

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: Cesar'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,

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Attack

Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
 If we shall sacrifice our lives to honor,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, to battle!
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walk's unreveng'd among us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides.
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to the field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows, and with orphans. Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
 't is not Cesar, but the gods, my fathers;
 The gods declare against us; repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.

Already

Already have we shown our love to Rome;
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
 Is done already. Heav'n and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate: we have bulwarks round us:
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun:
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
 But wait at least till Cesar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw our term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last;
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
 And let me perish; but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION, DELIVERED AT BOSTON
JULY 4, 1794, IN COMMEMORATION OF AMERICAN
INDEPENDENCE.

AMERICANS! you have a country vast in extent, and embracing all the varieties of the most salubrious climes: held not by charters wrested from unwilling kings, but the bountiful gift of the Author of nature. The exuberance of your population is daily divesting the gloomy wilderness of its rude attire, and splendid cities rise to cheer the dreary desert. You have a government deservedly celebrated as "giving the sanctions of law to the precepts of reason;" presenting, instead of the rank luxuriance of natural licentiousness, the corrected sweets of civil liberty. You have fought the battles of freedom, and enkindled that sacred flame which now glows with vivid fervour through the greatest empire in Europe.

We indulge the sanguine hope, that her equal laws and virtuous conduct will hereafter afford examples of imitation to all surrounding nations. That the blissful period will soon arrive when man shall be elevated to his primitive character; when illuminated reason and regulated liberty shall once more exhibit him in the image of his Maker; when all the inhabitants of the globe shall be freemen and fellow-citizens, and patriotism itself be lost in universal philanthropy. Then shall volumes of incense incessantly roll from altars inscribed to liberty. Then shall the innumerable varieties of the human race unitedly "worship in her sacred temple, whose pillars shall rest on the remotest corners of the earth, and whose arch will be the vault of heaven."

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHITE INHABITANT OF THE
UNITED STATES AND AN INDIAN.

White Man. YOUR friends, the inhabitants of the United States, wish to bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the Indian tribes.

Indian. Justice is the parent of peace. The Indians love war only as they love justice. Let us enjoy our rights, and be content with yours, and we will hang the tomahawk and scalping-knife upon the tree of peace, and sit down together under its branches.

W. Man. This is what we desire, and what is your interest as well as ours to promote. We have often made leagues with you; they have been as often broken. If justice were your guide, and peace your desire, they would be better regarded.

Ind. The White Men are robbers. We do not choose to be at peace with robbers; it is more to our honor to be at war with them.

W. Man. It is in our power to punish the aggressors; we have more warriors than the Indians; but we choose to employ arguments rather than force.

Ind. I have heard the arguments of White Men: they are a fair bait; but their intentions are a bearded hook. You call us brothers, but you treat us like beasts; you wish to trade with us, that you may cheat us; you would give us peace, but you would take our lands, and leave us nothing worth fighting for.

W. Man. The White Men want your lands; but they are willing to pay for them. The great Parent has given the earth to all men in common to improve for their sustenance. He delights in the numbers of his children. If any have a superior claim, it must be those, who, by their arts and industry, can support the greatest number on the smallest territory.

Ind. This is the way you talk; you act differently. You have good on your tongue, but bad in your heart.

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I have been among White Men. I know as much about them as you do about Red Men. What would your people say, if poor men should go to a rich man, and tell him, the great Parent has given the earth to all men in common; we have not land enough; you have more than you need; he delights in the number of his children; your great farm supports but few; by our superior arts and industry, it would support many; you may move to one corner of your land; that is sufficient for you; we will take the rest. We will live together as brothers, if you will be at peace with us; if not, we have more warriors than you; it is in our power to punish the aggressors. Should you call this just? No! no!

W. Man. Surely not.

Ind. Then justice among White Men and Red Men is different: will you show me the difference? I thought justice was our friend as well as yours.

W. Man. We are governed by laws that protect our property, and punish the disturbers of peace.

Ind. Then by what law do you encroach upon our property, and disturb our peace? If you consider us as your brothers, your laws ought to protect us as well as yourselves.

W. Man. Our ways of living are different from yours. We have many employments and much property: your manners are simple, your possessions small; our laws, of course, will not apply to your circumstances.

Ind. I know you have many laws on paper, and some that ought to make the paper blush. We have but few; they are founded in justice, and written on the heart. They teach us to treat a stranger as our friend; to open our doors and spread our tables to the needy. If a White Man come among us, our heart is in our hand; all we have is his; yet you call us savages! But that must mean something better than civilized, if you are civilized.

W. Man. We do not impeach your hospitality, nor censure your humanity in many instances; but how can you justify your promiscuous slaughter of the innocent

nocent and guilty, your cruel massacres of helpless wives and children who never injured you?

Ind. If a man provoke me to fight with him, I will break his head if I can: if he is stronger than I, then I must be content to break his arm or his finger. When the war-whoop is sounded, and we take up the tomahawk, our hearts are one; our cause is common; the wives and children of our enemies are our enemies also; they have the same blood, and we have the same thirst for it. If you wish your wives and children should escape our vengeance, be honest and friendly in your dealings with us; if they have ruffians for their protectors, they must not expect safety.

