sub-treasurers, by their bumps craniologically measured. We over-do benevolence, and preach abolition and amalgamation. Nay, we over-do religion itself,* and go for night-meetings and protracted meetings and all manner of ways to produce excitement. And so we over-do in this matter of rotation. Is a man in office not of our party? no matter how honest and capable, rotate him out. Does a man in any place, no matter how remote from the sphere of politics, serve the public, well and faithfully? still he must be rotated. In regard to measures as well as men we practise rotation. One while a tariff; then tariff reduced; then no tariff. A bank; no bank; a thousand banks. Floods of paper-money; no paper-money; hard specie, no money of any sort. Internal Improvement, railroad to mill and church; canals for ducks and frogs to navigate. A dead halt to Internal Improvement! Whiggery! Surplus Revenue: what, in the nation, shall we *do* with the surplus revenue?—A deficit.—Extravagant administration! Rotate Van Buren! Rotate! rotate! —In some experiments, which I remember somewhere to have read, I noticed particularly the following. A tub was partly filled with soil, which was so secured that, when turned upside-down, the soil would not be discomposed, or fall out. Beans were planted in it. They soon began to shoot their plumules upward, their radicles downward, as all

* See note at the end.

vegetables do, when germinating. The tub was reversed: and the plumules and radicles turned also; the former pointing upwards, the latter downwards. The rotation was repeated with the same result. The operator, intent on completing his experiment, continued from time to time turning over and over his tub, till at length the poor beans, baffled, or discouraged, or affronted—I know not which—absolutely refused to grow any more in any direction. ‘Laissez nous faire,’ said the beans, if they were French:—‘Let us alone of your rotation,’ if they were English: had they been American and accustomed to our policy, perhaps they had borne with it a while longer and continued growing backward and forward; but still it is questionable if under such treatment they ever would or could have come to any thing.

Let the people lay aside their devotion to a party and choose for themselves men of wisdom and moderation; then and not till then can we expect the government to pursue that settled line of policy which is necessary to the full development and bringing to maturity the fruits of our Independence and free institutions.

I shall advert to another thing which I deem no less essential to the same great end, and then I shall conclude.

In the early ages of the world, government was a very simple sort of thing. The people took a man from among them and made him king, and then obeyed him. And he was, generally speaking, such a man as the name king imports; that is to say, a *canning*, or a *kenning* man, a man who cans, or a man who kens, an able man or a knowing one. The etymology is considered doubtful. But it is little matter from which root we derive it, since knowledge is power. To ken, is, in all such matters as government, nearly the same as, to can. And, indeed, it is so in most other matters. Let the story of Columbus and the egg afford an illustration. *Can* you make the egg stand on end? Not, unless you ken, that is, know how it is done: and if you ken, you can. And, suppose you ken *not*, and so *can* not, will a thousand men equally unknowing in this matter with yourself be able to give you any assistance? No: it will be, a thousand fools attempting to do what one fool can do as well as a thousand; perhaps better: for being alone he would have nobody to jabber at, and to jabber at him: whereas, a thousand fools all at once clutching at the egg, and attempting to set it on end, would set up a jabbering immense and inextinguishable, ending probably in uproar and blood-shed. Therefore, let it never be supposed that a thousand fools can do what one cannot do; any more than a thousand naughts can make an integer. A kingly government becomes a very bad sort of one, whenever the king happens to be not *kenning*, or, as it sometimes happens, *any thing* rather than *ken-*

ning—a dolt, a simpleton, a fool; my lord Bacon's definition of which character shall conduct us to the point which I have in view. It is this; 'Wilful and witless.' A better definition of the thing cannot be imagined. It suits exactly. Now in virtue of this definition, a fool is the mightiest of men. He would be weak were he witless merely: but being wilful as well as witless, he is mighty;—not in doing good, for his being witless makes him powerless in that respect: but being witless he is, of course, full of conceit, and thinks he can do something, and being wilful, he will be trying it. So he must be ever doing—doing, however, in his own witless way;—wrong-doing, over-doing, undoing, any thing but good-doing,—doing always, and all manner of things, which ought not to be done,—meddling, bustling, blustering, braying, tearing down, plucking up, firing all things about him with torch and faggot; marring, so far as in him lies, the works of God and man; making war upon every thing that he likes not, and that likes not him, that is, whatever is pure and innocent, good or useful among the living or with the dead, in heaven or on earth—all, in a word, that is good in actual or potential being, the good that is, and that which, but for him, might be.

