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AN
ORATION

ON THE
THREE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE
TAMMANY SOCIETY, OR COLUMBIAN
ORDER,

IN THE COUNTY OF RENSSELAER, AND STATE OF NEW-YORK.

WITH A TRADITIONAL ACCOUNT OF THE
LIFE OF TAMMANY,
AN INDIAN CHIEF.

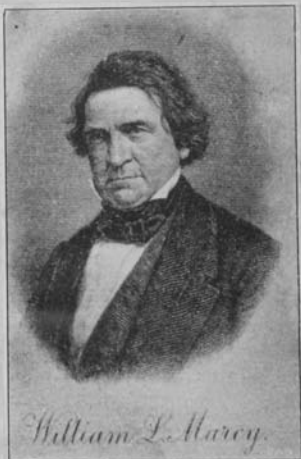
(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.)

BY WILLIAM L. MARCY.

O! fortunatam Renipublicam siquidem eiecit hoc genus civum, qui dominationem expectant; rerum potiri volunt; honores, quos quieta Republica desperant, perturba consequi se posse arbitrantur.

TROY, N. Y.
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PREFATORY REMARKS.

IN presenting this address to the public, I might, with great propriety, make many observations to palliate its imperfections. The shortness of time allotted for its preparation; the many avocations which were suffered to divert my attention from it, and the impression under which it was written, that it would never be heard beyond the walls of the *Wigwam*, are considerations that will have their due weight in the estimation of candid minds: but I would never be guilty of delivering opinions in private, that I would not vindicate in public.

To some, the introduction of politics on the occasion may not appear reconcilable to their nice notions of propriety. There can be nothing more correct, than the observation of JUNIUS—that “both LIBERTY and property are precarious, unless the possessors have sense and spirit enough to defend them;” and it is equally true, that the exertions for their defence must be in proportion to the violence and strength of the power set in motion for their destruction. In our political contentions, all is not right: our party distinctions do not spring from pure motives—motives whose object is the true and substantial interest of our common country. If I believed that the influential characters in the opposition were sincerely intent on the preservation of our Republican institutions, and the security of our national prosperity, most certainly should I wish union and conciliation. But to pacify the public mind in the present state of party impurity, would be cicatrizing the wound, while it yet contained latent poison, which must again excite a painful suppuration, and be carried off by new eruptions.

The strictures on the Federalists, are not to be taken generally.—They allude to those only who plotted and so vehemently pursued that rebellious resistance to the laws of the last Congress, and determined hostility to the late administration. I very well know that there have been many more actors than offenders in this disgraceful scene. Many have been mere puppets, moved by the masterly hand that directed the wires behind the curtain.

The time has been, when gentle reprimands reached the feelings of the guilty; but mildness is now ineffectual: inflexibility of sentiment and boldness of action are absolutely necessary in discharging the duties we owe ourselves and our country.

Though the publication of this Oration may give to a few captious politicians a *bone* for contention, or a *carcase* on which sarcastic critics may work, to throw off their political bile, by decisions founded in the vacuity of genius, and on the rules of frigid pedantry—yet if it shall have a tendency to rouse our citizens from a dangerous stupidity, check the progress of a delusive spirit, and restrain the wanderings of the heedless, all my expectations will be fully answered.

ORATION.

SONS OF TAMMANY!

WE are assembled to commemorate an event momentous in the annals of the world. The discovery of this **WESTERN CONTINENT** has been followed by a series of consequences, replete with crime and misery—with individual happiness and national prosperity.

Among the persons whose achievements effectuated these memorable changes in the condition of mankind, **CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS** appears conspicuous. Born and educated in the Genoese Republic, his bold and enterprising spirit burst the narrow limits which characterised the human mind in the fifteenth century. When he stood on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, and reviewed the boisterous waves rolled from the illimitable ocean, his mind laboured with the theory of a vast continent beyond the unexplored waste of western waters.

Fully convinced, that finding a passage to the East Indies, or the discovering another world, would confer a blessing of vast importance on mankind, and a lasting glory on himself, he was determined upon the accomplishment of the perilous enterprise: but, in its prosecution, he had to contend with the pride of ignorance, the timid fears of avarice, and the treachery

of envious malice. His perseverance triumphed over all opposition; and he at length committed himself, his adventurous associates, his present prospects and future glory, to the precarious protection of the elements. The minds of his followers, however, were not stamped with that nobility of nature, which distinguished the Discoverer of the New World. When storms and tempests raged, and angry billows threatened to overwhelm their shattered vessels, fear seized their minds; they forgot the magnitude of their enterprize, and shuddered at the excessive presumption which had led them from their friends, their country, and their homes, to encounter the perils of an untraversed ocean. Behind, they saw the happiness and security they had rashly abandoned: before, they could discover nothing but frightful uncertainty. They were anxious to leave the prosecution of a voyage, so full of danger and of glory, and to travel back to the land of safety. When they became deaf to the voice of reason, COLUMBUS had recourse to artifice; but the vigilance of fear was not long to be deceived; and in his mutinous crew he had more to dread, than from the warring elements of nature. His fortitude and resource of mind, which had hitherto borne him superior to repeated trials and difficulties, dissipated the imminent danger; and, on the *glorious morn* of the 12th October, 1492, a NEW WORLD saluted their longing eyes.

A momentary review of the condition and subsequent changes of this western continent, cannot be

uninteresting to this audience. At the period of discovery, the foot of lawless and uncivilized INDIANS roamed over this half of creation. The *plastic hand* of nature seems to have formed them to range over the wide waste of uncultivated regions, and to support a precarious existence by the game of the extensive forests, and the spontaneous productions of the sterile earth. Past experience proves, that they are incapable of a high degree of civilization and refinement. It is a question for casuistry to determine, whether the Aborigines of America did not enjoy as much real and substantial happiness, as the most enlightened nations of the old world?

It is true they wanted the pleasures of artificial society; but they were also exempt from its concomitant miseries. Among them, the elevation and importance of a *few*, were not built on the wretchedness and privations of the *many*. Luxury had not subjected them to the dominion of malignant *diseases*, which incessantly war against voluptuous man. *Ambition* had not rode in his destructive car over prostrate millions, drawing, in his train, all the ministers of divine wrath, and spreading famine, pestilence, and desolation, through the land. No *ermined monster* reared his proud monuments of folly, by exhaustion of fertile provinces; or fed his pampered appetites by extortions from the miserable inhabitants of desolated kingdoms. No unfeeling *son of avarice* carried woe and poverty to the needy tenants of the

cottage, from which issued prayers and heart-rending groans, imprecating on the guilty author of their sufferings the retributive vengeance of a *righteous* God.

Justice requires we should not be unmindful of the rights, nor pass in silence the sufferings of the *native Americans*. The names of CORTES and PIZARRO, are "damned to everlasting fame," by the aggravated injuries they inflicted on these *defenceless people*.* To accomplish their schemes of rapine and

* Stimulated by avarice, the Spaniards who first visited the new world suffered no sense of calamity, however shocking to humanity—however destructive of the defenceless inhabitants, to limit their ravages. Hispaniola (now St. Domingo) was estimated to contain one, and by some two millions of people. By *Repartimientos*, and by the wretched slavery of the inhabitants, in cultivating the island, and in diving for pearls, the Spaniards completed its desolation. They soon, however, devised a scheme to people it again: they went to the *Lucayo islands*, and represented to their ignorant and unsuspecting inhabitants, that if they would go with them, they should see their departed friends and relatives, and enter immediately into uninterrupted bliss. Forty thousand were thus trepanned, and cruelly perished. Most of the inhabitants of the other West India islands suffered the same fate, or were hunted down by dogs, or sacrificed in ineffectual warfare.

See Robinson's History of America—Book III.

Dazzled by the undaunted courage, enterprising spirit, and brilliant exploits of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, we forget the inhuman and barbarous cruelties practised on the native Americans. The condition of the Mexican empire, at the time of its conquest, is a subject of curious and interesting speculation, as well as data from which we can estimate the magnitude of Indian sufferings. According to various historians, that kingdom was as extensive and populous as the United States. It contained numerous cities. Mexico, Tezeuco and Tacuba, were as large as New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Its monarchs could boast of almost as much power, wealth, and magnificence, as the

murder, they outraged the feelings of humanity—violated the sacred precepts of justice—and blasphemously prostituted the religion of an holy God. Let us turn from this picture of Spanish cruelties, to one of nearer interest, and of comparatively less enormity.

potentates of Europe. The Mexican kings were elective, and their authority was placed on the sure foundation of the people's love and affection. Property was exclusively owned, limited and ascertained by fixed and settled laws, which were accurately defined; and impartially administered, by enlightened judges—citizens ranked according to their superiority of courage, wisdom and services—many wise political regulations were adopted—most of the *useful*, and some of the *fine* arts were carried to a considerable degree of perfection—they had masons, goldsmiths, weavers, painters, &c. The metropolis was built on the Mexican lakes. The number of its inhabitants is computed by ROBINSON at 60,000; by GOMARA and HERRERA, at 60,000 families, and 200,000 inhabitants; by TORQUEMADA, at 120,000 families, and consequently 600,000 inhabitants. The Mexican floating gardens are a curiosity of human industry, unequalled by the oldest and most civilized nations of Europe. For further particulars on this interesting subject, see the authors above mentioned. Flourishing as the empire was, CORTES not only conquered, but pillaged it: he not only subjected the miserable Indians to his authority, but reduced them to that state of slavery, from which death was a faithful and merciful redeemer. He treacherously obtained possession of their monarch, MONTÉZUMA, and rifled him of his and the empire's riches, and was the cause of his death. The Mexicans collected their broken forces, and grew desperate for the recovery of their lost liberties and subjugated country. Looking around for a man to guide their last and furious struggle, their eyes were directed to GUATIMOZIN, by his courageous fortitude, greatness of soul, and superiority of past services. The subsequent fate of this unhappy prince was attended with such circumstances of barbarity, as would melt the coldest hearts, and wring the tear of compassion from insensibility itself. When cast upon the burning coals by his cruel tormentors, to extort from him a confession where he had deposited

The motives of the first settlers of the United States, were pure and unimpeachable. They fled from the storms of persecution, to these distant and desolate regions, to enjoy the rights of conscience. Shocked by savage barbarity, blinded by passion, or biassed by prejudice, they considered the Indians as savage and cruel monsters, undeserving of rights, and execrable objects of incessant hostility.* But

the supposed treasures of the empire, he rose with wondrous fortitude superior to the agonies of death, and with stern rebuke checked the relenting obstinacy of his expiring companions. CORTES seized the empire and its subjects, in the name of his MASTER, the KING of Castile. It was immediately desolated, and the inhabitants murdered or sold into slavery. In the country of Panuco, sixty caziques and forty nobles were burned at one time. To enhance the cruelty, and magnify the horrors of this *atrocious deed*, the friends and children of these unfortunate victims were assembled to witness the last agonies, and hear the expiring groans of their relatives and fathers. The conquest of Peru, by PIZARRO, was accompanied with scenes equally shocking to humanity.

