

Difficulties and enthusiasm have already made officers in America, and may again; and officers can make soldiers.

Like the vast wastes that were kept as a frontier by the ancient Gauls, the Atlantic ocean forms a perpetual natural protection of America from the in-

from daily insult and aggression, and their national character from habitual degradation—a navy of numerous, swift sailing, well appointed frigates.

If the expense of such an armament be objected to, I would ask what can be too expensive for the immense resources of this country, hitherto not half developed, and husbanded with miserlike timidity? If the risk of war, what is the end of deferring, of buying off, of bartering honour, right, property, every thing for procrastination and reprieve? War must come with power—and destruction must follow, unless some preparation be on foot for the exigency.

While the rage of innovation lasts, this visionary self-abandonment may endure. But whenever the policy of the country shall be settled, a navy must enter into, and constitute a principal part of that policy. It is indispensable. The power, the resources, the sources of subsistence, the honour, the character, the national existence of the American nation call aloud for this safeguard.

A navy of frigates would have effectually enforced the embargo: nor can the ordinary revenue laws of the United States be sustained without one. When, if ever, peace shall return in Europe, the ocean will swarm with pirates—in fact it does now—with little cockboat marauders—but at the return of peace, bucaniers and Blackbeards will infest every ocean and ransack every sail. No commerce will be safe without a navy to protect it: and the Americans must submit to be robbed and plundered, burned, sunk and destroyed in every latitude; or to be conveyed by the English, or some other friendly power, which will excite more jealousy, and prove in the end more expensive, than a navy of their own.