

AN
ORATION,

PROVINCIAL
MANCHESTER, N. H.

BEFORE THE
REPUBLICAN CITIZENS

OF

GOFFSTOWN, BEDFORD AND MANCHESTER,

ON THE

ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

A. D. 1814.

BY **SAMUEL B. T. CALDWELL.**

DEBATE INIMICITIAS REPUBLICANISM.

"If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way."

POPA.

CONCORD, N. H.

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1814.

July 6, 1814.

DEAR SIR,

THE Committee of Arrangements for celebrating that auspicious day which proclaimed us a free nation, have it in charge from the Republican Citizens of Goffstown, Bedford and Manchester, to tender you their grateful thanks for the very ingenious, truly patriotic and well adapted Oration delivered on the 4th instant, and request a copy of the same for the press.

Accept, sir, the assurance of our highest respect.

JAMES PARKER,
ISAAC HUSE,
JOHN STARK, JUN.
WM. WALLACE,
WILLIAM HALL,

} Committee

Mr. SAMUEL B. T. CALDWELL.

—
BEDFORD, JULY 7, 1814.

GENTLEMEN,

An ardent love of country and a warm attachment to our republican government, induced me to pronounce an Oration before you on the 4th instant;—the same feelings now influence me to submit a copy of your polite request. To attempt an evasion would, in me, be unbecoming and disrespectful. I therefore solicit the candid to extend liberally the mantle of charity over the many and unavoidable imperfections of a juvenile production. Of the uncandid, I can only say their most deadly hate is the greatest encomium they can bestow.

I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of esteem,

Yours, &c.

SAMUEL B. T. CALDWELL.

James Parker, Esq.

Isaac Huse, Esq.

John Stark, jun. Esq.

Doct. William Wallace,

Mr. William Hall.

ORATION.

I RISE with diffidence, fellow-citizens, to address you on this glorious occasion. The splendor of the theme dazzles my feeble powers, and I feel my own inadequacy to perform, with any degree of perfection, the arduous task assigned; boasting nothing but a common education and the many imperfections incident to juvenile age. But, in compliance with your request, and relying on your candor, I shall attempt, what I could wish had been conferred upon some one more conversant in the forum, and on whom the genial rays of the sun of science have more bountifully shone.

However imperfect the manner in which I address you, the *subject matter* will be such as, I trust, I shall never blush to own. I have not come forward this day as the partial eulogizer of ambitious despots, nor the enthusiastic encomiast of infuriated monarchs; therefore you must not anticipate a dissertation on the magnanimity of the French, nor a frantic eulogy on the mild, humane and generous forbearance of the British. No—I come the humble advocate of Independent America. My feeble panegyric will be for my much injured country—for that country which gave me birth—for that country which not two-score years ago existed only in embryo. Yes, fellow-citizens, this day completes the thirty-eighth anniversary of our nation's birth. Perhaps there is not to be found on the annals of time a more splendid era. In vain do we advert to the records of ancient days—in vain do we follow the faithful historian through all the varying scenes of human nature, to find its parallel. In vain does the fruitful mind of man fly on the wings of imagination to “earth's remotest bounds,” or pry into the secret recesses of futurity, or glean the visionary fields of fancy, for a more auspicious day, than that we are assembled to commemorate. Could I cull from the literary garden every flower that has a tendency to please—

had I all the powers of forceful speech, “the bold ardor of the Theban bard, the arousing thunder of the patriot Greek, and the soft persuasion of the Roman sage”—I should still fall far short of painting to you the reality of scenes so nobly interesting.

While other nations are engaged in celebrating the birth of a prince—while they are degrading their being by their mock rejoicing on the happy marriage of their sovereign, lord and king with some high born belle of “noble blood;” while they are rioting on the memorable era which gave them one despot for another; we are engaged in the more laudable purpose of celebrating the birth of a whole nation; in welcoming the return of that day which emancipated three millions of human beings from the thralldom of British cupidity—in rejoicing on the glorious exchange of tyrannic power for the regaling sweets of rational liberty. Behold the contrast, ye favored, ye enlightened patriots, and greet with joy unspeakable, the glorious return of our national Jubilee.

