

AN
ORATION

DELIVERED AT HANOVER,

IN THE VICINITY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

BEFORE THE SEVERAL

WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES

OF

HANOVER, LEBANON, LIME, NORWICH, AND

HARTFORD,

ON THE

THIRTY EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE ;

AND IN

COMMEMORATION OF THE

GREAT EVENTS IN EUROPE,

**WHICH HAVE TERMINATED SO HONORABLY TO THE ALLIED
ARMS, AND SO TRIUMPHANTLY GLORIOUS TO THE
CAUSE OF HUMANITY.**

BY JOSIAH DUNHAM, ESQ.

" For lo ! the Tyrant prostrate in the dust,

" And Rome again is free !" [AKENSIDE.]

" It is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes !" [BIBLE.]

**HANOVER :—PRINTED BY CHARLES SPEAR
1814.**

HANOVER, N. H. JULY 5, 1814.

Dear Sir,

We enclose you a copy of the unanimous vote of the brethren of the Washington Benevolent Societies, passed at the Arbour yesterday after you had retired.

It gives us sincere pleasure to make you this communication, and we assure you it will add much to that pleasure, if you will have the goodness to comply with the request of the brethren—We have the honor to be, with great respect, your obed't servants,

BEN J. GILBERT,
JAMES POOLE,
AMOS A. BREWSTER.

J. DUNHAM, Esq.

“ At a meeting of the Hanover Washington Benevolent Society, at Hanover, for the celebration of American Independence, on the 4th of July, Anno Domini 1814.....Voted unanimously, many officers and members from the Societies of Lebanon, Lime, Norwich, and Hartford being present, and concurring, that the thanks of this Society, and of all the brethren present, be presented by B. J. Gilbert Esq. Major James Poole, and Col. A. A. Brewster, to Capt. Dunham, for his very elegant, appropriate, and impressive address, and that they request a copy for publication. “ MILLS OLCOTT, Presid't.”

“ Attest, CHARLES SPEAR, Secretary.”

HANOVER, N. H. JULY 5, 1814.

Gentlemen,

The flattering manner, in which you have communicated the thanks of the Washington Benevolent Societies, and of the Brethren present, for the ORATION, which I had the honor to deliver yesterday, peculiarly affects me. Imperious circumstances prevented my giving a more finished production; still I do not feel myself at perfect liberty to deny a unanimous request from so numerous and respectable a body. The COPY is therefore, “with all its imperfections,” respectfully submitted to your disposal.

I cannot but embrace this opportunity to express, through you, Gentlemen, my grateful acknowledgements to the President of the Day, and to the Committee of Arrangements, for their distinguished politeness to me, on this occasion, and my satisfaction at the general harmony, order, and decorum, which marked the occurrences of the whole day.

With every sentiment of respect,

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

your obliged and obed't Humble servant.

J. DUNHAM.

HON. BEN. J. GILBERT,

Maj JAMES POOLE,

Col. AMOS A. BREWSTER.

} Committee, &c.

HANOVER, JULY 4, 1814.

Sir,

The Committee of Arrangements appointed by the WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY of Hanover, for celebrating the 38th anniversary of our National Independence, feel highly gratified with the spirited, eloquent, and appropriate Oration, delivered at our request; are happy in the general approbation of the different Societies, as expressed by their vote, and join with the general committee in rendering you our cordial thanks, and requesting a copy for the press.

A. A. BREWSTER,
J. R. WHEELOCK,
N. C. BETTON,
J. HOLT,
H. HOBSON,
A. PERKINS,

} Committee.

JOSIAH DUNHAM, Esq.

HANOVER, JULY 5, 1814.

Gentlemen,

If I have duly appreciated the honor done me by the Committee of Arrangements for the W. B. Society of Hanover, in requesting from me an Oration for our late Anniversary of American Independence, still I hardly know how to express my sense of obligation for your continued politeness, by concurring in the general approbation of the different Societies, and by joining in the request of the general committee for a copy. Under existing circumstances, the request has been deemed imperative—and most cheerfully obeyed.

Accept, Gentlemen, assurances of my esteem and respect.

J. DUNHAM.

Messrs. A. A. BREWSTER,
N. C. BETTON,
H. HOBSON,
J. R. WHEELOCK,
J. HOLT,
A. PERKINS.

} Committee of
Arrangements.

ORATION.

THE ANNIVERSARY of INDEPENDENCE was once a proud day to the American Patriot. It was consecrated in the heart of every son of *Columbia*, as a day of Jubilee, and duly "marked for triumphs and rejoicings."

But "there is a tide in the affairs of men." The current of national prosperity and of human happiness will not always last; because man will not cease to be unwise and ungrateful, and because the God of Justice cannot cease to be just. As a nation, we have forgotten the *Almighty*, whose arm had delivered us from our enemies, and he has "sorely chastened us in his hot displeasure." *The spirit of WASHINGTON has not guided his successors.* A thick mist of judicial blindness has been spread before us, and we have not discerned the things which belonged to our peace, till they were hidden from our eyes. *The gigantic arm of NAPOLEON has been stretched across the deep.* By the secret movements of his magic wand, we have been drawn within the circle of his deadly influence, till we have found ourselves involved in the European conflict, and, wonderful to tell! our republican banners waving in concert with those of NAPOLEON THE DESTROYER! The happy dawn of our country's glory has thus been overcast, and clouds of thick darkness, portending ruin, have gathered on the prospect before us; till our national Independence became but "the tale of other times." *Stat nominis umbra.* Its annual celebration was but a solemn mockery, or a festive farce. It allowed but a sickening review of the past, but a painful recollection of departed good, but a fallacious hope for the future, amid an idle, intoxicating dream of factitious joy, which, like that of the son of *Fingal*, was but "the joy of grief."

But the scene is now changed. A new era is commencing.—The clouds are dispersing—and a bright vista of glory is opening before us. The "*Bulwark of that holy religion, which we profess,*" has withstood every assault from the combined powers of darkness and despotism. The DELIVERER has triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider are thrown into the sea. The sceptre has departed from the Tyrant. France is again *the land of Free-*

men.* The Peninsula is liberated from its yoke;—*A captive king humbled even to the dust, has recovered his crown*;—mighty nations, released from chains, have been born in a day; the flood-gates of light and liberty are opened upon Europe;—while peace and happiness again return to cheer mankind, to bind up the broken hearted, and to heal the wounds of a bleeding world. “*It is the Lord’s doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes!*”

This day then, thanks to the *GOD of our Fathers!* this day is again a happy and glorious Anniversary. Well may we hail it with joyous acclaim and unbounded triumph; for a brighter day to the cause of man has not dawned on the globe, since the glorious *STAR of Bethlehem* illumined the East.

Rejoice, then, friend of man! for white-robed Peace, with her attendant blessings is descending from above, to make her abode upon earth!

Friend of Liberty! Rejoice! The rights of man are recognized—National Independence is restored to Europe—the galling chains of slavery are burst in sunder—the wasting sword of war is returned to its scabbard—the prison door is unbarred, and the captive goes free.

