

AN *J. L. Carter*

ORATION,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF PAWTUCKET,

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1814,

BEING THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Leonard
By JOSEPH L. TILLINGHAST, Esq.

PROVIDENCE:

PRINTED BY MILLER, GODDARD & MANN.

1814.

Pawtuxet, July 4, 1814.

SIR,

THE undersigned Committee, pursuant to a unanimous vote of the citizens of Pawtuxet, present to you their thanks for your patriotick and eloquent Oration, delivered this day before them; and request a copy for the press.

PELEG RHODES,
ELISHA P. SMITH,
WILLIAM RHODES,
JONATHAN ABORN.

JOSEPH L. TILLINGHAST, Esq.

Providence, July 6, 1814.

GENTLEMEN,

THIS Address, such as it is, is at your disposal. The approbation of so respected a portion of my fellow-citizens as those of Pawtuxet, will ever be remembered with gratitude.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH L. TILLINGHAST.

Messrs. PELEG RHODES,
ELISHA P. SMITH,
WILLIAM RHODES,
JONATHAN ABORN, } Committee.

ORATION.

THE solemn temples of Almighty God, throughout our land, are this day thrown open for the celebration of an event which gave dignity to man, and imposed a new claim upon his gratitude to Divine Providence. On an occasion so august, it becomes all who take an active part, whether as humble organs of the publick sentiment, or as members of those splendid assemblies that countenance and grace the appointed exercises, to purify their spirits from all vain and degrading impressions; to shut their bosoms against the anxieties of passion, prejudice and interested speculation; and, withdrawing, for a space, from the bustling idleness of busy life, to lay their thoughts and feelings before Him who gave the blessing which they commemorate. And, although the times in which we live have become gloomy to our souls and awfully portentous to our country, yet may we justly, on this day, lift ourselves above the storm that howls about our habitations, and expatiate upon those heights of perpetual sunshine, which the memory of happier days exhibits; the bright glory whereof no shadowy tempest of time can ever reach to tarnish. An occasional refuge from the present to the honourable past, is not only grateful to the feelings, but useful to the character. It encourages and confirms the patrick heart. It brings us to view the value and the price of liberty. It stamps upon our minds the principles and virtues which must work out our political redemption.

The spectacle exhibited by our republick on claiming her rank amongst the nations, was as unexpected as it was grand. The world had, shortly before, seen a few romantick adventurers and persecuted pilgrims banish themselves from the abodes of civilized men, to seek a resting place in the depths of an untamed wilderness. It

now saw this wilderness teeming with fertility under the hand of cultivation; bearing upon its broad bosom the domes of art and wealth; spreading its arms of inland sea and billowy stream around a people busy, sagacious and brave, whom the happiest of climes and ages would have been proud to own. With amazement it saw this infant and almost unknown people lifting the bannered stars of freedom against the blaze of European armour, and making the annunciation of its independence heard above the thunder of a thousand cannon. The old world was hushed into silent attention. Even the nations of continental Europe paused, for a time, from the bloody work of their own wars, and there was peace amongst them while they gazed upon this vigorous struggle between power and virtue. And not till success began to declare itself, did any one venture to interfere. Divine strength inspired and distended the bosoms of the injured. Chains burst from their sinewy limbs like Philistine withs from the vigorous Hebrew. Oppression grew pale on perceiving that the death it inflicted as a punishment was sought by the victim as an honour. For the indignant tide that swelled the veins of freemen was proud to be offered upon so holy an altar as their country's soil; to so holy a divinity as her liberty. The master spirits who then, like bright displays of morning, rose and ruled in our hemisphere, brought a lustre there which, however succeeded by more malignant aspects, will not be forgotten. Every honourable heart is a shrine to their honour. The institutions they established are the monuments of their fame—more imperishable than marble or bronze; proof to the touches of time till virtue is extinct. The firm bases thereof are founded in publick good; the shafts, relieved by human gratitude, tower in the majestick memorials of glorious actions; the capitals glow in the blessing of God. What need, then, to particularize the names and deeds of these great men? Do not your babes lisp them amongst their earliest efforts of speech? Does not tradition repeat them with pride, and exhibit them as models for statesmen and patriots of successive time? Whoever is yet ignorant, let him go ask those few white-headed relicks of former battles, whom we sometimes see

amongst us, tossing the limbs that remain to them, in triumph at the thought that the others were lost under the eye of a Washington or a Greene. Let him ask the historians of that nation whose nobles stood awed in the presence of a Franklin, and trembled under the effect of that penetrating policy which, like the lightning he subdued, searched and crushed their unripe projects, and rent the immense fabric of their empire asunder. Nay, let him range from the frozen to the burning bounds of earth, and take the story from the fur-clad Laplander or panting Hindoo.

