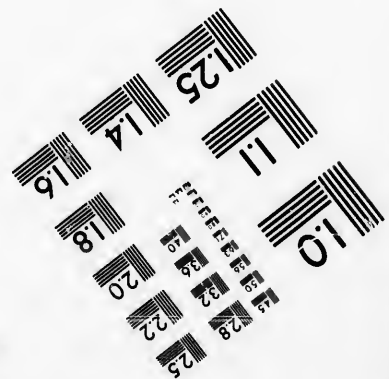
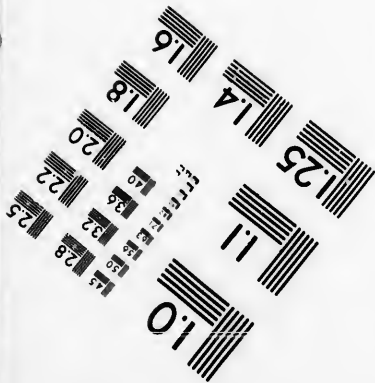
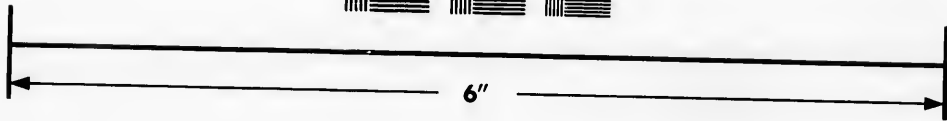
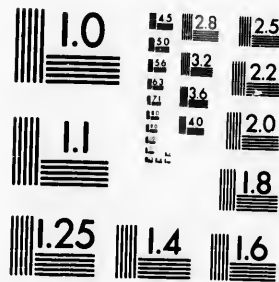


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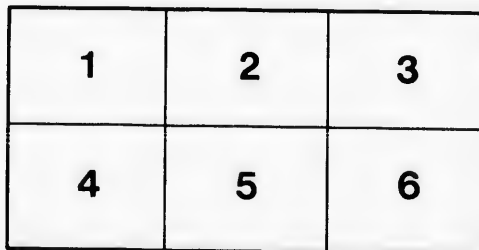
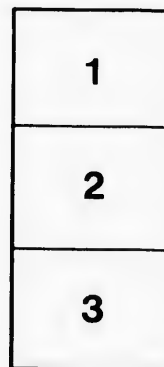
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ON THE

ANNUAL FAST,

APRIL 8, 1813.

By ELIJAH PARISH, D. D.

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PREFACE.

READ, MARK AND LEARN,

From an unparalleled Sermon,

By *ELIJAH PARISH, D. D.*

Of BYFIELD, Massachusetts, (United States.)

THE Publisher is well aware, that the above Political Discourse is worthy of the study and imitation of every Minister, and claims the most pious regard of all His Majesty's Subjects. Every Lover of his King and Country, should certainly possess and disseminate its sacred principles. It includes all the constituent parts which form the accomplished and patriotic Orator, shewing to his own Countrymen, (our enemies), with all possible truth and brevity, the *Cause and Consequences* of the present unnatural War with Great-Britain. If energy of expression—if perspicuity of style—if elegance of composition ever regaled the eye, the ear and the heart of a British Subject, then this Sermon claims the suffrage of every soul that loves the best of Constitutions—namely, that of Old England! In short, it appears to be the most strenuous and grateful ebullition of a Patriotic, Evangelical and Martyr-like Spirit.

DIDYMUS.

☞ *To be had at the several Bookstores, and of Mr. M. DOUGAL—
and of Mr. T. D. CORNBELL, the Publisher.*

DISCOURSE, &c.

MATT. XXVI. 52.

Put up again thy sword into his place : For all they, who take the sword, shall PERISH with the sword.

THE Gospel does not allow men to indulge themselves in resentment or revenge. "Vengeance is *mine*, saith the Lord, and I will repay it." Hence wars and fightings come from the lusts of men. It is, therefore, just and proper, that they, who *take* the sword, should *perish* with the sword, "be driven back, or destroyed." The phrase was proverbial among the Jews, and implied a denunciation of divine judgments.

