

ment of an administration,* whose power has no foundation in the real interests or virtues of the country.

I might here repeat the question, which no one can answer;—what is to be gained by even a successful war against Great Britain? If there is any truth in the preceding remarks, she is neither able nor disposed to engage in a war for any thing short of her essential rights. If it is admitted that we can compel her to yield these, by the aid of her enemy, we make our own ruin sure. Does this brighten our future prospects? There are few intelligent men at the present day of any party, who do not admit, that the fall of British independence would destroy all hope of maintaining our own.† My heart is full of this subject, but I must

* “*Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.*” This sentiment of the poet is as truly descriptive of an elective government as of any other. A president may inflict as severe sufferings upon a people as a monarch. The only difference seems to be in the mode.

† “If Britain falls in fighting our battles, we must fight our own; and what law of sound policy or true wisdom is there, that should choose to fight them unassisted and alone? *We do not say that the time has come—* heaven forbid it should; but it may come, and that speedily, when the opposition to a British alliance would be treason against American independence. Let French emissaries cavil, but let Americans ponder.” Such was the sentiment of AMES in the year 1806. What would have been his sentiments if he had lived to witness the present state of the country, on the eve of a war with Great Britain, and of an alliance with her enemy. But he has been taken from the evil which was to come; and surely a purer spirit never fled from earth to heaven; nor has a brighter intelligence ever beamed upon this netlier world. Yet this man, so pure and disinterested that he seemed to have been sanctified and set apart to the service of his country, has not been suffered to rest in peace. His political character, and even his motives, have been assailed with great bitterness by the Hon. John Q. Adams, under the pretence of a review.

And was not this a becoming labour, let me ask, for Mr. Adams? for a man whose sordid mind is utterly incapable of even comprehending the character of Ames? and whose political principles have no other foundation than his private interest; a man to be purchased in the market, like any other commodity, and whose malignant passions fit him for the service of an administration, deriving its support from the passions and the vices of the country. If in the times of trouble which await us, the passions of this man shall make him conspicuous enough, to induce the historian to transmit the history of his life, his meanness and his malignity will