It is easy to do mischief in this world: to accomplish good is difficult. The motion of your fore-finger, applied to a trigger, will kill a man. All the world cannot bring him to life. An incendiary destroys in an instant what was the work of thousands. A fool is mighty in mischief, especially if a king. 'The State,' said a king once, 'that's me, I am the State.' Louis! poor fool! he destroyed the State. Fools of this sort are not extinct. Rotation cannot destroy the race. Here, indeed, the fool does not say, I am the State: but he says I am the People. Now the real veritable people are entitled to govern here; for they possess the royal attributes of kenning or canning. But when a man says, I am the people, he ought to be sent to school and there whipt, till by whipping he may have so much of grammar scourged into him, as may enable him to ken the difference between the pronoun, I, and the substantive noun of multitude, People: So that he may no more be guilty of committing two gross solecisms in one short sentence by saying, I am the People—solecisms, fellow citizens, which are coming fast into use in our land—portentous of mischief! No man is the people. The people themselves, as individuals, are not the People, the governing power. The people at large have not the right to govern, except through that organization, in virtue of which the Constitution invests them with it. Without this they are a mob—a blind Polyphemus—a hundred-handed Titan warring with heaven and with order, which is heaven's first law.

And if the people, considered as so many units, do not make up that

Collective Noun, The People, with which is the governing power, much less is any man, or set of men, or party of men, The People, the ruling power. Any party, I mean, less than a majority, and that an actually ascertained majority—ascertained by counting of suffrages at the ballot-box: a party claiming to be the people, formed in any other way, is not the people, nor a majority of the people, but a faction. And factions have ever been the bane of Republics. Let us beware of factions and factious men, fellow citizens. Such men, call themselves what they will, are no Democrats, but tyrants and usurpers. who wish to substitute their own will for that of the People, and their own interests instead of the People's interests. What is a Democrat, and what is Democracy? Look at the words. I like to consider the true meaning of words, especially good words, and words that come from the language of that liberty-loving people, the ancient Greeks. Democracy means *People-rule*. But people cannot rule, as units. That is anarchy, or no rule. And where things are in a state of anarchy, there every man rules himself—acts without law—does what seems good in his own eyes—and tries to govern every other man—that every-other-man trying also to govern him. Now this is not Democracy. It is chaos, atoms flying loose and in all directions, elements mixed and jumbled, and dashing in discordant confusion: 'without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.'

Individuals are units, or rather cyphers as to government. They constitute that unit, or Monad, the People, not till they have formed themselves into one body according to some principles of organization, called a Constitution. That done, they are The People, the ruling power, the King, so to speak, and have the kingly attribute of kenning, a thing that requires brains. When organized into a Body Politic, that Monad, the People, has brains, and can ken; an eye, and can see; an ear, and can hear; a foot, and can walk, or kick; a hand, and can manipulate; a stomach, and can digest:—and a tongue and strong lungs to articulate voices and speech withal. For wherever there is *people-rule* there must be talking, and that whether people be men or women. In Great Britain they have a Parliament, that is, a *talk-making*: because there, there is a portion of Democracy—*people-rule*. Despotism does not talk. Like the tiger, in its den, it growls only: or, if it speaks, it speaks not to counsel or to reason, but to command. 'I will—I will not, Jubeo, Veto'—is both its Logic and Eloquence, and I am the State, is its Grammar.

