

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION, PRONOUNCED AT WOR-
CESTER, (MASS.) JULY 4, 1796; BY FRANCIS
BLAKE, ESQ.

IN viewing the causes which led to the event of this joyous anniversary; in tracing the effects which have resulted to America; in searching for the principles which impelled to the contest; in recalling the feelings which supported us in the struggle, it cannot fail to occur to us that the causes have not been confined to the limits of our continent; that the effects have extended far beyond the boundaries of our nation; that the glorious example, with electrical rapidity, has flashed across the Atlantic; that, guided by the same principles, conducted by the same feelings, the people, who so gallantly fought and bled for the security of our lives and our liberties, are now fighting and bleeding in defence of their own.

On this day, therefore, religiously devoted to the consecration of our independence, it becomes us, as the votaries of freedom, as friends to the rights of man, and bound to support them whenever invaded, to turn our attention, with a grateful enthusiasm, to the scenes of their sufferings, their revolt, and their victories. While exulting in the full enjoyment of peace and tranquillity, shall not a tear for the unexampled distresses of this magnanimous nation, check, for a moment, the emotions of our joy?

They have sworn that they will live FREE or DIE. They have solemnly sworn, that the sword, which has been drawn in defence of their country, shall never be returned to its scabbard, till it has secured to them victory and freedom. Let us then breathe forth a fervent ejaculation to Heaven, that their vows may be remembered; that the cause of our former allies may not be

deserted,

deserted, till they have scourged their invaders, till they have driven them back in confusion to the regions of terror, from whence they emerged.

While we remember with horror the continued effusion of blood, which darkened the morning of their revolution, let us not forget that their vengeance was roused by the champions of despotism, whose lives have since justly atoned for the crimes they committed. While we lament the sanguinary scenes, which clouded its progress, let it not be forgotten that they arose from the bloody manifesto of a band of tyrants, combined for the hellish purpose of again rivetting the chains they had broken.

The league of Pilnitz, like the league of Satan and his angels, revolting against the Majesty of heaven, was professedly fabricated, to arrest forever the progress of freedom; to usurp the dominion of France, and divide the spoil among this band of royal plunderers. Have we not heard, that the noble, the generous, the grateful monarch of the forest, that fawned at the feet of Androcles, when remembering his former friendship, will ever turn with fury on his pursuers; and when robbed of his whelps, rests not till his fangs are crimsoned in the blood of the aggressor?

Shall then the fervour of our friendship be abated, by remembering the transitory frenzy of a people distracted with the enthusiasm of freedom, and irritated to madness by the dreadful prospect of losing what they had enjoyed but for a moment? Let it never be said of us, as of Rome and of Athens, that ingratitude is the common vice of republics. Was it to the crowned monarch, named Louis the Sixteenth, or to the people of France, that we were indebted, for the blood and treasure that were so profusely lavished in our cause? Shall then their services be forgotten, in the remembrance of their momentary excesses? or shall we refuse our most cordial concurrence in the feelings which impel them to the present contest with the Russian potentates of Europe?

Can

Can we doubt, for a moment, which is the cause we are bound to support with our sanction, when we behold the winds and the seas, those dreadful ministers of Heaven's vengeance, commissioned to advance their progress, and deluge their enemies? When we behold Ariel, with his attendant spirits, gently hovering over their navies, and wafting them to victory on the bosom of the ocean; while Neptune and Boreas have combined against the league of their oppressors, to overwhelm in the deep these deluded followers of Pharaoh! Have we not seen them fed, as with manna from heaven; the waters divided, and the walls of Jericho falling before them, while the fair prospect of liberty has led them in triumph through the wilderness, as a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night?

AMERICANS! Let us join in a fervent supplication, that the sacred charters of humanity, which we have once sealed with our blood, may be forever preserved from the deadly grasp of tyrants.