The Deity manifested his *infinite* wisdom, when he combined physical evil with moral punishment with guilt, misery with crimes. The fate of nations has illustrated this principle. Babylon sinned and Cyrus, "dried up" the Euphrates; the city was taken. The Jews Crucified the Son of God; the Romans ravaged their country, and scattered the people over the world. They took the Roman sword, to slay the Redeemer. God took the Roman sword to punish them. Such is the general course of divine Providence. *They, who are first to usurp the sword, and declare war against their peaceful neighbours, are generally the most distinguished sufferers.* Or, the nation waging an offensive war, is doomed to endure great judgments.

What is an offensive war?

What judgments may such a people expect;

A nation is guilty of an *offensive* war, when they *take* the sword; when they are the *first* to march their armies of *invasion*, the first to commence the dreadful combat. Such a nation of *aggressors* are responsible for every life, which is lost in either country. Every man, who falls in the war, by the sword or disease, is a *murdered* man.—The Legislators, who declared the war, must answer at the bar of Almighty justice for every life, which is sacrificed, for every tear of the widow, for every sigh of the orphan. The assailing armies, in such a war, are so many legions of murderers. All the citizens, who are, in any way active, are murderers. All those, who pray for the *success* of such a war, mingle impiety with blood, like the Jews, who prayed, "Let this man's blood be on us and our children." His blood *was* on them; his blood *is* on their children. All the people, who *approve* this war though they remain by their fire-sides, are murderers in their hearts. But for these men, the war itself had not existed, not one life had been lost. All the waters of the sanctuary will not wash away their guilt of blood.

Especially do those take the sword, who declare an offensive war, without an imperious necessity, any violent provocation.

Even our government themselves being judges, the most violent provocations are no just cause of war, when they proceed from a favorite nation, a nation of atheists, drunk with blood, and frantic with

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suecess. If this nation take our ships ; if they burn them on the ocean ; if they make the people prisoners, rob them, put them in prison, march them in chains through their empire ; these things are no cause of war, or resentment. If this nation abuse our Ambassadors, if they perpetually violate an existing treaty, till it is mere nullity, till we are ashamed to name it ; these things are no cause of war. If all the principles of justice are insulted ; if the laws of public morality are outraged ; if we have no protection, but the arm of our own strength, no hope of relief, but the point of the sword, still here is no cause of war, or of whispering indignation. Our Government, if they may be called the government, and not the destroyers of the country, bear all these things, as patiently, as a colony of convicts sailing into Botany Bay. What shall we say then, if they declare war against another nation, from whom we have received few, or none of these provocations. Do not falsehood, perfidy, and a rage of blood, glare in the front of such a war ?

To march with fire and death into peaceful provinces ; to continue the war after repeated proposals for negotiation ; to continue the war, when the English cannot be provoked to enter our borders, except to secure a flying army, which had threatened their ruin ; to raise army after army, to be sacrificed, when the English do all, which is possible, to lessen the rigors of captivity, by kindness to the prisoners, which they have taken by thousands and thousands, restoring them to their families without a ransom, and without their request ; to carry on such a war, after its only avowed cause has been removed ; is it not the lawless attack of Goths and Vandals, the daring pillage of wild Arabs, a licentious outrage on all the principles of Christianity, an impious abandonment of divine protection ?

More emphatically does a nation, wickedly, take the sword, when they declare an offensive war without a reasonable probability of success. However injured, none but a mad man, or idiot, would commence an attack from which no satisfaction would probably be gained. What wise man does not perceive ; that this war lets loose a furious conflagration, enraged by all the winds of the desert, endangering our dearest possessions ; but which cannot produce one solitary advantage ? Have not the government lost the confidence of the best part of the nation ? Have not their own folly, and wickedness, and subservicy to a foreign Tyrant, greatly lessened the resources of the country ? Have not their iniquitous laws, like the scorching winds of Africa, discouraged industry, blasted hope, extinguished the last spark of public enterprise, and covered the land with increasing poverty ? Would not most of those, who yet possess abundance, rather sink it in the bottom of the ocean, than convey it to the national treasury ? Who, then, support the banners of this war ? Are they not chiefly the officers of the general government, civil or military, and a class of miserable people, crushed by the wicked times, flying to the govern-

ment for help, as a man climbs the mast when the ship is sinking; or as one flies to his chamber, when his lower rooms are melting in a blaze? What then could have been expected, but perpetual defeat and slaughter? When the nation upon whom we have made war command the ocean, though our Seamen are more skilful, and braver, than ever the world saw before; when that nation has no vital part on this side of the flood; when those barren, inhospitable provinces, which she does possess, are so impregnablely fortified, that while for almost a whole year, the mighty terrors of all our armies have been directed to that point, not a single fortress, not a single town, not a single cottage, has been gained, where is the hope of success? What year, in the long annals of time, can be supposed more favorable, a year selected by our government, a year when those provinces were unprepared for invasion?

