

AN

# ORATION,

DELIVERED IN CHRIST-CHURCH.

Dudson,

ON THE 4<sup>th</sup> OF JULY, 1808.

---

[WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, &c.]

---

By THOMAS P. GROSVENOR, Esq.

---

PUBLISHED FOR THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

BALANCE-PRESS.

# ORATION, &c.

—+—  
MY FELLOW-CITIZENS,

**I**F on this day, you expect a tedious argument, to prove, that you are the most enlightened, the most virtuous and the most independent people on this globe, you will be disappointed.

If your political appetites have been so pampered, with exotic delicacies, as to relish nothing, but a course of eulogiums upon liberty, equality, and the abstract rights of man,\* you must remain unsatisfied—for no such course is provided.

I am not insensible, that themes, like these, have long been regarded by Federalists, as most appropriate on this anniversary.

We have met, it is true, to celebrate the birth of our republic. But, we have convened at a period, dark and portentous—at a period, when the sun of her prosperity is totally eclipsed; when clouds pregnant with ruin shroud, in gloom, the whole political horizon, and threaten to shower their pestilential contents upon our rights and our independence. At such a period, it cannot be proper, to trifle away the day upon subjects so hacknied and so uninstrucive.

Far different is the task now to be performed. And, my Fellow Citizens, having taken this place at the request of the committee, I shall address you in the undaunted language of an American, of a freeman, “uninfluenced by fear, affection or hope of reward.” When the party, which now rules this country, first burst open the doors of honor and confi-

.....

\* The stuff which has been administered by the liberty and equality men in France has cured many a jacobin. When Robespierre was seen with the silvered accents of philanthropy, liberty and freedom issuing from his lips, and his hands at the same moment reeking with the heart's blood of the wisest and most virtuous of his fellow-citizens, thousands were convinced that “a man of the people” might be a villain, a robber, a tyrant and an assassin. There are “men of the people” in all countries.

Liberty, equality and the rights of man. Perhaps no words in the English language have been so totally perverted. They are little understood and still less practised by the democrats of our country. If any man wishes to be thoroughly versed in the doctrine of the rights of man, in civil society, let him read that noble monument of the talents of Hamilton, called the Federalist—It exhibits a perfect compendium of the rights of man derived from nature and regulated by civilization, by justice and by law. It should be in every man's family.



dence," our republic was in a state of unexampled prosperity. Although an infant, she was endowed with all the strength and grandeur of maturity. Her rank elevated and honorable, her respectability and importance daily increasing, her resources multiplying, and her character without a stain, she was, rapidly, rivalling the greatness of the most powerful nations, while she was, at the same time, vigilantly, avoiding those rocks, on which, all former republics have been shivered. The world was astonished to behold a republic so young, rising with such rapid progress, to wealth, power and importance.

From the wreck of a shattered confederation, a constitution had arisen, which, having passed the ordeal of furious opposition and clamorous faction, combined the experience and wisdom of ages, with the most liberal and rational principles of civil liberty.

From the center of financial confusion, had arisen a revenue, systematic, and perfectly beneficial in its operation; and all the demons of licentiousness and anarchy, had vanished, at the appearance of law, order and energetic government. Our republic had evinced to the world that, though in the infancy of her existence, she could not brook indignities—"that she would not temporize with disgrace, or compromise with dishonor." And, the most powerful nations of Europe had been taught, that her rights must be respected, or her banner unfurled.

Agriculture, maintained and aided by commerce, spread with astonishing rapidity, converting the wilderness into cultivated fields and covering, with verdure and the richest guerdon, the barren wilds of our country; while her hardy sons enjoyed all the conveniences and many of the richest luxuries of life. Commerce, supported by agriculture, and protected by government, flourished beyond all former example. The raw products of our soil were spread through every quarter of the globe; and through a thousand channels, the riches of Europe and Asia, the productions of art and science, throughout the civilized world, were poured into our rising republic.

No undue partialities for foreign nations were tolerated in the government.—At peace with all the world, and unencumbered by entangling alliances, our courage unbroken, our reputation untarnished, our republic uncorrupted and vigorous, we were inspired with the proud spirit, and enjoyed the richest blessings, of independence.

All this was effected by a sound, liberal, and enlightened policy—that policy, which originated in the cabinet of Washington, and which has ever been supported by his friends and followers. At this period, none of those contracted notions of government, which have since been nicknamed economy, and philosophy, and republicanism, had defiled our councils, or disgraced our republic.

Such, was the situation of our country, when the delusions of modern democracy triumphed.

Now, mark the change!

But seven years have passed away, and all our bright prospects of glory, of wealth and of happiness are shrouded in darkness.

See the Constitution, wounded and mutilated by those very men, who were bound by every principle of honor, of morality, and of religion, to



preserve it in health and vigour. See the sacred rules of justice pressed into the service of executive oppression,\* the laws trampled under foot by the minions of power, and their sanctuaries profaned by the sabre and the bayonet.† See the flame of party spirit rising into a conflagration. Behold our country, on the very borders of war, with almost every nation—and yet, see the administration trembling at the noise of its own cannon, faint with fear, deprecating the anger of a mushroom Emperor. See our navy dismantled, all means of national defence abandoned. National honor and reputation apparently in their last struggles, and all the spirit and courage of the people, evaporating in gasconading proclamations. And finally, behold an infatuated administration piercing the very vitals of our prosperity, by dooming commerce to destruction, and at one fell blow, demolishing the very bulwarks of our safety and our independence.

Every class of our citizens are exposed to ruin. The whole nation groans under deprivations and sufferings the most intolerable, and presents to the astonished world a spectacle at once degraded, miserable and helpless.

These pictures are not exaggerated. They are drawn and coloured by the pencil of truth; and, there is not an honest man in the country, let his prejudices be what they may, acquainted with the originals, but, must acknowledge the likeness.

How, then, is it, that in the short space of eight years, the fair features of our Republic are so totally disfigured? How is it, that the government has abandoned the high-road to glory, and wealth, and security, and lost itself, in the byeways and footpaths of theory, experiment and disgrace? Wherefore is it, that those barriers against foreign intrigue and domestic ambition, which Washington and his counsellors erected, have been so completely swept away, as to leave, scarcely, a vestige of their princi-

.....

\* I allude to the proclamation of the executive, in which he basely pronounced Aaron Burr guilty of treason—thereby poisoning the minds of the people and inducing a general prejudication of his guilt. The scene at Richmond, [where so universal was the effect produced by this proclamation, as to compel Burr to place his life upon the verdict of men, already convinced of his guilt] demonstrates at once that it is to an honest and uncorrupted Judiciary we must look for protection from the vengeance of “the man of the people.” In the numerous cases of the Pennsylvania insurgents, was the like ever done by Washington or Adams? No, they stood aloof from the subject. They left the violated laws to vindicate themselves—and scorned to use their authority to oppress even the basest culprits.

† The public have not forgotten the scene at New-Orleans, in which that Spanish pensioner, Wilkinson, cut so distinguished a figure. He played Bobadil, to perfection. But, more of this honorable affidavit maker by and by.



ples and labours? And, by what new process of dissolution, have the flourishing commerce and navigation of America, been so suddenly and so entirely swept from existence?

My fellow citizens—modern democracy, that deformed bantling of licentiousness and ambition—that fiend whose breath, like the fabled *bohan upas*, corrupts and blasts every thing it touches, aided by her misshapen offspring time-serving economy, philosophism, and executive cowardice has been the cause of all our calamities. Eight years ago, this successor of gallic jacobinism grasped the helm of our government, and under her fatal direction, we have floated rapidly down the current, until we now find ourselves, without rudder or compass, lost, in an ocean of infamy.\*

The people of America, when correctly informed, and when subject to their own reason and judgments, will rarely, if ever, err. But, to hope, that prejudice will not, sometimes, lead them into error, that they will not, sometimes, become the dupes of ambition and the artificers of their own ruin, is preposterous in the extreme.

Republics are the soil in which demagogues flourish most luxuriantly. There it is, that licentiousness, borrowing the glittering robes of liberty, becomes the idol of the populace, and is worshipped. There it is, that delusion erects her habitation and establishes her throne. And there it is, that ambition, arising from the dust, sometimes cringing, and sometimes commanding, now in the plain attire of a republican, and now in the gaudy trappings of a courtier, a face ever dressed in smiles, and his hand clutching a concealed dagger, exhausts the whole catalogue of intrigues and enormities, and finally, towers above the constitution.

