

ORATION,

Delivered in the COLLEGE at PRINCETON, on the morning of the FOURTH OF JULY.

IN casting our eyes over the page of history, the attention is caught by the astonishing revolutions which have taken place in the different ages of the world. The Assyrian, the Persian, the Macedonian, and the Roman empires succeeded one another in power, and equally sacrificed the happiness of mankind on the altars of ambition. But, these revolutions are particularly interesting in which the people rose against their government, and vent their indignant passions, in the cruelties they inflicted upon their fellow countrymen. The civil wars, which raged in England, between Charles I. and his Parliament, exhibit an awful example of the depravity of the human heart. The men who commenced the opposition to arbitrary stretches of prerogative, were animated by the principles of freedom, and will long be held in remembrance by the lovers of virtuous liberty. But the spirit which it created did not conduct the revolution. Tyrants rose into power, and trampled on the rights of their country.

But of all the revolutions that have afflicted the human race, that of FRANCE exceeds in the degree, and in the extent of its crimes. Deriving its origin from the intrigues and villainy of a few individuals, it has been marked in every stage of its progress by an unblushing violation of all the principles that are held sacred among mankind. The infamous Duke of Orleans, a monster whose parallel can hardly be found in history, was the prime mover of this revolution: his object was to destroy LOUIS, and to place himself upon the throne. Mirabeau, equally celebrated for his talents and his crimes, and the Abbe Sieyes, a dark, cunning and cruel clergyman, were employed by the Duke in the accomplishment of his views. He lived to see his relation conducted to the scaffold, and his country filled with blood. But the vengeance of heaven overtook him, and he met the same fate which he had been so instrumental in preparing for his unfortunate monarch.

Such then was the origin of a revolution which has been so often held up to the admiration of the world. It was created, and it has been conducted by the most abandoned and the most profligate of mankind. Their object was not to bestow liberty on France, but to promote their own aggrandizement, and to vent the malignant passions of their hearts.

The progress of the revolution presents a picture, equally disgusting and horrid! FRANCE has been governed by a succession of tyrants, with whom the Nero and Caligulas of antiquity do not deserve to be compared. Brissot and his colleagues early figured upon the theatre, but a speedy death was the punishment of their crimes. These were the men who formed the project of universal conquest. It was Brissot who invited the people of other countries to rise in rebellion against their governments, and proposed to set fire to the four corners of Europe. But he soon fell under the commanding genius Robespierre, and this tyrant established an uncontrolled domination. Hebert and Danton ventured to oppose his power, but immediate death was the lot of their temerity. The cruelties exercised in France during the reign of Robespierre exceed not only the power of language to describe, but even the imagination to conceive! In the space of two months, 40,000 persons were destroyed in the single city of Nantz and its environs! The channel of the Loire was choked with dead bodies; and its waters tinged with blood. Similar scenes were acted at Toulon, in Bourdeaux, in Lyons, and in many other cities of the Republic. Revolutionary tribunals were erected in all the parts of France.

Talce were possessed of unlimited power, and condemned to the same punishment, all obnoxious to the tyrant, without regard to age or sex, or guilt or innocence! PARIS daily witnessed the execution of hundreds of victims, until its giddy inhabitants were so accustomed to scenes of murder that they came to view them, without one tear of sorrow, or one indignant emotion of the heart! Robespierre fell in his turn. Then was exhibited the proofs of his crimes—Then was it made known to the world, that during a single year of his dreadful reign, France had witnessed the murder of two millions of her inhabitants! In this number were included 250,000 women, 250,000 children, and 250,000 ministers of the gospel. Merciless Creators! when will this unhappy nation be delivered from the ca-

lamities with which it has been so long afflicted! When shall the tyrants of Europe be arrested in their proud career of conquest and of crime.

FRANCE, at present groans under a military despotism. The will of the directory is law. Their arbitrary mandate can deprive the virtuous citizen of his life, or banish him to a desert shore. All the pretences of the nation are under the controul of the government, and the people are obliged to choose as their representatives, those candidates who enjoy the confidence of their rulers. Large bodies of troops are stationed in the interior France to keep the people in subjection, and all communication prohibited between the different parts of the country. Such, Frenchmen, is the reward of your perjury to the best of princes. After having solemnly sworn to support him in his constitutional powers, you basely betrayed him to his enemies. You have permitted the off-scouring of the earth to lead your king to the scaffold, to dip their garments in his blood! The justice of Heaven is seen in the calamities which you have been made to suffer, and in the fate of the monsters who destroyed their sovereign. They have most of them terminated their career by an ignominious death.

