

Dear Uncle

New York January 28th 1799-¹⁶

For the first time this year, I write a few lines to you thinking, they may find, some one to peruse them, worthless as they are - I am comfortably situated as I mention'd in my last. for the ensuing summer. - However, I sigh! sometimes when thinking on Old England - I should be glad to spend my days, in my native Country - but - never. I hope may I set eyes on that land, where Slavery - Tyranny and all their appendages - reign triumphant - O. England. oftentimes doth my young heart burn with a desire, a sincere desire, to lend a helping hand - to give Liberty, to the noblest Isle on earth - to avenge thy wrongs. to show ~~to~~ the world that Britons yet exist on earth worthy the name - I feel - O my Uncle - I feel - at times sensations ~~unexpressible~~ - Englishmen! rouse from your slumbers - what patterns, daily are before you - America - struggled hard, but not in vain - "she fought - she bled - but a noble reward awaited Liberty to Millions - The blood of Englishmen, free born Britons, thrill'd through the veins of their Sons - & inspir'd them with a noble resolution - Britons, against Britons, fought - but the difference! ah! there it was! - the contest was unequal. Men fought against Slaves Liberty fought against Slavery - who could doubt the effects produc'd by such causes - O that my arm could do the deeds my heart inspirieth - England! the time must surely come when "the fibres of the heart shall tremble" - when the lofty throne of Tyrants

shall mingle in the dust - Blood and treasure must and will
be expended to effect that Liberty - which, when, effected shall
decide the fate of the world - For if tyrants and slaves - can reign
with such unbounded power, what cannot Liberty effect - O man
think not, the Creator of the Universe, who abounds in love and mercy
made thee to be damned! No! Nature and Reason, say - Man is born
to thrust - happiness was destined by Nature for Man - and is there
any Nature in approving of Tyrants - No! tis as contrary to the laws of
Nature & Reason, as tis for, the Sun to shine in the dark - O thou Great
disposer of all things, Creator of the world - pity ~~and~~ the weakness of Man
help him to discern the true way to happiness & glory - lead him through
the rugged path of life with a Guiding hand - shed thy influence in his
heart - teach him thy laws - that he may be conscious of his dignity and
station, thou appointed man to be free - implanted it in his Nature -
then leave him to value it as thy greatest and best of Blessings -

My " . . . I know will secure my scribbling in the manner I have
just done, but I know . . . am Conscious, that the Mottos are true
candidates for the precious Liberty . . . state ~~can~~ can only enjoy him-
self truly - you cannot blame me for my sentiments - No! thy nature is too
firmly established according to the dictates of human Nature, for me to doubt it -
May happiness be your lot is my sincere wish - but - I doubt whether you
enjoy much of it in Poor. England - England is my native land, but where Liberty
dwells there is my home - My love to all in England - I hope sometime
or other we shall greet one another ~~with~~ personally with the welcome
sound of health and Fraternity, to our Brethren - I remain Yours
affectionate Nephew

Wm B. Mott

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Wm B. Mott



Mr. Robert Scott

London May 3 1700

Wm. Molyneux

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ADONIS
Molyneux

Transcript of Letter A6

"William B. Mott sounds off to his Uncle Robert"

Dear Uncle

New York January 28 1799

For the first time this year, I write a few lines to you thinking they may find some one to peruse them, worthless as they are.--I am comfortable situated as I mentioned in my last for the ensuing summer.--However I sigh! sometimes when thinking on Old England--I should be glad to spend my days in my native Country: but--never, I hope may I set eyes on that land where Slavery--Tyranny and all their appendages reign triumphant--O England--oftentimes doth my young heart burn with a desire , a sincere desire, to lend a helping hand, to give Liberty to the noblest Isle on earth--to avenge thy wrongs, to show the world that Britons yet exist on earth worthy the name--I feel, O my Uncle, I feel at times sensations inexpressible --Englishmen! rouse from your slumber--what patterns daily are before you. America --struggled hard but nobly revolv'd on "Victory or Death"--she fought, she bled--but a noble reward awaited, Liberty to Millions--The blood of free born Britons, thrill'd through the veins of their Sons and inspired them with a noble resolution--Britons against Britons fought, but, the difference! ah! there it was! The contest was unequal. Men fought against Slaves. Liberty fought against Slavery--who could doubt the effects produced by such causes--O that my arm could do the deeds my heart inspireth--England! the time must surely come when "the fibres of the heart shall tremble"--When the lofty throne of Tyrants shall mingle in the dust. Blood and treasure must, and will be expended to effect that Liberty--which, when, effected shall decide the fate of the world--For if tyrants and Slaves can reign with such unbounded power, what cannot Liberty effect--O man, think not, the Creator of the Universe who abounds in love and mercy made thee to be damn'd! No! Nature and Reason say--Man is born to bliss (?)--happiness was desir'd by Nature for Man--and is there any Nature in approving of Tyrants--No. tis as Contrary to the laws of Nature and Reason as 'tis for the Sun to shine in the dark. O thou Great disposer of all things, Creator of the World--Pity the

weakness of Man, help him to discern the true (?) way to happiness and Glory--lead him through the rugged path of life with a Guiding hand--shed thy influence in his heart--teach him thy laws--that he may be conscious of his dignity and station--thou accountest man to be free--implanted it in his Nature--then have him to value it as thy greatest and best of Blessings.

My Uncle I know will excuse my scribbling in the manner I have just done, but I know it and am conscious that the Motts are true candidates for the precious Liberty in which state man can only enjoy himself truly--you cannot blame me for my sentiments--No! thy nature is too firmly established according to the dictates of human Nature for me to doubt it--May happiness be your lot is my only sincere wish--but I doubt whether you enjoy much of it in Poor England--England is my Native land, but where Liberty dwells, there is my home--my love to all in England--I hope sometime or other we shall greet one another personally with the welcome sound of health and Fraternity to our Brethren--I remain your affectionate nephew

Wm B. Mott

Addressed to Mr. Robert Mott
Denton near Lewes
Sussex