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to your ears the alarming report, "that the enemy was at hand, that you must instantly leave your habitations and fly for your lives." My eyes have witnessed and by personal experience I know, and those of you who are my coevals, by the same experience also know, that the particulars in the description now given are the fruits and effects of war—were fully realized, most dreadfully exemplified in that war in which we ourselves were formerly involved,

Look at this picture, ye self-called true republicans, contemplate its variegated features; then go and advocate the war now proclaimed; extol to the skies, the wisdom and patriotism of its authors; with your accustomed zeal and vehemence electioneer afresh in their favor; and again fill your gazettes with increased floods of abuse and slander on the few surviving friends of the Godlike Washington, on Strong, Pickering, and Jay; in short, on all the enlightened lovers of peace and of their country: hasten a new edition of those farragoes of excitements to war, and of malignant calumnies against its opposers, contained in the speeches and proclamations of your admired Gerry.

But the subject is too serious and awful for irony. I have not forgotten, nor can I ever forget, while consciousness abides with me, my own mental sufferings during the period of our former war. Through those eight long years whose slow lingering pace, while hope was deferred and the heart sickened with pain and anguish, seemed without end—a burden lay upon my spirits by day and by night almost too heavy for frail mortality to sustain. During the hours of repose, visions of horror rose in my imagination and disturb-