

AN
ORATION

COMMEMORATIVE OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE AMERICAN REPUBLICAN SOCIETY
OF PHILADELPHIA,

On the Fourth of July, 1810.

BY CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D.

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NOTE.

THE following oration was composed in the space of two days, amidst no inconsiderable press of professional engagements, and not a few incidental interruptions. It is now submitted to the press precisely as it was delivered, without the least pruning, correction, or additional polish. The author flatters himself that by a liberal public these considerations will be received as some apology for whatever faults and defects may appear in its style or manner. In behalf of the sentiments it contains he has no apology to offer. He believes them to be such as become every loyal American in these troublous and portentous times.

AN

ORATION, &c.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

IN that joy of heart which freemen alone are privileged to know—in that pride of soul which freemen alone are permitted to feel—and under that impulse of admiration and gratitude, which the virtuous and the patriotic alone can experience, we are assembled to celebrate the choicest jubilee in our nation's annals, the brightest epoch in our nation's glory.

Our intention in joining our fellow citizens, at large, to swell the pomp and heighten the festivity of this auspicious day—our immediate object in meeting, in the character of a distinct society, in this place, set apart for the purpose, and prepared with yonder arrangements and decorations,* which give pleasure to the eye, and render the scene more impres-

* The oration was delivered within view of the table at which the society dined. The table was spread under a saloon, nearly three hundred feet long, erected for the purpose, and decorated in a style of great magnificence, with flags, busts, paintings, and other ornaments suitable to the occasion.

sive and interesting—Our object, I say, in these measures, is, to offer up on the altar of patriotism the incense of our best affections, for our escape from the degradation of a foreign yoke—It is, to endeavour to commemorate, in a manner comporting with the dignity of the occasion, that august, that glorious event, the *Independence* of our country.

INDEPENDENCE! loveliest term in our political vocabulary! what a life-quickenning power! what a soul-exalting influence is connected with the sound! At the very name of Independence, where is the American bosom among us so callous as not to thrill with sensations the most exquisite and delightful! Where is the American heart so cold, as not to burst into a glow of patriotic rapture! Where is the American spirit so ignoble, as not to swell with a pride the most elevating and manly! And where is the American arm so tame and pusillanimous, as not to feel a generous impulse to rise in its defence!—If one such heart—if one such spirit—if one such arm, exist in this assembly, let it immediately withdraw—Its fellowship is dishonour, its touch is pollution—It is an infidel approaching the relicks of the

lully—it is an unwelcome, an unworthy intruder into this hallowed spot!—A spot consecrated, for the time, to patriotism and to honour!

The event we commemorate is calculated to awaken our joy, because it has been the chief source of our national, and is essentially connected with our individual, felicity.—It is calculated to awaken and foster in our bosoms a well founded and laudable pride, because it has been, at once, the day-spring and the meridian, the commencement and the consummation, of glory to the American character.—It is calculated to awaken our highest admiration, on account of the wisdom, the valour, the incorruptible virtue and the unbending firmness, that were displayed in its achievement.—And it is calculated—pre-eminently calculated to awaken our gratitude to a variety of objects—gratitude to the sages who planned—gratitude to the heroes who achieved, our revolution—and, above all, gratitude, glowing gratitude to the God of our fathers and countrymen, who smiled on their efforts in the cause of virtue, of freedom, and of glory!

The celebration of the event, of which this

day constitutes the proud anniversary, far from being a matter of mere pleasure or choice, may be justly enrolled in the catalogue of our duties. Though I will not assert that no man can be a worthy citizen of the American government without participating in such celebration, yet I would not shrink from an attempt to prove, that he might be a better citizen with it. By mingling with his fellow citizens in the honours and patriotic festivities of the day, his affections would be more perfectly purified from the grossness, and more liberally extended beyond the narrowness, of grovelling self. He would be roused—profitably roused from his cold indifference and dangerous languor as to public concerns. He would experience an augmentation of both his relish and his gratitude for the inestimable privileges and immunities of freedom. His whole soul would be expanded, his heart ennobled, and his conscience rendered more keenly alive to a sense of all his obligations to the State. His love of country would be further matured and confirmed, his sense of national honour quickened and exalted, and his national character in all respects materially improved. To your own

personal experience—to the sublimated feelings and sentiments which, at this moment, thrill through your frames and riot in your bosoms, I dare confidently appeal for the truth of what I assert.