When one of our tremendous armies, deliberately collected from the continent, with the first choice of all our generals to command, has been captive, like a harmless colony of women and children; when a second army has shared the same fate, or been slaughtered like cattle the hour they reach the hostile shore, leaving their bones the monuments of their rashness, and a warning to others to abandon such a wicked cause; when a third army, after proceeding a few miles into a deserted country, enduring fatigue, and hunger, and frost, and storms, returned from their solitary, dismal march, having contracted those diseases, which have proved fatal to a large portion of them; when a fourth army has been killed or made prisoners, and if we may credit the war party, the General has been barbarously butchered, and scalped, and mangled, where is the hope of success; such men take the sword, and they perish with the sword. Bear witness ye forests of Michigan, ye heights of Queenstown, ye fields of Plattsburgh, ye waters of Raisin, that those who take the sword *have perished* by the sword, and the judgments of God.

Having shown that the nation has taken the sword in a wicked, wanton manner, I proceed to illustrate the fact that she must expect the greatest calamities,

I. The abandonment of moral principles is one of the fatal consequences of this war.

The dereliction of moral and religious principles is the frost of old age, the decrepitude, and fall of, in government. These principles are the life blood, the sinew, death, and conflagration were the vi. When these are lost, all are witnessing a systematic process of wickedness, at the mercy of the winds and the war, proceed, the country will gradually. Such a country is the victim of changing contingencies, will be prey and sport of avarice and ambition.

Look to the empires which have passed away, as visions of the night. Where are Babylon and Nineveh, Tyre, and Carthage, their splendid cities, their triumphant armies? While they were directed by the

laws of moral rectitude, they repelled invasion; they were invincible. They became corrupt; they violated the laws of morality and piety; their glory departed. The records of history, or their broken pillars and mouldering ruins, are the only proofs of their existence. "The crimes scarcely to be credited, of which the Roman empire was the theatre, was one of the principal causes of their fall; the disorderly lives they led, and the discrepancy of public opinions, could alone have permitted such horrible excesses. A disgusting depravity, which alike infringed upon nature and morality, completed the degradation of a people, once so great, and their debasement prepared an easy triumph for the northern people." Such will be the fate of the present powerful nations of the globe, who sacrifice their moral principles, on the altars of ambition and conquest. Such will be the fate of this nation, if it persevere in this useless, pernicious warfare. This war, being offensive and unnecessary, unavoidably involves the abandonment of religious principle and moral rectitude; this war, therefore, draws down all the evils, which fall on a wicked, unprincipled race of men; this war converts a fair community, governed by the laws of truth and right, into an horde of assassins, combined for purposes of havoc and murder, rushing forth to invade their peaceful neighbors. The Chief Magistrate, declaring this war, is no longer the Father of his country, the guardian of its blessings, the patron of its useful enterprises, he has forsaken the duties of his high office, and the glory of his office has forsaken him. Those mild strains of public commendation, the rich reward of fidelity, more delicious to the heart, than "the music of the harp on the gale of Spring," are changed to the awful tones of reproof, or the harsh invectives of bitter reproaches. He is the angel of wrath, dashing in the dust the richest comforts of the people, extinguishing the spirit of exertion, filling the land with desolation and misery.