And here, fellow citizens, do we see one reason why, where democracy is, the people should be educated so far, at least, that all who have a vote should understand the three Sciences just named. Other things they ought to know; but especially these. And these, if considered

rightly, are studies of vast compass, embracing in them the most of the things good and profitable to be known by all who, in a free state, are to govern—or to be governed. A knowledge of these things is needful, I say, to the units who are to be governed, no less than to the people, the Monad, which is to govern: because that without it the units will not understand what the mighty Monad has to say to them, nor whom to choose of their number to go to constitute the Monad. There stands before you a candidate, making talk, from the stump. Now, we may remember that, in the days of old Rome, a candidate did actually mean a man in *white robe*, seeking office of the people. The times change and men change with them. At least their dress. The white robe is not now the fashion with candidates, for the reason that black lies and printer's ink are expected to come, which can change the color of our candidates' robes, particularly if they be white. Therefore, it is thought best that they be not white or of any distinguishable color; at any rate, not white. Nor, indeed, does our candidate in robes of dingy, indistinct hue, really seek an office. The office is about to be forced upon him. He comes before us merely to talk, and in talking to shew his skill in Grammar, Logic and Eloquence. Now here is a question to be disposed of.—This candidate is yet a unit among us units, and therefore to be ruled. And the question is, shall he be taken out of his present integral state, and forced to make a part of the great ruling Monad; losing his individuality, which, of course, would be a great loss to him? For, if elected, he goes down the throat of the great Monad into her great stomach—her's I say—the people collectively being of the genus and gender mammiferous—and being there prepared, by the action of that organ, for assimilation with her great body, he will be conveyed, in proper form, to the place of his destined function, whether in the brain, or in the eye, or in the tongue, or the hand, or some other organ, where he will be part and parcel of the organized body, *that rules*. Shall he be so disposed of? To determine this point, let us listen to his performance in Grammar. Indicative mode, present tense: 'I am the people; thou art the people; he is *not* the people. We are the people; ye are the people; they are *not* the people.' Bad.—'Future tense: I will be the people; thou shalt be the people; he shall *not* be the people: We will be people; ye shall be the people; they shall *not* be the people.' Worse still.—And so we will take up the Imperative mode, and say to him, 'Thou shalt *not* be the people. Go home!' Here, you see, the use of Grammar for the units, who are the governed.

So, in like manner, is some skill in Logic of great use to the people in relation to the matter of government. For, as it is the glory of a man as distinguished from a brute, that he is made to be governed by reason, and

not by sense and appetite or blind impulse; so it is the honor and felicity of a free people that they appoint to rule over them, such as are pre-eminent and distinguished for this high attribute of reason. Does your candidate, then, prove his title to office from the fact that democrats were engaged in the whiskey-insurrection under the administration of Washington; or in nullification under that of Jackson; or that they were opposed to the policy of a navy in the times of Adams and Jefferson? Or, on the contrary, does he allege that Hamilton was in favor of something like an aristocracy in the constitution of the government; or that some people met, during the last war, in the town of Hartford, and had a talk there about severing the Union? And from these, or such premises as these, does the candidate draw the conclusion that he is entitled to office and preferment? Cain slew his brother Abel—a foul and wicked deed unquestionably. Noah's flood was a fearful catastrophe, of which traces still remain on this earth. What follows from these facts? Why, that our candidate is entitled to honor and preferment! Logic is reasoning by the use of words. Much depends on the right use of logic.

