



AN

ORATION,

COMMEMORATIVE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE:

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

**Washington Benevolent Society
of Pennsylvania,**

ON THE

FOURTH DAY OF JULY, 1814,

BY

CHARLES CALDWELL, M. D

A Member of the Society

PHILADELPHIA:

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1814.

AT a Special Meeting of the WASHINGTON
BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
held July 20th, 1814,

RESOLVED,

That the President be requested to communicate to our fellow member DR. CHARLES CALDWELL, the thanks of the Society, for the Oration pronounced by him before the Society on the 4th instant, and to ask of him a copy for publication.

Extract from the Minutes.

JOHN BACON,

Recording Secretary

To the Members of the Washington Benevolent Society of Pennsylvania.

GENTLEMEN,

As a disposition on my part to comply, as far as practicable, with what was communicated to me as the general wish of the Society, could alone have prevailed with me, to prepare and deliver the following Oration, so nothing but the same motive induces me now to consent to its publication. I am too well acquainted with the character and fate of anniversary addresses to regard them as even a possible source of literary reputation. The very nature and end of these productions forbid the expectation of such a result. They are intended chiefly to produce effect at the time of their delivery—to conduct the mind to a suitable train of sentiment and thought, and to heighten the glow and enthusiasm of the occasion. Unfortunately the qualities of composition best calculated to subserve these purposes, are not such as are most likely to secure to the orator permanent renown.

You will accept this hasty production, therefore, written in the midst of many interruptions and distracting avocations, not as an offering of vanity or ambition, but as an evidence of my devotion to your wishes and what you are pleased to consider as the interest of the Society.

I am, Gentlemen,

very respectfully,

your friend and fellow member,

THE AUTHOR.

July 21, 1814.

ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE age in which we live is without a parallel in the history of the world. Singular and striking in many other points of view, it is, in a particular manner, replete with moral and political prodigies. But few of the national occurrences of the times are of ordinary dimension, shape, or character. In their general aspect they exhibit, with scarcely an exception, the novel, the bold, the extraordinary impress of the epoch that has produced them. Setting at defiance the maxims of all experience, baffling the results of all calculation, and directed, as it were, by the immediate and visible hand of Heaven, they surprise by their unexpectedness, astonish by the unexampled rapidity of their succession, and overwhelm and confound by their grandeur and magnificence. They are, if not in their nature, at least in some of their distinguishing attributes, as essentially different from the events of former times, as any one species of physical bodies is from another. The

records that shall transmit them to distant posterity, will be hereafter considered as resembling more the fictions of fable and the exaggerations of romance, than the sober and legitimate page of history. It would even seem, as if to comport with this new and unprecedented condition of affairs, that the very qualities and temper of the human mind, and the texture and disposition of the human heart, had largely participated in the revolutions of the day.

At one of the most momentous conjunctures of this most eventful and extraordinary period, are we now assembled in this place—the solemnized temple of patriotism for the occasion—to commemorate the anniversary of our NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE. Happy, if properly improved, thrice happy occasion! sublime employment! august and magnificent object of the gratitude and devotion of a liberated people! While engaged in contemplating the birthday of our country, the *past* breaks on us, in retrospect, bright with the rays of our revolutionary glory, the *present* appears clothed in fresh and augmented lustre, and the *future* rises to view in all the charms and allurements of hope. At such a time and under such circumstances, the soul erects itself in renovated strength, and walks forth in the array of its noblest affections. Rejecting, as unworthy of itself and the occasion, whatever is low, contracted or selfish, it soars to the region of loftiest sentiment, swells beyond the sphere of its ordinary desires.

and becomes insensible to all but the most public concerns. Born along in this current of generous emotion, its love of country expanded to general benevolence, and its benevolence widening to universal philanthropy, its inclinations would lead it to embrace, as confederates in its rejoicing, the whole family of the human race.

Yielding, then, my fellow citizens, to that ennobling impulse which would turn us from selfish to social considerations, let us look around for companions in those present joys and future anticipations, which the anniversary of our freedom is calculated to inspire. No sooner do we commence a survey so interesting, than we behold with delight, eight millions of our compatriots zealously engaged in the same ceremonials, which, at this moment, give employment to ourselves. Obedient to a common call of national feeling, and conforming to the practice long since established by the usage of our country, they are gratefully tendering, at the shrine of patriotism, their offerings for our emancipation from a foreign yoke.

Widening still the scope of our researches, let us extend our views to the nations of Europe, in quest of associates in the joys we experience. No sooner do we direct our eyes towards that quarter of the globe, than our attention is arrested, as if by a wonder-working power from above. We gaze with astonishment, on beholding, *as realities*, scenes which, to the most intrepid imagination,

had never appeared in vision even as *distant probabilities*—such scenes as the sun, most assuredly, in his circuit round the heavens, has never witnessed on earth before.

In contemplating an object so unexpected and stupendous—with justice might I add, so truly miraculous—for without the aid of superhuman agency its achievement would have been impossible:—in contemplating such an object, amazement becomes mute, because language is impotent. Europe, extended Europe—even from the Pillars of Hercules to the waters of the Euxine, from the Mediterranean to the Frozen Ocean—Europe is now one mighty altar, smoking with incense, offered by the hands of adoring myriads to God the protector and deliverer of nations. Coextensive with that wide spreading region of the globe, behold kingdoms and empires the most proud and powerful, differing in language, religion and laws, and separated from each other by mountains, seas, and immeasurable distances—behold that mighty mass of heterogeneous nations, bending simultaneously in the attitude of devotion! And hark! what means that universal shout, which breaks, in imagination, with such thunders, on the ear! It is the full-toned acclamations of gratitude, the loud and confederate pæans of joy, poured forth from the tongues of a liberated continent. It is the voice of Europe and her thousand isles, rejoicing in the accomplish-

ment of their political salvation—exulting at the downfall of **NAPOLÉON THE DESTROYER**.

That name, realizing the fabled powers of a talisman, excites in the mind, at present, and will continue to excite for centuries to come, an unusual assemblage of incongruous emotions. As spirits of darkness obey the conjurations of the magician and the call of the sorcerer, so at the repetition of the word *Napoleon*, rush forth to light, as if obedient to a kindred sound, evil thoughts and foul imaginations. Hatred, revenge, cruelty, falsehood, perfidiousness, abhorrence, detestation and contempt, associate themselves with it, by an affinity as natural, as that which gives the needle its direction to the pole. Like the moon bursting through the stormy clouds of night, wonder and admiration, called forth by fertility of genius and splendour of achievement, will also occasionally, though reluctantly, assert for a moment their empire over the mind.

That baleful Meteor of Europe, whose fiery gleam had become the terror of the world, and whose exhalations had spread pestilence and death among the nations, has now tumbled from its sphere, with the fate of Lucifer, never, I trust, to show itself again. It will not, therefore, I flatter myself, be considered by you as time altogether mispent, should we pause for a few minutes, to contemplate, in his character and unprecedented career, that wonderful being, that

unheard of combination of talent and crime, to whom the name of Napoleon is appendant.

Let us, for this purpose, direct our attention back to the commencement of that most awful and portentous spectacle, the French Revolution, at the convulsions of which the whole Continent of Europe tottered on its basis, as a thing that was infirm. We there behold, like the Python emerging from the corruptions of the Nile, a being of frightful aspect and fierce demeanour, arising out of the fermenting and agitated elements of society. Its form is human; but not so with its appetites, propensities and passions: they seem to appertain in common to the cannibal and the fiend. Its aliment is blood, its breath is contagion, the only sounds that sooth it are the groans of the dying, and it is rocked to its repose in the whirlwind of the Revolution. Increasing rapidly in stature and strength, but trebly so in the scope of its intellect and the fellness of its disposition, and actuated by a burning spirit of ambition, which nothing can either suppress or satisfy,—it soon outstrips, in every attribute of greatness and depravity, the busy and numerous hosts of its compeers.

After toiling and figuring in various stations, where profligacy and meanness were always conjoined, this being was at length found, from its love of carnage and its inexhaustible means and resources for promoting it, to exhibit, in every instance, the most perfect aptitude for the remorseless and sanguinary deeds of the time. It stood

confessed, at once the child and demon of the Revolution—born of its throes, and calculated to deepen its horrors and direct its terrific and desolating tempest. It was, accordingly, elevated with rapid promotion, to the command of a division of the revolutionary army, and, in that capacity, soon became known to fame and the world, under the name of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Possessed of ampler means of satisfying the cupidity of his soul for slaughter, and of calling forth, for his gratification, a louder chorus of human groans, he appeared, for an instant, to be contented with his lot. But his contentment was as fleeting as the gleam from the thunder cloud, and, *like that*, was but the harbinger of the all-destroying bolts that were to follow. Potent as was now his arm, and extensive his resources for carnage and devastation, they were still surpassed by the increase of his desires. From this period may we date that wild, determined, consuming career, which ultimately embroiled the world in tumult, consigned to flames and utter extinction many of the noblest monuments of industry and art, and deluged the land and the ocean in blood.

