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"Still be this Truth, this saving Truth confess'd,
"Britain is great, because with Freedom blest;
"Her Prince is great, because her People free,
"And Power here springs from public Liberty.
"Hail mighty Monarch of the free and great!
"Firm on the Basis of a prosp'rous State.
"The Wealth, the Strength of happy Millions shine,
"United rise, united shall decline.
"*For This will come*, sad Period of the brave,
"*When Britain's humble Prince shall rule the Slaves;*
"*When Traffic vile shall stain the guilty Throne,*
"*And King's resh'd buy our Ruin and their own.*"

THIS a political maxim, that all government tends to despotism, and like the human frame brings at it's birth the latent seed which finally shall destroy the constitution. This is a melancholy truth—but such is the lot of humanity. The art of an ingenious physician may, indeed, for a time illude the desperate poison; the skill of an able patriot may prolong, awhile, the political existence of a state; but the constitution still hastens with increasing velocity to inevitable death. This truth is founded in nature; Experience has, in every age, verefied this maxim of politics, and the approaching fate of our Mother Country shall but confirm the observation.

An insatiable appetite, an enormous thirst of despotic sway is a threatning symptom and sure presage of the fatal catastrophe of the constitutional system. A desire of absolute government prompts to the extension of legal authority, and states, like men, are precipitated headlong, by a boundless ambition, from the giddy precipice of power into the gulph of ruin & destruction.——Oh Britain! hold thy cruel hand, suspend the bloody sword an instant, and while, with an out-stretched arm, thou art forcing from thy injured Colonies one Right after another, while even now thou art making the desperate pass, which stabs the very vitals of thy children, reflect one single moment upon the unnatural, the brutal action; but if the dismal scene of woe, thy sons and daughters weltering in their instant blood, touch not thy adamantine heart, look back to distant ages, and see the rise and fall of ancient kingdoms!—Behold their fate and learn thine own!——Such a retrospective view of grandeur and declension in former states will show the genuine origin of a nation's glory and magnificence, and mark the putrid source of it's decline and final dissolution. Remember, Britain! human nature is every where the same, and similar effects will always flow from the same cause.——An extensive commerce will produce opulence; riches create power; these united soon beget insatiable luxury; luxury, opulence and power soon gender fell oppression and a hideous offspring; the next immediate consequences, though various, according to the manners of the age and temper of the people, yet work certain death; political oeconomy is quick destroyed, and sudden desolation shall swallow up the kingdom.

The powers of the human mind were never made for an unlimited jurisdiction over the extensive realm of science, neither was the sceptre of civil society form'd for arbitrary and universal empire. The political, like the animal body is in the best health, while the original constitution is kept pure and undebauch'd. But despotism has been the alluring syren, the inticing sorceress of the most flourishing nations, whose histories are ir-roll'd in the annals of fame. The boundless power of Rome was her mortal disease. Rome trod the path that leads up to the high and lofty tower of dominion: She tumbled head-long from the giddy elevation,—Britain now totters on the same dreadful precipice!—The British flag and Roman standard flourish'd in the days of *public virtue*. The *one* was disgrac'd and trampled under foot, when vice and tyranny rear'd their execrable heads, the *other* shall surely kiss the dust with like infamy.—But, methinks, I hear my injur'd countrymen exclaim——What comfort does this voice of prophecy afford!? To know the destin'd wrath of an avenging GOD shall blast the head of, Britain; to see our mother's honours kiss the dust, her children too become the slaves of miscreant lordlings, to bear the galling yoke and unwieldy load of merciless oppressors, doth rather add a tenfold pang to the keen anguish of our heart's distress. We! the sons of glorious Sires who nobly bled for civil and religious liberty in fame's immortal field, who dauntless fought with many a crimson wound the cause of freedom, and with many a blushing honor, godlike, won the victory of the day. We and our children must become the ignominious slaves of haughty, cruel and oppressive masters!—And that Britain, at some future period, shall receive the full reward of all her crimes, her aggravated guilt and her abhorred oppressions is now the only word of peace and consolation!—Think not, my countrymen! I meant to sooth you into peace, or lull your fears of tyranny asleep; too well I know the loss of Liberty, the spectre of departed freedom, the terrors of approaching bondage will haunt you day & night; & harrow up your souls.—No consolation can I whisper to my fellow-slaves and countrymen: No lamp of hope and pleasing expectation can I hold up to light your feet in this dark night of deep distress and woe.——Our fathers sacrificed their blood—they died freemen—they purchas'd Liberty with death—they left the legacy of freedom to their offspring.——We their sons, shall leave the *royal* gift of bondage to our sons and daughters.—Think you not, my brother-slaves, *our children will arise and call us blessed?*—The valor and the blood of our fore-fathers purchas'd their freedom.——The purple current of our noble ancestors still swells our veins——but oh the *British Virtue's* fled!—— the *ethereal spark* which fir'd our father's blood is quite extinct!—the flames of patriotism blaze no more!——Hence then all consolation!——away!——

"——Let no man speak of comfort;
"Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
"Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
"Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!
"Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills!
"And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
"Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
"Our lands, our lives, and all are *Britain's*
"And nothing can we call our own; but Death;
"And that shall model of the barren earth,
"Which serves as paste & cover to our bones!"

