

*AN*  
*Address*

# ADDRESS,

MADE AT UNION, (MAINE,)

JULY 4TH, 1810.

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BY WILLIAM WHITE.

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CASTINE:

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1810.

*JULY 4<sup>TH</sup>, 1810.*

MR. WHITE,

THE undersigned, as the organ of the Federal Republicans of *Union*, request a copy of the Address you made to them this day, for publication.

NATHANIEL ROBBINS,  
EBENEZER ALDEN,  
J. W. LINDLEY.



*JULY 4<sup>TH</sup>.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE manuscript is at your disposal.

W. WHITE.

N. ROBBINS, Esq.

MR. E. ALDEN,

MR. J. W. LINDLEY.

## THE PUBLIC

Are advertised not to read a single page of this Pamphlet, unless they undertake it entirely at their own hazard—as the author has no concern in the thing—being determined to receive no reward from such as may be gratified with the perusal ; and to make no remuneration to those who may esteem their labor as lost.

## DEDICATION.

NEITHER through fear, or affection, but of mere charity—  
the author of these sheets bestows them upon that snarling,  
hungry *horde* of curs called “The Critics.”

## ADDRESS.

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**O**CCASIONS of public festivity are common to all nations—The bigoted Asiatic, through time immemorial, has never forgotten to commemorate the life and death of the holy CONFUCIUS. The untaught African observes, with religious exactness, his joyful anniversary, when the periodical waters of Abyssinia have tumbled from the mountains, and covered the banks of the sacred Nile. And every page in the Calender is filled by the different nations of Europe, with the various subjects of their annual celebrations. Each Saint has the appropriate honours of his order; every Prince his birth-day rout; and every King his coronation festival; while the Warrior, who returns from the field of battle with his garments rolled in the blood of his enemies, is met without the city, and led in splendid triumph up to the foot of the throne of his Sovereign.

## AMERICANS,

YOU also have your days of national congratulation—You also have your days of public rejoicing. Of all which, the present is the most sublime, the most honourable, the most sacred. We are not convened basely to idolize a self-created Saint—We are not assembled meanly to flatter with false praise

the foolish vanities of a puny Prince—Nor are we summoned together by the arbitrary mandate of an absolute Monarch, to puff and proclaim the mildness and moderation of his reign, while his desperadoes are lurking at the outer gate, to destroy us when the dastardly service is performed.

AMERICANS are strangers to so base a slavery—Our service is free—Our object is glorious, and our hearts are joyful. This is the illustrious day on which our Fathers, inspired with the holy spirit of freedom, brought up the sacred ark of our liberty out of the land of bondage; and three millions of faithful votaries ran before it, shouting, “*Victory, victory:—Truth and principle have triumphed, and America is free.*”

WE are assembled to join in this glorious proclamation, and recount the joys of this day of jubilee. Come then, friends and citizens of all classes and conditions, come; let the industrious forsake their labour, and the anxious their care—Let the indigent forget their penury, and the sorrowful their woe, giving to benevolence the controul of the heart, and to pleasure the dominion of the passions; and all come up to the temple of Freedom; and I who am honoured with a place at the Altar, will receive your offerings, and mingle them with the incense of your grateful hearts, and the savour will not fail to be acceptable in Heaven.

IT is not desirable that the Speaker, should implicitly adopt the manner so generally pursued in celebrating this anniversary. Why should we again repeat the piteous tale of grief? Why again relate the hardships and sufferings which were paid in purchase of our freedom? Why should we open the wounds that are healed, and cause them to bleed

afresh ? Had I the powers of Angels, that I might lead you in transport to the field of battle, and there in your presence slay anew every hero that fell in the glorious conflict—what might it profit us ? The soul would sink in sorrow, and the heart, in the weakness of unavailing sympathy, would exclaim, against patriotism, that too immense a ransom had been given for our political redemption.