See Rob. Hist. Amer.—Book V.

* When COLUMBUS first landed in the New World, he was received by the natives with the open arms of hospitality. When he was hungry, they fed him; when he was distressed, they flew to his relief; when repeated misfortunes multiplied upon him, they sought for consolation to assuage his anguish. Though COLUMBUS saw the gathering storm accumulating its wrath to spend upon these innocent victims, and even was a spectator of its raging fury, yet was he unable to avert its destructive violence, or impede its rapid progress. He was never guilty of the sin of ingratitude towards the Indians, although he was the remote, but innocent cause, of their calamities. In giving a description of the native Americans to his sovereigns, FERDINAND and ISABELLA, he uses these remarkable words:—"The people are so affectionate—so tractable—so peaceable—that I swear to your highnesses, that there is not a *better race of men, or a better country.*"

Life of Columbus—Chap. 32.

the candid mind will recollect, that the Indians could not distinguish between the *persecuted pilgrims*, and the *avaricious Spaniards*. Goaded on to madness and desperation, by the slavery and slaughter of their brothers, the loss of their country, and the approaching extinction of their race, nature itself spoke to their souls in the voice of thunder, and roused to revenge the furious and vindictive passions.

Let eloquence plead—let ingenuity contrive—and plausibility palliate—on the broad and eternal principles of RIGHT, this is their country.* Treaties

Such was the hospitable conduct—such was the generous disposition of these people, before oppression, robbery, cruelty and murder, had roused them to revenge. When this flood of calamities first gushed upon them, they saw in its fury and desolation, a prospect of its end: but when, like the waves of a tempest-wrought ocean, one flood was instantly followed by another more violent than its predecessor, they from submission rose to a resistance characterised by vindictive barbarity, yet justified by the magnitude of their wrongs, and the sentiments of unadulterated nature. Indians treasure up the remembrance of injuries; and their ancient sufferings are wounds that frequently bleed afresh; and whose smart has often driven them to perpetrate deeds which, in their consequences, have reached even us. But we should recollect *the source from which these waters of bitterness flow*, and not complain, though we have drunken copious draughts.

*I would not treat with irreverence our ancestors, the blessings of whose conduct we so largely enjoy, and which, I pray God, may be enjoyed to all ages of posterity. Neither reverence, goodness, or greatness, should be suffered to raise men above the censure of their own actions. There are but three ways of acquiring the *domain* and the *empire* of a country.—1st. By *purchase*:—2d. By *primitive occupancy*:—And, 3d. by *conquest*.

are the only specious ground on which the Europeans can found their right to this continent: but, some of these were obtained by fraud, and some were offered at the point of the bayonet; yea, literally speaking, were

“Declar’d in thunder, and confirm’d in blood.”

First—Those who are acquainted with the early colonization of these United States, know that the Indians were never left free to reject the treaties offered by the first settlers. They were often cajoled into them without understanding their meaning, their extent, or their duration.

Second—I believe it is a fact, too well authenticated by history to admit a doubt, that this continent was in the possession of numberless tribes of Indians.

Third—It is absolutely necessary that conquerors should have a justifiable cause of *war*, before they can justly and equitably claim the *rights of war*.

“In a war perfectly just, the justifying reasons must not only be lawful, but must also be blended with the motive: that is, *we must never undertake a war but from necessity of defending ourselves against an insult; of recovering our undoubted right, or of obtaining satisfaction for a manifest injury.*”

Burlamaqui's Princip. of Polit. Law—Part IV. Chap. 2, Sec. 4.

“All the right of a power to make war, is derived from the justice of his cause.”

Vattel's Law of Nat.—Lib. III. Sec. 183.

By these respectable authorities, substantiated by the voice of common sense, the position is indubitably established—that a *just cause of war is the only foundation of the right of conquest*. Let us apply this reasoning to the subject under consideration. What cause of war could the Indians give the Europeans, of whom they had never heard, and from whom they were separated by an ocean three thousand miles in extent. The Indians *could never insult them; never infringe their undoubted rights; never do them a manifest injury*. The Europeans were the first aggressors; and though reciprocal injuries and acts of hostility have ensued, yet in reason and justice they could never derive

Many enthusiasts have considered the propagation of religion* among these Heathen people as the *water of sanctification*, which washes the stains of injustice from the vestments of these holy pilgrims. But the Indians could never forget the impious zeal of the Spaniards, in promulgating the mild doctrines

any rights from the consequences of their own wrongs. It may be said, that the earth was made for all mankind, and that GOD never intended that this vast continent should forever remain an uncultivated wilderness, inhabited by wandering and savage Indians. I ask, if GOD intended the native Americans for a civilized and cultivated life, why do we not see in them a gradual approach to the state of their destination? Or, if it was intended that the inhabitants of Europe should migrate to this Western World, why was it so long hid from the prying eye of inquisitive man? Why does a vast ocean, which seems an effectual barrier to limit his audacious presumption, roll its agitated waters between the two continents? In this *era*, so little obscured by the darkness of superstition, and so greatly enlightened by the rays of cultivated reason, it will not be expected that we should expose the nullity of claims founded on the decretal Bull of Pope ALEXANDER IV. giving to FERDINAND and ISABELLA certain territories in the New World; or on the Charters of King JAMES I. or CHARLES II.

* Great praise is due to the benevolent intentions of the Missionary Societies, for the propagation of Religion among the *natives*. It is to be lamented, that their labours have not been crowned with better success. The failure, I apprehend, is to be charged to former impositions on these people, and perhaps to the unskilfulness of Missionaries in not simplifying more upon doctrinal abstrusities; or rather, in not inculcating gospel morality, instead of divine miracles. The Spanish Friars officiously preached faith and repentance, after victims were bound to the stake, and the faggots lighted. HATUEY, a cazique, who lived in a remote part of Hispaniola, defended his liberties and subjects with astonishing valour, but at length was taken prisoner. Just before his execution, a Franciscan Friar disclosed to him the existence and happiness of another world, and recommended to him the adoption of

of the gospel, at the same time they were trampling on the laws of justice, disregarding the sentiments of humanity, and violating the precepts of religion; while they were preaching peace and everlasting rest to their souls, they were driving them from their happiness, their country, and their friends: instead of softening their untutored natures, by the gentle radiance of Christian benevolence, they were working up the fell passions of *hatred, cruelty, and revenge*.

Could the poor Indian tell you the story of their sufferings, sensibility would generously give the tear of sorrow at the recital. He would say, before the winds and waves had wafted the *European invaders* to these shores, we were a happy people. When our enemies infringed our rights, we followed them

the means necessary for its enjoyment. The Cazique asked—"Are there any Spaniards in that region of bliss you describe?"—The Franciscan answered—"None but the worthy and good."—He replied—"I will never go to a place where I may meet with one of that accursed race." The Indians will not, or cannot understand the mysteries of religion. After a Missionary had been discoursing a long time to an Indian audience, on the fall of mankind, in consequence of the introduction of sin, and its attendant woe and death, by the transgression of God's holy command, in eating the forbidden fruit—one of the Indians said—"Brother, it is a great pity the woman eat the apple—much better to have made it into cider." A speech lately published in some of the papers, delivered at Buffaloe-Creek, by an Indian Chief of one of the Six Nations, to a Missionary, after he had explained to them the object of his coming, will clearly show how faithfully they preserve the remembrance of their former wrongs and their deep-rooted suspicions against the proffers of religion, which must be overcome by length of time, and gentle infusions of the balm of human kindness.

through the wilderness—chastised their insolence—returned victorious to our *wigwams*—buried the avenging *tomahawk*, and smoked together the *calumet of Peace*. Roused to the chase, with exhilarating joy we measured the height of the distant hills; the *wolf*, the *bear*, and the *deer*, felt the vigour of our arm, and fell at the unerring stroke of the death-commissioned *arrow*. Alas! how soon was this delightful scene changed; universal gloom, like the mist upon the mountain's-top, hung over our horizon, and intercepted the last rays of our setting glory. Our happiness and tranquility were no more—you seized our *territories*—you violated with impious hands the *tombs* which contain the sacred relics of our *hunters*, our *warriors* and our *sachems*—you demolished the rude monuments, raised by filial gratitude, to ancestral heroism—you removed from our minds the last beams of consolatory hope, of leaving to our posterity a country, where they might live in peace and protect from insult our bones, when they shall sleep in the graves of our fathers. Driven from our ancient seats, which were washed by the surges of the Atlantic, we have retired beyond the lakes; but here we find no resting-place. In vain shall we oppose the swelling inundation of your strength; but must retreat before it, and take our last stand upon the beach of the Pacific, and meet our fate.—But we trust the GREAT SPIRIT has for us another and a better country—where no storms or noxious blasts move through the heavens—where extensive

forests put forth their foliage, and mighty lakes spread their placid waters—where the *white men* never come—and where the *Indians* may pursue their accustomed sports, from the rising of the *sun*, until he hide *himself* behind the western hills!

Though it is impossible to restore to the remnant of this miserable people their country, or remunerate their past sufferings, yet let us give cordial approbation to those measures of our government,* which have a tendency to ameliorate their condition and teach them to lose the memory of their wrongs.