And while our bosoms swell with excusable pride in the events of that momentous period, let us not forget the national and individual sufferings which attended their accomplishment. These we should remember not merely for the purposes of sympathy; but also that we may justly estimate the magnanimity of the sufferers; and feel the extent of the sacrifices due to Freedom. These motives for calling to mind the miseries of the conflict are worthy, are useful. Others in which we might indulge, would partake of impolicy and unworthiness. This is not a day for the excitement or perpetuation of national enmity. Happier should we now be had it never been polluted for such purposes. The veil of charity has been angrily torn from injuries which she would fain and justly cover. Memory has been compelled to give up all her stores of bitterness to serve as food for a malignant hatred. Is it dreaded, as an evil, that our ferocious passions will expire for want of fuel? Let the Christian politician, whose religion commands him to forgive not only past and atoned, but present injuries, go and learn magnanimity from the red savage whom we have driven from the habitation of his fathers. Even he, when the war and its object are accomplished, sits down in fellowship with his late enemy, and smokes the calumet of oblivion and peace.

The hereditary feuds of individuals are fountains of crime and wretchedness. But the hereditary animosity of nations is far more terrible. Wherever it prevails, war waits not for injury, but opportunity. Prejudice usurps the sway and sword of justice, and profanely immolates, at her own shrine, domestick happiness and

national prosperity. Successive generations find themselves foes from causes of which they are often ignorant, or would be ashamed if they knew. If we want warning on this subject, it is not necessary to recur to the sad memorials of Sparta and Messene, nor to the more recent ruins of Carthage and Rome. Let us look at France and England, long the leaders of the modern world, perpetual rivals in power and arms; with whom mutual hatred and contempt have been more faithfully cherished than even their religious distinctions. Had their rivalry confined itself to those arts which progress in friendship, and tend to permanent greatness, what waste of life and magnificence might have been spared! What volumes had been saved from the catalogue of human crimes! Let us extend our view to the northern contests of the Russian and Turk, in which humanity shudders to think that the actors were men; where gigantic Revenge, that faints not in the lapse of centuries, assumed the holier armour of patriotism, and glutted itself on spoils of smoking cities and streams of infant blood.

When such events become honourable to national character, then, and not before, let us cultivate perpetual hatred of the people whose fathers were unjust to us. Then, and not before, let us spurn the precepts of our religion; shut out human nature from our hearts; like Hannibal, swear never to forgive; and devote ourselves, our country and our posterity wretched and bleeding victims to a sentiment which forms the severest hell of him who first fell from Heaven.

But while correct moral principle forbids us to harbour an unrelenting enmity, prudence equally demands that we cherish no habitual partiality for any foreign nation. Partiality, founded upon mistaken gratitude, seems so much more congenial with our better feelings than its opposite, that we almost commend ourselves for yielding to its impulse. But the nation that indulges in it too soon finds that she has shunned the frightful aspect of Charybdis only to fall upon a fair and deceitful Sylla, whose dangers are no less terrible because concealed beneath a more seducing form; and that her only safety consisted in an even, though difficult, course between the

two. We err in politicks when we suppose that the favours which one nation confers upon another, are disinterested. Self-interest is thought, by some, the moving spring of all human action. With respect to nations this is literally true. The court-bred politician is a being of cold calculation. He consults his own fame and security by increasing the power of the nation he manages. The mysterious and impenetrable circle in which he moves is one from which all warmth of feeling is excluded. The names that excite it he uses as instruments which can be brought to bear with best effect upon the subjects of his policy. Whatever step will further his views, his ingenuity is not at a loss for means to give it moral plausibility. When war presents to his avidity a prospect of acquisition, the honest indignation of the people is roused by exhortations upon violated rights and long forgotten claims. When peace is indispensable for healing the broken fragments of the empire, he assumes the language of humane forbearance, and makes the dictate of necessity pass for the impulse of magnanimity. When a powerful neighbour is to be reduced, he graciously assists its enemy, paints the duties which mankind owes to the injured, and secures the double object of straitening a rival and strengthening himself with a friend. And from this new friend, decoyed into his toils, he expects a more patient and absolute obsequiousness than even from the domestick subjects of his authority. The arts of political managers are so well known to each other that it would seem easy to avoid becoming their dupe. Yet the secret, but commanding influence which one nation is able to obtain in the councils of another, by peculiar relations, imaginary favours, well-directed terrors or omnipotent corruption, is so frequently displayed in history, that it cannot now surprise by novelty. Against such an influence let us hope that this nation will, in future, be well guarded. If not, in vain may our constitutions and declarations of independence proclaim us free. To those who are slaves in fact, it is but a miserable consolation that they are not so in form. We are then victims to a voluntary blindness. The world sees our shame and we only perceive it not. Insults we receive as condescensions. We give our strength to the power that

grows great to crush us. Like the mercenary adventurer, but without his reward, we become the tools of another's aggrandizement or revenge. Led by the fatal predilection we find ourselves, in evil hour, arrayed on the side of vindictive and infidel ambition against the defenders of the oppressed; and are imbued in the guilt of those whom God selects for the visitations of his judgments.

