

now be deterred in his career by any miserable insect that may have crawled there.

I have thus endeavored, Mr. Chairman, to demonstrate that, giving to England notice that we design to take exclusive possession of Oregon, will produce a war; that war will either terminate in the loss of Oregon, or in effecting nothing towards perfecting possession in us; that England will not give the notice, and that neither the honor nor the wants of the country require us to do.

I now propose to show, sir, that a system of peaceful measures will tend much more effectually to give us "all of Oregon," than warlike movements will.

I would say, then, pass your military bills. I am willing to vote to increase the number of our companies fifty or even one hundred per cent., and to raise mounted regiments sufficient to protect emigration to Oregon over our vast western plains.

I am ready to vote to build block-houses, not only on the route to the South Pass, but to build them in Oregon, as England has done.

I am ready to build such a station at the South Pass, as will enable the emigrants as they reach a point from which they can look upon the vast Atlantic slope on the one hand, and that of the Pacific on the other, to recruit and refit there.

I am ready to cover our people there with theegis of our laws, to the extent that England has protected her subjects.

I am ready to offer such other, and more tempting inducements to its settlement, as gentlemen may devise, in order that, in five years time, one hundred thousand men may be thrown in the vales and amidst the hills of this disputed land.

Amongst such a population, would readily be found at least *twenty thousand riflemen*, well acquainted with the country, hardy and enterprising, and each well trained to a skillful use of his splendid national weapon. With such a force there, I would entertain no fears of any attempt to dispossess us of the country. It would then be, by population and the means which I have marked out, a part and parcel of our Union. As such, it never could be conquered. It is differently situated now. But England—who, as I have repeatedly said, claims no exclusive jurisdiction—would not war with us for it, under such a state of facts, and must, therefore, by the laws of necessity and population, be quietly

rooted out. Perhaps her Hudson Bay Company would have to be remunerated. The Maine treaty furnishes a precedent by which that can readily be done. Let this be done, and we shall have realized the prophecy, and I sincerely believe, what was the wish at the time, of Lord Castlereagh, expressed twenty years ago to our minister—"Why are you Americans so anxious to push this negotiation? In a short time you would conquer Oregon in your bed-chambers." And most assuredly this will not be deemed treason in me, if I say that such a mode of perfecting possession of that disputed land is far preferable to any more bloody issue.

But, if dissatisfied with this course, Great Britain becomes alarmed, and appeals to the sword, then will the memories of every glorious battlefield, where we have proven our steel with her, animate our people to do their duty. In that event, the West, nerved by a recollection of the atrocities committed at the River Raisin—the East and Atlantic board, excited by a remembrance of this burning Capitol and their desolated towns—and the South, animated by the spirit which, on the plains of New Orleans, protected from British lust and rapine its "beauty and booty"—will, shoulder to shoulder, and with one common national impulse, rush to arms. Then, if you please, let every long-unredressed injury, inflicted by that haughty power upon the weak in every clime, nerve our arms, and make battle welcome; and, while the "fiery cross" goes speeding round our land, and our brothers gather for the conflict, let our motto be—"Do or die!"

In the burning language of the gallant Lochiel (some little altered to suit us,) and which an American may well quote—then

"Welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock,
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
When 'Columbia' her claymore indignantly draws—
When her 'panoplied warriors' to victory crowd—
The brave-hearted and true—the dauntless and proud—
'Their swords are a million,' their bosoms are one—
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death."

That such a fearful tribunal for the settlement of our rights may never be forced upon us is my sincere prayer, sir. But if it must ever be so, then I most ardently hope, as I believe, that the country will be united and resolved to do its duty.