With slaughter, rapine, and every military crime in his van, and all the horrors of desolation in his rear, Bonaparte, with the glare of a comet, sets out on his march. Italy is his object. From the summit of the Alps, we behold him surveying, with fell delight, like Satan gloating

on the bowers of Eden, the fertile and beautiful countries beneath him. Armed with every engine of destruction, like a whirlwind or an avalanche, he descends on the plains. We look again, and the work of devastation is already complete. The products of nature and the monuments of art are nowhere to be found. All that had before delighted by its beauty or astonished by its grandeur, has vanished at the touch of the magical destroyer. No object now meets the eye but is polluted with blood; nor does aught strike the ear, save the shouts of victory and the shrieks of distress. Italy, but lately for its beauties the boast of Europe, the paragon of the world—Italy, the country of the Gracchi and the Scipios, the Pompeys and the Cæsars—the once fabled birthplace of demigods, and where, in ancient story, gods themselves condescended to dwell—Italy is now but the hideous repository of her own ruins. The legions of Bonaparte, like the locust and the palmer worm, have swept throughout her borders, and withered at once her glories and her hopes.

As if destined by Providence to be the scourge of every celebrated spot on earth, we next find the despoiler of Italy deluging, with the blood of their children, the once famed countries of the Pharaohs and the Maccabees. In Egypt and Palestine, where, at the present day, man appears to be constitutionally depraved—where crime, under every shape of deformity, is pam-

pered and ripened as well by physical as by moral causes, and where excess in guilt bespeaks the most consummate capacity for sinning—even there, the enormities of Bonaparte spread terror and dismay among those who had been born to hereditary turpitude, and successfully disciplined in the vices of their fathers. The cold-blooded butchery of his prisoners at Jaffa—the suborned assassination of the distinguished Kleber, and his profligate apostacy from the Christian faith, bear ample testimony to the truth of these remarks.

Clandestinely deserting his companions in arms, whom he left to perish by the climate of the country and the havock of war, the renegade chieftain, after a narrow escape, arrives in safety on the Gallick coast. Notwithstanding the deep depravity of his soul, his well known ambition, which would stride to power over a desolated world, and his accumulated guilt of every description, which had rendered his character an unvariegated blot: Notwithstanding this, such was the necessity of suppressing faction, and such the general exigency of the times, that he was hailed by the people of France, if not as a deliverer, at least as a favourite, on whom the hopes of the nation reposed. Nor was he either slow or reluctant in turning to his account the current and bearing of publick sentiment. By the combined operation of fraud and force—the intrigues of his associates and the terrors of his sword—he

is elevated, in a short time, to the rank of First Consul. With this commences a new era in the history of his darings and the catalogue of his crimes.

In despite of the most solemn pledges to the contrary, and in violation of every principle of honour, honesty and good faith, he first lays his blood-red hand on the sceptre of France, and exchanges its Royal for an Imperial title. To maintain himself in this daring usurpation of the throne of St. Louis, and to perpetuate the dynasty of his own house, crime was yet to be added to crime, and every species of atrocity perpetrated, from the very recital of which the soul recoils with horror and dismay. But Napoleon was formed of different materials. To every tender and compunctious visiting of nature he was as callous and insensible, as the rock to the raving of the watery element. To his hardened conscience remorse had never yet found a passage, nor compassion an avenue to his iron heart. Like the tiger, the most fell and ferocious monster of the desert, he was tractable only when surfeited with gore. In him, therefore, the assassinations which ensued produced no emotion: or if they did, it was a glow of satisfaction, or a thrill—a horrible thrill, of delight!

Having established himself as the Imperial despot of France, the Empire of Europe was next to be usurped. For the attainment of this object, numerous and overwhelming armies were

to be levied. Hence was established that most execrable and Moloch-like engine of state immolation, the Code of Conscription—a system which, by corrupting to the very core, and dragging off at an early age, a sacrifice to ambition, their sons and their brothers, was destined to wring the heart of every parent and sister in France. It converted, as by some infernal spell, every field into a Golgotha, and the whole empire into a house of mourning.

That the surrounding nations, by being thrown off their guard, might be unprepared to meet the meditated attack, England was apparently threatened with invasion, while, in reality, chains were forging for the continent of Europe. Italy, Switzerland, Holland and the Netherlands, had already received the Imperial yoke. Even Spain herself, who has since exhibited such an unparalleled example of heroism and fortitude, although dignified—I should rather say, insulted, by the denomination of an ally, had surrendered up both her independence and her consequence, and was, in reality, a subjugated nation. The empires of Austria and Russia, and the kingdom of Prussia, were the only powers of any consideration that remained unsubdued.

Finding himself, at length, in a state of complete preparation, Napoleon is on his march, at the head of his legions, panting for conquest and burning for blood. The powers of the North, aroused, when too late, to a sense of danger,

await the shock on the plain of Austerlitz. But they await it only to experience the most memorable and ruinous overthrow. In one fatal day, their armies beaten, scattered, all but annihilated, Austria is conquered and Russia dismayed. The world stands amazed at the unheard of event, of an empire lost in a single battle. The august House of Lorraine is now, in name, the ally, but, in reality, the vassal of the emperor Napoleon.

The armies of Prussia, powerful in numbers and proud in discipline, are still in array. Eager for the conflict, and flushed with the hope of victory and glory, they are met on the sanguinary field of Jena, and crushed in an hour, like a shattered reed. The independence of the kingdom is buried and lost amid the ruins of the day. The throne of Frederick, and the dynasty of the House of Brandenburg, which had not long since aspired to dictate to France, if not to Europe, is now at the mercy of an upstart of fortune—at the mercy of one in whose flinty bosom the seeds of that attribute had never taken root.

At this dark and melancholy hour—England, struggling for a precarious existence, a long night of barbarism and crime threatening again to overshadow Christendom, and Justice and Freedom meditating, in appearance, their departure from the earth—at this moment, Russia was the only continental power in Europe, that assumed

either the name or the semblance of Independence. Yet even she, protected as she is by her remote situation and her iron climate, seemed to retain of Independence but little else except the name—the shadow instead of the substance: for, without a formal acknowledgment of the supremacy, even the **EMPIRE OF THE NORTH** submitted for a time to the supercilious dictates, and adopted the policy of the Court of St. Cloud.

Napoleon was now at the zenith of his renown. By stratagem and force—the resources of his genius and the terror of his arms, he had attained to the very summit of human exaltation. In power and grandeur, no less than in depravity and crime, he stood, perhaps, alone in the annals of the world. As the frightful Cotopashi among volcanoes, surpassing in height and unparalleled in fierceness; or as the terrible Condor among the birds of prey, such was he in fearful preeminence, among the despots and conquerors of the earth. No mortal had ever before commanded the homage of so many nations, so abundant in inhabitants and so formidable in arms. The sceptre of the Cæsars, though more extended, was less powerful; the Roman empire, though wider in circuit, was less populous and much less warlike, than the empire of Napoleon.

But the possession of Europe with all her resources was insufficient to satisfy his cupidity and ambition. Though a continent was in his grasp, the world was in his eye, and universal

domination had become the passion of his heart. In the haughtiness of his soul he began to fancy himself more than mortal, and, with a degree of impiety and self-idolatry, of which modern times furnish no example, assumed even the language and menace of a god. That he might exhibit himself under the character of a personage of divine promise and mission, and thereby establish the more firmly his ascendancy over the credulous, he affected at one time, a show of arrangements for the restoration of the Jews to the country of Palestine.

But his course was nearly run. The intoxicating bowl of prosperity and power, of which he had partaken in such maddening draughts, was soon to be exchanged for the cup of misfortune and deep humiliation, which he was destined to drain to the very dregs. It is reduced to a maxim, that whom God purposes to destroy, he renders insane. He marks, at least, his counsels with confusion, and his measures with rashness. Such was most signally the case with Napoleon. That monarch, who had been hitherto as formidable in the cabinet, as he was overwhelming in the field, appeared to be suddenly abandoned, not merely by wisdom and policy, but by common prudence and ordinary sagacity.

Not content with an entire controul of all the military and naval resources of Spain, he resolves on the usurpation of her sceptre and her throne. Accordingly, in a moment of the inebriety of

power, that kingdom is perfidiously invaded, her fortresses and strong holds occupied by troops, and the royal family dragged into captivity. If any one act of the despot of France claim a decided preeminence in treachery, crime, and every quality and principle which the man of honour should detest and the man of honesty avoid, it is this. Even the basest of his ministers and the most profligate of his panders were shocked at its enormity. Correspondingly ample and exemplary was the retribution which the Deity, in his justice, had laid up in store. Under Providence, that unprecedented violation of faith and hospitality, proved the signal for the commencement of the last and successful struggle of Europe for her deliverance.