If it is thus dangerous to indulge either in habitual enmity or habitual partiality, what would be the fate of a nation whose political guides had madly inculcated both? whose unabating rancour towards one foreign power had been equalled only by the severity of their attachment to another?

United as our country is by a compact of independent States, it is our duty, on this day, to revolve in our minds the causes and principles of our union. Amongst these, in a distinguished rank, is commerce. And to such an event this general bond and pacificator of nations might well contribute. The promotion of friendly compact and amenity, amongst States as well as individuals, is its immediate consequence. As often as its busy hum shall be suppressed, and the noble range of its free unfettered motions bound up in tyrannick limitation, so often will the alarming murmurs of discord, and gloomy movements towards severance and conflict, be witnessed in their stead. By a strange perversion of political philosophy it has been attempted to discredit this honourable pursuit, and to subject the merchants, those liberal supporters of every establishment of state, to cold discouragement and sarcastick ridicule. The mind that knows the springs of political grandeur will scorn this attempt. In the first dawn of arts and social liberty upon the ancient world, it was commerce that led on the day. It wakened the savage tribes of men from the troubled sleep of ignorance. It united them in leagues of mutual interest. It opened to their use the thousand walks of industry. States rose and flourished in the security of strength and beauty of decoration. Earth and the hitherto barren deep, gave up their several treasures. The mind of man expanded, and his existence was enlarged. When Europe, in later times, began to emerge from what are

called the dark ages—from a darkness produced by the contempt of every pursuit but that of arms—it was Commerce that gave the first promise of restoration. On the shores of the Mediterranean and the German seas, its peaceful flag gathered the sons of industry. Forests of masts and towers and spires of magnificent cities began to be reflected from the late desolate wave. A league of union amongst these cities was the immediate consequence. The increasing vigour of circulation roused the body politick from the torpor of servitude. Freedom woke from her long and iron slumber, to reinstate man in his former majesty. Sciences and arts revived. The noble productions of antiquity were brought to light from the ruins in which they lay buried. Earth and the deep again yielded their treasures. The spirit of commerce, attended by a spirit of improvement and research, ranged abroad to enrich and adorn the regions over which they passed, and a new world was discovered, destined to surpass the glories of the old.

It has been said that commerce has a debasing influence upon the minds of the individuals engaged in it. That this class of men, as well as every other, contains instances of a contracted disposition, will not be denied. But is it fair to impute every instance of this kind to the nature of the pursuit? It seems difficult to imagine how the same pursuit can advance the liberal arts, the knowledge and the liberty of a nation, and yet produce individual ignorance, narrowness of mind or servility of temper. The intelligent merchant, it is true, is not employed in framing speculative systems of politicks and philosophy. But the course of his life puts him thoroughly in possession of the facts on which such systems, if just, are founded. His view embraces the world of land and waters. He sees man in all his disguises, and traces human actions through their various modifications up to their secret springs. To those who gaze from the highest elevation of *Ætna*, the isles and coasts which, below, were beyond their vision, seem brought within their reach around the base of the mountain. So the accomplished merchant, from the elevation of his knowledge and experience, scans the most distant portions of earth

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within a diminished circle that his mind easily grasps. Intimately acquainted with different climes and races, his prejudices respecting them vanish. He explores their manners, their laws, and the sources of their wealth. Accustomed to ascertain values and advantages, he adds a sound judgment to extensive knowledge. The merchant is reproached with self-interest and venality. But his first interest is the prosperity of his country, for in that his projects flourish. His plans stimulate the labours of the husbandman to make the soil luxuriate in additional verdure, and blush with multiplied fruit: they keep in motion the thousand wheels of manufacture: they render the barrier ocean not merely a busy highway, but a productive field for the support of a hardy and dauntless race of citizens. His exertions adorn his country with the glorious garniture of fleets, and roll home upon its shores the wealth of other climes. Involved in a pursuit which perishes under restriction, and attains its healthiest vigour when least shackled by regulation, he acquires an impatience of arbitrary control—a habitual bias in favour of general freedom. Thus commerce and freedom have flourished together. The Hanse towns were not more distinguished for the one than for the other. Venice and Genoa, the most commercial states of their time, were also the most free. The republic of Holland, too commercial for servitude, quickly outstripped the traffick of the whole Spanish monarchy from which it was severed.