Eloquence goes further. We are a people greatly given to eloquence. We love to talk and to be talked to. And, as I before hinted, wherever there is Democracy, *People-rule*, there needs must be much occasion for words. Words are things; and if ever this felicitous enumeration of a great truth was pre-eminently true, it is so with us. For words are the things by which we are governed; words spoken and words printed. During one half the year, in Legislative Halls and in the Capitol what a word-making have we! And, then, these words, sent abroad by means of the press, throughout all parts of the country, on tons of printed paper, travelling night and day, with the speed of horses under the lash—poor horses that utter no words. Then these words generate other words—written and spoken—spoken every where and by all people, their vocal organs going incessantly, in city, town, village and country houses: by the ways-side and among thorns and stony ground, and over all the face of the country, falls continually the wordy shower. And every word costs us something in time and money, eye-sight, and breath. Our Senators must be paid for speaking words; our printers for printing them; mail-carriers for transporting them; post-masters for distributing them:—and then comes the infliction of reading them. What a tax on time and money! True enough. But thus are we governed. And, to my mind, better thus, than in countries where, instead of long speeches they have long files of dragoons; and, instead of figures and flowers of rhetoric, muskets and bayonets; and instead of printing presses and types, cannon and grape shot. Which things duly considered, we may be thankful

for words, even though they cost us something. '*Volat irrevocabile verbum.*' Volleys of words driven into one's face from the bellowing lungs and hot breath of pompous orator, though hard to encounter, are nevertheless still more endurable than volleys of bullets belched from the sulphurous wrath and iron lips of what has been called the '*ultima ratio regum*,' the last argument of kings. It is better for a man to have his brains stunned by babblement of words than blown quite away by gunpowder. But dear and precious as this privilege is of being governed by words, and we can hardly prize it too highly, yet it is a privilege exceedingly and it has been and continues to be so sadly abused among us, that there is danger that people will become tired of it, and willing to give it up, in exchange for the old feudal method of force and leaden bullets. For a word, when it covers a lie, may destroy life, like a bullet, and character liable to abuse, too, dearer than life, and a thing invulnerable by a bullet. And when a lie goes forth, it travels not in a right line as a bullet does but flies like light radiating from a centre, diverging and refracted manifold, not diminishing but increasing in number and momentum—imaged and reflected like light falling on innumerable many-angled mirrors, each plane of which catches and sends back a copy of the original—but in this not like light, but like darkness the opposite of light, that it destroys the use of vision, filling men with madness and bewilderment, so that they stumble and fall foul of one another, mistaking friends for foes. Here, fellow-citizens, lies our danger: we are governed by words: but to enjoy our freedom we must have true words, not lies to govern us. And to effect this is often no easy matter; especially in such a community as ours, where a lie has so many advantages over the truth. For, in the first place, a lie always takes the start of the truth: and then it travels faster. A lie, said Ames, will travel a hundred miles, before the truth has drawn on its boots. And, in the third place, a lie diffuses itself in vague generalities; so that you cannot clutch it; like some subtle poison infecting the air. It is generated in the malice and envy of those who are idle, and have nothing else to do but to generate it: whereas they whom its miasma seeks to kill are busy in their vocation all days, toiling in their vocation of doing good in the service of God and their country. Add to all this, that wherever party exists there will be many whose interest it is to propagate lies. For party depends on numbers and will compass sea and land to make a proselyte, especially lie to do it.

You are no democrat, then, if you do not allow us to go for our party.

Fellow-citizens: Names are vague and may mean any thing: but according to the etymology of the name, I am a democrat. Ever since the year 1810 I have been a democrat. Before that time I was too young to

form an opinion on political subjects. Then I sat, for some time, an hour each day, hearing Lectures in a Public Institution; second hand they were, and read with the gusto of evident approbation. They were from the pen of a European and a monarchist, and stuffed with ridicule of our country and its institutions. From that hour I became a democrat, indignant that our country should import such teachers from abroad, to form the character of her youth to a contempt for that liberty of which they ought to be proud. But, fellow-citizens, every good thing has its counterfeit. And there are counterfeit as well as true democrats. The difference between them is this. The true democrat believes in *People-rule*: but by the People he means the people collectively, the organized people, the Monad, as I have termed it, which possesses the kingly attribute of Kenning, and that too, in a degree beyond what most kings have ever attained. How this is it becomes us and all democrats well to know, and constantly to bear in mind. We shall try, in a few words and by familiar illustrations, to make it plain.

