

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 speeching,
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

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been ;
 Honor and glory too have been my aim ;
 But though I dare face death, and all the dangers
 Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
 Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,
 By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise
 My trophies on the blessings of mankind :
 Nor would I buy the empire of the world
 With ruin of the people whom I sway,
 On forfeit of my honor.

Baj. Prophet, I thank thee.
 Confusion ! couldst thou rob me of my glory
 To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise !
 Unfit for war, thou shouldst have liv'd secure
 In lazy peace, and with debating senates
 Shar'd a precarious sceptre ; sat tamely still,
 And let bold factions canton out thy power
 And wrangle for the spoils they robb'd thee of ;
 Whilst I, (O blast the power that stops my ardour)
 Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,
 Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alha,
 My angry thunder on the frighted world.

Tam. The world ! 'twould be too little for thy pride :
 Thou wouldst scale heav'n.

Baj. I would. Away ! my soul
 Disdains thy conference.

Tam. Thou vain, rash thing,
 That, with gigantic insolence, has dar'd
 To lift thy wretched self above the stars,
 And mate with power almighty, thou art fall'n !

Baj. 'Tis false ! I am not fall'n from aught I have
 been !

At least my soul resolves to keep her state,
 And scorns to make acquaintance with ill fortune.

Tam. Almost beneath my pity art thou fall'n ;
 Since, while the avenging hand of Heav'n is on thee,
 And presses to the dust thy swelling soul,
 Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest.
 To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper

Been

Been hurry'd, if success had crown'd thy wishes !
 Say, what had I to expect, if thou hadst conquer'd ?

Baj. Oh, glorious thought ! Ye pow'rs, I will enjoy it,
 Though but in fancy ; imagination shall
 Make room to entertain the vast idea.
 Oh ! had I been the master but of yesterday,
 The world, the world had felt me ; and for thee,
 I had us'd thee, as thou art to me, a dog,
 The object of my scorn and mortal hatred.
 I would have cag'd thee for the scorn of slaves.
 I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
 And mounted from that footstool to the saddle :
 Till thou hadst begg'd to die ; and e'en that mercy
 I had deny'd thee. Now thou know'st my mind,
 And question me no farther.

Tam. Well dost thou teach me
 What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,
 With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee ;
 Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,
 This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.

Baj. Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once
 Of its worst fear.

Tam. Why slept the thunder
 That should have arm'd the idol deity,
 And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,
 To shake the soul of Tamerlane. Hadst thou an arm
 To make thee fear'd, thou shouldst have prov'd it on me,
 Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,
 When, through the tumult of the war I sought thee,
 Fenc'd in with nations.

Baj. Oh, blast the stars
 That fated us to different scenes of slaughter !
 Oh ! could my sword have met thee !

Tam. Thou hadst then,
 As now, been in my power, and held thy life
 Dependent on my gift. Yes, Bajazet,
 I bid thee live. So much my soul disdains
 That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but Heaven.
 Nay more couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,

And

And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
 Live and be still a king, that thou mayst learn
 What man should be to man—
 This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
 As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
 Nor will I use my fortune to demand
 Hard terms of peace; but such as thou mayst offer
 With honor, I with honor may receive.

COLONEL BARRE'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT,
 1765, ON THE STAMP-ACT BILL.

ON the first reading of the bill, Mr. Townsend spoke in its favour; and concluded with the following words: "And will these Americans, children planted by our care; nourished up by our indulgence, until they are grown to a degree of strength and opulence; and protected by our arms; will they grudge to contribute their mite, to relieve us from the heavy weight of that burthen which we lie under?"

On this Colonel Barre rose, and answered Mr. Townsend in the following masterly manner.

"They planted by YOUR care!" No; your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny, to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say, the most formidable of any people upon the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country, from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

"They nourished up by your indulgence!" They grew by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons

persons to rule them, in one department and another who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them; men, whose behaviour, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seat of justice; some, who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

"They protected by YOUR arms!" They have nobly taken up arms in your defence; have exerted a valour, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country, whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emoluments.