HYPERION.

Messieurs EDES & GILL,

You are at Liberty to publish the following Reflections, if nothing more important should claim their Place in your circulating *useful Gazette.* NESTOR.

AMERICA! what a groan was there? Methinks, the labouring continent heaves with agony, and her boundless forests shake as with a general tempest: *America!* thou proud walk of Liberty, for which our ancestors laboured, wrestled, bled, for which they so lately brayed destruction in her frowns, armed with the terrors of a wintry sky, and unappalled at death, tho' hourly menaced from the murd'rous arms of the insidious and vengeful Savage; still blest, supremely blest with Liberty, tho' lodged beneath a squalled hut, penurious, hungry, cold. O the humiliating vicissitudes of mortal things! how rapid are the successions of events which stagger faith, and poze credulity! *America*, which I dotingly beheld the future seat of virtue and science, the residence of the polite arts, and the receptacle of heroes; will not promise that blessed æra, when the shall awe a cowering world, and become the great Emporium of tributary nations! O degenerate Sons of ancient Americans! already has the wing of time brush'd away your budding honors! Where is the spirit of our great forefathers? where is that generous sentiment of Liberty, which animated their noble souls? alas dissolved like a vapour, *like the baseless fabrick of a vision, has left not a wreck behind.* Where is the fell destroyer who hath plundered us of our spirits, and left us unfeeling and defenceless, and prepared to crown the triumphs of tyranny, and with all the pusillanimity of scarcely plaintive submission—extending our limbs to the ready shackles? O ye blessed *Parents of America!* ye shall not blush for me; I will not consent to dash the harp from your immortal hands, nor interrupt your jubilee; look down, I dare appeal to the blessed host of martyrs, who parted with their souls to bless their progeny; look down, and if this heart for one execrable moment shall cease to glow with the same divine fervour, when those sacred RIGHTS are endangered, which wish so much labour, peril, care, ye have purchased and transmitted to your children; if then I basely retreat, shrink beneath a Tyrant's nod, or give way to the bursting ruin; if I am so lost, so wretched and so grovelling, as e'en to waste a coward thought on life, and not rather hunt for danger, and commit a rape on death, when *Slavery* is the damn'd alternative; may I be deem'd an alien to your precious blood, may the ghosts of those Heroes whose fame, whose virtues I have deserted, ever stalk about me, haunt my steps, and blast me with their frowns! May the baggard conscience of having betrayed my country, my posterity to the iron yoke of cruel vassalage, make my days comfortless and rob my nights of repose; And to compleat the curse, after a few meagre moments shall terminate my crawling existence; when I am hidden in the dust, and hope is the greatest blessing to be utterly forgotten; may my children, *slaves* by my crime, by my folly, by my baseness, how the thought harrows up my soul; may they preserve me to infamy, and if perchance they discover the hated spot, where lurks my miserable dust in wish'd concealment; may they there, detest my timidity, execrate my barbarity, and mingling tears with blushes thus inscribe the talking stone, faithful to the record of my shame;

"Here lies a Traitor to his Country, whom
Heaven's Anger made our *Father*;
He lived in evil Hour;
A timid, supine and wretched;
Dying,
He to his Heirs bequeath'd
Shame and Remorse,
Ruin of Fortune and of Reputation;
and as if these were not enough
has left us
SLAVES,
and basely manacled our Hands,
lest we should add to his Disgrace,
by struggling for those *Rights*
he gave away.
This unnatural Parent,
poorly bartered all POSTERITY,
to drag his Chain an Hour.
Were he not our Father
We
could curse him."

To the PRINTERS,

THE honorable Mr. Hutchinson in his history of this province tells us, "That in 1634 the people *asserted* a greater right in the government than had hitherto been allowed to them"—and resolv'd previous to the election of magistrates, "That none but the general court had power to make laws, appoint officers, raise monies and taxes" &c. and that they accordingly *settled the legislative body*, which with some immaterial exceptions continued as long as the charter lasted. His Honor further says, "That there was no express provision for it in the (old) charter", and observes, "that the people supposed, and he might have added *with reason*, that *the natural rights of Englishmen reserv'd to them* imply'd it". By the present charter a general court is constituted, to consist of the governor, council and house of representatives, who have power to make laws, &c. so that the *rights* in government which our forefathers *asserted* under the first charter, as being a part of the *natural rights* of Englishmen, is expressly, in the present charter recognizd to us: But had there been no such express provision for it in this charter, yet the natural rights of Englishmen reserved to us would have imply'd it. If our fathers judg'd well, as I take it for granted they d'd, and the right of being represented in the legislative body was part of their *natural* rights as Englishmen, it follows

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