Here are we, to the amount of some hundreds assembled, units; and we want many things to be done for us, which we, though working all together, cannot do: cannot, because we *ken* not. But we know who *knows*, and who therefore *can*. There is Seward; he can make rifles. There are Murphy and Chipman; they can make hats. There is Ross; he can make stoves: and Batterton, Hite and Ketcham; they can make flour out of grain to be baked in these stoves by our wives and daughters. And if war were to threaten, and fortifications to be needed, Prof. Ammen is the man whom we should appoint to do that work. And so, over all other sorts of business we should appoint men, skilled each in the part assigned him. And we should hold each of these men responsible for the due and faithful performance of their respective duties; and we should judge of them by their works when performed. Thus we would act the part of true democrats. But should we interfere with them in the *performance* of their work, we should be acting the part of counterfeit democrats.

So it is in the affair of government. Government is a complex and difficult matter, and requires much kenning — knowledge various and manifold; knowledge of history and geography; knowledge of ethics and the science of legislation; knowledge of political economy; knowledge of natural philosophy in all its branches, (for government has a concern in the properties and laws of all material things); knowledge of human nature: in short, there is no end to the knowledge which government requires. Now, I say, we the people, the units do not know all this knowledge: but we know, or may know those who do know it: and we can

appoint those knowing ones to represent us and know for us, in that great, knowing, organized Monad, The People. And when this Monad rules, it is true democracy: and whoever views the matter thus and acts accordingly is a democrat: for he desires that the People should be sovereign, clothed with majesty, and her voice be Law, and the law her Voice.

But your counterfeit democrat regards not the People, whose person is Majesty and her voice Law, but the people, as units, many of whom are grossly ignorant. Then he regards perhaps only a few, and them the worst; perhaps only himself, the worst of the worst. He is the people. Why not? He has the bodily form of a man, and can articulate words. He is, according to Plato's definition of a man, a man really and truly, '*Animal implume bipesque*,' a two-legged animal without feathers. He is then a man, one of the sovereign people, or what is much the same, the People, a Sovereign. Possessed of which attribute of sovereignty, he were wanting to himself and the duty which he owes to the world at large and his country in particular, if he did not exercise it. The attribute of kenning he, indeed, possesseth not. Why should he? He is a sovereign, and holds all such attributes in sovereign contempt. He is by birth-right a ruler, of which Nature gave him proof and pledge by giving him a breathing frame and two legs, featherless. Possessed of which high attributes and prerogatives who is it that will dare to oppose him in the exercise of his gifts and ruling functions! Whoever dares—the world shall know it—as indeed the world ought to know it, since the world (should he not rule it?) is likely to be the loser, and that to an extent which no one knows so well as himself; who, therefore, is bound, solemnly bound, to enlighten the world on this particular point. That accomplished, the rest will be easy: '*ce n'est que le premier pas qui cout.*' Such is your counterfeit democrat; a being to be abhorred, scorned and abominated of all men and women, and especially of all true democrats, since he is a disgrace to the name.

I undertake, fellow-citizens, to speak for you all when I say that, according to the etymology of the word Aristocracy, hateful as it has become, we would all be in favor of it rather than such a democracy; in favor of it, not indeed as opposed to Democracy, but as opposed to Ochlocracy, or to Pantocracy, if I may coin a word. For Aristocracy means a government of *the best*. Not the most wealthy. For that would be a government of the worst. Not indeed, that a rich man is of course worse than a poor man, or worse qualified for power. But because the wealthy as a class are always the fewest in number, and likely for that reason to consult for the interest of the minority, that is, themselves. There is

another reason: the wealthy are well able to take care for themselves, and need not that government should specially take care for them. An aristocracy founded on the principle that wealth should rule, is therefore bad. It is in fact the worst, a government of Mammon, debasing in its tendency. Nor is an aristocracy of the poor any better. That is Sansculotteism which claims to rule because it has no breeches and can honestly get none, unless you clothe it with the authority of office. Of all kinds of aristocracy (except one) that which may be called aristocracy of blood is the best; for it is dignified by ennobling associations and presents a stimulus to great and praiseworthy deeds. But still it is bad: for the blood degenerates, and the descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors may be a knave or a fool. Besides, government is a thing of the present and the future, not of the past: living capacities of living men it requires. The dead can render it no service.

