

sent is boastingly called the last Punic war, in a spirit more fell than ever dwelt in a Roman bosom. He is a studious imitator of Roman policy in the business of breaking down states that thwart his views, first to the rank of confederates, and afterwards incorporating them into the body of his empire ; in dividing and beating his enemies separately, and in all that is imposing, magnificent, or terrible.

What is there, then, my countrymen, in the character or conduct of the imperial tyrant, that should tempt us to become his ally in a war against Great Britain ? Is there any consolation in the late intelligence from France, that as we have taken measures to cause our rights to be respected, *he will assist us !* The mere expression of his good will is portentous ; it imports a dreadful unity of purpose, a fellowship of interest and design ; it is associated with such awful forebodings, and such dire recollections ; it savours so strongly of domestic treason against the falling liberties of the country ; that this single expression, truly felt, is enough to collect horrors like a frost around the heart of every honest American.

Do we expect that our commerce will thrive under his patronage, who has publicly declared that he hates commerce and all its concerns ; and that he wishes to see Europe reduced to the condition of the fourth century ? whose spirit and policy are wholly military, and who justly thinks that commerce is not only hostile to his system, but fatal to its endurance ? Can it be expected that he, who has already crippled the commerce of France ; who requires of all his allies and friends, as the price of his good will, the condition of his assistance, the interdiction of all commerce with Great Britain ; will relax his iron system in favour of a nation,