

William A. Ladd

ORATION,

ADDRESSED TO REPUBLICANS,

ASSEMBLED

AT POULTNEY, VERMONT,

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BY R. C. MALLARY, ESQ.

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ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

WE may hail our nation's birth day, with the wildest transports of joy ; we may exult over the scattered legions of the ancient invaders of our country ; we may rend the concave with the bold imitations of the thunders of Olympus, in the unrestrained exercise of awakened feelings, at the recollection of our revolutionary triumphs, yet we have reason to fear, that while monarchies and despotisms are overturned, from their lowest foundations, *that* government of our choice—*that* Republic, we have sworn to defend, may now be receiving their final homage, their eternal valedictory. Let the shades of solemnity hang around our minds, in contemplation of this interesting theme.

Scarce a year has passed, since a single hand wielded the destinies of continental Europe. Under the wild control of boundless ambition, Napoleon had swept away whole nations and empires in rapid succession, or compelled them to embrace his giant schemes. Europe yielded, to escape the horrors of his avenging sword. Her congregated nations were arrayed against the *ruler of the waves*, guided by the matchless skill of the military wonder of the world !

The existence of Spain stood suspended. Italy, once dictator to the world, now a vassal to an empire, which had been crushed by the helmed hosts of Cæsar. New kingdoms sprung from the bosom of ancient Germany. Ill-fated Holland was driven under the frozen influence of the iron crown. Prussia, the proud theatre of the glory of Brandenburg, with a fame brilliant and youthful on the page of history, was mangled like a carcase by the vultures of Numidia.

The Russian world beheld her capital in flames, and the then unconquered arms of Napoleon, triumphant in her centre. Her immortal Alexander, unyielding and undismayed, felt his boundless empire tremble to its base. From the elevated regions of Moscow, the grand destroyer of nations seemed to contemplate all Europe subdued, and nothing, but the arm of omnipotence, could arrest his bold and headstrong course.

England stood alone. She knew herself to be the object of her rival's hatred. She well knew, that when the eagles of France should return victorious from the prostrate walls of Petersburg and Moscow, she must meet her destiny on the shores of her island. Her exertions were commensurate with her inexhaustible resources. Her gold and her arms were employed, with all the skill of her ministry, all the power of her people. Yet England exhibited a political phenomenon. In the midst of all these surrounding dangers, when a year or a month might behold her name dashed from the register of nations, and herself swept into the ocean of universal empire, which was rolling over the last verge of the continent, she still adhered to all her lawless systems of arrogant domination over the rights of others, as if they had sprung from her national religion. She determined sooner to abandon her existence, and permit her "*fast anchored isle to be driven from its moorings,*" than to refrain from the perpetration of a single crime, or to expiate a single offence!

At this time, Americans became weary with her insults and abuses. They had too long suffered under wounds, the most distressing, inflicted with the studied malignity of wild barbarians. They had seen their commerce swept from the waves. They had seen their friends dragged by the petty tyrants of a boat's crew, to unconditional bondage. They had seen their national rights trampled on with malignant design, and petitions and remonstrances, too condescending, treated with disdainful contempt. Negotiation had become disgusting and disgraceful. Americans must retire, like slaves, from the presence of a master, too timid for resistance, or seek redress by the sword.

Their government, seconded by the voice of eternal justice, has appealed to arms, and the God of Sabaoth holds the issue in his hand.

Such was the face of Europe—such the situation of America. Let us now cast an eye over prospects of the present day.

Napoleon believed, that the independence of Russia ascended with the smoke of Moscow. He vainly hoped an instantaneous surrender of the throne of that mighty empire. On a naked tower of the ancient capital of the Czars, he turned his eyes from the polar ocean to the Don and Wolga; from the flourishing shores of the Baltic, to the wilds of unexplored Siberia. He seemed to enjoy these endless realms as his own. By anticipation, he beheld the roving bands of Tartary, marching under his standard, in union with the effeminate legions of modern Italy. Hosts of untamed Cossacks, ungovernable as the storms of Andes, wielding the lance and javelin, by the side of the polished and refined soldiers of Champagne and Burgundy. In imagination, he saw passing in review before him, on the shores of the Caspian, or on the plains of Thibet, countless myriads, in all the splendid pomp of war. He directs this rolling tide of animated waves towards the regions of India. Like a spirit of the deep, on the headmost surge, he is borne across the Indus, unpassed by Macedonian Alexander. All resistance faints before him. He beholds the Mogul of the Ganges, on bended knees, receiving a crown from the hands of a conqueror from the Seine. He beholds the proud ensigns of France, floating in the gales of the east, over every rampart of astonished Hindostan!