Friend of France! Rejoice!—For the measure of her guilt, and of her sufferings, is full; the rod of her oppressor is broken—the *iron crown* has become like a Potter’s vessel, when it is dashed in pieces—the dungeon of a military despotism is demolished—and the temple of rational liberty erected on its ruins. A pious son of *ST. LOUIS*, by the voice of the people as well as by hereditary right, is again seated on the throne—the tear is already wiped from the widow’s and the orphan’s eye, while Commerce, Freedom, Prosperity and happiness revive together!

Once *divided and enslaved, but now liberated nations, Rejoice!* You have been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction. You have drunk on deep of the cup of oppression;—nay, you have drained it to the very dregs; but you have dashed it at length, in the teeth of your oppressor. The hour of your deliverance is come, and you are resting from your labors:—*Again you are independent.* A just balance of power will guarantee to you for many years to come the enjoyment of your national rights, of security and repose, of happiness and glory.

Deliverer of Europe! Rejoice! Your toils have been great, and your sacrifices incalculable; but your rewards will be glorious, and your fame immortal. You have neither desponded in adversity, nor exulted in victory. Not confiding in an arm of flesh, *God was on your side*; and, while you thus continue humbly

* France, [the land of the *Franks*, or *Free-Men*] so called by *CLOVIS*, the founder of the French Monarchy.

to ascribe the power, and the glory, and the dominion to the MOST HIGH, millions yet unborn will rise up and *call you blessed!*

Land of our Fathers! Rejoice! Inhabitants of "the fast anchored isle!" Lift up your heads, and leap, and sing, and shout aloud for joy! Empire of British Freemen! Long hast thou stood, in the social, moral, and political world, a majestic column amid a dreary waste. While the desolating tempest of Revolutionary France has levelled, in undistinguished ruins, kingdoms, states, and empires around her, in vain have its terrific thunders assailed thy brow;—the bolt has fallen harmless at thy side, and the dashing billows of Jacobinic rage in vain have spent their fury at thy feet. Alone hast thou stood, in giant might, contending, single handed, against a world in arms; not merely to defend thyself, but to defend the cause of the human race—the cause of man—nay, the cause of God:—to prevent social order, rational freedom, national rights, and evangelical truth from being *shut out of the world*;—at a most critical and tremendous crisis, when "blackness, and darkness, and tempest" were around us; when all the moral ligaments, by which society is bound together, seemed bursting in sunder;—when Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils, seemed to be let loose upon the earth,—and even "Hell itself was yawning from beneath"; at this awful moment, thou hast stood up, as it were, alone, between the living and the dead, and stayed the destructive plague.

Glory to God in the highest! that "this nation has been enabled thus to stand in this evil day, and *having done all, TO STAND!*"

Believer in Jesus! Rejoice! Follower of the Prince of Peace! Rejoice! Rejoice! The friends of religion, the royal and princely advocates of evangelical faith, have, by divine blessing on their perseverance to the end, obtained a signal triumph over the combined powers of Darkness and Delusion, of Atheism and Infidelity, of hellish superstition and of papal error. The empire of *Antichrist* is humbled;—the dungeons of the inquisition are thrown open;—the rights of conscience are recognized and guaranteed;—new avenues are every where opening to spread the GLAD TIDINGS of salvation;—A *Star* again appears in the East, and the *Day Spring* from on high is about visiting the world!

Inhabitants of Columbia! Rejoice! Rejoice, that the relentless tyrant, who with systematic violence has insulted our government, and robbed our citizens of uncounted millions; who has paralyzed our strength by the deadly *incubus* of his continental system; who has cursed our country with his own self destroying policy; a policy, which has *cut off our trade with all parts of the world*—dried up the sources of our national wealth and national revenue;—which has well nigh bankrupted the government, beg-

gared the merchant, distressed the citizen, and taken from the mouth of honest LABOR its scanty pittance of bread : who has crowned these accumulated evils by the most dreadful of all human calamities, a hopeless, ruinous, and *infidel* war.

Rejoice ! I say, AMERICANS ! that the detested tyrant, the accursed author of our unnumbered wrongs, has been at length overtaken by the signal vengeance of heaven ! “ *Grand Dieu ! tes jugemens Sont remplis d’équité !* ”—The judgments of GOD are always just. *Rejoice !* that the Bourbon family, the early friends of American freedom, are restored to the throne of France, and that we are no longer called on by the pensioned minions of executive power, by some whip-galled slave, or pole-ridden convict from Calcutta, to echo his cry of **NAPOLÉON IS OUR KING !**

Rulers of America ! *Rejoice ! Rejoice !* yes ! we conjure even you to REJOICE, that the tyrant, who has so often bearded you to the face, and so long amused you and your adherents with the farce of negociation—with that “ hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick ; ”—

The Tyrant, who boldly interdicted, and not in vain, your trade to St. Domingo ;—

The Imperial Jockey—who, through your agency, cunningly drew from our pockets FIFTEEN MILLIONS of tribute money, in exchange for stolen goods, which must now be returned to the rightful owner ;—

The Arch Juggler, who, pitiful to tell, made you and your advocates believe, that his insolent and rapacious decrees were repealed, when he openly declared to all the rest of the world, that they were in full operation, and should ever remain the “ fundamental laws of his Empire ” !

The unprincipled despot, who possibly without your knowledge or consent, first publicly declared, that “ war did in fact exist between the United States and Great Britain,” and then compelled you to make good his declaration ;—

The unblushing wretch, who could compliment you, in common with his most faithful & devoted slaves, by decorating you with the badges of his LEGION OF HONOR, while he insultingly declares to you and to the world, through his own minister of state, that you are “ without honor, without energy, without just political views,” nay, “ more dependent (on Great Britain) than a Jamaica Parliament.”

Rejoice ! and again *rejoice !* that your insulting tyrant is down ; that the magician’s power is gone ;—that the spell of his enchantment is broken ;—that the worse than Gordian “ knot, which he had some how twisted about you,” has been cut by the sword of Alexander ; and that the cords, by which the destinies of our country have been lashed to his blood stained Car, have

become, by the hallowed touch of the allied powers, like flax,
 "which falls asunder at the touch of fire!"

Citizens of the world! Friends of the human race! every
 descendant of Adam! rejoice! rejoice! and again rejoice!

"For lo! the Tyrant prostrate in the dust,

"And Rome again is free."

Happy, happy era! What a glorious consummation! May
 not the christian patriot, of whatever country, join in the pious
 raptures of SIMEON of old, "Lord! now lettest thou thy ser-
 vant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

But here let us pause and reflect! In the midst of this trium-
 phant strain of joy, "a melancholy cloud comes over the soul;"
 and the generous ardor of the patriotic bosom is repressed by
 the painful recollection, that we, as a nation, a *republican* nation
 too, are at this moment involved in a most unnatural war, on the
 side of the fallen tyrant, against the triumphant Allies, whose
 successes we are this day celebrating. How then can we rejoice?
 Are we not guilty of what MR. GRUNDY calls "*moral treason*?"
 Are we not in fact "giving aid and comfort to the enemy"?
 A vast, but painful field for reflection is here opened to our view.
 If we are engaged in a war, that is either just in its principles, or
 necessary to our rights and independence, then *let us be silent*:
 let me blot from your memories the words I have spoken, every
 sentiment I have uttered;—and let me burn the pages I have
 written for this day's festival. Nay, we must not stop here:

Instead of seating ourselves around the festive board, let us
 humble ourselves before the God of armies in *Fasting and Prayer*:—
 Let us not give sleep to our eyes, nor slumber to our eye-
 lids, till we have opened our treasures for the support of admin-
 istration, and enrolled our names for the common defence. Nay,
 let us recal NAPOLEON, the lover of Americans and the hater of
 the English, from his dreary exile; let us give him the command
 of our legions, and, beneath *his* banners, boldly march to meet
 the foe!

