

le it by a bout at stump speaking, then I think, Sir, we should have decidedly the advantage. In the thunder and lightning part of the performance, we might safely undertake the Lords and the Commons too.

Suppose the fight to be on the contested premises—for there it must be before we can take or keep Oregon—how would you meet England there? A very few men, unincumbered with the armor and subsistence of war, can with great difficulty make their way to Oregon. It is impossible for large numbers to reach there at all. They could not carry subsistence to last them, and could not possibly gather it on the way. Would you go by sea? Run the gauntlet of the British fleet in a voyage of twenty thousand miles? I suppose there is no man, of any sort of judgment or information, here or elsewhere, that supposes you could get a ship into the mouth of the Columbia, from this day in ten years to come? Sir, you could not get out of sight of your own land, with the first transport. The very wave that bore it from your shores would return to strew its fragments upon the strand. England, whose boast—and no idle boast it is—has been, for three hundred years, that “her march was on the mountain wave, her home upon the deep,” was never so able as now, to maintain her naval supremacy.

There is one, and only one way in which the thing is within the bounds of possibility; and that is, by whipping England elsewhere so severely, that she would be willing to surrender the question, for the sake of peace.

Suppose England would not invade us. I believe it has not yet been suggested that we would invade England. But gentlemen say, we would take Canada. I have no doubt we could take Canada. But would that give us Oregon? If you think Canada worth more than Oregon, you would not make the exchange, after you had taken it. If England considers it worth less, she would not desire to exchange Oregon for it; and, if a result of this sort is looked to, then we are making war, not for Oregon, but for Canada—a thing which I have no doubt is perfectly true, as to some who vote for this notice.

I say we could doubtless take Canada; not Sir, but at a price far beyond her value. We should not have to take it from the mongrels and hybrids, that might form largely the mass of a mere Canadian army—Canadian French and half-breed Indians. No Sir; we should meet men of our own mettle; it would be Saxon against Saxon; and there is no child’s play there. The blood of some of the most gallant of our countrymen has stained, on more than one occasion, the snows that for half the year veil her frozen and unfertile regions; and whenever England and America meet to do battle, there, then, sir—

“Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier’s sepulchre!”

Mr. Chairman, there would be no war in Oregon, nor for Oregon, after it is commenced. New York will be the battle-field. The poisoned chalice will be commended to her lips. She will have an early and a bitter taste, of the fruits of that policy, which she has so largely contributed to fasten on the country. Her magnificent emporium, with its stately palaces and its imperial treasures, presents an object worthy the steel of that powerful adversary, the roll of whose morning’s drum rattles round the globe, and the vigor of whose potent arm, has been tested in the triumphs, of a thousand battle-fields.

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