

RE-UNION.

Americans!—Descendants of Britain!—You who alone are independent and really free!—Disclaim not the land of your ancestors; nor exult over kindred still floundering in the meshes of power. While, as a nation, you are yet young and vigorous, remember that generosity is the noblest characteristic of youth. You cannot, unassisted, conquer, were your navy quadrupled; and even without it are invincible. It was well you did not conquer Canada; and be not covetous of Cuba. Extend the right-hand of fellowship across the Atlantic. Let us be done with jealousy and war—vanity and vexation of spirit. Let us re-unite, and then you may be more than conquerors. Thus, being secure yourselves, you may give security to all. Let Britons and Americans re-unite, and enclasp the globe in their arms; bestow enlightened laws on the world, and diffusing their language throughout, erect a tower whose top may reach unto heaven—not of matter but of mind—a tower of strength for eternal liberty. Why should you dread “the King, who can do no wrong?”—Why should we, the people, be afraid of tyranny?—Why should we be longer blinded with prejudice and priestcraft?—United, and with a free press to circulate common sense, we shall be all in all, to make or to mend government. Let us regard the separation of fifty years only as the wise decree of Providence, for our common good, to expose failings on both sides; and let us now profit by it, that our family-compact may be renewed and confirmed. How monstrous to suppose that the subjugated French of Lower Canada, or the rag-tag of all nations, scattered over other provinces, should be better disposed towards Britain than you, the genuine offspring of her patriots and statesmen—her moralists and martyrs—her poets and philosophers:—you, whose blood ran pure from the veins of Bruce and Wallace—Hampden and Sydney—Wickcliffe, Wishart, and Knox—Bacon and Newton—Shakespeare, Milton, and More. How monstrous to think that we, the people of Britain, should sympathize more warmly with the benighted things who had not heart to rally under the banner of Washington, nor even now, sense and spirit to rid themselves of court-appointed governors, than you, who nobly established liberty, and first gave hope to the world:—That we cannot re-unite, when our blood and spirit, and language, and laws, and sentiments are all the same: nay, when our interests, down to the lowest figure, rightly understood, are one. It is indeed more the interest of Britain and America to be one whole than it is for your individual states to be united. The northern, southern, and western states have each distinct and opposite interests. As a whole, with Britain, you would be less than ever subject to change and disunion.

Americans!—You of Pittsfield, who cheered me when cheerless: know that I repressed ardour only that the flame of freedom might have time to gather strength—ultimately to burn forth with unextinguishable splendour. There was not among you one whose bosom

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