But there is an aristocracy, fellow-citizens, which comes up to the full and proper meaning of the word, and which is by no means incompatible with democracy, but on the contrary, is the very perfection of it. It is an aristocracy of nature, that according to which the best do actually rule, such as possess by nature and by education and habit the highest qualification for government—men of talent, integrity and moral worth. These are noblemen of Nature's making and to be found in all ranks of life; sometimes in palaces; sometimes in cottages; oftenest in neither; but in plain houses, distinguishable neither for filth nor splendor. Wherever such men are, a democracy true to itself will find them: and that is not a true democracy which knows not how to find them. A true democracy knows how to find her best men. But this is a mystery; not often well understood.

The ancient Persians entrusted this matter to their Seniors, men who had passed regularly up into that honored rank through the various subordinate stages of probationary discipline. This was a wise feature in their policy and produced the happiest effects.—But I promised not to think to-day. Yet, in drawing these remarks to a close, you will allow me to say, that whatever variety of opinion we may honestly entertain on the subject of popular government, one thing is certain, that the aristocracy of party, I mean the plan of choosing men for our rulers on the strength of party names, party zeal, party views and party interests, call it democracy or what you please, is a thing which never did result in good, and never will. It was this that destroyed the ancient republics of Greece and Rome. It was this that extinguished Venice, Genoa, and those other Italian republics which shone out like stars in the night of the Dark Ages. It was this that baffled the persevering attempts of the

Savans and Patriots of Revolutionary France to realize their dream of a Republic, One and Indivisible. And it was this which during our own short history once and again threatened to bring down, rend in pieces and trample in the dust that glorious Star-spangled Banner under which we gained our Independence.

It is a dictate of reason that the wisest should take the lead in affairs of social interest. In government it is a fundamental maxim which never can be disregarded with impunity. It is hard to submit to the dictation of arrogance and folly, a degradation intolerable to freemen, a degradation, fellow-citizens, which the democracy of this nation will never submit to, so long as they remember that the glory and safety of a democracy consist in the guidance of its own aristocracy. To follow the guidance of men who are competent to direct, men of talent, principle and moral worth, is pleasant and easy. We can all judge of the policy of measures when time has brought to maturity the results, and we are made to feel them: but to do so beforehand requires a compass of thought, a depth of penetration, a soundness of judgment, a power of comprehension and analysis of which all are not capable. Those who are constitute what I shall call the natural aristocracy of a country; with whom alone is the power of holding in check the aristocracy of wealth, which it is the tendency of things, in every country and under all forms of government, to generate. Woe to the people with whom merit becomes a crime—the people that adopts the ostracism!—Woe to the people, when they allow not the Kenning and Canning, but the Cunning to lead them: and men of idle, gossiping and licentious habits, destitute of talent, experience and moral worth to run down, by villiany and lies, sober, honest and industrious citizens.—Woe to the people to whom the past is unknown, and to whom, consequently, the future is an impenetrable, dark abyss, where insolent experiment hazards everything.—Woe to the people whose moral code contains but one virtue, popularity; who love to be courted rather than served; who can bear flattery better than censure; and with whom professed opinions, the creed of a party, is a substitute for good conduct.—Woe to the people who dare not think for themselves, but surrender their reason and conscience to the guidance of demagogues.

