

A N  
O R A T I O N,  
DELIVERED IN THE  
BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE,

I N  
P R O V I D E N C E,

O N T H E

*Fourth of July, 1801,*

I N C O M M E M O R A T I O N O F

**American Independence.**

• —————  
BY TRISTAM BURGESS, Esq;  
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PROVIDENCE:  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN CARTER.

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THE Committee of Arrangements, in behalf of the Town, return thanks to Mr. BURGES, for the elegant and spirited ORATION delivered by him this day, and request a copy for the press.

WILLIAM ALLEN,  
THOMAS P. IVES,  
JAMES BURRILL, jun. } Committee.  
JOHN WHIPPLE,  
WILLIAM LARNED, }

*Providence, July 4, 1801.*

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GENTLEMEN,

THE People of Providence merit and always may command my warmest gratitude. With their request, made by you, I readily comply; and beg the honour of dedicating to them the following cursory remarks, which you are pleased so politely to dignify with the name of an Oration. It is the production of a few days, interrupted by ill health, and professional avocations. It has many imperfections, which a want of time will not permit me to correct. These I hope the People of Providence will forgive. If they read with the same generous candour which gave their attention to the speaker, it will more than satisfy,

Gentlemen,

Your and their most obliged  
and most humble servant,  
TRISTAM BURGES.

*Providence, July 4, 1801.*

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AN

O R A T I O N .



**T**WENTY-five years ago, the fathers of our country delivered to the world the Declaration of American Independence. That declaration consecrates the Fourth of July, holds out to us the charter of freedom, and bids us forever remember the day which first shone on its existence. The American people have obeyed the injunction, and always solemnized the birth-day of their sovereignty. Once more the annual sun of our political year has risen on the world; our national independence is still our own, and again we hail the morning hallowed to freedom. On this occasion, the hardy genius of our country does homage to the cause of man. To-day, Labour relaxes his sinewy limbs; Agriculture leans on her plough, and Commerce furls her sail. The eye of Omniscience, whose immeasurable ken looks across the regions of the universe, and distinctly surveys the widely-extended kingdoms and empires of the earth, can surely find nothing in all this world, to mortals more sublime, to Heaven more acceptable, than the united hallelujah of a great, an independent nation of free and happy men. This is found in our country. At this moment, the whole

nation, as one august assembly of six millions of people, is offering up to Heaven the incense of gratitude.

AMIDST these delightful emotions, the origin of them should not be forgotten. Let that national independence, which we solemnize, be the mighty theme of contemplation. To think coolly on this subject has not always been in our power. This anniversary has often revolved, when more, far more fervid feelings glowed in the bosom of our country. At this time, no strong and universal sentiment agitates the American mind. We have no war; we are threatened with no invasion; Labour in tranquility reaps the fruit of his own toil. This crowded concourse evinces a joyous occasion. Thousands of glad souls seem to look through the vivid countenances of this numerous assembly. The arms and military habiliments which glitter before our eyes, are worn to-day, more to ornament a national festival, than to display any fervid and hostile sensation.

IN what manner, then, shall we contemplate our independence? You have, often, been told the dreadful story of revolution, in all the glowing diction of patriotic eloquence. Would you listen to a repetition of the bloody narrative? Must we pass before our recollection the misery of our fathers, before we can rejoice in the prosperity of our own condition? Must we break up the consecrated bosom of the earth, harrow out the bones of our buried heroes, and bear them along in military procession, that the awful spectacle may inspire us with courage? True, our liberties were violated, our country was oppressed; but when we have taken vengeance on a foe, to reproach is pusillanimous. Still have we enough remaining monuments of those dreadful days. The traveller yet gazes at the once fortified hill, the "green tomb" of the warrior, and the scattered bones left whitening on the field of battle.

WILL a recollection of all the horrors of our

revolution lay before us the principles, or point to the means of defending our national sovereignty? It would call up our feelings; but what have feelings to do in such enquiries? Have we assembled merely to invigorate each other's patriotic feelings, and form resolutions of unchanging attachment to our independence? Let the man hide himself, whose patriotism and resolution need such auxiliaries. Has memory a tablet on which they are not inscribed? Did not the bosoms which nurtured the infancy of millions who now celebrate this day, beat with the same divine principles and attachments? I trust in God, the hour of danger will never find one of this assembly lingering in his country's defence, because he has not been told the story of her former sufferings in the cause of freedom. Liberty is of value, intrinsic, unlimited and immortal. Who can calculate its worth? Who, in such a calculation, will add the little fractional circumstances of acquisition? Had our independence cost us no toil and blood; had it been guaranteed by the nations who opposed it; and, from an ancestry older than tradition, descended to us like the soil we inherit, could it, for these accidents, be less valuable? Should we relinquish it with a less violent struggle? Should we not then, as we do now, guard it as the temple of all our rights, nor ever suffer the unhallowed foot of power to step over its consecrated threshold?

