

It has been triumphantly asked, "Whence can French influence arise, from a common origin, from sameness of language or religion?" To such a vacant harangue, it may as triumphantly be answered, that French influence rests on the *firmest possible base*, on congeniality of character, on unity of opinion, on mutual contempt of Christianity. Here is a bond of union infinitely stronger than sameness of origin, or sameness of language. Time will not weaken it; injuries will not devolve it; nothing but a radical change in the character of our government, can dissolve the fatal charm.

II. A second calamity of a wicked offensive war is, it separates the best people of the nation from their government and compels them by the awful mandate of conscience, to rise invincible against the measure. Can it be supposed that good men, acquainted with the subject, will be accomplices in a useless, unreasonable war? If any honest men are found active in such a cause, is it not the triumph of temptation, or the want of examination? Still a great portion of the wise and good will understand the subject, will abhor the design, will raise their voice, and by all legal means, will discourage and resist a war of wickedness, covering the land with the mantle of darkness. In such case, there is a fair probability, that the best officers, the best civilians, will not support the government. He whose arm is a host, and whose head is a senate, is not in their ranks, is not in their councils.

The people know that a law of man cannot change the nature of things. If a wicked congress make a law that you may murder your friends, and your neighbors, and burn the village you inhabit, will this law change these crimes into duties? Will you march several hundred miles, to a province of peaceful strangers, alter the nature of the action? Have our rules any more right to authorize you to murder a citizen of Canada or Florida, than of Massachusetts? *Where then* is your commission to draw your sword, to spill a stranger's blood? Pause and consider before it be too late. Is not the land already accursed, which has opened its mouth to receive a brother's blood? Those western states have been violent for this abominable war of murder, to those states which have thirsted for blood, God has given them blood to drink; their men have fallen; their "lamentations are deep and loud."

Even those who voluntarily enlist, under such wicked banners, necessarily feel the torpor of a bad cause. Infidels and savages have a law written on their hearts; they have a sense of right and wrong. When they take the sword of an offensive war, guilt enfeebles their courage; guilt weakens the stroke of their arm; guilt shakes their arm; guilt shakes their hearts with horror on the hill of battle. Should they even extirpate all their moral principles; should they wantonly traverse the forest to hunt up a victim of murder, they certainly, cannot feel that invincible strength, that holy indignation, that fearless courage, that fire of soul, which are pledges of victory. They are at leisure; they calculate; they dwell on the probable