Let us now lightly touch upon some of the advantages of the discovery of the NEW WORLD. In its formation, nature has exhibited all the variety, beauty, and sublimity of creation; it stretches through the five *Zones*, and yields the various productions of every climate; its stupendous *mountains* heave their lofty heads above the clouds, and the delighted spectator may sit in sunshine upon their snow-clad summits, and behold, in the succumbent regions, the sport of the rapid lightning, the dire convulsions of the bursting thunder, and the wide ravages

* The attention Mr. JEFFERSON has devoted to the pacification of the Indians, has provoked the censures, and excited the ridicule of his political opponents. By his treatment, he has dissipated the dangers so eloquently described by Mr. AMES, in his SPEECH on the ratification of the British Treaty, which threatened our defenceless frontiers. He has, as far as possible, diffused the salutary advantages of agriculture, and the happy arts of uncorrupting civilization. By the introduction of inoculation and vaccination, he stopped the destructive ravages of the small pox, which used formerly to sweep away whole tribes.

of the convolving storm! Its mighty *rivers*, encumbered with the rich burthen of commerce, roll, in majestic grandeur, their accumulated waters into the capacious bosom of the ocean!

Astonished Europe has beheld an unparalleled growth of empire on the *Western shores* of the *Atlantic*. Within the lapse of two centuries, the UNITED STATES have arisen from the *germ*, to the *robust vigour* of political existence.

Freedom, driven by servile corruption and lawless dominion from the ancient continent, has been transplanted in the NEW WORLD.

In the first ages of society, the GODDESS OF LIBERTY, degraded from her celestial rank, wandered in the disguise of a SHEPHERDESS, among the rude and uncivilized sons of men. After various changes and revolutions of society, she appeared in her native *majesty* and *plenitude of dominion*, at Athens, Thebes, and the states of Peloponnesus; but, in the convulsions of these turbulent democracies, her influence was often forgotten, and her most sacred laws were violated with impunity. Taking the course of travelling empire,* she removed her resi-

* Empire not only seems fated, like every thing else, to pass through the various stages of inception, increment, maturity, decline and dissolution, but to make a gradual progress in a western course. From the reign of NIMROD and SEMIRAMIS, to the present period, dominion has been travelling through Asia, the parts of Africa adjacent to the *Mediterranean*, Greece, and the countries of modern Europe, and has finally crossed the Atlantic. Though this progress has been sometimes at-

dence to the banks of the Tyber, and the shores of the Hadriatic. When *ignorance* and *superstition* veiled with darkness the inhabitants of earth, she, afflicted with anxiety and disappointment, sunk under a load of years. After a profound and oblivious slumber of ages, she, with her sisters, *Learning*, *Science* and *Philosophy*, awoke to renovated existence, and their united influence on the nations of Europe, like the *fiat* of ALMIGHTY GOD travelling over the commingled elements of original chaos, reared a new creation of civil life, in order, beauty, and majesty sublime! But soon persecution, like a guilt-troubled ghost, followed the foot-steps of the GODDESS, and excited rebellion against her authority. At length she fled to the inhospitable GLACIERS of SWITZERLAND, as her *last refuge* in the *Old World*; but her residence, even in this barren solitude, was obnoxious to arbitrary power, and she next appears walking upon the waters of the *Atlantic*: at her presence, the winds died away—the storms hushed to peace, and the rolling billows lay flatted upon the bosom of the deep! She, with her angelic sisterhood, sought the shores of the United States: with joyous acclamation, our fathers hailed her approach, eagerly espoused her cause, and acknowledged her rightful dominion!

tended with retrograde motion, yet if it advances in its course with the same velocity, the kingdoms of Europe, whose power now threatens the security of the most distant nations, will soon pass from their full phases, wane into opacity, and as little attract the attention of the people on this side of the Atlantic, as the present inhabitants of the once powerful states and empires of Persia, Egypt, Greece and Italy.

Since this period, the United States have enjoyed an unexampled freedom in the exercise of the *rights of conscience*, and of *governments*. Here no convoked Synod dictate a creed of religious faith, and suspend, on its adoption or rejection, eternal happiness or eternal damnation—no pontificate bulls of excommunication fulminate the denunciations of an angry GOD to the guilt-appalled sons of superstition—no licensed *Priests*,* sanctified from crimes by their holy office, mount the sacred Desk to preach the cause of tyrants—represent submission to unlawful authority as a Christian virtue, and inculcate the principles of pusillanimity and passive obedience!

Under the auspicious guardianship of great and good men, the rights of a free government have

* The uniform conduct of the Republican party, has convincingly refuted the unfounded charge of their hostility to religion, and irreverence for its ministers. To pour into the benighted mind the knowledge of an eternal existence beyond the present; to proclaim ransom to captive souls, labouring under the condemnation of sin and of death; and to offer consolation to the wretched, sinking under the accumulated miseries of human life, are labours worthy of men, whose lives are dedicated to the service of their GOD; and cannot fail to attract the gratitude of the pious and benevolent. But it is a fact, corroborated by the concurrent testimony of history, that in governments where religion has not been left to work its own establishment, but has been reared by the arm of legislative authority, the *priests* have ever been advocates of tyranny and illegitimate assumption of power. Ministers of the gospel have an undoubted right to freedom and enjoyment of their opinions in political affairs: but the severity of censure ought to be hurled upon them, when they introduce political animadversions into their ordinary exercises on the Sabbath; when they convert into electioneering hustings the sacred pulpit, from which should be heard no sound "but the healing voice of Christian charity."

been preserved to us. Our political horizon, however, has often been enveloped in clouds, and the sun of American Freedom obscured by storms.— Faction, the mother of most of those mighty revolutions, whose bloody footsteps have disfigured the finest countries of the *Old World*, has assailed the fortress of our *Independence*.

Far be it from me to brand with the disgraceful name of faction, an honest difference of opinion, arising from different conceptions of great national policy. But when party distinctions originate in the vanity of wealth, the proud sense of professional superiority, the restlessness of ambition, an unreasonable attachment to foreign powers, or a desire to change the existing form of government, they never fail to produce those convulsive spasms, which, ere long, terminate the existence of the body politic. There ever have been *some* in this country, who, seduced by the pomp and pageantry of regal governments, have cherished foreign predilections, and wished the subversion of our Republican institutions.

The *Tory spirit*, which manifested itself immediately after our glorious revolution, was considered as a transient cloud that followed the rear of the departed storm. During the first administration of our general government, it seemed imperceptibly to fade away, and amalgamate with the prevailing feelings of the nation. It, however, again appeared, in embodied deformity, to direct the measures of

the second Presidency. The sagacity of the people immediately recognized its presence, indignantly hurled it from the seat of power, and measurably expelled it from our national council. In the prosperous period of Mr. JEFFERSON'S administration, its expiring voice reached the public ear in faint and captious murmurs. When the contending belligerents of Europe had waged an exterminating war against the commerce of neutral nations, the United States nobly stood forth, and boldly asserted their rights and independence, even at the sacrifice of their unexampled prosperity. At the sight of this lowering cloud of adversity, the Demon of Toryism, as if regenerated by a MEDEAN process, started forth into vigorous life, raised the *horrid yell* of treason, even within the *walls of Congress*, made common cause with one of the *trans-Atlantic powers*, unfurled its *hostile banner*, congregated a band of *disappointed traitors, monarchists, aristocrats, and deluded Americans*, and assumed the terrific name of *Federalism!**

FREEMEN!—This is the monster, whose wiles you have to guard; whose influence you have to oppose. Vigilance is your only salvation. It will whis-

*For the truth of this assertion, I appeal to the conduct of Colonel PICKERING, and the *minority* in the last Congress; the vindication of the dastardly attack on the United States frigate, the Chesapeake, in a pamphlet, written over the imposing signature of "*A Yankee Farmer*;" and a series of numbers published in the Boston "*Repertory*;" and the sentiments conveyed in the Works of FISHER AMES—all which publications have been read with avidity, and considered by thorough-going Federalists as unerring as the sacred *responses* of the *Delphic oracle*.

per peace and conciliation,* at the same moment that it encourages rebellion, and invites treason. It will cry, *long live the Republic*, while it flashes in its hand a torch to burn the record of your freedom, and assails, with rude violence and elephantine force, the temples of your independence. Does this Demon disappear? Does peace resume a momentary reign? It is political fallacy—it is the awful period of incubation—treason is hatching into life—the political

* A short time before the last election in *Massachusetts*, there was no *censure*, however severe; no political *depravity*, however weak and wicked, which was not considered fully applicable to the general government, and its advocates. So successful were the Federal party in keeping up against them the cry of—*hostility to commerce—partiality to France—unconquerable animosity to England—and a wanton sacrifice of our dearest interests, in the prosecution of the Embargo system*—that the honest and well-intending people were hurried, without a moment's reflection, from their honour and their interest: resigned to these fatal impulses of their feelings, they forgot their duties as citizens, and the Federal ticket prevailed. The Federalists, conscious that the convulsions which had thrown them into the seats of power, must soon subside, and that their reprehensible artifices, which had given them a partial success, would speedily revert their influence, and bring them into degradation and disgrace, began to adopt measures for securing themselves in their elevation. This object could only be effected, by preserving the attachment of those citizens whose honest, but impetuous passions, had transported them from the path of rectitude. The trumpet for the cessation of political hostilities was sounded from the battlements of the Essex Junto. Governor GORE addressed the Legislature in a long speech, as mild and gentle as the whispering zephyrs, in which he deprecated the effects of party violence, advocated political toleration, inculcated respect for the rights of minorities, and declared, that *no man ought to be removed from office for his political sentiments*. But this same pacificator, before he had been a Governor three weeks, hurled from office *more than one hundred and forty Republicans*.

elements travail with destruction—it is the portentous calm that precedes the desolating whirlwind, or overwhelming tornado!

This is not the only power which jeopardizes our political existence. I would speak to the Americans, in the voice of the guardian angel of our liberty, to beware of foreign partiality. Seated on the promontory of our situation, we could never be endangered by the force of the dashing waves, rolled against its base by the agitating tempest of trans-Atlantic war. From this secure elevation, we may mark the splendid and dazzling career of the Imperial Conqueror; see ancient thrones, which have defied the mouldering lapse of time, and withstood the revolution of ages, fall prostrate to their base, before the resistless march of the victorious legions of the great NAPOLEON, and trace the disastrous course of a war, which has spread woe, death, and desolation, over the continent of Europe!

In another view, we may see the proud navy of Britain riding, the triumphant mistress of the ocean; and, on the ostensible principle of retaliation, committing universal rapine and piracy on the property of neutral nations! Past experience speaks an awful admonition. What friendship—what protection can we expect, from the great belligerents of Europe—who trample, with proud defiance, on the rights and liberties of mankind!