Nations, like individuals, are fallible—they are subject to faults, to errors, to imperfections—they are also exposed to the contagious clouds of superstition, ignorance and bigotry. The frequent revolutions, the incessant changes that are daily taking place in the political world, are amply sufficient to convince the most obstinate sceptic of the truth of this position.—“In every age, in every country, do we see the natural rise, advancement, and decline of virtue and of science”—we see nations rise and fall in succession—we see revolution succeed revolution—we see Empires, Kingdoms and Republics tossed on the tempestuous ocean of time, and anon emerge into the unfathomable vortex of eternity. Like the human system, nations have their frequent changes, from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age—their passions, their blind ambition leads them, “like the idiot gazing on the brook, to leap at stars and fasten in the mud—at glory grasp, and sink in infamy.” The pages of history furnish ample proof that such is the fallibility—such the character of nations generally. So it was with Greece—so it was with Rome; and it depends on you, my countrymen, that it be not so with America. But I cannot harbor the

degrading thought for a moment, that you will be unworthy the noble inheritance bequeathed by your worthy ancestors. That we have ambitious designing demagogues among us, we have reason to fear—so it has been, so it is, and so it will be in all ages and in all nations. But here lies the consoling reflection in this country: they cannot easily sap the foundation of the grand edifice that upholds the nation; they cannot seize the great charter of our liberties, trample it in the dust, and usurp the powers of State with impunity! Is proof wanting? Witness the aspiring AARON BURR, whose undoubted talents and subtle intrigue would have enabled him to wield the sceptre in any other country than this. Go farther back to that perilous moment, when our government existed only in the breasts of a virtuous and patriotic people; see the diabolical plots generated in the heated brain of the infamous Arnold. Are stronger proofs required? Go re-examine the documents of John Henry; go search the hearts of those Myrmidons now standing “*tipto*” to reach the reins of government, or to dismember the Union; and you cannot doubt. Burr and Arnold have embalmed their memories in eternal infamy! and if there are others treading the road that leads to the same preferment, their names will remain, like the Egyptian mummies, a lasting memento to the latest posterity.

We justly boast, Fellow-Citizens, a government approaching as near perfection as the cool, deliberate, uninfluenced mind of man was capable of devising—Yes, a country “which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon American earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of *universal emancipation*. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian, or an African sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battles his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the moment he touches Columbia’s sacred soil, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, which

burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of **UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.**"*

In such a country, and under such a government, where justice has obtained a victory over bigotry and oppression, is there one man whose heart is not elated with the pleasing thought? Permit me to answer for you—Not within these walls.

Agreeable to custom on such occasions perhaps you anticipate, that I shall lead you back into the dark regions of antiquity—paint to you the perverse obstinacy of the Israelites, and the downfall of the Jewish nation—dwell on the rise, progress, decline, and fall of ancient Carthage, Greece and Rome; trace the history of modern nations through all their various revolutionary changes—follow Columbus from Genoa to England, from England to Spain, and thence to America; recount the many hardships and distressing privations of our patriotic ancestors, in settling a barren wilderness, peopled only by the rude untutored Savage—examine the causes of that revolution which emancipated the fairest branch of Britain; relate the manner in which it was commenced, and the principles upon which it closed;—but these things have been so often proclaimed by the eloquent orator; so often painted by the ingenious poet; so often recorded by the impartial historian, that an attempt to edify would be fruitless, and the effort vain.

The dying groans of our martyred citizens, who offered themselves a sacrifice on the altar of freedom; the bold achievements of our immortal Washington, Warren, Montgomery, and others; the flames of our defenceless towns and villages, rising to indignant Heaven! the shrieks of our women and children while suffering the cruel tortures of a relentless foe, have all been depicted in a strength and sublimity of language far, very far surpassing my feeble powers. I must therefore, solicit your attention, while I turn aside from the tombs of antiquity and the beaten path of public declamation, to wander among the living, and dwell upon affairs more recent and of course more immediately interesting.

* Curran.

Our government has again appealed to arms, the last and most reluctant resort of a free people ; but preferable to " UNCONDITIONAL SUBMISSION"!! My God ! can Americans bear the threat of " unconditional submission" and not burn with indignation ! Will they bow the knee to Baal ? will they again prostrate themselves in the dust before the " sacred Majesty" of Britain ? Never, while there is a crimson drop in your hearts, " never will you tacitly suffer an armed foe to breathe your native air." On you it depends whether your country stand or fall. On your patriotism ; on your virtue ; on your unanimity depends the salvation of your country. I repeat, that unanimity is essentially necessary ; Not only union of sentiment in support of the constituted authorities, but an indissoluble union of the different sections of the country, setting aside, in the language of Washington, "all local discriminations." We may differ in our opinion on the measures of government ; we may differ in our opinions of public men as well as public measures ; but is there one in this assembly who will doubt for a moment our obligation to support and respect the constitutional laws of the land ? I will presume not. Is there one here who will deny the importance of patriotism and virtue to our political salvation ? Not one. Is there one here who will deny the importance of union to us as a nation ? My friends, I cannot answer for you ; but lest there should be a solitary " yea," I will produce proof positive that he is wrong, by appealing to our beloved patriot and father, WASHINGTON. In that invaluable legacy, which ought to guide us as the star of Bethlehem did the Shepherds of old, he emphatically states that " the unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so ; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad ; of your safety ; of your prosperity ; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth ; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the Batteries of internal and external enemies will be constantly and

actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union, to your collective and individual happiness ; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety, and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts." What stronger proof can be adduced than the golden maxims of the immortal Washington ? If they are not sufficient, I will only add that the man who denies them must be his *pretended*, not his *real* disciple. While we revere his precepts our union is safe ; but if we depart from them, "the main pillar" is destroyed. Our "tranquillity at home ;" our "peace abroad ;" our "safety ;" our "prosperity," are gone, to be enjoyed no more forever.

It has been often urged by ingenious sophists that a Republican Government cannot long exist—that there is not virtue enough in the people to support it ; if so, may we not reasonably conclude that our disunion is our political sin ; that the very act of withholding our aid from Government will be a departure from the paths of virtue ? Why were the Jews cursed with a monarchy ? Because they murmured and were discontented with their republican forms. If therefore like the Jews we murmur at our lot—are discontented with our government, and refuse to lend it our united support, how can we expect to save it from ruin ? how can we appeal to heaven for protection, when we refuse that protection heaven has given us ? But we will not insult the good sense of Americans by supposing that their general character is so depraved as many have represented. No, while they possess the means of information which now distinguishes our country, we may rest assured they will never debase themselves so far below the savage as to sigh for the glittering ensigns of

Royalty. There must first be a general dearth of virtue ; every noble and generous sentiment must become extinct ; the human mind must again be enthralled in the iron bands of ignorance and superstition, and Freedom be driven to seek a refuge in the lonely wilderness, or return to heaven, from whence she came, like the Dove to the ark, because she cannot find on earth where to rest her foot without staining it with blood.

The Almighty has often signified his divine displeasure of monarchical governments ; when his chosen people petitioned him for a king, he granted their request as a punishment for their presumption. Shall we then, who have tasted the sweets of rational liberty, dare to affront the supreme Majesty of Heaven, by spurning the blessings which have been showered in vast profusion upon us ? shall we, who have been so kindly liberated from the deadly grasp of despotism, again wish to become its subjects ? No—Let us rather rejoice, that the infernal plans of our enemies have again been defeated ; that we are still in possession of our freedom ; and that the blow which was destined to crush us, has recoiled with redoubled force on those who gave it. Let us rejoice that our government is not to be shaken by the timidity of fear, or the seduction of hope, in the discharge of its important duties. Let us rejoice that it possesses one of the greatest of christian virtues, Charity, without which it would be “ like sounding brass, or tinkling symbol.” It receives the stranger, feeds the hungry and clothes the naked ; such is the happy state of our government ; such it has been, and such, by our patriotism, our unanimity and virtue, it ever will be ; but by a departure from those main pillars to our existence, we are exposed like Nineveh to the wrath of God and not even the few remaining righteous will save us from destruction.

For many years France and England have been the great contending belligerents of Europe. The whole civilized world stood aghast at the terrible conflict ; the banners of France have waved in every clime from the burning heat of Egypt to the frozen regions of Moscow ; but now they are confined within the Rhine, the Alps.