But, alas! right and wrong, in the moral world, are not rela-
 tive, but absolute and positive terms. Moral principles are in
 their very nature, like God their author, fixed and immutable.
 It is in the nature of every good being to love good, and to hate
 evil; and it becomes the duty of every moral agent to seek the
 one, and to avoid the other, as it is to serve GOD and to des-
 pise MAMMON. If our war be not both just and necessary, no
 possible relation to our country, or its government, can render it
 a duty to lend it our countenance or support, beyond the requi-
 sition of constitutional laws. If we put ourselves *in the wrong* by
 commencing an unjust and unnecessary war, no pious man, believ-
 ing it to be such, can pray for its success. Nay further, if we

thus put our enemy *in the right*, it will even be the duty of the christian patriot, however contrary to the native impulse of his feelings, *to pray for the success of our declared enemies!* (1) This may be thought a strange, a TORY DOCTRINE; but we hold, and firmly believe, that the duties of the Christian, and of the republican patriot, are mutually consistent. The good citizen, consistently with his duty as a Christian, can do no otherwise, than pray for the triumph of a righteous and just cause, *however that triumph may affect his country, his friends, his family, or HIMSELF.* Hence, if this reasoning be correct, we have only to ascertain the character of the war, in which we are involved, and our duty with regard to this day's festival, so far as relates to the triumph of the Allies, and the downfall of Bonaparte, becomes obvious and plain.

It is true, that we are not, avowedly, at war against the Allies, but only against England. It is equally true that we have not avowedly espoused the cause of France, or of Napoleon Bonaparte—but are ostensibly fighting our own battles independently, and exclusively on our own account, and certainly *at our own expence.*

But the truth is, if we come at once fairly to facts, without sophistry and without disguise, we shall find, that the cause of the Allies is the cause of Great Britain; or rather, more properly speaking, the cause of humanity;—of law, of order, and of religion;—of the rights of man, and of national independence:—a cause which the British nation has so long, with so much constancy and perseverance, at the expense of so much blood and treasure,—arduously and honorably alone supported, and in which it has pleased heaven, at length, to crown her magnanimous, her astonishing efforts with complete success and most unbounded triumph. On the other hand, we shall find that our cause is the cause,—not indeed now, nor in fact has it ever been *of France*, but of the Tyrant, who usurped the throne, and has filled the world with blood, in a most obstinate and tremendous struggle for UNIVERSAL DOMINION.

This vast object of a daring and inordinate ambition, was at one period apparently on the point of being realized. The *British Navy* was the only obstacle to the gratification of his rapacious, his unbounded desires. What could be done? In the councils of Rome it was decreed "*Delenda est Carthago!*" In those of Napoleon, "*Delenda est Britannia!*" *The British Navy must be destroyed!* This could be done only by cutting off the sources of its support, and the sinews of its action,—BRITISH COMMERCE.—Hence originated, in the dark mind of the Destroyer, the most daring and despotic plan ever before conceived, THE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM. A system, which embraced for its

object nothing less than the total annihilation of commerce and freedom, by excluding the British flag from every port under the tyrant's influence or control, *in whatever part of the globe*;—to interdict colonial produce and British goods;—to seize and confiscate; and, where French Bayonets could be introduced, to burn and destroy. Thus was British commerce to be *cut off*, her manufacturers to be starved, and her people reduced to despair, till national bankruptcy and individual ruin should compel this proud and haughty nation to bow her neck to the yoke.

Such was the *Vandal* scheme of the conqueror to sap the foundation of the British Empire, to get possession of the British Navy, and thus to open the last door which remained shut, against extending his dominion from the rising to the setting sun. And this plan, monstrous and tyrannical as it was, had too far succeeded.

All continental Europe, after various partial, but ineffectual struggles, had submitted to the Despot; and even the Republican Administration of these United States, whose pride and whose boast had so long been “Independence, Commerce, and Freedom,” at the distance too of 3000 miles from the reach of his sword, had been artfully drawn into the dreadful vortex, and had thrown their pigmy weight into the Tyrant's scale; while every Democrat in the United States firmly believed, that *Britain must fall*; and that we, to use a sportsman's phrase, *by coming in at the death*, should share in the sport, the triumph, and the spoil. Every Democrat believed, that the downfall of Britain was certain;—that it was a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and that it would prove the commencement of a **POLITICAL MILLENIUM**. (2) Ah deluded, wretched men! You have been madly contending, like *Sampson* at Gaza, to pull down the temple of British Freedom, which must inevitably have crushed your own liberties in its fall. The conquest of these United States must have followed that of Great Britain. Would our distance have saved us? With Continental Europe, at the tyrant's control, and the navy, the wealth, and the resources of the English nation under his direction, he would have imposed on us a constitution, and a king, as easily as on Holland or Spain. Think ye, that he would have spared us because we are a Republic? Republics are his detestation. Look at the once happy Swiss Cantons! Would he have spared us, because we had joined him in the war?—Go to the Peninsula and ask of bleeding Spain!—Alas! the most faithful of his friends are trampled deepest in the dust, and made the most abject and wretched of his slaves. Our rulers and their war-loving advocates have ever been alike his contempt and his scorn—“*without honor, without energy, without just political view* !”

Our declaration of war therefore, at the peculiar crisis, at

which it was announced, as relates to the European contest, even admitting that British aggression had rendered it in point of principle *just*, must still have been not only inexpedient, but the very height of madness :—because, if unsuccessful, it must be ruinous ; if successful, it is still worse ;—it becomes *POLITICAL SUICIDE*.

Such have been the views of every rational politician on this side the Atlantic. But such have *not* been the views of our corrupt Rulers and their infatuated followers. They have hung the hopes of their country on the arm of Napoleon ;—but the hopes of the wicked perish. That prop has now failed, and we are left at the mercy of our triumphant foe. Still our situation as a free and independent people, is that of peace, and prosperity and happiness, and glory itself, compared with what it would have been, had Napoleon returned victorious from Russia ; had Canada fallen a prey to the Proclamation of Gen. Hull, and the prayers, and the expectations of Democracy been answered by the conquest and destruction, or submission, of the British Isles.