And, believe me; remember I this day told you so, that the same spirit of freedom, which actuated that people at first, will accompany them still. But prudence forbids me to explain myself further. Heaven knows, I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat; what I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart.

However superiour to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen and been conversant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate, I will say no more.

X

THE

THE LAST DAY.

EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

THE day of Doom, the all-important day,
 I sing; that link extreme of time, which joins
 The measur'd chain of days, and months, and years,
 To one eternal, one effulgent day:
 Day to the children of the day; but night,
 Eternal night, to all the sons of darkness.
 The time affix'd by God's decree arrives.
 Th' Almighty spake: heav'n open'd wide her gates
 The herald, Gabriel, far advanc'd in front,
 Rais'd on seraphic wings, first issued forth.
 Next the Creation's Sire, veil'd in a cloud
 Of awful gloom, from which red lightnings flash'd,
 And rending thunders roar'd, pass'd through the gates.
 At his right hand sat his eternal Son,
 High rais'd upon a golden throne emboss'd
 With gems, that sparkled through the cloud. Angels
 And saints, the countless host of those, who hold
 The realms of bliss, next in procession mov'd:
 Nor could the wide-extended space from Aries
 To the scales, that poise the hemispheres,
 Contain the army of the skies.

The earth had never seen a larger host,
 Than when the foe of Greece spread o'er the land
 And sea from Hebrus to Thermopylæ;
 But this was small, compar'd with what the heavens
 Now saw, as earth is small compar'd with heaven.
 The numerous stars, that hold their course along
 The milky-way, and in the neighb'ring skies,
 No sooner saw their Maker cloth'd in storms,
 And felt his thunder shake their solid spheres,
 Than trembling they retire; as when some king
 Enrag'd frowns on his slaves, who flee his face,
 Till he commands them stand and hear his will.
 So had the frighted stars fled off and left

The

The mundane space all void, had not the trump
 Of Gabriel interpos'd, and with a voice
 More loud, than ever yet creation heard,
 Impress'd the mandates of all nature's God
 Upon all nature's works. Ye stars! (said he)
 Return, and hold your station in your orbs;
 There stand and see what He on earth transacts
 This day, and witness how He deals with man.
 Thou sun! who from the birth of time hast roll'd
 Thy chariot round the world, and shed thy beams
 Alike on all mankind, look on and see
 The equal justice of thy God to man
 Outshine thy equal rays. Th' affrighted earth
 Took the alarm of heav'n: the atmosphere
 Assay'd to flee upon the wings of storm.
 Fierce tempests beat the lofty mountains' sides,
 Sweep forests down, and spread destruction o'er
 The works of man. The troubled ocean heaves:
 His surging billows mingle with the clouds:
 His deepest caverns lie expos'd to view.
 The earth, convuls'd from her deep centre, heaves.
 Order forsook the world: discord spread wide.
 The confus'd elements again had join'd
 The listless empire of primeval chaos,
 Had not harmonic sounds assuag'd their tumult.
 Spirit divine! thou soul of harmony
 In heaven and earth, breathe through my lines and speak
 The power of music's charms, when heavenly love
 Warm'd every breast of angels, seraphim,
 And doubly glow'd in the Almighty's Son;
 Who, like a bridegroom clad in smiling youth
 And robes of peace, prepar'd to meet his bride.
 The lightnings ceas'd: the thunders died, when he
 Complacent smil'd. Gabriel, and all the choir
 Of heaven, said he, hush the commoved world,
 And wake the sleeping saints with sounds of peace.
 His words like melting music flow'd: his face,
 More radiant than the vernal morn, that smiles
 The earth to joy. The trump of Gabriel led