Let us conclude, then, that they who proscribe our commerce are neither friends to our prosperity, our union, nor our liberty. Let agriculture still fertilize the soil and invigorate the patriot sinew for defence—it is the basis on which the vast machine of state rests: Let manufactures roll out the finished productions of human ingenuity for human convenience and enjoyment—they are complicated engines of the same vast machine: but stop not the movement of the noble wheel of commerce, which gives motion, life and grandeur to the whole; let its broad sweep continue amidst the flow of waters, and the arm of power cease to interfere with its vigorous rotation.

Out of commerce ought naturally to grow a navy. This is a species of defence which wise politicians from the moment of our union, have been anxious to see established. It possesses the advantages of warlike preparation, without the dangers. A standing army will subserve the purposes of domestick faction. But liberty feels no alarm from the strength of a navy. The head of empire is beyond its reach. Like the fabled bolts of Jove, it utters terrible and effectual vengeance, but cannot recoil upon the power that wields it. To our situation with respect to other powers, this kind of defence is peculiarly adapted. Occupying almost alone the immense continent in which our empire is seated, we fear no invasion but by sea. There, then, to secure our commerce, protect our cities and preserve our soil hallowed from hostile steps, should our force be planted. Were our means in this respect what, but for an infatuated policy, they ere now would have been, no armada could ever cross the Atlantick to overrun us with armies or redden our skies with flame. Before such an event, every separate wave of that vast ocean would be disputed; every surge that broke in the blaze of battle would tell of a buried enemy. Of this the gallant spirits, who animate that little fleet which we name a navy, have given ample promise. Already had the gaudy bird of France yielded the deep to our eagle, and the infidel crescent sunk with infamy in the tide of its own havens, when the present unhappy contest gave a new field for naval exertion. And however we may condemn a contest which furnishes on our part none of the nobler motives of patriotism, yet our national feelings are alive to the triumphs of our national flag. Our country rejoices in the possession of a prowess which will give her success in a juster cause. In every equal conflict our stars have soared, serene and inaccessible as those of Heaven. Eight times has that cross which held the world in awe bowed under their superiour influence. The thronged Atlantick, and the lonely Lake, have been shaken by the thunders of victory. Erie is recorded, for future ages, on the same page with Aboukir and Trafalgar: Erie, whose waves, almost in the same moment, grew dark for

the first time under the shadows of fleets, and glittered in the flashes that revealed our first conquest of a squadron. Our flag, that receives no stain, but from the blood of heroes who wrap themselves in its folds to die, has visited the confines of navigation, and is now waving securely over the isles of Indian seas. Our brave and skilful tars, nurtured under the discipline of commerce, have "plucked up drowning honour by the locks," and won from the deep a gem that with sereneſt ray pierces the shades of this dark hour.

Accord them the honours due to their heroism. They have earned them by toil and exposure. But let not their triumphs, or our sympathy, generate inclinations detrimental to publick happiness. Be satisfied with the possession of a valour which may hereafter conduce to defence. Hope not for conquest and the splendours of martial fame, unless you would entail splendid miseries upon your posterity. The pomp and array of hosts, the gleam of arms, the harness of generous steeds, and gallant sweep of banners, the enthusiasm of courage, the thundering shout of victory, the extension of power over submissive regions, are dazzling circumstances of war that captivate our imagination and swell our pride beyond the limits of our judgment. But these splendours are all external and unsubstantial. The nation that covets and acquires them may excite the fear, the admiration, even the envy, of others. But at home, grief and distraction and want and servitude shew their ghastly visages amongst her citizens. Exactions and conscriptions carry misery into every cottage, and sterility into every field. Short and transient is the shout of victory; but that anguish which causes the sob of the orphan, the wail of the widow, the tear of the parent, mournful memorials of the price of victory, hangs long and bitterly about the heart. The wounds given to publick health, repeatedly torn open and never allowed to heal, fester and bleed till the awful period of dissolution. To a citizen of such a State, of what service is it that the martial glory of his country has made her feared by all the world, when her pursuit of that martial glory has robbed him of his substance and his more virtuous vocations, broken

up his domestick comforts and perhaps given him a tyrant? The constant exertion of force is not strength, but the waste of it. The Farnese Hercules is sculptured in the attitude of rest. This statue has ever been considered the most perfect representation of personal strength. How fine a lesson does this convey to nations! Thus should the limbs of our empire preserve their vigour by repose, and silently gather growth and force for the period when they shall be roused to energetick action by attack. Then let them dilate themselves in the majesty of strength, and with matured, collected, united might, crush the invaders of the soil on which Heaven and the blood of our fathers gave them to rest.

