

Thomas Wilson to Archibald Stuart, 4 November 1787

Mon chere Monsieur

excited by that natural affection which reigns so predominant in my breast to all mankind, but more especially to those with whom [I] have been acquainted, and still more by being under obligations, than which none can be more binding, I have now sat-down to write to you—I am very well and spend my time agreeably studying Coke's Littelton and reading french; I endeavour to let no day pass without adding something to my stock, tho' imperceptible, yet one day I hope it may be worth opening—

I spent three days last week in Staunton (saltans ut solebam) where I was very industrious to find the general, as well as private opinions of individuals concerning the proposed Constitution; and I was surprised to find it well approved of almost without exception—I say I was surprised because a few days before in Rockbridge I had heard it characterised as one of the most villainous peases of arbitrary usurpation tending directly to the overthrowing of all liberty among Citizens [&?] quickly terminate in absolute monarchy introduced by some blood thirsty Precedent [President] who will swim to the throne [---] [---] [---] his Vessel guided by the [---] [---] [---] Seals stretched with a [---] [---] [---] [his trusted?] Soldiers who [---][---][---]der the defensless in hopes of obtaining plunder, and being applauded by their aspiring Leader, who is aiming at power, no matter how it be obtained—O! tempora, O mores shall we who a few years ago so unanimously engaged in warding off British usurpation, now tamely submit to the home bred Monster of a form equally detestable if viewed when striped of its disguise—surely the God of heaven has forsaken us because of our many fold iniquities, and we blind Mortals are suffered to precipitate ourselves into temporal misery, which will probably terminate in eternal perdition; for the Constitution is de[i]stical in principle, and in all probability the cumposers had no thought of God in all their consultations, eaven the oath that binds the Precedent [President] does not mention his name, & it appears as if we were hereafter to depend upon the honor of infidles in affairs the most interesting; and when the wicked are high in place then iniquity doth rais its deformed head, and walks in open day with haughty looks—O Lord of heaven we intreat that thou in thy infinite goodness wouldest ward off the impending stroke—this Sr. is the genuine language of Rock. or at least as much of it as I have had an opportunity of conversing with—Vale Domine—

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