When we saw the French nation, following the glorious example of America, burst the chains of arbitrary dominion, and prostrate the powers of her ancient monarchy, and level those invidious distinctions which were nourished with the blood and sufferings of her oppressed people; when our minds laboured with the grateful recollection that the sons of France supported us with the strong arm of friendly alliance, in the most *awful* and *despairing moments* of our *revolutionary war*, we could not repress our strong prepossessions in favour of her cause, or our best wishes for her success and prosperity. The first dawning of the French revolution, was hailed by the united voice of freemen, as the most auspicious period in the annals of liberty. Its bright effulgence appeared to emanate from the throne of God, and to chase away the clouds which enveloped the miserable subjects of oppression. Tyrants stood agast at its appearance—horror shivered through the veins of their panic-struck minions. Its meridian splendour promised to dispel the darkness which veiled in mysteries the *thrones of despotism*, and to melt the chains which bound in thralldom the *nations of the earth*. While the sons of liberty were viewing the ascending glory of this luminary, their eyes were shocked by its sudden change—its brightness faded away—a ghastly paleness covered its disk, and it vanished in a shower of blood!

Since the crimes of revolutionary France have passed away, all Europe has bled at every artery, under

the aggravated wrongs inflicted by the *Tyrant* of the continent. This proud and *unfeeling despot*, sits in his metropolis, and speaks his dread sentence against a nation, and its doom is irrevocable; the ministers of his wrath, in the plenitude of power, go forth from conquering unto conquest. Though he may now exult in his invincible strength, and scoff at all human opposition, the period may not be distant, when the same reverse of fortune will await him which intercepted the victorious career of CHARLES XII. and LOUIS XIV.

“For, though the structure of a tyrant’s throne
 “Rise on the necks of half the suffering world,
 “Fear trembles in the cement. Prayers, and tears,
 “And secret curses, sap its mouldering base,
 “And steal the pillars of allegiance from it.”

BETWEEN NAPOLEON and FREEMEN, there is no sympathy; no reciprocity of interests: he befriends to betray—and protects to destroy: his presence is a basilisk to liberty!

Are there men so lost to the honourable sentiments of Americans, as to *entertain predilections* for Great Britain? Alas! it is too true, that *such men** are to be found in almost every section of our country.—

[The following note should have appeared at the foot of the 23d page—and the one there affixed substituted for this.]

*When AARON BURR was arraigned for treason, Federalists generally took a lively interest in his fate; affected to believe him innocent, and criminated the government for persecution against him. Some of the most conspicuous characters in that party, have also undisguisedly advocated the superiority of monarchical governments, and appeal to

At the mere *thought* of their unwarrantable partiality and *treasonable conduct* under its impetuous influence, a *torrent of indignation rushes to the heart, and almost stops the current of existence.* Good GOD! are these *slaves* of a foreign power so wickedly unmindful of the *sufferings* of more than *four thousand American citizens, incarcerated in the British floating dungeons,* and condemned to all the *horrors of slavery?* Have they so soon forgotten who awoke the merciless passions of the savages, on our frontiers, and instigated them to encrimson their *tomahawks* in the *blood of aged and infirm men, defenceless women, and innocent children?* Have these *degenerate Americans* obliterated from their remembrance the sufferings of the *unfortunate sons of liberty,* committed to the *New-York prison-ships?* In these *mansions of contagious disease,* and *lingering death,* more than *eleven thousand free-men* gloriously perished by famine, by pestilence, and by poison! Here is a deed that would consign to eternal infamy the character of any nation; a deed which, for depravity and wickedness, in vain challenges the times of most savage barbarity, to produce a parallel coloured with such deep and damning stains

Great Britain as the model of perfection. It is likewise in this party we see men, whose wealth has given them a notoriety and an adventitious influence, expressing their contempt of what they call "the majesty of the people," representing them to be an "Hydra," or many-headed monster, which can have no unity of design, or uniformity of action; telling them they "ought not to have any thing to do with legislation," and expressing anxiety, to "save them from their worst enemies—their selves." These things are too plain to be denied, or need proof.

of national injustice. The united testimony of history teems with repeated proofs of English meanness, treachery, and barbarity.

Cast your eyes across the *Atlantic*, and view the condition of IRELAND. In the distribution of its favours, *Providence* never bestowed more generosity, or planted a more instinctive love of liberty, in the bosoms of any people, than the *oppressed* and *degraded* IRISH. Every engine of tyranny, which wickedness, depravity, and cold-hearted cruelty, could invent, has been directed against this nation, to bear down their *bold and aspiring spirit of Independence*, and make them the *servile minions of a Tyrant*.— They have nobly despised the rod of slavery, which was suspended over their heads, menacing woe and death, and with their *own blood*, sealed upon their *oppressors, eternal execrations*, and secured for *themselves, a name of immortal remembrance!* In defiance of all opposition, geniuses have arisen, the superior splendor of whose talents has spread the cheering beams of liberty to the remotest regions of the *earth*. Before the contaminating touch of English venality had debased their minds, her BURKES, her SHERIDANS, her GRATTANS, and her CURRANS, have often snatched the devoted victim from the jaws of persecuting death, rolled back the torrent of corruption, and shaken the fell powers of despotism!

This *people*, who deserve, for their vigorous defence of the rights of mankind, a Paradise on earth,

wander *miserable exiles*, outlawed from their *country and friends*, and in vain seek security from the *scorpion scourge* of an unrelenting government.—*Some, even in this country, the favoured land of Liberty; the boasted asylum of the oppressed of all nations, have raised the cry of persecution against the Sons of Erin, and represented them as guilty fugitives from the impartial sentence of violated law!*

THE EAST INDIES, surely had every claim on the friendship and protection of the BRITISH government. But with them it has broken every tie of allegiance—it has travelled through the whole range of crimes, at the recollection of which, every feeling of humanity shudders with *deep-felt abhorrence*. Torture, rapine, and poverty, have followed its footsteps. Kingdoms have been plundered, to support the magnificence of *British pride*—extensive and fertile regions, which were once covered with millions of people, and flourished in all the exuberance of cultivation, have been depopulated by the ravages of avarice—the *wild beasts of nature now range over this wide desolation, and the winds of heaven howl mournful through the vacant dwellings of the murdered inhabitants!**

*To prove this picture is not overlaid with too glaring colours, I refer to the *articles of impeachment* exhibited against WARREN HASTINGS, Governor-General of Bengal and the British India possessions. I subjoin the following extracts, partly to shew the blessings of British friendship and protection, and partly for their superior eloquence.—

“Should any *stranger* survey the land formerly SUJAH DOWLAH’S, and seek the causes of its calamities; should he ask what monstrous

This is but a faint description of the wickedness and crimes of that government, at whose feet, a portion of *my deluded countrymen* would lay the charter of our liberties; and into whose hands they would commit, for preservation, our political rights. O! miserable *dupes!* ungrateful *Americans!* the very idea is political suicide; it is an impious indignity offered to the consecrated ashes of our revolutionary patriots!

madness had ravaged thus with wide-spread war; what desolating foreign foe; what disputed possession; what religious zeal; what fabled monster, has stalked abroad, and with malice and mortal enmity to man, has withered with the gripe of death every growth of nature and humanity—all these means of delight, and each original and simple principle of bare existence?—The answer would be, if any *dare* be given, No, alas! not one of these things: no *desolating foreign foe*—no disputed possession—no religious superserviceable zeal! This damp of death is the mere effusion of BRITISH AMITY. We (the inhabitants of India) sink under the pressure of *their* support—we writhe under the gripe of *their pestiferous alliance*."

[*Sheridan's Speech, on the trial of Warren Hastings.*]

Speaking of the magnitude of HASTING's crimes, he again says—"An object for which history searches for any similarity in vain—the deep-searching annals of TACITUS—the luminous philosophy of GIBBON—all the *record of man's enormity*, from original sin, down to the time in which we pronounce it, dwindle into comparative insignificance of enormity, both in aggravations of *vile principles*, and the *extent of their consequential ruin*."

This man, either by the all-powerful influence of the immense wealth he had acquired by such atrocious crimes, or some other unaccountable means, was acquitted, even against a luminary of proof.

For further information on this subject, see Mr. BURKE's excellent and eloquent speeches on Fox's *India Bill*, and on the NABOB of ARCOR's debts.

I would guard my countrymen against a mistaken and dangerous notion, which has gained the approbation of some very honest politicians. By these, *wealth* is considered *national prosperity*; and its *preservation* the first and most important *object* of government. Opulence is power; and power, accumulated in particular hands, is destructive of liberty. With the political, as well as the natural body, a disproportionate increase clogs its vital operations, and hastens the period of its dissolution: but a gradual, and progressive growth, extends to all the extremities, diffusing health, vigour, and longevity. Permit me to establish this position by a few examples.

Wealth was unknown in most of the states of Greece, when she exhibited those astonishing prodigies of virtue and valour, which glitter on the brightest pages of history, and are destined to visit the latest posterity. These sons of poverty, defied the congregated powers of luxury and corruption: at the streights of *Thermopylae*, and on the plains of *Marathon*, they displayed their immeasurable superiority over the countless and voluptuous myrmidons of Persia. But oriental opulence, and its inseparable effeminacy, have long since debased these demi-gods of earth, even below the level of mere men.

ROME disregarded riches, and despised commerce, when she laid the the broad foundation of that empire, whose dominion reached the confines of the

habitable globe. But when her *invincible legions* bore her *victorious eagle* into the rich and luxurious countries of EGYPT and PERSIA, and captive monarchs followed the triumphal car of her conquering generals, through the streets of her proud metropolis, amidst the shouts and acclamations of a ravished populace, she was introducing, with this pomp and parade, that *opulence* and *luxury*; that *consequent love of distinction*; that *venality* and *corruption*, which poured a flood of poison into the minds of her citizens, to quench their ardour of liberty, demoralize their republican principles, and hasten the last and fatal period of Roman greatness.

CARTHAGE was a *commercial* and *opulent Republic*. Her fleets rode incumbent on the waves of every sea; the winds of heaven wafted the riches of all nations to her ports. But her splendour was as momentary as the lightning, which flashes upon the dark storm, and vanishes in undistinguished night. Her commercial sons, seized with the mania of avarice, sold her means of defence, and bartered, for gold, her liberty and independence.