Then, gentlemen of the military, under whose auspices we are met, then may the legitimate objects of your institution be accomplished. The martial ardour which has produced your association is liable to no reproach. It has for its end the defence of your country. Independent and unpaid, you have harnessed yourselves in season for the days of trouble. And when the verdure on which your childhood has sported is trampled by unfriendly feet, or scorched by the blaze of hostile artillery—when the freedom in which you participate, the fireside comforts of yourselves and countrymen, the tombs of your ancestors and temples of your God shall be threatened with demolition—events which we no longer view through the doubtful medium of possibility, but are compelled more to expect than fear—then, I doubt not, you will give proof that the spirit still exists which actuated that band whose only surviving member Sparta disgraced for his escape. Graceful are the badges of arms when voluntarily assumed by the citizen for his country's protection. Old age shews you its silvery locks and rejoices that they will be sheltered from dishonour. Helpless infancy gazes with admiration on your array and feels itself safe. In the sweet heaven of beauty's eye, that rests upon you, the kindling beam of confidence mingles with the smile of approbation.

The time is come when all whose arms have strength to wield the sword, may be speedily required to assume it. The sterner virtues must be drawn into action.—

We must learn to pass, without trepidation, from the deep repose of midnight, to the sanguinary confusion of conflict; to look with steady eye upon slaughter and conflagration; to forget, when we strike, that we are inflicting death. Happy would be the task of an orator, on this day, who had no other themes than those of his country's glory. But now iron times are come upon us. Our golden age is passed. Folly and presumption have lorded it in our councils, and exerted a wild and wasteful sway in every department of our empire. Folly and Presumption—I would it might be heard where conscience would startle at the sound—Folly and Presumption and something worse, have scattered our bright prospects and withered our strength, have let loose upon us calamity and terour, have involved us in disgrace and guilt. Without necessity or adequate motive, this Republick, which seemed raised by Heaven for the sanctuary of Freedom and Peace, this Republick, once independent in its glorious career, crowned with prosperity and honour, a splendid object in the eyes of nations, envied but unassailed, has invited to its bosom the commotions of that Europe whose soil is become slippery with blood. It is necessary to contemplate for a moment, that portion of the globe, in order to estimate rightly our own condition.

From Europe the tempest of strife has now passed away, to settle, perhaps, more tremendously upon us. A new sound has been lately wafted across the Atlantick. It is the sound of thirty millions of people offering up their idol at the shrine of peace and order: an idol whom they have worshipped, as savages sacrifice to the spirit of Evil, not through affection, but fear. The character of that ambitious being whose power has shaken the world, is thoroughly developed. It will form the most distinguished theme of future historians, who will, perhaps, be deemed fabulous while they recount his progress. Poets, in different ages, have searched all the resources of imagination for descriptions of a tyrant. He has realized them all. Must he be a usurper? Force and fraud seated him in a throne yet blushing with the blood of a martyred King. Must he be a murderer? The demons of

midnight that hid their faces when Enghein fell, proclaimed his right to the title. Must he be a conqueror? A continent of kingdoms, with all their solid and ancient establishments, has been trampled under his feet. Vast in conception, penetrating and prompt in decision, rapid and terrible in action, ever pressing forward to the accomplishment of a single object, indiscriminating in means, ferocious and unrelenting in execution, he seemed early destined to subdue and direct and wield that furious chaos which lifted him to his elevation. The remaining traits of his character are less imposing. A slave to an inordinate love of power, it was long doubtful whether his soul was capable of any other passion. Nor has the acquirement of power been sufficient. In every movement he wished to feel it and make it felt. Terror was therefore a more favourite instrument even than corruption. Fear, that secret chord which, more or less deeply concealed, will vibrate, if skilfully touched, in every human breast, he contrived to reach by avenues as various as the minds he assailed. Voluntary offerings he despised. Nothing was sweet that was not conquered. Of religion he disdained even the appearance, unless when other means of success seemed insufficient. In Italy he could be a Catholick, in Switzerland a Calvinist, in Egypt a Mussulman and Prophet, in his own bosom, always an Atheist. Silent, and, in the midst of crowds, solitary and desolate, he moved in a cold circle of reserve which no friendship or feeling could penetrate. For him no tender blandishment of love, no watchful solicitude of affection, no ardour of esteem or gratitude, existed. The universe, with all its substances and relations, he was accustomed to regard only as a vast depository of instruments useful for the attainment of universal dominion. In no other light did he view his talents, his wealth, his subjects, his alliances, his immediate kindred. His brethren were machines to be placed where they could operate with most effect. The wife of his bosom, like his breastplate, could be changed as convenience or policy required. Even in the son of his hopes he saw nothing but a security for the duration of his dynasty. The stern and seated melancholy of his