Those important truths, are stamped, in glaring capitals, upon the tomb stone of every departed Republic. The people, in a paroxism of rage or affection, select some cringing sycophant, for a leader, who as they believe, “can do no wrong,” invest him with unbounded privileges and powers; and, in some evil moment, when with the syren song of “the people,” “the people,” “the sovereign people,” he has lulled their vigilance and palsied their powers, he boldly grasps the sceptre, and sets at defiance all responsibility. Thus, Cæsar became the despot of Rome. Thus, Cromwell subverted the government of England. And thus has Bonaparte bound with iron fetters, even the mad Republicans of France. It is unnecessary to multiply examples. Examine the annals of all those

.....

\* By democracy throughout this publication, I mean those crude notions of government, and those unstable principles of conduct and policy, by which the leaders of the opposition to our constitution and the administration of Washington have been invariably distinguished. It is meant to distinguish the policy and conduct of Mr. Jefferson and his agents from the system and principles of Washington and his followers. It is used in contradistinction to federalism. The party here meant to be designated by it have voluntarily assumed it—and whatever may be its original signification, it has obtained in this country a definite and appropriate meaning, and is therefore, it is conceived, used with propriety.



celebrated Republics, which have astonished the world, and which still ring in history, and you will never doubt, that this is the great road, they have all travelled to destruction.

The history of our own country furnishes no equivocal evidence of the reality of this alarming portrait. In our republic, that delusion, which, from the fall of Adam, has constantly led the world into deeds of confusion and transcendent horror, has been playing a deep and a fatal game.

But, as the chill vapours of night vanish at the rising of the sun, so the delusions of Democracy are swiftly flying before the united influence of reason and experience. The great mass of our citizens, indignant at the discovery of those deceptions, intrigues and falsehoods, which have, constantly, been played upon their honesty and patriotism, are fast rising, in opposition to the plans and policy of their arch deceivers. They are rising in their majesty; and "with a step steady as time and sure as death," they will bury democracy, in the very grave, which she had prepared for the constitution of our republic.

To establish these facts; to develop the motives of the present administration, to account for the rapid ruin, which has overwhelmed us, and to shew, that our present rulers have deliberately courted our present calamities, a comprehensive sketch of their conduct and policy, since the adoption of our constitution, may be necessary.

When, however, in describing the evils, the folly and the vices of democracy, any observations shall be made, implicating the honesty, the wisdom and the patriotism of the ruling party,\* let it be distinctly understood, that, they are not intended, for the great mass of that party—but, merely, for those arch deceivers, who, in the very infancy of our republic, organized an opposition to her prosperity; who, in a thousand forms of faction, made incessant attacks upon her laws, her constitution, and

.....

\* The great source of delusion and error among the people are democratic gazettes; which have arisen to a pitch of profligacy wholly unrivalled in any other age or nation. The Aurora, in impudent, barefaced and atrocious lying, outstrips every competitor. Smith's Intelligencer is a whining baby-faced liar. The Chronicle of Boston, is a blackguard, malignant liar. The Citizen of New-York is a dashing, and quite an accomplished liar. And the Baltimore Whig combines all the malignity of Duane with the genuine propensities of a Munchausen. It is a fact that most of the jacobin papers are edited by foreigners—men without character or property, who could, with their duds in a handkerchief fly from America without breaking a single connection. Judging from the contents of their papers and from the character and conduct of the men, there can be hardly a question, that they receive their salaries from Paris as regularly as they transmit their papers to St. Cloud. With that shoal of reptiles, such as the Bee, the Recorder and the Register, who must ever crawl in the dust, whose stupidity is disgusting and who subsist by the dexterous use of the scissors, I have nothing to do—they are unworthy of a comment.



her firmest patriots ; and who now, wrapped in the tattered mantle of democracy, are playing the last act in the tragedy of delusion, by offering up the independence of their country, upon the altars of ambition and cowardice.

Soon after the adoption of our constitution, a revolution commenced in Europe, which, at its first dawning, promised a happy issue, for the liberties of the world.

The American people, alive to freedom, heard the sound of her voice on the eastern continent, with exultation and triumph. Little, did they then suspect, that all the apostate principles of licentiousness, infidelity and anarchy had been embodied, by the pretended patriots of France, and that, having dressed the image they had formed, in the ravished robes of freedom, they were palming her on the world, as the benign goddess of liberty. Little, did they dream, of the horrid scenes of anarchy, robbery, and murder, which were about to destroy France, convulse Europe, and threaten the happiness of America.

When, however, they beheld France drenched with the blood of her best citizens ; when they beheld her, like a furious maniac, grasping, in her hands, the chains she had broken, and striving to rivet them on every independent nation ; and when they beheld, in the semblance of liberty, a monster, which threatened to destroy the freedom of the world, their attachments were severed, and their songs of triumph turned into mourning and execration.

Still however Mr. Jefferson and his counsellors continued the devoted partizans of the French revolution. They succeeded, in exciting tumults. And that jacobinical philosophy, which, like a volcano, was then raging in France, threatened, through their instrumentality, to involve us in a revolution, the most ferocious, ever recorded in the annals of our race. At this portentous moment, happily for our republic, Washington was our president : and he, whose prudence, firmness and courage had, so often, saved his country, opposed himself to the torrent, and hushed it to peace.

A system of neutrality was established and adhered to, with inflexible perseverance. At this so dangerous crisis, first stepped upon the public stage that band of demagogues, who have since been elevated to power. With an insolence wholly unparalleled, they impeached the motives of the president and all his confidential friends, and exhibited an entire devotion to the views of the philosophers of France.

Every measure adopted by our government, which tended to sustain our neutrality and to preserve us from a participation in the bloody scenes of the French revolution, was met with the most clamorous and implacable hostility—with an hostility, equalled by nothing, but the foreign enormities, it was intended to support.

France, then a prey to the harpies of Jacobinism, heaped upon our suffering republic the most enormous injuries—Grateful for the aids, which her murdered monarch had afforded to our country, in the time of her weakness, we preferred the patient endurance of a thousand indignities, to hostilities with our ancient ally. Every effort was made to restore amity.



But when in vain we had deprecated the consequences of her conduct — when we had drunken the very dregs of the cup of humiliation, and when our administration prepared to resist ruin, with the spirit of independence, then it was, that the demagogues of our country appeared in their naked deformity. Then it was, that every measure indicative of energy, courage and independence, was resisted, with a violence and obstinacy, which well nigh cost us our best blood in civil dissention.

When the administration, with calm and firm resolution, resisted and baffled, the demands of a blood-stained directory for money, the unauthorised assumptions of power claimed by the ministers of France, and the arts and intrigues of foreign spies and domestic traitors, to involve us in the bloody wars of Europe, they were denounced, as apostates from republicanism, and as traitors to their country. When a French minister trampled under his feet the constitution, and appealed from the constituted authorities to the people, his conduct was not only applauded, but vindicated by his American partizans. If the great nation atcheived a victory, by which an empire fell, the country rung with shouts of exultation and triumph. Those ferocious maniacs of France, who, panting for slaughter, bore, throughout Europe, the standard of “liberty, equality and the rights of man,” and which dragged, in their train, rebellion, famine, massacres and revolution, were hailed, as the chosen apostles of freedom and philanthropy.

That plan of policy, which combined every principle of intrigue, treachery and violence, which, with equal indifference, threatened destruction to thrones and republics, and which was precisely calculated to secure to France universal empire, was cherished and admired, as the offspring of humanity, liberty and wisdom.

In fine, when France exhibited, on the map of nations, but one ocean of blood; when the monsters of Jacobinism, unchained and aroused, in that ill-fated country trampled beneath their feet, the monuments of art and genius, the sweetest charities of life, the pillars of civil society and the altars of the living God, then it was, that she was worshipped as the great protector of freedom, and the august avenger of the violated rights of man.

But, when our own administration, roused at length by the menaces of that tremendous republic, made the slightest effort to avert destruction, the scene was wholly changed, the conduct of those guilty demagogues wholly reversed. Every salutary measure of defence; every attempt to preserve, from total destruction, the small remnant of military spirit, which still lingered in our country; every effort to strengthen the republic and prepare our treasury for any event, all these were denounced as the sure precursors of tyranny.

