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Gen'l. Harrison.

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A SPEECH,

Delivered in Statesville, July 4th, 1848,

BY

REV. E. F. ROCKWELL.

[Published by Request.]

Fellow Citizens:—Though we have no Saints Day's in our Ecclesiastical Calendar: though it does not fall to our lot to celebrate the birth days of Kings, or Emperors, with games, festivities and sacrifices; yet in our national history and in our political calendar, there are sacred days: Days, with which are connected hallowed remembrances.

Those periods of our personal history, which have been marked with uncommon prosperity: those epochs in our lives in which those events have occurred, that have had an important bearing on the future, we are careful to note in their annual return. This is natural: The practice accords with the nature of man; with the best feelings—the noblest sentiments of the human heart.

A nation is but a calendar of individuals: an addition of units into one great mass—retaining the qualities still of the various parts. And there are events in our national history, whose days of recurrence we delight to commemorate; because those events have an important bearing on what we are, and what we hope to be. The 15th of May, 1771, when in the Battle on the Alamance, on the soil of North Carolina, the first blood was shed in defence of human rights in this country. The 20th of the same month, in the year 1775, when in the town of Charlotte, and the county of Mecklenburg, was made the first Declaration of that Independence, that this State, in union with others, finally attained, are, at least worth mentioning here. They are *days*, connected with events, to which the sons of the old North State, however much decried by others, may be justly proud. And not only so, we may add that on the 8th of April 1776, at the Town of Halifax, by the Legislature of the same State, was also the first Declaration in favor of an entire separation of the Colonies from the Mother Country. But these may perhaps only be reckoned stars before the sun; when we approach either that day that added to the list of living men, the Father of his Country; or inscribed the name of that country itself in the register of nations.

The 22d of February, 1732, and the 4th of July, 1776, will ever stand in the estimation of Americans; in that degree that the events therein transpiring stand out in bold relief in the history of North America—in the annals of the world. And it is not a little remarkable how, in the course of time, almost every revolving year adds to the sacred interest, in the hearts of Americans, of these consecrated days. The finger of Providence, in a way not to be mistaken, or to pass unheeded, points them out, to be celebrated, not only with joyful acclamations, but with funereal obsequies: not with wreaths of laurel, and ivy, alone, but mingled with the cypress: Tears of joy with those of sorrow.

Who knows not that our literal Jubilee, the fiftieth return of this anniversary, was consecrated anew, by the departure from earth of the two illustrious men, who acted so conspicuous a part, on the day of the nation's birth; who afterwards stood at its head. The names of the author, and of the strenuous advocate, and defender of that noble instrument, will live; not only because thus associated; not only because in immediate succession, after the immortal Washington, they filled the Presidential Chair, but because, John Adams, of Massachusetts, having arrived to the age of 91, and Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, at the term of 83, in death were not divided, on the 4th July, 1826. And what shall we say of that national bereavement of the 23d of February, 1848, which more than canonised the second John Adams, and added another star to our national galaxy? The true son of New England, but the citizen of the U. States, in whose service he spent a half of a century; and who having enjoyed her highest honors—died in the house of the nation—under the dome of the Capitol, at his post of duty, with his armor on—"*contented*." The Statesman, the Poet, the Annalist, the Philosopher, the Christian. Though with the faults of human nature his name will stand high in rank among the great men, who have filled conspicuous places in our Government. Having lived to Eulogise some of the greatest men of the age, and some whose fame, belonged to two Continents, *He* now becomes the subject of eulogy equally high: *He* will have a fame, that will belong, not to two continents only, but to two worlds. It may be called too fulsome praise, but we believe the day will come, when the name of John Quincy Adams, will stand in the list of the worthies of this hemisphere, second to none but Washington. The faults that mar his character, in the eyes of cotemporaries: will disappear at length, amidst the superior blaze of his estimable qualities, as the spots though vast, on the sun's disc, are hidden by the effulgence of his rays.

The death of such a man, in such a place, on such a day, is a sublime theme; a subject worthy the pen of the poet, the pencil of the painter, the style of the historian. It gives increased solemnity to that day that gave Washington to the world 116 years before. It belongs to the annals of 1848, the 72d of our Independence. It is said to be the business of the orator to instruct, to persuade, to please. The Latin poet declares that he has succeeded well, who mingles the pleasing and the useful: there is no more fitting occasion, in connection with any of our secular affairs to accomplish this, than the present, and would that it had fallen to the lot of some one more competent to the task of an orator to day: one of more leisure; of better acquaintance with those soul-inspiring themes that form the more appropriate topics of discourse, to address you. It is an occasion that should not pass unimproved. Many lessons from the rich treasures of our past history may be imparted. Right principles of political wisdom; much knowledge of the true theory of government, may be impressed upon the minds of the rising race.

