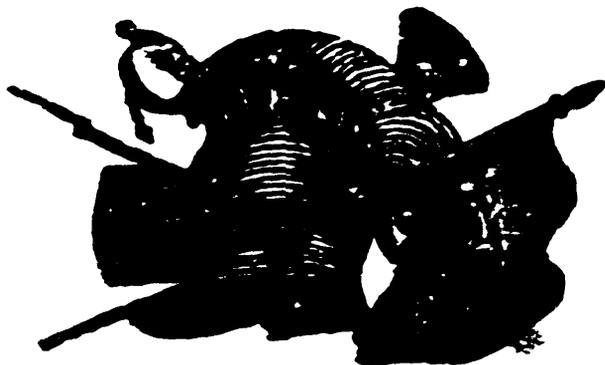


**AN**  
**ADDRESS,**  
**DELIVERED AT SALEM,**  
**JULY 4, 1806,**  
**ON A MILITARY CELEBRATION OF THE DAY**  
**BY THE**  
**BRIGADE & REGIMENTAL OFFICERS,**  
**LATE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,**  
**&**  
**THREE INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.**

***AT THE REQUEST OF THE OFFICERS.***

.....  
**BY MAJOR SAMUEL SWETT.**  
.....



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.....  
**1806.**

**SALEM, JULY 5, 1806.**

*At the flattering request of the gentlemen engaged in the military celebration of the 4th inst. politely communicated by Col. ARNER, M<sup>aj</sup>. DEAN, and Capt. APPLETON, the Author submits his address for publication; hoping, its being, from necessity, the hasty production of a week, and the obvious intent of it, will shield it from severe remark.*

# Address.

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*AMERICANS AND FELLOW SOLDIERS,*

**I** ADDRESS you with the confidence of a young man, the plainness of a Soldier, but, with the feelings of an American. Not the Orator—THIS DAY claims your attention. The united congratulations of six millions, happy Americans, are ascending to heaven, to departed Patriots, who snatched us from the jaws of slavery, and created us a nation, mighty and prosperous. This should drown disgraceful party. We should purify our original compact and patriotism from rust of time and canker of prejudice. We should renew our oaths on the altar of our common country, and swear again rather to die freemen than live slaves.

But the present day is especially novel and perilous, solemn and sublime. The only political system is, the war of all against all. The conflicts of the world, contending, realize

the war of gods. Neptune and Mars, in NELSON and BONAPARTE incarnate, engage in mortal combat. NELSON, at *Trafalgar*, with his trident and enchanted sword,\* outdoes the heroes of fable; he shakes the mighty deep to her inmost cavern. The Emperor at *Austerlitz*, armed with Heaven's thunder, moves the globe to its foundation. The universe feels the horrid clash of floating worlds and contending millions. Ocean blushes deep at the murderous bloodshed. Groans and shouts of expiring armies have reached heaven. Nature veils her face in mysterious darkness, † portending terror and dismay to the vain ambition of aspiring man. The shock has reached the far distant shores of our country, inexperienced, in her youthhood. But it has not only reached us: America trembles to the centre with the deadly blow. Already, BONAPARTE, the fiery meteor, the splendid comet, whose magnificent vices we grow in love with, who has usurped the thunderbolt of Heaven, and is armed with poison and assassination, instruments of Hell, has begun his cannibal progress in our country; he has one foot in Louisiana. Even now, our shore is invaded by marauders. The blood

\* NELSON was impressed with an idea that his favourite sword had preternatural influence over his fortune.

† Total Eclipse of the Sun was 16th of June.

of our fellow-citizen is reeking, warm and un-revenged. The insulting cannon is heard in our port; the patriotic hill of Bunker quivers with impatience at the insult; the tomb of WARREN opens her marble jaws—his angry ghost calls on his country to avenge her wrongs.

Far be any intent to alarm the festivity of this scene; but, blind joy does not become enlightened, free Americans. I would heap the sparkling goblet of joy to our nation's honour, liberty and prosperity; but, I would raise a solicitude to protect them. I would construct forts, ravines and bastions round them, stronger and more lasting than the works of VAUBAN, or the pillar of Hercules; I would lay their corner stones in your hearts.