Nor have we yet summed up the full amount of the advantages society might expect to derive from the deportment of one so attentive to the discharge of civic duties, and so zealous in the cultivation of public affections. The influence of his example would become happily contagious. It would extend far beyond himself, and excite others to a laudable emulation of his conduct, till the whole community would feel the regenerating glow, and experience the benefits of the national jubilee. Thus would all improper attachments to foreign nations be ultimately dashed from their usurped seat in the bosom, and our own beloved country rightfully and permanently enthroned in the affections of her citizens.

In a word, as the conscientious celebration of religious festivals contributes to the interests of piety and devotion, and tends to complete the character of the christian, so does the frequent celebration of national festivals multiply

and exalt the civic virtues, and give a higher lustre to the character of the patriot. Hence, in every country, whether barbarous or civilized, and in every age, whether ignorant or enlightened—wherever the name of patriotism has been known, and its benefits to the state held in due estimation, public festivals and public games have been celebrated as successful means to fan and perpetuate its holy fires.

That we may be able the more justly to appreciate our Independence, and be induced to give it in our affections that exalted standing to which it is entitled, let me solicit your indulgence, while considering it, for a moment, in the three following points of view. 1, In relation to the privileges and benefits it has conferred on us as a nation and as individuals.—2, In relation to the cost of its original achievement. And 3, In relation to the deeds of heroism and glory, with which that achievement was necessarily connected.

I. During our revolutionary contest, when we were yet in a humble colonial situation, without strength, without experience, without confidence in ourselves, without a character, and without either internal resources or ex-

ternal alliances—when our very existence, as a people, was menaced on every side by an enemy equally powerful, determined, and brave—when the fair spring-tide of hope in the bosoms of the most sanguine was rapidly withering into the bleak and cheerless winter of despair—when the most buoyant spirits were sinking into inaction, and even the souls of the bravest had almost ceased from their daring—when the entire state of our affairs was such, that nothing short of super-human agency seemed capable of saving us—In this extremity of circumstances, the present nothing but a tempest of disasters, and the future a starless night of despondency, the Genius of Independence stepped forth, like a giant in his might, and threw before our country his impenetrable shield.

By this opportune, this heaven-directed interposition in our behalf, he rescued us from fate, and changed the whole aspect and current of our affairs. From a loose collection of disjointed colonies, he raised us at once to a great confederated nation. Obedient to his creative word, order and sound government sprang fresh and vigorous from the chaos of anarchy.

Quickened by the reviving magic of his touch, distrust of ourselves was soon converted into a high-minded and salutary confidence. The cherub Hope, resuming from his smile the roses of her cheek and the lustre of her eye, poured her consolatory influence into every bosom; while, blasted by his frown, and shrinking from the fiery terrors of his sword, the spectre Despair fled howling from our land. External alliances and external resources were in a short time procured, and our friendship was even courted by the nations of Europe—nations, which had previously regarded us with sentiments of indifference, if not of disrespect.

Beneath the auspices and the banner of Independence our sages now counselled and our warriors fought with redoubled effect. In the eyes of the independent sovereignties of the old world, our contest for freedom now changed both its object, its character, and its name. It was no longer rebellion—no longer unjust resistance to the authority of a parent state, but legitimate and honourable warfare. And this consideration contributed not a little to its successful termination. It procured for us that

sympathy and cooperation from abroad, without which the issue of the conflict would have been protracted and doubtful.