My Countrymen, no violence will ever rob the American people of freedom and independence; but deception can do what violence can never perform. Fleets and armies, revenues, courts of justice, and magistrates, give no security against deception. In vain are we told of British cruelty, and French benefaction; in vain do our anniversary orators call up before our eyes our country's wrongs; they may "a tale unfold, whose lightest touch would harrow up the soul;" but all in vain, if we lack dif-

ernment, if we suffer the veil of deception to be thrown over our eyes. It is opaque as night. Behind its dark shadow our enemies will silently approach, and, in an hour of unsuspecting security, rifle us of freedom and independence.

THE business of to-day is, therefore, less to feel than to reason. Let us pass by the sufferings of our country; let us forget the joyousness of the present occasion, the civic and military parade, the feast and the song; let us contemplate our awful liability to be despoiled of freedom and independence, by political deception; and then, for a few moments, look after some of the means of security against its fatal delusion.

MUFFLED in the venerable robes of Patriotism, political Deception steps softly and silently on towards the perpetration of dark and bloody deeds. It whispers suspicions into the ear of Jealousy, gives to the tongue of Calumny a louder clamour, and goads Faction into his wildest and most ungovernable frenzy. These delusions are favoured by that misty atmosphere of passion, which forever surrounds the human intellect. Humanity, like the varying face of a vernal morning, can boast of nothing permanent. Man is dissatisfied with the present. A restless mutability of soul gives his ear, with eager credulity, to every whisper which can promise a better condition. To such a temper any government will be grievous, while there is one fear that it may be unchangeable. Innovation will be better than permanency, and though monstrous and absurd, it will be called reform, and receive the benediction of the votaries of change. When thus prepared, deception is welcome to man. The human mind is bold and aspiring. By necessity alone it is governed at all. Freedom is the pleasant inheritance of nature; restraint the cumbrous and painful concomitant of law and society. Those very laws which secure enjoyment, and guard from in-

jury, hang like a heavy yoke on the neck of that wild and ungovernable spirit, which pushes men beyond the dominion of all restraint. All are too much disposed to these feelings; and there are times, in every country, when demagogues may call, and be applauded for calling, justice oppression; government, tyranny; subjection, slavery; and when universal licentiousness will be hailed, as universal emancipation.

HISTORY will best illustrate these remarks, and lay before us the fatal effects of political deception. The popular and aspiring Pisistratus wished to be the tyrant of Athens. He took the democratic side in all public debates; and stood up the intrepid vindicator of liberty and the rights of man. He procured his friends, and partizans, to call him the man of the people. Wounding himself and horses with his own sword, and reeking in blood, he drove his chariot full speed through the city into the agora; and with a loud voice exclaimed to the people, then in public assembly, "Behold the wounds I have received fighting for your liberty—your enemies would sacrifice me to enslave you." "Who hereafter at the hazard of life will be the friend of the poor?" Deception was complete. The Athenians shouted applause; gave a guard of soldiers to the man of the people; with that guard this patriot surprized the citadel; forced his opposers into exile or submission; subverted the government of the state, and became, what he first wished to be, the tyrant of his country.

ROME, before power had rendered it unnecessary, always offered her alliance to the people she intended to conquer. This magnanimous pretext of securing liberty, often gave the independence of nations into her hands, and reduced sovereign states to tributary provinces. Towards the close of that republic, when the spirit of the constitution could no longer balance the fiery element of the people, the whole commonwealth seems to have given itself

up to deception. It was then that Claudius, the infamous engine of tyranny, would crowd the forum with Appenine bravos, mingled with slaves and gladiators, the very sweepings of the streets, the foul and loathsome scum of city democracy, and in this outrageous mob huzza the dictates of the Pompean triumvirate, and deluded Italy received them as the laws of the Roman people. That nation must be credulous indeed, which could be thus deceived. When will the mob of Columbia dictate laws to the citizens of New-England? Not until lordly dissipation shall riot in the spoils of their labour; not until southern slavery shall scatter her sable children along the green hills of the North; not until American liberty shall proudly embrace the chain that binds her to the wheel of tyranny.