I shall not refrain from recounting the past dangers and heroism, adversity and hardihood, revolution and magnanimity, of our country, because the story is an old one; like the rose of Jericho, it will forever bloom afresh at our will; like national music, vibrate with patriot pleasure on our heartstrings. Search the heraldry of our country; she has an illustrious ancestor; she sprang from the loins of Britain. Antipathy, or attachment to another country, is treason to our own. But the hatchet has been

long buried in oblivion—I boast, without apology—America had a parent worthy of her; the parent of SYDNEY and HAMPDEN, favourites of freedom, and the little band of immortal heroes, who fought at Cressy, each an Hercules. Her love of liberty produced Magna Charta, and freed mankind from the gross despotism of Popish and Royal divine infallibility. And in our day, she is the champion of the human race; she only, cheerful, collected, undismayed, with NELSON, SMITH, and ABERCROMBIE, has stood in the gap, 'gainst universal empire, to which the Madman of France is aspiring, to outdo the Macedonian and the Swede. But, like the first, he shall not have to shed tears, for new worlds to encounter; COLUMBUS has discovered one.

America inherited, from her parent, uncontrollable thirst for liberty, irresistible hatred to tyranny, innate sense of the rights of man; these beat high in her first pulse. But though her parentage is illustrious, she was nursed in the school of adversity. The features of her character acquired a hardihood, suited to a tone of immortal achievement, she was soon called to execute.

Time had wiredrawn the chain of our consanguinity to England, till it vanished in the common relation of the human kind; tyrann-

ny cancelled the charters of our political connection. A corrupt and imbecile administration attempted to force America to surrender the rights of Englishmen, and submit to uncontrouled taxation. **NORTH**, like Phaeton in the chair of state, despised the patriotism and prophetic counsel of the godlike **CHATHAM**. **BUTE**, the political mole, undermined every plan of wise administration. Yet, North and Bute, though we execrate, we thank you. Your Mercenaries, Hessians and Savages, compelled America to empire and independence; which her modesty dared not attempt—the purity of her ambition did not aspire to. We thank your folly, to suppose Englishmen degenerate in this new world. We convinced you that America, which produced Andes, had enlarged the stature and the mind of man.

But the contest of Americans, poor, scattered, without government or finance, against the greatest Empire of the world, was unequal; our prospect was gloomy, was desperate. Hope was extinct; but **LIBERTY** was unquenchable. Then it was, America called on her militia, and immortal **WASHINGTON**. Then it was **PUTNAM** sprang from his plough; inspired by patriotism, he seemed to enlarge his stature, and grow a Hercules. Then it was **WARREN** died a death Leonidas might envy;

and ARNOLD, before his fall, with his hardy Americans, outdid the passage of the Alps. But pre-eminent, overruling all, stood WASHINGTON; like Atlas, he bore the new world on his gigantic shoulders. and bore it like a God. What, though we have erected no Egyptian Pyramid for him? the tomb of WASHINGTON has a monument, his spirit views with satisfaction—it is built of the united hearts of his countrymen; and latest posterity shall renew the glorious fabric: the tears, which United America shed around it, rise in immortal clouds, resplendent with Heaven's approving bow.

America conquered, and was free; but, worn out and expiring, she could not reward her hardy veterans, or bind even oaken garlands on their brows. But their manly fronts wore a nobler trophy, of deep-furrowed scars. These American conquerors found indeed no country to adorn them with costly stars and garters, but their ragged uniform exposed to honourable view, wounds on their manly bosoms, brighter than the constellation of Orion.

Our fathers formed a Republican government, a constitution worthy themselves. But our constitution wants no eulogy of mine; before party had a name, ADAMS defended it in

theory, as, my fellow-soldiers, you will do in practice, when your country calls. Under this government we have advanced, through our wilderness, to lands, which, like those of Canaan, flow with milk and with honey. Historians grow romantic, while they write on this country, so rich, flourishing and extensive is it. The sea is white with our canvass ; we have a monopoly of trade through the globe. Genius flourishes here in luxuriance, rich as our own fields. America has no superior in seminaries, sciences and arts.

Such a country, such a constitution, bought with the lives of our fathers, written in the blood of heroes, is the sacred, invaluable boon we inherit. Perished be the unhallowed hand touching this ark of our covenant and safety ! Eternal, unforgiven, we pray, be our infamy, if we disgrace our birthright ! But **VIRTUE** is the food, **PARTY** the inherent death, of our government. Unfledged statesmen, political quacks, of more extended mischief, and deeper damnation, than they who *only* impiously mangle us, tell you, parties are beneficial to a republic. My friends, 'tis false ; it is part of the accursed sophistry, that " private vice is public benefit." God, in inscrutable providence, permits crime and party ; but, thanks be given, he has denounced woe unto them by whom these come. If vi-

cious, your commanders are corrupt : this begets venality in subalterns, which oppression must repay ; till corruption, venality and oppression are overgrown and irresistible. And our government cannot exist without provincial, party and individual forbearance. Party, abroad, is the proverb by which crafty politicians would govern us.\* At home, it is that tyrannical, little brief authority, gained by one party after another, which whets the sword of civil war, which arms brothers for slaughter ; till, from party and vice, we gladly take refuge in slavery, under the strong arm of a tyrant.