The records of those days demonstrate, that, from the very dawn of the French revolution, until this moment, there has never ceased to exist a faction among us, assimilated in principle, if not in disposition,



to that horde of ruffians, who have turned Europe up side down, by their jacobinical incantations.\*

Precisely, therefore, as, were the attachments of this faction to France, was their hatred to England.

Although, at the close of our revolutionary war, our independence was acknowledged by Britain, and although, it, then, became our duty, and our policy, to hold her, like every other nation, "an enemy in war, in peace a friend,"† yet, it was natural, that, the wounds inflicted upon our infant republic, in her conflict for liberty, should rankle in the bosoms of thousands of our most estimable citizens. When, therefore, after the adoption of our constitution, we rose into commercial importance, and when, without the regulation of a treaty, the commercial interests and rights of the two countries were in perpetual collision, it was to be expected, that a ferment would be excited amongst us, which it might be difficult to allay.—Smarting from the wounds of the revolution, we caught fire at every insult offered us by our ancient oppressor. At this period, so auspicious for their designs, while the public mind was hot with enmity to England, again appeared those demagogues, who never lost an opportunity to increase their party and gratify their ambition.

By them, every effort was made, to augment the ferment, and to excite hostility to England: and, without any real necessity, our young republic was, well nigh, involved in the horrors of another conflict. But, Washington still presided, and he, with his faithful counsellors, again rescued us from destruction. With perfect facility, a treaty was concluded with Britain, under which, our commerce and our wealth have increased, with a rapidity, wholly unexampled.

But do we not all remember those torrents of slander, and invective which were, incessantly, poured upon the venerable negociator, the friends of the treaty and even the administration itself? Have we forgotten, with what rancorous calumnies, this unprincipled junto attacked and abused, even, the immortal Washington? Nay, even now, when happy experience has consigned their clamours to derision and their conduct to infamy, do we not hear them, daily, recurring to the British treaty, as a theme for popular delusion and jacobinic harangue?

.....

\* I have now before me files of the Aurora. From its columns I could make extracts which would demonstrate these facts. At some future day this will probably be done. Those honest republicans who were not particularly attentive to the events and publications of that day would be thunderstruck at the profligacy of the leaders of opposition from 1792 down to 1798.

† See the Declaration of Independence. Democrats say it was penned by Mr. Jefferson. We give then his authority for the propriety of the sentiment.



That treaty preserved our country from war—gave a new spring to industry—secured to agriculture the amplest encouragement and opened an unbounded field for commercial enterprize. That treaty has now expired, and behold it succeeded by the experiments of a philosopher, by proclamations and non-intercourse bills, by gunboats and by embargoes.\*

It is impossible to review the innumerable charges, accusations and calumnies of the leaders of the opposition of that day, against the administrations of Washington and Adams.

Nor shall I here detail those unprincipled measures and infamous calumnies, by which, those demagogues finally succeeded, in, literally, slandering those administrations into popular disgrace.

The government, in an inauspicious moment, was placed in the hands, and the constitution in the keeping, of men, who had constantly slandered the one, and many of whom, were the professed enemies of the other. Heretofore, their propensities, their partialities, and their antipathies were seen through the medium of their clamours, only. They had duped the people into a belief, that the whole system of federal policy was subversive of liberty, and to retain their popularity and places, they were, consequently coerced into a course of conduct, which has wrought a radical change in every department of our republic.

The constitution of our country is, in theory and on paper, the most perfect, which ever existed. It is that charter of our liberties, that bond of union, that sacred bulwark of our independence, which was framed by the talents, patriotism and wisdom of our most experienced sages, and which was ratified and adopted by the sovereign voice of the American people. Like the inmost sanctuary, in the Hebrew Temple, it should always be approached, with awe and veneration. Never should the rude hands of ignorance be suffered to pollute it by a

.....

\* The people are earnestly requested to examine this subject of the British treaty thoroughly. In the publications of those times it was most infamously declared that Mr. Jay had been bribed by British gold to barter away our rights. And it was loudly asserted that the treaty would ruin our country. The federalists contended, that although the terms of the treaty were not precisely as we could wish, yet the interests of our country demanded its adoption. The following statement, from authentic sources, demonstrates that they were correct:—

In the course of eighteen or twenty years the tonnage of our merchant vessels have increased from 250,000 to 1,207,000 dollars.

Our imports from 11 to 30 millions.

Our exports of domestic productions from 9 to 42 millions.

Exports of foreign productions from 1 to 36 millions.

Our specie in circulation from 8 to 19 millions.

Our national revenue in a period of twelve years has increased from 8 to 17 millions.

What now become of the clamours against the British treaty. "The tree is known by its fruit." Let the democrats be judged by theirs.



touch; or the party maniac to mould its features to his narrow notions. While in the keeping of its legitimate guardians, thus tenderly was it treated, and thus perfectly was it protected. But when the delusions of democracy triumphed, this very constitution, which had been so gladly adopted, and which, for twelve years, protected our independence and rendered us prosperous and happy, was viewed, with a jealous and an hostile eye.

It was now discovered to be, wholly and unaccountably defective. Instantly, a whole swarm of political mountebanks started from obscurity and proffered their best services to botch and patch and mend its fairest features. The learning and wisdom of these mushroom sages were constantly agitated in contriving and administering specifics. The whole arcana of political quackery were exhausted. *Nostrum* succeeded *nostrum*, in rapid succession, and bleeding, and blistering, and cathartics, and emetics, were in constant operation, until, the unfortunate patient, literally, *physicked* into a consumption, is reduced to a skeleton, now scarcely known by the friends of her better days.

These operations of democracy, for the most part, resembled the gambols of the ape; she, once, however, assumed the ferocity of the tyger, and she destroyed the independence of the judicial department.

That disastrous blow, by which, the independence of the judiciary was cloven down, demolished the strongest pillar in the temple of our liberties. Then, the very vitals of the constitution were pierced, and its life and soul will continue to issue from the wound, until it sinks in final dissolution.

Could not the prostrate condition of a conquered party, could not offices and honors, check their rage, and satisfy their vengeance. Could no victim, but the constitution of our country, be offered up to atone for the sins of Federalism, and to propitiate the incensed gods of democracy.

The hardy deed was done in the face of day, in the view of the whole country, and such was the infatuation of the multitude, that praises were sung to the guilty actors, and pæans chanted over a bleeding constitution.\*

---

\* The firmness of the Chief Justice in the trial of Burr, the independent spirit of the Judges in several cases connected with that trial at Washington, and the recent instance of firmness in the circuit Judges of South-Carolina, in declaring even a proclamation of the President to be unconstitutional, are full proofs that the Judges understand their constitutional rights and are resolved to sustain them. We fully believe that, while our Judges are firm and independent, our liberties cannot perish but by foreign violence. And if the time has arrived when the ambitious strides of Mr. Jefferson can be checked only by the judicial department, it will be soon determined whether our republic can survive the present storms of democracy. It is devoutly to be hoped, that the period of frenzy is passed, and that the people will at all hazards protect the administrators of justice from the rage of a mob, and from the malice of humbled ambition.



Now it was, that our president drew forth that roll of proscription and denunciation which his jealousy and ambition had framed. Holding it in his hand, he declared, that we were "brethren of the same principle," "all federalists and all republicans;" and that, "error of opinion should ever be respected and tolerated where reason was left free to combat it." "Sweet as summer, and serene as light," were the silvered sentences, which flowed from his lips, in his inaugural dissertation. Did they flow from his heart?

Let the thousands, who have felt the heavy hand of persecution, for opinion sake, furnish an answer. Let those aged veterans, for whose remaining days, their revolutionary leader had provided an haven of peace and plenty, and who now, because, they dare to be free, have been thrown upon the world for subsistence, answer the question. Nay let one half of the community, which has been denounced, by this smooth-tongued philosopher, as enemies to their country, furnish an answer, at once, conclusive in the negative.\*

Now it was, that our foreign relations met with a total revolution. Now it was that our government first prostrated our honor and independence and checked our prosperity, by submission to French menaces, and by hostility to commerce. And from this moment, it was the apparent policy of the administration, to burst assunder those bands of amity, which united us to England, and, if possible, to plunge us into the vortex of the French revolution.