W. Man. We have both the same claim from each other; friendship and justice are all we require. Our ideas on these subjects are different; perhaps they will never agree. On one side, ferocity will not be dictated by humanity, nor stubbornness by reason; on the other, knowledge is not disposed to be advised by ignorance, nor power to stoop to weakness.

Ind. I believe we shall not make peace by our talks. If the contention is, who has the most humanity, let him who made us judge. We have no pretensions to superior knowledge; we ask, Who knows best how to use what they have? If we contend for power, our arms must decide: the leaves must wither on the tree of peace; we shall cut it down with the battle-axe, and stain the green grass that grows under it with your blood.

W. Man. You know the blessings of peace, and the calamities of war. If you wish to live secure in your wigwams, and to rove the forest unmolested, cultivate our friendship. Break not into our houses in the defenceless hours of sleep. Let no more of our innocent friends be dragged from their protectors, and driven into the inhospitable wilderness; or what is still more inhuman, fall victims to your unrelenting barbarity! If you prefer war, we shall drive its horrors into your own

own settlements. The sword shall destroy your friends, and the fire consume your dwellings.

Ind. We love peace; we love our friends; we love all men, as much as you. When your fathers came over the big water, we treated them as brothers: they had nothing: peace and plenty were among us. All the land was ours, from the east to the west water; from the mountains of snow in the north, to the burning path of the sun in the south. They were made welcome to our land and to all we possessed. To talk like White Men, they were beggars, and we their benefactors: they were tenants at will, and we their landlords. But we nourished a viper in our bosoms. You have poisoned us by your luxury; spread contention among us by your subtlety, and death by your treachery. The Indians have but two predominant passions, friendship and revenge. Deal with us as friends, and you may fish in our rivers or hunt in our forests. Treat us not like servants; we shall never own you as masters. If you provoke us, our vengeance shall pursue you. We shall drink your blood; you may spill ours. We had rather die in honorable war, than live in dishonorable peace.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION, PRONOUNCED AT BOSTON, JULY 4, 1796.

THAT the best way for a great empire to tax her colonies is to confer benefits upon them, and that no rulers have a right to levy contributions upon the property, or exact the services of their subjects, without their own, or the consent of their immediate representatives, were principles never recognized by the ministry and parliament of Great-Britain. Fatally enamoured of their selfish systems of policy, and obstinately determined to effect the execution of their nefarious purposes, they were deaf to the suggestions of reason and the demands of justice. The frantic, though transient

transient energy of intoxicated rage was exhibited in their very act, and blackened and distorted the features of their national character.

On the contrary, Americans had but one object in view, for in Independence are concentrated and condensed every blessing that makes life desirable, every right and every privilege which can tend to the happiness or secure the native dignity of man. In the attainment of Independence, were all their passions, their desires, and their powers engaged. The intrepidity and magnanimity of their armies; the wisdom and inflexible firmness of their Congress; the ardency of their patriotism; their unrepining patience, when assailed by dangers and perplexed with aggravated misfortunes, have long and deservedly employed the pen of panegyric and the tongue of eulogy.

Through the whole revolutionary conflict, a consistency and systematic regularity were preserved, equally honorable as extraordinary. The unity of design and classical correct arrangement of the series of incidents, which completed the Epic story of American Independence, were so wonderful, so well wrought, that political Hypercriticism was abashed at the mighty production, and forced to join her sister Envy, in applauding the glorious composition.

It is my pleasing duty, my fellow-citizens, to felicitate you on the establishment of our national sovereignty; and among the various subjects for congratulation and rejoicing, this is not the most unimportant, that Heaven has spared so many veterans in the art of war; so many sages, who are versed in the best politics of peace; men, who were able to instruct and to govern, and whose faithful services, whose unremitting exertions to promote the public prosperity, entitle them to our firmest confidence and warmest gratitude. Uniting in the celebration of this anniversary, I am happy to behold many of the illustrious remnant of that band of patriots, who, despising danger and death, determined to be free, or gloriously perish in the cause. Their countenances
beam

beam inexpressible delight? our joys are increased by their presence; our raptures are heightened by their participation. The feelings, which inspired them in the "times which tried men's souls," are communicated to our bosoms. We catch the divine spirit which impelled them to bid defiance to the congregated host of despots. We swear to preserve the blessings they toiled to gain, which they obtained by the incessant labours of eight distressful years; to transmit to our posterity, our rights undiminished, our honor untarnished, and our freedom unimpaired.

On the last page of Fate's eventful volume, with the raptured ken of prophecy, I behold Columbia's name recorded; her future honors and happiness inscribed. In the same important book the approaching end of Tyranny and the triumph of Right and Justice are written in indelible characters. The struggle will soon be over; the tottering thrones of despots will quickly fall, and bury their proud incumbents in their massy ruins!