Yet, Americans, in our trade, in our offices and elections, we are guilty of encouragement to crime ; and deeds of party violence are obvious and innumerable. Yes, our vice and degeneracy are rank ; they have risen over us in dark and sulphurous clouds of death, ready to burst in thunder on our devoted country.

These are our civil dangers ; they are solemn, they are alarming. But, in this day of war and violence, when the small voice of reason is drowned in the clarion of battle, and the holy law of nations obliterated in blood, the danger which should unite all hearts, arm every

\* "*Divide et impera*"—Divide and govern.

thigh, and nerve every arm in our country, is our defenceless situation. We want a navy for our commerce, forts for our harbours, a militia for the land of our forefathers. Our navy is a name, our ports are defenceless, our militia would not supply one regiment of *soldiers*. I except our volunteer associations, those present especially. In our general defect, they shine in honourable contrast. On you has descended the honourable mantle of our veterans ; you have cherished the sacred spark of heroism ; to you is committed the honour and glory of your country ; and we rely with full confidence on your spirit and patriotism, discipline and courage, that you will protect them with your lives. Our militia, in most states, especially the south, is unarmed, undisciplined, forced together by law, at the sound of the bugle. New-England deserves comparative praise ; she is generally armed ; but we hardly know the first requirements of soldiers. Yet are we sunk in stupid, criminal security. We are indeed like the natives, Columbus discovered with America. Careless and indifferent to our fate, our country is rich only to invite invasion. Our gold is heaped like Montezuma's, our silver like the Inca's, to gratify and aggrandize the lust of freebooters. But beware, Americans, lest, like Midas, you become the standing jest of the world. Reflect, before

you wish to turn every thing to gold—keep a little iron, a little Spartan money, which will pass current in exchange with foreign nations ; coin it into bayonets and balls.

The proper defence for a republic, the constitutional defence of America, is a Militia. Ours should be composed of hardy, well armed, disciplined and religious Americans. With the sword rests the liberty of a country ; republicans should be their own soldiers. A mercenary standing army is a foul congregation of the idle, dissolute and unprincipled. Butchers of men, they belong to no country, but to their general : at his call, they as readily attack the country which employs them, as the enemy. Kings can better employ them, but they usually find the generals will be viceroys over them. To Republics they are death instantaneous, irremediable. Rome tried the fatal experiment. When the army had no other foe to encounter, they turned their swords on herself. They passed the Rubicon, made Emperors of one Cæsar after another, with barbarous levity raising one fiend to the throne, and with damned caprice tumbling him down again, glutted with blood and oppression, not able to find a worse, yet varying these scenes of Hell with novelty.

Our Militia should be hardy, adamantine, men of thewes and limbs, and souls of fire shining through their eyes; fit recruits for Vegetius, fit to march with CAESAR, bare-headed, through burning Lybia, or with MONTGOMERY and ARNOLD, scale walls of ice in frozen Canada. But, Americans, prosperity has spoiled you. We have no athletic and Olympic games, no Americans who can bend the bow of Ulysses, or throw the quoit of Aetion. Our old are weak with oppressive wealth; the young, sunk in effeminacy. They do not tread the war dance, in heavy armour, to the ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum, but, "softly-sweet in Lydian measure," dance only French minuets. They are emaciated with disease; they apply hot liquors to their blood. If they have not Trojan bonnets, they have their parasols; their sleek heads are anointed, and they "fear lest the winds of Heaven should visit their faces too roughly." Luxury is the sin by which our ARNOLD fell. Rouse, Americans, for shame! Rise from the lap of Delilah, fly from the distaff of Omphale, and become MEN!

Our Militia should be well armed; it is especially necessary, now we are no longer armed for hunting, and the beasts of our forests have yielded them to men; it is especially necessary—for WASHINGTON is dead, and mir-

acles do not interrupt the course of nature.—  
 But your gross neglect appears to say, **WASH-**  
**INGTONS** grow spontaneous in our country ;  
 our soil is Theban, where, like Cadmus, we  
 can plant men, who will spring up instantly,  
 armed cap-a-pie for battle.

Our Militia should be well disciplined.—  
 “ Order is Heaven’s first law ;” confusion al-  
 ways the forerunner of defeat. But be not de-  
 ceived ; the indolent, the timid, or your ene-  
 mies, tell you, you should import regular-bred  
 soldiers for an army, that war is an art. We  
 have already taken a slight view of a mercenary  
 standing army ; we are satisfied—we’ll none of  
 these things. War is an art Americans can easily  
 acquire. It is an art where nature leads the  
 way ; it springs from the heart ; the first princi-  
 ples are courage and patriotism. Eloquence  
 and praying are arts. But Americans can  
 speak, and to the purpose, and show their feel-  
 ings, and, if they please, acquire the rule of do-  
 ing this ; and the prayers which spring warm  
 from our hearts, God will hear and answer,  
 without importing *Jesuits* to bear our messa-  
 ges. Let your military system equal your  
 prosperity ; in regularity and success you will  
 equal the Grecian phalanx ; before whom  
 worlds of undisciplined troops, innumerable,  
 measurable only by the tents which contained

them,\* were phantoms of men, a morning cloud, before the burning torrent of Vesuvius.