Have we forgotten the shameful manner, in which, a ship of France, taken by our brave tars, in time of actual war, was repaired, at an immense expense, and without the smallest consideration, surrendered to the solicitations, or the threats of Bonaparte? The transaction will forever stain the records of our republic; nor, can it fail to speak to

.....

\* When a President of the United States is not contented with inflicting, privately, insults and injuries upon a large portion of the community, merely because they differ from him in political opinion, but proceeds, publicly, under his own hand, to denounce them as enemies to their country, and as men striving to wash their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens, he descends from the dignity of a chief magistrate, becomes the leader of a party, and is therefore entitled to no respect or consideration, merely on account of his office. He justly subjects himself to that treatment which every factious party leader must receive from the sane portion of society. This Mr. Jefferson has frequently done: But with peculiar emphasis he has done it in a letter, dated 25th May, and addressed to the democratic ward committee of Philadelphia. The letter is printed in the Balance of June 21st. There he virtually charges the federalists with attempting to plunge the country in a war, and the blood of our "sounder brethren," as he calls his partisans, must atone for their "errors." This may, in democratic parlance, be candour, and philosophy, and dignity, and wisdom. But in our view, it looks very much like prejudice, and disappointment, and malice, and calumny.



posterity the abject spirit and the rapid degeneracy of their ancestors.\*

I pass by the tame surrender of all our just claims, for the millions which the cruisers of France had plundered from our merchants. I pass, in silence, that slavish scene of submission, which the administration exhibited, in yielding, to the threats of Bonaparte, the commerce of St. Domingo.† Nor shall I enlarge upon their continued efforts to pay tribute to France, in the form of individual claims.‡

But, the Louisiana purchase holds a rank, too prominent in folly, to be passed, without comment.

Never did an administration, so wantonly barter away the honor and interests of a nation, as did ours, when, under pretence of purchasing an immense and flourishing territory, they drained our treasury to replenish the coffers of Napoleon. Upon this subject, I will not enlarge. But, when we coolly survey this far-famed territory, and already discover within its borders, a hot-bed of sedition, a sink of corruption, and a gulf, which threatens to swallow our treasury; when we perceive, that all those immense savannahs, and mines, and mountains, and prairies, and villages, which, to the whimsical fancy of the president, appeared so rich, so numerous and so flourishing, have dwindled to a pigmy size—to a mere gore on the bank of the Mississippi; and when we also learn, that, to even this contemptible territory, we must yet establish a title, by tribute, or by blood, can we hesitate to believe, that our president was egregiously juggled by Talleyrand, and excessively frightened by Napoleon. Yes, literally, “in the wisdom

---

\* The *Berceau*—which was equipped at the expense of 32,000 dollars, and presented to Bonaparte—that, in the language of the President, “something might be done in the hours of returning friendship.”

† St. Domingo was an independent nation. Our merchants had opened a lucrative trade with her. At the request or command of Bonaparte, it was, by act of Congress, entirely prohibited.

‡ I cannot here detail the circumstances which induce a belief that improper motives govern our administration in the case of Beaumarchais. The evidence is irresistible, that not a cent is due from the union. Of this Congress must be entirely convinced. Yet the emperor has interfered in the business, and of course money must and will be paid. If this claim is gratified, Bonaparte will muster every French soldier that came over with Rochambeau, and under claims for services rendered, if the present system of bowing and cringing continues, it is ten to one that they are placed on the list of American pensioners. And then if he *can possibly persuade them to go halves with him*, it will be glorious and flourishing times at St. Cloud.



of the fish, who, when he had swallowed the hook, believed he had caught the fisherman," was this ridiculous bargain concluded.\*

National honor and reputation, like female virtue, should, not only, never be tarnished, they should never be suspected. They are inseparably connected with national independence. And, if the former are stained and prostituted, the latter must inevitably perish. Like the flower planted in an unkindly soil it may flourish for a season; but, its sources of life are gone, and it must decay and fall, in an untimely dissolution. It lives, only, in the full radiance of glory, and perishes, if touched by the slightest breath, which issues from the regions of infamy.

When, therefore, any nation abandons her dignity, and prostrates her honor and character, by a surrender of her treasures, as the price of peace, and security from foreign violence, it indicates, that her courage is departed, and that her independence is rapidly declining.

The pages of history are loaded with examples, demonstrative of this important truth. Peruse the history of the Roman Empire, when the northern barbarians burst, like a torrent, into Italy, and threatened the subversion of her government: palsied with fear and corrupted to the very core, that empire exhausted her treasures, in ignominious tribute, to purchase a few years of security. The expedient succeeded. Her ferocious invaders retired. But they retired, to return with redoubled vigour; to reiterate their demands for tribute; until, having robbed the empire of the sinews of war, and inured her subjects to infamy, she fell, an easy conquest, to her enemies. Examine the annals of those nations, which have fallen a prey to the modern Gauls. You will find requisition succeeding requisition, and, in most cases, the pro-

.....

\* Yes, "take it all in all, we ne'er shall look upon its like again." Pray, gentle reader, do you remember, how cannon were fired and how the Democrats every where got together and got boozy, some on rum, some on whiskey, and some on wine, to celebrate, as they said, the purchase of a new world. In Philadelphia, whole oxen were gormandized by the celebrators. In New-York, every fool and every desperate debtor declared it a day jubilee. In this our thriving city, where every thing is upon an immense scale, the democrats stowed themselves in Holt's club-room, and calculated, with bursts of joy, the inconceivable benefit of the purchase.

Barber declared that the world never exhibited so grand a spectacle, and Holt swore lustily, that if Jefferson kept on, he would by fair purchase, own the whole world. In short there was "the very devil among the democrats," and every chin was cocked in an angle of at least 45 degrees. Where are they now. Time brings all deviltry to light. And time has shown us the weakness of Jefferson and the art of Talleyrand. It is in fact true that France and Spain claim a great part of our notable purchase. And it is equally true that their claims will be admitted and we lose our money, if the present administration have the handling of the business.



cess of destruction similar to that of the Roman empire. And the most superficial observer of passing events, must have discovered, that, although, Bonaparte has subverted the republic of France, he does not disdain to adopt the maxims and pursue the systems of the departed directory.

Having, by the arts and intrigues of an accomplished jockey, so easily, swindled our simple President out of fifteen millions, it is not surprising, that he should soon be willing to try his hand at another bargain.

“Our friend the Emperor,” said Madison to Randolph, “is now in want of another *douceur*; and he swears by the beard of Mâhomet,\* that, unless, we in the spirit of republican friendship, present him with more millions, he, in the pure spirit of imperial faith and moderation, will, set upon us his whole kennel of Spanish bloodhounds, and his den of Gallic tygers.† But, the secretary mistook his man. Randolph, possessing some nerve, some sense of honor, and some feelings of real patriotism, was, of course, indignant at the base proposal, and spurned from him the dastardly proposer.

But, notwithstanding every effort was made to avert the disgrace, a majority was found, in congress, servile enough, to vote away the independence of their country. As the *ne plus ultra* of degradation, now under one pretence, now under another, two additional millions were shipped across the Atlantic. Even, yet, this dark transaction is involved in mystery. Not the slightest explanation of its destination, has ever been submitted by the president to the people. Its authors dare not expose the subject to the inspection of their own constituents. And, whether, the president was again frightened by the frowns of the Emperor, or whether the money was a voluntary tender of “the homage of his high consideration and respect” for his majesty of France; whether it was wisely advanced to France, as the purchase money of the Floridas from Spain; or whether it was a subsidy, intended to facilitate the bloody career of the Gallic conqueror, can never be deter-

.....

\* When Bonaparte first left France for Italy, he was an infidel. At Rome he became a catholic. And in Egypt he declared himself the true disciple of the prophet of Medina. The oath which he took was therefore perfectly in character.

† John Randolph, who will not be declared a liar even by his worst enemies, has repeatedly stated in Congress a conversation in substance like this, which passed between him and the secretary. He has again and again challenged Madison to a public denial. Madison is silent—his friends have not lisped a syllable in contradiction. Indeed, at Washington it is well known to be true. Yet this same Virginian is to be crammed down the throats of the people at the next presidential election.—Blush, blush, democracy!



mined, until the secretary is dragged to the bar of the senate to answer for his cowardly proposal.\*

It is impossible to examine, in detail, the innumerable acts of the present administration, equally humiliating to our country, which can be accounted for by no species of logic, but by supposing, in the cabinet, the constant operation of foreign influence upon domestic weakness and prejudice.

