
MR. RUSSELL'S

O R A T I O N.

AN
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PRONOUNCED IN THE BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE,

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ON THE

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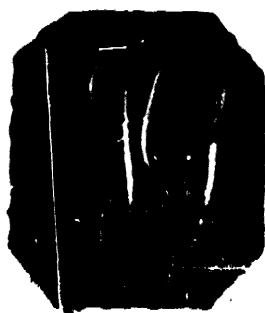
OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4th, 1800.

BY JONATHAN RUSSELL, ESQUIRE.

THIRD EDITION.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE merit of this ORATION has already carried it through two Editions. This honor, rarely conferred on works temporary in their nature, and local in their design, furnishes a presumption of its excellence, which a perusal will fully sanction.—The Publisher has been frequently importuned, by many respectable friends, to print a third Edition. He takes great pleasure, in this effort to disseminate a production, finished in its style, correct in its politics, and sublime in its sentiments—a production, which will be read with admiration, when party division shall be forgotten, when the obstinacy of opposition shall yield to the cogency of reason, and when PSEUDO-FEDERALISM shall be known only by tradition.

WORCESTER, August 8th, 1803.

A N
O R A T I O N.

IT is a magnificent spectacle, to behold a great people annually crowding their temples, to consecrate the anniversary of their sovereignty. On this occasion, the heart of every true American beats high with a just and noble pride. He still hears the illustrious Fathers of his Country, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World, for the rectitude of their conduct, declare that the United States "*are, and of right ought to be, FREE and INDEPENDENT.*" The black catalogue of injury, abuse, contempt and crime, which exhausted forbearance and drove us to resistance, rushes on his mind. He passes in review those great men who then burst upon the world, and who, endowed with every virtue and every talent, which could fit them for the arduous task in which they engaged, appeared to be expressly commissioned by Heaven to rule the storm of revolution. It was then, indeed, that human nature, which for eighteen Centuries had appeared nearly to have lost those qualities which alone ennoble it, emerged at once from its degradation, and recovered the lustre with which it shone in the happiest days of antiquity.

ON the islands of the *Adriatic*, the mountains of *Biscay*, and the rocks of *Uri*, the Spirit of Liberty had indeed successfully sought a refuge; but driven at last from all that could delight her on earth, she had already

flapped her wings on the glaciers of *Switzerland*, and was taking her flight towards Heaven.—The American people rose—they burst their fetters—they hurled them at their oppressors—they shouted they were free.—The sound broke across the *Atlantic*—it shook the fog-wrapt island of *Britain*, and re-echoed along the *Alps*. The ascending spirit heard it—she recognized in it the voice of her elect, and holding her course westward, she rejoicing saw her incense rise from a thousand altars. Her presence assured our triumph. Painful, however, was the struggle, and terrible the conflict, which obtained that triumph—our harbors filled with hostile fleets—our fields ravaged—our cities wrapt in flames—a numerous, veteran, and unprincipled enemy let loose upon us—our army thinned by battles—wasted by sickness—disgusted by treachery and desertion—a prey to every species of privation, and reduced to the last misery next despair.—Even then, however, this little army showed themselves worthy the holy cause, for which they contended. Driven from *Long-Island*—from the heights of *Harlem*—from *White Plains*—pursued from post to post, even to beyond the *Delaware*—they would often turn upon their insulting foe, and mingling their blood with the melting lava of the cannon's mouth, foretell them of **TRENTON, GERMANTOWN and MONMOUTH!**