Nor was this all. Independence being once declared, there was no retreating—no return to a colonial condition, without mortification being superadded to irretrievable ruin. The pride, therefore, no less than the lives and fortunes of the sages and champions of freedom became trebly pledged for a continuance of the contest. It was indeed the opinion of the ablest statesmen of the day—an opinion which has, I believe, been uniformly adopted by the statesmen of succeeding times, that had not independence been declared at the critical period in which the declaration took place, our liberties would have been lost. The spirit of our countrymen would have ebbed into irremediable despair, the flame of civil commotion would have burst forth from the disaffected in a wide-spreading conflagration, and the last germ of American freedom would have withered to its core, crushed by the sceptre of foreign domination.

But the advantages we have derived from the declaration of Independence were not

continued to the soul-trying period of our revolutionary conflict. We have experienced them during the tranquillity of a twenty years' peace, no less sensibly than we did during the turmoil of a seven years' war. We indeed experience them daily in all the privileges, all the pleasures, and all the felicities, resulting from the prerogative of selfgovernment.

As the fruit of our Independence, we enjoy a constitution and government of our own free and deliberate choice—not a form of government framed for us in a foreign cabinet, in which we have no representation, and enforced at the point of a mercenary bayonet—We enjoy a government of long established principles and well digested laws—laws founded on justice and framed by the deliberative wisdom of the nation—not a government depending for its form, its character, and its operation, on the capricious will or malignant temper of a weak, a whimsical, or a wicked individual—We enjoy a government of checks, of well proportioned branches, and well balance powers—not a government where a single branch exercises a sovereign and despotic rule, without control, without responsibility

—We enjoy a government suited to our genius, our habits, our views, our interests, our partialities, and even our prejudices, as a people—A government administered by citizens of our own election, well acquainted with the characters, the interests, and the feelings, and participating in the sympathies of those over whom they are to exercise authority—citizens who have themselves a deep and lasting stake in the issue of the administration of our public concerns.—In a word, we enjoy a government which has for its immediate object, the greatest political good of the great body of the American people.—We are not, I say, subject to a government suited only to the jealous spirit, the illiberal policy, the time-serving views, or the ambitious and criminal projects of a foreign cabinet or a foreign despot—A government administered by strangers appointed over us from a distant nation, unacquainted with our habits, our character, and our interests, and disregarding our feelings and affections both public and private—strangers, who, having themselves no stake in the issue of the trust reposed in them, have no paramount inducement to discharge that trust in a

manner consistent with justice, with virtue, and with honour. In fine, we are not subject to a government, which, proud in power and regardless of right, rules us not with a view to our own good, but drains us of our resources to the very dregs, the more firmly to rivet the fetters which enslave us, and to subserve the purposes of its own aggrandizement.

Such, my fellow citizens, are a few of the advantages which we derive from the event we are assembled to commemorate. Few, however, as they are, and faintly and imperfectly as they have been pictured to you, I trust they are sufficient to induce you to prize your Independence as among the most distinguished of political blessings, and to resolve to maintain it for yourselves, and transmit it to your posterity, unimpaired in its principles, and should circumstances demand it, even consecrated with your blood.

II. We are now to take a hasty retrospect of the cost of the achievement of our national Independence. But here, my fellow citizens, in justice to myself, to my subject, and to the occasion, it becomes me to pause. No language of mine can possibly set forth, nor can any

power of numbers calculate the stupendous amount. Feeling, more eloquent, and silence, more expressive, alone can reach it.

Throwing entirely out of the account the millions of treasure expended, and the rivers of blood that flowed from the veins of our brave and hardy soldiery during the period of our revolutionary struggles—Throwing out also the untold amount of private sorrow and distress arising from this waste of death among obscure individuals—Throwing out the pain and solicitude of mind experienced by the friends and advocates of freedom, in relation to the issue of the momentous conflict—Throwing out the consumption and sacrifice of seven long years, by thousands of the most active and enterprizing of our countrymen—And throwing out, further, the inconceivable amount of the sufferings and privations submitted to—patiently submitted to, by every class and description of those who were friendly to the liberties of their country—Throwing out of the account, I say, all these items, and you will readily agree with me that they are unspeakably weighty, we have still behind an amount

of cost that beggars calculation and sets language at defiance.