A nation which has contended so long for the rights, and liberties, and happiness, of nations, would not, were it in her power, tarnish her illustrious glory by subjugating America, after she has liberated a world. She has punished the usurper of the French crown ; but she has released from slavery the French people. She *may* wish to humble our wicked rulers, and make them *feel* and *rue* their own folly, in leaguings with a Tyrant for her destruction ; but she will never attempt to destroy our national Independence, or to subvert our republican institutions, so nearly assimilated to her own. *We may still have a safe and honorable peace, if our Cabinet desires it.* * Such will be the consequences of her triumph to us, in spite of the war of our tyrannical rulers ; for it is emphatically *their* war. It was never called for by the *people* of the United States. Their unbiassed voice was not heard in its declaration ; nor has their *majesty* appeared in carrying it on :—While that of Britain and her allies has been a HOLY WAR, and the prayers of saints, in every region of the globe, have been winged to heaven with benisons on the cause, and with sighs for its success. These prayers have been heard. The long struggle is over. The triumph is great and glorious !
Let us then REJOICE !

“ Wake lute and harp ! My soul take up the strain ;

“ Glory to God ! Deliverance for mankind !

“ Joy, for all nations JOY !”

Yes—although *our* war be that of NAPOLEON, although in

*“ Safe and honorable” *for the country*, but neither perhaps for the Cabinet. They have drawn themselves into a dilemma, from which they cannot escape but with personal disgrace.

its origin, in its principles, and its object, it be obviously identified with that of the *Destroyer*, yet, as citizens of the world, as members of the great family of man, nay, as friends of France and of our own country, *it is our duty to rejoice!**

Strikingly as the character of this war, on the part of France, has been exhibited in every step of its progress, it is no where more strongly marked, than in its incipient stages, by the principles, on which it commenced, and by the character of the various leaders, by whom it was conducted. It is in vain to urge, that the war was produced by the machinations of England, or by any coalition for the conquest or dismemberment of France. It has uniformly been, on their part, A WAR OF DEFENCE, a war *forced on them* (as *our part* of it was) *by unprincipled ambition*, and essentially necessary to their security and independence. Had they not met the coming storm, it would have assailed them *at their own doors*. It was a torrent, which, like a devouring fire, could be checked only by *resistance*.

An idea had long been cherished, that France, a proud and aspiring nation, might one day become, what Rome once was, "*the*

* It is a curious fact, that every leading democrat hangs his head, when he talks of the fall of Bonaparte. If any expression of satisfaction is uttered, it is evidently *forced*. And nothing more strongly proves, that the tyrant, not the French nation, was the *idol* of our self-styled Republicans. Were it otherwise, they would exult, as the French nation exults. They would unite with the friends of liberty all over the globe, in the general burst of joy.

As an indication of the temper and feelings of the people of France towards their late tyrant, as well as towards their Deliverers, we present an extract from a pamphlet which is circulated and read with great avidity in France, entitled "*Bonaparte Unmasked*." Its motto is from Rousseau:—

"*Le masque tombe, l'homme reste,*

"*Et le heros s'evanouit.*"

The masque falls—The hero disappears—

The *wretch* alone remains.

The pamphlet contains the following burst of gratitude to what they call the "*HOLY COALITION*"—or *covenant*.

"Thanks to you, coalesced Powers, who have stopped, who have put an end to the excesses of a monster, who ravaged the earth.—Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Members of the *holy coalition*, who have conquered peace, and present it to the world, thanks be returned to you! O Alexander! your name will be conveyed to posterity, the whole universe will pronounce it in shedding tears of admiration and gratitude. Yes, in future ages, our children will exclaim, "*BLESS ALEXANDER!* and *BLESS the REGENT of ENGLAND!* *Had it not been for them, we should not exist as a free people.*"

mistress of the world." To this object the ambition of her leaders had long been directed.

Her military institutions, the most respectable on earth, had enkindled a thirst for military fame, and laid a broad foundation for martial glory.

Apostate priests and illuminating philosophers, infidels and atheists of every description, had long been scattering their poison, and sowing the seeds of mischief, of disorder, and of revolution. By their assiduous labors in the cause of the Grand Apostate, they had contaminated every class. The whole body of the nobles was saturated with vice and vanity, corruption and irreligion; and even the lower orders were infected with a *moral taint*. Thus were materials collected, and an immense mass of combustibles thrown together, ready for explosion; and thus the way was prepared for the reign of anarchy, crime, and blood; for war and desolation, for victory and triumph. When the revolutionary flame burst forth the whole machinery was put in motion. France became to the moral and political world, a frightful VOLCANO, of which Paris was the *crater*, pouring out its destructive torrents, to deluge and desolate with their fiery billows the surrounding nations. England alone, of all the world, had the wisdom to calculate the effects of its baleful course, and the moral and the physical force to withstand its fury. England alone had the virtue and the courage, under the guidance of Providence, to say to its destructive tide, "*Thus far shalt thou go, AND NO FARTHER !*"

But in France the dreadful excesses, the revolutionary horrors, the murders, the miseries, and the desolating tyranny, which ensued, will shock the credulity of future generations. Suffice it to say, that JACOBINISM triumphed;—*Jacobinism!* the legitimate offspring of Infidelity and Democracy;—*Jacobinism!* the fiend of society—the foulest enemy of the human race:—

—————"Black it stood, as Night,"

"Fierce as ten furies,—terrible as Hell,"

"And shook a dreadful dart!"

During the reign of this execrable monster, government was declared to be tyranny; religion but the mummery of priestcraft; the divine institution of the sabbath was set aside; temples of JEHOVAH were converted into temples of *Venus*; and houses of prayer into dens of revolutionary thieves! The pious clergy, who would not conform to the new order of things, were either banished or butchered; and at length, it was gravely decreed, by a legislative assembly of the people of France, of republican philosophers, those enlightened reformers and friends of the human race, that "*DEATH is eternal sleep!*"—that "*THERE IS NO GOD!*"—And, to cap the climax of their blasphemy and

crimes, it was further decreed, by these august Legislators of the Great Nation, that homage should be paid to a HARLOT, under the heathen appellation of the "*Goddess of Reason.*" * Tyrants arose in rapid succession upon the graves of their predecessors, while the revolutionary axe was in constant operation, and the theatre of action became a field of blood.

Such was Jacobinism in France. Abroad it proclaimed, "*Peace to the cottage, but war against the palace*";—while it practically respected neither; but, like relentless death, knocked with resistless fury at the threshold of both. On its bloody banners were inscribed, "**LIBERTY AND EQUALITY**;" while the moving impulse engraven on the heart was,—"*Havoc, and Spoil, and Ruin, are MY GAIN!*"

A wide wasting scene of carnage and desolation ensued, prostrating, in its terrific course, over the continent of Europe, and sweeping, as it were, with the besom of destruction, every thing of law, order, or religion,—uprooting the foundations of society from their base,—subverting the established order of things,—reducing kings to dust, and raising up princes from the dung-hill;—overturning and destroying ancient institutions, founded in virtue, established in wisdom, sanctioned by experience, and rendered venerable by time; all, all for the pretended purpose of "*Reform*;" all for "*Liberty*" and the "*Rights of man*"!!