But it was not in the ardent conflicts of the field only, that our countrymen fell; it was not the ordinary chances of war alone, which they had to encounter. Happy, indeed, thrice happy were **WARREN, MONTGOMERY and MERCER!** Happy those other gallant spirits, who

fell with glory in the heat of battle, distinguished by their country, and covered with her applause. Every soul sensible to honor envies, rather than compassionates their fate. It was in the dungeons of our inhuman invaders ; it was in their loathsome and pestiferous prison-ships, that the wretchedness of our countrymen still makes the heart bleed. It was there that hunger, and thirst, and disease, and all the contumely cold-hearted cruelty could bestow, sharpened every pang of death. Misery there wrung every fibre that could feel, before she gave the blow of grace, which sent the sufferer to eternity. It is said that poison was employed. No! There was no such mercy there—there nothing was employed, which could blunt the susceptibility to anguish, or which, by hastening death, could rob its agonies of a single pang. On board one only of these prison-ships, above ELEVEN THOUSAND of our brave countrymen are said to have perished. She was called the *Fersey*. Her wreck still remains, and at low ebb presents to the world, its accursed and blighted fragments. Twice in twenty-four hours, the winds of Heaven sigh through it, and repeat the groans of our expiring countrymen ; and twice the ocean hides in her bosom, those deadly and polluted ruins, which all her waters cannot purify. Every rain that descends washes from the unconsecrated bank the bones of those intrepid sufferers. They lie naked on the shore, accusing the neglect of their countrymen. How long shall gratitude, and even piety deny them burial ? They ought to be collected in one *vast ossuary*, which shall stand a monument to future ages, of the two extremes of the human character ;—of

that depravity which, trampling on the rights of misfortune, perpetrated cold and calculating murder on a wretched and defenceless prisoner, and that virtue, which animated this prisoner to die a willing martyr for his country. Or rather, were it possible, there ought to be raised a *Colossal Column*, whose base sinking to Hell should let the murderers read their infamy inscribed on it, and whose capital of Corinthian laurel ascending to Heaven, should show the fainted Patriots, that they have triumphed!

DEEP and dreadful as the coloring of this picture may appear, it is but a faint and imperfect sketch of the original. You must remember a thousand unutterable calamities, a thousand instances of domestic, as well as national anxiety and distress, which mock description. You ought to remember them! You ought to hand them down in tradition to your posterity, that they may know the awful price their fathers paid for freedom!

It would be well, however, amidst these bitter recollections, to repress, if possible, the muttered curse of indignation; to pass in silence over the name of that nation which was our enemy; and, if the effort is not above human magnanimity, to hold her, without antipathy, "*as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends.*" Of all the passions which vex the human breast, there is none, perhaps, which dupes stupidity or excites malevolence, like national antipathy. It hangs with a dark malignity about the heart, and gives a tone to all its emotions. It violates not only the evangelical precept, which enjoins the forgiveness of injuries, but disregarding the maxims of justice, and even of common sense, it de-

ties to virtue its excellence, it takes from crime its guilt, and disturbs society by a furious denunciation of vengeance, without being able to assign its provocation. To a man under the influence of this unhappy malady, the manner of the unconscious Foreigner, his gestures, his language, his food; and even the fashion of his coat, are sources of uneasiness. But this is not all : He, who has once justified himself in his hatred to a part of the human race, has surmounted the first great barrier to crime, benevolence. When AMILCAR took HANNIBAL at only nine years old to the altar, and made him swear eternal enmity to the *Romans*, he violated the most sacred duties of the Father and the Man. He ought to have filled the heart of his son with benevolence for the promotion of his felicity, and that of his fellow-men. Was there not malignity enough in the human breast, without exacting a guarantee for its hatred ? Or was it to be feared that HANNIBAL would too easily have forgiven his enemies, unless forbid by the awful religion of an oath ? National antipathy has been the low and ignoble policy employed by some governments, to secure support in the wild wars of their ambition, but it is a policy which deeply affronts the people with whom it is employed ; a policy, which I trust the just and noble spirit of every American will spurn. What ! Must we be led to believe that the rest of mankind are fools and villains, before we can have a good opinion of our own wisdom and virtue ; or must we be worked into an idea, that they are all cowards, before we dare to place a confidence in our own courage. No ! Let us have the generosity, the magnanimity, the

justice, to give to all nations their due ; let us dwell on those qualities which exalt, rather than those which disgrace them ; and let us found our glory on our own worth, and not on their defects.