SPAIN was one of the most formidable powers of Europe. The enterprising spirit of her subjects, immediately after the *discovery* of the *New World*, manifested itself in all the excesses of chivalry, and led her armies to measure the lofty elevation of the Andes, and explore the vast and unknown regions of South America. But when the mines of SACOTE-SAS and POTOSI, disgorged their deleterious con-

tents into Spain, a benumbing stupor palsied the active energies of the Spaniards, and they ignobly sunk from their superior rank, below the common level of national respectability.

ENGLAND seems to stand a solitary example, contradicting the universal experience of other nations; but she, with an apparent stability, has travelled through the whole orbit of revolutionary empire. Anarchy, monarchy, aristocracy, and despotism, have, at times, directed the operations of this *Protean* government. *Corruption* now seems to give it *life and motion*, and has become a component part of its political existence—venality is its most nourishing aliment—contamination is its most refreshing atmosphere! In our national pursuits, *wealth and commercial importance* are *objects of secondary attainments*—the *preservation of our rights, the first*. If such is the gigantic power of the tyrants of the seas, and such their system of depredation, that we cannot enjoy the rights of commerce without the sacrifice of our Independence, let us withdraw from the ocean—if our habitations and wealth, in the Atlantic states, can be held by no better tenure than submission to a despot, let us retire to the gloom of the western wilderness, and live with nature's fierce inhabitants—but *let us be free!*

Power, long enjoyed, corrupts, and produces the pride of domination. Hence the necessity of vigilance over persons entrusted with delegated authority. Favour or partiality should never be suffered to pal-

liate the impolitic and unauthorised acts of public servants; neither should party virulence, or factious rancour, be permitted to blast their characters with undeserved disgrace. We should always remember, that

“Men’s actions are their heralds, and they fix

“Beyond the dates of monuments, of epitaphs,

“Renown or infamy.”

Our intestine broils and critical situation, are said to spring from the *imbecile, wicked, and partial administration* of the general government. Mr. JEFFERSON is represented as the magician, who, with his *wand of political incantations*, has conjured up the storm which now rages in our hemisphere. An infuriated faction sneeringly exult in their successful slander, which has unjustly and impiously stamped with disgrace, this old and service-worn patriot—they already sing their midnight orgies over the *immature manes* of his assassinated reputation—the *shrivelled hand of envy* has wielded the *pen of malice*,* to fix upon this character unmerited infamy; but the congregated powers of deception, calumny,

* The rancorous enemies of this worthy and enlightened statesman, have exhausted the credit of their public prints, in attempting to vilify his character; but not content with this, they have had recourse to other schemes of detraction. That their labours may, at the same time, work an injury to the United States, and subserve the interest of Great Britain—that their productions might be conceived and expressed in the true spirit of Federal animosity, STEPHEN CULLEN CARPENTER, the former editor of the *Charleston Courier*, and the *People’s Friend*—a British emissary, and a long and laborious supporter of the Federal cause, has been employed to write memoirs of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

malignity, wickedness, and depravity, labour in vain—his glorious deeds have reared a COLLOSSUS to his memory, which will out-live the *volumes of faction*, and, in durability, triumph over the brazen monuments of recording fame!

Mr. JEFFERSON has been accused of a deadly hostility to the commercial interests of the United States—but I challenge the most rancourous Federalist, be he a Briton or an American, to produce a single act of his long and useful life, to substantiate the charge. He has ever showed an unexampled activity and solicitude for the promotion of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. I will enumerate only a few of his public acts, which have been favourable to our commerce. He opened the markets of France to our fishermen—he extended our commerce in the Mediterranean—he strenuously contended, “*that free bottoms make free goods*,” the surrender of which principle, in a former treaty, disgraced our country, and invited those haughty demands, whose refusal has involved us in our present difficulties. He made report after report to Congress, in which he urged the extension, improvement, and maintenance of our commercial rights, with invincible arguments, and resistless eloquence—and, be it spoken with eternal honour to his name, he has ever manfully contended for the rights of our impressed and enslaved sailors, whose cries, for the interposition of their ungrateful country, float on every breeze from the Atlantic, and

sound in the ears of Freeman, like the groans of expiring liberty! Before these facts, how does the mountain of accusations, unblushingly heaped upon his character, "fall like the baseless fabric of a vision," and dwindle into annihilation. It will be said, that the *Embargo* is the political blasphemy, that consigns his name to eternal perdition. If the wisdom of this measure, so well *calculated* to rescue our wide-extended commerce from the devouring grasp of the TYGER of the continent, and the SHARK of the ocean, could not quiet the *brawl* of federal toryism, the consequences of a deviation from its policy, ought to seal its mouth in the silence of death.

Had Mr. JEFFERSON, who bears the high responsibility of the measures of his administration—and who, if he regards his future fame, will glory in the distinction, been possessed of the fabled powers of the *Heathen Deities*, the *censures* of his enemies would be less unreasonable and *absurd*. Had he seized with the *omnipotent arm of Jove*, the forked lightning of heaven, and dashed in pieces the *piratical navy of Britain*, and with the *dread trident of NEPTUNE*, scattered its fragments upon Atlantic waves—had he, like *ÆOLUS*, unbarred the *caverns* of the *mountains*, and let loose the *incarcerated winds*, and with the fury of a conflicting storm, swept from the margin of the sea, the *island of Great Britain*—or had he, in the voice of Almighty prerogative, when it gave limits to the raging waters, said to the con-

quering armies of NAPOLEAN, "*Thus far shall you go, and no farther—here shall your victorious career be stayed*"—or had he, with a still more God-like attribute, purged away the *iniquity and corruption* from the *cabinets of Europe*, and forced them to respect the violated rights of neutral nations, *then, and only then, could he have averted our impending calamities!* Preposterous and wicked as it is, we see this great and good man, who has shone as a star of the first magnitude, amid the brightest constellation of geniuses that ever adorned the most distinguished æra of the world—who has spent a life of *patriotic exertions* in the *service of his country*, and who has retired from the acme of human elevation, against the wishes and prayers of his grateful countrymen, with but a miserable remnant of existence—I say, we see this man assailed with all the rancour of party animosity, and by those too, who, under his administration, have basked in the *sunshine of liberty*, and *wallowed* in the *abundance of national prosperity*. His virtues, as a private man, and his services, as a patriot,

"Plead, like Angels, trumpet-tongued, against

"The deep damnation"

of such slanderers. If that philosophy be true, which teaches that the form and expressure of the body, in the world to come, will bear a proportion to the virtues and goodness in this life, JEFFERSON will rise with the perfection of man, and "walk distinguished in the Paradise of God!"

BROTHERS!

For our country, and the cause of liberty, we rejoice that Mr. MADISON now occupies the *chair of Presidency*. The *tenor* of his past life, and his *able defence* of the late administration, have secured to him the honourable confidence of an enlightened public. His firmness and integrity are not to be shaken by all the blandishments of a meretricious faction. Though Toryism calls him its darling child, and offers him all the spoils and trophies of the contemplated pillage of our country, his Democratic virtue disdains the appellation, and indignantly spurns the rich donative.

Dear to the eyes of Freemen, is the light which has just made its appearance in the north.* It is not the *Aurora-borealis*, which faintly gilds the terrific darkness of night—it is the bright effulgence of Liberty, revisiting the north-eastern regions that lay beyond the Arctic of Republicanism!

* The late election in Vermont, is a glorious triumph to the friends of liberty, and a sore defeat to their opponents. Though intrigue and misrepresentation may obscure the minds of freemen, and blind them to their real interests for a moment, the truth and force of correct principles will soon dispel the darkness, and restore the bewildered to themselves and their country. It appears *Rhode-Island* is convalescent, and we do fondly believe that Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, at their next elections, will be seen rising from a momentary degradation, with a penitential resolution, never to become the dupes of men, whose object is the acquisition of power, *per fas aut nefas*.

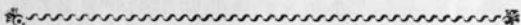
BROTHERS!

Some have honestly questioned the propriety of our institution, on the grand principle of national policy. Such scrupulous men surely cannot listen a single moment to the *bickerings of pigmy-malice*, nor heed the *ravings of a mad faction*, whose object is the destruction of every barrier which can possibly defend the liberties of our country. Our Society is founded on the sentiments which actuate Freemen, and has for its object the cultivation of the social virtues; the concentration of political knowledge; the perpetuation of those principles which eventuated in AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. In our social capacity, we claim no exemptions or immunities; we restrain no member in the exercise of his political opinions. Our Institution is not, as has been represented, a conventicle of faction: it is the palace of Liberty, whose rampired battlements will defy the rude assaults of despotism: the terror of its Republican strength shall stifle the secret thoughts of treason: the bold invader of our rights shall tremble at the name of *TAMMANY!* Justly has it spread alarm and discomfiture through the ranks of our country's enemies, from the daring, unprincipled villain, who has judgment to plot, and presumption to attempt, the ruin of our liberties, down to the most contemptible slave, who implicitly obeys the mandates of a superior, and panders political infamy for daily bread!

BROTHERS!

May you always bear in remembrance the designs of our institution, and duly appreciate the high prerogatives of Freeman. May you rightly discern the duties of rulers, and the privileges of the ruled; and as zealously guard against the extreme of licentiousness, as that of oppression. May the SONS OF TAMMANY never so far sink into political idolatry, as to bow the knee to the proud puppet of a King, always the weakest and meanest, or the basest and wickedest of mankind. May they never swell the giddy multitude of sycophantic slaves, who surround the presence of majesty, to administer to his guilty pleasures, and implicitly execute his high behest.

I will believe, that if the time shall ever come, when the secret influence of luxury and corruption shall enervate our national strength; when the rights and privileges of the common people shall be gradually swallowed up by the growing power of a haughty and self-created aristocracy; and when it shall please Heaven to put a period to our existence as a free nation, the SONS OF TAMMANY, who have witnessed the inevitable destruction of their liberties, will be seen retreating over the prostrate ruins of our Republican institutions, to the WIGWAM—and there live or die with the surviving or expiring flame of our violated FREEDOM!



TRADITIONAL ACCOUNT
OF THE
Life of Tammany.
AN
INDIAN CHIEF.



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LIFE OF TAMMANY.