Has the old serpent, who tempted our first parents calmly surveyed the ruins of the fall, the solitude of the garden, the diseases, the woes of men, their death in this world, their punishment in the world to come? Not unlike this is the prospect of a first Magistrate, carrying on a wicked war. He sees myriads sinking in poverty and distress; he sees myriads bleeding and dying; he hears the widow's shriek, the orphan's cry. All the laws of industry, the fruit of agriculture, all the fruits of industry, blasted hope, and thou torn with anguish of public enterprise, and covered the land up to the throne of Woe! Would not most of those, who yet remain, have yielded to this war, when assailed by the manly spirit of their fiery Chief, established by law and murder by law.— They lent their power to break down the barriers between right and wrong. Instead of shining as stars, they are baleful meteors portending the ruin of the country. Jeroboam made the people of Israel to sin; so the authors of this war are making the people to sin. No

class of men are perfect; the valiant, the patriotic, the victorious people of the navy, "are made to sin." They are led into the violence of temptation. It is hard for them to leave their favorite calling, where they surpass all other people of the world; it is hard for them to adopt habits entirely new; it is hard for them to abandon those posts, where they have gathered unfading laurels, although their souls loathe the present war, and detest the measures, which they are made to accomplish.

We pass by the Generals of our forces in silence—Plants of later growth, mostly creatures of "the powers which be," they are neither restrained by moral principle, nor discouraged by the wickedness of their cause; neither anxious whether they carry havoc and ruin into peaceful provinces, or sacrifice their own armies. By iniquitous laws the poor are deprived of their useful employments their debts accumulate, and to avoid the caverns of a prison, and to gain a pittance of bread for their families, they force themselves to the rendezvous of a recruiting officer, where they are made to sin. Contractors and vendors for the support of the armies, deprived of other resources, are made to sin. The object of the war being wrong, every measure, however innocent in itself, becomes wrong, which is intended to promote the war. Thus iniquity is poured forth as a flood, from the palace to the cottage; every person engaged in this war, from the President rioting in luxury, to the poor soldier dying in the forest, abandons the principles of rectitude, gives himself up to the devious direction of passion and interests; the gulf of crimes, he strews with artificial flowers; every thing is subjected to the iron arm of power; every thing is controlled by the fury of a dominant, tremendous faction. So a wide spreading licentiousness of morals is one of the immediate and inevitable effects of this war. In the first onset, moral principle was set at defiance; the laws of God and hopes of man were utterly disdained. Vice threw off her veil, and crimes were decked with highest honors. This war not only tolerates crimes, but calls for them, demands them. Crimes are the food of its life, the arms of its strength. This war is a monster, which every hour gormandizes a thousand crimes, and yet cries, "give, give." In its birth it demanded the violation of all good faith, perjury of office, the sacrifice of neutral impartiality. The first moment, in which the dragon moved, piracy and murder were legalized; havoc, death, and conflagration were the victims of her first repast. Witnessing a systematic process of wickedness, by the highest authority, if the war proceed, the country will gradually lose its nice sense of right and wrong; the moral sense will become torpid; crimes will cease to alarm; vice will lose its horrors; universal licentiousness will cover the land with misery. Then will the people apostatize from their religion; the temples of God will be desolate, will fall in ruins. When religion is rejected, science will decay; our splendid seminaries will be solitary and silent. A new

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race of warriors rise, their hearts have not been softened by science, nor sanctified by religion. Agriculture is neglected; commerce flies from the ocean, the army like the grave swallows up the hope of the country; general distress, slavery, moral, political, and intellectual degradation, and the misery of ages close the scene.

Why all this ruin of the country? The British "Orders" were the first pretext. These were the unit, preceeding an uncounted string of cyphers, but unfortunately for our government, the "Orders" are repealed, the unit is annihilated, the cyphers alone remain; but *a cypher is sufficient cause of war* with the vassals of the bloody Corsican. Some other cause of war must now, therefore, be found, or invented, or imagined, or discovered, or created. The impressment of seamen happens to strike the fancy of the government, and a mournful yell of sympathy for seamen, like that heard at a funeral of a savage, echoes from Florida to the lakes in the west; regions where, perhaps, a seaman's voice was never heard, where he has neither fire, nor friend. The country then must continue all the miseries of war for a handful of seaman; and to give it a little air of propriety, these must be magnified to several thousand. If you ask how this can be done: nothing is more easy; they understand the trade of deception. First they put down one man twice, and sometimes, three, or four or, five times. But this alone would not answer, for they intended sixty for one; therefore they set a large number to a variety of towns, which had not lost a man, or only one, or a small part of the number; but this game alone would not answer; for the government feared, that if a sufficient number of towns were treated in this way, to answer their purpose, their indignant voices would be heard, and the plot be discovered; therefore, they put down a huge catalogue of names without any place of residence or birth. This instantly completed their number. All this is true, as texts from holy writ. Satan blushing, owns himself outdone in the work of deception. On such ground, my friends, you are required to spend your dear possessions; to sacrifice the lives of your sons; to shed your own blood. Was there ever a war so unreasonable, so wicked, so abominable?