From the proper observance of this day, may go out an influence, that shall form, in no small degree, our national character. To history nations are sent to school: and no history affords more profitable instruction to us than our own. Familiarity is needed with those events which, it is the object of this anniversary to commemorate. To assemble, as one man, on our nation's birth day; to refresh the memory with the recital of the deeds of those who perilled their lives on the high places of the field, flatters our national pride, keeps alive the spirit of 1776, and rekindles the pure flame of patriotism in many a heart.

How sublime the spectatcle of 20,000,000 of people, meeting around one common altar: Not to celebrate this day with empty pageantry—not to spend it in noisy revelry—not to devote it to Bachanalian excesses, to the destruction of that very independence of which we boast—not to desecrate it with the bickerings of party contention; but to commemorate the noble deeds of a noble ancestry. To repeat the names of those who declared it was not only useful, and honorable, but pleasant to die for their country, and in obedience to her call. It is not the duty of the orator then, in this place, to advocate the claims of this, or that aspirant to the first post of honor in the world. Not to denounce, or to defend the policy or the measures of those in power, or those who hope to be. It is not as Democrats or as Whigs; as Clay men or Cass men, or Taylor men, that we come into the temple of Liberty to offer our sacrifices at her shrine; but as freemen, of the same blood—of the same great political faith—casting aside all minor differences: but as dwellers in a land of broad rivers and streams; under the shield of the same wise and equitable Constitution of Government; and sharing alike in the civil, political and religious privileges it confers, and secures—fellow heirs of the same inheritance of territory, of religion and laws, of manners and of glory. Let the spirit of the sires, rule in their sons—let that high sense of character—that love of what is noble and great in sentiment, or in action, that marked the age of the Revolution, be not only the predominating spirit of this hour, but of this, with all coming ages. It should be the great matter of gratitude with us towards those who marched to victory, or to death, and esteemed *life* too mean a sacrifice in such a cause—not only that they conferred on us such a country as this, the fairest portion of the globe—not only that they went and saw and fought and conquered—not only that they constructed without a model, such a Government, as exceeds the wisdom of the wise men either in the East or West, in former ages; but that they perpetuated by their precepts, and their examples, the manners, the principles, out of which sprung all that they did. Without this all else had been in vain. What boots it any one, that he bears the name, and inherits the vast estate of an estimable parent? What though that parent bequeaths to him the wealth of an Astor, a Gerard, a Rothschild, or a Croesus, if there is not instilled into his mind those principles that shall lead him to use aright, and to preserve such treasures? How soon may he waste in dissipation, debauchery; boundless extravagance or at the gaming table, his immense wealth? How soon may his excesses lay him in the grave? Here is a matter in our case, we are apt to overlook. External advantages alone, may prove curses, instead of blessings. Corresponding character must first be formed. Laws and Institutions of a popular character, are not the *creators*, but the *created*: they may help to perpetuate what gave rise to them; and what they express, as already existing in the framers, but where this is wanting, Laws on paper, Constitutions like those of Locke for Carolina, cannot call them into being. We must not trust to the operation of the Government itself for the preservation and perpetuation of that true sentiment of Liberty, that has been transmitted to us from the days of our fathers, which they infused into the creations of their minds: if we do we shall fail. On the other hand, we must labor with ceaseless toil to preserve, and transmit that richest of all the inheritances of our ancestors, that inward state of mind; that elevating principle, that will obey, but not serve, which the Philosophical Historian, Tacitus, found even in the ancient inhabitants of Britain. This is the great means of upholding the Constitution of the United States. Other nations may look to their Government for every thing. The subjects of Despotic Government are formed and fitted by it to be its subjects. And when they look at us, they are incapable of estimating aright that moral force that here pervades the mass of the people, and produces such results as astonish them. The author of Democracy in America says "The American laws are good, and that to them must be attributed a large portion of the success which attends the government of this country; but he does not believe them to be the principal cause of that success." "Too much importance is attributed to legislation, too little to manners. I am convinced that the most advantageous situation, and the best possible laws cannot maintain a Constitution in spite of the manners of a country—while the latter may turn the most unfavorable positions, and the worst laws to some advantage. Despotism may govern without faith, but Liberty cannot."