IT may not be improper to introduce the history of TAMMANY, by making a few observations on the present state of the *Indians*. It is, indeed, a lamentable truth, that the wretched condition of those, who have quitted their proper residence, renounced their tribal associations, and wander among the inhabitants of our country, claims our commiseration, and has an irresistible tendency to set the tide of popular opinion against them. In the foregoing Oration, an attempt has been made to describe their happy situation before the establishment of the Europeans in their country, and to develop some of the causes of their present degeneracy. Their country was taken from them—their wars were rendered more frequent, and more destructive, by the introduction of fire-arms—their numbers were gradually diminished, and their former enjoyments were decreased. Under the wasting consumption of national vigour, the lassitude of political decline, and the weight of repeated calamities, their emulation dies in inaction, and the resistless conviction of their future destiny, breaks upon their minds; their hopes cease to flatter, and their prospects fail to allure. When multiplied miseries crowded upon them, blasting their national reputation, long cherished and cautiously protected by numberless anxi-

eties, frustrating all the dear pursuits of domestic happiness, and the fond anticipation of future aggrandizement, and stupifying that animation which bears the soul, on the buoyant wings of hope, over the asperities of life's rugged journey, usurps the moments of inglorious apathy, and employs them with ever-toiling activity—they threw themselves into the arms of despair—fell from the high destination of their existence, debased the dignity of their species, and now labour only to satisfy the demands of their bestial propensities. When we see this perversion of nature—this wreck of character, we should carry our minds from the examination of the real objects, to the contemplation of what they might have been, and of the various stages through which they have been conducted, from exaltation to the lowest state of degradation. More especially should this be the employment of our minds, when it is remembered, that our social felicity and national importance spring from the misfortunes of these wretched people. Shall we, who have compounded the *ingredients*, and administered the *potion*, which has wrought these extensive and calamitous effects, exult over the victims of its influence? Shall we scoff at the distresses we have inflicted? No—Let us view, in charity, the fallen estate of these sons of nature, and communicate every consolatory aid which may atone for our past errors, and alleviate their present miseries—let us recollect they are the same race, and believe they are capable of the same friendship and generosity—the same independence

of soul and love of liberty, which distinguished a POCAHONTAS or a LOGAN. Justice and humanity demand that we should cast off our illiberal and barbarous notions concerning the *Indians*, and no longer amuse ourselves with the unreal picture of their unmerciful cruelty, savage ferocity, and barbarous inhumanity.

I would also observe, before I commence the life of TAMMANY, that our information of this subject is derived from the uncertain light of *tradition*, which often bewilders the most inquisitive researcher, by the apparent inconsistency of *facts*, and seeming irreconciliation of *chronology*. From this source has been gathered the following account of TAMMANY.

Beyond the *Alleghanies*, and on the pleasant banks of the *Ohio*, lived this *Illustrious Chief*, renowned for fortitude in adversity, prudent courage in war, and consummate wisdom in council. The territory, now occupied by the states of Delaware and Pennsylvania, was the theatre of his youthful exploits. In his first essays in war, and before his nation removed to their last and permanent residence, he gave abundant assurances of those great and glorious qualities, which he exhibited in after life. His superior services attracted the attention, and engaged the imitation of his fellow-warriors, raised him through the various ranks of promotion, and at an early age, he became a distinguished *Chief* of a powerful nation. His juvenile ardour, and aspiring ambition, naturally inclined him to war.—

He often chastised, too severely, the accidental and inoffensive encroachments of his neighbours. Ever zealous for the rights of his people, he was always prepared for their defence, and ready to sacrifice every thing for their preservation. In a short time, he dispelled all external dangers, and tranquilized all internal discontent. His military spirit, which had been displayed with so much glory to himself, and advantage to his country, began to abate, and was almost lost in his growing attachment to the arts of peace, and the blessings of civilization. He gradually counteracted the propensity of his people for wandering from place to place; fixed them in a secure and fertile region, and established them in a state of colonization. His warriors felt the inquietude of tranquility, and reproached their chief with pusillanimity, and a fatal disregard of their national interest. TAMMANY heard, with anxious concern, the murmurs of his people, and attempted to reason down their absurd prejudices; but he soon found, that addresses to the reason of those who are unreasonable in their complaints, only increase the rage of the disease, without advancing the remedy.—Unwilling to believe that the voice of truth could be so easily lost in the noise of faction, or that the nation at large would so completely lose sight of their honour and interest, as to become dupes to the designs of a few restless warriors, he was determined to make an open appeal to their experience and sound discretion. He accordingly notified a con-

sultation of the wise men. When they were assembled in their usual manner, and the *council-fire* lighted, TAMMANY arose and delivered the following talk.—

“BROTHERS!—To you I submit my past conduct, and by your decision am I willing to abide. With you I have shared the toils of the *chase*: with you I have fought and conquered the enemy. What danger have you encountered—what sufferings have you endured, in which I have not been a partaker? Have I not been exposed to the burning rays of the summer’s sun? Have I not chilled under the freezing touch of the winter’s frost? Where are those enemies, whose nightly yells formerly disturbed the peace of the *wigwam*; whose daily invasions brought danger, and often destruction, to us and our families? They have fled from the terror of our warfare. They have left us the quiet possession of our game and our hunting-ground.

“BROTHERS!—Do you complain, because we have peace, and I rejoice in its continuance? Do you desire to *unbury the tomahawk*, and redden it in the blood of those who respect our rights? Do you wish to leave your country and families, to wage war with those who will join to brighten the *chain of amity*, and to smoke the *calumet of peace*?

“BROTHERS!—The GREAT SPIRIT has given us all the necessary enjoyments of life. For us, his

children, he first caused our *island*, which reaches from the morning to the evening sun, to rise from beneath the great waters. At his command, the waters receded, and the hills lifted up their lofty heads. He formed the *lakes*—he made the *rivers* to flow—he covered the face of this *great island* with *forests*—he peopled the one with fishes, and the other with animals. He strewed with his own hand the *seeds* of those *plants*, whose potent influence mitigates pain, and cures disease. When the *sun* drinks up the *juices* of the *earth*, and sears the leaves of trees and plants, he distills his refreshing showers, and revives the joys of drooping nature. When the *Evil Spirit* usurps the air, and scatters pestilence among us, our GREAT FATHER clothes himself in clouds, rides upon the storm, and with his lightning drives our subtle enemy beyond the big *mountains*!

“BROTHERS!—These, and many more, are the blessings he gives to his *Red Children*. Let us not refuse these proffered gifts, and spend our lives in the cruel destruction of each other. Let us cultivate friendship, improve the opportunities of *peace*, and never unbury the *tomahawk*, until our *country's good* requires it.

“BROTHERS!—Do not think that I would brook the insult or encroachment of those who disregard the *will* of the GREAT SPIRIT.—While I have strength to fight, or a life to sacrifice, in defence of my country, I will never suffer any nation to violate our liberties!”

After this *talk*, the assembly expressed their confidence in the unviolated integrity and unshaken firmness of TAMMANY—applauded his reign, as the most glorious in the *long story* of Indian tradition—entreated the GREAT SPIRIT to make his years many, and, with apparent satisfaction, retired to their respective *wigwams*.

TAMMANY grew in his attachment to a reign of peace. His mind was incessantly exercised in digesting the rudiments of those arts whose perfection is the boast and the happiness of *civilized society*.—Convinced that a *continual readiness for war* was the *most effectual security for lasting peace*, he always exhibited to his neighbours a constant preparation for hostilities. He improved the arts of *hunting* and *fishing*; he taught his people to erect more permanent and commodious habitations; he made great advances in agriculture. His attention was often directed to the contemplation of the *astonishing works* of the GREAT SPIRIT.—

“Though knowledge to his eyes her ample page,

“Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unfold,”

he was not destitute of the wisdom which elevates the character and advances the happiness of man.—He was also intent on the thorough comprehension of the principles of government which were exemplified in his imperfect association. He soon discovered, that customs, partial in their operation, and pernicious in their consequences, were firmly established and sanctified, by immemorial usage. An undis-

guised attempt to reform them, would be showing a disrespect to ancient institutions, and introducing a dangerous spirit of innovation: it would be sliding from their pedestals, the mighty pillars which sustained the edifice of government. He had likewise learned, that when this spirit of innovation is once indulged, there is *nothing too good—nothing too sacred*, for it to demolish: in its estimation, those *institutions* which have long been the *support and security of society*, are founded in *error and imperfection*: the *wisdom* of past ages is *folly and weakness*. He had to guard against the licentiousness of this rage for novelty, and yet to effect a secret and radical correction of those abuses which the safety of his people absolutely required. Crimes were punished with a severity proportionate to the magnitude of the offence. Contending parties, seeking the redress of grievances, were patiently heard, and had their rights ascertained by solemn adjudications. JUSTICE, EQUALITY, and MERCY, sat upon the same bench, and mingled their respective and proper influence in every decision. Their power was as free from *bias or controul*, in this Indian tribunal, as it ever was in the *Roman forum*, or the *Grecian areopagus*. Difference of rank arose according to superior merit and transcendent services. The customs of the nation were supreme in authority, constant in operation, and impartial in execution. The most exalted subject, and the meanest suppliant, equally felt the privileges of security, and the terrors of transgression. TAMMANY

studiously inculcated the idea, that government was instituted for the *happiness* of the *governed*, and not for the *pride of rulers*; and that *all customs*, founded on the *arbitrary will* of the SACHEM, or prompted by *passion*, were *odious* and *intolerable*. The superior merit of those who anxiously promoted the general weal, and sacrificed private interest to public utility, was justly commended, and attracted signal reward. Liberality of sentiment was indulged—persecution suppressed—public or private oppression was unknown. Numerous were the salutary regulations adopted by this *wise legislator*. When the gradual encroachments of the *European settlers* had excited the alarm, and awoke the revengeful passions of the *Indians*, all the nations at peace notified the *grand council of the west*, to devise a scheme for a general attack upon their *invaders*. TAMMANY, and his distinguished warriors, obeyed the summons. After the *council* was formed, the consultation was opened by an *Indian* of eminence, who had visited the settlements, and learned the real intentions of the colonists. He addressed the assembly, in substance, as follows.—

“FRIENDS AND BROTHERS!—I have visited the *white men*, and know the number of their warriors, and their skill in war. They have crossed the great waters to live in *our country*. They say they fled from *wicked men*. When they came, they were *suffering strangers*, and, therefore, *friends*. They asked for a *little spot* of our country: we gave it them.