"Is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man, who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?" Yes, thousands and thousands of our sons must bleed on the high places, and yet the seamen remain where they were, and this when negotiation would gain their release. Name them, prove that they are not foreigners, and the British Government have offered, have promised to resign them. But, no; the government do not wish their liberation; nothing in the universe is further from their thoughts. This would take away their excuse for fighting the battles of their Master, the incendiary of Christendom. Take facts for evidence. This very year, the very last session

of our State Legislature, the Senate, the Senate, those confidential champions of the President and the French Emperor, the Senate refused, they did refuse to adopt any measure to ascertain how many seamen were on board the English navy. Yes, when they were requested by the House of Representatives, they refused, and have continued to refuse to take any measure to ascertain what seamen are impressed into foreign service. Do these Rulers carry on the war in defence of our seamen? They refuse to learn their names; they abandon them to their fate. They had rather see them forever in chains, than to lose their pretext for carrying on the war.

Does your President wage war from his humane motive of regaining seamen? Why then did he not accept the offer of the British Ambassador before the war? If he is so humane, why does he continue the lash of oppression on the slaves, which blacken his fields? If he is so humane, why does he not execute his own laws against further importations of slaves into the country? If he be so humane, why does his house ring with joy at the success of the Corsican Moloch. Let him, in the overflowings of his humanity, repair to his herds of slaves, open the doors of their huts, and bid them go free; let his iron hand wipe away their tears, restore them to their native country; mothers to their children, and children to their homes; let him in some tender moment, while the ice is melting round his heart, express a sentiment of horror, or utter one word of aversion, at the rivers of blood, shed by his friend, Napoleon; let him lift one finger to relieve a hundred million people, groaning under the iron sceptre of Europe, or from his marble eye drop one tear over half a million troops, frozen, starved, or slain in Russia, and we will admit that possibly, he may be sincere in his doleful lamentations over our seamen. When the lions of Africa shall nurse the lambs, and aid the shepherds in defending the fold of their flock; when the wild Arabs of the desert shall without reward defend the Caravans of Mecca and Damascus, then, and not till then, shall we believe, that the people of Virginia, and the western forest sympathize with the meritorious seamen of New-England and really desire to shed their own blood in defence of our rights.

Why will they not frankly avow the truth, and exclaim, We see—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,

"We see the lords of human kind pass by."

"These are loyal Britains; these our souls abhor; our hearts sicken at the sight of such intellectual grandeur, such worth, such Christian magnanimity. Their Bible societies, their Missionary societies, patronized by the bishops, the nobles and princes of the kingdom; their contempt of our masters, the same of their deeds, the splendor of their renown, torment the heart— But on the continent is a nation, whom the Puritans pronounce to be atheists, covered with crimes, wading in blood, steeped in guilt, and rotten to the heart. These are our people, their battles we fight." So does the poison of immorality and infidelity deluge the land.

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, their 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

consequences; they are alarmed at the possible facilities of their expedition; fear and terpidation steal into their hearts; their attack is feeble, and cautious, and indecisive, and ineffectual.

On the other hand, they who know that they are unrighteously assailed, are instantly electrized; every power of their minds, every fibre of their bodies are roused to resentment, revenge and fury. They are swifter than eagles; they are stronger than lions. One can chase a thousand, and two can put ten thousand to flight. This advantage is lost by taking the sword of offensive war. Even its warriors are as dead men. So far from having the nation engaged in the contest, only the most feeble the most wicked are voluntary in their aid. The most opulent resources of every kind are withholden. Feeble hands guide the tempest. Men of intellect and eloquence raise no voice to excite the people to havoc and blood. Through the country, all is torpor and silence, and slumber and intellectual death, save the low voice of sullen discontent, or the wailings of a demagogue in chafe of office, the threats of some mercenary pensioner of government, of the more awful groan, of an expiring army. Men of purest integrity, men who have most to lose, men generally, who have the tongue of the learned, and the pen of the ready writer, men whose hearts glow with holy benevolence, whose lips have been touched with a coal from the divine altar, will powerfully dissuade the country from such a profligate warfare; they will exert all their talents to extinguish the unhallowed flame, which is consuming the land. Some sense of right is impressed on the public mind. If not the greater part, still a ponderous minority are inspired with sentiments of peace, of wisdom, and justice. The man declaring a wicked war rules not in a house, which is united, but in a kingdom divided against itself, it must, it will, "fall" assunder, unless the whole be doomed to the ruin of Anti-Christ. Is it strange, then, that our foldiers have perished with the sword? Is it strange, that defeat, disgrace, and death, have stalked through all our camps? Is it strange, that general distress, disunion, and revolt, threaten to tear up the foundations of the community? Will it be strange, if pestilence, famine, civil war, slavery, and ruin, should be at the door? Oh our God, wilt thou not scatter those, who delight in war!