Amidst this scene, the offspring of his boundless mind; while his soul was expanding with its grand conceptions, the circling horizon grew dark and gloomy. The hosts of Alexander recoiled, but were not subdued. The energies of his empire rolled back, but to acquire resistless power. They now rose in broad circumference, terrible as the armies of death. The great transgressor was aroused from his magnificent dreams by the thunders of united Russia. He collected his legions, inspired them with ten-fold ardor, to meet the wrath and indignation of his tremendous foe, and burst his way from an empire he could never subdue. Once victory led him triumphant through the triple ranks of his opposers. Again he is surrounded, and again he divides the circle of unyielding heroes, who had sworn he should never revisit their violated boundaries of empire. Like the rapidity of a torrent, he pursues his returning course. A whirlwind of Russian vengeance moves thundering on, and crushes as it overtakes. Alexander stands on its brow, and directs its wild career. Heaven unites in this dreadful chastisement of boundless ambition and lawless power. The

boasting invincibles of the south are exhausted on the frozen plains of that country, which they had promised to conquer. Their unpitied leader, wrapped in the mantle of dark disguise, escapes to his own dominions.

The ruler of France, as by enchantment, speaks a new army into existence. While his enemies were dreaming, that he was asking forgiveness of his people, for unparalleled calamities and misfortunes, he meets them on the hills of Saxony. Victory again smiles, and the gallant leader of the north beholds a reverse of his brilliant fortune. But the splendor of Napoleon's glory had passed the meridian. The star of fortune no longer beamed on his crest. He again was humbled by his pupils in arms.

Overwhelmed by his countless foes ; abandoned by that throng of satellites, which splendor and power had created to revolve around him as a centre, he retired to his own dominions like a sullen tyger, denouncing vengeance on his pursuers. But the time had arrived, when his threats of vengeance were disregarded.

Prussia emerges to independence, amid the tempest of revolution. Germany swells to her ancient limits. Kingdoms and confederations, which yesterday extended the catalogue of nations, to-day disappear, like the foam of the ocean. France excepted, all Europe marches, under allied banners, in resistless pursuit of her former master !

Bonaparte flies to his capital, and again calls on France for assistance. Proud of her ancient fame, exasperated to see her soil trampled on in hostile array, by her former minions and slaves, she rises like Hercules, but like Hercules, exhausted by his giant labors. Cheerfully she obeyed the voice of her chief, but it could not avail, her defenders were no more. His capital falls before his face, and he sees his people compelled to abandon him, like a falling idol, or suffer themselves to be driven from their native country. He surrenders his sceptre, and absolves the nation from all allegiance. From those, on whom he had bestowed crowns and kingdoms, he now receives a narrow island. By those whom he had placed on thrones, he is driven into exile !

Of him, who has been the alternate curse and admiration of the world ; at one time extolled as a prodigy, uniting in himself the splendid characters of Alexander, Scipio, and Cæsar ; at another, abhorred, as uniting the depravity of Caligula and Nero, nothing now is heard, but—*Napoleon lives in the island of Elba !*

Of this mighty hero and usurper—of this unparalleled demagogue and tyrant, it now may be said—“the tale is told, the scene is ended, and the curtain falls! As an emblem of all earthly pomp, let his monument be a globe, but be that globe a bubble; let his effigy be a man walking round it in his sleep, and let fame, in the character of shadow, inscribe his honors on the air!!”

The din of arms has ceased throughout Europe; harmony and repose are returning to her different nations. England rises from these dreadful conflicts, with increased power. Her security is established, and she stands proudly triumphant in the full enjoyment of all her hopes and wishes.

Fellow-Citizens—this is no time to deceive ourselves with delusive pictures and fallacious hopes. This day should be devoted to measure the dangers which surround us, to inspire each other with mutual confidence and resolution to defend the rights of freemen, and the only spot on which they are nourished. It ought to be employed in the cause of union and harmony; in exhortation to fly to the standard of our country, to raise high the avenging sword against the implacable violaters of the honor and independence of the last of republics.