As contributing to swell this yet unreckoned balance, we might here mention the fall of numerous characters, whose worth was invaluable, and whose loss can never be sufficiently deplored—characters who would have been an ornament to ancient Greece or Rome, in their brightest period of wisdom and virtue, or in their proudest day of military glory.

First in order and preeminent in fame, in the catalogue of worthies, who expended their blood in the purchase of our Independence, stand Warren and Montgomery, Mercer and Nash. Next, and not unworthy of such distinguished companions in glory, come Herkimer and Wooster, De Calb and Pulaski, Davidson and Scammel. Others still succeed in this splendid galaxy of fallen chieftains, whose names a want of time will not suffer me to mention. History has done them justice, and their story is engraven on a still fairer tablet, the gratitude of their countrymen—A tablet whose contents are registeren in yonder Heaven, and will outlive the ruin of all that is sub-lunary. But let me not pass unnoticed that

beam of war, Laurens, the beloved Marcellus of his country, who, though green in years, and a stripling in arms, as he had lived the object of universal hope, fell the object of universal sorrow, mature in wisdom and covered with glory!

III. The third division of my subject now presents itself before me, clothed in a lustre almost painfully dazzling—a lustre unfortunately destructive of that clear and discriminating vision, so peculiarly necessary to the business of description. The object of this division is, to give a view of those deeds of heroism and glory connected with the achievement of our national Independence.

Here, my fellow citizens, I must again have recourse to your candour and indulgence. Again must I acknowledge myself unequal—totally unequal to the task I have undertaken—unequal, indeed, for want of time, but more unequal for want of talents. I must implore you, therefore, to supply by your imaginations my deficiency of language to do justice to my subject.

The resplendent train of military achievements which grew out of our memorable

struggle for Independence, I might, indeed, mention, but would not dare to attempt their description. I would not dare to relate in humble prose, the story which should resound in the eloquence of epic numbers; nor would I dare to delineate in feeble colours, what should burn in all the brilliancy of the skies. Such an attempt would be unjust and unbecoming: Unbecoming in me, unjust to the occasion—and doubly unjust to the memory of our revolutionary heroes.

Could I with this pencil emblazon the sun shining in all his golden majesty—or could I portray the rainbow bestriding the heavens in its gorgeous glory—then might I, in such language as I could command, attempt to describe the feats of arms which secured our Independence. Then might I endeavour to fascinate your ears, and lead captive your feelings by a recital of the glorious achievements of Bunker's Hill, of Bennington, of Saratoga, of Trenton, of Princeton, of Stony-Point, of Brandywine, of Germantown, of Monmouth, of King's Mountain, of the Cowpens, of Guilford, of Eutaw, and of York. But, as well might I attempt to soar with the eagle journeying to-

wards the sun, or keep pace with the comet in its rapid career, as to dream of ascending to the level of such exalted themes.

The events to which I have alluded adorn history and are known to fame. They even live in the memories and glow in the affections of most of our fellow citizens, being laudably transmitted from sire to son, in the familiar and impressive form of oral tradition. There is ground, therefore, to hope that they will long continue the ornament and pride of American story. Should this be the case, they may yet contribute to the preservation, no less essentially than they did to the achievement, of the Independence of our country.

Hitherto, however, complete justice has not been done to them. They have never yet been portrayed in colours and characters strong as life and true to nature—never yet been exhibited to the world pregnant with all their native fire, and glowing in all their energy and action. Nor will this be done till the pencil of a Reynolds, a West or a Trumbull shall consign them to the canvass, or a modern Homer arise to celebrate them in song as deathless as themselves.