III. A wicked, offensive war may be expected to draw down uncommon judgment of God on the land.

When our Rulers were protecting angles, cultivating the arts of peace, and rendering justice to all nations, "the blessings of the LORD made the country rich, and he added no sorrow." The moral culture of the people was greatly advanced; our husbandmen were prosperous and happy; our merchants, like the rich clouds of heaven, showered their blessings on the country; roads, canals, colleges, and benevolent Societies, were multiplied, in every part of the land. Missionaries, like bands of angels, went forth in every direction; churches were formed in the new settlements; religious order and pure morals were promoted; pagans of the wilderness were

taught the song of salvation, and the light of the millenium seemed to be dawning.

In one wicked hour, all these enchanting scenes have been wrapt in terrific darkness. When your present Rulers were prosperous and contented; when one of them was a hungary vagabond, without a home, without a decent garment to cover him, you were blest and happy; but now, you are embarrassed and oppressed, that he may roll in a chariot, and riot in a palace; now your sons must be drafted to bleed on the hill of battles, that he like Judas, may hold the treasures of the nation, and rank with the nobles of the land.

Nothing but the defence of life, of family attars, and sacred rights, ought to precipitate a nation into war. When such a dire necessity does exist; when war has been declared *against* a nation, would not a good Ruler like Hezekiah spread the declaration before the LORD and pray, and weep tears of anguish, before he commissioned his armies to draw the sword of revenge. But alas, our Rulers with ruthless violence have created a war, and have sent their armies hundreds of miles traversing solitary forests, scaling mountains, and plunging through rivers and lakes to find an enemy in a distant country, slumbering in peace. Will not God be avenged on such a nation as this! His quiver is full of arrows. Have we not seen defeat and dismay overwhelm our hosts? Have we not seen a deadly pestilence haunt their marches, and besiege their encampments? The angel of destruction has hovered over them on the hill and in the vale of battles, and pursued them to their distant homes. They carry pestilence and death to the villages, and the disease of the soldier is denominated the *war-curse*.

We may also expect, that when so many men, from the most desperate grade of society, are capable of defending themselves against the arm of justice, that they will abuse or plunder peaceful citizens, outrage the laws, defy its officers, and escape with impunity. All these things have been witnessed in the infancy of our armies, and in those States, most zealous for this war of plunder and blood.—What then may be expected from the armies grown older in violence, and in those States, which view the war with ineffable abhorrence, and its abettors with detestation. Then what village will rest in security, which house will be safe from assault, which wife or daughter will not be the victim of a lawless conscript?

Ought I to forget the lives which will be sacrificed, the lives which have been sacrificed? Tullius from the seat of war overwhelm the villages with tears. Even Richmond, after the awful siege, could not exhibit a scene of greater distress than pervades our country. Here war-seen fathers going about half distracted, enquiring for the fate of their children; while wives, mothers, and sisters remained at home to weep. The voice of lamentation is loud and deep. The cause was sufficient; another army had been slain or made prisoners. But mark the reception of this news at Washington. Will it be believed, by those who think the lowest of Mr. Ma-

dissonance and his party, that regardless of the miseries brought on the families of six hundred men, who fell on the banks of the Kasio, the intelligence of whose destruction was ringing in their ears, were yet so much more overjoyed at the report that the butcher of the world had returned to Paris, than affected at the fall of an army, that it may very much be doubted, whether there was more savage triumph and joy in the camp of the Indians over the scalps of our countrymen than pervaded this *decorous*, this *dignified* assembly!! These are the tender, the humane, compassionate souls, grieved at the afflictions of our seamen. They rejoice that the tyrant has escaped from Russia; they rejoice that he lives to witness their servile obedience to his mandates, that he lives to reward their "bad eminence" of fidelity in his cause, that he lives to be their example in carrying poverty, and pestilence, and misery through the nations.