How wise the observation of this writer! It is said that in ancient times a beggar set up a claim to the title of King, and when called upon to show where his Kingdom was situated, pointed to his soul as the seat of it. He who rules himself is King—is free. "He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside." So every true hearted republican is a King—self-governed—according to the spirit and genius of our Institutions. The day of our enfranchisement is the day of our inauguration.—That anniversary we now keep. Our Country—what was she—what is she—what will she become? What is to be the destiny of this great Republic of the setting sun, occupying the fabled "Isles of the blest"? These are themes of intensely thrilling interest. Cold is that heart—and cold let it be—that feels not a glow of patriotism, and a just sense of pride, when he looks around to see what a land is this we call our native land.—We think of it as washed by the waves of two mighty oceans; as stretching through 25 degrees of latitude from the Lake to the Rio Grande—as having a great variety of soil, climate and productions—as having abundant mineral resources—as having easy intercommunications with all parts of it—as a land reserved for us by a beneficent Providence, who "Sifted three Kingdoms to find the pure seed to sow the wilderness." The land of religion and law—of science and arts—peopled by those who speak the English Language. We take our stand on the top of the Alleghany Mountains and cast the eye across that mighty valley that stretches far away over rivers and prairies to the Rocky Mountains, many hundred miles. In one place the hills are covered over with flocks—in another the vallies are clothed with corn: *There* is the whitening cotton field—*yonder* the luscious sugar cane—*here*, the orange groves of Florida, "loaded at once with the rich golden fruit and balmy silver flowers." But these views of the greatness and grandeur of our country—its sublime scenery—its improvements in the arts—its increase in population, wealth and resources, do not fill the soul; as when we consider that here is the soil that contains the bones of those slain in the cause of Liberty. This is the land wet with the blood of martyrs in that most sacred cause. "Rome lost her breed of noble bloods," or her Liberties would not have been cloven down. But far off be the day when an American, unmoved, can survey the battle fields of Bunker Hill, White Planes, Saratoga, Bennington, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Camden, Cowpens, Guilford and Yorktown. How was the Greek fired at the thought of such scenes as Olaten, Marathon, and Thermopylae, witnessed? So let us consider that *here*, whatever laurels may have been acquired since, *here* are the monuments of our country's glory. What though our armies have seen and conquered the servile Mexicans? What though victorious, they have revelled in the "Halls of the Montezumas." What are Matamoros, Monterey, Resaca de la Palma, Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, or even the ancient Capital itself of Mexico, to the names consecrated before, and made famous, by victories gained in a better cause? Let the battles of the Revolution, when eagle-winged victory perched on our banners, and the God of armies shaped our ends—the battles where life, Liberty, and all that men hold dear in life, was at stake,—always hold the first and foremost places in your thoughts. You owe this to the men that there and then poured out freely their blood like water in the cause of human rights, and purchased for you such a birthright.

But we may be permitted for a moment to allude to passing events: To enquire where we are in the course of time, and what o'clock it is by the chronometer of Heaven. What period ever before marked with more important changes, or occurring in more rapid succession? When thrones are tottering: when dynasties are passing away: and when he who presses a Monarch's throne a King to-day, may be a beggar to-morrow. Plato, we are told, thanked God that he had made him a man and not a brute; that he was a Grecian and not a barbarian; and that he had been permitted to live in a time of so great a luminary as Socrates. But how much greater cause of gratitude have we than the Athenian sage? Here are indeed "scenes surpassing fable, yet true." And no doubt, our eyes will see greater things than these, before many months pass away. How rapid is the progress! How irresistible the force of Republican principles! The human mind cannot always remain crushed under the iron rod of the Despot. The day of vengeance, and just retribution at length has begun to come. Wesward the star of Empire was wont to take its way; but no sooner was this new world explored to its western limit, and our laws extended over it, than the tide of revolution began to set eastward. And who can tell where it will stop? The bristling steel and the ranged cannon of the Czar of Russia will not probably arrest it: not the Ural Mountains, or Caucassus, or the walls of China, if He who rules among the nations, is now about to arise to shake terribly the earth. The Rock cut out of a mountain on this Continent, must needs strike the Colossal Image of Despotism on the other Continent upon its feet, prostrate it in the dust, and grind it to powder, which the winds of Heaven shall carry away. What a ferment among the population of Europe, especially of that portion of it once included in the Roman Empire? What was yesterday but prophecy, is history to day. The King of the French, a refugee, banished from his country, an object of charity, though he had hoarded up treasures with miserly care, and with the advantages of Royalty. Many now return to his former office of pedagogue, if he will repudiate Atheism, Catholicism and Monarchy. France, a Republic, and no longer chained to the car of the Pope, who according to reports, himself is exchanging the Vatican for a Prison; and few so poor as to do *him* reverence, who once trod the necks of Kings to mount his horse; who once sat in the temple of God, and claimed the sovereignty of the whole world. So rapid have been the changes among the Governments of Europe, that a few short months have witnessed the overthrow of the established order of things in most of the States and Kingdoms this side of the Dominions of the Autocrat of Russia.