England no longer finds an enemy on the globe, but America. With armies of veterans, the most numerous she ever raised, guided by the ablest commanders she ever employed, holding three-fifths of the world in bondage by the irresistible power of her navy, she now turns her eyes to America, the object of her ancient hatred and revenge. They will now be disgorged on our shores, to chastize us, for the unrepented crimes of our fathers. We are already denounced. Our enemy boasts of his power to reduce us to “*unconditional submission.*” His jackalls have issued a decree, that interminable warfare shall be waged, until a government is abandoned, which can admit a citizen of Virginia to the presidential chair.

Is this the time to contend for those rewards which faction and party afford? Have the gall and bitterness of party become so overwhelming, that we will see our country colonized anew, before we will unite to defend it? Have Americans become so denationalized in character and principles, that they will trample their own government under foot; bid foreign mercenaries welcome to a residence with their household gods, and direct them where to avenge imaginary wrongs?

A wretched few may be found, whose hearts are blasted with foreign mildew. A few may be found, who will throw themselves on supplicating knees before the myrmidons of England, and implore protection. A few may be found, who are waiting for that period to arrive, when they can pronounce, in safety, that oath of allegiance to their "*parent land,*" which has long lain in secrecy and silence on their souls, and huzza for "*the defender of the freedom and rights of mankind, and the bulwark of their holy religion.*"

But the day of British forgiveness is passing by. The name of federalism will no longer be a shield, unless presented on the grim front of rebellion and treason. That junto of eastern bedlamites, whose motly mixture of braggadocio and servility is so conspicuous, will reap, from their pretended friends, an unexpected reward. Those who denounce the cause of our country "*unholy and unjust,*" who refuse "*to rejoice for victories by sea or land,*" yet reward our victorious heroes with magnificent testimonials of esteem and admiration; those, who groan and sympathize with the citizens of Canada, for their misfortunes, yet idolize the brilliant Perry, for opening an avenue to the heart of their country, can expect but little from royal magnanimity! Grace and favor have no mercies in store, for such sycophantic treachery. Republicans and federalists must share alike. By indissoluble ties their destinies are united. One common fortune awaits them all.

Why then, are the people divided? Why do they not burst the bands of faction, and unite in defence of their country? Why do they not abandon their infatuated leaders, and leap forward to a government, which calls for their assistance?—The reasons are conspicuous.

A great majority of those who are ranged in opposition to republicans are friends to their country. They mourn for her misfortunes, and rejoice when she prospers. But they are deluded by the *split-logs and Tecumsehs* of their party; the secret friends of our enemy, or ambitious partizans, who would glory in rising on the ruins of government, to independent authority. They are taught—they are *compelled* to believe,

That our administration is hostile to the great and important interests of commerce;

That republicans have combined against the prosperity of the nation of New-England;

That the slave holding states have become dictators to the union ; and finally,

That republicans, surrendering all judgment and independence of their own, have long since delivered themselves, bodies and souls, to that terrible old wizzard, *French Influence* !

These are the principal charges against us. These are the avowed causes of division and domestic warfare. We will examine them to learn, if they have their basis in truth, or whether they are not the imaginary offspring of designing men, to hold their followers around the standard of faction and party.

It is a fact beyond denial, that the commerce of Phoenecia, of Carthage, of Venice, or even of England herself, was never more flourishing, than that of the United States, before the orders and decrees of European belligerents. And because our rulers resorted to temporary restrictions, and to war itself, for its defence, they are now defamed as its deadly enemies ! They have hazarded their reputation as statesmen, their awful responsibility as the ministers of government, in a sanguinary contest for maritime rights, yet they are accused of burying those rights in the ocean !

From whom do these accusations proceed ? From the united voice of the commercial interest of America ? Surely not. Let us see how merchants themselves stand on this question. If we find a powerful majority, the open and decided defenders of the course which government has pursued, will not *that* be evidence in our favor ? If the greatest commercial cities in the union have approved of the conduct of the administration, shall that administration be condemned, for unpardonable offences and crimes ? Let reason decide. We will resort to authentic sources for information, and when arguments fail, let facts have a hearing.

I will present you with the condition of commerce in the year 1813, when the middle and southern ports were sealed by British squadrons, and the eastern harbors left open and unmolested by the merciful magnanimity of our enemy.