The

The choral song : unnumber'd harps of gold,
 And voices sweet join'd the melodious sound.
 Discord, that late had mov'd the elements
 To war, and 'gan t' invade the spheres,
 Was hush'd to sleep. Quick chang'd the scene,
 From raging discord, universal storm,
 To soothing sounds, and universal calm.
 The sun, from blackest clouds, unveil'd his face,
 And shone with double radiance on the earth.
 The fixed stars had ceas'd to shed their beams,
 And trembling, hid in sable darkness, stood ;
 But now, enraptur'd with symphonious sounds,
 They dart their genial rays, and fill their orbs
 With pleasing light, and soul-reviving warmth.
 But thou, O Earth, most felt the pleasing change.
 —Fierce storms were mute.

Old ocean heard, and smooth'd his tempest face ;
 And spring-like beauty smil'd on all the earth.

Poets have sung of Orpheus' potent lyre ;
 Eurydice, forc'd from the bands of death,
 Of bending trees and moving rocks obsequious
 To the sound. But now whole worlds obey,
 Death could not hold his victims in the tomb
 " Thou monarch of the grave, resign the just !
 Awake ! ye saints, from your long night of sleep,
 Acorn'd with ever-blooming youth and robes
 Of heavenly innocence. Salute the morn
 Of everlasting day." Thus sung the choir.
 Death's dreary mansions heard with sad dismay,
 In the mid regions of eternal night,
 There sits the ghastly monarch on his throne.
 Substantial darkness fills the broad domain :
 Heart-chilling vapours rise from noxious lakes.
 His servants, War, Intemp'rance, Plague, Revenge,
 Consumption, wrinkled Age, groan discord round
 His throne, and offer up their loathsome fumes
 Of putrid corps, contagion, dead'ning blasts ;
 Sweet incense to their king ; or run before
 His grisly steed, when he rides o'er the earth,

And

And crops with chilling hand the bloom of life.
 Here reigns the awful monarch of the dead ;
 When the full sound spread thro' his darksome realms,
 His heart appall'd, he trembles on his throne :
 His iron nerves relax : his sceptre falls.
 The saints releas'd, their dreary mansions leave :
 But O how chang'd !
 No cumb'rous load of grosser elements,
 But pure aerial forms their soul possess ;
 Forms, like the glorious body of their Lord,
 Glowing with beauty and immortal bloom.

A DIALOGUE ON LOQUACITY.

Enter STEPHEN.

Stephen. **L**ADIES and gentlemen, you have probably heard of Foote, the comedian : if not, it is out of my power to tell you any thing about him, except this ; he had but one leg, and his name was Samuel. Or, to speak more poetically, one leg he had, and Samuel was his name. This Foote wrote a farce, called the Alderman ; in which he attempted to ridicule a well-fed magistrate of the city of London. This last, hearing of the intended affront, called upon the player, and threatened him severely for his presumption. Sir, says Foote, it is my business to take off people. You shall see how well I can take myself off. So out of the room he went, as though to prepare. The Alderman sat waiting, and waiting, and waiting, and——I have forgotten the rest of the story ; but it ended very comically. So I must request of you, to muster up your wit, and each one end the story to his own liking. You are all wondering what this story leads to. Why, I'll tell you ; Foote's farce was called the Alderman, ours is called the Medley ; his was written according to rule, ours is composed at loose ends. Yet loose as it is, you will find it made up, like

X 2

all

all other pieces, of nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, adverbs, conjunctions, articles, adjectives, prepositions, and interjections. Now, words are very harmless things; though I confess that much depends upon the manner of putting them together. The only thing to be settled is, that, if you should dislike the arrangement, you will please to alter it, till it suits you.

Enter TRUUMAN.

Trueman. What are you prating about at such a rate?

Steph. I am speaking of Sam Foote, and prepositions, and adverbs, and many other great characters.

Tru. Now, don't you know, that your unruly tongue will be the ruin of you? Did you ever see a man who was foaming and frothing at the mouth as you are, that ever said any thing to the purpose? You ought always to think before you speak, and to consider well to whom you speak, and the place and time of speaking.

