

repulsive to a moral mind. No man who considers the present military power of France, the means it employs, and the objects it pursues, if he believe in the moral government of the Being, who

“Wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds,”

can contemplate such an event without (I quote the sentiment with awe) “a certain fearful looking for of judgment.” It seems to be bidding a final adieu to all that makes life a blessing; and soliciting the vengeance of heaven upon ourselves and our children. It is taking up our residence in Sodom, soon to be visited in anger, instead of flying from its destruction. There is not less infatuation than peril in such a connection; and when it shall have accomplished its tendencies, it will stand among the recorded wonders of history, as much the monument of our infamy, as the “grave stone of our liberties.”

We appear, as a people, to be under the same malignant spell which bound the nations of Europe to their own sad fate. There is an apathy in the public feeling on the subject of a war with Great Britain, a reluctance to admit the necessary consequences of such a war; a disposition to hope all things against all hope, as almost to justify the belief that we are already too spiritless to make one effort to save ourselves from threatened bondage, or too corrupt to desire it. The ruin that has awaited all those countries, which have been corrupted, and at last brought under the power of France, is apparently known only to be disregarded. Experience, though still inculcating her lessons with whips of scorpions, is no longer regarded as an instructor. All sensibility to our dangers seems to be dead, reason has lost its power, and truth its authority. We resign ourselves in listless indolence to the manage-