and the Pyrenees.* The trident of Neptune has been wielded by Britain, and the ocean claimed as hers exclusively. Every nation has been shaken by those colossal powers; all have experienced the fatal effects of their omnipotence. America, during this long contest, held the olive branch of peace, till it was stained with the innocent blood of her citizens and withered in her hand! Her pacific overtures were repaid by emissaries, who, like some pestilential disease, were preying upon her vitals; and while every nerve was exerted in amicable negociation, her property was plundered; her dearest rights were wrested from her, and what was of greater consequence than either, her citizens torn from their nearest and dearest connections, and doomed to the tyrants' lash if they refused to fight, perhaps against a father, a son, or a brother!! Unparalleled outrage! Shall free born Americans suffer all these things, and not arouse their "slumbering swords," and demand the liberty of their brethren in bondage? No—The appeal is made; the gauntlet is hurled; the war horse is caparisoned, and swords are gleaming in thousands, from their scabbards. O my countrymen never let them return, till they have secured your rights and redressed your wrongs. Do you ask which nation commenced the attack upon our neutral rights? I answer, without justifying France, ENGLAND.† Do you ask which nation has done the most injury? I answer England,‡ but even that does not justify France. Both nations have committed the most daring outrages upon our commerce; both have violated the faith of nations; both have offended; both are culpable;—but I will not now weary your patience by an enquiry into the priority or number of their depredations. It is too late; we have selected the one that inflicted the deepest wound; let the other rest while accounts are adjusted with this; then if our government refuse to call on France for reparation, charge them with "French Influence"—call them "French partizans," cowards,

* It is to be hoped that the hideous yell of "French influence," will now evaporate, and that Bonaparte, that bugbear, will no more disturb the placid slumbers of the self-styled "peace party."

† See Note A.

‡ Prior to the commencement of the present war, England had taken 917 sail of our vessels, and France 558!

or what you please; but do not oppose existing laws. Do any say we are unequal to the contest? Let them look at our achievements while in the cradle; then while in swaddling bands with Herculean strength we strangled the monster sent to devour us. Can we not now, in the vigor of manhood, destroy the huge lion that is incessantly devouring our innocent flocks? Shall we never be freed from "Juno's unrelenting hate"? Yes, my countrymen, you will rise, "gird on your swords and fearless rush to war." You will show an astonished world that America is not the weak, servile, degraded, cowardly nation so frequently represented. You will convince your enemies, *internal and external*, that you know your rights and will defend them; that you can tread on oppression and look danger in the face.

Much has been said—much has been done too, to stop the vigorous prosecution of this war, by those too who are basking in the sunshine of our mild government, & yet are professed enemies to our democratic forms—by those, who under the mantle of Washington, would aim a deadly blow at our republican constitution. By these men our republican administration has been calumniated and abused—our military officers have been attacked by the tongue of slander—our soldiers have been aimed at by the deadly arrows of scorn. What has been the cause of all this hatred, calumny and abuse? Can it be for any worthy, patriotic, or virtuous motive? or is it the melancholy reverse? We have reason to fear that nothing worthy—nothing patriotic—nothing virtuous, could actuate those, who thus set the principles of the great, the immortal Washington at bold defiance. In speaking of our government he says, "Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty." Are you patriots—are you Washingtonians? then you respect, comply and acquiesce in the measures of your government.

We are told that this is a cruel, unjust and outrageous war; that our rulers are blood-thirsty tyrants; slavish partizans, and murderers! You, fellow-citizens, and your government; you, who have, with sincere hearts, & in compliance with the mandate of your departed Washington, reposed unsuspecting confidence in the

rulers of your own free choice---you, I say, are deliberately pronounced Murderers!* And by whom?—blush, O Christians, blush when I tell you that this unprecedented charge is from the sacred desk; by those who assume the title of Ministers of the Gospel; by those who have enlisted under the banners of the Prince of Peace. But we will leave them to their own merited disgrace.

Since the conclusion of our commercial treaty of 1794, with Great Britain, the Earth has not rolled its annual round, without presenting new proofs of the cruel jealousy of that haughty people, with whom we are now contending.† Not a presidential message has been communicated to Congress without enumerating aggravated causes of complaint; not a minister has been sent to that “fast anchored Isle,” without pacific instructions to seek redress for multiplied wrongs; not a minister has been landed on our shores, but for the degrading purpose of offering a contemptible excuse for the numerous outrages so often committed, or adding repeated insults‡ to existing injuries.

Abounding in the rich fruits of a bounteous heaven; enjoying the sweet smiles of a hard-earned peace, our government wisely deemed it better to suffer some temporary privations, than precipitately to plunge our “common country” into a distressing and bloody war—and while the least faint glimpse of expiring hope remained, the extended arm of insulted friendship was never withdrawn, but continued to bear the oppressions of that infuriated nation, under the pleasing impression that divine justice was nigh at hand. The unequivocal declaration of the British minister, the oracle of the nation, at length, put an end to all doubt, by declaring that the oppressive Orders in Council would not be rescinded until we procured a total, absolute and unconditional repeal of the French Decrees. This he knew was not in our power, because it was not our right; he knew also that as far as they affected the United States, they were repealed, and officially communicated to his government by Mr. Russell, then at London, and to us

* See Parish's phillippic of April, 1815, &c.