WHEN Cæsar, warm from the conquest of Britain and Gaul, returned to enslave his own country, what did he say to the Roman people? Not that he desired dominion. No; dictatorships and imperial crowns had not a charm for him. Liberty, Roman liberty, had drawn his sword. Affectionate regard for his fellow-citizens called him towards the city, at the head of his hostile legions. When he had freed the people from the tyranny of the senate, he would lay his laurels and his arms at their feet, and become a private man again. The victory of Pharsalia gave Rome to his power, and convinced the people that all his promises were deceptions; that he was a tyrant, and they were slaves.

MODERN times afford more striking examples of political deception. Europe has passed through many mutations, since the Roman Eagle took his last flight from the cliffs of Albion. While Iberia, Gaul and Helvetia, were conquered and enslaved, the Celtae in the regions of the north enjoyed a kind of savage freedom, wild and inaccessible, like their own native forests and mountains. Nearly all the liberty of Europe was buried, though not



extinguished in the feudal system. Even in those dark ages the holy fire glimmered, here and there, on the chaotic surface of the political world; and sometimes, like the flames of Etna and Vesuvius, burst from the lurid clouds which seemed to conceal it, and shook the whole fabric of secular and ecclesiastical despotism. We behold its coruscations in the Castilian revolt, the Helvetic confederacy, the league of the United Provinces, and the magna charta of Great-Britain. The condition of Europe had for centuries been softening into something like freedom; but still the empire of law was less extensive than the dominion of will; still oppression might frown, and slavery must cower beneath the knotty sceptre. To men in this condition, the hope of freedom was, like a beam shot from the effulgence of the throne of heaven, furrowing with light the dark bosom of Tartarus; and blessed, thrice blessed, were those evangelists, who first preached to enslaved man the glad tidings of liberty; but forever execrated be that cold, insidious, political hopocrisy, which lured to freedom, that it might betray its deluded votary into a more cruel bondage. How has malevolence sported with the disappointed hopes of humanity!

WHAT a deception on Europe, on the world, is the French revolution! But, above all, how have that unhappy people been deluded! They were told they were slaves, and so they were. Are they now free? Liberty was echoed in their ears, only to induce them to change their tyrants. They have pursued their promised republic through all its mutations; and now, deluded mortals, though governed by the sabre and the bayonet, they chant the song and celebrate the festival of liberty! They were oppressed with thrones, aristocracies and priesthoods. They have abolished them, but where is their liberty? Do we behold it in creating, or dissolving the constituent assembly? In the destruction of the new

or the old constitution? In naming or deposing the directory? Was the council of five hundred the representative of the people, or is that renowned Corsican, who succeeded them by the unanimous consent of his troop of grenadiers? Are the lives, liberties and property of the nation guaranteed by the heroes of robbers prowling the interior, or by the unpaid armies which hover on the confines of the country; or is the first consul the safe depository of all those hallowed rights, for which they have spilt so much blood, and exhausted so much plunder? The demagogues of France found the nation worshipping despotism, yet fighting for freedom, and ardently wishing for a republic to receive their adoration. They changed the name and form of tyranny; this deluded people fancy it a government of their own choice, receive the ghost of a constitution with shouts of gratulation, and fall prostrate before the caricature of their imaginary idol.

To these examples, let us add a few instances from the history of our own country. What was the whole system of British parliamentary procedure against these colonies? It was one unchanging series of political deception, all designed to cheat us into a kind of prescriptive liability to taxation, without our consent. What was the opposition of France to our entire independence on the nations of Europe? It was a comment on her former conduct to us, a comment of awful importance to the American nation. By this she declared her deceptive pretensions, and published to us, and to the world, the motives which called her into a defence of our rights. She wished to humble the pride of her rival, and change our British for a Gallic dependence.