FRENCHMEN! Be firm; be undaunted in the struggle you have thus miraculously supported. Evince to the world, now gazing with admiration at your exploits in the field of battle, that you have virtue equal to your courage; that you are friends to the friends of humanity; that your arms are nerved only against the enemies of man. Let not the sacred name of **LIBERTY** be polluted by the frenzy of licentious passions; but may your present glorious constitution, while it protects your freedom from the unhallowed ravages of tyranny, remain an unshaken bulwark against the destructive fury of faction.

TYRANTS! Turn from the impious work of blood in which your hands are imbrued, and tremble at the desperation of your revolting subjects! repent in sackcloth and ashes. For behold, ye, who have been exalted up to heaven, shall, ere long, be cast down to hell! The final period of your crimes is rapidly approaching. The grand **POLITICAL MILLENNIUM** is at hand; when

when tyranny shall be buried in ruins; when all nations shall be united in **ONE MIGHTY REPUBLIC!** when the four angels, that stand on the four corners of the globe, shall, with one accord, lift up their voices to heaven; proclaiming **PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN.**

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF AMERICA.
EXTRACT FROM A POEM SPOKEN AT DARTMOUTH
COLLEGE, ON COMMENCEMENT DAY, 1795.

FROM Patagonia's snow-invested wilds,
To Darien, where constant verdure smiles,
The Andes meet the morning's earliest ray,
O'erlook the clouds and check the flood of Day.
In copious torrents from their eastern side,
Flow the vast streams of Amazonia's tide,
Roll on majestic through her boundless plain,
And swell the surface of the neighbouring main.
Nor Plata less a broad, deep channel fills;
Danube and Wolga by his side were rills.
But leave, my muse, this wide-extended clime,
By nature stamp'd with all she owns sublime.
Here she has wrought upon her largest plan,
But mourns in solitude the wrongs of man.
Here Gautemozin writh'd in flames of fire,
And slaughter'd millions round their prince expire.
Rise, sleeping vengeance! vindicate their cause;
And thou, stern justice, execute thy laws:
Ye Andes, strike Hesperian fraud with dread,
Burst thy volcanoes on the guilty head!

Where Cancer's sun pours down his ardent blaze,
Draws the Monsoons, and lengthens out his days,
The spacious gulf of Mexic' rolls his tide,
And thronging fleets of various nations ride.
The fertile isles their rich luxuriance pour,
And western dainties crown the eastern shore.

But

But weep, humanity, the black disgrace,
 And spread thy blushes o'er oppression's face!
 Ye sons of mirth, your bowls, your richest food,
 Is mingled with fraternal tears and blood.
 Still groans the slave beneath his master's rod,
 But nature, wrong'd, appeals to nature's GOD.
 The sun frowns angry at th' inhuman sight;
 The stars, offended, redden in the night:
 In western skies, drear horror gathers round,
 And waking vengeance murmurs under ground;
 O'er all the gulph the dark'ning vapours rise,
 And the black clouds sail awful round the skies.
 From heaven to earth swift thunder bolts are hurl'd,
 And storm's dread demon shakes th' astonish'd world,
 The rich plantation lies a barren waste,
 And all the works of slavery are defac'd.
 Ye tyrants, own the devastation just;
 'Tis for your wrongs the fertile earth is curs'd.
 Columbia's States unfold their milder scenes,
 And freedom's realms afford more pleasing themes.
 From Georgia's plains, to Hudson's highest source,
 The northern Andes range their varied course:
 Rank above rank, they swell their growing size,
 Rear their blue arches, and invade the skies.
 Here spreads a forest; there a city shines:
 Here swell the hills, and there a vale declines.
 Here, through the meads, meand'ring rivers run;
 There placid lakes reflect the full orb'd sun.
 From mountain-sides perennial fountains flow,
 And streams majestic bend their course below.
 Here rise the groves; there opes the fertile lawn,
 Fresh fragrance breathes, and Ceres waves her corn.
 Along the east, where the proud billows roar,
 Capacious harbours grace the winding shore:
 The nation's splendour and the merchant's pride
 Waits with each gale, and floats with ev'ry tide.
 From Iroquois to vast Superiour's strand,
 Spread the wide lakes and insulate the land.

