

"O sweet and dear hope of my remaining days; O **Sister**, whose friendship, so fertile in resources, shares all my sorrows, and with a helpful arm assists me in the gulf! It is in vain that the Destinies have overwhelmed me with disasters: if the **crowd of Kings** have sworn my ruin; if the Earth have opened to swallow me, you still love me, noble and affectionate **Sister**: loved by you, what is there of misfortune?

"Huge continents of thunder-cloud, plots thickening against me, I watched with terror; the sky getting blacker, no covert for me visible: on a sudden, from the deeps of Hell, starts forth Discord and the tempest broke.

It was from thy Senate, stormful England, that she first launched out War. In remote climates first; in America, far away; between France and thee. Old Ocean shook with it; Neptune, in the depths of his caves, saw the English subjecting his waves: the wild Iroquois, prize of these crimes, bursts out; detesting the tyrants who disturb his Forests.

Discord, charmed to see such an America, and feeble mortals crossing the Ocean to exterminate one another, addresses the European Kings: 'How long will you be slaves to what are called laws? Is it for you to bend under worn-out notions of justice, right? Mars is the one God: Might is Right. A King's business is to do something famous in this world.'

O daughter of the Caesars, how, at these words, ambition, burning in thy soul, breaks out uncontrollable! Probity, honor, treaties, duty: feeble considerations these, to a heart letting loose its flamy passions; determining to rob the generous Germans of their liberties; to degrade thy equals; to extinguish 'Schism', and set up despotism on the wrecks of all.

From Roussillon and the sunny Pyrenees to frozen Russia, all arm for Austria, and march at her bidding. They concert my downfall, trample on my rights.

The Daughter of the Caesars, proudly certain of victory, it is the way of the Great, whose commonplace virtue, pusillanimous in reverses, overbearing in success, cannot bridle their cupidity, designates to the Triumvirate what Kings are to be proscribed, and those ungrateful tyrants, by united crime, immolate to each other, without remorse, their dearest allies.

Theresa! It is England thou art selling to France. Thy generous support in thy first adversities; thy one friend then, when a world had risen to devour thee. Thou reignest now:—but it was England alone that saved thee anything to reign over!

And thou, **lazy Monarch**. Pompadour, selling her lover to the highest bidder, makes France, in our day, Austria's slave!"

Poor mercenary Sweden, once so famous under its **soldier Kings**, now debased by a venal Senate; what say I? My own kindred, driven by perverse motives, join in the plot of horrors, and become satellites of the prospering **Triumvirs**.

And thou, loved **People**, whose happiness is my charge, it is thy lamentable destiny; it is the danger which hangs over thee, that pierces my soul. The pomps of my rank I could resign without regret. But to rescue thee, in this black crisis, I will spend my heart's blood. Whose IS that blood but thine? With joy will I rally my warriors to avenge thy affront; defy death at the foot of the ramparts, and either conquer, or be buried under thy ruins.

Thus Destiny with a deluge of torments fills the poisoned remnant of my days. The present is hideous to me, the future unknown: what, you say I am the creature of a Beneficent Being? And now, ye promoters of sacred lies, go on leading cowards by the nose, in the dark windings of your labyrinth: to me the enchantment is ended, the charm disappears. I see that all men are but the sport of Destiny. And that, if there do exist some Gloomy and Inexorable Being, who allows a despised herd of creatures to go on multiplying here, he values them as nothing; looks down on a **Phalaris** crowned, on a Socrates in chains; on our virtues, our misdeeds, on the horrors of war, and all the cruel plagues which ravage Earth, as a thing indifferent to him. Wherefore, my sole refuge and only haven, loved **Sister**, is in the arms of Death.