Steph. Pray who taught you all this worldly wisdom?

Tru. My own experience, Sir; which is said to be the best school-master in the world, and ought to teach it to every man of common sense.

Steph. Then, do not imagine that you possess any great secret. "Keep your tongue between your teeth" is an old proverb, rusted and crusted over, till nobody can tell what it was first made of. Prudence, indeed, teaches the same. So prudence may teach a merchant to keep his vessels in port for fear of a storm at sea. But, "nothing venture, nothing have" is my proverb. Now, suppose all the world should adopt this prudence, what a multitude of mutes we should have! There would be an end of news, lawsuits, politics, and society. I tell you, Sir, that busy tongues are like main springs; they set every thing in motion.

Tru. But where's a man's dignity, all this time, while his tongue is running at random, without a single thought to guide it?

Steph. His dignity! that indeed! Out upon parole, where it ought to be. A man's dignity! as though we came into the world to support dignity, and by an
affected

affected distance, to make our friends feel their inferiority. I consider men like coins, which, because stamped with men's heads, pass for more than they are worth. And when the world is willing to treat a man better than he deserves, there is a meanness in endeavouring to extort more from them.

Tru. But shall a man speak without thinking? Did you ever read the old proverb, "Think twice, before you speak once?"

Steph. Yes, and a vile one it is. If a man speak from the impulse of the moment, he'll speak the meaning of his heart; and will probably speak the truth. But if he mind your musty proverb, there will be more pros and cons in his head, more hems and haws in his delivery, than there are letters in his sentences. To your sly, subtle, thinking fellows, we owe all the lies, cheating, hypocrisy, and double dealing there is in the world.

Tru. But you know that every subject has its sides; and we ought to examine, reflect, analyze, sift, consider, and determine, before we have a right to speak; for the world are entitled to the best of our thoughts. What would you think of a tradesman, who should send home your coat, boots, or hat, half finished? You might think him a very honest-hearted fellow; but you'd never employ him again.

Steph. Now, was there any need of bringing in tailors, cobblers, and hatters, to help you out? They have nothing to do with this subject.

Tru. You don't understand me. I say, if you would never employ such workmen a second time, why should you justify a man for turning out his thoughts half finished? The mind labours as actually in thinking upon, and maturing a subject, as the body does in the field, or on the shop-board. And, if the farmer knows when his grain is ready for the sickle, and the mechanic, when his work is ready for his customer, the man, who is used to thinking, knows when he is master of his
subject,

subject, and the proper time to communicate his thoughts with ease to himself and advantage to others.

Steph. All this is escaping the subject. None of your figures, when the very original is before you. You talk about a man's mind, just as if it were a piece of ground, capable of bearing flax and hemp. You have fairly brought forward a shop-board, and mounted your tailor upon it. Now I have no notion of any cross-legged work in my inner man. In fact, I don't understand all this process of thinking. My knowledge upon all subjects is very near the root of my tongue, and I feel great relief, when it gets near the tip.

Tru. Depend on it that thousands have lost fame and even life by too great freedom of speech. Treasons, murders, and robberies, have been generally discovered by the imprudent boasting of the perpetrators.

Steph. Depend on it, that our world has suffered far more by silent, than by prattling knaves. Suppose every man were to speak all his thoughts, relate all his actions, declare all his purposes, would the world be in danger of crimes? No; be assured, that magistrates, bailiffs, thief-takers, prisons, halters, and gallows, all owe their dignity to the contrivance of your sly, plodding mutes.

Tru. You have let off from the tip of your tongue a picked company of dignified substantives; but take notice that my doctrine does not extend to the midnight silence of robbers; but to a due caution and reserve in conveying our thoughts to the world. And this I hope ever to observe. And if you determine on a different course, rest assured, that the consequences will not be very pleasant. *[Exit.]*

Steph. Consequences! that's counting chickens before they are hatched. Dignity of human nature! Pretty words! just fit to be ranked with the *honour* of thieves, and the *courage* of modern duellists.