I say nothing of the enormous expences, and taxes, and poverty, which must shortly carry dismay through the land; I say nothing of the widows and orphans, and aged parents, who will be thrown upon the public, without a friend to support them, to guard them against the lawless outrages of oppression and violence. But one other *judgment* of this war, if I were to omit, I should be false to my trust, and traitor to my divine Lord—a *future alliance with the Chieftain of the French*. *Future alliance!* Childish phrase, as if an alliance essentially consisted in public declarations, signatures, seals, and parchments. Is not a systematic co-operation for mutual aid and defence an *alliance!* Has not such a state of things been manifested for years? Have not the rulers at Paris and Washington, since the commencement of the war, been *one*, as much as "the great red dragon" and "one of his horns" are one?

Which footy slave in all the ancient dominion, has more obsequiously watched the eye of his master, or flew to the indulgence of his desires, more devoutly, than the same masters have waited and watched, and obeyed the orders of the great Napoleon? Are not the bonds of this alliance already stronger than death? Does the Ruler of France wish to arrest the commerce of England, do not non-interdiction and non-intercourse laws blockade all our ports? Does the Ruler of France find that our provisions sustain the people of Portugal and Spain, struggling for existence, he waves his hand, and does not an embargo more fatal than all the frost of Greenland bar up our harbors? Does he wish a diversion made for his relief, while he marches to Moscow, he casts a wistful look to the palaces of the Potomac, and fifty thousand warriors are preparing to invade the English provinces. Had these Rulers a power, equal to their wishes, would they not instantly call the tempests from the mountains, the plague and pestilence from Turkey, and the red artillery from the clouds, rather than the continental system should have a permanent establishment in the "department of America." Is not here a common cause, a fatal alliance with that atheistic power, which shall come to his end, and there be none to help him?

These REFLECTIONS show us how serious are the duties of the consecrated day. This day ought not to pass by as a religious *formality*. We have sinned; the country has sinned, and God is coming against us in his judgments. These are reasons for deep humiliation and fervent prayer. Had we not been exceedingly wicked, God would not have raised up such men to rule the nation. Let us pray, that the agents in this war may see their folly and their wickedness. Tho' they style their cruel ardor patriotism, and their blind ferocity courage, good names will not alter the nature of things. The zeal of the soldier in such a wicked cause is not true courage; it is not the spirit of David marching against the giant of Gath; it is the fury of the assassin; the madness of Pharaoh rushing into the sea, of the wild Arab assailing his peaceful neighbor. Courage rests on *justice*, as its necessary base. Hence if our armies fall on the field of invasion, they are like Ahab bleeding in the field of Naboth; they are wolves falling in the fold of the shepherd, who manfully defends his flock. God forbid, that the sons of New-England should enlist in this war of atheism against christianity; this war of vice against virtue: this war of Anti-Christ against the prince of peace.

Never did the voice and the echo more perfectly correspond than passing events and the pages of prophecy. This impious war places us in the ranks of Anti-Christ. Like the hardness of Egypt's necks, it makes our country the theatre of divine judgments, and our people the victims of Almighty vengeance; it drags our first born to the fire of battles, and is covering the land with mourning. Who does not tremble for his country? Let us all stand between the porch and the altar, and cry day and night. "Oh Lord save thine heritage from reproach."