I pass by numerous instances, similar to those already detailed, to the recent conduct of the administration in their intercourse with the two great contending nations of Europe.

From the very commencement of the present administration to this day, their correspondence with the emperor has, with the exception of a few billetdoux, been buried in impenetrable mystery. During that period, great and interesting have been the topics of discussion, between him and our country. Nor can the world, for a moment, believe, that our ministers in France have been so remiss, in the performance of their duty, so treacherous to their country, as, wholly, to neglect a transmission of documents and information, so interesting, so absolutely necessary to the safety of our republic, as are those which the course of events in Europe must have placed within their reach.†

Why, then, is it, (and would to God there could be a satisfactory answer) why is it, that the slightest injury from Britain produces a string of executive messages and fiery proclamations, and is trumpeted through the continent, with loud and long exaggerations, while, at the same time, the foulest insults, the most degrading proposals, and the most ruinous injuries, heaped upon us by the Emperor, are sedulously

.....

\* If it be a fact that Madison made this traitorous proposal to Randolph, (and we have no reason to doubt it) he deserves not only impeachment; he deserves a gibbet.

† That there are, and that there long have been in the possession of the President, dispatches from Mr. Armstrong, is clearly evinced by the numerous budgets which have landed at our seaports from France, and been instantly transmitted to Washington. Nearly in every month, for three years past, have messengers been dispatched to Washington from New-York, Boston, Philadelphia or Norfolk, with French letters. Why have they not been published for the information of the people? Why have they been kept under lock and key in Mr. Jefferson's scrutoire? Compare his conduct with that of Washington and Adams in similar cases. If the reader will recur to any file of papers from the year '93 down to 1800, he will find them filled with correspondence between our government and those of England and France. Then let him look at the same paper since that period, and he will find, it is true, many dispatches from England, but, rarely, will he find a syllable from our minister in France? Why is this? And why do those who cursed the former administrations for their few and necessary secrets, continue to eulogise this conduct in the President?



concealed from the people, and at last muttered forth in the faint notes of terror and mean palliation?

Do you ask for examples? Tell me then, against the confiscation of our property in France, against the murders of our seamen, and the burning of our ships upon the ocean, by the cruisers of the Emperor, have you yet heard a syllable from the president? Nay, on the contrary, do you not find these very cruisers, reeking with the blood of our fellow citizens, suffered to enter our cities, and there, while our own vessels are fastened to the docks by the chains of an Embargo, they, by special permission from government, are suffered to equip, and prepare themselves for the performance of greater enormities? Is farther proof required? Tell me then, against the decrees of France, those decrees which were the origin of all our foreign difficulties, have you heard the faintest murmur of complaint? Or, if to save appearances, the president has, sometimes, been forced to utter a faint note of disapprobation, has it not, invariably been drowned by such loud and clamorous complaints of the conduct of Britain, as to forbid all public attention to the real source of the violation of our neutral rights?

Every syllable of their correspondence with Britain, even unofficial communications and informal conversations—every thing, which could excite enmity, and prepare the public mind for a conflict, have been incessantly poured into the country. The while, we have been juggled and insulted by a few short, though portentous notes, which have passed between Mr. Armstrong and the ministers of Napoleon.

My Fellow Citizens, it cannot be necessary to remind you of facts like these. They are too palpable for denial: And even the blindest believers in executive infallibility, have begun to doubt the foundation of their faith.

You cannot have forgotten the scandalous scene exhibited at Washington, upon the receipt of Champagny's letter to our minister in France. That infamous scrawl contained every thing, which could tend to degrade our honor and prostrate our independence. It was so perfect an index to the numerous secret volumes, which Mr. Armstrong must have transmitted to the president; it pointed, so directly, to the precipice, down which, our infatuated rulers were preparing to plunge our republic; and it was so precisely calculated to dissipate those delusions, which, like a cloud of vapours, involved the American people, as to call loudly for concealment. And, in all human probability, this devoted country would, to this day, have travelled on towards ruin, ignorant of this infamous epistle, had not a few patriots been found in Congress, resolute enough to tear the veil, at every hazard, from the vile transaction.\*

---

\* In answer to a letter from Armstrong, demanding the reasons of the conduct of the French tribunals and the meaning of the captures and confiscation of American property, Champagny returned a letter in which are contained the following sentences. Upon this insolent letter, I shall only say, if we were a province of the French empire



They, in language loud and determined, demanded its publication. The majority, true to their chief, thrice resisted the efforts of the minority. Unconquered however by defeat, they renewed their efforts. They threatened, at every hazard, with their own hands, to strip the veil from the dark scene; they invoked on the guilty actors the execrations of a betrayed people, and the majority were appalled and confounded. Dismay and confusion entered their ranks; and the president himself was finally compelled to issue his mandate for publication. The majority, kind obliging souls, heard the voice of their liege lord, and evinced their independence, by yielding an instant and implicit obedience.\*

Upon this letter, I shall not enlarge. It has long been hung up, in the full view of the American people; and, with the exception of a few foreign miscreants, they have pronounced an irrevocable condemnation of its infamous contents.†

.....

and had a king Louis, or Joseph, or Jerome, to lord it over us, Napoleon could not have couched his commands, in more insulting and peremptory language :

*“ War exists then in fact between England and the United States ; and his majesty considers it as declared from the day on which England published her decrees. In that persuasion, his majesty, ready to consider the United States as associated with the cause of all the powers, who have to defend themselves against England, has not taken any definitive measure towards the American vessels which may have been brought into our ports ; he has ordered that they should remain sequestered, until a decision may be had thereon, according to the dispositions which shall have been expressed by the government of the United States.”*

“ His majesty considers war as declared” !! By whom ? why, by himself. He has been graciously pleased to relieve his friend, the president, from the burthens of government. He has declared war for us. And then kindly informed us, if we did not acquiesce, he would punish us, by robbing our merchants. And will posterity believe, that Jefferson could calmly receive this insult ; nay, that he should strive to conceal it from the people. Yes, they must believe it. It is recorded in the Journals of Congress.

\* Duane, the Irish editor of the Aurora, and the French fire-brand who edits the Baltimore Whig, have declared in their papers, that this letter is a proof of the sincerest friendship on the part of the emperor. And these wretches have the audacity to tell the American people, that we must obey the commands of Napoleon, and involve ourselves, at his nod, in a war with England. How long will these scapelings from the prisons of Europe continue to abuse our patience ? How long will the real republicans of America suffer them to give a tone to public opinion ; and how long will they forbear to frown them into insignificance ?

† When Mr Jefferson communicated this letter to congress, he requested them to return it to him unpublished. Three times the motion



But I would ask, in the spirit of a native American I would ask, are we, yet, in fact, independent? Do those high republican feelings, which, once, glowed in the breasts of Americans, which led them on to deeds of immortal glory, still exist in our country? Wherefore, then, is it, that an usurper, who, in Europe, has trodden in the dust every monument of liberty, who has been consecrated a tyrant by the sprinkling of the blood of Louis and his unfortunate family, wherefore, is it, that he can, with perfect impunity, insult us with propositions, so scandalous, so subversive of our sovereignty?

Would he have done this, would he have violated all those proud feelings of independence, which are intertwined with the vital principles of our existence, unless, he had first discovered the feeble temper of our administration? Unless, he had first beheld them trembling at his frowns, and deprecating his anger? Unless, he had believed, that they were prepared meekly to receive, in disgraceful silence, every indignity he would condescend to offer them? And has he been disappointed? Whatever may be their dispositions, could they, in fact, have done more to subserve the interests of the emperor? They well knew, that a prompt publication of this imperial mandate would rouse all the sleeping courage of the country, and kindle a flame, which, sooner or later, must consume the partisans of France, among us. Hence, to veil it from the public eye, became the great interests of all who could be involved in the ruin, it was calculated to produce.

And has it already come to this? Shall a French emperor dictate to us war and peace? Shall he threaten us with his vengeance, if we presume to cling to our independence? And, shall a cringing administration be suffered, with impunity, to veil the transaction from their own constituents? Shall they lay embargoes, destroy our merchants, distress our farmers, and ruin our country, because an emperor of France is pleased to require the sacrifice?