To her immortal honour be it recorded, that this struggle had its origin in Spain. The high-minded Castilian, proud of his birthright, and glorying in the spirit and achievements of his ancestors, determined to prove himself their legitimate descendant. As they had nobly extricated themselves from the dominion of the Moors, he resolved to exhibit an example no less heroick and worthy of imitation, in relation to the iron dominion of the Corsican. He, accordingly, as if awakened to wise and salutary counsels and inspired with energy and enterprise, from above, breaks from his long and dangerous repose, and exchanges for the armour of the warrior, the peaceful implements of the artificer and the hus-

bandman. Like the soldiers of Cadmus, the determined defenders of the soil of Spain seemed to spring from its bosom prepared for battle. But a few months, and the whole peninsula, from having been, at least devoted to peaceful pursuits, if not immersed in habits of sloth, is converted into a nation of warriors and heroes.

From this moment, humanly speaking, the subjugation of Spain must be regarded as impracticable. For, although the most powerful *army* may be conquered and even annihilated; yet a *nation of soldiers* contending for their rights is literally invincible. Such is the voice of experience and history. As well may you attempt to lay fetters on the ocean, as to subdue, in a population of fifteen millions of determined freemen, the spirit of independence.

From the example of the intrepid Spaniard the other nations of Europe learn, at length, this important lesson. From him, too, they learn, that the legions of Napoleon are not invincible, even when met on equal terms in the field of battle—a truth which could scarcely fail to lead, in the end, to the downfall of the tyrant. For, in such a case, whatever is deemed practicable will be resolutely attempted: and the attempt is the earnest of eventual success.

By the beacon-lights, burning on the hills of Spain, the Powers of the North are once more awakened, and aroused to the contest. Broken, but not annihilated, dispirited, but not despond-

ing, the flower of Austria is again in array. But the plains of Wagram prove fatal to her hopes. The House of Lorraine is there reduced to the most unconditional submission, thankful to retain, even on degrading sufferance, a powerless sceptre and a humbled diadem.

Russia, perceiving now but too clearly that the day of her trial is fast approaching, sternly collects herself within her own borders, resolved, should subjugation be attempted, on the resistance of valorous and noble despair. Nor is it long till her fears and apprehensions are realized. With an army surpassing in numbers, discipline, and all the terrifick enginery of war, whatever of military array Europe or the world had hitherto witnessed, Napoleon invades the territory of the Czar. Determined on empire and independence or death and glory, the virtuous and highminded Alexander leads to the conflict his faithful subjects, and, by his own august and heroick example, animates them to deeds of invincible courage. By the hand of Heaven, too, are laid up in store all the horrors of a northern winter, to be showered upon the head, and to strike terror to the soul, of the oppressor of nations.

On either side the preparations are immense, and the civilized world is intent on the issue. Moral Nature makes a pause of consternation, like that which, in the physical world, precedes the fearful yawning of the earthquake. The stake to be contended for is, proximately, the fate of

Europe; ultimately, perhaps, that of the human race—the richest stake, beyond comparison, for which the sword was ever drawn. In all respects worthy of the occasion was the shock which ensued. I will not, because I cannot, describe it to you. It is no subject for either the pen or the pencil—the powers of language or the magick of colours. It leaves them both at a vast, an immeasurable distance behind. To those, and those alone, who witnessed and survived it, can it ever appear in its true character.

Since the war in Heaven of which we read in the Book of the Apocalypse—the discomfiture of the Rebel angels by Michael and his followers, the universe has never beheld such a conflict. To the earth-convulsing thunders, the fiery horrors, and the smoking ruins of the field of Boradino, the fiercest eruption of the fiercest volcano is a scene of tranquillity. In relation to the unparalleled tumults of that day, well might I exclaim with the poet, when describing the voice of the last trumpet:

“O! powerful note! to which no equal sound,
 Did e'er the affrighted ear of nature wound,
 Since rival clarions first were strained on high,
 To kindle wars immortal through the sky;
 Since God's whole enginery discharged, and all
 The rebel angels bellowed in their fall.”

An array of warriors lie immolated to ambition—
 breathless and pale—on the dismal battle-ground.

The world is now to be astonished by a new and unheard of offering at the shrine of national independence and freedom. Enkindled by the same sublime and magnanimous spirit of resistance, the flames of Moscow break on the eye like the general conflagration. Like that conflagration, too, they are the prelude to the irrevocable perdition of the wicked. That unparalleled sacrifice—that holy burst of patriotick fire, consumed in the bosom of Napoleon the last faint and feeble relick of the hope of conquest. To the dismay of his soul, it disclosed to him by the fearful intensity of its brightness, the inevitable and ruinous issue of his campaign. From that moment disaster on disaster, and disgrace on disgrace—the defeat at Wiasma, the overthrow at Krasnoy, and the merciless carnage at the bridge of Berezina—hung on his rear and haunted his footsteps like a destroying angel. On no mortal did the storms of war ever burst in such a torrent of ruin. It was now, too, that the magazines of Heaven were emptied on his head, in hail and sleet, and frost and snow, and all that constitutes a winter in the North. The sufferings of his followers, from this cause, are exceeded only by the torments of the unrighteous in a state of retribution. No earthly torture can be devised to surpass them.

Stript at length of the refuse of his forces, the imperial homicide, a fugitive and alone, is spurned like a hated and unworthy thing, from the borders

of that territory, which he had so lately invaded with the pomp of a conqueror. Here, more especially, commences that memorable and tremendous fall, which resembled not a little—I speak with reverence—the fall of Satan from the skies, when stricken to the deepest abyss of perdition, by the thunder-clasping hand of the Majesty of heaven. Like that fall it was great—like that it was sudden—like that it was irretrievable—like that it was associated with the perdition of myriads—like that it was the fall of one of the most arrogant and impious of created beings.

“Him the Almighty Power

Hurl'd headlong, flaming from the ethereal sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down

To bottomless perdition; there to dwell

In adamant chains and penal fire,

Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.”

Escaped from the thousand dangers which menaced him, Napoleon is again within his own empire. But even here he is no longer secure; for his avenging pursuers are approaching like the terrible tempests of the North. The polar blasts which had proved so fatal to his followers and his hopes, sweep harmless over them, and even seem to accelerate their course. He who had lately given laws to Europe, and had awed half the world by the terrors of his name, is now obliged to prepare for a precarious defence of his own borders. In justice even to *him* be it remarked, that his

preparations and arrangements, at this crisis, were worthy of a great captain, born to command and struggling for empire. Had he never on any other occasion appeared at the head of an army in the field, his exertions and movements at this conjuncture, would have placed him, as a military leader, with the Scipios and the Hannibals, the Pompeys and the Cæsars. In some points, an impartial posterity will pronounce him their superior.

As if an overruling Providence were conducting him to his ruin, the counsels of the usurper are still confounded. He refuses to treat with the allied sovereigns on terms which would have secured to him his sceptre, his power, and the dynasty of his house. The armies are accordingly again in array, and after various minor encounters, meet in conflict at the bridge of Leipsick. That fatal plain, which had often before been the theatre of battle, never till now witnessed in all its horrors the shock of arms. Little short of the scenes of Berezina were there renewed. Carnage, in her fellest, fiercest mood, rioted throughout the battle ground till she was sickened with gore. As the result of that day, glorious to the allies, auspicious to Europe, and eminently disastrous to her merciless oppressor, nearly half of the army of Napoleon is destroyed, and more than half of his declining hopes buried in the blood-red waters of the Elb.

He precipitates his flight across the Rhine, the determined avengers of the wrongs of nations pressing on his rear. From this period the war, on his part, becomes desultory and irregular. His army both numerically and effectually reduced, his plans broken, and his hopes at length almost annihilated, he no longer fights for conquest, but for safety. Like a tiger exhausted, chafed, and driven in the toils, he often turns upon his pursuers, and attacks them ferociously, but always feebly and without effect. He is now fast approaching to the awful situation of a fallen tyrant, whose pastime has been cruelty, and who has waded in blood. In retrospect, nothing appears but a dark and damning catalogue of atrocities and crimes; in prospect, nought but sudden death, or a long protracted and agonizing scene of abhorrence and infamy—millions of curses both deep and loud alighting on his head, without even the balm of a solitary blessing—thousands of daggers thirsting for his blood, and not a friendly hand to shelter him from the stroke—a terrible lesson to the lawless usurper, and a warning, memorable, solemn and impressive, to all abusers of delegated power!