THE two great objects which divide the industry of the world are *Agriculture* and *Commerce*. Statesmen and moralists have calculated the effects which each of these has on the manners and opinions of mankind. They have been generally inclined to believe that commerce corrupts, and makes mankind venal. Among the adversaries, however, of extensive commercial intercourse, will often be found men too deeply impressed with the charms of a country life, or those who have received disgust from the anxieties and disappointments of trade. They reflect, that *Carthage* was the most commercial nation of antiquity, and there so little regard was paid to the principles of integrity, that *Punic Faith* became proverbial throughout the world. From among the nations of modern times, they choose out *Hamburgh*. This city, which in a high and pompous style calls herself "*Free and Imperial*," is purely commercial. Confined within her ramparts, she holds no intercourse with nature, and it is scarcely known by some of her inhabitants, whether the vegetables they eat are not manufactured, like the clothes they wear. They have no fashions, no manners, and scarce a language of their own. They never think of their God, unless it be to effect an insurance against his dispensations. People of all nations and tongues resort there ; and when the Citizens of this *mighty* Republic assemble on their Exchange, which to them is a Camp of Mars,

they form a motley groupe, of different form and complexion, of different manners and religions, of different accents and dress, from all the different quarters of the world, united and alike alone in their object—that of making money. There many a battle is fought, kings dethroned and nations conquered for—half per cent. Money is their great good ; every thing is bought and sold ; hospitality herself is set upon the tariff ; and they will almost give you the *price current of an oath*. Talk to a *Hamburgher*, who was probably first a *Dutchman*, a *Ragusan*, a *Genoese*, or an *Englishman*, about the love of country, and he will think you mad—he has no country. Talk to him about Liberty, and he will praise it ; because he thinks you mean a free trade. He troubles himself no further with the political changes in the world, than they affect the markets ; and if he has a preference for one country above another, it is that where the best speculation is to be made.—Such is the sombre pencil, with which *Commerce* is pourtrayed. *Agriculture* is touched with brighter colors. It is remembered, that in the early days of *Rome*, every thing virtuous or honorable was found among the rural tribes. The cultivation of the soil gives health and vigor to the body, and purity and tranquillity to the mind. The human form attains, in the labors of the field, its utmost developement. The full chest, the muscular and brawny arm and the toil-strung sinew, are the reward of the husbandman. He preserves with nature all his relations. He every where converses with his God. He every where contemplates order, economy and peace, and his soul is filled with a delightful harmony. The seasons return with unerring regularity ; noth-

ing is in vain ; every thing progresses towards some end for which it has been designed by the eternal wisdom, and every thing attains this end, without interference and without confusion, amidst the low but transporting music of the spheres. The cultivator of the soil is indeed a Patriot. The habits formed in his youth never desert his age. The very trees and rocks among which he has grown up, are objects of his affection. He loves the soil which has rewarded his labors, and he finds music in the echo of his native hills. Even the fidelity of the honest *Swiss* was not proof to that touching air, (1) which brought to his remembrance the charms of his rural home. Strongly, however, as *Agriculture* and *Commerce* may appear to be here contrasted, they are not natural enemies, nor even rivals ; they are friends, and ought to unite for the attainment of a great and common object. In this country, above all others, do they require the mutual aid of each other. *Agriculture* supplies *Commerce* with the articles of her exports, and with a ready market for her returns. *Commerce* in her turn incites the husbandman to labor beyond his wants, by administering to his enjoyments. Make *Commerce* the only honorable pursuit ; the Farmer would desert his plough, and leave the most delightful country in the world to become again a howling wilderness.—Destroy *Commerce*, the Farmer would transform himself into a winder of silk or knitter lace ; or what, alas ! is more probable, he would be actuated by no nobler incentive than his coarse appetites ; he would feel the last ray of civilization expire within him, and he

(1) The Rans des Vaches.