WE have been told, by authority too highly official to be doubted, that the political differences in our country, are differences between "brethren of the same principle." Let this be an axiom; let the

truth of it be uncontroverted; and by this axiom let us measure the conduct of a large portion of the citizens of the United States, since the commencement of the federal government. Apparent opposition has existed. It cannot be denied. Our congressional debates, papers, harangues, elections, and even our private conversations, can witness that apparent opposition has existed. For these twelve years, we have seen it in every form; we have met it in every direction. It has assailed us in the streets, in the country, at home, and abroad. But "we are all brethren of the same principle." Whence, then, this continued and unchanging apparent opposition, so widely diffused, and so assiduously supported? Why was the federal constitution proscribed even in the infancy of existence? Why have the same men, who then opposed it, waged perpetual war with the administration? The funding system was injustice; neutrality, national ingratitude to France; the treaty with Great-Britain, pusillanimous partiality to that nation; English spoliation, a predatory war; French depredation, legal reprisal; the treaty, opening the West-Indies to our commerce, and promising remuneration for injuries, unequal and oppressive; that which shuts out our ships from all colonial trade, and with proud neglect passes by compensation for plundered commerce, generous and reciprocal; the stamp-act, a mere repetition of British tyranny; the provisional troops, a standing army in time of peace; and a law, to prevent publishing false and malicious calumny against government, an oppressive violation of the freedom of speech, and the liberty of the press.

ALL these things have been affirmed by antifederalists; they have all been denied by federalists. But if the presidential axiom be true, and who will say that it is false?—we are all "brethren of the same principle;" and all this antifederalism, this outrageous clamour against the government and administra-

tion, is but political deception. The old trick of demagogues, who, in the career of ambition, prudently lay aside all principles which are not light and flexible; who would, for a few years, write, harangue, and almost fight, in disguise; who would hazard a dissolution of the union, civil war, and revolution, for the noble, magnanimous and patriotic purpose, of changing the officers of government. My Countrymen, this reads a fearful lesson to us. The same credulity which believes one improbable falsehood, may be induced to believe another; the same villainy, which deceives for one purpose, will deceive for another; the same nation which may be cajoled out of its suffrage, may be cheated out of its liberty; and the same gang of political hypocrites, who, by deception, hoist themselves into elective authority, would, like the tyrant of Athens, erect the throne of their unlimited and hereditary dominion on the ruins of popular liberty.

Our country, with all the commiseration of youthful innocence, and hospitable as uncontaminated humanity, has received, and still with inviting munificence does receive, into its bosom the unfortunate, and the persecuted, of all the earth. Has not this hospitality been abused? Have not crowds of miscreants, grouped with the ruined and the wretched, under the imposing garb of distress, found a sanctuary in American commiseration? Among these have risen up our apostles of modern liberty, philosophers of the new school, disciples of the Godwins and Condorcets of Europe. They now are, as they long have been, from one end of the United States to the other, pouring into the public mind those principles, whose poisonous influence has so long convulsed the Eastern world. On the rudiments of liberty they are reading lectures to us; and from the emigrants of countries, where aristocracy, anarchy and proud rebellion, or prouder tyranny, have held their dominion, from Irish, French and Cisal-

pine philosophers, we are, with most philanthropic aour, now learning what freedom is, and how the United States ought to administer this government. Already have their deceptive principles deluded millions. Already from insurgent France, that exhaustless source of splendid example, have they learned to fascinate with the enchantment of names. They, and their proselytes, have consecrated themselves to the prepossessions of Americans, under the once sacred and long endeared name of republicans. When exhausted anathema had hurled her last bolt at the friends of the old administration, at all who could be neither deceived nor purchased, they were then, by the new republicans, with a truly philosophic dexterity, devoted to national prejudice, under the abhorred appellations of aristocrats, Tories, a British faction—the advocates of monarchy and hereditary power. How often these new republicans call themselves “the patriots!” How fluently they echo the rights of man, the liberty, the will of the people! What an inexpressibly affectionate regard they feel for their fellow men! “Robespierre, in all his glory, was not like one of these.”

“WHAT shall we say then?” Is not the independence of the United States, are not the liberties of the American people, at a more fatal hazard, from political deception, than from war, or any other, the most terrible minister of national ruin? Or can any thing more important arrest our present attention, than some of the means of security against its fatal delusion?