New-Hampshire exported, in foreign and domestic goods,	\$ 29,000,
Louisiana, (the great democratic frog-pond)	1,045,000 ;
Massachusetts, (on whose commerce the whole universe is dependent, as Governor Strong informs us)	1,807,000,

South Carolina, (that slave-holding, commerce-hating state)	- - - -	2,968,000 ;
Georgia,	- - - -	1,094,000,
Rhode Island,	- - - -	236,000 ;
Connecticut,	- - - -	974,000,
Virginia,	- - - -	1,819,000 ;

This statement embraces the southern and eastern sections of the union. The eastern having exported about *three millions*, and the southern *nine* ! The southern division is almost unanimously *republican*, and New-England contains a majority of federalists. But we are told, that republicans in that quarter, have waged an exterminating warfare against commerce !—that they are its open and devoted enemies ! Can this be believed by the most servile devotee of federalism, if he will once condescend to listen to the voice of reason ?

Next comes the middle section, far the most populous, rich and flourishing.

New-York exported,	- -	\$ 8,185,000
Pennsylvania,	- -	3,577,000
Maryland,	- -	3,787,000
District of Columbia,	- -	1,387,000
Delaware,	- -	133,000

The exports from the middle states amount to above sixteen millions, six hundred thousand dollars, or *five times more than all* from New-England !

New-York and Pennsylvania are powerfully republican. From the latter, not a federalist holds a seat in congress ! The people of Maryland are republican, and her emporium proverbially so. The little district of Columbia exports, to almost as great an amount as Massachusetts, notwithstanding that commerce-withering monster, Mr. Madison, resides within its limits ! Delaware is federal ; her commerce amounts to *one hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars* ; yet she, according to the commercial nomenclature of New-England, is the only legitimate friend of commerce, in this division of the union, and the others are its most deadly opposers !

It also appears, that the exports from states which are federal, amount to about \$ 3,182,000, while those of republican states exceed \$ 24,000,000.—These are, *only*, about eight times as much as those of the groaning and oppressed

nation of New-England, with the assistance of sympathising Delaware!

Yet republicans and their administration are enemies to commerce! The principles of human nature are reversed! All America is blind to her plainest interests, except that narrow corner, illuminated by the dim lanthorn of an Essex Junto! That distinguished man, who presides over our national concerns, is described as the political upas, blasting the blessings of commerce, within the wide circumference of his pestilential poison. But snake-haired malignity darts her tongue of asps and adders at his adamantine panoply of character, in nerveless efforts.

Let us again look to our populous cities, the offspring of commerce, and nourished by its existence. Let us enquire of *them*, whether *they* believe, that republicans are hostile to maritime pursuits. Charleston, the first in the south, declares to us, that she confides in the present administration. Baltimore, whose exports are equal to those of all the eastern states together, stands eminent as a supporter of the measures of government. Philadelphia and New-York, cities unequalled in the intelligence of their merchants, unrivalled in substantial capital and commercial enterprize, declare by *their* suffrages, that republicans are *not* hostile to commerce.

To this extended catalogue, is opposed Boston and a few of its neighbouring towns. The comparative extent of their commerce has been mentioned. What can be the inference to rational minds? Ought not this unceasing din of republican hostility to commerce, to become silent? For what purpose is it made a perpetual charge? To preserve divisions and contentions among the people.

Why then do we find the measures of administration so universally supported by commercial interests? It is because they believe, that republicans are friends to commerce, but to a commerce alone, which is compatible with the rights of the people and the dignity of the nation. Merchants are yet to be found, who are Americans; who will never ask the government to exchange its honor and independence, for a cargo of British pack thread and leno.

Another roaring charge against republicans, operating to prevent an union of parties, is their alledged hostility to the welfare and prosperity of New-England. What is the evidence introduced to prove this accusation? It is said republicans have destroyed her commerce. But has she been deprived of advantages, which other states have been permit

ted to enjoy? Certainly not. It would require folios of federal logic to prove, that republicans would hazard twenty-four millions of their own, to destroy three millions of their neighbors! Some may pretend, that the soil and climate of New-England are subjects of jealousy and envy. But did the thousands and tens of thousands of her citizens, who have retired to the western wilderness, believe that these were unparalleled in the universe? Some pretend, that the peculiar piety of her clergy is the cause of republicans continuing to abuse her. But who could have supposed, that the piety and meekness of Doctor Parish or Doctor Osgood descended from the cross, or that a *christian* flock, from design, should have chosen them for leaders? The red allies of England may have heard of their fame. Chippeways and Creeks may be envious. They would undoubtedly rejoice, to meet the Reverend Doctors at their council fires, to give new inspiration to the war-whoop, and redoubled sublimity to a British and Indian pow wow! Do jealousy and envy arise, from the display of splendid talents and virtues, in the citizens of New-England, and especially of Massachusetts? Strange indeed, must be the perversion of human judgment in those, who believe, that the virtues and talents of Timothy Pickering, or Governor Strong are the subjects of *universal* envy and admiration!