Having thus, my fellow citizens, endeavoured to unfold to you a summary view of the causes and considerations out of which our love of Independence should spring, I purposed here to have closed my address. But before I descend from the stage another duty remains to be performed—a duty, in my view, greatly paramount to those in the discharge of which I have been hitherto engaged. It is to warn you, solemnly warn you of the dangers by which our independence is threatened, and to direct your attention to the iron despotism which is meditated against the liberties of our country.*

I need not represent to you, for the truth

* It is important here to remark, that there is an essential difference between mere aggressions on our rights and interests, however atrocious those aggressions may be, and danger to our independence. Many nations are capable of injuring us, that have not the physical power to enslave us. Denmark, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, and others might be satisfactorily cited in support of my position. *The same thing is true with regard to Great Britain.* That that proud and imperious power has done us multiplied and aggravated injuries and wrongs, is a truth which every American must acknowledge and feel—injuries and wrongs for which we are entitled to ample reparation, and which have even an unfriendly influence on the cause of their haughty and *impolitic* perpetrator. *But she is wholly incapable of endangering our independence.* We shook off *her* yoke, when, as a nation, we were infantile and weak: she cannot, therefore, replace it on us *now* that we are adult and powerful. These are my reasons for leaving her entirely out of view, in speaking of the dangers by which our liberties are threatened.

already breaks on you from every quarter, that the present state of society is unprecedented and portentous—That the aspect of the times is threatening beyond example to the freedom of the world. Universal empire was once regarded as the project of the insane—the unsubstantial dream of royal lunacy. But it is no longer. Far from being now the mere chimera of a distempered brain, appearances announce, that it may be shortly reduced to a dreadful reality.

Already has the demon of universal domination gone forth on his career, and advanced with strides that astonish and alarm. Already has he extended his blood-stained sceptre from the pillars of Hercules to the sea of Kam-schatka, and from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Frozen ocean.

Continental Europe, with all her sovereignties—sovereignties which seemed to promise a duration stable as the earth and lasting as time, has surrendered up her Independence to the Despot of France. From the pinnacle of her pride and the plenitude of her power, she has sunk into an abyss of degradation and impotency. Her once famed kingdoms and em-

pires have now degenerated into conquered provinces, and her high-spirited courts into petty corporations, destined to bend to the nod, and to register the decrees of an imperial master. Even the Autocrat of all the Russias, the august descendant of Peter and of Catharine, the independence of whose empire nature herself would seem to have guaranteed—Alas! even he, has fallen from the summit of his greatness, and tarnished the lustre of his imperial house, by doing homage to the supremacy of the Gallic sceptre.

Having completed the subjugation of Europe; the Emperor of France, with the warlike millions of the continent in his train, now turns his attention to the conquest of Great Britain. In that haughty mistress of the ocean, or rather in her fleet, the grand repository of her power and greatness, he sees or fancies he sees the only existing obstacle to his career of universal empire.

The removal of that obstacle constitutes now the primary aim of his ambition, the first and darling object of his soul. Nor will any thing be wanting for the attainment of that object, that either fraud or force, corruption or bribe-

ry, chicanery or artifice can devise or execute. All the powers of his stupendous mind, and all the malignant passions of his nature, are laid under contribution for the downfall of England.

It is, indeed, true, the subtle Napoleon holds out the idea, and many persons are weak enough to believe him sincere, that he is fighting the battles of trade and commerce—that he is contending with his rival for the *liberty of the seas*. But, according to his maritime code, in what does this liberty of the seas consist? Let facts—undeniable facts answer the question—facts, compared with which, even the crimes of a Caligula and the enormities of a Domitian, whiten into innocence and mount into virtue.

These facts declare, that the Gallic liberty of the seas consists in a liberty of universal pillage, outrage, and ruin—a liberty of the stronger to gratify their cupidity and glut their vengeance, at the expense of the weaker—A liberty to capture, to plunder, to burn, to sink, or otherwise destroy at sea, and to seize and confiscate in port, all vessels of a neutral character, engaged in a fair and legitimate commerce—In a word, it consists in a liberty to

beggar the coffers, and bring wretchedness on the seamen, of all commercial nations, with a view to swell the treasures and gratify the revenge of *Napoleon the Destroyer*.