They wanted to enjoy their religion. Little did we think that they would despise ours, and oblige us to believe theirs, which we cannot comprehend. They soon quarrelled with us, and claimed larger possessions in our country: we yielded to them, and took new *hunting-ground*. They fought with us, and conquered, because they were assisted by the *Evil Spirit*, who usurped the thunder, and turned it to our destruction.

“BROTHERS!—Shall we submit to the wrongs of those whom we treated as *friends*, but who have destroyed us as *enemies*? Shall we, like the *timid deer*, fly before our *cruel hunters*? Shall we retire from country to country—from the residence of our morning life—the land of our revered ancestors, and their sacred relics, which we have sworn to protect, even with our lives? Every feeling of nature—every noble sentiment of man revolts at the degeneracy. A voice of awful censure issues from the tombs of our fathers, and upbraids us with cowardice and shame.

“*Brothers!*—Let us *defend our rights*—let us turn upon *our pursuers*—let us never lay down the *toma-hawk*, until we have given *their flesh to the wolves*, and left *their bones to whiten on the fields* they have desolated!”

When he ended, the whole council seemed to forget their tribal animosities, which usually create ungenerous suspicions, and frustrate all schemes of advantage arising from harmonious union, and uniform

co-operation; and they were inclined to join their strength, and make one general descent on their *invaders*. The retrospect of the speaker awakened the sentiments of *other times*—poured afresh over their mind the remembrance of past misfortunes, and opened, through the *visto* of *futurity*, an awful presentiment of their approaching fate. After a long silence, and a scrutinizing observance of the prevailing disposition of the council, TAMMANY arose, and requested their attention.—

“BROTHERS,” said he, “this is an important consultation. We ought to conform to the will of the GREAT SPIRIT, who gave us this island, and who, if he chooses, can give it to another people, or sink it beneath the waters, whence it came. The *wisdom* of *counsellors* is manifested, in forming practicable designs, and adopting means best fitted for their speedy execution. The *excellence* of *warriors*, consists in exercising prudence, without fear, and daring courage, without wanton rashness. Is not the contemplated object unattainable? Are not death and destruction in the very means for its accomplishment?

“Truly has *our brother* told the *story* of the *white men*; but can we drive them from our country, even if we could assemble all the warriors scattered over the extended territory of our great Island, and rush in one furious storm upon them? It is probable we might surprize their *women* and *children*. But shall we delight in the destruction of those who have never participated in the offence? The blood of these

innocent victims, will serve no other purpose, but to exasperate our foe, and hurry on the disastrous period of our fate. Suppose we succeed, even beyond all probable calculation, and drive them to the ocean's edge, can we follow them in their *big canoes*, which ride secure amid the conflict of billows, and contend with the spirit of the angry storm? They would soon return strengthened by an increase of numbers, and more terrible by new instruments of warfare. Before these *dreadful engines*, which belch forth fire and death—before their matchless skill and superior numbers, we must retire even from the lands we now possess, or perish in hopeless opposition. Shall we press forward, when we see the precipice at our feet, yawning with inevitable ruin?

“BROTHERS!—Do not think I fear the white men! Some of you have known me, both as an *enemy* and a *friend*. Did I ever turn my face to any foe, or shrink from the most frightful dangers? We have yet lands enough for all the delights of life.—Let us forgive *past injuries*, and *cultivate friendly intercourse*. Let us bind, in *one chain of union*, all the children of the GREAT SPIRIT!”

A majority of the assembly took umbrage at TAMMANY'S observations, and accused him of *treachery* to his friends, and *cringing servility* to his powerful enemies. They immediately exclaimed, TAMMANY is a friend to the whites. May the EVIL SPIRIT baulk him in all his designs—may he find an enemy behind every tree—may his path be

ambushed—may the peace of his *wigwam* be continually disturbed—may his enemies prevail over him, and reduce his nation to wretched bondage! The impetuous torrent of their indignation threatened to overleap the established bounds of Indian hospitality, and to jeopardize the personal security of TAMMANY, and his council-warriors, who were considered as friendly visitors in a neighbour's country. It was with difficulty they could effect an escape from the unrelenting fury of the exasperated and indignant Indians. The *grand enterprize* was renounced, and the council agreed to turn their united power against TAMMANY, the *friend* of the *whites*. As he expected, so he was prepared for the commencement of hostilities. He told his warriors that nothing but the *defence* of their country, and the *maintainance of their rights*, could induce him to forego the *happiness* and *prosperity* of *peace*, for the *toils* and *dangers* of *war*. He reminded them, that they would now have an opportunity to exercise their courage, and show to their enemies, that though they are *gentle* in *peace*, yet that they were *terrible* in *war*; and that they might expect victory would crown their efforts, because they were led on by *Justice herself*, and acted under the *approving eye* of the GREAT SPIRIT.

This war, which ensued immediately after the *great consultation of the West*, was characterized with an acrimony unequalled, with courage unexampled, and with glorious exploits, unparalleled in

the *long chronicle of Indian hostilities*. TAMMANY, at the head of his hardy and experienced *warriors*, performed wonderous feats of valour, and exercised a sagacity which, at the same time, devised well-concerted stratagems to circumvent his adversaries, and explored their deep-laid schemes. Often did *his personal bravery and self-command*, avert the most imminent dangers, and extricate himself from a host of assailants.

In the midst of this war, which raged with such resistless virulence, TAMMANY showed a strong disposition to mitigate the *horrors of torture*, practised upon the unfortunate prisoners, and the wanton *cruelties of captivity*.

Those who are versed in the principles of human nature, and have ascertained the influence of custom, and the power of habit, very well know that the character of nations, as well as individuals, is in a great measure factitious. This consideration will readily suggest a good and weighty excuse for the ferocity and barbarism exercised in the hostilities of uncivilized nations. But this savage cruelty, which has so long been the theme of clamour and invective against the primitive state of mankind, is not alone confined to this stage of society, neither does it always increase or diminish according to the elevation or depression of a nation's local situation on the scale of civilization and refinement. The progress, which most of the nations of Europe have made in these arts, during the last century,

has been from vigorous maturity to that period of declining health, in which the seminal principles of corruption begin to unfold their latent existence, and work the secret contamination of national vitality. Notwithstanding this prodigality of national vigour, astonishing and happy changes have been wrought, worthy the most promising ages of the world. A philanthropic spirit, whose chief object has been to mitigate the severity of penal laws, has gently spread from country to country, until the most considerable nations of the earth are included within its wide-extended circumference. Its gradual influence has measurably abolished the courts of inquisition, and prostrated the gibbet and the gallows. No longer is the traveller shocked at the sight of human carcases, half wasted by putrefaction, the hapless victims of rigorous and sanguinary laws—no longer are dungeons used as national sepulchres, whose voracious maw is fed by the hand of unrelenting justice, with the strength, and often the virtue of an empire's population.

It is the wish of every benevolent mind, that humanity and philanthropy may work a thorough reformation in the penal laws of nations; and that lenity may usurp the dominion of severity, and rule with an equally imperious sway. But timid opponents may say, that this *triumph* of lenity, would be the *triumph* of crimes—that the reality of this benevolent reformation would be demolishing the distinctions between the innocent and the guilty, and

opening upon society the sluices of licentiousness, through which would flow a deluge of iniquity, sweeping away the ancient and revered land-marks that have hitherto measured the range of offence, and limited the confines of punishment. Experience disclaims this declamation as *folly and weakness*. The Marquis BECCARIA, M. VOLTAIRE, and Dr. RUSH, have proved, from various experiments of many governments, including some of the United States, as well as by conclusive arguments, drawn from the nature of the subject, *that the number of crimes perpetrated, decrease with the abating rigour of penal punishments*.

I have wandered thus far from my course, to shew that barbarism may, and has existed, even in nations famed for their improvements in civilization; that it is a creature of education; and that it may be nourished in every government, and in any of its stages, from beginning to dissolution: therefore, its *prevalence in Indian hostilities*, does not make against the generosity and humanity of their characters.

After the termination of this war, the *cheering beams of peace* again visited the country of TAMMANY—the joys of the *chase* were revived—the arts of social life were cultivated—the genial influence of happiness was manifest through the wole nation.—*Where there is liberty, there will be commotions*; but they are seldom those commotions which destroy national felicity, or jeopardize national security. Even laws, conceived and made in the gen-

vine spirit of *Freedom*, administered by an inflexible hand, will often work the limited and partial effects of oppression: but when these same laws are loosely administered, they will also give such scope for action, that the bold and daring spirit of enterprise and transgression burst from the confines of rational liberty, and traverse the wide regions of factious licentiousness. These commotions, springing from the enjoyment of liberty, like gentle exercise upon the *artereal system*, only give an *elastic tone* to the proper functions of government. Different is the effect of an undisturbed tranquility in a nation. When all its powers are active and energetic, the government itself appears impotent and lifeless; and its real existence is only ascertained by the *absence of anarchy*—the blessings of a placid reign, conveyed through so many secret avenues to the unconscious subjects, are lost in the abundance. But such periods of felicity are rare and transitory; for the public, like an individual whose happy destiny has given him all the enjoyments of life, look to the fictions of romance, sink under accumulated pleasures, and pine for the actual possession of unreal happiness, which exists only in the *world of fancy*, and is enjoyed only by the *sons of anticipation*.

Alternately did the people of TAMMANY feel the inquietude of an unruffled calm, and the bustle of commotion. When his wisdom had procured for them that plenitude of enjoyment, from which they could look for no increase, they would even *conjure* up a storm, to sit and enjoy the *wild uproar*.

They soon discovered, that there was a material difference between *their* religion and that of the *Europeans*. Some were disposed to renounce their own and their FATHER'S *worship*, and adopt that which the settlers had introduced among them; others thought it would be an impious apostacy to cast off a religion *established* by the wisdom of ancestors, *sanctified* by the practice of ages, and *ratified* by the will of the GREAT SPIRIT. As the altercation was indulged, it became more fierce—and the disputants, drunken with contentious animosity, proceeded to such a desperate extremity, that they forgot all sense of moderation, and even disturbed the internal peace of the nation. In this period of the abandonment of reason, and prevalence of discord, each party applied for the interposition of TAMMANY, in their favour. He told them, so long as they respected the general customs of the country, and did not destroy the tranquility of the public, he could not interfere; but, “if my advice,” said he, “can in any way restore peace, and allay the present ferment, most cheerfully shall you have it. Moderation of conduct, candour of sentiment, and charity of remark, are the unerring characteristics of a virtuous and exalted mind. Your belief is independent of your will, and beyond the controul of external force; therefore, not a subject of correction or punishment. It knows no controuling power, but *reason*—no chastising monitor, but *conscience*. As the GREAT SPIRIT dictates, so you should shape your course. With his own finger has he traced

the lines of your duty upon the tablets of your hearts; and if these should vary, we should not quarrel. It can not disturb our peace, or destroy the natural obligations of rendering mutual kindnesses, and promoting the general happiness. Will any embrace a different religion than that of his forefathers? If it be the will of the GREAT SPIRIT, let him do it—let each follow the *dictates* of his own reason, and discharge the *claims* of his own conscience.”