would revert to all the horrors of savage life. Is it not astonishing, that any man should wish for the destruction either of *Agriculture* or *Commerce*, since the first is necessary to life, and the second to make life amiable. It is the spirit of party alone which can be guilty of such madness. But of what is not the spirit of party guilty? It assails the fairest virtue—it overturns the statues of heroes—it ransacks nature for a poison, and by the midnight taper consults with science how to apply it. A thorough party-man forgets even himself—he is deaf to the suggestions of self-love—he is absorbed in the sole desire of oppressing his opponents; and if ever a ray of pleasure crosses his dark and sullen soul, it is when he has succeeded in inflicting some misery upon them. In his blind excess, he neither loves himself, his party, or his country; but he hates religiously every one who differs from his opinions, when, perhaps, these opinions were as lightly embraced, as they are malignantly defended. He often, in fact, has no more faith in these opinions, than the man he would sacrifice for not adopting them. He can decree to *ARISTIDES* the ostracism, and to *SOCRATES* the deadly hemlock—and the next day advocate the just politics of the one, and the pure morals of the other. The party-man has indeed no principle to rest upon; he is hung up like a pendulum, and in eternal oscillation, as stupidity or design may set him in motion. The rapidity of his vibrations are inversely as his length. Beware how you indulge this terrible spirit of party. There is no security in the triumph it may obtain for you to-day; to-morrow the very instruments of that triumph may be turned upon you with affrightful execution. The same irregularity, which at one moment brought the loyal and vir-

uous STAFFORD to the scaffold, was found a fit instrument the next for the execution of the popular and illustrious SYDNEY: The same guillotine severed the neck of DANTON, which has fallen on that of LOUIS: And MARIUS returned from the ruins of *Carthage*, to glut himself with vengeance on those who had driven him thither.

REVOLTING, however, as this barbarous spirit may appear, it generally chooses its dwelling in the fairest portions of the world; and although in its excess it appears the implacable and mortal enemy to Liberty, yet it is nearly allied to that genius of faction, which has often proved her strong but untractable friend. This last, indeed, appears to be the thunder, which, while it shakes, refreshes and purifies the political atmosphere. Wherever it has been completely silenced, every foul and noxious vapor has arisen, which could extinguish life, or sully its charms. You may have the silence of death—you may have the patient despair of slavery; but violence will never obtain for you a free and animated tranquillity. *Ireland* will indeed be quiet when every tree is turned into a gallows; and *France*, had the energy of ROBERSPIERRE continued a little longer, would have lost the last virtue that could rebel. All history is indeed full of the factions of free States. These, however, like the mountain oak, appeared to gather vigor from the storms that struck them. *Athens* in one year, under the death-like tranquillity of a tyrant, lost more strength, more riches, more elegance, more glory, than amidst the boisterous agitations of all her parties, or even the conflicts of civil

war. But these were not the beggarly and fervile conflicts between a red rose and a white one ; not whether a weak and inglorious bigot, or a wanton and abandoned debauchee should be a king ; they were not those temporary bursts of misery, which now and then agitate the wretched inhabitants of *Constantinople*, and which an execution will allay, without exhibiting any evidence of its justice. They sprung from that unbroken spirit, that wild and unfettered boldness, that restless, that uncontrollable, that sublime love of Liberty, which sometimes indeed mistakes it means, but never loses sight of its object — which, while it seems to endanger, often secures that object, and which burns with undiminished force, while one generous sentiment lingers in the human breast to support it ! I would rather, (exclaimed a noble Palatin (2) in the *Polish* Diet) I would rather have danger with liberty, than safety with servitude. It is indeed better to be tossed by the rudest storm that ever vexed the political ocean, than to be motionless in port, and like a *Genoese* galley-slave have Liberty only on your chains. But is the human race then doomed to the melancholy alternative of servitude or eternal insurrection ? Must they be forever buffeted from despotism to anarchy, and from anarchy to despotism ? If from these evils there is a refuge, it is not in the energy of government only, nor in the tame and worn-down spirit of the people. It is in the diffusion of knowledge, the indulgence of political o-