Such, my fellow citizens, is the liberty of the seas for which the emperor of France has long been contending—such is the liberty he has practised, exultingly practised with respect to hundreds of American vessels, thousands of American seamen, and millions on millions of American property!

And, when applied to, through the regular organ, for redress of these enormities, what has been his uniform conduct on the occasion? and what the answer the tyrant has returned? That drop of blood among us, which, on a review of his conduct, and a recital of his answer, does not boil with indignation, is unloyal to our independence, and unworthy to flow in the veins of an American.

Has not his answer been invariably clothed in the language of indignity, if not in a style of authority, menace and reproach? Has he not, in reply, declared—insolently declared that, as a people, we are *without policy, without honour, without energy, and without character?* Has he

not, in his own capital, within the very walls of his *own hospitality*, treated our minister, for daring to remonstrate, with the most pointed and humiliating disrespect? Has he not conducted himself towards the government of our country more like that of a conquered province, than like that of a great, sovereign and independent nation? Has he not presumed—pardon me, I entreat you, for doing violence to your feelings by awakening in your minds a recollection so detestable—Has he not presumed, in the intoxication of his pride and the unprecedented insolence of his nature, to dictate to us the terms and conditions on which we must embark in a ruinous war? In a word, has he not, in every instance, in which the United States has been concerned, added the very essence of insult to the consummation of injury and wrong? To the correspondence between general Armstrong and the duc de Cadore—a correspondence which inflames the resentment and carries conviction to the mind of every enlightened and loyal American, I appeal for an answer to these several interrogatories.

If outrages and enmities like these be suffered to pass without retaliation—If affronts

and insults so gross and degrading be tamely pocketed by the government and the nation, then have Warren, Montgomery, Mercer, Nash, and the other fallen worthies of the revolution, shed their blood in vain on the altar of Independence! Then is our celebration of this anniversary nothing better than a splendid mockery, and the day, if noticed at all, should be set apart for national mourning, rather than for national festivity and rejoicing! Then will it be even wise in us to cancel for ever the remembrance of what we *have been*, that it may no longer heighten the poignancy of our regret for what *we are!*—But I reject with indignation the galling supposition! The outrages of the Corsican will not be tolerated. Americans will ultimately be true to themselves. The patriotism of our fathers is not yet extinguished in the bosoms of their descendants. The *spirit of Seventy-Six* only sleeps for a season. It will shortly break forth from its slumbers fresh and vigorous as the sun from the bosom of darkness, and dispel by its radiance the gloom that surrounds us.

Thoroughly convinced, then, as we must be, that the disposition of the Gallic Despot is

hostile to our country—and knowing, also, that his cupidity is without bounds, and his ambition restless as the ocean and insatiable as the grave—With a knowledge, I say, of these facts, let us suppose him successful in his enterprise against Great Britain—Let us suppose Great Britain to fall in the conflict, and her conqueror to become possessed of her powerful navy, with all the other resources of that wonderful island—Under such circumstances, would the ultimatum of the policy and views of the usurper be accomplished? Would the extent and measure of his ambition be then filled up? Would he, then, be satisfied to sit calmly down, and spend the remainder of his days in peace and tranquillity, content with the splendid title of Autocrat of Europe and her hundred isles? Alas, my fellow citizens, the experience of every age, and the blood-stained history of every conqueror, convince us that he would not. They convince us that his love of domination, far from experiencing any retiring ebb, would rush impetuously on, and even increase in its violence, as long as a single nation should be found in possession of its liberties.