The allies arrive at the gates of Paris and are hailed as deliverers by that ancient capital. To seal the catastrophe of the sinking Napoleon, the Senate decrees that he be immediately dethroned. But how will the tyrant receive the edict? He is not yet entirely abandoned. An army of nearly

forty thousand men, commanded by some of his ablest generals, remain faithful to him, ready to sacrifice their lives in his defence. Will he, then, at the head of such numbers, tamely surrender up his diadem, the attainment of which he has effected by years of toil, and to which he has waded through rivers of blood? Will he, without the last convulsive struggle of despair, suffer to be wrested from him that sceptre with which he has but lately awed the thrones and commanded the homage of the continent of Europe? From being the haughtiest of monarchs, will he pusillanimously descend to become the most degraded and despicable of men? From having commanded the treasures of half the world, will he quietly consent to become a pensioner, and meanly subsist on the bread of charity? From having been, in his *own estimation*, but little inferior in dignity to the IMMORTALS, will he, in the *estimation of mankind*, sink beneath the humblest dregs of *mortality*? It cannot be. Napoleon the great! the creator and dethroner of kings! he who but lately declared, that "God had given him power to punish his enemies," Napoleon will surely be worthy of himself! Cato, who had never stalked in purple, and whose brow had never felt the weight of an imperial diadem, chose to perish by his own hand, rather than become the *second* man in the world, even when Cæsar, that paragon of human greatness, was the *first*. Macbeth, the usurper of the petty throne of Duncan, would not, when

conquered, live “to kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,” and be tauntingly “baited by the rabble’s curse.” Having once experienced the elevation of royalty, the proud Scot remained, in sentiment, still a king, and would not voluntarily submit to humiliation and indignity. Rather than do this, he chose the more honourable alternative of death in combat. Most assuredly, then, the vaunting Corsican—he who overran the country of the Cæsars—the usurper of the most august throne of Europe—the haughty monarch of the Iron Crown—the protector of the Confederation of the Rhine—the mediator of the Swiss Cantons, and the affected restorer of the Jews to Palestine—indubitably this man of titles and high-sounding words, will manifest, in the hour of extremity, a spirit of despair no less magnanimous. He will either play the ancient Roman and fall on his own sword; or, rushing into battle at the head of his remaining legions, surrender up at once his sceptre and his life, amidst the roar of cannon and the groans of thousands.

Alas! my fellow citizens, the picture is but a fancy-piece, and not a representation of the conduct of Napoleon! His genius and fortune had at once forsaken him. In retribution of his crimes, and as a warning to the impious, an offended Deity had consigned him to infamy. Unmindful of all his former greatness, forgetful, in appearance, that he had ever been a soldier, descending even from the spirit of a man, and regard-

ing nothing but his personal safety, he condescended to huckster for a life of ignominy! for a few remaining moons of disgrace! He consented, like a dastard, to a separation from his empress, and, in commutation for empire and all he had held in right of usurpation, to accept a pension from those he had insulted and wronged—to become a beggarly dependant on a prince whose throne he had polluted and whose life he had sought, and on a nation which he had denominated, in mockery, a company of shopkeepers! He retired, *by barter*, a pensioner to the island of Elba, there to drag out the residue of his existence in insignificance and misery, scorned by the honourable, abhorred by the virtuous, and a victim to the pangs and horrors of remorse.

What must be the feelings and what the appearance of this murderer of millions, in his dreary abode? this monster of blood and crime, in the gloom of the night, when he has retired to his lair? Gnawed and lacerated by that never-dying vulture, a guilty conscience—stung to distraction by turning to the past, and shrinking with horror from a still more dismal futurity, can the calm of content ever settle on his brow, or the balm of repose ever visit his eyelids? Should he, after hours of agony on his pillow, be overtaken, at length, by a feverish slumber, must not even his dreams be a refinement on torture? and will he not be suddenly aroused from them into madness and despair, by the fancied appearance of the

ghosts of d'Enghein and Kleber, Pichegru and Georges, Palm and Hoffer, and of thousands of others whose blood is on his soul? Worthy as he is to be, in a peculiar manner, signalized by the wrath of Heaven, will he not be hereafter an unparalleled object of all that is wretched, as he has heretofore been of all that is depraved?—supreme in suffering, as he has been supreme in crime? Nothing but an awful insensibility of conscience, corresponding to the weight and extent of his guilt, can shelter him from the pangs I have here described, and even from such as neither language can represent nor imagination conceive.

One word more, and I shall turn with disgust from the loathsome subject. If such be the character and such the conduct of the late despot of France—if in all the portentous galaxy of his qualities, not one is to be found beaming with the lustre of virtue, but each one shoots forth the fiery glare of ambition and guilt, what reprobation can be sufficiently strong, what detestation sufficiently deep for those rulers* of a free and enlightened people, who have voluntarily selected him as their political patron?—their idol in peace and their ally in war? Who, to the ruin of their country, and in opposition to the remonstrances of

* It will be observed that both here and elsewhere, in speaking of our political opponents, I allude to those invested with power, rather than to the great body of the party, most of whom appear to be as deeply dissatisfied as we are ourselves, with the general course of executive policy.

the wise and the good, have continued for years to make a common cause with him, toiling as he has been for the annihilation of freedom, and the subjugation of the world? If many of the nations of Europe were drawn into alliances with him, they had, perhaps, an excuse for their conduct—they were within the reach of the tyrant's sword: and it is with states as with individuals—self-preservation is always a cardinal motive of action. But what can be offered in palliation of the friendship and obsequiousness of a government separated from him by the waters of the Atlantick, and, therefore, far removed from the fatal vortex of his arbitrary sway? Had the principles and counsels of our chosen leader, the immortal Washington, born sway in the cabinet of our country, Americans would not now have had attached to them the indelible disgrace of being the only nation on earth that had bowed a willing knee to this Baal of state. They would not have been brought within the influence of that hideous mass of moral and political contagion, whose touch has been pollution, and its continued fellowship inevitable death.

“*Hic vendidit auro patriam.*” “That wretch,” says the prophetess, pointing to a tortured ghost, in the hottest part of the infernal kingdom, where blasphemy, fraud, impiety, and crimes against nature were punished—“That wretch sold his country for gold!” In what spot, then, of all that burning region shall *he* receive his doom, who has

bartered his country for popularity and place? or, what is worse, who has basely exchanged it for the approbation of a tyrant? If earth contain such a recreant as this, to his conscience and his God he is amenable for his crime; and to them we, in humbleness, refer the retribution.

But I turn with all the eagerness of joy to brighter scenes and fairer prospects. We have just beheld Europe bristling in arms, fulminating in battle, and drenched in blood—a prey to the capacities, and a victim to the horrors of the most desolating war. But let me invite you to look again, my fellow citizens, and rejoice in the contrast. How sudden! how wonderful! how glorious is the change! Indubitably the hand of Heaven has been there! A work so mighty in itself, so politically stupendous, so morally sublime, mocks at all that man can achieve. Justly might I exclaim with the Roman poet,

“Magnus ob integro seclorum nascitur ordo.”

The scene resembles a new creation. It is as the bursting of primæval light from the bosom of chaos, or the day-spring of order and harmony from discord and misrule.

Like the calm of the ocean after the raging of the tempest, Europe is now reposing from her toils. Throughout all her borders the hum of peace has happily succeeded to the thunders of war. The sword and the spear are fast converting into the plowshare and the pruning hook; the war

horse submits to the controul of the husbandman; and where but lately the laurel and the bramble encumbered the ground, the olive and the orange tree are beginning to spring. Armies assembled from different and distant nations, that met but now as enemies to perish or destroy in the shock of arms, have been suddenly and miraculously converted into friends. Touched by a holy and peace-inspiring impulse from above, they have staid the uplifted sabre when ready to descend, and instead of mutual wounds and death, have parted in the reciprocation of mutual blessings. So extensive too, is this peaceful and beatifick state of things, that, in Europe, the temple of Janus is closed. Throughout all her wide and warlike regions not a sword is now seen from the sleep of its scabbard, nor a hostile trumpet heard to sound.

On principles of reason as well as of religion and piety, are we bound to ascribe these mighty events to supernatural agency, as their *primary* cause. It would, however, be both illiberal and unjust to deny their well-deserved mead of admiration and applause, to the personages who have been *proximately* instrumental in their achievement. Did time permit, it would be delightful to dwell on so noble a theme. But I can bestow on it only a passing thought.

Paris has lately contained within its walls, perhaps contains at the present moment, the most august deliberative assembly that the sun in his journey has ever surveyed. A council of monarchs

and princes is there convened, whose object is universal peace and concord, connected with the liberation and independence of the civilized world—a new and unheard of subject to engage the attention and awaken the deliberation of the potentates of the earth.