So revered was the authority of TAMMANY, that they immediately divested themselves of their *virulent animosity*, and the *asperity of contention* gradually softened into that *inquisitive disputation*, whose only end is to *elicit light, and develope truth*. As the cause which produced the tempest ceased to operate, the tumult gently subsided to a calm. TAMMANY continued for many years to exercise the legitimate functions of a free and equal government. In this glorious æra, the subjects of TAMMANY enjoyed the halcyon days of national prosperity, while their neighbours were harrassed with divisions and destructive war. TAMMANY employed this period of political freedom and national felicity, in maturing his favourite schemes of enhancing still more the happiness, and increasing the power of his people, and giving to their association the principles of durability. In the latter period of his reign, he became sensible of the superior advantages of wisdom, the knowledge of past ages, and an extensive acquaintance with the movements of adjoining nations. To accomplish

this purpose, he directed that the women and children should attend the *council-consultations*, to treasure up in their memories, and recite at stated periods, the laws, and the reasons of their adoption; the observations of the *wise*, and the reports of strangers. This design fully answered his expectations, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of having more wise men in his nation, than all his neighbours could boast. His government soon became a model of imitation.

Old age at length began to spread its palsied imbecility over the physical powers of TAMMANY.—His limbs were unable to support the labours and fatigues of war. The infirmities of a declining life enervated that vigour, and drowsed that vigilance which are absolutely necessary to regulate and give motion to the complicated machinery of government. He felt conscious of the approach of that period, when he must mingle his body with the sleeping dust of his ancestors, and when his soul would return to the GREAT SPIRIT, to receive a just reward for the labours of a life spent in virtue and goodness.

After a mature consideration of the duties he owed himself and his country, he manifested his intention of resigning his authority. At this information, the good and virtuous were anxious for the future fate of their nation; but the restless and ambitious exulted in the prospect that the government which had corrected their irregularities, and swallowed up their selfish schemes, in its impartial and cautious administration, would pass away. He, however, assured

his subjects, that he would watch over their interests with paternal affection, attend the meetings of the council, and afford them all possible assistance in obtaining the privileges of their association.

A day was appointed, in which TAMMANY was to resign his trust, and another, whose qualities rendered him eligible to that important station, was to be invested with the delegated authority of the nation. When they were all assembled, to witness this solemn scene, he delivered the following *Talk*.—

“BROTHERS!—Many are the *moons* I have lived. Many times have I seen the *leaves fall*; and the *night of nature* cast his *fleecy mantle* over the *face* of the *sleeping world*, since the GREAT SPIRIT placed me among you. Changeful as the *stormy sky* has been *our destiny*. At one time, peace has blessed us with its cheering smiles. At another, intestine broils have disturbed our serenity, and enveloped us in clouds and darkness. Then war, with the violence of a tempest, has blasted our present happiness, and involved in its fury all the enjoyments of life. It has ever been my anxious care, since your welfare depended on my exertions, to promote the blessings of the former, and avert the horrors of the latter. How far my desires have been accomplished; how steadily and laboriously I have pursued this great and important object, you cannot be ignorant. I require your attention but a few moments longer. In your choice of a Sachem, ask yourselves these questions;

Does he love liberty—not his own, but the liberty of his country? Will he spill the last drop of his blood in its defence? Will he ever recollect, that he labours not *for himself*, but *for the whole nation*? Will he hold as sacred as his own, the rights of his humblest subjects? Will he be ever vigilant over the public interest, guarding it from the violations of declared enemies, and the abuses of professed friends? Will he ever watch the conduct of his children, and punish them for transgressing our salutary customs? Will he feed and clothe the hungry and the naked, and mitigate the anguish of the afflicted? Will he reward the industrious, and chastise the indolent? Will he preserve the honour and integrity of private, as well as public reputation? If he will do all these things, you will be happy in your choice, and prosperous in his reign.

“ Would you as a nation appear as superior as the *lofty mountains*, when the sun sheds upon their *brows his last glories*, *before he sinks beneath the great waters of the west*, attend to, and practice what I am about to say. Love and cherish peace. It is a blessing worthy any sacrifice, but your honour and your rights. Be hospitable and generous to strangers. Extend the *chain of amity*, until within its multiplied links are contained *all the tribes upon this great island*. Let wars cease, as far as practicable, among *brothers* of the same common FATHER. / Love and assist each other in all conditions, and under whatsoever afflictions. Preserve your character unimpeach-

ed, and your sincerity unsuspecting; that you may attach to yourselves esteem and confidence. Never infringe the *rights of others because they are weak*; nor shrink from the *maintenance of your own*, because your enemy is strong—unite in *peace for happiness*, and in *war for defence*. Follow these directions, and you may be respected and powerful—neglect them, and your present prosperity will vanish away: internal distractions, and external invasions, will weaken your power, and hasten your final destruction.”

After this *Talk*, the assembly sat some time mute, apparently lost in profound meditation. The minds of the reflecting and patriotic were pierced with the most poignant sensations. They contemplated their feeble beginnings, the ocean of difficulties and dangers through which they had been conducted, and their present national importance. They were sensible, that no wisdom, no valour, or knowledge, but TAMMANY’S, could have performed the mighty work, and they were apprehensive that it would require the same masterly hand to support, that brought it into existence. Even *that malice*, which had heretofore *collected venom with the increasing glory of TAMMANY’S reign*, and *secretly repined at the growing power and exalted importance of the nation*, which had scanned the whole course of his public life, and attributed the *best of actions* to the *worst of motives*; and which, with captious activity, attempted to create a spirit of discontent, by secret insinuation, or

public clamour, partially abated in its malignity, and was almost persuaded to open its eyes to the full splendour of his achievements, and acknowledge the superior merit of his past services.

The council, after much debate, reluctantly selected a virtuous and experienced *warrior*, to succeed TAMMANY in the management of their governmental concerns.

TAMMANY spent the remainder of his days in peace and retirement. The young and the old often repaired to his *wigwam*, to hear him discourse wisdom. Here they could learn "anticipated experience," and take those extensive and instructing views, which are developed in the progress of nations, and the life of individuals. He taught them to avert, or anticipate, the effects of present, or prospective calamities. Patriotism and virtue breathed in his conversation. Wherever he appeared in public, reverence and attention waited upon him. In every enjoyment, which a life spent in acts of virtue and goodness could secure, did TAMMANY, the illustrious Chieftain, *end his useful and glorious career of existence.* The tribute of affection paid by a grateful people to his memory, appears to this day in a monument unequalled by the mighty ruins of that early period.

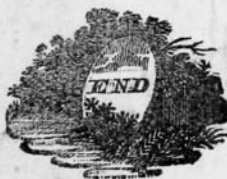
Thus a ray of *traditional light* breaks through the surrounding gloom of Indian antiquity, and reveals a life, fertile in every quality which dignifies and a-

dorns the character of man. In him shone conspicuous, that personal courage—that acute penetration—that deep and extensive calculation, and that equanimity, and self-possession, which distinguish the conquerors of the earth. The laurels that adorn their brows are nourished with blood—the monument of their fame is based on slaughtered millions—their splendid achievements are registered in the devastations of pillaged empires. But the name of TAMMANY “frowns indignantly” on the *guilty reputation* of ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLES, and BONAPARTE. In peace, he was mild as the morning light—in defence of his indisputable rights, he was as resistless as the angry lightning. In a barbarous age, and surrounded by rude enemies, he felt and practised the humanity and magnanimity of the most gentle and polished nations. Though knowledge, rolling down to age after age, from the earliest period of antiquity, gathering the tributary weight of each succeeding event, and almost overwhelming the intelligence of man, had not visited his mind, yet he was profoundly versed in worldly wisdom, and the motives of human actions—though no express revelation had removed the veil between this and the eternal world, and opened the ways of Providence, and the mysterious scenes of futurity, yet the original energies, and untaught faculties of his soul, had followed effects through the connecting chain of causation, and travelled through “nature’s works, to nature’s GOD.” No superstitious fear, or enthusiastic veneration, has canonized his mem-

try, but the brightness of his character arose from *realities*, and has shone through an *age of darkness*, and eclipsed, in its superior splendour, fiction's happiest works. His virtues and deeds challenge the rivalry of those who have long stood examples worthy imitation.

Had TAMMANY lived in the heroic ages of *Greece* and *Rome*, or even in the states of *modern Europe*, and exhibited the same transcendent talents, the farthest regions of the globe would have rung with the sound of his name—the praise of his great and good actions would have dwelt on the tongues of millions—nations would have commemorated the triumphs of his life. The impartial voice of a judging world, would, perhaps, have assigned him a *niche* in the *Temple of Fame*, with the most *illustrious Heroes, Sages, and Statesmen*—he would have been considered the worthy *compeer* of WASHINGTON, CINCINNATUS, CAMILLUS, ARISTIDES, LYCURGUS, PHOCION, SOCRATES, and EPEMANONDAS. Succeeding ages would have gloried in dignifying their religious, literary, and political institutions, with his *immortal name*. But, shall his memory be consigned to *forgetfulness*, because he was born in a country inhabited by the *rude sons of nature*, and at a period in which he had to contend with innumerable difficulties, and to lay, not only the broad *foundation*, but to finish the *superstructure* of *social felicity* and *civil government*. Though the imitators of the virtues and patriotism of this *Illustrious Sage*, should

be assailed by the illiberal scurrility of the enemies of freedom—though the minions of slavery, who form a striking contrast to every thing that is *noble, patriotic, or virtuous*, and who are sunk in the *mire of infamy* as deep as the *weight* of their *insignificant characters* could carry them, should declare *eternal warfare* against the institution, its *members* will never forget the bright example of their PATRON, nor relax in their *exertion for the glorious object of their Association*.









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