† See report of the Secretary of State, Dec. 21, 1808.

‡ See Jackson's correspondence, 1809

by our minister, then at Paris*. No more was required of the British government than to go *pari passu* with France. Had this been done, our commerce now would have been free as the winds of heaven.—But alas! it was unequivocally refused. She saw our increasing wealth and growing strength with a jealous eye. She greatly feared a future rival—For this her paper blockades; for this her Orders; for this her whole restrictive system; for this upwards of 900 of our vessels in time of peace fell a prey to her “ravens maw.” When redress for such wrongs, or even a discontinuance of them, was absolutely refused, who will say the war is unjust? Were this all our complaint, who would say our government was not perfectly justifiable? By your countenances you answer, “not a friend to his country.” But there are other causes of greater magnitude, of longer standing, and of more vital consequence to the chosen sons of Columbia, than all the pecuniary embarrassments the haughty court of imperious Britain is capable of imposing—I mean their kidnapping trade under the plausible name of impressment! Are you told that this is no cause of war? “that it is a recent complaint conjured up by the administration to justify their conduct”? Give the lie to the infamous assertion, by producing official documents to the contrary. Who will say this “is a new charge,” when it is a well known fact, that it has been pronounced by every executive since the adoption of the constitution, a *just cause of war*? Indulge me in presenting to you the sentiments of Washington and Adams on this subject, by their Secretaries.

In 1792, Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State under the direction of Washington, said, in his official capacity, “No law forbids the seamen of any country to engage, in time of peace, on board a foreign vessel; no law authorises such seamen to break his contract, nor the armed vessels of his nation to interpose force for his rescue.” In his instructions to Mr. Pickney, minister at London, he asperses the idea that our citizens shall be doomed to carry certificates of citizenship with them, †

* Congressional Reporter, Vol. 1, page 614.

† See note B.

and adds, "The simplest rule will be that the vessel being American, shall be evidence that the seamen on board her are such."

In 1796, Mr. Pickering in a letter to Mr. King, our minister at London, repeated the same, and added "that it will be an important point gained, if on the high seas our flag can protect those of whatever nation, who shall sail under it. And for this, humanity as well as interest powerfully plead." He further stated that "any project of a treaty would be utterly inadmissible unless it put an end to impressment."* Such were the sentiments of Timothy Pickering when counselled by Washington; but alas! how fallen! Mr. King also remonstrated in the warmest terms to Lord Grenville, and to the British government against this vile inhuman practice! He confesses the abuse is greater than he had ever supposed, and says in a dispatch to government 1797—"Instead of a few, and those in many instances equivocal cases, I have, since the month of July past, (a period of about eight months) made application for the discharge from British men of war of 271 seamen, who have claimed my interference. Of this number 86 only have been ordered to be discharged."†

In 1800 Mr. Marshall, Secretary of State under Adams, stated that "the continuance of this practice would inevitably produce discord between the two nations." He also denies them the right of impressing natives of Great Britain, whether naturalized or not.‡ This right our government do not now deny them. Let them prove their property and take it. Are you yet told that the Orders in Council were the sole cause of war? Look at the President's Manifesto preceding the declaration of war: Impressment is there the first thing noticed and it is the last---'tis the *Alpha and Omega*.

Now, fellow citizens, let me ask you seriously, is this a recent complaint, or is it not? Is it a fit subject of

* For further information on this subject see Pickering's letters to Rufus King of the 8th June, the 10th of September, and 20th October 1797, and of the 3d October 1797; also to Silas Talbot of the 15th August 1797.

† By the report of the Secretary of State January 15, 1812, it appeared that there were then 6257 impressed Americans in the service of England!

‡ See Note C.

war, or is it not? Shall our countrymen--shall our brethren submit to the vile practice of carrying a mark about them as the price of their Liberty? Common sense revolts at the degrading idea. Let the name of AMERICAN CITIZEN protect them.