Here

Here growing commerce shall unfold her sail,
 Load the rich bark, and woo the inland gale.
 Far to the west, where savage hordes reside,
 Smooth Mississippi rolls his copious tide,
 And fair Ohio weds his silver side,
 Hail, happy States! thine is the blissful seat,
 Where nature's gifts and art's improvements meet.
 Thy temp'rate air breathes health; thy fertile soil
 In copious plenty pays the labourer's toil.
 Ask not for mountains of Peruvian ore,
 Nor court the dust that shines on Afric's shore.
 The plough explores for thee the richest mine;
 Than autumn's fruit, no goodlier ore can shine.
 O'er the wide plain and through the op'ning glade,
 Flows the canal obsequious to the spade.
 Commerce to wealth and knowledge turns the key,
 Floats o'er the land and sails to every sea.
 'Thrice happy art! be thy white sail unfurl'd,
 Not to corrupt, but socialize the world.

The muse prophetic views the coming day,
 When federal laws beyond the line shall sway.
 Where Spanish indolence inactive lies,
 And ev'ry art and ev'ry virtue dies;
 Where pride and avarice their empire hold,
 Ignobly great, and poor amid their gold,
 Columbia's genius shall the mind inspire,
 And fill each breast with patriotic fire.
 Nor east nor western oceans shall confine
 The generous flame that dignifies the mind;
 O'er all the earth shall freedom's banner wave,
 The tyrant blast, and liberate the slave.
 Plenty and peace shall spread from pole to pole,
 Till earth's grand family possess one soul.

DIALOGUE

 DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MASTER AND SLAVE.

Master. NOW, villain! what have you to say for this second attempt to run away? Is there any punishment that you do not deserve?

Slave. I well know that nothing I can say will avail. I submit to my fate.

Mast. But are you not a base fellow, a hardened and ungrateful rascal?

Slave. I am a slave. That is answer enough.

Mast. I am not content with that answer. I thought I discerned in you some tokens of a mind superior to your condition. I treated you accordingly. You have been comfortably fed and lodged, not overworked, and attended with the most humane care when you were sick. And is this the return?

Slave. Since you condescend to talk with me, as man to man, I will reply. What have you done, what can you do for me, that will compensate for the liberty which you have taken away?

Mast. I did not take it away. You were a slave when I fairly purchased you.

Slave. Did I give my consent to the purchase?

Mast. You had no consent to give. You had already lost the right of disposing of yourself.

Slave. I had lost the power, but how the right? I was treacherously kidnapped in my own country, when following an honest occupation. I was put in chains, sold to one of your countrymen, carried by force on board his ship, brought hither, and exposed to sale like a beast in the market, where you bought me. What step in all this progress of violence and injustice can give a right? Was it in the villain who stole me, in the slave-merchant who tempted him to do so, or in you who encouraged the slave-merchant to bring his cargo of human cattle to cultivate your lands?

Mast.

Mast. It is in the order of Providence that one man should become subservient to another. It ever has been so, and ever will be. I found the custom, and did not make it.

Slave. You cannot but be sensible, that the robber who puts a pistol to your breast may make just the same plea. Providence gives him a power over your life and property; it gave my enemies a power over my liberty. But it has also given me legs to escape with; and what should prevent me from using them? Nay, what should restrain me from retaliating the wrongs I have suffered, if a favourable occasion should offer?

Mast. Gratitude! I repeat, gratitude! Have I not endeavoured ever since I possessed you to alleviate your misfortunes by kind treatment; and does that confer no obligation? Consider how much worse your condition might have been under another master.

Slave. You have done nothing for me more than for your working cattle. Are they not well fed and tended? do you work them harder than your slaves? is not the rule of treating both designed only for your own advantage? You treat both your men and beast slaves better than some of your neighbours, because you are more prudent and wealthy than they.