(2) The Palatin of Posania. His words are, *Malo Libertatem periculosam quam quietum servitium.*

pinion, and the cultivation of the social virtues. You may give to government sufficient power to quell an insurrection—you ought to give it—but there are but two causes of insurrection ;—oppression and delusion. Will the energy of government redress the first ? It is but a sanction to it. Will it cure the last ? There is no avenue by which violence can arrive at the understanding. It may be doubted, if among fifty thousand Moors, the fierce zealot (3) who conquered *Grenada* caused to be baptized at the point of the bayonet, there was a single convert to the *Catholic* faith. It is the light of knowledge alone that can dissipate error ; it is that alone which can give a people worth and respectability in the eyes of their rulers, and at the same time teach them the necessity of supporting a righteous government. Ignorance, by eternally brooding over imaginary griefs, often produces real ones. That acquaintance, which every one has the leisure to acquire, with the springs of human action, and the leading events which have taken place in the world, must show the most timid how terrible that security is, which absolute power affords, and convince the most adventurous and hardy, of the tremendous attributes of that freedom which exists in tempests and convulsions. *CHARONDAS*, of all the Legislators of antiquity, has alone the glory of having known the true source of republican happiness. He established **FREE SCHOOLS**.

MUTUAL moderation between those of different political sentiments, is essential to social harmony. It was

(3) Ferdinand of Arragon.

said with truth, some thousand years ago, that it is not the opinions of men, but their quarrels about these opinions, which disturb the world. We have seen among religious sects, the astonishing effects of toleration. From the conquest of *Britain* by the *Romans*, to the settlement of this State by its illustrious founder, that balm to religious dissention appeared, like the lazerpitium of *Egypt*, to have left the world, or to have been considered as a worthless weed. It was then that the fiercest passions of the human breast, clad themselves in celestial armor, and retiring into the impenetrable recesses of conscience, harassed the world with inexorable and cruel warfare. It was then that mankind, in contending for the altar, forgot the God, and destroyed, in the name of religion, every thing that was dear to humanity. But when toleration returned, all sects and persuasions, happy in the security obtained for themselves, ceased to molest others; and piety confiding vengeance to him who has said, "*it is mine,*" once more kneeled to the divinity.

If such is the power of toleration over bigotry and superstition, which are uncontrollable by any earthly wisdom, whose flights are above the sublimest reason, and leave the understanding wearied and confounded whenever it attempts to pursue them—what have we not a right to expect from *political moderation*? Politics have no forbidding mysteries; they do not strain themselves to be co-extensive with faith, which, expanded by the ardors of zeal, often stretches beyond the utmost confines of possibility; they never leave the earth, unless when hoisted for a moment from their sphere, by the gas of visionary

ries. Here every thing may safely be brought to the test of reason ; and here truth, when pursued with sincerity and moderation, will not be pursued in vain. Every absurdity and extravagance necessarily contain the seeds of their own mortality, and unless they receive a forced and artificial existence from persecution, they will bid a speedy and tranquil death. It is a powerful truth, that no doctrine hostile to social order, can long prevail among a calm and enlightened people. Government has the safe keeping of the public repose, but it has no right to interfere with the consciences or reasonings of the governed. An interference of this kind is indeed as fruitless as it is unjust. How weak was I, exclaimed the Imperial (4) Bigot, in his convent in *Estre Madura*, to have endeavored by violence to reduce *Europe* to one faith, when I am unable to make even two watches move alike.