Happy, on the contrary, is it for a people; when they possess among them, and have wisdom and virtue enough to choose for their leaders, *men*; men whose characters answer to the following description of one who was himself distinguished for the great qualities which he so nobly describes, and whom we, as republicans, have a right to admire, because he was one of Nature's noblemen, whom, though England counts him

among her nobles, no country can appropriate; since, like our Washington, he was one of the lights and glories of the human race.

- ‘What constitutes a State?
- ‘Not high-raised battlements or labor’d mound,
- ‘Thick wall or moated gate;
- ‘Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown’d;
- ‘Not bays and broad-arm’d ports.
- ‘Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride:
- ‘Not starred and spangled courts,
- ‘Where low-brow’d baseness wafts perfume to pride.
- ‘No! men! high-minded men;
- ‘With powers as far above dull brutes endued
- ‘In forest, brake or den,
- ‘As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
- ‘Men, who their duties know,
- ‘But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
- ‘Prevent the long-aimed blow,
- ‘And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain!
- ‘These constitute a State.’

Fellow-citizens, let us beware of party-spirit; it has ever been the bane of republics; it has polluted our morals and brought disgrace on our country, and greatly retarded its prosperity. What distinguished patriot or statesman has it not assailed? The great name of Washington himself could not escape the fury of its attacks. No character was ever so pure as to be proof against its virulence. Nay, the purer the character, the greater the virulence with which it is assailed. It is not, indeed, the person assailed who suffers most. A good man is invulnerable by the shafts of malice and envy. His happiness is in himself. It is the people that suffer. For when party-spirit and the envenomed tongue for which party-spirit finds employment are busy, good men are loth to let their names go before the public as candidates for office: and then the consequence is, that all public employments fall into the hands of such as are regardless of censure and callous to obloquy, because they have no character to lose. Besides, when the current of party-strife and violence runs high, it naturally lifts to the surface the most worthless of the people. For they who can do nothing else can deal in denunciation and falsehood, weapons ever ready to the hand of the villain; weapons which whoever knows how to use with dexterity and effect in the turmoil of party warfare, he may look with confidence to party for his reward. The community which exhibits such scenes as this may be nominally free and independent. But what value is there in these names? What avail our boasted Liberty and Independence, if whoever raises himself, by years of toil and self-denial, to eminence in those qualifications which render

him useful to the community, is, for this very reason, selected as the victim of those blood-hounds which the Demon of party has at her beck, ready to be let loose upon and hunt down whoever has honesty and firmness enough not to bow down and do homage at her shrine? Choose ye this day, fellow citizens, whether you will serve a party. As for me, this is the 4th of July, 1840: I celebrate it as the day which gave birth to freedom. It reminds me of my rights,—rights of conscience—rights of character. These I prize above all others. The one I shall maintain, God helping, against all and singular who would *bind and restrain*; the other, against whoever and whatever would *pollute and degrade*.

Fellow-citizens and gentlemen of the Lyceum: May you live to see many pleasant returns of this anniversary! And, as often as it shall return, may it find you, your friends and our common country prosperous and happy! and when we shall have fulfilled our destiny, may it still return to see those who shall come after us a united, free and happy people—a confederation of Republics advancing in numbers, virtue and felicity, as long as this Planet on which we dwell shall continue to perform her annual journey among her fellow-planets of the celestial confederation.

FINIS.

NOTE.

What was said in reference to religion, and which the reader will find on page 14, to which this note refers, gave offense to some. On reading it over myself I am not surprized at this: for, I see, that the expression as it stands, may convey an idea to the minds of some, which is by no means just or proper. Religion—true religion cannot be over-done. Love to God and love to man cannot be too strong in the heart, nor can their fruits in the life be superabundant.—What I meant to condemn was that false notion, according to which religion is made to *consist* in social meetings for religious purposes, and the amount of it estimated by the number and duration of such meetings. The Turk prostrates himself nine times a day in prayer—and murders a Caravan at night. The frequency, earnestness and fervency of *secret* acts of devotion affords a better test.