STILL were it possible, to add one gem more to the crown of glory already conferred on these political martyrs, sensibility should not be spared. But it were not possible. They have received all that the world can bestow, and have descended to the tomb ; and faithful history has recorded their memories in “ living green.” Nor can we bring any new tribute of honour to those who survived the mighty struggle.—Fancy has industriously culled the wide field of imagination, and gathered in every delicate flower ; and taste has apportioned them, with all her felicity, to the veterans who bravely offered their lives for the safety of their country. Thirty years have numbered most of this illustrious *Band* with “ the Fathers”—A few yet remain to tell eager curiosity what they themselves have seen and suffered—And their names are as bright as the silver of their locks.

OF the glory of achieving independence, we have no share ; Fame has indissolubly attached it to the names of our ancestors. But the privileges it confers are ours by inheritance—and these are deserving of all our watchfulness, and all our care.—The preservation of our civil institutions should be made the first object of public solicitude. To make them perpetual is a three-fold duty—we owe it to ourselves—we owe it to posterity—we owe it to the memory of those who established them. The

charter of our liberties was purchased with life, therefore will we with life protect it, as a monument consecrated to the valour of its authors ; and future generations shall pronounce it a nobler tribute, than columns of marble or pyramids of brass.

To impart this permanency to our federal compact, and give this durability to its provisions, we must place a check upon that restless spirit of innovation which has been the curse and scourge of man from earliest time. Our Constitution must be suffered to rest secure on its basement, unaltered, unmoved, untouched. By this quiet it will acquire character ; its forms will become fixed, its import clear, and its operation upon society will be well understood—But while it is suffering daily modification, and may literally be called the creature of yesterday, it is ever the subject of clamorous declamation, and its novelty destroys its claim on the public confidence. “ O shame where is thy blush.” Miserable demagogues, political apprentices, undertake to improve on the models of the sages—As well might Mahomet have assumed to improve on the system of the world—But let these innovators be told they are not to piece and patch our constitution, at pleasure. The delicate workmanship of the holy instrument will not endure it. like an elegant piece of Mosaic, it is so nicely checked and shaded, that any attempt at amendment or repair, is liable to destroy the beauty of the whole.

By this inordinate love of reform, we are not only exposed to all the imminent dangers of political experiment, but our institutions lose all that sanction and support which so naturally await an immemorial usage. Does not history bear testimony, that when one evil is cured by new modelling a form of government, that many others are usually



engendered of a much more malignant and inveterate nature. Look through the awful retrospect of a thousand ages, and you find this love of change to have sooner or later marred the integrity of almost every social compact. Most of the ancient governments, successively led by this same infatuation from form to form, ultimately threw themselves upon a rotten basis, and now century and century has rolled over them forgotten.

WHERE then is the boasted policy of modern time! We have all antiquity to teach us wisdom, and we learn nothing from antiquity but their fatal errors. We are aware of the evils that await us, and are not ignorant of the good within our reach, but have not the national virtue to spurn the one, nor the national courage to accept the other. Will not Americans be moved by truths like these? Will the honest feel no indignation? will the guilty feel no remorse? Shall this opportunity offered the American people to wipe away the foulest stain that has ever tarnished the character of humanity, be suffered to pass unregarded? Shall the historian of the next century devote a volume to the decline and fall of the American republic? Shall it be said a century hence that nothing remains of the once happy Columbia but "*Rocks, ruins, and demagogues?*"

GENIUS of Liberty! spare us the shame—God of our Fathers, commiserate their offspring! We will lay hold of the Angel of Truth, and he shall not go until he bless us—We will deserve his blessing—We will make the propitiatory sacrifice. *The over-weaning zeal of party animosity, that evil spirit of personal recrimination, and that dastardly Pride which meanly stoops to self-aggrandizement, shall be brought without the sanctuary, and the fire of manly indignation shall consume them together.*

This will evince to the world that man has *not* lost all his integrity. This will prove him capable of enjoying freedom with dignity. This will show him to possess that magnanimity of mind which disdains to exercise power in the oppression of right, and that benevolence of spirit which strives to make personal prerogative the most fruitful source of public good.