And have we, at length, started in the high road, which Holland, Switzerland, Spain and Naples; nay, all Europe, have travelled to destruction? No; there is a spirit of independence, a fervent love of country, yet, in full vigour among us. The great body of the people are

.....

to publish was made and advocated, and three times a silent and dragooned majority negatived the motion. Nor was it, until Randolph solemnly declared, that unless the letter was published in four days, he would assume the responsibility and expose it to the public, that several caucuses were held, and a message was received from Mr. Jefferson, graciously permitting them to reveal it. Without assigning the slightest reason, this servile majority, then voted to publish the letter. These facts are established by the records of Congress and by the reports in Mr. Jefferson's paper, the National Intelligencer. And if they do not convince the people that congress is wielded by the president, as a boy wields and commands his top, then they would not believe, though one rose from the dead.



still uncorrupted. And if, once, they are convinced of the fatal policy of their present rulers, they will fly from their support, as they would from the burning torrents of *Ætna*. The day is not far distant; it is swiftly approaching, when an injured people will awake from their lethargy—when they shall behold the height and depth, the length and breadth of their debasement; and when the united execrations of a betrayed country shall blast the authors of its ruin. Yes, let traitors tremble, the day of retribution is at hand!!

My Fellow Citizens, the curtain is not yet lifted. If you could, once, have a full view of the whole subject; if you could peruse the numerous communications, which our ministers in France must have dispatched to the president; if you could see there portrayed, the deep designs of the Gallic conqueror, and all the insults, the injuries, which, with perfect impunity, he has heaped upon our republic; you would wonder at the dark scene exhibited, and weep for the disgrace of your beloved country. You would then awake from your deep slumber. You would then behold the dangers which threaten your independence; and you would burst assunder the cords with which these modern Philistines have bound you.

Situated, as we are, almost beyond the reach of this destroyer of republics, if we are true to ourselves; if we drive into disgrace, those men, who, with the same spirit of prostitution, could once cringe to an executive directory, and who, now, can lick the dust from the feet of a successful usurper; if, in fine, we immolate modern democracy and French influence, on the pile erected by the real patriots of our country, we may yet hope to transmit our charter, unimpaired, to posterity.

But, if we sleep on in security, until those intrigues and principles of policy, which are now in motion, shall produce their natural and baneful consequences; if we suffer a weak and prejudiced administration to drive us rapidly along in our present course of error and danger, we shall, finally, awake from our dream of safety: but, we shall awake to behold our country in the arms of the conqueror. Then, we may lament our folly, and curse the authors of our ruin. It will be too late. *The embrace of Napoleon is the death of our independence.* Where are those nations which have relied upon his faith, his moderation, and his friendship? Where are Austria, Prussia, Spain, and Portugal; and what now is the situation of Denmark, Russia, and Turkey? The chains of the conqueror are slowly, winding around them. Their enormous weight will, soon, sink them into slavery—and the music of their clanking will forever remind them of their former glory, and their present degradation.

It has been the fatal error of all nations, to sleep on, in security, until the day of salvation was past. And all those real patriots, who have, boldly, warned them of their danger, and opposed themselves to the tyranny which they saw approaching, have, invariably, been denounced by the partisans of the emperor, and finally destroyed by his soldiers. My countrymen, never forget the wretched fate of enslaved Europe—and do not, by hugging to your bosoms the errors and follies which ruined her, suffer this republic, to add another wreath to the guilty glory of Napoleon.



At present, it is true, France has but few ships of war upon the ocean. She is, therefore, now, unable to inflict any material injury, by her military forces. But we ought never to forget, that, it is not necessary for our ruin, that at present, a French soldier should be landed on our shores. No, her process is widely different. Intrigue and delusion, first enter the devoted country, which Napoleon marks for destruction: and, bribery and corruption are the pioneers of his armies. These Gallic fiends prepare the way for conquest, by spreading the seeds of discord, denunciation and proscription. They engender party feuds; they rouse and array the worthless portion of community against the wise and patriotic; they break down the bulwarks of defence, excite hostility to the constitution, and mark for destruction the steady and faithful friends of independence. By arts like these, they prepare a country for submission, and her final conquest is but a mere formality.\*

Bonaparte now sways the most powerful empire which ever existed. Its whole force is arrayed for the destruction of England. And, if that gigantic navy, which, by rendering England empress of the ocean, preserves her from destruction; should become subject to the ambition of the emperor, what would be the situation of America?

Having ample accommodation for transporting his legions, and finding within his reach Canada, Nova-Scotia, the Floridas and Louisiana, and having the absolute controul of an immense and populous empire in South-America, he would pour from those countries, whole myriads of his veterans into our republic.

If we were united and resolute; if, instead of that narrow economy, which palsies our courage and blasts our energy, and leaves our country an unarmed and defenceless victim, we would apply our resources to the

.....

\* I appeal to those who have attentively watched the progress of the French revolution, her wars, and the conquests of Napoleon since her subversion. Need I state the manner in which Switzerland was flattered, cajoled, corrupted and conquered. Need I refer to Holland, to Italy, to Naples and to Rome. Is it necessary to describe how Prussia has been juggled out of existence—how Spain has been destroyed by the destroyer of the Bourbons—and to cap the climax, read the addresses of Junot, one of Bonaparte's generals, to the Portuguese, when he was marching towards Lisbon; and then read his orders after his army was quartered in that city and after Portugal was conquered. When on his march—"Portuguese" said he, "my master has sent me to protect you, and I will protect you," &c. Arrived at Lisbon, he laid the city under contribution—he forbade them to convene together—to be out of their houses after seven P. M.—introduced a famine by the numbers of his soldiers, and finally treated Portugal as a province. It is said Murat will be its king.

Americans, Champagny's letter is a second edition of Junot's address. Let not Berthier read the same practical comment upon it in New-York, that Junot did at Lisbon.



defence of our republic ; if we would adopt that maxim of wisdom and experience, " to preserve peace we must be prepared for war," and place our republic in an attitude strong and commanding, conquest would be impossible. But, while a party administration continues to denounce, as aliens and traitors, one half of the community ; and while abandoning every means of effective defence, they trust the fate of our country to a mongrel craft, a navy of gun-boats ; and while, to avoid the unpopularity of expense, they resort to torpedoes and a whole course of similar expedients, what ground have we to hope for a successful opposition.

At this moment, the navy of England is the only barrier between the emperor of France, and universal slavery. Let that navy be once destroyed, or placed in the power of the conqueror ; let Britain, now seemingly agitated by her last struggles for existence, be blotted from the map of nations, and, in a short period, not another independent nation would exist on the globe. If, calculating on the friendship of the emperor, we hope that our country will furnish an exception, we shall be wretchedly deceived.

Has he not erased, from the earth, every republic but our own ? And, think you, that here he would suffer the genius of freedom to rise, and flourish, and shed abroad his blessings, and continue forever a living reproach of his usurpation, and his tyranny ? No, my countrymen, from the very nature of things, republics must ever be the subjects of his unceasing hatred and his vengeance : and, although we might survive the rest, we should, finally, be mingled in the mighty ruin.

In what deep infatuation, then, must our administration have been buried, to have cast the whole weight of America into the scale of the conqueror ?\*

England and France have both, for a long period, offered us insults and inflicted injuries upon us, almost innumerable. France, in her strides to universal empire, has never hesitated to trample in the dust any of our legal privileges and interests, which presented obstacles to her progress. And England, in her violent struggles for safety and existence, has been regardless of our rights, when, by their violation, she has been able to inflict a wound upon her gigantic adversary.

Both have injured us ; and, as it respects their disposition towards our independence, let them be placed on the same level. And, if no recon-

.....

\* I have heard some noisy democrats deny this. They declare that Mr. Jefferson treats England and France in the same manner. Do men, who say this, believe that the American people are fools ? Do they believe we are all blind ? If they do not, then their impudence is beyond all description. I scorn, upon this subject, to adduce another fact in proof of the position. There is not a man in the country who doubts it. Whatever the spirit of party may induce placemen and office-holders to say, yet, evidence exists so unequivocal, as, in spite of them, to carry conviction to their minds. *They do believe it ; nay, they know it, and the people know it.*



ciliation can be had, upon terms honorable and advantageous, then ought we to set them both at defiance. For, does there exist a native American, who would not join in the declaration, "let us perish, rather, than linger out a miserable existence, shorn of our honor, our character, our courage, and our independence."\*

But if Britain is ready to make honorable amends for her conduct: if, from whatever cause, she has evinced an amicable disposition, and now courts our friendship, let not the menaces of any power drive us from that independent course which our honor and our interests demand. And if the Emperor, adhering to the insolent contents of Champagny's letter, has, in fact, resolved that America shall be no longer neutral; if he persist, in his demand, that we join him, in his bloody career of conquest, and, on our refusal, threatens war and ruin against us, can we hesitate, a moment, respecting the only just and safe, and honorable course, which remains for our country? Can we hesitate, a moment, to hurl defiance into the teeth of the Usurper, and in conjunction with England, perhaps even yet, to rescue the habitable globe from bondage?†

Let me not be misunderstood.