Under such auspices was the career of Jacobinism commenced:—and under such circumstances, and with such views, the immense physical resources of France were wielded at once by the most profligate, and daring, and despotic of the human race; varying often their means, their measures, and their men, but never losing sight of the great end, UNIVERSAL DOMINION. And, while the demagogues and tyrants of the day could carry victory abroad; and one nation after another was submitting to the conqueror, the people of France were pouring out their conscripts, and emptying their garners, apparently content to put on the garments of mourning, to sit in sack-cloth and ashes at home,—nay, to hug their chains, so long as the world was receiving *fraternization* and *French freedom*, at the point of a French bayonet!

If *Napoleon Bonaparte* had the address to accumulate more power in his own hands, and to retain it longer than any other demagogue in France, it was because no other was so wicked, so daring, and so despotic as himself. His reign was literally the reign of terror; his sceptre and his heart, as well as his crown, were made of *iron*.

* So true is the sentiment of a French writer—

"*Si Dieu n'existoit pas, il faut l'inventer.*"

If there were no God, man would invent one.

The Tyrant had apparently taken every precaution to perpetuate his power, as well as to extend his dominion. But the best concerted schemes of human wisdom are often confounded. His disposition was cold, and cruel, and relentless. Mischief and ruin were his delight. Egypt and Asia had felt his destructive sword; and almost all Europe had been deluged by him, with human blood. He had subjected all the Continental powers of Christendom. He boasted that he had "the power, and the disposition to surmount all obstacles." Kings were made and unmade by him, as in sport. He had blotted out empires; and, had it been in his power and necessary to effect the dark purposes of his soul, he would have blotted out the sun from the firmament; for his ambition extended even to the throne of the Most High!

In his character seem to have been verified the words of the prophet DANIEL. "A vile person, to whom they shall not give the honor of the kingdom, shall come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom by flatteries. He shall do according to his will, and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper—*till the indignation be accomplished*—For the ships of Chittim shall come against him,—therefore shall he be grieved and return, and have indignation against the holy covenant; and he shall have intelligence with them, that forsake the holy covenant. *And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall be corrupt by his flatteries*; but the people, that do know God, shall be strong, and do exploits.——And the king of the south shall be moved with choler, and shall come forth and fight with him, even with the king of the North. And he shall set forth a great multitude, but the multitude shall be given into his hands. And his heart shall be lifted up, and he shall cast down *many ten thousands*; but he shall not be strengthened by it. For the king of the North shall return, and shall set forth a multitude greater than the former, and shall certainly come with a great army and with much riches. And, in those times, *many shall stand up against the king of the South*.——So the king of the North shall come and cast up a mount and take the most fenced cities. And the arms of the king of the South shall not withstand, nor his chosen people, neither shall there be any strength to withstand. *Then shall he turn his face toward the fort of his own land: but he shall stumble and fall, and not be found—for he shall come to his end, and none shall help him.*"

Such is the language of prophecy; and have we not seen it *literally* accomplished? But three years since, how did the good man's heart despond, when almost every ray of hope seemed extinct? When he saw *Joseph Napoleon* placed on the throne of

Spain;—Austria secured by a matrimonial alliance;—Russia enforcing the Continental System;—And even Sweden, though beyond the reach of the victor's sword, yet, through the mere force of corruption and intrigue, tamely stooping to receive at his hands a Frenchman for a king!*

Nothing was now wanting to accomplish his object, but a navy to transport his conquering legions into distant quarters of the globe, and to enable him to scatter his destroying locusts, over the face of the earth:—and even this seemed almost within his grasp. At this moment, had there not been a superintending Providence, who orders all human events for the greatest good of his creatures, as well as for his own glory, every Christian patriot must have despaired.

But “the ships of Chittim came against him,” and there was a gleam of hope. A spirit of reaction appeared against the despot's power.

The fire of patriotism was beginning to burn in the peninsula. Portugal and Spain had commenced a struggle. The king of the north awoke from his slumbers, and shook off his chains! He opened his ports to British commerce. The king of the south was grieved. A SOLEMN TREATY was ratified between Britain and Russia. And behold his indignation arose against this righteous compact, or *holy covenant*. With our government, however, he had “intelligence.” He corrupted us “by his flatteries,” and we “did wickedly” against this holy league. At the moment when Napoleon, with the most tremendous effective force the world ever witnessed, marched against Russia, our war against England was declared. Had we been the avowed slaves of the tyrant, and proud of our chains; had we been a province, or department of France, we could not have done more to aid his wicked cause. Nothing could have been better calculated to create a diversion in favor of the tyrant. It was, no doubt, intended to paralyze the arm of Great Britain, by drawing her attention from Russia to Canada. But “the ways of the wicked do not always prosper.”

The only alleged cause of war, Orders in Council, was removed by the British, an armistice was offered, and Canada was left unprotected. But this would not answer the object of our Rulers. Peace, at that moment, did not come within the scope of their policy. The armistice was rejected; and, as if to exhibit the folly of self-confidence in our Rulers, and to defeat their wicked machinations, the whole strength of our national arm, which was bidding defiance to British power, and boasting, that it would “bring England on her marrow-bones;” this mighty arm of ours became very weakness before the feeble province

* Bernadotte, the Crown Prince

of Canada ! Two successive campaigns have presented but a series of disasters, of ruin and disgrace, of desolation and death !

In Europe, also, the King of the North, and the nations of the HOLY COVENANT prevailed. The people, that do know God, shall be strong, saith JEHOVAH, and "they shall *do exploits.*" Did God's promise ever fail ? When were such exploits ever performed, as have been achieved by Alexander and his great Allies ? When were such immense armies ever before arrayed for battle ? And when was Victory ever before so steady, so constant, so complete, so triumphant ; till the impious foe *was turned to the fort of his own land ; till he stumbled and fell ; till he came to his end, and there was none to help him !* A more signal overthrow has not been recorded in history, since the fall of PHARAOH and his wicked host in the *Red Sea.* And when, before, were triumphant victors so modest and humane, so humble and devout, so ready to ascribe the honor and the glory to Him, to whom it was due ? If Bonaparte was permitted to become, like ATTILA, "the Scourge of God," Alexander was raised up, like CYRUS, to be the *Deliverer of his people.* What an astonishing contrast do their characters exhibit ? And how perfectly parallel to the cause, in which they have been respectively engaged ?

Napoleon was one of our Modern Philosophers, who thought it of no consequence, whether his neighbors believed in "*Twenty Gods, or no God,*"*—so long as it did not *prevent HIM* from pick-

* See *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*, where this doctrine is boldly advanced. His words are these:—

"*It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no God ; it neither picks my pocket, nor breaks my leg. If it be said, his testimony in a court of justice cannot be relied on ; reject it then, and be the stigma on him.*"

"The stigma on him" !!—This would be but a sorry consolation, but a wretched indemnity to the innocent sufferer, whose life, character, or property might be staked on the rejection of an infidel's testimony !