Among these rulers of nations Alexander of Russia stands preeminent. That illustrious monarch of the North, whose soul is as magnanimous as his views are extensive, and who, in every moral attribute, is precisely the opposite of the tyrant Napoleon—that father of his people has revolutionized the spirit and completely reversed the object of conquest. Other conquerors have fought to enslave—to make fast the yoke and rivet the chains on discomfited nations. Alexander, on the other hand, has conquered to set free. His noblest conquest is that of himself. Superior to the ordinary motives of ambition, and conforming to the unbounded beneficence of his own nature, he has broken to fragments, and dashed to the ground, the yoke of a tyrant, without attempting to replace it with his own. Far from retaliating on the French people the atrocities which Bonaparte had perpetrated in Russia, his constant and earnest study has been, how most eminently to prove their benefactor. Hence did the Parisians crowd around him as he moved through the streets, anxious to touch even the hem of his garment, as if to purge themselves, by that holy contact, of the manifold pollution with which the

crimes of their late ruler had contaminated the nation. He has effected from actual confinement the most extensive deliverance that has ever been known. Besides having liberated two hundred thousand Frenchmen who were prisoners of war within his own dominions, he has, throughout the whole extent of the empire of France, thrown open the prison doors and restored to light and liberty thousands of unhappy beings who, for no crime, had sustained the damps and darkness of dungeons for twenty years. Exalted as was the merit and brilliant the renown of his great predecessors, Catharine and Peter, he, in the eye of reason and of Heaven is superior to them both. Between his fame and theirs, there is a fundamental difference which nothing can reconcile. He soars above them at an immeasurable distance—as wide as that between a love of power and a love of virtue. To other monarchs it has been deemed a sufficiency of praise to denominate them the deliverers of their respective countries. But we, his cotemporaries, and posterity, more impartial and enlightened than we, must greet Alexander under the more august title of **THE DELIVERER OF EUROPE**. Alexander of Macedon formerly embraced the world in his love of conquest; Alexander of Russia embraces it now in his love of happiness. The former shed tears of ambition because he found no other world as food for his sword; the latter would pour forth tears of joy could he find another as a theatre for his beneficence.

Nor must we forget his illustrious friend and colleague, who appears to be in all respects worthy of so distinguished a title, the Crown Prince of Sweden. Bernadotte has been long regarded as a personage of the loftiest qualities, and he has proved himself to be a prince of tried integrity. As a military leader, he was peculiarly suited to the exigency of the times. To the success of the allied arms his firmness and talents, his spirit of enterprise, his daring courage and skill in war, were indispensably requisite. With a heart to undertake and a hand to execute whatever the most enlightened and comprehensive mind was capable of projecting for the general good, his services in the deliverance of Europe are above all price, as he is himself superior to praise.

The chief merit of Francis of Austria, and of the king of Prussia, in this august and beneficent co-operation of monarchs, appears to consist in the animating example they afforded to their armies by heading and leading them in person to the field. History will do them justice by recording them as parties in the grand alliance, which wrested the sceptre from the hand of Napoleon.

But what shall we say of Great Britain, in relation to the character which *she* has sustained in this most magnificent of dramas, the *Deliverance of Europe*. Shall her services and sacrifices in the universal cause be forbidden to mingle in the joyous recollections which the occasion awakens? True, she is our enemy; but shall we, therefore,

be illiberal? True, she has wronged us; but shall we, therefore, be unjust? Shall we, whose fathers have excited the admiration of the world by their generous courage and magnanimity in war—we whose souls, warmed and expanded by the fire of freedom, should cherish none but the most elevated sentiments—shall we become so much the slaves of mean resentments and petty animosities, as to deny even to our foes the meed which is their due?—as to turn slanderers, and make war on their reputation as well as their persons? Confident I am that I appear as the faithful interpreter of your hearts, and speak the unperverted language of your feelings, when I answer promptly and definitively, **NO!** This moment are you ready to exclaim—I read in your countenances the generous sentiment—this moment are you ready to exclaim, in relation to Great Britain, as the noble Henry of Wales did with respect to Hotspur, his implacable enemy, but the hour before he slew him in battle:

“The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Harry Percy: By my hopes,
 This present enterprise set off his head—
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active valiant, or more valiant young,
 More daring or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace the latter age with noble deeds.”

When the frigate *Macedonian* struck to the United States, Captain Carden, according to custom, tendered to Commodore Decatur his sword. The Commodore magnanimously refused to accept it, declaring that the gallantry of his van-

quished foe entitled him still to the honour of wearing it. This was eulogy as lofty and flattering as man could bestow, and conferred on our distinguished countryman who pronounced it, even more honour than on him who was the subject of it.

But we have yet higher authority. You have professed yourselves, and I am sure your profession is without disguise, admirers, followers, imitators (as far as so transcendent an example can be imitated) of the illustrious Washington. He, alas! is no longer in the midst of us to instruct us in our duty at the present conjuncture. The recollection, however, of what he was and what he did, flourishes in our memory with evergreen freshness. But we well know, that from his lips the breath of disparagement never escaped. Nor did he ever condescend to withhold from an enemy the portion of applause to which he was entitled. Different and distant from such a course, as pole is from pole, honour from meanness, or truth from falsehood, was the practice of that illustrious pattern of magnanimity and virtue. Witness his whole conduct in the case of the highminded but unfortunate Andre. He never degraded himself by a war of words. Resolves and proclamations, railing manifestoes and slanderous reports, are weapons of combat which the hand of Washington scorned to employ. He left such ignoble expedients to inferior mortals, who are incompetent to the employment of any thing better.

In the true spirit of the ancient cavalier, whose soul was formed of the choicest metal, free from the debasement of admixture or alloy, he fairly and honourably fought his enemy, conquered him, forgave him, and last of all praised him, if he were worthy of praise. Such, too, should be the spirit and conduct of those who venture to enrol themselves under his banner.

It is in no small degree consoling to believe, that in the midst of higher and more divine occupations, Washington, still regardful of the affairs of mortals, retains even now the same love of country, for which, during life, he was so transcendently preeminent. To speak with reverence, it is scarcely possible his nature can be so far changed, that he is not still an American patriot. Nothing short of a new creation could render him so different from what he was.

Looking down, then, from his abode in the heavens, what must be *his* sentiments of Great Britain, in relation to the part she has acted in the emancipation of Europe. Can he withhold from her, at such a time and in relation to such a subject, his approbation and applause, merely because she is engaged in a war with his native country? a war most wantonly declared against her by a weak and perverse administration, and obstinately persisted in, even after the pretended causes of it had ceased to operate? God forbid that we should think so humbly of the sainted spirit of our political father! He was

a philanthropist no less than a patriot. He loved his country, as his actions testified, more passionately and sincerely than any other mortal. But this love was never indulged to the extinction of sentiments of general benevolence. The independence of nations and the freedom and happiness of the human race, are objects which were deeply and immovably rooted in his affections. If we may judge of him, therefore, in heaven, by what we knew of him when on earth, he is even now liberal in his applauses to Great Britain, from whose brow he himself plucked the fairest of her laurels, in consideration of the distinguished part she has contributed towards destroying the power of the impious Napoleon.

Let it be the pride of Americans, then, to imitate so pure, so elevated an example! Let them frankly bestow on Great Britain, hostile as she is to them, their loftiest eulogy, for her invincible fortitude, her unexampled perseverance, and her brilliant achievements, in the long and arduous struggle, which has so happily eventuated in the independence of Europe. Let them boldly and without reservation pronounce, a truth which will be recorded in the page of history, that but for the spirit and resources of that nation, Europe certainly, perhaps the whole of the civilized world, would have been, at this moment, humbled beneath the sceptre of the Corsican usurper. Be it OUR boast, my fellow citizens, on the present occasion, thus to vanquish, *in sentiments of generosity, the same foe*, which, as the glorious festival

we are now celebrating testifies, our fathers and brothers, who are gone to their rest, have heroically vanquished *in the field of battle*.

But, under the present head of our subject, we have yet another duty to perform—more sacred in its nature, because it is claimed by the illustrious dead, and more pleasing in its object, because it bears relation to one whom many of us knew, and all of us admired. Have we endeavoured to pay a humble tribute to Alexander and Bernadotte and Francis and Frederick; and shall the memory of the great, the virtuous, the unfortunate Moreau be excluded from the recollections which the occasion inspires? Shall not we, the freemen of America, whilst commemorating the anniversary of the birthday of our Independence, when the spirit rises to a level with its theme, and the soul conforms to all that is ennobling—shall we not pause to drop a tear of mingled affection and sorrow on the ashes of him, who is emphatically a martyr to universal freedom? who fell contending for the liberties of the world?—But the breath of our applause, however becoming it may be in us to bestow it, is not necessary to the fabric of his renown. That is already in all respects complete. Its basis is Christendom, its top is in the heavens. So towering is its summit, it is secure from envy and inaccessible to praise. It shall stand a rock immovable amidst the waste of ages, commanding the homage and admiration of mankind, when the pyramids of the Pharaohs and all the archi-

lectual monuments of antiquity shall be levelled with the dust.