THE next political heresy after intolerance, which merits the reprobation of every good citizen, is deception. Every government, which derives its support immediately from the people, ought to walk in the light. It ought to be able to meet every investigation with a serene front, and with that confidence which conscious integrity inspires. A people the least enlightened cannot long be deceived ; their good sense will ultimately detect every intrigue, and they will be terrible to those who may have abused their credulity. Darkly barbarous indeed must be that nation, which it is necessary to cheat into happiness ; and unrighteous and unprincipled must be that

government, which will descend to fraud for any purpose. The false notions of the people are sometimes, however, called honest prejudices, and the deceptions of government are hallowed with the name of pious frauds. But every man of independence and feeling must weep over that honesty which is the mere result of delusion, and every man of virtue must execrate that piety which couples itself with a fraud. (5) In *America*, however, "where the right of sovereignty resides indisputably in the body of the people, and where all are equal by law and by birth," if you expect purity in the stream, you must keep the source free from pollution. If there is not virtue in the people, it cannot reasonably be presumed to exist in those who are chosen by and from the people. There is no magic in an election, which will make a sage of an idiot, or transform a rogue into an honest man. Neither is candor and confidence to be expected in return for violence and jealousy. Every passion constantly tends to reproduce itself in its object. Even the divine command to return good for evil, having had to encounter the strongest propensities of the human heart, has obtained but a partial obedience. If you desire then moderation and confidence from your rulers, you must treat them with moderation and confidence. Do you ask, what duty imposes on you the obligation of leading the leading the way? It may be answered, that if ever the delightful competition of being and doing good takes place, it must begin somewhere, and you must have a bet-

ter opinion of the virtue of others than you have of your own, if you expect they will begin it.

THE politician may amuse you with a favorite system, he may tell you of the excellence of this or that form of government ; he may paint to you the magic there is in a *Balance of three Powers* ; but every nation will be free or enslaved, happy or miserable, not by the parchments or prescriptions of the magistrate, but by the manners and character of the people. Should the *Grand Signior*, by his *Firman*, establish throughout his dominions a Constitution exactly similar to that of the *United States*, would *Syria*, *Palestine* and *Egypt* rise from their ruins, or degenerated *Greece* rekindle the holy fires of her freedom? No ! Slavery would there still hug her chains ; the *Arab* would still watch for plunder behind the fallen towers of *Palmyra*, and the barbarous inhabitant of *Romelia* would step heedlessly over the fragments of the *Areopagus*, and the prostrate columns of the *Parthenion*. The *Balance of three Powers* has been exalted above the influence of religion. But where shall we find its excellence ? Shall we look to the governments of ancient times ? They have perished. Shall we search for it in *England* ? Did it exist there in the absolute despotism of the *Tudors* ? Did it flourish in the murder and exile of the *Stuarts* ? Is it to be found in the venality of the house of *Hanover* ? Prerogative indeed has dropt the sceptre ; but corruption pours invisibly her aerial acid on the heart, and stifles there every noble passion. Patriotism herself has become a mercenary, and the *honest Englishman* of the pres-

ent day, like ISAAC, the tyrant of *Cyprus*, is well contented with his chains, if they are but of silver. It is a kind of quackery in politics, to prescribe one and the same constitution as a sovereign remedy to the evils of all nations. The excellence of a government does not consist in either concentrating or dividing its powers, nor in an hereditary or elective executive ; but in being adapted to the peculiar manners and circumstances of the nation where it is instituted. Superlatively happy, however, is that nation, where the people are sufficiently temperate and enlightened to submit to a government of their own choice ; for although Monarchy may be best for some countries, yet those countries are, for that very reason, more miserable than where a Republic is best. Every man in the United States who wishes for Monarchy, must have either the vanity to think himself more virtuous than his fellow-citizens, or the consciousness that he is not sufficiently virtuous to discharge his duties voluntarily. That man is no less a revolutionist, who would rear a throne on the ruins of a Republic, than he who would establish popular dominion on the destruction of royal power.