Mast. You might add, more humane too.

Slave. Humane! Does it deserve that appellation to keep your fellow-men in forced subjection, deprived of all exercise of their free will, liable to all the injuries that your own caprice, or the brutality of your overseers, may heap on them, and devoted, soul and body, only to your pleasure and emolument? Can gratitude take place between creatures in such a state, and the tyrant who holds them in it? Look at these limbs; are they not those of a man? Think that I have the spirit of a man too.

Mast. But it was my intention not only to make your life tolerably comfortable at present, but to provide for you in your old age.

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Slave.

Slave. Alas! is a life like mine, torn from country, friends, and all I held dear, and compelled to toil under the burning sun for a master, worth thinking about for old age? No; the sooner it ends, the sooner I shall obtain that relief for which my soul pants.

Mast. Is it impossible, then, to hold you by any ties but those of constraint and severity?

Slave. It is impossible to make one, who has felt the value of freedom, acquiesce in being a slave.

Mast. Suppose I were to restore you to your liberty, would you reckon that a favour?

Slave. The greatest; for although it would only be undoing a wrong, I know too well how few among mankind are capable of sacrificing interest to justice not to prize the exertion when it is made.

Mast. I do it, then; be free.

Slave. Now I am indeed your servant, though not your slave. And as the first return I can make for your kindness, I will tell you freely the condition in which you live. You are surrounded with implacable foes, who long for a safe opportunity to revenge upon you and the other planters all the miseries they have endured. The more generous their natures, the more indignant they feel against that cruel injustice which has dragged them hither, and doomed them to perpetual servitude. You can rely on no kindness on your part, to soften the obduracy of their resentment. You have reduced them to the state of brute beasts; and if they have not the stupidity of beasts of burden, they must have the ferocity of beasts of prey. Superior force alone can give you security. As soon as that fails, you are at the mercy of the merciless. Such is the social bond between master and slave!

PART

PART OF MR. O'CONNOR'S SPEECH IN THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, IN FAVOUR OF THE BILL FOR EMANCIPATING THE ROMAN CATHOLICS, 1795.

IF I were to judge from the dead silence with which my speech has been received, I should suspect that what I have said was not very palatable to some men in this House. But I have not risked connexions, endeared to me by every tie of blood and friendship, to support one set of men in preference to another. I have hazarded too much, by the part I have taken, to allow the breath of calumny to taint the objects I have had in view. Immutable principles, on which the happiness and liberty of my countrymen depend, convey to my mind the only substantial boon for which great sacrifices should be made.

And I here avow myself the zealous and earnest advocate for the most unqualified emancipation of my catholic countrymen; in the hope and conviction, that the monopoly of the rights and liberties of my country, which has hitherto effectually withstood the efforts of a part of the people, must yield to the unanimous will, to the decided interest, and to the general effort of a whole united people. It is from this conviction, and it is for that transcendently important object, that, while the noble Lord and the Right Honorable Secretary, are offering to risk their lives and fortunes in support of a system that militates against the liberty of my countrymen, I will risk every thing dear to me on earth.

It is for this great object I have, I fear, more than risked connexions dearer to me than life itself. But he must be a spiritless man, and this a spiritless nation, not to resent the baseness of a British Minister, who has raised our hopes in order to seduce a rival to share with him the disgrace of this accursed political crusade, and blast them afterwards, that he may degrade a competitor

to

to the station of a dependent. And, that he may destroy friendship which his nature never knew, he has sported with the feelings of a whole nation. Raising the cup with one hand to the parched lip of expectancy, he has dashed it to the earth with the other, in all the wantonness of insult, and with all the aggravation of contempt.