WHEN demagogues tell the American people, as they often do, that they are slaves, because they live under the dominion of law; when, in the rant of new philosophy, they promise the happy state of nature, the golden age of perfected man, the political millennium of the world, the deception will vanish, if we but consider the kind of liberty which can be enjoyed by man, and compare the condition of our

own country with some other regions of the earth. The liberty promised by the new philosophers, is but the liberty of doing whatever you will. This might be realized, if but one man existed; for then no one could rise up with a will contrary to that of this solitary tenant of the world. But when millions of men exist, with wills as numerous, and as diverse as numerous, who can challenge a right to the indulgence of his own? How obvious the necessity, that each must conform to some common rule of action? This common rule is law; and a power to do whatever this law permits, is civil liberty: all the liberty man in society can enjoy, and more, infinitely more, than can be found in a state of nature, with all its boasted indulgences of the wild and untameable spirit of man. This liberty the American people have, and they will have it in the highest perfection, when they live in the most entire conformity to the laws. Are we not satisfied with this, and the other blessings of our country? Then let us look abroad into the world, and learn to despise the impostor, who would deceive us with promises of a better condition.

ON the other America liberty has never sat her foot, since the innocent and happy aborigines were, by the missionaries of Old Spain, piously baptised in the blood of their country. The colonizers of those regions, and their posterity, have been doomed to dig these mines, for which they slew the original proprietors, and give up the fruit of their labour to satiate royal avarice. The hollow sides of Potosi do not, like our verdant Alleghanies, echo with the song of liberty. The proud Andes look down on a world of slaves.

THOSE rivers which fertilize and gladden the valleys of our country, are received into the bosom of that ocean, whose billows lave the shores, and drink the turbid streams, that roll along the brown deserts of Africa. If nature has scattered any of her

gists over these arid realms, the savage inhabitant has left all things, untouched by culture, to degenerate into the sterility of a wilderness. From Babel-mandel to Caffraria, from Good Hope to Mauritania, the eye ranges along in vain to find the mart of commerce, the vale of agriculture, the temple of devotion, the abodes of smiling civility, and realms where peace, independence and freedom reside. The pale rose that blossoms there, scatters its blighted leaves on the blast of the desert. There the superstitious native mutters his evening ejaculation to the moon, which with a sickly visage looks down, and hurries over the wastes of Zara. Avarice, solitary avarice, visits these shores, picks the golden atoms from the sands, and begs, or buys, or steals, the miserable native. Look from Atlas to the Nile. It is a waste of desolation, or the den of more than ferocious barbarity. Here you start at the tyger, growling behind the ruins of Carthage; there you behold the successors of Barbarossa, training their banditti on those sandy fields, which in the Augustan age of Rome were the garden of the world.

ON Asia, the residence of man in all his primitive blessedness; that region of the world of which Paradise was the epitome; on Asia seems to have alighted the curse of human disobedience, and doomed the millions of its inhabitants to savageness or slavery. The brown Tartar, that wanders on the mountains of Mongalia, is no more a civilized man than his Scythian ancestor, who prowled the same wilderness two thousand years ago. The artful Chinese is cheated into slavery, and trembles while he thinks on the tyrant of Pekin, who, from the secluded majesty of his pavilion, commands his mandarins to soften the rigour of despotism, by graciously permitting his imperial vassals to call him great father of his people! The torpid Gentoo may be patient, but he must feel the scourge of European rapacity; he must shrink when the tyrant of Delhi

lays on him the iron sceptre of oppression. What think you of the courtly and hospitable Persian? The will of a capricious and cruel monarch, is the terrible law of his destiny. Amidst the profusions of his native country, he cannot call even the water which he dips from the brook his own; some instrument of despotism may "dash the untasted moisture from him." The cold hand of oppression has blighted all the fair regions of Asiatic Turkey. Where once industry, opulence and arts resided, desolation now stalks over the ruins of ancient grandeur; and slavery, recumbent on her chain, looks with a pallid visage on the uncultured fields.

Who of us would be an European? From the founding of Argos, the first city in Europe, to Nelson's war on the Baltic, a duration of almost four thousand years, although many, very many, splendid achievements glitter along across the tract of ages, and light the eye of recollection back towards the dusky origin of man; yet how often has that region been the scene of all that can sink or sicken the pride of humanity: devastated countries, nations enslaved, and perishing empires. What does Europe now exhibit to the world? Conquest, like the incroaching billows of the ocean, has swept away the lesser states, and buried them forever in its deluge. Venice, once the pride of the Adriatic; whose fleets poured out the warriors of the cross along the rocky shores of Palestine; whose heroes, on the walls of Candia, fought the whole force of the Ottoman power, and for twenty years, amidst the storm of more than fifty battles, stood the unshaken bulwark of Christendom, Venice is now but a palsied member of mutilated Austria. The other republics, scattered over the Alps, from the banks of the Mediterranean to the confines of Germany, where are they? Historic curiosity may read the names of Lucca, Genoa, Geneva, and all the once famed confederacy of Switzerland; weeping humanity may