A pupil in the school of Washington, I deprecate entangling alliances with any nation.

.....

\* All history demonstrates that a nation of cowards cannot long continue a nation of freemen. Despots are restrained from attacking the liberties of the whole world by nothing but by fear. It is the great defect in Mr. Jefferson's political creed, that none of it is founded on experience. One would suppose from his messages, and writings, and conduct, that an acquaintance with history formed no part of his education. Has he never heard of Philip of Macedon, and the republics of Greece? Has he never read that the latter, by yielding, one point after another, by submitting to one outrage after another, and by hugging to their bosoms the chimerical idea, that Philip would regard reason, and justice, and the rights of nations, finally became his slaves? This case presents a picture of our present situation with Bonaparte. We are not wiser, nor more enthusiastic for liberty, nor braver, nor richer, nor stronger, than were the Greeks. Nor is Napoleon less ambitious, less profligate, less blood-thirsty nor less powerful than was Philip. There is but one point of difference—and that is, we are separated from Napoleon by 3000 miles of ocean, while Greece and Macedon were nearly contiguous. Let Bonaparte become master of the British navy, and the Atlantic is no longer a barrier. Would to heaven our enthusiastic democrats would peruse the history of the downfall of Greece.

† Some honest patriots may startle at the expression "in conjunction with England," &c. The fact is, that if Bonaparte drives us from neutral ground while he is at war with England, and forces us into a conflict with him, we shall of necessity fight "in conjunction with Britain." By this I do not mean that we shall be compelled to form treaties offensive



I shudder at the dark "variety of untried being," through which, a participation in European wars would compel our country to travel. And, if the time is not yet arrived, when no choice is left to us, but dishonor and vile submission on the one hand, and war on the other, let us still fly from European conflicts, as we would from the pestilence.

But, if there is no longer a possibility of an honorable escape ; if the dreadful time has arrived, when we must tamely surrender our honor, our neutral rights, and with them, our independence, or defend them at every hazard, even at the hazard of national existence, is there a native American base enough to hesitate ? If there be one, let him be pointed at by the finger of scorn, as a political caitiff, as a wretch, whose soul was formed to flourish, only in the climes of slavery.

Undoubtedly, sentiments, like these, will be denounced, by those tools of ambition, who are devoted, soul and body, to the views of France. They will be denounced, as the offspring of that ideal and terrific monster, denominated "British influence."

If, by British influence, be meant a most ardent wish, that, in the present tremendous conflict, England may preserve her existence and set bounds to the ambitious projects of the Emperor of France, I plead guilty to the accusation. But if it be meant to insinuate that an influence governs the federal party, which leads them, by subserviency to the views of England, to abandon their warm attachment to the constitution and independence of their beloved native country, it is a most groundless falsehood—a calumny as base as its authors are lost to decorum and to honesty.

My Fellow Citizens, this charge was a thousand times made, and a thousand times repeated, against Hamilton, Jay, and Pickering, and Pinckney, and against a host of the bravest and wisest heroes of our revolution : Nay, Washington himself, who, a thousand times, had bared his breast to the British bayonet, and exposed himself to every form of destruction in support of our liberties, even he could not escape the foul imputation.\* Can we wonder then, that those, who have

.....

and defensive with her, or entangle the destinies of our republic with those of England—But, aiming at the same object, national existence and safety, it will and must necessarily result in an understanding at least between the two countries—What will be the true policy of America in that situation, must depend on events, not yet transpired and upon circumstances yet unknown, and perhaps unsuspected. That the Emperor may yet see his own interests, in a course of moderation and justice, and that we may not be forced from the blessings of peace into the horrors of war, must be the daily prayer of every friend to his country. But rely upon it, peace is not to be preserved by dishonorable expedients and tame submission.

\* The people know very well, that Washington was always opposed to the system, or rather, no system, upon which the present adminis-



received the rudiments of their political education in the school of Washington, and who, in pursuance of his great example, scorn to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for the arch tyrant of Europe, should continue to be denounced, as British partisans, by the hirelings of France.

Where is the proof?

Is it to be found in the long administration of the father of his country, which compelled Britain to respect our rights and to remunerate us for the wrongs she had inflicted? Is it to be found in the administration that succeeded—that administration, which was reviled and trampled in the dust, by those very accusers, for its slight display of energy, and the trivial expences it incurred, to defend our rights, equally against French and British aggression?

No, my countrymen, this foul accusation has another source. It is too late to disguise the truth. Every returning day brings new evi-

.....

tration conducts our affairs. The people know too, that there never existed a wiser, a braver, a more disinterested patriot than was Washington. Even yet this sentiment is universal. The flatterers of Jefferson are well aware of this. Hence they are perpetually coupling his name with that of his illustrious predecessor—forgetting that they present a contrast precisely calculated to damn their idol. Washington was a brave soldier, an able commander, a wise statesman, a virtuous and honest man and a christian. Jefferson—aye, he too is a soldier—and unless fame is a liar, a veteran commander in the armies of the Paphian Goddess. He is a philosophic statesman. But is he wise? Champagny's letter shall be judge—the family of embargoes witnesses—and our merchants, and farmers, and sailors, shall be the jury—Will he dare to risque a trial? Or will he abscond and submit to outlawry. There is no other alternative. He is however a philosopher—and Crambo himself could not weave syllogisms with greater celerity. He can impale a worm and rack a butterfly with great dexterity. And prairie pigs are by him handled and analyzed with accuracy and skill. What more can he do? I refer the reader to Callender's Chest, to Paine, to Mazzei, and to Dun—"all, all honorable men," and his distinguished correspondents. His chastity and his virtue may be submitted to col. Walker; his honesty to Gabriel Jones; and his christianity to his "twenty bone-breaking, pocket-picking Gods." Washington and Jefferson!! Look first on *that*—and then, on *this*—"Hyperion to a Satyr."—It is an outrage on decorum, on justice, gratitude and common sense, to soil the noble qualities of the former by forcing him into company with the latter. This trick of democracy may succeed for a moment. But let not Mr. Jefferson hope to travel down to posterity in company with Washington, and Hamilton, and Jay, and Pickering. The arm of history will single him out and give him his appropriate place. He must join the motley troop of French philosophers.—He must lead a gang of Priestleys, and Barlows, and Paines, and Callenders, and Duanes.



dence of the fact, that there are, and that there ever have been demagogues among us, whose ambition was as unbounded as their political principles were corrupt and unstable.

These men formed designs, and designs too, of the vilest nature.

To counteract these designs, to defend the best interests of the community, and to hold up to detestation their weakness and their wickedness, these were the crimes, these were the treasons of the federal party. And in this corrupt source have originated, all that cant of to-ryism, all that tale of British influence, which has been, so often, and so loudly repeated. Yet, this "tale, told by idiots, full of sound and fury and signifying nothing," this malignant groan of an expiring faction, is still echoed by the hirelings of France, and still believed by a few victims of deception.

Is there a fact, a circumstance produced tending, at all, to prove the accusation? The whole history of the federal administrations, although it may display many honest errors and many faults; and although it is filled with instances of patient forbearance towards France, does not furnish one solitary instance of hollow hypocrisy or servility to England.

The accusation is as weak and absurd, as it is false and wicked. What danger, to the existence of her independence, has America to dread from Britain?

She can injure our commerce, it is true. She can invade our rights on the ocean. But there her hostilities, be she ever so inimical, must be limited. She has not, like the Emperor of France, a million of conscript slaves, at her command. She cannot, like the Emperor, summon to her armies, a host of kings, princes, and nobles of her own creation. Nor can she wield in her hand the continent of Europe, and precipitate its whole weight upon her enemies.