Again—Speaking of the state of religion in Pennsylvania and New-York, in the same work, Mr. Jefferson says—"Religion there, is well supported ; of *various kinds*, indeed, but ALL GOOD ENOUGH ; *all sufficient to preserve peace and order.*" As if the preservation of "peace and order" were the main end of religion ! And, as if the "kinds," which answered that purpose, whether Jewish or Christian, Mahometan or Pagan, were equally good, and, in fact, "*good enough*" !!!—A stronger, or more unequivocal avowal of an INFIDEL HEART cannot be found in the writings of Voltaire, or of Hume, of Tom Payne, or Ethan Allen. If a stronger one is on record, it is in the blasphemous reply of Mr. Jefferson to a fellow traveller, who was noticing the ruinous and shabby condition of an old church, which they passed on the road. "*It is, indeed,*

ing *their* pockets, and breaking *their* legs. He was an Infidel in Paris, an Atheist at Rome, a Mussulman in Egypt, a pretended Messiah among the Jews, a proud contemner of God in Spain, and a child of blasphemy where ever he went. "He magnified himself above every god, and spoke marvellous things against the God of gods"! When he usurped the throne of France, and took the oath of fidelity to the nation,—"*I swear it,*" said he, "*I swear it, IN MY OWN NAME!*"

But look at the reverse. When Alexander was ready to join his army in this righteous contest, expecting to be long absent, he suffered himself to be detained three days in his capital, to organize an institution for the distribution of Bibles, and for the spread of the gospel throughout his vast, but benighted empire.

When he announced to his people the overthrow of the enemy, and their expulsion from his territory, he calls upon them, by Proclamation, to give glory to the Lord of Hosts; for this great work, said he, has been accomplished "*by no human arm!*"

When the fate of Germany was decided by the battle of Leipsic, behold *three mighty monarchs*, Alexander at their head, prostrate on their knees, with a loud voice giving "*Glory to God,*" while the attendant guards, following their great exam-

(said he) *in a wretched state; but it is GOOD ENOUGH for the worship of a God, that was born in a manger!*"

Can preachers, who advocate such a man, be called *Christian* preachers? Or the people, who elect him for their Chief Magistrate, be called a *Christian people*?

"*Like master, like man,*" is an old proverb. In most instances *infidels* have been appointed to important offices under the reign of Democracy; and in rare instances, (very rare, indeed,) have *pious* men been found in its service or employment. "*Look at that painted nuisance!*" said one of Mr. Jefferson's Cabinet Council [Dearborn] as he passed a meeting house in Connecticut. And he added, as his opinion, that "*so long as our temples stand, we cannot hope for order or good government.*" [See "*Memoirs of the Hon. Thomas Jefferson.*"]

How different the language of Washington in his *Valedictory Address*! "Of all the dispositions and habits, (says he) which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are *indispensable supports*.—In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that *morality* can be maintained *without religion.*"

Such is the difference of principle between Washington and Jefferson; and precisely such is the spirit, which has characterized their respective administrations—and, we might add,—the two parties.

ple, thankfully shouted, "*The Lord is on our side! Brother, the Lord is on our side!*"

Alexander, arrived in Paris, having accomplished the deliverance of Europe, we find a chapel consecrated to his use, where he daily repaired for his morning and evening devotions, joining the loud chorus in anthems of praise, and shouting—"Blessed be thou Lord God of Israel, our Father, forever and ever! For thine is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty! Thine, O Lord! is the kingdom, and thou reignest over all—blessed forever more!"

May not a compact between a "praying people,"* a nation so justly styled "**THE BULWARK**" of *evangelical faith*, and such illustrious and devout Allies, a compact too for the deliverance of Europe, and for the moral and political salvation of the world, be truly called a **HOLY COVENANT**? And have we not, as a nation, has not our Government, has not our Executive, been corrupted by the flatteries of this king of the south? Has he not had *intelligence* with our Administration? And have we not done wickedly against this holy covenant? Look at the secret history of our relations with France. Look at the cabinet mysteries, by which we have been juggled into the war against the Allies. Trace the mystic mazes of that labyrinth of intrigue, by which we were drawn into this wicked contest. Will it not appear, that **MR. MADISON** has been guilty of **HIGH TREASON** against the majesty, against the rights, and liberties of the American people by *co-cealing*, for nearly one year, *Napoleon's repealing decree*, lest the British government, by revoking also their Orders in Council, should prevent our declaration of war? Such is my firm and solemn belief; a belief founded on circumstances, which, in my estimation, are sufficient to satisfy any independent court and jury. If so, it is certain, that Napoleon, in the words of the Prophet, had "*intelligence*" with us; that is, *a secret understanding* with our Administration. He corrupted us by his flatteries, and we have done wickedly against this righteous league, or holy covenant. †

* "*A praying people.*" Democracy will sneer at this. But it is no reason, why the fact should be kept out of sight. I am indebted to a respectable clergyman [Professor Shurtleff] for the phrase. When the tyrant seemed every where triumphant, and the British, under General Moore, were flying out of Spain, "The friends of liberty and religion," said he, "must not yet despair;—*the English are a PRAYING PEOPLE*, and I cannot but think, they will yet prevail!"

† It will be at once perceived, that there is a little *transposition* of the verses quoted from the 11th chapter of Daniel. In the order presented, they prophetically give the *history of Bonaparte*. I am aware, that commentators have considered the "*vile person*," as al-

How then can we expect to prosper, as a nation? If Mr. Madison, through passion or prejudice, has drawn us into this war, does not the sin lie at his door? and is not he responsible, though not exclusively, for the blood, which has been shed? Is not our war obviously identified with that of Napoleon? Have we not shaken hands with Antichrist, and caused ourselves to be defiled with the blood of the Beast?—Have we not reason to believe our government is actuated by the same spirit of irreligion, delusion, and lies?—The same implacable hatred and malignity against Great Britain? The same self confidence and boasting, the same neglect, nay, contempt of religion? Do our present national rulers at Washington confess God before men? * They have not, indeed, like the rulers of France, for-
 luding to Antiochus Epiphanes, a king of Syria, as *typical* of a great ATHEISTICAL POWER, which was to rise up in the latter times, and which they now suppose to be that of revolutionary and imperial France. And far be it from me to pervert or misapply a single paragraph of scripture. But the application I have ventured to make, is so striking *in all its parts*, that I could not resist the temptation to give it. Indeed, if this quotation alludes to the atheistical power of France, as the great *antitype* in the prophet's mind, I can see no reason why the application should not be direct to the "vile person" of BONAPARTE, in whom that power has been swallowed up and, as we now humbly hope, *consummated*. Admit this, and the rest is irresistible. The ships of Chittim are the British Navy. The *Sanctum fœdus*, or "holy covenant," literally agrees with the character of the solemn league, or treaty of alliance, between Alexander, the Prince Regent, and Bernadotte, for the deliverance of Europe. It may also have, it is true, as is common in prophetic language, another allusion. That Bonaparte has long had *intelligence* with our rulers, that he has corrupted them *by his flatteries*, and that they have done *wickedly* against the righteous league in their declaration of war, can be denied by no candid and discerning man, who will honestly open his eyes.