As we direct our eyes, in imagination, towards the gates of Paris, we are presented with yet another object of the liveliest congratulation. Millions are gazing on it with affection and delight. While it is to many a remembrancer of pleasures that are past, it is regarded by all as an earnest of happiness and prosperity to come. It is the mild descendant of the longest line of kings the world has yet produced—the rightful and amiable monarch of France, entering in triumph the capital of his ancestors, after an exile of twenty years. It is Louis XVIII, ascending, as if by divine appointment, the throne of the Bourbons, to purge it by his virtues, from the blood and crimes, by which it has been polluted by an apostate usurper. All nations are gratified, Europe is delighted, France is enraptured, and Paris is in an ecstasy of joy at the event. Whatever of pleasing sensations and grateful recollections can result from sufferings terminated and favours conferred, and whatever of delightful anticipations can spring from the restoration of better times and the opening of brighter prospects—the dethronement of the worst of tyrants and the elevation of the best of kings—meet and intermingle on the joyous occasion. It is the jubilee of loyalty and patriotism, heightened and invigorated in sentiment by every consideration that can interest the feelings and awaken the best affections of the heart.

In addition to the common principle of virtuous sympathy which should lead all nations to feel a lively interest in the debasement of the wicked and the exaltation of the deserving, we, as Americans, have causes of peculiar joy at the elevation of Louis XVIII, to the throne of his forefathers. He is by the ties of blood and the constitution of the realm, the rightful successor to his unfortunate brother, our once magnanimous and powerful ally. With justice, therefore, should he be regarded as his successor also, to that share in our affections and good wishes, as citizens of the United States, to which his predecessor had a well founded claim. But who that is a friend to the independence of our country, can fail to recollect with emotions of gratitude, the extent of our obligations to Louis XVI? And who that has a soul to reprobate enormities, and to sympathize with suffering virtue, can cease to regard with detestation and abhorrence, the monsters of cruelty and the ministers of blood, who dragged him to the scaffold?—If any there be, who approve of that atrocity—which God forbid I should believe to be the case—let us disclaim with them all communion both political and social. Let them be aliens alike from our counsels and our hearts! They are more suitable companions for Napoleon Bonaparte in the island of Elba, than for the disciples of Washington in the United States.

Those who were in any measure conversant in the scenes of our revolutionary struggles, more

especially the venerable society of the Cincinnati; are alive to the inextinguishable debt of gratitude, which Americans owe to the memory of Louis. When the affairs of our country were at an ebb of depression, which in the most intrepid of our statesmen and the hardiest of our warriors had almost extinguished the glimmerings of hope: when we were feeble in forces and feebler still in all the preparations and munitions of war—when disease and privation had enervated the bodies and disaster and suffering shattered the spirits of our gallant little army—when our publick resources for maintaining the contest were almost exhausted, and even those possessed of private wealth had begun to despair of benefiting their country by their patriotick donations—when the enemy, powerful in numbers, proud in victory, and confident of success, were hovering on our borders and sweeping over our country like the tornado in its course:—Even then, at that moment of despondency, darkness, and dismay, when all human aid might have been deemed unavailing, and the God of armies alone seemed capable of sustaining the American cause—at that most critical and discouraging conjuncture, did the magnanimous monarch of the House of Bourbon acknowledge our Independence, declare for our liberties, and send forth to our succour his treasures, his fleets, and his veteran cohorts.

This, my fellow citizens, was no delusive profession nor ostentations offer of a halcyon friend.

It was the spontaneous and deliberate act of a virtuous young sovereign, who, beholding engaged in a manly but unequal struggle for their rights, a brotherhood of warriors, whom for deeds of hardihood and qualities of heroism the world had never surpassed, sympathized with them in their sufferings, and generously resolved on a participation in their fortunes. Accordingly De Grass and Rochambeau, conducting the flower of the French land and naval forces, were despatched to the new world, to fight and conquer under the banners of freedom.

But for this generous and opportune cooperation of the sovereign of France, the conflict we were maintaining for the establishment of our Independence, if not entirely unsuccessful, would have proved, at least, much more obstinate protracted and sanguinary. Our liberties, when achieved, would have been the price of greater hardships, privations and sufferings, and our laurels more deeply empurpled by the blood of our countrymen. Without presuming, then, either to dictate or prescribe, I unhesitatingly pronounce, that it is not only becoming in us—it is a duty with which we cannot faultlessly dispense, to include in the number of our causes of rejoicing, on this the anniversary of our national Independence, the elevation of Louis XVIII to the throne of his ancestors.

Thanks to the God of nations, France is now governed by a mild, legitimate monarch, distin-

guished for his piety and moral worth; not oppressed and trodden under foot by a fell usurper, the lightest of whose crimes is a contempt of truth, and an impious apostacy from the Christian faith. Under the auspices of the Bourbons, the celebrated country of Henry IV will be again in 1814 as she was in 1781, the advocate and not the subverter of the rights of nations. At the former period Louis XVI aided us by his arms in the establishment of our Independence: My life on the issue, that the time is not far distant—perhaps the work is even now going forward—when Louis XVIII will interpose his good offices to procure for us an honourable and a lasting peace. There is, at this moment, among the monarchs of Europe, a glow of general benevolence, connected with a kind and yielding courtesy towards each other, which will lead some of them to ask, and all of them to agree to, the repose of Christendom. On the friendship and kind disposition, therefore of Louis of France, no less than on those of Alexander of Russia, may we place the utmost reliance in the pending negotiation for a general peace. Those two monarchs will not, between us and our enemy, attempt to interpose in the character of an umpire or formal mediator; they will act the part of a mutual friend and generous reconciler. England, too, stands now on the proudest elevation. Never before had she so glorious an opportunity to prove herself magnanimous. Availing herself of the occasion, she will

unhesitatingly grant to the request of her allies, what she would not yield to their threats or their arms. But, whether our ambassadors be admitted into the general congress or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that a peace with America will be solicited and recommended by all the continental powers. In such a case Britain will not, I am persuaded, refuse. Even although her present interest and pride should prompt her to a refusal, yet will her spirit and principles lead her to spurn at every thing sordid and vindictive, and to comply with terms of justice and honour.

The times are unprecedented, and cannot fail to produce a corresponding effect on the human mind. They will soften and ameliorate even the sordid passions and iron dispositions of governments themselves. Whatever of ancient grudge or recent resentment—of local enmity or commercial jealousy, Great Britain may entertain in relation to the United States, she will nobly forego the gratification of them all, for the more virtuous and exalted delight of promoting the pacification and repose of the world. By acting thus, she cannot but be conscious, that she will add to the laurels which she already wears, another sprig of the brightest verdure: and, elevated as she now stands, it would be singular, indeed, if a love of glory did not constitute her predominant passion.

But should the case be otherwise—should the ears of her monarch be open only to evil advisers, and sordid interests, vindictive passions or ambi-

tious views prevail in his councils over moderation, justice, and magnanimity, let her beware—great, powerful, and haughty as she is, let Britain herself beware of the consequences! The war has been hitherto, on the part of the United States, a mere scuffle of party—the war of the government not of the nation. Hence the discreditable languor and want of success with which it has been conducted. With a few exceptions, the followers of Washington have indignantly refused to take any part in it. On this, however, let not Great Britain presume too far! Let her not count on Americans as always and necessarily a divided people. She may yet, to her cost and endless regret, be the cause of uniting them. There is one point, at least, on which they *will* be united—the *point of honour*. Although the federal party have hitherto disdained to rally around the standard of administration, because they consider it entrusted to unworthy hands, and erected on untenable ground—yet let it, even now, be firmly planted by SUITABLE HANDS, on that sacred spot, *the point of honour*, and federalists will be the last on earth to desert it. From Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantick to the Mississippi, they will not only rush to it on the wings of eagles, but, with the strength and courage of lions, will defend it to the last of their blood and their breath. In the hour of extremity, should such arrive, seizing it in one hand and their sword in the other, they will cling to it convul-

sively while they have strength to grasp or power to strike; and, like the much lamented Lawrence, their last exhortation to their surviving companions, uttered in feeble and faltering accents, will be “**DONT GIVE UP THE STANDARD!**”

In plain language, federalists are for their country, promptly, resolutely and immovably, against any foe that dares to invade its rights, or affix on it the slightest stain of dishonour. Administration has only to convince them that the olive branch has been tendered in sincerity and good faith—that an honest attempt has been made to negotiate a peace, and that Great Britain demands, as the basis of it, concessions which a great, free and high-minded people ought not to make—that she has addressed herself to their fears, rather than to their sense of justice and honour—Let administration convince them of this, and the work is done. From that moment until the attainment of a just and honourable peace, *they, under proper arrangements*, will be found among the foremost in the ranks of war. Should it then be deemed consistent with sound policy to strike at Canada, it falls like the thistle before the mower's sithe. The walls of Quebeck will again reverberate the sound of conflict, and the plains of St. Abraham again be enriched by the blood of the brave.