UNDER SO noble a renovation, we should see no more Absaloms, by the way of the gate, declaring to every one that goes up for judgment, “Your cause is good, but there is no one to hear you, make me judge in the land, and I will do you justice.” The invidious epithets of party distinction would be wholly forgotten, and the success of our political measures would rest upon the truth of principles, and not upon the falsehood of men. The arts would flourish to the surprise of highest hope; and the fine arts be polished to Roman and Athenian perfection. Agriculture would become rich; and commerce, like the fabled philosopher’s stone, would convert every substance to gold. Thus would Columbia, uniting every luxury and refinement of life, and opening a theatre of every elegance and pleasure compatible with the substantial felicity of man, not only excite the envy of the world, but her own admiration. It would no longer be poetry to call her “the Queen of the World, and the Child of the Skies.”

SWEAR then, in the face of Heaven, that you will urge with zeal the holy work, and hasten the dawn of these halcyon days—It requires no pause. All yield obedience to the laws of self-love—All feel the influences of ordinary sympathy in the cause of suffering humanity. Passions that can swallow up these, are the passions of a monster, and the creature

that fosters them must be driven from the abodes of men.

OUR national policy must be committed in charge to the wise, the prudent, and the disinterested; that all our relations may be conducted in that just, dignified, and impartial spirit of truth, which alone can secure us the objects of civil government.

WE must have no foreign alliance; we will entangle our interests with those of no other nation. Does not the history of the present situation of Europe loudly admonish us upon this subject? How many have been the alliances, compacts, and confederations of the last twenty years! and what have been their terminations? Have they not all resulted in the subjugation and servitude of the weaker party? What has been the profit of these coalitions but to strengthen the arm of oppression, and bring the unprotected more completely within its power.

EUROPE, in fact, knows but two independencies. England and France have divided the dominion of that quarter of the globe. Other nominal sovereignties may retain the forms and titles of royalty, but their energies are exclusively directed to subserve the mighty projects of the one or the other of the two great rival nations; who are urging, with unparalleled vigour, a war that has for its object total national extermination.

AND shall we become a party to such a contest? Then is our destiny fixed. Whether the one or the other prevail, our ruin is inevitable; since modern refinement has rendered an ally a more deadly foe than an hereditary enemy. Perhaps the

minds of some may be so darkened under the clouds of national prejudice, as not to discover this danger. Such will have the charity not to mock our fears—Have they read the story of Switzerland—of Venice—of Geneva—of Italy—of Holland—of Prussia—of Sweden—of Denmark—of Spain. Let them imagine the sluices of human blood that have been opened—Enumerate the millions of fellow beings that have fallen in defence of their unalienable rights; and see their unburied bones bleaching on the plains their sweat had cultivated. Let them behold Pestilence, a haggard form, haunting the abodes of the living; followed by Misery in all her thousand shapes; Famine and Death closing the ghastly train. Let them see Chastity shrinking from the grasp of ruffian violence—Virtue prostituted by authority to the indulgence of brutal desire—and the altars of Religion polluted with the unholy rites which mythology appropriates to the god of Bacchanals; and if they feel not conviction, they shall die in their political sins, though one should come from the dead.

HAPPY America! with all thy follies and misfortunes, how art thou exalted in privilege above every nation on earth. Well may you sigh over the history of enslaved Europe; and admire that the vengeance of Heaven has not yet been awakened.

NEUTRALITY is our only security against similar misfortunes. What claims have we upon the great belligerents, more than other nations, whom they have wickedly made vassals? What appeals could we make to humanity or justice, which they have not made, and made in vain? Where then is our safety, where is our hope in the day we make league with such merciless tyrants? Is the Atlantic our barrier? Be not duped a moment by so

glaring a falsity—Were England subdued, the standard of the great empire would be planted on the banks of Potomack, with greater facility than it heretofore has been carried into the country of the Danube.