* It is an extraordinary fact, that our democratic presidents while at the head of our national affairs, should neither of them be in the habit of attending public worship, nor of having the duties of a chaplain performed in their families, or at their tables, *even when a chaplain of the national legislature, and other clergymen are present*. This not only proves their own want of religion, but their utter contempt for the feelings of pious and devout men:—nay, it evinces a most melancholy truth, that we are not, as a nation, a moral and religious people. Else would our rulers, who, in every thing besides, regard their own popularity, as the *one thing needful*, find it necessary to respect the outward FORMALITIES of religion, at least, for *decency's* sake.

Under General Washington, *Chaplains* were found useful in our armies. Now it is thought, we can get *along* without them! Our modern Generals depend on their own strength!!!

mally decreed, that "there is no God;"—but in their works *do they not deny him?*—Have we not once placed an avowed Infidel in our executive chair? Do the heads of our cabinet attend public worship?—Do they acknowledge the superintending care and mercies of the Supreme Being, in their armies, in their families, at their tables, or in their closets? If they do none of these things, can they be actuated by that *righteousness, which alone exalteth a nation?* Have they not been leagued with the Destroyer in this unholy contest? Already do we behold the fatal effects of entrusting the government to such weak and unprincipled men. Look at the wretched state of our war against Canada, which was to have been but the amusement of a few weeks! See Commerce destroyed! a monstrous system of war and taxation, of wickedness and misery entailed upon our country! An enormous public debt already contracted, and public credit about to expire! *Bread is, indeed, taken from the mouth of labor.* Our young men are forced into the field to fall in battle, and the mourners are going about the streets! A total want of talents has been manifest in those, who have conducted our military operations. Our hold on the Fisheries, an inexhaustible source of wealth and enterprize to our countrymen, was foolishly *let go* by the declaration of war; and, if we get them again, it is obvious, we must owe it to British magnanimity, not to the wisdom or energy of our MEN OF WAR. Louisiana and Florida, a hard bargain from the beginning, must now be given up; and where shall we look for our *Fifteen Millions?* Go to the Island of Elba. There we shall find it in "*the love of Napoleon*"!!! This is all the boon we now enjoy for the mighty ruins his policy has scattered around us. And what is it worth now?

"*But yesterday (indeed) he might have stood against a world—*

"*Now none so poor to do him reverence.*"

Like the murderer Cain, he is a wretched wanderer: and, where ever he goes, while he retains the power of reflection, a hell will burn in his bosom. The spirits of the murdered brave will haunt him. His once favorite KLEBER; the virtuous PALM; the brave and generous duke D'ENGHIEN. And will not the great MOREAU rise up and reproach him? Will not his own sick soldiers, to whom he gave the poisoned bowl at *Jaffa*? Will not the disarmed prisoners, he so barbarously butchered in cold blood?—Nay, will not the millions he has led, like sheep, to the slaughter, to satiate his ambition, or to glut his revenge?—The millions whom he has

"*Cut off, even in the blossom of their time,*

"*No reckoning made, but sent to their account*

"*With all their imperfections on their heads.*"

Could you now view him in the solitary hour of his retirement

“when conscience “wakes despair,” you would behold wretch, by reflection stung even to agony! You might hear him exclaim in the language of the fallen *Lucifer*,—

“Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell!
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!
 O then at last relent. Is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?—
 None left but by *submission*; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame.
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc’d,
 With other promises, and other vaunts,
 Than to submit; boasting I could subdue
 Th’ Omnipotent! Ah me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell;
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery! *Such joy ambition finds!*”

Give Mr. Madison, whom Napoleon has recently announced to the world, as the last friend, who remained true to his cause, —give him the same opportunity for retirement and reflection, and how far he may partake of the same feeling—*is not for me to say.*

Oh, had he but known, and regarded in the days of our peace, the things, which belonged to our peace!

But in Europe, the war is now closed. The agony is past, and her destinies are decided. The potentates of Christendom, leagued in a righteous cause, are now a **BAND OF BROTHERS!** A permanent peace is, ere this, established, and the covenant is sealed. The question of free trade and sailors’ rights; of search and impressment; of free ships and free goods; of retaliation and blockades; will all have been discussed and settled, *against our cabinet*, on the old well known, and long established principle of *international law*; and, deserted as we now are by Napoleon, we shall be left *alone against the whole Christian world!* The grounds, on which the cabinet commenced and have supported the war, will be found as untenable as fairy land; as unsubstantial as the “baseless fabric of a vision!” And our rulers must now give us **PEACE**; or they must give us **TOTAL RUIN!** By the former they will save their country from *further* misery and degradation; but they will sink themselves, together with their policy,

and their party, into that pit of infamy and disgrace, which, in spite of every admonition from the disciples of Washington, they have long been digging for themselves and their country. They must abandon every inch of ground they have taken to justify the war. They must admit the correctness of FEDERAL POLICY, and confess the errors, by which they have, thus far, deluded the good people of this country; or they must, by an obstinate perseverance in their system of wickedness and folly, compel the British government to make us *feel the war*; to invade, plunder, and destroy indiscriminately, till they have driven both parties heartily into it, for the common defence; thus hoping to bury their own disgrace, in the general havoc and ruin around them! Dreadful alternative!—Which of these courses they will pursue, let time determine. But from the character, which our cabinet has thus far exhibited in relation to the war, shall I be uncharitable to suppose *they will incline to the latter*? Will they not prefer the ruin of their country to their own disgrace? Yes—they would call on the rocks and mountains—Nay, they would invoke “a war of elements,” and the “crash of worlds,”—to hide them from the wrath, from the just indignation OF AN ABUSED AND DELUDED PEOPLE.

GENTLEMEN OFFICERS, AND BRETHREN OF THE WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY!

WHEN we cast our eyes around, and behold the present groaning and degraded state of our once happy country, when we witness those ruins of our infant greatness, which Democracy and Jacobinism, Napoleon and Demagogues, have scattered around us, how consoling the reflection to every true DISCIPLE OF WASHINGTON, that he can proudly say,—*My hands have not done this—Such are not the fruits of my labors, or of my counsels. I have neither part nor lot in this matter. I am innocent of the blood of this unholy war!* Had the wisdom and prudence, the maxims and counsels, had the great example of our illustrious Chief been followed by his successors, our situation would now have been prosperous and happy, beyond description.

“O fortunatos nimium! sua si bona norint!”

Had MONROE'S Treaty not been rejected, and an honest neutrality preserved, the evils of which we now complain, would never have existed. The Orders in Council had not been known, and the subject of *impressment* would have been placed on a footing “both safe and honorable for our country.” Our commerce would have been wafting in every breeze, our national debt have been nearly extinct. Our Treasury filled to overflowing, and our public credit on the most elevated ground. The American

flag, now waving in every distant port, would have been every where respected; and the rising republic of *the United States*, would have been the admiration and the envy of the Christian world!

How then should we now exult in the deliverance of Europe! How should we rejoice, to see every Christian nation imitating *our* great example in throwing off their chains, and becoming, like us, free, sovereign, and independent! How should we rejoice to see those great nations, which know and acknowledge God, so gloriously triumphant, and the cause of *evangelical faith* so rapidly spreading into every region of the habitable globe!