Why do not Englishmen carry protections? why not Frenchmen? why not Spaniards? why not Africans? Because the laws of God and humanity forbid it. The tawny African is now safer, on the common highway of nations, than the American without his protection. Shall they submit to that which no other nation on earth will bear? Have they not the spirit of freedom which actuates other nations? Have they not the feelings of humanity about them? Have they no fraternal affection? They have, and it is now awakened. No more will they quietly hear their brethren clank the galling chains of slavery!--Can you hear the piercing groans of your affectionate mother mourning the loss of a beloved son? Can you see the tender sister weeping over the unhappy news of an ill fated brother? Can you witness the agonizing distresses of the fond wife supplicating relief for a loving husband, doomed to the oppressive lash of tyrannic power? Can these things pass in review before you and not arouse the latent spark that burns within your breast?—Can you—HARK!—What voice is that I hear? 'Tis Warren's! 'Tis deathless Warren's!--saying "*The voice of your country's blood cries to you from the ground, my sons, SCORN TO BE SLAVES*"!—What is your reply? methinks I hear your say—yes, thou sainted Hero, we will obey thine heavenly injunction; we will rise in the "supreme majesty of our unconquerable strength" and hurl the thunder-bolts of war at our country's oppressors; "we will meet them on the beach with the sword in one hand and a torch in the other. We will meet them with all the fury of war, and immolate them in their boats before they have contaminated the soil of our country. If forced to retire before superior discipline we will dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass: the last spot in which the hope of freedom shall desert us, there will we hold, and the last entrenchment of Liberty shall be our grave."§ Such

§ Emmet.

are the sentiments glowing in your breast—such are the expressions “beaming in your eyes;” and permit me to add, such will be the expressions appearing in your conduct.—Never will you see your once vanquished foe thus defy your power, insult your standard, and enslave your sons, without arising to justice. Never will you sanction a practice so degrading to your country; one which Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, have pronounced unjust; a practice against which they all remonstrated; a practice which they have all declared sufficient cause of war; but their pacific dispositions led them to negotiate till negotiation was exhausted; and it has fallen upon our present President to fulfil the predictions of his predecessors; this has been done. War is declared by the constituted authorities, and has become a law of the land; will any here say we are not in duty bound to support and obey this law?—None—none.

Permit me then to enquire, what has been the effect of this unhappy war, into which our government have been reluctantly “kicked”? Has it been so very disgraceful as represented? The unparalleled outrages at Hampton, at Frenchtown, and at Havre de Grace, are truly disgraceful! to whom? Not to our arms; but to that “moral and religious people” who “have done us no essential injury.” To them be the honor of those victories. For American valor, witness the battles of York and of Queenstown; of Fort George and Fort Erie; of Fort Meigs, and Fort Malden; of Brownstown and Oswego.—Witness our Western Frontier scourged of a cruel, savage foe, who put to indiscriminate slaughter men, women, and children; perhaps they were doing God’s service, being allied to the “bulwark of our religion.” Witness also the splendid victory of the Spartan band at Sandusky over five times their number—there Croghan immortalized his name. Witness the brave, the patriotic Harrison; he plants his standard in the enemy’s country; armies fall before him; savage allies become suppliant at his feet, and he doubly retrieves the loss sustained by the infamous surrender of the cowardly Hull. Let us now triumphantly follow our victorious Eagle through her naval excursions.—Now she perches on the President, while Rodgers puts

the Belvidera to flight and traverses every sea, in vain to find the "mistress of the ocean." She is never at home when Rodgers calls. See her next hovering over the Constitution, while Hull silenced the batteries of the Guerriero, and brought her boasting hero a supplicant before him. Behold her now gently waving over the Wasp, while the bravery of Jones humbles the pride of the Frolick. Thence trace her flight to the United States, while the gallant Decatur brings the colors of the Macedonian prostrate at his feet. Again she returns to the Constitution and entwines the wreath around Bainbridge's brow, who with his thunder scattered the "wooden walls" of the Java to the four winds. Next the Hornet claims her protection, while the undaunted Lawrence buried the Peacock and part of her crew, like Pharaoh and his host, in the bosom of the deep. Now we must follow this philanthropist and hero on board the ill fated Chesapeake, the American Eagle proudly waving over his head---While lying in the harbor, his men new and undisciplined, the Shannon, the pride of the British navy, came into our waters and bid defiance; his proud spirit could not endure the sight; unprepared as he was, he accepted the challenge, and, "O that I could blot it out forever," he fell a victim to his country's foe! Superior force bowed the hero down. He sleeps with the brave; his memory shall last while yonder orient orb continues to roll its annual round. But from the distressing though not disgraceful scene, we follow our Eagle to victory; the Enterprize, under the gallant Burrows, once more characterized American bravery, by reducing the Boxer to a wreck. Again we must mourn the loss of a hero; our commander fell in the arms of victory; he is embalmed with Lawrence on the grateful hearts of his countrymen. Our attention is now drawn to the Lakes ---a new scene is presented---squadron opposed to squadron---a PERRY commands---the battle rages, until boasted British bravery yields to American valor; a wondering world viewed the victory with astonishment! The hitherto unparalleled battles of the Nile, of Copenhagen, and of Trafalgar have found a rival in the battle of Erie. Let it suffice, that the conquerors there,