Then peace on earth shall hold her easy sway,
 And man forget his brother man to slay.
 To martial arts, shall milder arts succeed;
 Who blesses most, shall gain th' immortal meed.
 The eye of pity shall be pain'd no more,
 With Vict'ry's crimson banners stain'd with gore.
 Thou glorious era, come! Hail, blessed time!
 When full-orb'd Freedom shall unclouded shine;
 When the chaste Muses, cherish'd by her rays,
 In olive groves shall tune their sweetest lays;
 When bounteous Ceres shall direct her car,
 O'er fields now blasted with the fires of war;
 And angels view, with joy and wonder join'd,
 The golden age return'd to bless mankind!

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE BETWEEN EDWARD AND HARRY.

[EDWARD alone, reading.]

Enter HARRY, with an important air.

Harry. **H**OW are you, Ned?
 Edward. What, is it you, brother Harry? Were it not for the small part of your face, that appears between your fore-top and your cravat, I should never know you.

Har. My appearance is a little altered, to be sure; but I hope you will allow it is for the better.

Edw. I wish I could. I perceive, that, some how or other, you are completely metamorphosed from a plain country lad, to a Boston buck, beau, or fop: which is the current word in your varying town dialect, to express such a thing as yourself?

Har. Ah, either of them will do. The young ladies sometimes call me *Tippy Harry*; that suits my ear the best.

Edw. That, I suppose, means a little fop, or, as I should express it, a *foppee*, who is obliged to stand tip-toe to reach a lady her fan.

Har. One of your clownish blunders, Ned. It means an airy young gentleman, dressed out in complete bon ton from head to foot, like myself.

Edw. "An airy young gentleman, dressed out in complete bon ton, &c. &c." This definition may be of service to me; I will try to remember it. You always possessed one quality of a gentleman, a large share of good humour: I hope you will not be angry, brother, if I am a little inquisitive.

Har. Do, Ned, leave off using that old-fashioned word: I had rather you would do any thing to me than *brother* me at this rate. If you should come to Boston, dressed as you are now, with your clumsy shoes, coarse stockings, great small-clothes, home-spun coat,

coat, and your old rusty go-to-mill hat, and shake hands with me, in your awkward way; and then, to complete the whole, should call me *brother*, I should be thunderstruck! For my credit's sake, I should swear it was some crazy straggler, I had seen in the country, and given a few coppers to keep him from starving. I would hide behind the counter, or lie rolled up in a piece of broadcloth a week, rather than be caught in such a scrape.

Edw. An airy young gentleman, indeed! would swear to half a dozen lies, hide behind the counter, and roll yourself up in a piece of broadcloth like a silkworm, to save your credit! You have improved much beyond my expectations, *Tippy Harry*! This sounds better in your refined ear than brother Harry, I suppose.

Har. Yes it does, Ned, I'll assure you: that's your sort! You begin to come on a little. Now I'll tell you how it is, Ned; if you would take your old misty library here, and lay it all on the fire together, and burn all your old-fashioned clothes with it, and then go to Boston—

Edw. What, without any clothes, Harry?

Har. Why, I think I should about as lief be seen with you stark naked, as with your coarse, narrow-backed, short-waisted coat. But as I was saying before, then put yourself under the care of a tailor, barber, shoe-maker, and a dancing master; keep a store of English goods about three months, go to the Theatre a dozen nights, chat with our Boston Tippias, have a few high goes, and freeze and thaw two or three times, for you are monstrously stiff; I say, after all this, I believe, Ned, you would make a very clever fellow.

Edw. The freezing and thawing is a kind of discipline I should not so readily comply with. I have heard of several of your *clever fellows*, and ladies of *your sort*, who were found frozen in old barns, and behind board fences; but I never knew they were so fortunate as to thaw again. Now, Harry, I will be serious

serious with you. Your airy young gentleman, in my opinion, is a very insipid character; far beneath my ambition. A few materials from behind the counter, the tailor's needle and shears, the barber's puff and pomatum, a little sheep-skin modified by the shoe-maker, and what is the most insignificant of all, a little supple, puny machine, that in plain English, I should call a naked fool; to strut about the streets with all this finery; carry it to the theatre, or dancing school; and teach it to say a few pretty things by rote; these make the gentlemen of *your sort*. Mine is composed of quite different materials.

Har. Pray let me know what they are: home-spun, I dare say. I am superfine, you see, from head to foot.

Edw. Yes, Harry, you have blundered into one just observation. In the first place, I would lay up a good store of knowledge, *home-spun* from my own reflections, reading and observation; not the second-handed smattering of the most ignorant of all beings who use a tongue. The tailor's, barber's, and dancing-master's bill should not show an inventory of *all* I possessed. They may make my clothes, dress my hair, and teach me how to bow; but there must be something more to command the bow of respect from people of sense, the judges of real merit. In short, I would be a gentleman farmer; too well informed to be influenced by your railing newspaper politics; too much delighted with the bleating and playing of the flocks in my own pasture, to read the head of *Theatricals*, or be amused with any drove of stage-players, that have infested our country from Charleston to Portsmouth. And I should be much more proud of raising one likely calf, than as many of the most insipid of all animals, called *Tippias*, as could stand in every shop in Cornhill.