gaze on their desolated vallies, their rocks and mountains ; but she will find their independence and freedom no more. The headlong Rhone, whose waves have been dyed with the blood of their warriors, may plunge into the ocean, and wash away the stain ; but what ablution can whiten the hands of a nation, which first scattered the firebrands of revolution among these innocent and happy people, and then slaughtered them on the high places of their freedom, amidst the flaming ruins of their country ?

HOLLAND could resist the inundation of the sea, but revolution has swept away its sovereignty. A few Gallic soldiers now hold in awe the dastardly descendants of those gallant Belgians who stood in terrible array on the confines of their little commonwealth, and would have torn up the dykes and given their country back to the dominion of ocean, sooner than bend their necks to the yoke of France.

WHAT do we find in all this excursion, in all these countries, to awaken the envy of Americans ? what to dissatisfy us with our own condition ? Among them all, can a people be found more liberally blessed, who enjoy more freedom than we enjoy ? Even add to these corrupted England, and regenerated France, with all the old and the new liberty, so much the pride and the boast of each nation, and what then will be the conclusion ? Men who reason at all, after exhausting the world for example, will exclaim, Humanity, here hast thou found the prolific source of highest improvement ; Liberty, prophaned in every other region of the habitable world, behold here a government, and laws devoted to thy worship. Beware then, my Countrymen, beware of those who would hurry you on to innovation ; who preach the perfectability of man—the state of unlimited freedom. The warring passions of humanity forbid it—the experiment of the world explodes the Utopian fallacy.

POLITICAL, like all other deceivers, address

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themselves to our warmest feelings, our strongest and most inveterate prepossessions. They know how dearly we prize our freedom and independence. Britain cruelly oppressed our fathers—France fought against their enemies. Young and inexperienced America could not look through the fair face of action; the motives of an old and artful monarchy lay buried from their view. Gratitude to France was then as natural as indignation to England.—These two sentiments ran through the minds of the whole American people, and at this moment millions in our country consider them as the primary principles of the revolution—the vigilant spirit, the guardian angel of our freedom and independence. To these sentiments the votaries of foreign influence have unceasingly made their address; and by their instrumentality we may yet be deluded, and our liberties become the sport of European caprice. It is for us, by a noble effort of candour, entirely to examine, and then we can completely remove, these causes of delusion.

It is a duty every nation owes to itself, to resist the aggressions of powerful sovereigns on smaller states, and prevent their adding, by conquest, new strength to their already too potent dominions. In the practice of this duty, the policy of every state has found its own safety; but in the discharge of it, sovereigns never, until lately, dreamed that they conferred a favour, or acquired an obligation. It is like the union of travellers against a band of robbers—their interest is common—the safety of one is the safety of all. Did the league, which snatched the United Provinces from the ambitious grasp of Louis the fourteenth, give the rest of Europe a title to their eternal gratitude? When the brave Sobieski, with his warriors of Poland, raised the siege of Vienna, and rescued the House of Austria from the Ottoman power, did he, like modern benefactors, talk to them of gratitude? No; he felt that the same

glorious victory which preserved Germany, was also the salvation of his own kingdom. When France beheld the United States severed from England, she beheld a limb lopped off from that gigantic power, at whose prowess she had always trembled. Let a union of America with the British empire be proposed, and what would not France sacrifice to prevent it? More, ten times more, than she sacrificed to promote a separation. It was therefore the interest of France which called her fleets and armies over the Atlantic; and now she, and her friends, demand our gratitude, for good deeds done to herself!