were the conquered here. Historians, dip your pen in sunbeams, when you record the splendid achievements of the Hero of the lake. "He met the enemy and they are ours."* Again our Eagle returns to the ocean---again the Lion roars; the Peacock under Warrington, has inflicted another wound, by humbling the pride of L'Épervier. And Porter in the Essex is accumulating never fading laurels for the American wreath.* Such have been the engagements; such their results. Let us then pause to enquire if these are the disgraces of this war! If they are, God grant they may long continue. Nine times have our naval heroes met the foe---eight times have they been victorious. This is the nation too that says "not a flag but by her permission waves." Did Rodgers and Hull, or their brave associates in fame, ever ask permission to present their flags to the breezes of heaven? No. They were as free as the air that wafted them. Those heroes supplicate none but the "Father of Mercies." They acknowledge no other sovereign on earth or ocean. They are Americans. The blind worshippers of Moloch will never find in them an ignominious sacrifice to offer on the altar of slavery.— Their blood is too sacred to perfume those damning idols. It flows only in the cause of FREEDOM, and upon that altar will the last drop be devoted. The iron hand of imperious Britain can never damp the holy ardor that thrills their undaunted souls.

What shall we say of those "choice spirits" that openly and publicly declare, "It is unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice at our naval or military victories"?† What shall we say of those that are willing "TO RESIST UNTO BLOOD"‡ the constituted authorities of the land? What shall we say of those that would "exchange this Constitution for that of Great-Britain monarchy and all"?§ Shall we not "frown indignantly" upon them? Shall we not say, "Go, like Arnold, seek protection of our enemy!—Go, accept the

* Since the above was delivered, we have heard the unhappy news of the capture of the Essex; but fortunately the bravery of our commander comes out like gold seven times purified.

† Quincy's resolve in the Senate of Massachusetts, June, 1813.

‡ Resolves of the town of Newbury, Mass January, 1814.

§ Mr. Blake's speech in the Senate of Massachusetts, 1814.

generous and humane offer of Admiral Cochrane!* Go, enjoy the blessings of that Constitution you so much admire, and we shall be happy!" Can those who deem it "unbecoming to rejoice" at the success of our arms, yet eat, drink and carouse at festivals for Russian and British victories—can they, I ask, be friends to their country? If they are, wonders indeed abound.

VENERABLE Sires, Revolutionary Fathers—ye whose hoary heads chequer this assembly: To you are our grateful acknowledgements due—to you are we indebted for the manifold blessings we this day enjoy. On you have we depended for our political salvation—on you our hopes have rested. But as the great wheel of time rolls on, you are leaving us for those blissful abodes, "where the weary are at rest." It becomes those therefore, who are rising to fill your places, to emulate your worthy example. Would you transmit to your sons untarnished the "reward of your labors"—teach them science—teach them virtue—teach them patriotism; bequeath to them every virtue that stimulated you in those "times which tried men's souls." Let not the "frost of age" quench that holy fire enkindled in your breasts on the plains of Lexington—let it burn till the lamp of life is nearly extinguished: then communicate the flame to your sons—bid them cherish it in their bosoms, and feed it with fuel from off the altar of Freedom. Animate them with a virtuous love of country—teach them to wield the sword till they behold

"The tyrant prostrate in the dust,"

and their loved country purified from her "blaspheming foes." To see your children slaves "would cause a pang in heaven." May they inherit your virtue and your patriotism, that they may exultingly say, when you are gone to yonder regions of celestial day—

"Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land!

—————behold your sons;

"See how they run the same heroic race,

"How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,

* Ad. Cochrane's Proclamation of April last, offering protection to all who were dissatisfied with this government and would flee to him.