It is also a charge against republicans, that the "importance of New-England is on the decline"—and that "Massachusetts has dwindled into political insignificance." Is that the fault of republicans? Although Massachusetts once was the most important state in the union, yet other states have surpassed her in population and consequently in political power. Must the extensive domains of the United States remain uncultivated, lest her importance should be diminished? Is the right of emigration to be abolished, lest her national influence may decline? Why did she not induce her citizens to remain at home, or issue proclamations against *expatriation*, like the wise and energetic Governor of Vermont? With a territory of about *six thousand* square miles, did she ever expect to remain the most powerful state of the union, composed of numbers, which separately contain from forty to seventy thousand? With a population of half a million, is she always to preside over the destinies of five or ten millions in other states, because they recently emerged from the forest? Certainly not. Let her enjoy equal rights and no more. Yet Massachusetts is factious and fretful; jealous

that the western and southern states are envious of her happiness and prosperity, and plotting her destruction. She resembles some antiquated fair one, who sees those, who were infants, when she was in full bloom and influence, usurp her dominion. She endeavors to prop her sinking reputation, by defaming her competitors. She accuses Miss Ohio of being awkward and indolent: Miss Kentucky of having no religion, and drinking whiskey; Miss Georgia of living among negroes, and chewing tobacco. She declares, that they ought not to be admitted into *genteel* company, and she will not permit it!

Another cause of disunion among the people is, the torrents of abuse, poured on the southern states by the factionists of the eastern. It is the favorite employment of the enemies to the union. "What," say they, "shall the enlightened people of New-England submit to be controlled, by the slaves of Virginia? Shall the citizens of the eastern states be trampled on, by the negroes of North-Carolina?" Nothing is better calculated to excite divisions and contentions among the people. Nothing will so readily excite discord and animosity among the different states.

Permit me, therefore, to shew how unjust and treasonable, are such unprincipled attacks, on the rock of our political salvation.

In four of the New-England states, there is a population of 768,000; and they elect eight senators to represent them in congress. Virginia, with a free population of 600,000, elects but two; of course, those four states have about *four times* the political power in the senate as Virginia, in proportion to their number of citizens.

There are six millions of free people in the United States; and if the senators were equally divided, according to free population, there would be one to 167,000. Vermont would have one; New-Hampshire one; Connecticut one, and Rhode Island none. They would have three—now they elect eight.

We will now examine and learn what advantages those states enjoy, whose slaves are represented.

The greatest slave holding states are, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Maryland. Their whole number of representatives in congress, is fifty-four. The number of representatives they elect, in consequence of slaves, is *fifteen*, a little more than *one fourth* of the number, which they now elect. It results, that the four principal slave holding states have

one fourth more representatives, than they would share, by free population, while four New-England states have *double* the number of senators, *they* would be entitled to, by an equal distribution among the people.

In another point of view, the eastern states have greatly the advantage. Many of the states had their limits established when the constitution was adopted, which was framed for a nation, progressing in population. New-England statesmen must have observed this. They must have been sensible, that with their contracted territory, they could, but for a short time, retain their relative importance. They must have known that the slave holding states, with tenfold proportion of territory, would not long remain with secondary influence. It was also well understood, that when the southern states should gain a population, on an equal parallel with their territory, they must still be confined to an equal representation in the senate.

The importance of equal political power in the senate, is even greater, than equal representation in the house. The senate have the power of deciding on all nominations to office, in the army or navy, and of foreign ambassadors;—of deciding on treaties with other nations, and of sitting as a court of impeachment. All these prerogatives with concurrent legislative authority, belong to the senate. Whenever there is no choice of President and Vice-President, these offices are appointed by states,—each state having one vote and no more.—Yet accusations are continually raised against the slave holding states.