AMERICAN

AMERICAN SAGES.

SEE on yon dark'ning height bold Franklin tread,
 Heav'n's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;
 Convolving clouds the billowy skies deform,
 And forked flames emblaze the black'ning storm.
 See the descending streams around him burn,
 Glance on his rod, and with his guidance turn;
 He bids conflicting heav'ns their blast expire,
 Curbs the fierce blaze, and holds th' imprison'd fire.
 No more, when folding storms the vault o'erspread,
 The livid glare shall strike thy face with dread;
 Nor tow'rs nor temples, shudd'ring with the sound,
 Sink in the flames; and spread destruction round.
 His daring toils, the threat'ning blasts that wait,
 Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate;
 The pointed steel o'ertop th' ascending spire,
 And lead o'er trembling walls the harmless fire;
 In his glad fame while distant worlds rejoice,
 Far as the lightnings shine, or thunders raise their voice.

See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,
 Lift the long tube, and pierce the starry sky:
 Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
 And broader splendours gild the central pole.
 He marks what laws th' eccentric wand'ers bind,
 Copies creation in his forming mind,
 And bids, beneath his hand, in semblance rise,
 With mimic orbs, the labours of the skies.
 There wond'ring crowds, with raptur'd eye, behold
 The spangled heav'ns their mystic maze unfold;
 While each glad sage his splendid hall shall grace,
 With all the spheres that cleave th' ethereal space.

To guide the sailor in his wand'ring way,
 See Godfrey's toils reverse the beams of day.
 His lifted quadrant to the eye displays
 From adverse skies the counteracting rays:
 And marks, as devious sails wilder'd roll,
 Each nice gradation from the stedfast pole.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH, NOV. 18, 1777
ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

IRISE, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavour its alleviation by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments. In the first part of the address, I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble Earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulation on every accession of strength to the protestant succession: I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty.

But I must stop here; my courtly complaisance will carry me no farther. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify, the monstrous measures that have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us; that have brought ruin to our doors. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail; cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that it has brought to our doors.

And *who* is the minister; *where* is the minister, who has dared to suggest to the throne the contrary, unconstitutional language, this day delivered from it? The accustomed language from the throne has been application to Parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of Parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extrem-
momentous

momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels! no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of Parliament! But the crown, from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures. And what measures, my lords? The measures that have produced imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the Minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support, in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty, as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one, and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the perseverance in measures, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but though it is poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring; but her well-earned glories, her true honors, and substantial dignity, are sacrificed.

France, my lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies, are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the State, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England!

The people, whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained

the

the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility: this people, despised as rebels, are acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you; supplied with every military store; their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who, but yesterday, gave law to the house of Bourbon? My lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.

This ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of Majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities: and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, you CANNOT conquer America.

Your armies, last year, effected every thing that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you CANNOT conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. We shall soon know, and in any event, have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and

barter

barter with every little pitiful German prince, who sells his subjects to the shambles of a foreign power; your efforts are forever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I NEVER would lay down my arms; NEVER, NEVER, NEVER.

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

CATO, LUCIUS, and SEMPRONIUS.

Cato. **F**ATHERS, we once again are met in council: Caesar's approach has summon'd us together, And Rome attends her fate from our resolves. How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man? Success still follows him, and backs his crimes: Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cesar's. Why should I mention Juba's overthrow, And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree What course to take. Our foe advances on us, And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts. Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still fix'd To hold it out, and fight it to the last? Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought By time and ill success to a submission? Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius. My voice is still for war. Heav'ns! can a Roman senate long debate Which of the two to choose, slavery or death! No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords, And at the head of our remaining troops,

V

Attack