No, England is now struggling for existence. Her fondest hopes, her highest expectations, reach no further, than deliverance from the mighty arm of Napoleon. In the last citadel of independence, she is perhaps, fighting the last battle of liberty.

That she may proceed, undismayed, in the mighty struggle; that, like her own cliffs, she may bid defiance to the storms which agitate the world; and that she may forever baffle the ambitious efforts of her gigantic enemy, should be the morning and evening prayer of every American patriot.

Let, then, the insects of the hour, continue to buzz their song of "British influence." We heed them not. The democratic sun, which warmed them into life, is rapidly descending to the horizon. The temperate breezes of the evening will soon arise, and sweep them into the murky regions of infamy and repentance. There they will sleep the sleep of death.

My Fellow-Citizens, when you survey the perplexed and inglorious condition of our domestic concerns, do you not shudder at the gloomy prospect presented to your view.

You behold, at the head of the nation, a man, whom the people seem delighted to honor. A philosopher, from the school of Condorcet, and deeply versed, while a resident in France, in all that jargon of modern philosophism, which has rendered Europe one great human slaughter-



house, Mr. Jefferson was well qualified to act on the American stage a distinguished, if not a glorious part, in the drama of politics.\* Nor has he, in any one instance, disappointed the high hopes which were entertained of him, by his great preceptors in Europe. To him, more than to any other, does America owe the subversion of that system, which was conducting her to wealth, to power and to glory. By his hand, was the demon of party spirit unchained and aroused to ravage the peace of society and the happiness of domestic life.

He, it was, that hurled the spear at the mountain and released from their reluctant confinement, the storms of democracy. By him, were the flood-gates hoisted, and the great deep of licentiousness poured into our republic. Too weak to mingle in the conflict; too feeble to "rise in the whirlwind and direct the storm," now, that he has mingled the elements in one confused uproar; now, that he sees the clouds gathering, and hears the tempest roaring, he quits the helm, and flies to the cabin for safety. He flies from those overwhelming execrations, which he knows a great and insulted people will soon pour upon him. But he shall not escape.

If our republic must fall; if this mighty fabric, which our fathers erected, this only remaining temple of liberty, must be tumbled in ruins by the blasts of democracy, on him and on his counsellors, shall the curses of posterity fall. He and they shall answer to unknown ages the unlimited ruin they have brought upon our country. And in the page of history, they shall all travel on to eternity, detested as the spoilers of happiness, the assassins of liberty, and as flaming beacons to all future republics.

At the head of our military forces, you behold a man, who, beyond all reasonable doubt, has waded through rivers of corruption, if not through treason, to his present elevated station. A man, who has dipped deeply in all those tumults, which have shaken our union to its centre—and who now, patronized and protected by the president, has it still in his power to react, in the north, the same tragedy, with which he has so recently astonished the trembling citizens of the south. †

.....

\* "May our country never fall a prey to the dreams of a Condorcet, nor to the intrigues of a Cataline," was the exclamation of the great Hamilton, when Jefferson and Burr were competitors for the office of president. And never were the dangers to be apprehended from two individuals more correctly designated. The dreamer however proved too hard for the intriguer; and whether he will prove too hard for his country is now "in the full tide of successful experiment."

† This is all slander, say the democrats---Wilkinson is *honorably acquitted*. But by whom is he acquitted, good gentlemen? Why, to be sure, by that very disinterested gentleman, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and by those other *wise gentlemen* whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson appointed to---*take down the testimony*. They say, "upon the testimony submitted to them, the General is not guilty of treason." And this



You behold your congress, drawing around them the curtains of secrecy, and without one ray of light, groping along in a course of legislation, in strict compliance with the views of the president.\* You behold them, shrinking from their sacred duties, investing the president

.....

testimony and this decision, countersigned by the aforesaid Thomas Jefferson, are now travelling through America to prove the pensioner-general innocent. Now, reader, what kind of a court do you think this was, and upon what testimony do you think the general was acquitted? Why, the court was made of those very officers, whom Wilkinson *at that very time commanded*---for he was never put under arrest. These officers are selected (no doubt for their firmness and impartiality) by the aforesaid disinterested Mr. Thomas Jefferson. And then this court shut itself up (for it was a scene of darkness) and the general took the field. Not a witness would condescend to appear before such a tribunal, so formed and so shackled. The general had the whole business to himself. And probably he swore, "upon the honor of a soldier," that he never was a Spanish pensioner; that he never was a Spanish subject and called Don James; and that he never was hand and glove with Burr; and probably the "honor" of this soldier was pledged for fifty other facts equally true and equally believed by the people. The court acquitted him. But does Mr. Thomas Jefferson believe that the people are such apes as to be juggled by so bare-faced a manœuvre? No, no, Don James may rely upon it, that there are not five men in America who believe him innocent, his "oaths," his "honor," and his late whitewashing, to the contrary notwithstanding.

\* Is this denied? Look at the Journals of Congress, and you will find every important measure of that body preceded by a message of the president, *commanding* it, in the philosophical form of a *recommendation*. Besides, John Randolph has solemnly declared, that there are a number in Congress, whom he denominates the *back stair gentry*, who regularly attend at the palace, for instructions; and who make the motions in the house conformably thereto. This, Randolph declared, in debate; and the accused never dared to contradict his statement. It is good logic, therefore, to conclude that the accusation is well founded. During the two last sessions, there has been more secret legislation than during the whole administration of Washington. And I think there is no error in stating, that for at least one fourth of the last session, congress was in conclave. Yet those good friends of the people, who ten years ago so lustily swore, that the nation was enslaved by one hour's secret debate, are now wholly silent. It is now all right—all republican, and just, that the administration should conceal every important transaction from their constituents. Shame, shame, on such time-servers, such trimmers!

By the term embargo, is meant the whole letter of acts, amendments and supplements, proclamations and instructions, passed the last winter.



with powers unknown to the constitution, and finally surrendering to his mercy the entire commerce of the union.

You behold the sources of your revenue destroyed, your commerce annihilated, your agriculture checked, your merchants ruined, your farmers distressed, and thousands of your mariners reduced to beggary. Your deserted stores, your silent workshops, your decaying ships, your mouldering granaries, your empty streets, and your crowded prisons, all point to the fruitful source of our present calamities. They point to the embargo.

So often has this bantling of democracy been thoroughly surveyed, so well is it known and understood, and with such a loud and universal concert of hisses and execrations has it been attended from its very birth, as to supersede all necessity for further examination.

That it violates the constitution, that it has been and can be productive of not a single benefit, that it entails destruction upon thousands, and that its fatal consequences to our country, will be deeply felt, when it and its authors shall be seen no more, are facts now scarcely disputed.

If it originated in that jealous Virginian spirit, which pines at the prosperity and opulence of the north; if it was produced by hostility to the commerce of the union; or if its source is to be sought still deeper in corruption, in the mandates of a foreign power, it must finally meet the fate, which it so richly merits. It must be buried in the same disgraceful tomb with its guilty authors. And, if under the direction of a kind Providence, who often deduces good from evil, it should, finally, rouse our countrymen from their long dream of safety; if it should snatch our republic, now tottering on the verge of a precipice, from irretrievable ruin, we should have reason to bless the dark day, on which, the embargo was born.

That this will be the happy issue, let us devoutly hope. The scene exhibited in this state, at the last election, speaks a language that cannot be misunderstood. It points to another suffrage, and warns that pestilent flock of insects, who, in the hazy atmosphere of democracy, have bloated into official importance, to prepare for final dissolution.

The revolution in public opinion, which is rapidly pervading the union, demonstrates, that the American people are not yet prepared for any form of slavery. Let these facts encourage us to proceed in our present course of exertion. Until the clouds of democracy are driven below the horizon, let us never cease to "cry through the gathering storm," *our country is in danger*. We shall finally succeed. The temple of modern democracy is erected on the sands. Its materials are, in their nature, perishable. And destitute of every principle of adhesion, it must tumble in ruins, at the sounding of the trumpets of truth and federalism.

Whether, then, our republic is destined to a long period of prosperity and happiness; or whether her days are numbered and her end approaches, let us, in either event, never shrink from the great contest of principle. In one firm phalanx, let us plant ourselves around the citadel of our freedom, resolved to defend it from invasion, or to be buried in its ruins. Thus, we shall have performed our duty to ourselves, our country and our God; and then if our republic perish, we are **guiltless**.