BUT had France been magnanimously disinterested when she waged battle against Britain in the American war, could that have created an obligation, which no after conduct could cancel? Must I be a slave to him who has done me a favour? Does not he who would betray the warm bosom of gratitude to the perpetration of base and perfidious deeds, more than cancel obligation? Does he not deserve the bitterest execrations of insulted humanity? Shall the dissolute miscreant, whose hands are stained with parricide, even while he riots in the spoils of paternal wealth, shall he, because his father was my benefactor, demand the aid of my friendship, the strength of my arm, to defend his guilty life against the justice and indignation of his country? How often have France, and her votaries; told the story of ancient favours, to allure the youthful and unsuspecting heart of America into a participation of all their modern abominations. For deeds done in our war, by men whose names and families they have blotted from the catalogue of life, they demand a gratitude which binds our national will to their pleasure, and at once sacrifices our independence. May we not remain neutral? May we not adjust differences with other nations? No, replies France. Wage a war of extermination against my enemies; or I will seize every American ship that sails the ocean. What say you, my Countrymen, do not these things

cancel obligation? You must take from France and her friends this engine of popular deception, this national gratitude; or by it you may yet be cheated out of your sovereignty. You must regard that nation as you regard all others in treaty with you, from whom you expect nothing gratuitous, and to whom you owe no favour.

OUR country will, I trust, never be endangered from British influence. If we exert all our national forgiveness, still a recollection of her cruelties to us will remain too strong in the public mind to admit even a shadow of partiality. It is violent enmity to England which we ought to avoid; for it is not possible to hate a nation without feeling undue partiality to its rival enemy. On this weakness of our nature the new republicans have framed their catechism of political virtues. The same article of it which commands us never to forget a national favour, forbids us ever to forgive a national injury. This system of morality is an improvement on Celtic fable. Those northern savages never dreamed it possible to nourish eternal revenge by any rewards within the compass of time. They therefore promised those who would never forgive, all the horrible fruition of a Paradise, where the war song should echo through the hall of Woden, while their grim ghosts quaffed flowing ale from the bloody skulls of their enemies. The new republicans, without the aid of fiction, have breathed the unforgiving spirit into their disciples; they have only promised them the unspeakable pleasure of telling their children's children that Britain, once our oppressor, is now forever destroyed; and thousands in our country would, if wishes, or prayers, or execrations could effect it, would, by one horrible convulsion of nature, sink the whole island down to the centre, and exult while they beheld the billows of the ocean closing over ten millions of the human race. This may be pious, it may be Christian, it may be hu-

mane; but it is not patriotic. Although it is magnanimous to bear the soul above national antipathy; although the voice of the Divinity eighteen centuries ago whispered in the ear of offending man, "Forgive thine enemies;" yet not for these reasons do I now recommend national forgiveness. I leave these motives to the honour and the piety of my country; but all you who have patriotism enough to defend American independence, remember, that all violent national antipathies expose you to the insidious approaches of political deception.

MAY America never be deceived. Pale despair will then sit on the face of our enemies. Already are they assured war can never subdue us. Britain will remember the hardy valour of our infancy; France cannot forget the spirit which nerved our arm against rapacity. Deception is now the only hope of our enemies, and their deluded friends. They know valour is no match for fraud; stratagem will circumvent the prowess of Hercules. They know the ardour with which we love liberty, and abhor tyranny; how soon jealousy, with all her terrible auxiliaries, may be roused into fury. Athens, Italy, modern Europe, and even our own country, read lessons of perseverance to them; of constant and dispassionate vigilance to Americans. Beware of those who exclaim, your country is oppressed by the energy of law and government. Remember the imperfections of man; law, and freedom, and society, must expire together. Look round the world, and through all time—the ocean never washed a shore, the sun never shone on a region, where liberty and government held a more united and triumphant dominion. Listen not to the voice that calls on the ardent prejudices of the public mind. It is the voice of deceivers. Say to them, gratitude expires at the haughtiness of degrading demand—Independence is a sacrifice too rich to offer for already remunerated favours. It is not patriotic, to nourish

enmities that expose our country to delusion. Even the American savage buries his hatchet and his hatred together, when the interest of his tribe demands it. Is it heroic, to mutter revenge against a nation whose armies we have so repeatedly vanquished on the field of battle? No; let our neutrality be a neutrality of feeling, and carry along with it the whole American mind. Let the nation, satisfied with the enjoyment of her own liberties, rise in all the magnanimity of impartial attitude, and stand superior alike to acrimonious enmity, and fond prepossession. Then shall the arrows of political deception fall pointless by our side, and our freedom and independence flourish, unwounded and immortal; then shall ADAMS, the younger brother in the cause of liberty, forget American ingratitude, and the memory of WASHINGTON be eternal in the spirit of his country.

FINIS.