If we take a view of the conduct of the revolutions towards other countries, we shall find it distinguished by the same marks of cruelty, perfidy and ambition. It is well known, that they early formed a resolution to compel all Europe, and finally the whole world to bend beneath their power; this project has been invariably pursued from the early periods of the revolution to the present time—

Various factions have contended for power at home, but they all acted upon the same principles of foreign policy. France has adopted the maxim of the Romans, and she has pursued it, even with more success and more cruelty than those ferocious destroyers of mankind. When her troops entered Holland, they made the most liberal promises and the most generous professions. The chains of tyranny were to be broken, and complete happiness was to be bestowed on the regenerated Dutch. But they have been reduced to the most abject slavery. An odious constitution has been imposed on them by France. The members of their convention who have dared to speak with the names of patriots, have been arrested and imprisoned. Contributions has been levied upon contribution, and the wretched inhabitants are kept in subjection by a powerful army, whose expenses their country is pillaged to defray. This is the liberty which the Dutch enjoy, and this is the liberty which France will bestow upon all the countries that she can subdue by her arms, or conquer by her arms. What has been the fate of Venice? The generous republicans promised to give her liberty, and to restore her to her ancient glory. But they have sold her country to the emperor, and transferred her inhabitants like the beasts of the field. The other states of Italy have experienced treatment equally dishonourable and unjust. The Cisalpine republic is under the dominion of 25,000 French troops. Their lives are the property of the inhabitants, and are paid by the wretches whom they hold in bondage.

Switzerland has lately been added to the long catalogue of the provinces of France. It was to intrigue, and not to courage, that she fell a sacrifice. The traitors in her councils, whom France had purchased, opposed with success every vigorous measure. In vain did the peasants flock to the gates of Berne, and demand to be led against the enemy. All the advantages that might have been derived from their enthusiasm were destroyed by the perfidy of the government. Unhappy Switzerland! you have given to the world an instructive, but a mournful example—And many distant nations, whilst they weep for your fate, and admire your valour, learn wisdom from the fatal errors which have proved your ruin.

AMERICANS! from the fall of this devoted country, you may derive the most instructive lessons. Switzer land had been free and happy, but she listened to the traitors who told her there was no danger, and rejected the energetic measures which her patriots proposed. My countrymen! the same language is held in your councils. It is the language which France has instructed her partisans in every country to employ. There is no danger—There is no danger—This is the ever-usual business of their tongue. But the citizens of America will not be deceived by all the arts of foreign intrigue or domestic treason. They have seen the infamous conduct of France towards the nations of Europe—They have seen the insults offered

to their own country, and they will defend at every hazard the independence of their fathers. The youth of Berne have raised a monument to their fame, that will survive the ravages of time. They fought in the fatal battle of the 5th, under the walls of their city, until they were all stretched upon the field. The youth of America will imitate the glorious example. The chief magistrate has declared their country to be in danger, and has called upon them to fly to arms in its defence: he shall not be deceived. The youth of America will fly to arms, and defend their country, or perish in the glorious struggle.

Are there any fathers in this assembly? animate your sons to meet the arduous contest. Tell them of the actions of their ancestors: recount to them the battles in which you fought to establish that independence which tyrants now threaten to destroy.—And you who are mothers! imitate the noble example of the Spartan women.—Let it be your pride and your boast that your sons are fighting the battles of their country; and should they fall on the ensanguined plain, make it your consolation that they have died a glorious death. And you, the fair daughters of my country, employ your influence over the ingenious youth, in filling their hearts with heroism, and in nerving their arms for the day of battle. Form wreaths to adorn the brow of the youthful warrior. Work with your own hands the colours under which he is to draw his sword—And reward with your smiles, those only, who achieve heroic deeds. What effects may not be produced by the charms of eloquence of the fair! Who saved Rome when Catiolani threatened at her gates, and the entreaties of her priests, and the cries of her people were in vain? It was woman—amiable, generous, patriotic woman. I think not that I exaggerate the dangers to which our country is exposed, or that I fear the issue of the contest in which we shall soon be compelled to engage. No! let the storm approach—let the whirlwind come—WASHINGTON yet lives. His constitution is still unbroken, and his soul still soars on the wings of grandeur. He has been twice the saviour of his country, and he is yet destined by heaven to raise an illustrious name. At his command, the old veterans will leave their retreat, and again encamp on the martial plain. Animated by the same glorious principles, they will follow their beloved Chief, from a rampart round their country which tyranny shall never efface.

ANECDOTES.