But would each of the New-England states consent to receive its share of senators, in proportion to its free population, if the southern would relinquish their representation for slaves? By no means. There would be too great a sacrifice in that bargain, for a Yankee!

Another cause of division of the people was, the never ending accusation against republicans, “of being governed by the mandates of Bonaparte.” From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; by the fireside, and on the highway; by the crazy and mad, by the intoxicated and sober; from Pickering down to his black-fingered type-setter, French Influence has been urged, as a damning crime, on the character of republicans. From what has it originated? From fear of France and her tyrant? They never had navies before our harbors, nor armies on the march to invade us. Is it to be inferred, that republicans are frightened by hosts of Frenchmen, marching to Vienna or Moscow, because

federalists are *unmoved* at the sight of British legions, charged with commands to reduce them to "unconditional submission?" If *they* are perfectly independent in *their* feelings, why does not charity exist for republicans?

But, fellow citizens, is not the cause of this charge to be found in a different direction? Is not this the source, from whence it sprung?—England was in continual violation of our rights. She was the supreme ruler of the wayes, and our most inveterate enemy. Republicans wished for a counterpoise to her power, and France was the only empire which could become so. Her dominions were confined to the continent, and we were far beyond her reach. We hoped that she might form a check to the power of England, and keep her in full employment at home. This is our foul transgression. It consists in an attachment to our own country; in preferring the safety of America to the prosperity of England.

The Ghost of French Influence is laid; let federalism hold her orgies, and chant deep dirge and requiem on the place of its departure. But if conscience is not driven from her throne, she will point with a finger of lightning to a policy, which formed a bulwark to America.

Already are the coasts of New-England in a blaze. While her citizens are shouting hozannas, for the destruction of the only barrier between their firesides and the vengeance of our unappeasable enemy, conflagrations of their ships and towns add brilliancy and splendor to the scene. While they are revelling in unbridled excesses and holding grand jubilee in commemoration of the achievements of magnanimous England, the thunder of her navy arouses them from the roaring table, and they reel in confusion from the flames of their own habitations!

Yet republicans have been guilty of a crime past forgiveness, in federal estimation, for advocating a policy, which would have turned such indescribable calamities from our country! Not that they have been partial to a Bonaparte or Bourbon as an individual, but between an *enemy of our enemy* and a *friend to our foe*, with republicans there is a weighty distinction. They have never enlisted under the banners of that mock-philanthropy, which rejoices to behold the legions of our enemies translated from the Tagus and Garronne, to the Delaware and Hudson!

Thus, fellow-citizens, I have exposed the bane of the republic before you. I have presented those causes, which

have paralyzed the arm of government and arrested its energies. They are intended, by depravity and corruption, as the sure precursors of its dissolution and downfall. If we would examine them with the eye of candor and reason, how odious they would appear! Their effects would dissolve like a morning mist. Harmony and union would, once more, return to distracted America.

It is often repeated, that an honorable peace is at our doors; that our magnanimous enemy retains her parental affection, and to her forbearing clemency we may look for forgiveness. Can this be true? Let us listen to the extravagant anticipations of her friends, who have proclaimed that the United States are to be reduced to "unconditional submission." Hear their threats of depriving us of our fisheries, and of limiting the boundaries of our empire. Are these the gentle precursors of peace? Look at the loosened hosts of mercenaries, advancing on our country.—Are these the smiling heralds of peace? Where next shall we look for it? To Spain? Already she is preparing to invade an American province. Does this appear like a sprig of the Olive? Must we look to France? Our enemy holds *her* monarch by the beard! Is it to Russia? Will the *magnanimous* Alexander, while overwhelmed with the courtesies of reciprocal friendship, in the madman's capital, draw *his* sword in defence of American rights? Most assuredly not. Is it on the grand combination of allies, that we can depend? They have already bound themselves not to interfere in our struggle. On what then must we rely? The answer is ready and energetic. *On the smiles of Providence and the union of the people.* Then, the mistress of the deep, and the genius of Europe may combine, but America will be safe.

When will that fortunate period arrive, in which our citizens will harmonize in the administration of government? I believe it is already advancing. The slumbering patriotism of the powerful state of New-York has risen from her grave. She has conquered the commercial influence of Britain in his den. She has scouted that shameless monster from his retreat, and gained a splendid victory in our national emporium. His departing groans have echoed through the eastern states. They have palsied that paricidal arm, which was raised to dismember the union.