countenance revealed the utter barrenness of his soul in enjoyments. Riding amidst the blast of battle with slaughter in his van and waste and desolation in his rear—urging the hoofs of his steed over shattered thrones and demolished monuments of human greatness—or glowing like a demon, amidst the blaze of awful conflagration, his features would be visited by a transient gleam of pleasure, congenial with his gloomy soul.

Such was Napoleon in the days of his prosperity, when uninterrupted success threw a spell of invincibility about his person, and gave him to move upon the sublimest heights of human power. What he would be, when precipitated from those heights and divested of that spell, his ravenous ambition has brought us to see. The splendid titles and wide command which would have sufficed for twenty monarchs, were not enough. His restless spirit, or rather the providence of God stirring up that spirit to the retributive work of its own punishment, urged him to the invasion of that northern race whose only offence was their independence. Exhausting his vast dominions to swell the pomp and strength of his progress, the imperial conqueror moved at the head of a more powerful army than had ever before trod the earth. But what avails human strength against the sure vengeance of Heaven? The events that followed, almost too wonderful for belief, surpass description. Confusion, rout, and miserable death burst upon his legions in the midst of their pride. The patient Russ and daring Cossack, with all the countless tribes of the frozen zone, came pouring from their polar homes to chastise the audacious invaders of their snows. Moscow, wrapped in fire, shed its beacon light over Europe, and the arms of gathering hosts reflected the blaze. It seemed to the tyrant's eyes as if the very fields of former slaughter, which he had left desolate with death, were yielding up their slain to meet him again in battle. Where is he, while his late gorgeous followers perish by thousands beneath the severe blast of winter, or the severer edge of the Cossack sabre, and with heaps of their dead bodies obstruct the snowy roads of Russia? Where is he, while the captives whom he has abandoned to servitude and

toil are making a striking retribution for his crimes by re-building the imperial city which fell a sacrifice to his ambition? Alone, disguised, affrighted at the ruin, he is a fugitive over the continent which he lately traversed in triumph. Mean while the allied forces, like a vast sea of arms, roll on with overwhelming and invincible progress to the gates of his capital. Led by Emperours and Kings, hailed by the acclamations of long smothered loyalty, they enter that magnificent city to finish the glorious work of restoration. That city, magnificent with guilty spoils, and scarcely purified from the stain of revolutionary blood, but now repentant and enlightened, with joy throws open to the pious victors her civick halls and holy sanctuaries. The reign of right and order is restored, and the star of Napoleon the destroyer, yields, forever, to that of Alexander the deliverer. Where is he, again, while the empire which cost him his peace and conscience, is transferred from his possession, and the monarch whose rights he has so long usurped, the blood of whose kinsman is on his soul, is seated in his legitimate throne? Is he valiantly defending his claims with an unconquered spirit to the last, and seeking death where he cannot find victory? Will he give to his final hour a lustre that shall not shame the splendour of his life, and descend to his grave nothing less than Emperour and King? No. He is tamely stipulating for terms, and consents to live an exiled slave, so he may live and receive a pension. For the gold of the monarch that de-thrones him he sells his throne and his fame! His spirit, either broken by the weight of events so unexpected, or possessing, always, rather a bold temerity in pushing good fortune, than an intrepid fortitude to stem adversity, acts now without vigour and invites contempt. Thus has ended the great tragedy of Europe, which, whether we consider the august personages who have been performers, the rapidity and majesty of its incidents, or the surpassing grandeur of its concluding scene, has no parallel in history or fiction. To nations, its successive events, from the first movements of revolution, to the final downfall of usurpation, gives a more impressive lesson than philosophy could devise. It unfolds the objects

and progress of ambition. It displays in tremendous colours the horrors of civil commotion, and the accumulated miseries of a people addicted to martial glory. And let not the aspiring spirit who would be a tyrant, contemplate these events without improvement. Let him see how dark and comfortless is the bosom that usurps unlawful power; how terrible is the indignation of a world against crime; how mean a thing a despot is, when stripped of the splendours of success.