“ How proud t’ assert their country’s blood,
 “ And in their deeds reflect their fathers’ fame !”*

Republicans ! Federalists ! Americans ! the time has arrived that demands our united efforts to save our beloved country from the cruel scourges of an unrestrained and haughty foe. Should we continue our unhappy divisions—should we oppose, without distinction, every measure the rulers of our “ own free choice,” may in their wisdom devise—should we applaud the enemy and revile our own government, we must expect the vengeance of Heaven will blast our happiness. “ If instead of laying our shoulders to the machine, after measures are decided on, one pulls this way and another that, before the utility of the thing is fairly tried, it must inevitably be torn asunder, and the fairest prospect of happiness and prosperity that was ever presented to man, will be lost perhaps forever.”† Let all them to whom the name of American is dear, rally round the standard of liberty. Let all unite in the laudable determination “ to live free or die.”—Let all in a voice of thunder proclaim to the enemy “ hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther.”—Let all be duly sensible that none but those, “ who aid the public cause, can shield their country or themselves from ruin.” Then shall we present a front as impenetrable as Achilles.—Then will our streams be more impassable than the Danube.—Then will every pass be a Thermopyæ.—Then will our mountains be as unscalable as the battlements of heaven. No more will the habiliments of war glitter on our shores. No more will the blood of our brethren moisten our extended plains. No more will man look on his brother as an enemy. No more will transatlantic tyranny disturb our domestic tranquillity ; but the “ sweet symphonies of grateful millions,” will be heard in our land. Science will diffuse her manifold blessings among her favored sons. Agriculture will load our fertile fields with increasing plenty. Manufactures will stimulate our ingenious artists, and our western hills will be crowned with the bleating flocks of the Pyrennes. Commerce, free and unshackled,

* Akenside.

† Marshal’s life of Washington, Vol. 5, page 358.

will traverse every sea, with the rich harvests of extended agriculture, and the fine fabrics of domestic manufactures. Our enterprising merchants, like the artful Jason, will elude the fury of the wild Bulls and watchful Dragons of Europe, and bring away unperceived the Golden Fleece of the Eastern world.

“ More than I have said, loving countrymen,
 The leisure and enforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell on : Yet remember this—
 God and our good cause fight upon our side ;
 The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.

If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fiat shall pay your pains the hire ;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.”*

* Shakespeare: *Titus Andronicus*

NOTES.

NOTE A.

TO place this beyond the possibility of a doubt, I would refer the reader to the Secretary's Report of December 1808, an extract from which I hereto subjoin.

List of British Orders, &c. affecting neutral rights, from 1804 to 1808. *List of French Decrees affecting neutral rights, from 1804 to 1808.*

1804. August 9. Blockade of Fecamp, &c. &c.

1805 August 17. Direct trade with the enemies' colonies subjected to restrictions.

1806. April 8. Blockade of Ems, Weser, &c. &c

do. May 16. Blockade from the Elbe to Brest.

do. Sept. 25. Discontinuance of the last blockade in part.

1807. March 12. Interdiction of the trade from port to port of France.

do. June 26. Blockade of the Ems, &c.

do. Oct. 15. Proclamation recalling seamen.

do. Nov. 11. Three orders in Council

do. Nov. 25. Six orders in Council.

1808. Jan. 8. Blockade of Carthage, &c. &c

do. April 11. Orders encouraging our seamen to violate the embargo.

do. April 14. Act of Parliament to prohibit the exportation of cotton wool, &c. also an act making valid certain orders in Council.

do. May 4. Blockade of Copenhagen and the island of Zealand.

do. June 23 Act regulating trade between the United States and Great-Britain.

do Oct. 14. Admiral Cochrane's blockade of the French leeward islands.

1806. Nov. 21. Berlin Decree.

1807. Dec. 17. Milan Decree.

1808. April 17. Bayonne Decree.

NOTE B.

It appears that Washington condemns in the warmest terms the degrading idea of certificating our citizens, notwithstanding his modern disciples are so very submissive to the "Bulwark." In his instructions to Mr. Pinckney, July 11, 1792, he entirely rejects this infamous mode of marking our citizens, and says "*it is a condition never yet submitted to by any nation ; one with which seamen would never have precaution to comply ; the casualties of their calling would expose them to the constant destruction or loss of this paper evidence, and thus the British government would be armed with legal authority to impress the whole of our seamen.*"

NOTE C.

Mr. Marshall, in a letter to Mr. King, when speaking of the sentiments of Adams, says, "The United States require positively, that their seamen who are not British subjects, whether born in America or elsewhere, shall be exempt from impressments. The case of British subjects, whether naturalized or not, is more questionable ; but the right even to impress them *is denied.*" Mr. Marshall goes on to claim the same right claimed by the British government, which is, "to man, arm and defend in their sea service all those, of any nation, who have voluntarily engaged in it, or who, according to their laws, have become British subjects."