It was a maxim of the great DE WITT, that no nation however weak ought ever to relinquish a single point, the justice of which is obvious. That nation, indeed, which dares not to be just to herself, will never be just to others. Such a nation has no business with sovereignty. It is extravagant and ridiculous for a people to boast of independence, when they are afraid to make peace with one power lest they should provoke another. It must be humiliating to every man of spirit, and distressing to every man

of principle, tamely to submit to the abuses of a haughty nation, and even to court her favor by wantonly defying her rival. Base and pusillanimous is it to play the hero, where there is no danger, and the coward where there is. This is a mode of conduct which may answer the narrow and selfish views of a few little headstrong, political bargain-makers, but it can never gratify the just pride of a great people.

PERHAPS the expectations of many would be here disappointed, was the war which now rages in Europe to be passed ever in silence. In that war we behold something to admire, but much to condemn. It makes the warriors' pulse beat quick and high. Military skill has there attained its perfection—HANNIBAL and FABIUS—TURENE and CONDE—MARLBOROUGH and VILLARS, with all their diversity of excellencies, every where find equals. Yet the skill of the General does not surpass the courage of the Soldier. Across the rage of battles, in the deadly breach, over the smoking ashes of cities, and the convulsive members of the slain, he seeks for glory. In the onset prompt—impetuous—terrible as the glowing thunder-bolt—in defence, firm and calm, and immovable as a rock of adamant—A magnanimity—a fortitude—an intrepidity every where prevail—Victory has lost her insolence—defeat her disgrace, and death his terrors. But we must return from the splendor of this scene, where virtue appears at once to weep and rejoice, where Destruction herself rises on her pedestal with a high and imposing majesty, and where Human Nature indemnifies herself for the calamities she suffers, by ennobling the hand which inflicts

them—we must turn from this scene to the cold crimes of politics.

ON either side, we behold the atrocity of the end aggravated by the atrocity of the means ; and the charms of profession harshly contrasted with affrightful realities. Universal domination has entered the lists against universal monopoly—while Liberty and the Rights of Man have found themselves among the auxiliaries of tyranny, and religion and the love of order have been pressed into the service of sacrilege and confusion. Liberty ! Has she demolished the Bastile merely to take her sullen seat among the ruins, and to hurl them at affrighted humanity ! And the Rights of Man ? Do they consist in the expedition of a trial, or the dispatch of an execution ? do they hang upon the lamp-post or stream beneath the guillotine ? Are they to be found in provincial *Holland*—in distressed *Liguria*—in divided *Venice*, or on the desolated mountains of *Helvetia* ?

ON the other side, does Religion leave her holy places to trample upon every thing venerable in years, amiable innocence, or respectable in virtue ? Does she execute military law on the Catholics of *Ireland* ? Does she hang the *Jews* at *Milan* ? Does she mangle, and tear, and devour the wretched Protestants at *Naples* ? Does the love of order fill the world with ruin, discord and murder ? Does it open the sluices upon the peasants of *Belgium* ? Does it fire the kelp-thatched hovels of the fishermen on the coasts of *Normandy* ? Does it excite treachery, sedition and mutiny on board the fleets of *Holland* ? Does it

wake the furies of civil war on the confines of *Almorica*, and pay the *Vendean* or *Chouan Brigand* for the extinction of the human race? Does religion, does the love of order bring single and double knouted devotion from the wilds of *Muscovy*, to fix her polluted altars on the plains of *Italy*? Do they —but here the full heart must have vent—Do they double the southern promontory of *Africa*, to go and overthrow the throne of an independent monarch of *Asia*? The blood of SAIB was as pure as that of the *Bourbons*—as noble as that of the *Brunswicks*. Unhappy monarch! Was it not enough for him to behold his territories dismembered and devastated—his subjects slaughtered and enslaved—but were his throne, his family, and his life devoted to destruction? He defended his power with a spirit which shewed he deserved it. His death was worthy of a king. He fell gored in front by many a wound; and the mangled bodies of his faithful subjects raised over him a glorious mausoleum. Let the pretended champions of religion, of order, and of ancient institutions tell of the plunder each assassin shared from the profaned regalia of this murdered monarch! Let the first and most celebrated Minister in *Europe* insult his fallen fortunes, in cold and contemptuous irony, with the title of *Citizen TIPPoo*! Yet the wrongs of *Citizen TIPPoo* shall be remembered, when the subverters of his power, the destroyers of his life, and the calumniators of his fame, shall be crushed with execration, or forgotten in oblivion! Let us take care how we bestow applause from the prevailing passion of the moment. (6) GEDZAR

(6) *Gedzar*, says Baron de Tott, signifies in the Turkish language, *butcher*, and that this very Pacha assumed it as expressive of his love of human blood.