NOR would mighty ambition, in a moment so propitious, forget his deadly purpose. As a victim of plunder we should remunerate his labours, and as the last refuge of liberty, our reduction would finish his career of mistaken glory, and give him the undivided sovereignty of the world. Think not that we should be able to avert the shock. Prowess alone could never sustain so unequal a combat. Discipline is the only fair match for discipline, and nothing but skill itself can oppose skill with success. If we have all their bravery, we have no experience. While they have made war their labour and their amusement, their morning task and evening recreation; we have courted the milder goddess of peace, in the humble walks of husbandry and commerce. As well, says one, may the elephant go down into the ocean, and give battle to the shark, as America make war against the maritime powers of Europe. And yet how little is America alarmed. How small her fears compared to the magnitude of her dangers.

THE great rivals, in their mighty struggle for supremacy, disregarding every principle of national justice, are determined to involve us in all the disastrous consequences of their unprincipled contest. They wantonly trample upon our most sacred rights, sow discord among our citizens, and strive to seduce their affections from the true spirit of their constitutions. Yet we do not withdraw our confidence; but talk loudly of their friendly views, and their

undeserved gratitude. This is unfaithful—this is wicked. We deceive ourselves. National friendship we know to be a sound without sense, a mere word of imposture, and still we make it our morning and evening song. But we will belie our senses no more. We will no longer slander our own understandings. If we must become accessory to the effectual consummation of that system of devastation and murder, now prosecuting in Europe, we will see well to the integrity of the motives which may finally actuate us. We will first forget our national partialities—we will expect no favours from England, beyond reciprocal interest—and of France we will expect what every nation connected with her, has received at her hand. We will fight neither the battles of the one nor the other. We will become the willing ally of neither. British toleration, and French favour, are alike proverbial. But we will not resign our birth-right—we will not surrender our freedom—we will not relinquish the sacred immunities of our independence. Put these to the hazard, and we come to the field, unskilled as we are in the science of death; and we come too, in courage and in confidence, for the cause is our own, and justice and truth eternal lead our way, and enable us to look confidently to God for deliverance.

MUCH as we are wedded to peaceful life; much as we love the shade of retirement; where all that is dear to us is endangered; when we are about to be despoiled of all for which we live, we have a fortitude not to be intimidated—a reliance that can never be shaken. Death, in support of freedom, is more desirable than life in servitude. Therefore will we meet our assailants the moment they touch our borders, and forbid them to tread our holy land. We will oppose to them a bul-

wark that is not to be contemned, “ the breasts of a free people,” and through them alone shall they find their object, the subversion of our liberty. For freedom is ours, and we will pour out our blood as water in support of our claim.

THESE then are our chief duties—To check party prejudice ; subdue national partiality ; observe strict neutrality in the holy spirit of equal justice and universal peace—and our fondest hopes, under the blessing of God, will be established. But this blessing is the reward of the faithful only. We must labour therefore with all the united force of precept and example to beat down the brazen front of infidelity. When France first raised the cry of freedom, a false philosophy sprang up in support of the imposition, and led many astray from the way of truth, and left them to wander in the barren regions of atheism. But the soul, finding nothing to anchor on, soon sunk in distracting perplexity, and the affections fainted through eager longing for one single beam of that blessed hope, which promises to man a future existence. The heart sickened at its apostacy, and struggled to get back to life, and many we hope have gained their redemption, and society their best pledge for their morality, a religious belief. This strange philosophy thought men too enlightened to be christians, and too virtuous to need civil government. But most happily for mankind, it embraced such palpable absurdities, as to work its own overthrow. Subordination is now esteemed a source of public good, and faith in God the test of private integrity. These are the two grand pillars on which a free constitution must rest ; and they must not be shaken. Here then is an additional motive for promoting religion, and diffusing and encouraging its sweet influences by giving it support.

**MORALITY** and piety must be made requisite qualifications in the characters of our public servants ; and so long as we are governed by the pure precepts of christianity, our homes will be sacred, our altars unpolluted, and the God of Israel will be our God, and he shall appoint us an ark of safety, to which we may repair, and abide the political convulsions of the world in confident security.

*FINIS.*