

assemble with cannon firing, drums beating, and bells ringing to celebrate every little advantage gained over our troops by the Indians? Do they hoist the colours of our enemy, and trample our own under their feet, and *even burn them.*

But, say we, have we not a right to do as we please? Have we not a right to hate them? Yes; but do we expect them to love us for this? Do we imagine that revenge can find a place no where but in the breasts of Americans? Do we, because a set of fawning foreigners tell us we are the only virtuous people upon the face of the earth, possess the exclusive privilege of being systematically vindictive? Forgiveness of injuries is what we have a right to expect at the hands of all men; but love in return for hatred is what no mortal ought to expect from another; it is an effort beyond the power of human nature.

The publication of sentiments like these, undoubtedly require an apology on the part of the Publisher; but I think, it is easily found. Many devout and sanctified christian Booksellers, indeed all of the trade in the United States, have assisted in distributing the AGE OF REASON; and not one of them has yet expressed the least remorse of conscience for so doing. Now, though it may be, and certainly is, a terrible thing to publish the name of Britain unconnected with execration, yet it is not much worse, at most, than publishing a libel against God.

As for myself, reader, I most humbly beseech you to have the Goodness to think of me—
JUST WHAT YOU PLEASE.

F I N I S.

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