See Vol 3, *Mem. P. de Tott*.

PACHA and SUWARROW were the heroes of the last year, but the first has already become again the butcher of *Acce*, and the last the sacker of *Ismael*, and the bloodsucker of *Warsaw*.

SHOULD we be involved in the present *European* contest, if we are just, we shall have nothing to repent—if we are united, we shall have nothing to fear. Union is the heart, through which must circulate those streams of life, of health, of joy, which shall animate every member, which shall heal every disease, and which shall give a zest to every blessing. United you may set securely, like a mighty giant on your mountains, and bending a stern regard upon the ocean, dare the coming of the proudest foe. The little topical eruptions of a County or a State shall yield to the hale vigor of the whole; and every part reciprocating those good offices, which a diversity of soil and climate give them the high privilege of rendering acceptable—you shall exhibit a spectacle, which shall awe and delight the universe. Policy, Genius, Nature herself invites to Union. She has bound us together by a chain of mountains which no human strength can break—she has interlaced us by an hundred majestic streams, which pass and repass the boundaries of States; which, parting nearly from the same sources, flow in a hundred different directions, disregarding the little prejudices of the districts they fertilize; and now approaching, now receding from each other, wind in a thousand mazes, and weave a knot which no intrigue can loosen, which no sword can sever. Who will not rise superior to local prepossessions? Who will not feel himself the

citizen of a common country, the child of a common parent? And who is he, wherever may be his abode, whether on this or the other side of the *Chesapeake*, whether on the banks of the *Mississippi*, or the borders of the *Atlantic* who, while he exults in the name of AMERICAN, will not regard as his brother, every one who has a title to that proud distinction?

BE UNITED !—was the last injunction which trembled from the lips of our departed WASHINGTON. At the name of WASHINGTON does not a melancholy pleasure sadden and delight your souls? The *Fourth of July* shall never pass, but he on it shall be remembered. He has filled the world with his and our glory. The *Tartar* and the *Arab* converse about him in their tents. His form already stands in bronze and marble among the worthies of ancient and modern times, The fidelity of history has already taken care of the immortality of his fame. His example shall animate posterity, and should faction tear, or invasion approach our country, his spirit shall descend from the Divinity, and inspire tranquility and courage. Death has not terminated his usefulness—he has not yet ceased to do good, and even now he holds from his tomb a torch which cheers and enlightens the world. *He loved TRUTH!* Let us love it—let us seek it with a sincere and single heart. It will reward the search. It is great, immutable and eternal. The fugitive falsehoods of the moment shall perish; party and passion may write their names upon the plaister; but this shall one day moulder, and TRUTH remain forever inscribed upon the marble. But mistake not for TRUTH that

consistency which constitutes the mock virtue of the present day. In the pursuit of this preposterous virtue, the commission of one fault often makes a thousand others necessary. The unfortunate man who has committed it, must not allow that he has erred ; he must not take counsel of conscience ; he must not claim sanctuary in the charity of his kindred men : But he must have the spirit to adopt a system which shall vindicate the infallibility of his head, though at the sacrifice of every amiable quality of his heart ; and impelled by the power of consistency, he must press onward, though like the *Leming*, he mark his course through life by a right line of destruction. But TRUTH, though it never changes, never errs—it shines with a mild and equal lustre—it breaks through the clouds of ignorance and barbarity—it dispels the emanations of vice and folly—and like the sun diffusing light and joy, it goes on forever rejoicing in its course !

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F I N I S.

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