At this august development of the designs of eternal wisdom, every thing that is free and virtuous within us rejoices. Our minds lift themselves above the individual relations of our own community, and give thanks to Heaven for the emancipation of mankind. We congratulate that long suffering monarch who fled from the foot of the scaffold that drank his brother's and his sister's blood, to wander without home or country, and taste all the bitterness of persecution and dependence. His gray hairs have found honourable shelter in the home of his ancestors. The lessons of his adversity will conduce to the happiness of a loyal people. We congratulate that deluded people who excited the storm of revolution which they had not power to restrain, and were themselves a wretched sacrifice to the reign of crime they originated. They are exhausted and dispirited with suffering. Their numbers are mournfully diminished, and their old men are more numerous than their young. But under the shade of those ancient institutions which God has been pleased to re-establish with improvement, they have at length found repose. We congratulate the states of Europe who no longer suffer or anticipate the most cruel bondage that arms ever imposed upon mankind. Their fields will once more teem with secure fertility, and their commerce whiten the bosom of ocean. And let it not be forgotten that we have most ample reasons to congratulate ourselves. Too long was the balance of our destiny poised in terrible doubt. Nothing but an intrepid minority in our country has saved us from sharing, long since, the fate of Switzerland and Holland. We are left, it is true to contend alone with the nation which is now the most powerful upon earth. But better is the blow of an open

enemy that contends for definite claims which affect not our independence or internal freedom, than the ambiguous advances of a power whose designs rest in nothing short of universal sway ; who, under the mask of friendship, tramples upon our rights, warps our councils to his wishes, and marks us for his victim.

That we have been made the sport of such a power, and so unworthily hugged subserviency, as well as misery to our bosoms, embitters our feelings more than all the calamities of the war. Yet those calamities are great, and threaten to be greater. Could rulers but feel the responsibility which is attached to their high stations ; could their bosoms but wake to just remorse for the thousand pangs which their rash or corrupt policy has inflicted ; scarcely more torturing than theirs would be the reflections even of that banished butcher to whom they bowed ! He became the tyrant of a people torn by distractions and ripe for servitude. They have driven to the very gates of ruin a people whose prosperity, virtue and freedom were proverbial. Of his crimes he can at least say that they were the offspring of an able and independent mind. Whether so much can be said of theirs, the sagacious world has decided. It was left for them to exhibit to the world the novel spectacle of a nation completely divesting itself of its force, wealth and resources when on the eve of a contest with a superiour power ; and selecting for its foe, from two contending rivals, the one whose pretensions were least derogatory to its honour ; the one most profitable to it in peace, and most capable of injuring it in war. When we consider the hateful proofs of our connexion with the usurper ; the faithfulness with which we copied his continental system ; the facility with which we sacrificed to him our wealth upon the slightest pretexts ; the abandonment of that neutrality under the flag of which we were reaping the harvest of the world ; the insulting protection which he pretended to extend to us ; his arrogant commands for our co-operation at a time when our property was blazing in every sea by his order :—When we consider the internal events which have marked the progress of this war ; the servile doctrines which have been urged

for its support; the midnight massacre with which it commenced, intended to smother free discussion in blood; the exaltation of the military in many instances above the civil law; the dwellings of sleeping citizens broken open by armed force commissioned to drag the husband from the side of his wife and infants; our judges torn from their halls of justice to answer before martial tribunals upon charges affecting life; the waste of treasure wrung from the hand of patient industry; the alarming infringements of the constitution; the divisions of the people arising from their sufferings, and menacing civil strife; the bleak despondency, almost despair, that pervades the face of a once active and cheerful community:—When we consider the mingled imbecility and aggravation of our operations against the enemy; the exposure of our outlawed seacoast a defenceless prey to depredation; the fate of our northern campaigns, which, like that of our great prototype, had for their object the subjugation of an unoffending people, and have successively terminated in disaster and disgrace; the fatal incapacity which devotes the soldier to unobstructed slaughter or wasting pestilence, and brings contempt upon the name of our country—When all these things come rushing upon the mind, how can the blood of indignation that boils in the veins and burns upon the cheek, be composed to calmness? Yet let no man faint at means of redress which the laws do not authorize. It is better to be found suffering than doing wrong. There is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, if we know how to apply it. That constitution which has been too much violated, let us endeavour to guard from encroachment. But let us have all its benefits. Unfettered discussion, remonstrance, opposition, to measures that impair the freedom and honour which were ours by inheritance, we owe to ourselves, to our brethren, to the ashes of the mighty dead. And the right is as sacred as the duty is imperative.