This seems to be the year fatal to Monarchies; a fearful disease. "The Kings Evil," prevails. And though England as yet stands proudly erect, Queen of the Isles, and Mistress of the seas, with dependencies in every quarter of the world; upheld by nobility, army, navy, clergy, and vast resources, yet she cannot remain unmoved. Her Queen sits on a giddy height, on the apex of a pyramid, under which combustible materials are daily accumulating for explosion. 20,000,000, out of 28,000,000, in the united Kingdoms, burdened with the weight of that pyramid, deprived of what we so freely enjoy, will one day, and that not distant, arise in their terrible might, and reverse the order of things, and erect a Government, not for the benefit of the Ruler, but the Ruled.—The points of the charter must be carried at length.

But while we stand afar, and see the heavings of that restless sea, and hear its angry roar, shall we be unconcerned for ourselves? Is there no need of vigilance, lest our exultations, though repeated this 72d time on this Anniversary, be turned into lamentations: Lest our prosperity prove transient as the day dream of fancy on the bright morning of love: Lest demons of darkness chant their wild requiem over the grave of Liberty, murdered by a matricidal hand, and buried beneath the ruins of her own temple. We are apt to feel as though our principles were so self-evident—that they were so in accordance with the best interests of man, and the best feelings of the human heart; that none can wish to demolish so beautiful a fabric. We are apt too, to feel that we are the children of fortune, the favorites of Heaven, whose walls of adamant and angel guards surround us. But our feelings of security may itself prove our ruin; and a salutary fear of destruction may prove our salvation. Many indeed, are the grounds, on which we may hope that this glorious Union may stand till the last sands of departing time—till the last trumpet shall sound—and then only be dissolved with dissolving nature, and the crush of worlds. Yet, let us not overlook the fact that there are many, and powerful opposing influences, tending to dissolution.—It is highly probable that the seeds of that disease, which is to prevail over the powers of life in every human body, are planted there at birth. So it may be with us. Judging before hand, we should hardly suppose that any one, and especially one who had enjoyed the benefits of this free Government, could be found, with a heart so black, base and fiendlike, as to seek the ruin of his country, and blast the happiness of untold millions; yet the man may be found that will put his impious hand to the work, who will gain a notoriety as unenviable as that of Judas or Cain.—The genius of History, as she unrolls her scroll, page by page, written out beforehand, may at length be seen pointing her finger of scorn and indignation, to the name of some Cataline, some Benedict Arnold, some political Judas—and saying at the same time, "vendidit hic patriam auro." That is the man who sold his country for gold.

It is no unfitting theme for this day to consider both the *hopes* and the *fears* of the friends of Republicanism in these United States. Then full discussion would fill volumes, and occupy days instead of hours. Separated from the Old Continent on both sides by broad oceans; our territory measuring this continent in breadth, we possess by the gift of Providence, by purchase, by conquest, by the fierce struggle of a seven years' war and a series of brilliant victories, the best portion of America; with a climate happily attempered between the frosts of the pole and the burning heat of the equator—a rich territory, inexhaustible mineral resources, and boundless forests.