Our Militia should be religious. Religion has banished murderous barbarity from honourable war, and made it, in a good cause, consist with feelings of humanity; and tented fields, heroes, and the war-horse, “whose neck is thunder, the glory of his nostrils terrible”—scenes of glorious joy. A soldier should have a conscience void of offence; no startling at destruction.

Pagan armies depended on religion for success. Crassus disobeyed the omens, and lost an army. Pausanias' troop stood, till oracles permitted to engage, and marched to certain conquest. And shall Americans neglect religion, whose God is the true God; who overwhelmed Pharaoh and his host, and fought against the Philistines for his favoured people; who is the God of our fathers? Have you forgotten the hour of your distress, when you called on him and he heard you, and stretched out his red right hand, in wrath, against the blasphemous murderers who laid waste your cities with fire, your unoffending people with the sword, with sacrilegious hands burst open the temples, and with horses trampled down

\* Gillies' *Greece*, I. 371.

the altars of your God ! No, we have not forgotten, we never will forget him. We will rally round the standard of revelation, we'll inscribe it with the ancient motto of the cross—“ In hoc vinces ”—in this shall ye conquer.

But our Militia should not only be hardy, well armed, disciplined and religious, they should be AMERICANS, of hearts deep-rooted to the soil, sensible of their rights and privileges, alive to the honour of their fathers ; then, they would be worthy to defend their country, so fair and flourishing, that mercenary armies might grow patriots here.

Are Americans unworthy to defend their country ? are they quite degenerate ? is their spirit and patriotism dead ? No, SOMERS, WADSWORTH, and ISRAEL, have died to confute the imputation. Our undaunted Commodore, who has reaped laurels at the cannon's mouth, lives to give the lie to this charge—whose thundering cannon shook down the walls of Tripoli, while the haughty tyrant was crying, in dismay, PREBLE and *Danger* are two Lions, littered in one day, and he the elder and more terrible.\* We have our FULTON, too, the natural genius of war, the Scipio Africanus of his country ; his arm a host, a-

\* This was applied to Julius Cæsar.

lone and unassisted, brought cities under the yoke, and subdued their proud Bashaw.

Americans, let it not be said, you are surpassed by subjects of a King. Let it not be said, Englishmen, whom you beat in war, beat you in defence of their country. Yet go into England, see them, in danger, united in defence. See the whole country bristled with bayonets. Their bright falchions leap from their scabbards, and gleam a wall of fire round the sea-girt shore. Lawyers, merchants, and mechanics, join to volunteer their purses and their lives. Hear the patriot Earl Moira declare he would fight, a soldier in the ranks. Hear the opposition swear to unite with government, with them nail their flags to the mast, and sink or swim with their king, their country and constitution ; and return to your own country, and blush for your defenceless situation.

Go next to defenceless Suabia. See the enemy in that country, see them make the rich poor, the poor, beasts of burthen ; see them guilty of pillage, rape, and blood ; see them murder mothers and the new-born babe ; and return again to your own country, and behold your own fair daughters, surpassing those of Carthage, who twisted their long and golden

locks to bowstrings ; the mild lustre of their eyes beaming love and intellect ; chaste as Diana, beauteous as the Goddess of love, untainted as the perfumed gale of Arabia ; whom the devil in the wily serpent could not tempt ; but they would tempt the devil. Behold your own fathers, who brought you up with the sweat of their brow ; your mothers, by whom you were borne and nursed in pain and anxiety ; your infants in the lap, cherubs of innocence and beauty, smiling on you to protect them. And will you not protect them yourselves ? will you import men to do this ? Forbid this foul disgrace ! Will you date your lives by the “ mean reckoning of days and hours— or deeds of worth and fame ” ? Are you ready to meet eternal infamy here, the immortal frowns of WASHINGTON hereafter ? Americans, the question wrongs you. Fathers, Mothers, Infants, and the Fair, we swear to protect you— to conquer or die for you !

Come then, BONAPARTE and your myrmidons ! Come again, GAGE, HOWE and CLINTON ! We shall not dishonour our fathers. We'll march again to conquer ; and on the charge, cry, God for LIBERTY, WASHINGTON and our COUNTRY !

*FINIS.*