

*Sans.*" If such should be her final decision, as we have reason to fear, she cannot punish Admiral Berkeley without manifest injustice to him.

If, therefore, our administration are sincere in their determination to go to war, unless reparation be made for the attack on the Chesapeake, war seems, as they privately assert, to be inevitable, unless the prudent and temperate deliberations of Congress, or the seasonable expression of public opinion, shall check this destructive, and I may add, *wise* policy. War, at all times a *publick* calamity, becomes peculiarly alarming and destructive to a nation, which has been for twenty-four years exclusively devoted to the arts of peace—which has neglected every mean of national defence—which has devoted none of its revenues to a wise preparation for war, to which all nations are occasionally exposed. It is peculiarly alarming to a nation, governed by an administration not only destitute of military talents, but who have always avowed their opposition to every thing like military preparation, and who, while they have professed to rely upon the most frail of all supports, the justice of nations, and have therefore neglected every mean of preparation or defence, have most *unfortunately* brought us to the verge of a most awful precipice, where we have no alternative but either to plunge headlong to a certain and destructive fate, or to retrace our steps, as *they* say, with ignominy and disgrace. If at a moment so eventful, and in a position so tremendous, any friendly hand should point out to us a path by which we might save both our lives and our honour, one would naturally imagine, that it ought to excite our gratitude, rather than our hatred—to merit our thanks, rather than punishment; but other doctrines seem to prevail. The friends of the administration, wounded at the *true* picture of our situation, provoked that any man should unanswerably prove *some* errors in our own conduct which diminish the justice, and of course, the necessity of a war, have advanced an idea novel in the history of free nations, that \**"it is treason to question the justice or expediency of a war,"* even be-

\* Extract from the National Intelligencer in answer to Pacificus, a writer in the Boston Centinel, against the necessity of War. This may be found in the Palladium, of September 29, in a piece entitled "Modern Liberty."