Under these circumstances, should Britons attempt a descent on our coast, they will find their graves at the water's edge. They will never

be suffered to insult with their footsteps the soil of freedom. In a word, our country will be free alike from invasion, danger, and disgrace, the moment that the injustice or insolence of the enemy shall have induced the federalists to rise in their strength, and cooperate with their wonted energy in the war. Invoking to their aid the spirit of their sainted chief, and reposing their trust in the God of battles, they will advance to the conflict with a firmness that nothing can shake, and a resolution which, ultimately, nothing can resist. Emulous of the renown of their fathers and brothers in our revolutionary contest, they will once more humble even the pride of Britons, and teach them, that whether in 1776 or in 1814, and whether by land or by sea—struggling for Independence or contending for honour—**THE FOLLOWERS OF WASHINGTON ARE ALWAYS THE SAME.**

In contemplating the present felicitous condition of European affairs, and comparing it with that which but yesterday existed, there is one consideration and but one, to sully the purity or set limits to the extent of our joy as Americans. It is that we, who are ourselves the freest and happiest people on earth, and who ought, therefore, to be, at least, the advocates if not the champions of the freedom and political happiness of others, have had no agency in effectuating the change. No agency in effectuating the change, did I say? Would to Heaven the evil and the mortification

attending it terminated here! that the sin of omission were our only crime!—but our guilt is of a deeper and darker dye! The source whence flows the bitterness that dashes and poisons the cup of our present rejoicing is, that we—I mean the members of our Cabinet at Washington—have contributed all in our power to prevent the change—that we have thrown—wantonly and disgracefully thrown our whole weight and influence, as a nation, into the opposite scale—That, not content to remain inactive spectators of the progress of oppression, we have, in a moment of madness, at least of unprecedented rashness and folly, yoked ourselves to the car of the Imperial oppressor, to aid in dragging it over the necks of prostrated nations.

Thus stands the account between us and some of the people of Europe. When we were contending for freedom and independence, France, then under the auspices of Louis XVI, generously assisted us with her wealth and her arms. In return for this, we—I still mean the Cabinet of our country—unmoved by insults, unaffected by wrongs, have continued, to the last, to be the friends and admirers of the sanguinary usurper of the throne of Louis, while he was crushing France as by the weight of a millstone. During our revolutionary struggles, Holland and Spain were both sincerely attached to our interests; and even manifested their attachment by something more than silent approbation. In requital

of this, when these nations were experiencing, in their turn, the rod of the oppressor, surely the government of the United States extended to them, if not its aid, at least its sympathy and kind condolence ! It made towards them, unquestionably, some manifestation of friendly sentiments!—Let events speak for themselves. They are more eloquent, and forcible than words, and never substitute fallacy for truth.—To him who carried carnage and mourning into both Holland and Spain, our administration remained the most faithful adherent, and in equal violation of magnanimity and right, invaded a defenceless province of the latter power.

To finish the climax of their folly and madness, it was necessary for our rulers to go one step further. Nor were they backward in effecting this deplorable consummation. At a time and under circumstances the most inauspicious—our treasury empty, the sources of our revenue dried up, the country destitute of military science, neither men nor munitions prepared for the contest, and nearly half our population opposed to hostilities—in this most wretched and unpromising state of affairs, when the honour of the country in no respect required, and its interest most imperatively forbade the measure, they plunged into a war with the only nation on earth that was capable of doing us any material injury.

Would to Heaven that the record of these transactions so contrary to the maxims of wisdom,

the principles of freedom, and the dictates of sound policy, were blotted for ever from history and from memory, that they might not descend to posterity even in a traditional form, to mortify the spirits and affix a stain on the character of our descendants!—But for this wild and inconsiderate rushing of our administration into mischief, how indescribably sublime and beautiful would have been, at this moment, the aspect of the world. Peaceful and tranquil throughout all their borders, as the summer-evening lake when the breeze of day has ceased to ruffle it, not a hostile sword would have been glittering from its scabbard in Europe or America. Employed in the various occupations of peace, and protected by the shade of the wide-spreading olive, Christendom herself, with all her diversity of people and of interests, would have been in the actual enjoyment of a political millenium. The flag of every nation floating in security over every sea, and an harmonious interchange of commodities and good offices in their respective marts and harbours, would have afforded to the world the most delightful antepast of the Millennium of Promise. The cultivation of our own fields would not then have been declining for want of a vent for the products of the soil, our merchant ships would not, along our wharves, have been furnishing food for worms, nor vitiating by their putrefaction the surrounding atmosphere; nor would thousands of our fellow citi

zens have been languishing in idleness and poverty at home, or dragging out a wretched existence in foreign prisons. Instead of this miserable state of despondency and decay, we would have been, at this moment, the most flourishing and happy people, that the sun awakens in his journey round the globe. Such would have been the glorious and happy result of a wise adherence, by the councils of our nation, to the principles and policy of Washington and his followers!

But I must pause to beg pardon for the course I am pursuing. I feel that it is different—in some respects, I fear, widely different, from that which you had anticipated, and for which the occasion seems naturally to call. This day is set apart as a season of rejoicing, and I have brought to your minds recollections that are painful. This anniversary was instituted for the purpose of fostering and maturing American patriotism, independence and pride: But many of the topics on which I have addressed you have been calculated to humble and offend, rather than to elevate or inspire with love. I am sensible, moreover, that I have been too much from home—that I have wandered too long in foreign regions, unmindful, as it might seem, of my native country. For this, however I have an apology to offer. The late events in Europe have been so attractive and imposing, and the tide of public sentiment has set towards that quarter with a current so irresistible, that I have been hurried

along with it, even against my resolution and my judgment. But, like a truant sensible of his errors and repentant of the past, I will return once more to the land of our affection, and endeavour, during the few remaining moments I have to appear in your presence, to make some amends for the faults I may have committed.

Instead of dwelling any longer, then, on the scenes and transactions of the old world, let us hastily cast our eyes around the borders of the new. We are here presented with ample ground of attachment to a country so varied, so excellent, so resplendent in its qualities; in its features and aspect so beautiful and sublime—a region of the globe for which nature has done every thing and art not a little.

Trace, but for a moment, the general outline of the American continent, and tell me if you can withhold from it your admiration and love. For grandeur and magnificence—vastness of design and boldness of execution, it is without a parallel. It would seem to be the result of an unusual exertion of Almighty Power—the offspring of a *FIAT* superior to that which called into existence the other portions of the globe. Compared to it the outline of the old world dwindles into insignificance. The continent of America alone stretches over one hundred and forty eight degrees of latitude, whereas the whole extent of Europe, Asia and Africa conjoined, barely amounts to one hundred and eight. By forty

degrees of latitude, then, corresponding in extent to two thousand four hundred English miles, does the new world surpass the old, in the scope of its outline from north to south:—A space this equal to the limits of another continent—exceeding not a little the continent of Europe.

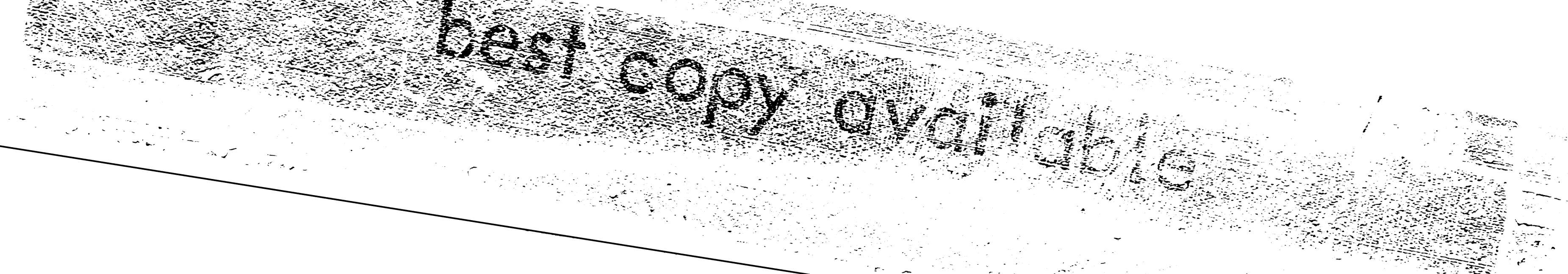
If, quitting the outline, we institute a comparison between the leading features of the old world and the new, here again the superiority of the latter is equally eminent. The mountains of America are by far the most lofty and majestick on earth. Compared to the Andes, the Alps and the Pyrenees are but secondary hills. The plain of Quito, lying at the foot of the stupendous Chimboraza, which towers into the heavens six thousand feet above it, is nearly on a level with the summit of Mont Blanc. Etna and Vesuvius, which have long been the wonder of the old world, would lose their distinction among the volcanoes of the new: or if distinguished at all, it would be only on account of their diminutive size. In magnitude and terrifick grandeur, Cotopashi is greatly superior to them both.