No nation assume so many christian names as the Spaniards. A poor Don Quixotte, who had no other company or attendant but the wretched jade upon which he was mounted, reached with difficulty, a small village in France, called Quino, where there was but one little inn. As it was midnight when he arrived, he applied himself with great noise and diligence to the gate.—The host waking at last, looked out at the window and called "who's there?" Here is, answered the Spaniard, Don Sancho Alphonso Damiro Juan Pedro Carlos Francisco Domingo de Roxades de las Eulentas.—The landlord, who knew he had but one empty bed, told him briskly, he had not room for so much company; and so returned to his nest. The poor Don Quixotte, was consequently obliged to jog on to the next village, to seek another place to roost.

A sea captain who lately arrived at Boston, when going to the wharf, ordered his servant to throw over the buoy, and going below for a few moments, he called to his servant, and asked him if he had thrown over the buoy:—"No, sir," says he, "indeed I could not catch the boy, but I threw over the old cook."

THE subscriber has now stored with Mr. THOMAS TURNER, between five and six hundred barrels of corn, a few barrels of Pork, and a small quantity of Bacon, which he wishes to sell. For terms apply to Mr. Turner.

JOHN WASHINGTON.

August 25.

STANLY'S WHARF

TO be let at public vendue, on the premises, on Monday, the 3d day of September next, for one year, together with Store and Ware Houses, and Still House. Also, the Dwelling House, garden, &c. now occupied by capt. Outten: security will be required.

THOMAS TURNER.

August 25.

P O E T R Y.

A N O D E.

NO BLISS WITHOUT CONTENTMENT.

IN whatsoever state we live,  
Man finds a cause to mourn and grieve—  
To drop the swelling tear,  
What'er we do leaves some regret;  
Most of our hopes, our cares defeat,  
And sadness crowns the year.

Without Contentment all is vain,  
Our joys at once transform to pain;  
Or yield obscure delight.  
The tenderest pledges of a friend  
In thought expire, in promise end;  
Or half their good excite.

When sorrow preys upon the soul,  
And grief within, quite controul,  
Contentment seems our foe;  
'Tis that which makes us pleas'd with life;  
That smoothes the mind, repulses grief,  
And blunts the edge of woe.

Man must attend subjection's school;  
Compare his thoughts with reason's rule,  
And learn to be content;  
Ere pleasure gleams with peaceful ray;  
Ere his bright dawn, a cloudless day,  
Our sorrows veil is rent.

Nectarian draughts may once suffice  
Our lighter sorrow to disguise;  
But reason wakes anew:  
More dreadful than our deeds appear—  
Back thrinks the mind with double fear,  
And bids to rest adieu.

Then come, ambrosial goddess come,  
With thine all-healing rich perfume,  
And soothe our cares to rest;  
'Tis unto thee we mortals owe  
The little sweets of life below;  
Each fond, each kind best.

THE RECLUSE.

A T A L E.

QUOD PETIS HIC EST.

NO plate had John and Joan board,  
Plain forks in humble plight;  
One only tankard crown'd their board,  
And that was fill'd each night.

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,  
In pride of chubby grace,  
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd  
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;  
But Joan was not like John;  
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,  
She swallow'd till all was gone.

John oft'n urg'd her to drink fair,  
But she ne'er chang'd a jet,  
She lov'd to see the Angel there,  
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,  
Another he play'd;  
And, where the Angel stood so fair,  
He got a Devil's pray'd.

John saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,  
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;  
And ever when she saw the ale,  
She clasp'd it as a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrify'd,  
His hairs rose on his pate;  
And "why dost gaze now?" he cry'd,  
"At this enormous rate?"

"O John," said she, "am I to blame?  
I can't in conscience stop;  
For sure 'twould be a burning shame  
To leave the Devil a drop!"

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

HAPPY the man, whose country seat  
Affords a pleasing, calm retreat,  
Beneath its shady bowers;  
No heavy cares of public life;  
No noisy parties' clamorous strife,  
Disturb his peaceful hours.

Ambition dwells not in his breast,  
No sting of envy breaks his rest;  
No grief corrodes his mind;  
No fierce desire of gold controul,  
Or sway the dictates of his soul,  
To heavens decrees resign'd.

With empty titles let the great,  
And all the useless pomp of state,  
Perpetuate their name;  
Peace and contentment fills his cot,  
And healthy temperance crowns his lot,  
The unadorn'd by fame.

Let others to preferment climb,  
By daring some atrocious crime,  
And ruin the subject state;  
Let the base sycophant keep up gold;  
The piece of his dear country sold,  
By perfidy made great.

He lives beneath his humble home,  
More bliss than in the gilded dome,  
Where guilt torments the breast;  
To him retirement joy affords,  
Fair competence supplies his board,  
And virtue makes him bliss.