There was a common struggle for Independence—we have a common religion—and the same language. All claim a share in the achievements of "those days that tried men's souls." The memory of the martyrs of Liberty is the rich inheritance of their sons. "No matter where they fell; no matter on what altar they were offered up; or what Priest officiated at the sacrifice." No matter whether the monument that crowns Bunker-Hill covers their mortal remains, or their bones moulder under a more southern sky. What though your speaker first drew breath beyond—not only the Potomac, the Delaware, or the Hudson—but even the chief stream of New England; the son of Puritans of the days of Cromwell and Charles II? What though he inhaled the air of freedom amongst the Turnbulls, the Williamses, the Shermans, the Huntington's of a State that was always self-governed? Cannot he whose ancestors were immolated there, claim a share too in the victories and sacrifices accomplished on other soils, and by those of different descent. Go abroad—visit other lands—and you will be proud to claim the heroes and the statesmen of the Revolution as your countrymen in whatever part of the land they lived. And what have been our circumstances? And what our success? We labored under great disadvantages; with a heavy debt, and a depreciated paper currency at the close of the war. But what cannot industry, perseverance, and indomitable energy effect? Our rapid strides to wealth and power; our progress in the arts and sciences, in the development of our internal resources; the degree in which as a people we have come to enjoy the comforts, and even, what but lately were regarded the luxuries of life—*all this* stands unrivalled in the history of nations. We push our Commerce to the remotest regions of the world; our ships visit every shore. What has three score and ten years done for us—the life time of one man? Need we point you to the high destiny assigned us by Divine Providence? To set an example to the world—to become a beacon light to the nations—a stationary sun, irradiating both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres?

We exist not for ourselves only, but for others. And if the experiment of a free elective government cannot succeed here, on a soil expressly prepared for it, with the best race of men, with the experience of all ages before them in the science of Government, then can it ever be realized? Is it a utopian dream? Who will say it; who will despair of the Republic and not rather feel called upon to see that it receive no damage? For there are common enemies, both within and without our borders. As to some things, the greater the external pressure, the more firmly the parts are held together, while the force that destroys most act from within outward. We fear no external violence unaided by faction at home. United the power of the world could not crush us. True, the Kings of the old world entered into a league, and said that this hated Republic of United America must fall. But while Delenda est Carthago was on their lips, as is the fate in general of those who seek to destroy others, they fell themselves—swift retribution overtook them. Linked together by our mighty rivers—by our mountain chains—by our canals—rail-roads, and telegraphic lines: Transmitting the produce and the manufactures of every part to every other: Sending thoughts, feelings, sentiments on the lightening's wing, can we be torn into fragments? Are we not one people? Is not the feeling of mutual dependence and common interest deepened? Prejudice allayed?—The clanking of the iron horse, fed on fire, may be heard in his rapid flight as he passes with his heavy train, from city to city, from State to State, over mountains, rivers and plains. How soon will the extremities of the Union be brought into the immediate vicinity of each other? Here are the triumphs of art over nature, of mind over matter—sinews of iron, bones of rock, nerves of steel, veins of gold and silver, connect the members of this great Confederacy; and the ties of kindred and affection still stronger than all—the silken bonds of love. In Europe men are fixed in place, and in rank, as the trees of the forest. Not so here: what a constant commingling of races, and ranks: We are restless as the waves of the sea: We will pass and repass to and fro. Look through the land, who are the men that fill important posts in society? Whence come they? There is a Governor of a Northern State, a native of North Carolina; there is a member of Congress from North Carolina, a native of Massachusetts. This is but a specimen; and doubtless, Divine Providence has so ordered this that these strong cords might bind the country together in every direction.—But degenerate days have come—rank corruption spreads through various departments of the Government. The lust of conquest, the great bane of Republics, has seized many.—Where do we find that whole-souled patriotism—that generous self-devotion that characterized the times of Washington and Hamilton?—Selfishness, and love of the spoils of office prevails: The individual, will set himself above his country. There are those living who heard the booming of British cannon on the Delaware, the Potomac, or the Catawba. And before they all pass off the stage, some one may arise to act the part of traitor to the Liberties of his Country: Some Cataline to stir up a great conflagration: Another Burr to project the enterprise of a great central Empire: Another Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, or the Neuces, or the Del Norte, and plunge his country in civil war. Temptations will be offered to corrupt minds—circumstances will arise to suggest daring schemes of villainy, vast masses of ignorant minds, another name for educated vice, are found, just suitable for aspiring demagogues to act upon, and use as their tools.—Without individual independence, how can it exist in the mass? Men must first guide, gov-