In every attribute of greatness and majesty—the breadth, the depth, and the length of the channels—the rivers of America are no less pre-eminent. In the immensity of its waters, the Amazon alone is equal, perhaps, to all the rivers of Europe. Nor does the old world furnish any streams that can sustain a comparison with the La Plata, the Oronoco, the Mississippi or the St.

Lawrence.—The same thing is true in relation to our lakes, many of which would, in Europe or Asia, receive the denomination of inland seas. Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water on our globe. It is of greater dimensions, I think, than the Caspian Sea, and certainly much greater than the sea of Baikal or of Aral. Great Britain, if reduced to a compact and regular form, might be placed in the midst of it, and still be an island.

I might pass on to similar remarks in relation to our forests, our birds and our quadrupeds. The depth and solemn majesty of an American forest has never been witnessed on the continent of Europe. For magnitude, strength and courage, the Condor of the new world has no parallel among the feathered tribes of the old. We do not know that America contains, *at present*, any quadruped equal in size to the elephant or the hippopotamos. But, from the fossil bones discovered in such abundance in various parts of it, we are convinced that this has not always been the case. The skeleton of our great Incognite, usually though unmeaningly denominated the Mammoth, which was certainly in former ages an inhabitant of the United States, is the largest fabrick of bone in existence.

As far, then, as grandeur and magnificence can avail, no country on earth is so eminently calculated as America, to command the love and admiration of her children. However contrary the fact may be to the dreams and prejudices,



and however mortifying to the pride of opinion, of certain European writers, it is notwithstanding true, that man himself, by emigrating to the New world, has participated, to a certain extent, in the elevated and excellent attributes of every thing around him. Intellectually as well as corporeally, his nature has improved rather than deteriorated. Had I leisure, and were it proper in me, at present, to dwell on this topick, I would fearlessly stake my reputation as a man of sense, on the satisfactory establishment of what I have asserted. The fact is ennobling in its nature, and, in its consequences, vitally important to the character of our country. It should be felt by each of us as among the strongest motives to sentiments of patriotism and national pride.

Connected immediately or remotely with the festival we are celebrating, are many grateful and proud recollections, on which a want of time forbids me to bestow the attention they merit. Among these may be enumerated the scenes of heroism, the virtuous sacrifices, and the magnanimous transactions of our revolutionary war. Nor must we pass unnoticed the many distinguished personages which that arduous and gallant struggle drew forth from private life, to improve the world by their great example, to add to the dignity of human nature, and to augment the lustre of the American name. To these considerations may be subjoined, our enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious, in a degree altogether unknown in other countries—the un-

rivalled wisdom and excellence of our various institutions, political and moral—our unexampled progress in agriculture and commerce, in the cultivation of the arts, the ornamental as well as the useful, and in the attainment of science and letters, wealth and power, with whatever else can add to our aggrandizement and happiness, or augment, in any way, our weight and influence in the community of nations. Such are a few of the recollections which it is becoming in us to cherish, and which we may recur to with joy, on the present occasion. They will be realized, I trust, by each of us as so many pure and never-failing fountains, rich in streams as precious as the dews on the hill of Hermon, to water the soil and bring forth abundantly the fruits of patriotism.

The recollections which have just been enumerated belong in common to the American people, without distinction of sect or party. The whole community being alike concerned in the transactions and achievements from which most of them have arisen, have an equal claim to participate in the joys which they are calculated to inspire. But not so in relation to *one* which remains untold—the brightest, the proudest, the most ennobling recollection, which is connected, at present, with the American name. Need I be explicit in announcing to you, that I allude to that which springs with such radiance from the deeds of our navy?

Thank Heaven! that source of joy, politically speaking, is peculiarly our own. To us and our associates, the disciples of Washington, does it exclusively belong. To our opponents, as a party, it is a cause of humiliation rather than of rejoicing. Nor, with all their exultation at our naval victories, is it possible for them to regard it in any other light. The reason why they cannot is glaring as the sun. It convicts their leaders of an utter want of political wisdom—an absolute blindness in relation to the real interests of our country—a most flagrant incapacity for managing the vital concerns of the nation.

From the moment of its establishment till after the commencement of the present war, our navy had to encounter the opposition of the dominant party, under all the shapes and characters it could assume. Nor did it succeed in vanquishing that till it had gloriously vanquished its foes on the ocean. To the everlasting honour of Hull be it recorded, that his was the language which proved irresistible. His arguments pealed in triumph from the mouths of his cannon, silenced at once the thunders of the *Guerriere*, and the more dangerous fulminations of democratick hostility. To the shame of the present administration should it be transmitted to posterity in characters of adamant, that it was not till after the achievement of that victory, that they became fully reconciled to the *federal navy*. Even then was their reconciliation a thing of expediency

not of good will—the result of necessity not of choice. Disasters by land were overwhelming them with disgrace. As an asylum from that and the odium which accompanied it, they betook themselves—ignominiously betook themselves, to a shelter under the flag of the gallant little navy, which till then they had treated, if not with absolute indignity and insult, at least with indifference and frigid neglect.

In the policy of Washington is the American navy known to have had its birth. Of that policy it is now almost the only relick that is not swept from our country by the besom of democracy. From among his political followers were selected, without an exception, the officers who have so repeatedly conducted it to triumph and glory—not a naval wreath having been hitherto woven by the hand of Victory, but for the brow of a disciple of the hero of Mount Vernon. Through good report and through bad—in the times of its greatest depression, no less than in those of its highest exaltation, have his friends and adherents been its immutable advocates. To them, therefore, whether in honour or degradation, in conquest or defeat, leading captive the ships and squadrons of the enemy, or in captivity itself, does it rightfully appertain—and they joyously adopt and will zealously cherish it through every change:—On aught that bears the impress of their political father will they fearlessly stake their reputation and their safety.

Were it not for the achievements of our naval heroes, since the commencement of the present ruinous war, what would be the condition of our character in arms? A stain without relief—a blot—a perfect blot on the escutcheon of nations—The very thought of it to a genuine American mind is like iron to the soul! We look to the land, where the policy of our present cabinet alone prevails, and all is discomfiture, gloom and disgrace!* We look to the ocean, where rides

* The author wishes it to be distinctly understood, that he means here to express no sentiment of disrespect to those, whether officers or soldiers, who compose our armies. On the other hand, he cherishes for them the highest respect. He knows them to be as brave, prepared to attempt as much, and to shed their blood as liberally, as any men on earth. They are the materials of an army, which, properly disciplined and directed, would do honour to any country, or any cause. His allusion is to the incompetency of a few commanding officers, who have retired from service; but more especially to the wretchedness of all the measures of administration, in relation to the two campaigns that have been conducted on our lines. On these points he is convinced that he accords in sentiment with more than nine tenths of the democratic party. For months past he has not heard a dissentient voice on the subject. It is a truth which must be familiar to every one, that some of the dominant party are louder in their complaints against the misconduct of our administration, than even federalists themselves.

The third campaign appears to have opened under happier auspices, an event at which every friend to his country must sincerely rejoice, and none *more sincerely* than the writer of this note. He hails the change with all the joy his heart can feel, and all the enthusiasm the achievements can

the remnant of the policy of Washington, and our eyes are dazzled with our own glory!

Even now, in imagination, does the fiery conflict present itself to our view. In yonder sea-bound horizon appear two hostile ships, in proudest trim, and all the dreadful pomp of preparation, advancing to combat. Their flags and gallant bearing proclaim them to be British and American. It is the *CONSTITUTION* and the *GUERRIERE*, preparing to open the naval war! The moment is big with consequences incalculable! The prize is immense, the honour of the two nations and the fate of the American navy being staked on the issue:—As yet, on either side the death-stored batteries sleep, and each chieftain endeavours to outmanœuvre his skilful adversary. Eager for the contest the *Guerriere* has awaked her distant thunder. But not so with her grim antagonist. Determined on no mere parade of battle, nor war of empty sound, the *Constitution* approaches, in fearful silence, within the distance at which she can strike with certainty and terrible effect—Her commander gives the word, and lo! she is converted into a bulwark of fire! Her astonished and reeling foe receives into her side an entire battery!—Enveloped in clouds of their own creating, the ships are no longer visible; but their continued thunder proclaims aloud the

inspire. The news of the late operations in Canada had not, however, reached Philadelphia when this Oration was delivered.

work of havock.—The conflict is ended, the cannon are silent, and the shouts of victory burst on the ear! But on which side victory lies is yet known to Heaven and the combatants alone!—The smoke is dispersing—the American flag still floats in the air—the flag of Britain is nowhere to be seen!—The smoke is gone—Our country has triumphed—Our navy is safe—THE CONSTITUTION REAPPEARS IN ALL HER TRIM!—THE GUERRIERE IS A SINKING WRECK ON THE WAVES!