When, or in what manner, our calamities will cease, it is not easy to divine. We have reduced ourselves to that most deplorable condition, dependence upon the magnanimity of an enemy whom we assaulted in his ad-

versity. But peace has become to us not merely convenient, but necessary. And perhaps when the sentiments excited by existing or recent events shall be softened by time, even the result of this calamitous conflict will be both useful to ourselves and advantageous to our national character. Our success in the war for independence, and in our subsequent resistance to France, evinced our ability to vindicate a just cause; in an unjust one it is more honourable and virtuous not to succeed. The brilliant exploits of our navy, the offspring of correct policy, shews that it is not degeneracy, but morality, that ~~relents~~ *relies* at uniting in the pursuit of a triumph which the conscience would disapprove.

Most of the alleged causes of this contest had ceased before its commencement. Are we still disposed to war for the protection of foreign seamen against their own government? Will sophistry continue to defend the pretext? This is now our sole ground of contest, and in this respect we are fighting for the establishment of a new law of nations. If a man is bound by no obligations to his native country, he may bear arms against it. He may desert it, with safe conscience, in war as well as peace; and, in the very hour of its invasion, has nothing to consider but the secrecy of his escape. The necessity of a general rule to ascertain what is a man's country is obvious. That of native allegiance springs from natural justice, has received the sanction of nations, and consists in a perfect reciprocity of rights and duties. There is not a power in Europe to which its natives, however naturalized abroad, may not at any moment return and resume all the rights of citizenship. This nation has recognised the same principle by continuing a naturalized citizen of France in its presidential chair. This perpetual privilege is not without its correspondent obligation. To object that we are not justly subject to the obligation, because it was created at our birth, without our consent, is as unreasonable as to urge the same objection against our obligations to parents and kindred, or deny that we are born subject to the moral and physical laws of our nature, because we did not consent to their establishment. Indeed the objection has

been urged in both instances by the same philosophizing spirit that would sever every hold which moral virtue has fastened upon human nature.

It is said that on our part this point will not now be urged. But do we know what will be urged on the part of England? Does she remember with contempt, or anger, our attempt to starve her in her long struggle, by withholding the produce of our harvests, the whole of which, if thrown yearly into her granaries, would feed her people about twenty days? Have we taught her that her colonies can grow rich without us? Will she wish to renew the competition of our trade in Europe? Will she remember that the privilege of our fisheries, as well as the relinquishment of the western posts, was granted us by treaties which no longer exist? Will the monarch of France remember our adherence to his enemies? Will he be gratified by the mourning of our government for his success, and the exultation with which it published false accounts of his overthrow? And Spain—will she remember the dismissal of her minister? Our support of the insurgents in Mexico? Our faithless purchase of one of her provinces, and cruel attack upon another, when she was unable to resist?

Will no voice be raised for the unhappy Creeks, whom we have more nearly exterminated, than conquered? Unfortunate race, whose misery consisted in their vicinity to us! Victims to the vulture spirit which thirsted for the last drop of their blood with the last acre of their lands! While man is silent over their wrongs, will not the Christian's God avenge them? It was bitterly said of the Romans that when by slaughter they had made a solitude of a nation, they then boasted that they had given it peace. Such is the peace this virtuous Republick gives to the tribes whose soil it occupies. The Creeks would have been our friends: we might have had their support and their blessing. But we have taught barbarity to the very savages, and scarcely spared enough of their race to pronounce a religious curse.

Could we but keep from the too faithful scroll of history our publick measures of the last ten years, we might consent to stifle the recollection of them in our own bosoms.

But since the tale of our disgrace, as well as of our honour, must meet the eye of posterity, let us equally cherish the memory of both. The beauty and majesty of virtue are never more indelibly impressed upon the mind than when shewn in contrast with the deformity of its opposite. Mingle in the lessons of your offspring the sad detail of our humiliation with the sublimer events of our original glory. Let them see at the same time how loftily the mind of man can soar, and how meanly it can sink. While they glow with admiration at the grand spectacle of prosperity and splendour which springs from the nobler principles of action, teach them to shudder, also, at the dark scenes of calamity and shame which attend a departure from those principles. Above all, inspire them with an ardent veneration for that Patriotism which gives more than crowns to heroes, and more than conquest to Empires—which surrounded the brow of our WASHINGTON with lustres of immortality and led our Republick to her throne of Independence. Party spirit and tyrannick usurpation are the beings of a day. They may exult in their malignant fires, their guilty altars, their pedestals of short-lived triumph. But Patriotism is the sublimer growth of ages. Existing in immutable principles of human nature, the chief of many virtues and supported by them all, it knows no despair and scorns relaxation. Clothed in superiour light and glowing with intenser fire the more it is resisted; unchangeable in its object, inflexible in majestick progress, it in due time triumphs over the despot and the faction; and seats itself in a glorious temple of Freedom, reared upon their ruined monuments.