To conclude, have not the people of the United States reason to expect the most dreadful consequences from the present aspect of their affairs? Tho' our government, not the people, rush forward with the torch of war blazing in their hands, the English are determined to give the contest every feature of mildness and humanity, which the nature of the case admits. Hence they offer to continue a limited commerce with this country. But our first magistrate, mark the temper of the man, like a lioness bereaved of her whelps, frantic for blood, and mad for fear of disappointment, considers this a new provocation of war. Among many other things equally wise he charges her with introducing into her "mode of warfare, a system equally distinguished by the deformity of its features, and the depravity of its character, having for its object to dissolve the ties of allegiance and the sentiments of loyalty, in the *adversary* nation, and to deduce and separate its component parts." Whole is this rough and stormy voice? Is this the man who sent his chosen general into a peaceful province of a foreign power, exhorting the people to remain inactive, while he butchered their neighbours, their magistrates, their armies, and all who obeyed the laws of their King and Country? Is this the man who ordered no mercy to be shown

to the white men found near a native of the land, who should be fighting for the dear inheritance of his fathers, his cottage, his wife and his children? Is this the man who exhorted the province to desert its legitimate sovereign, who promised the people security under the folds of his trembling banner threatening to look them down on the earth, if they disregarded the thunders of his proclamation? Is this the very man, who virtually, preached insurrection, treason, and rebellion, entreating the citizens of Canada to perjure their souls, and violate their oaths of allegiance, who now has the effrontery to talk about "depravity," and "loyalty," and "allegiance," and "morality," and "demoralizing and disorganizing contrivances," and "christian world," and "treachery," and "religion?" Had he forgotten that his great Napoleon, even in time of peace, designates southern ports for exclusive favours? But this is *France*, and the favor is shown to the *South*; this alters the nature of the action! Therefore, on this subject, we shall hear no awkward strains of "morality," no hypocritical cant, no whimpering moans of "religion." Though our government have not been able to kindle the fires of Moscow on the plains of Abram, nor pave the roads of Canada with the bones of the people; though they have been toiled in every expedition, as completely, as if they had attempted to extinguish the sun, shining in its strength; this only provokes them to put the country in greater jeopardy; while the English, with unparalleled magnanimity, cannot be provoked to make inroads upon our towns. Why else had they not the winter past come down upon your northern frontier like a storm of hail, while one third sick dead, and one third employed as nurses, as joiners to make coffins, or sextons to dig graves. On the one side is a surprizing reluctance to shed blood; on the other, the spirit of assault, of malice, and revenge. What have this country to expect from *Him*, who renders to every man, according to his works!

Let every man who sanctions this war by his suffrage or influence, remember that he is labouring to cover himself and his country with blood. The blood of the slain will cry from the ground against him; God may give him blood to drink; his sons may fall in the high places or his wife become a widow. When proceeding to elect supporters of this war, recollect that you are virtually digging the graves of your children, the graves of your neighbours, the grave of your country. Though a sacred conscience will now treat the admonition with scorn; yet the hour is not remote, when these events will appear in a very serious light.

If you approve this war, you so far chain yourself to that infidel power, which is doomed to endure those sufferings, which have never been known, since there was a nation on the earth, and you must drink with her the cup of her plagues. Our public woes began with our union to her; as this has been strengthened our troubles have increased. From commercial embarrassments, they have proceeded to blood; and unless New-England wrench herself from this fatal alli-

ance, the mountains will be "melted" with her blood. Oh, my country will you not spare yourself, save yourself from this ruin. Would you not shudder to see your brother, wantonly plunge himself from the top of a *mountain* into the ocean? Would not your bosom be stricken with horror, to see your sons throw themselves from the summit of a volcano, into the blazing crater? Such is your conduct, when you give your suffrages for this war. Like the apostate angels, who plunged themselves and their adherents from the battlements of heaven, to the abodes of misery, you are throwing yourself and country from the height of prosperity into the gulf of destruction. I plead with you not to do yourselves any harm; I plead for your country; I plead the cause of man. Do not, I beseech you, do not move a finger to promote this wicked war. They who take the sword *shall* perish with the sword. I know you do not imagine that any sinister motive can excite this address. It is not possible that the interests of the christian pastor, who loves his office, should be separate from that of his people. No party, no government, have any thing to give which he desires.

When the hour of final retribution shall arrive, the stars fall, and the world burn; when the fields of battle shall resign their trust, and the victims of the sword shall awake, to show their wounds, and accuse their murderers before the tribunal of eternal justice; how will the supporters of this anti-christian warfare endure their sentence, endure their own reflections, endure the fire that forever burns, the worm which never dies, the hosannas of heaven, while the smoke of their torments ascend forever and ever? AMEN.

ANTHONY H. HOLLAND, *Printers*