ern and restrain themselves: with
gence, self respect, probity, virtue,
valuation of what we enjoy, diffused
made common as the air we breathe
that made an element of life, such
tion as ours is a vain chimera. L
as that from Mississippi or New Je
occur, when that sacred instrument
ceive a stab, and soon it will be li
the great balance wheel, the Unio
Court, cease to perform its functions
to Executive domination, and this
chinery will fly to atoms. This gr
tinent seems devoted to republics;
the only one, that has existed
name; and whether those who
1948, or even in 1876, will find
a name and a shadow, is the pro
solved. The name and the form
long after the substance is gone—
imating principle has fled. W
Mexican Republic of 1826 worth
lue can be attached to those of So
or even the famed Republics of
Italy and Greece. They wanted
of life. The French Republic of 17
be named. And why were the gre
who lived in Republics in favor of
the greatest minds now most dep
archies? It is said that Herodotus,
tottle, Xenophon, Isocrates, Cic
Tacitus and Plutarch, dissatisfied
democracies of their times, and
expectation of realizing the pro
republic, finally declared in favor
But from the Archers of Greece,
suls of Rome, to the time of Luther
progress—from Luther and the
the early part of the 16th century
well, there was progress—from 16
there was progress—the rights
better understood—the distribution
in different departments of Gover
better understood. Shall we say
1776 to 1848 there has been pro
is it nothing against us that we
with open arms the overflowing
Europe? and immediately confer
the right of suffrage? Shall the
that even Monarchy cannot bear
tion and intrigue, be freely admi
entrusted with funds by the act of
the education of its youth, and this
of alarm? Shall the Romans
invited and aided to "take away our
nation"? It is no favorable symp
see a disposition abroad, to elevate
to office, to the disparagement of
perior talents and statesmanship.
the voice of one almost a prophet,
I mean Burke the great orator.
to that country that would madly,
reject the service of the talents
vil, military or religious, that are
and to serve it; and would condemn
rity every thing formed to diffuse
ry around a State." Woe to that
that passing into the opposite ex
ers a low education, a mean
things, a sordid mercenary occupa
ferable title to command." So speak
of wisdom from another land.
vious that when men of the least
the most subservient to party
chosen before men of the best
but of incorruptible integrity, that
of degeneracy and of danger.
cannot steer, in a storm, our Ship
tween Scylla and Charybdis, but
er be driven into Anarchy or a
dated Government. And may we
ate among the sources of danger,
our past history? When we see
not the cost of any thing, we are
its preservation. Let a man trace
the Revolution: Let him follow
my, without food, clothing or pay,
of winter: Let him go through
scenes of that period, and fight
over again. Let him visit the Ca
rum—the battle field—the private
him see the zeal—the energy—the
there found. Let him learn and
was all this for? It was for what
consider a small matter. "Taxa
representation;" but deep prin
volved. That man will see that
stances, the issue of the contest
of our arms, was little less than
When on the one side was ranged
wealth and resources of Great Brit
power in Europe: her navy and
ships covering the ocean—her well
army—her officers of skill and
the service of war. The army,
the pride of the first of nations,
stood against her? There was
eral Government. 13 separate
were to be consulted. There was
cal interests. Troops, officers,
all the means of war, were to be
a nation, weak, and without an
a sublime spectacle to the world
contest began, and the British
the American Eagle. Leonidas
Spartans before the hosts of Xe
furnishes a parallel. Yet they
courage—hearts resolved—con
God of hosts to fight their battles
They made this declaration:
it—Heaven sustained it for them.
through years of blood and
buckled on their armour, and
till they consecrated it, with the
vanquished, in the temple of Co
a dark cloud covered their sky;
their hearts almost sunk within
length the sun of victory shone—
Cornwallis crowned their arms.

Neglect then this glorious history
shade these important facts. Act
pulse of the hour, as blind passion
then bid farewell to the Republic
we reckon among the favorable
crease and cultivation of a military
this lust of conquest, and extension
when we have more than we know
with? This is following in the
other Republics that live now only
Wars of conquest are contrary to
ions of a free government. What
the way of holding conquered pro
but fight first *for them* and then
Have we not witnessed already
tion of the sayings of Hamilton,
nature of war to increase the
expense of the *legislative* authority

What hinders a military Pre
victorious generals from turning
like Corialanus, against their
though no such thing, as yet, has
what though, by the bravery of a
Scott, our banner waved victorious
fields and the cities of a neighbo
What though there is no danger
The end is not yet: moral causes
after the immediate occasion has
precedent, the example, the spirit