Does he imagine, that the people of this country, after he has tantalized them with the cheering hope of present alleviation, and of future prosperity, will tamely bear to be forced to a re-endurance of their former sufferings, and to a re-appointment of their former spoilers? Does he, from confidence of long success in debauching the human mind, exact from you, calling yourselves the representatives of the people of Ireland, to reject a bill, which has received the unanimous consent of your constituents? or does he mean to puzzle the versatile disposition of this House, on which he has made so many successful experiments already, by distracting you between obedience to his imperious mandates, and obedience to the will of the people you should represent?

Or does he flatter himself, that he shall now succeed, because he has succeeded in betraying his own country, into exchanging that peace, by which she might have retrieved her shattered finances, for a war, in which he has squandered twenty times a greater treasure, in the course of two years, than with all his famed economy, he had been able to save, in the course of ten? for a war in which the prime youth of the world have been offered up, victims to his ambition and his schemes, as boundless and presumptuous, as ill-concerted and ill-combined; for a war in which the plains of every nation in Europe have been crimsoned with oceans of blood; for a war in which his country has reaped nothing but disgrace, and which must ultimately prove her ruin?

Does he flatter himself, that he shall be enabled, Satan like, to end his political career by involving the whole empire in a civil war, from which nothing can

accrue.

accrue, but a doleful and barren conquest to the victor? I trust the people of England are too wise and too just to attempt to force measures upon us which they would themselves reject with disdain. I trust they have not themselves so soon forgotten the lesson they so recently learned from America, which should serve as a lasting example to nations, against employing force to subdue the spirit of a people, determined to be free!

But if they should be so weak, or so wicked, as to suffer themselves to be seduced by a man, to whose soul, duplicity and finesse are as congenial, as ingenuousness and fair dealing is a stranger, to become the instruments of supporting a few odious public characters in power and rapacity, against the interest and against the sense of a whole people; if we are to be dragooned into measures against our will, by a nation that would lose her last life, and expend her last guinea, in resenting a similar insult, if offered to herself, I trust she will find in the people of this country a spirit in no wise inferior to her own.

You are at this moment at the most awful period of your lives. The Minister of England has committed you with your country; and on this night your adoption or rejection of this bill, must determine, in the eyes of the Irish nation, which you represent, the Minister of England, or the people of Ireland! And, although you are convinced, you do not represent the people of Ireland; although you are convinced, every man of you, that you are self-created, it does not alter the nature of the contest; it is still a contest between the Minister of England and the people of Ireland; and the weakness of your title should only make you the more circumspect in the exercise of your power.

Fortunately, the views of the British Minister have been detected; fortunately, the people of this country see him in his true colours. Like the desperate gamester, who has lost his all, in the wildest schemes of aggrandizement, he looks round for some dupe to supply him with the further means of future projects; and in the

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crafty

crafty subtleness of his soul, he fondly imagines, he has found that easy dupe in the credulity of the Irish nation. After he has exhausted his own country in a crusade against that phantom, political opinion, he flatters himself he shall be enabled to resuscitate her at the expense of yours.

As you value the peace and happiness of your country; as you value the rights and liberties of the soil that has given you birth; and if you are not lost to every sense of feeling for your own consequence and importance as men, I call on you this night to make your stand. I call on you to rally round the independence of your country, whose existence has been so artfully assailed. Believe me, the British Minister will leave you in the lurch, when he sees that the people of this nation are too much in earnest to be tricked out of their rights, or the independence of their country.

What a display of legislation have we had on this night? Artificers who neither know the foundation on which they work, the instruments they ought to use, nor the materials required! Is it on the narrow basis of monopoly and exclusion you would erect a temple to the growing liberty of your country? If you will legislate; know, that on the broad basis of immutable justice only, you can raise a lasting, beauteous temple to the liberty of your island; whose ample base shall lodge, and whose roof shall shelter her united family from the rankling inclemency of rejection and exclusion. Know, that reason is that silken thread by which the lawgiver leads his people; and above all, know, that in the knowledge of the temper of the public mind, consists the skill and the wisdom of the legislator.