In the nation of New-England, the insanity of her factious children is abating. The dreadful menaces of their enraged bulwark, and the still more dreadful execution of her ven

geance, will restore them to their country, well chastized for their impious contempt of her cause.

From the friends of the British ministry, a determination is ascertained to drive Americans from the fisheries, those invaluable sources of national wealth, where our naval heroes have received their earliest lessons in maritime arts. This arouses the attention of our goodly sister Massachusetts, for thousands of her citizens are dependent on them for existence and support. It is gratifying to observe a little sensibility remaining to injustice and injury. Although she denounces a contest in defence of commercial rights "*unholy and unjust,*" she is prompt to engage for a *Codfish!* Altho' she treats the great prerogatives of *freemen* with disdainful contempt, yet she will never abandon her claims to a *Mackerel!*

Thus, from interest or duty, we cheerfully anticipate, that the people will rally around the nation's standard, and present an united phalanx, appalling as the rock of Gibraltar, or the torrents of *Ætna*.

To the arms of our country, I now turn with the highest emotions. Their course has presented us with mingled scenes of misfortune and glory. I am not an apologist of military folly, nor the advocate of military disgrace; but will ever be the ready defender of the soldier, who is an ornament of his profession and an honor to his country.

When an appeal to the sword was proclaimed, the feelings of Americans were excited to their highest apex. Recollection presented the prodigies of heroism, displayed at Monmouth and Yorktown. They remembered a nation of soldiers, contending for independence, without reflecting that years of employment on tented fields were required, to render them invincible. Without expecting reverses, the minds of the people raised an army with a single thought, and led it on to certain victory. They were dismayed at those events, which would never have disturbed the repose of the heroes of Bennington and Saratoga. At the impulse of the moment, we censured and condemned, but forgot to reason.

From a nation of soldiers, we became a nation of farmers, mechanics and merchants. The military muscles of the revolution had become unstrung. That skill, which guided our arms to glory and freedom, had been dissolved by the charms and blandishments of peace, or had sunk to the tomb, with

Washington and Greene. Patriotism alone became powerless, against the veterans of Europe, trained from their cradle, to fields of blood.

The science of war is not the acquisition of a single day. The character of soldiers is not formed by a single review. Practice and experience are the first of masters, and we have cause of exultation, at the rapid improvement of our brethren in arms. Already they have given high proof of their intrepidity and courage. The gallant heroes of York, Sandusky, Fort Meigs and Oswego have not stained with disgrace the pages of American history. The surviving allies of our Christian foe in the south, will long bear in traditional remembrance, the avenging bolts of Jackson, hurled, "red with uncommon wrath," on their faithless heads.

A new campaign is opened, and the eyes of all are turned to our extended frontier. Our expectations are awakened, with prospects of new achievements. Had the wishes of republicans prevailed, England would have found employment at home, with her myriads of eastern savages,—new victories would have embellished the character of the nation, and the eagles of the union would have proudly waved over the spot where misfortune once awaited them. But the triumph of England's cause in Europe, the cause of boundless exultation among her American adherents, will hold in check for a moment, the movements of our armies. Our numerous levies are detained, until defences for our frontier and sea-board are completed, coextensive with their danger. Then, I trust, we shall see them marching to fields of fame and glory, and driving away those clouds, which dim the brilliancy of the American name.

Our miniature navy yet floats.....the pride of our country, and the admiration of the world. It is, *truly*, "the only surviving monument of federal policy." On the federal administration, we cheerfully bestow our undissembled approbation, for the employment of *ingenius carpenters*, and the use of *most excellent timber*. To a republican administration, belongs the splendid honor of conducting her flag to immortality. She has become the proud avenger of our wrongs. Her laurels are preserved unblasted. They wave green in every encounter. The names of Perry and Warrington are inscribed on the roll of heroes, and for the first time, to-day they are hailed as victors, on the grand festival of freedom.

Fellow Citizens.....*Are you Freeman?* Your country is in danger. *Are you Republicans?* Your principles are jeopardized. *Are you Americans?* Your sacred soil, itself, demands resistance to "*unconditional submission.*" Rise on the storm of your just indignation; from millions of uplifted hands, hurl the shafts of exterminating vengeance on the invaders of your rights.

Let Europe know, **ONE REPUBLIC** still exists. Let the world know, that **ONE REPUBLIC** shall continue to exist!