Go on, Brethren, and do your duty: You have a great work to perform. Be just and fear not. Let your institution be like a city, which is set on a hill;—like a light, which shineth in a dark world. Follow the example of your illustrious Leader. To do good and communicate, despair not. Open the eyes of your deluded neighbors. Set them an example of *moral rectitude*. Teach them that it is righteousness only, which exalteth a nation, and that sin is a reproach to any people; that the ways of political, as well as of moral wisdom, are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are **PEACE**.

Altho' clouds and thick darkness are round about us, yet we must not despair. Though God chastises, he will not utterly destroy nor forsake us. *The reign of Democratic Tyranny and delusion will speedily come to an end.*

A new era is commencing. A golden age of peace, and light, and liberty, is dawning upon the globe; and, in spite of all human policy, in spite of Satanic guile, *the Kingdoms of this world are about to become the kingdoms of our LORD and SAVIOR.*

NOTES.

[Page 8. "Napoleon is our King."]

It ought not to be forgotten that *Duane*, an Irish renegade, (via Calcutta,) for many years the Editor and proprietor of the *Aurora*, a paper, which has ever been devoted to the interests of Mr. Jefferson and Democracy, and at the same time to those of the Demagogues and Tyrants of France, has uniformly been a distinguished favorite with our present Rulers. When the great and good WASHINGTON retired from office, this hireling wretch was a laborer in the democratic vineyard. The event was hailed in the *Aurora* as "a day of Jubilee," because "the man, who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country, is this day reduced to a level," &c. and again, because—"The name of Washington, this day, ceases to give currency to POLITICAL INIQUITY, and to LEGALIZE CORRUPTION." It is added—as "a subject of the greatest astonishment, that he [Washington] " should have carried HIS DESIGN, against the public liberty so far, as to have put in jeopardy its very existence!"

—————&c &c.

When Mr. Jefferson came into office, Duane was admitted to his table—to rich contracts—and apparently to his bosom confidence. He was made a Lt. Col. (of a Rifle corps, very properly) and under Mr. Madison, an *Adjutant General* of the Commander in Chief of our army and navy. When such a man is thus rewarded, who can believe, that democracy loves or reveres the name of Washington!

But reviling the name of Washington is not Duane's only passport to the favor of our Democratic Rulers, to the exclusion of native citizens. In 1809, when Mr. Jackson was sent as British Minister to this country, he was assailed in the *Aurora*, by a torrent of abuse, and "Copenhagen Jackson" was the theme of his *billingsgate* pen. Among other things were found in this paper a few Texts of Scripture, addressed to Mr. Jackson, about the time of his dismissal by our Government, the INITIALS of which, it was found, upon a sly inspection, composed the following Acrostic—

"NAPOLEON IS OUR KING!"

He was so indeed, the "KING" of our Democratic Rulers, and their pensioned, profligate, imported Editors;—but not of the people of the United States—not of virtuous, enlightened, and independent Americans.

(1) The morality of the war ought not to be overlooked. A war may be morally wrong, and yet, to a certain extent, it may be our duty, as citizens, to support it. We must obey every constitutional law. We must quietly submit to every constitutional draft on the militia. We must fight, when we are constitutionally called into the field. We must submit to the privations incident to a

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state of warfare. We must not afford *physical* aid, relief or comfort to the declared enemy. And we must **PAY OUR TAXES**, to whatever amount, *so long as we are able*. Nay, if a war of aggression on our part be *retaliated* upon us, it becomes our duty to act promptly and voluntarily *on the defensive*. No foreigner, *with arms in his hand*, should ever be permitted to set a foot on our territory.

But tho' all this undoubtedly comes within the range of civil and moral duties, yet, if the war be a war of *offence*—if it be, in our opinion, *unnecessary* and *unjust*, it cannot be consistent with those duties **VOLUNTEER** our personal services, or our pecuniary aid. In such a war it must be *morally wrong* to encourage or countenance it, either by lending money, or tendering our services to enable administration to carry it on. But when a people find themselves involved in a war, not by the aggressions of a foreign power, but by the wicked intrigues of their own Rulers; not for the purpose of repelling invasion, but for the conquest and ruin of a peaceable province; not to repel a savage foe, but to dispossess him of his hunting grounds; not to secure the rights of the people, but to promote the objects of a party;—not to humble a foreign enemy, but to foster the pride, to feed the prejudice, to gratify the ambition, and to satiate the thirst of lawless power, of those at the helm;—a war too, which must be ruinous, if not fatal, to our rights and liberties at home; in a war of tyranny against freedom—of Jacobinism against law and order—of Infidelity and falsehood against light and religion—in such a war, how can a prudent and wise, a moral and religious people take a part?—How can the republican, the patriot, or the Christian, pray for its success?—In such a war must not the interests of their country—nay, *their own interests* compel them, to pray for the success of the declared enemy?—So long only, however, as the war on the part of Government continues to be *offensive and unjust*. Is it not the duty of every honest and enlightened citizen, viewing it in this light, to **OPPOSE THE WAR** by his tongue and his pen;—to tear off the mask of delusion from the eyes of his neighbors;—to expose the folly, or the wickedness of infatuated Rulers;—and to endeavor, at every hazard, to stay their destructive course, to produce a constitutional change of measures and of men, in order, if possible to save his country?—If such be not among the highest moral duties of a good citizen, I know not, I must confess, in what they consist.

(2.) It has long been a favorite opinion with our Democratic Rulers and their misguided followers, that Great Britain was about to sink under the weight of her public debt. Thomas Payne, the Infidel, more than twenty years ago wrote a pamphlet to prove, by a kind of mathematical demonstration, the precise moment, when her government would be dissolved, and the glorious triumph of anarchy and the guillotine commence. The period he assigned has, however, long since past, and *England is yet safe*. One

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reason rendered by Mr. Jefferson to a friend, for rejecting Monroe's Treaty, was, that "within two years, *Britain will be down*, and its Government in no situation to carry *any* treaty into effect!" Such has been the hope, and the creed of Mr. Madison—and such the hope and the creed of every democrat in the United States, and of every Jacobin, and of every Infidel *the world over*.

But such has *not* been the hope, nor the belief, of devout men, of rational republicans, and friends of humanity. With the great and good Governor STRONG, they have viewed Great Britain, as (under God) the "Bulwark of our religion"—as the strong mountain of *evangelical faith*—as "a praying people," which would finally prevail against the powers of darkness and delusion, of Atheism and Infidelity, which were now overrunning the world. Such was the opinion of the Rev. Dr. BUCHANAN, author of "Christian Researches in Asia."

"*Latterly (says the pious Doctor) it should seem, as if GOD had selected this nation, [the British] as formerly his chosen people Israel, to preserve among men a knowledge of the true religion; for we have been called to stand up, as it were, between the living and the dead, in defence of Christian principles. And altho' it be true, that we have fought rather for our country than for our religion, yet it is also true, that religion is, in present circumstances, identified, in a certain degree, with the existence of our Country; and we trust, that it is in the purpose of Providence by saving the one to save the other also.*"

Such has also long been the opinion of many other writers, conceived and cherished in the moment of her darkest perils. And this opinion is now proved to have been correct. *Gloria patri!*