Do not imagine that the minds of your countrymen have been stationary, while that of all Europe has been rapidly progressive; for you must be blind not to perceive, that the whole European mind has undergone a revolution, neither confined to this nor to that country; but as general as the great causes which have given it birth, and still continue to feed its growth. In vain do these

these men, who subsist but on the abuses of the government under which they live, flatter themselves, that what we have seen these last six years is but the fever of the moment, which will pass away as soon as the patient has been let blood enough.

As well may they attempt to alter the course of nature, without altering her laws. If they would effect a counter revolution in the European mind, they must destroy commerce and its effects; they must abolish every trace of the mariner's compass; they must consign every book to the flames; they must obliterate every vestige of the invention of the press; they must destroy the conduit of intelligence, by destroying the institution of the post office. Then, and not till then, they and their abuses may live on, in all the security which ignorance, superstition, and want of concert in the people can bestow.

But while I would overwhelm with despair those men who have been nursed in the lap of venality and prostitution; who have been educated in contempt and ridicule of a love for their country; and who have grown grey in scoffing at every thing like public spirit, let me congratulate every true friend to mankind, that that commerce, which has begotten so much independence, will continue to beget more; and let me congratulate every friend to the human species, that the press, which has sent such a mass of information into the world, will continue, with accelerated rapidity, to pour forth its treasures so beneficial to mankind.

It is to these great causes we are indebted, that the combination of priests and despots, which so long tyrannized over the civil and political liberty of Europe, has been dissolved. It is to these great causes we are indebted, that no priest, be his religion what it may, dares preach the doctrine which inculcates the necessity of sacrificing every right and every blessing this world can afford, as the only mean of obtaining eternal happiness in the life to come.

This

This was the doctrine by which the despotism of Europe was so long supported; this was the doctrine by which the political popery of Europe was supported; but the doctrine and the despotism may now sleep in the same grave, until the trumpet of ignorance, superstition, and bigotry, shall sound their resurrection.

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF TAMERLANE.

Enter OMAR and TAMERLANE.

Omar. **H**ONOR and fame
[Bowling.] **H** Forever wait the Emperor; may our
Prophet

Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,
And every day like this. The captive sultan,
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
Attends your sacred will.

Tamerlane. Let him approach.

[Enter BAJAZET and other Turkish Prisoners in chains
with a guard.]

When I survey the ruins of this field,
The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition
Has dealt among mankind; (so many widows
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,
That half our eastern world this day are mourners;)
Well may I, in behalf of heaven and earth,
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

Baj. Make thy demand of those that own thy
power;

Know I am still beyond it; and though fortune
Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,
That outside of a king; yet still my soul,
Fix'd high, and of itself alone dependent,
Is ever free and royal; and even now,
As at the head of battle, does defy thee.
I know what power the chance of war has given,
And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speaking,
This after-game of words, is what most irks me;

Spare

Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all,
Be it as it may.

Tam. Well was it for the world,
When, on their borders, neighbouring princes met,
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
Preventing wasteful war: such should our meeting
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard
The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.
Canst thou believe thy Prophet, or, what's more,
That Power supreme, which made thee and thy Prophet,
Will, with impunity, let pass that breach
Of sacred faith given to the royal Greek?

Baj. Thou pedant talker! ha! art thou a king
Possess'd of sacred power, Heaven's darling attribute,
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets!
I hate the Greek, (perdition on his name!)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As death does human nature, for destruction.

Tam. Causeless to hate, is not of human kind:
The savage brute that haunts in woods remote
And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.

Baj. Can a king want a cause, when empire bids
Go on? What is he born for, but ambition?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be satisfy'd,
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,
Since souls that differ so by nature, hate,
And strong antipathy forbids their union.

Baj. The noble fire that warms me, does indeed
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No: for I think like man,
Thou like a monster, from whose baleful presence
Nature starts back; and though she fix'd her stamp
On thy rough mass, and mark'd thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,
As form'd for her destruction.

'Tis