Did the tyrant of Macedon, after having completed the conquest of one world, dissolve into tears, because he could not find another as food for his sword? And would the tyrant of Europe, still more ambitious, more inexorable, and more sanguinary—Would he, I say, rest satisfied with the conquest of the eastern hemisphere, while the freeborn inhabitants of the West present a prey to his arms, and their wealth a gratification to his boundless rapacity? The answer to this question I might safely leave to yourselves; for confident I am you would answer it correctly. Now—even now, do I read its answer in the expression of your countenances—Even now do I behold your lips ready to break out in a universal, an emphatical, *No!*

Let the British navy be once swept from the bosom of the ocean—Or, what is worse, let it ones become an engine of conquest and oppression in the hand of Napoleon—Let the perfidious and all-grasping Corsican acquire in any way the same ascendency on the Atlantic that he now possesses on the continent of Europe, and immediately would the day of our troubles come on. Like an unheard of Colos-

sus, that heaven-denounced scourge of his time, trampling with one foot on the liberties of Europe, would endeavour to crush with the other, the liberties of America. Thick as the locusts round Pharaoh's borders, and fierce as the Harpies of ancient fable, would his blood-enamoured legions be wafted to our coasts, eager to let loose on us the tempest of war.

Then, my fellow citizens, would be revived in the new world, scenes which have already been the terror of the old. Then would the cherub Peace fly weeping from our borders, her olive withered by the envenomed breath, and her temple consumed by the torch, of Discord. Then would recommence with redoubled rage and more determined obstinacy, the dubious contest for our freedom and Independence.

In relation to the particular scheme of national policy best calculated for the prevention of these disasters, it does not belong to me, at present, to hazard an opinion. That we must leave to the wisdom, patriotism, and firmness, of the government of our country. And however widely we may differ from them on the score of local politics, we have not abandoned

the hope, that, on the subject of our foreign relations, such measures will yet be adopted as will unite in their support the virtuous and the patriotic of every description. An occurrence like this would deserve to be hailed with acclamations, and celebrated with enthusiasm, as a most propitious epoch in the history of the nation.

But, should the evils just alluded to, as alarming probabilities, occur as still more fatal realities—Should Britain fall, and France attempt an invasion of our borders, our *duty* and *policy* would be no longer doubtful—no longer a lesson to be learnt from the counsels of others. They would now be sought for, not in the cool calculations of the statesman, but in the indignant and honourable feelings of the man. Every husband, father, brother, or lover, would now discover them in his own breast, in lines as legible and impressive, as if they were inscribed on the heavens in stellar characters.

In such a crisis, *Liberty or Death, Independence or a glorious grave*, would become once more the motto of the American people. And you, my fellow citizens, as a part of them,

would adopt it as your own. With this engraven on the sanctuary of your bosoms, and your trust reposing on the God of armies, you would meet the invaders at the water's edge, and there would commence the deadly conflict. In the sight of your families and friends, whose fates would be suspended on the execution of your arms—In view of the tombs of your fathers, who, when you were of tender years, had successfully fought the battles of their country, and whose sacred ashes would now claim protection from the insult of the foe—In view of your homes and your holy places, and in behalf of every thing for which freemen would wish to live or dare to die—Under all these incentives to gallantry and glory, you would dispute by inches the soil of your native land, enriching it indiscriminately with the blood of its enemies and its friends. If forced by superior numbers and superior discipline to retire from the hard fought field, you would waste by fire every article of subsistence, and bring famine in aid of the labours of your swords. If still pursued, and compelled to abandon both your cities and your cultivated plains, you would retreat across the mountains, and determine to

incorporate with the savages of the western wilds, rather than become the vassals of Gallic usurpation. But, if again molested in this distant rallying place, this modern Utica, the ultimate retreat of freedom and Independence, even then, in that extremity of fortune, would a last effort remain to be made, a last duty remain to be performed. Taking counsel from necessity, and courage from the justice and the righteousness of your cause, you would rush on your pursuers with the weapons of despair, and either exterminate them in your fury, or expire at their feet, with the liberties of the world.