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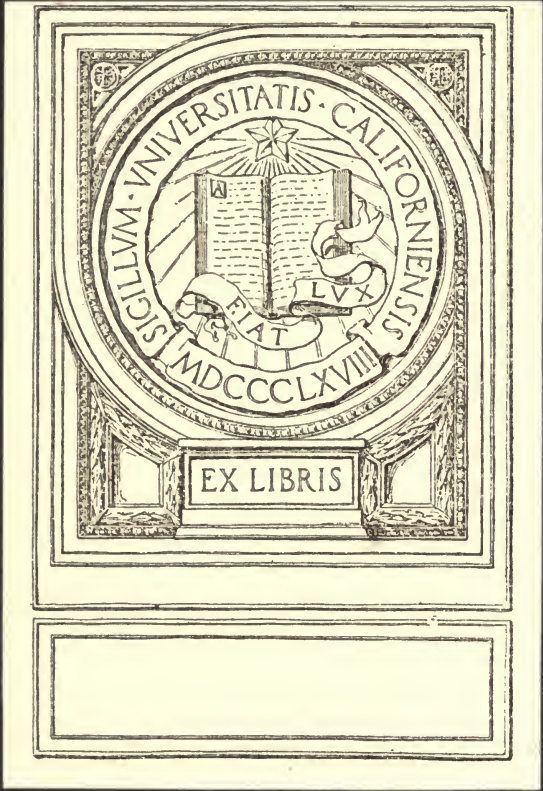
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AN
ORATION,

DELIVERED ON THE 22d OF FEBRUARY, 1813,

AT

WASHINGTON HALL,

IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK,

BEFORE,

THE HAMILTON SOCIETY.

BY DAVID RAYMOND.

NEW-YORK :

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1813.

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TO THE
ANNALS

“ HARMONY-HALL, *March 2, 1813.*

“ Resolved, *That the thanks of the Society be presented to Mr. David Raymond, for his excellent Oration, delivered at their request, on the anniversary of our beloved Washington, and that Messrs. Huntington, Ballard, and Halsey, be appointed a Committee to carry this resolution into effect, and to request a copy for the press.*”

(Extract from the Minutes.)

H. HOLDEN, *Sec'y.*

ORATION,

&c.

THIS is the evening of Washington's birth-day; a day dear to every American bosom. May it never pass by, without a tribute to his memory! We have this day heard his character depicted with a warmth of feeling, and a force of language, inferior only to the virtues and talents on which they dwelt*. To attempt the same subject, would only be to diminish your impressions. I have therefore taken a different course, and shall venture to address you on general topics.

The objects for which the Hamilton Society was formed, are not such as we would wish to conceal.— They are equally honourable and useful. It was not established as a political engine. It was intended to have no direct bearing on the government of our country. Its objects were, to spread the principles of Washington and Hamilton among the young men of our city; and, by exciting an emulation of their virtues, to raise up others who would be worthy to fill their places. Noble are the objects we have in view! High is the excellence we have selected for imitation! As bearing on one of those objects, and as calculated, I would hope, to promote it, I have select-

* Alluding to the Oration delivered in the morning, before the Washington Society.

ed, for the subject of the present address, the pursuits, character, and fortunes of the Statesman. To treat the subject as it deserves, would require a volume: I shall be able, only to take a passing glance, and make a few cursory observations.

It was the maxim of Numantia, that her only bulwark was the breasts of her citizens. At a time when all cities were walled, she had no walls around her, and never was any city more ably defended. What was true in Numantia, is true in every country in the world: there is no effectual defence for any country, save the breasts of its citizens. But courage in the day of battle, is only part of the great apparatus of means necessary to preserve the liberty of a country. The heads of our statesmen are of as much greater consequence than the hearts of our soldiers, as the hand which sets a machine in motion, is of more account than the machine which it moves.

The political virtues and talents which rise to distinction in the effort by which a people breaks its own chains, and redeems itself from bondage, are the life and soul of the liberty which such a people procures. The Greeks, after a long winter of oppression and slavery, were declared a free people, by the Emperor Adrian—he made them a present of their liberty; but the world looked in vain, to see them awake from the slumber of three centuries to rival their forefathers, to act over again the pass of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the orations of Demosthenes. The Lycurguses and Solons, who in a successful contest for liberty, would have reached an ascendant, and acquired an influence, such as might perhaps have enabled them to revive the constitutions, the laws, and the

manners of other times, remained in obscurity. Had the American States, like the Greeks, received their liberty as a voluntary boon; had they obtained it without a struggle, it might have been—not worth receiving. It might have been like a watch in the hand of a savage, precious indeed, but useless to one who is unable to wind up its springs. Where would have been the commanding talents which have formed us a government, which have decided between jarring interests, and appeased factious commotions; and where the weight of character, which was the last stake to play in favour of unpopular but essential measures? The war which procured us our liberty, made it valuable to us, by calling forth virtues and talents which were capable of controlling and directing us when free.

But able and virtuous statesmen are not less necessary now, and will not be less necessary hereafter, than they were at the eventful close of our revolution. No political contrivance is a *perpetual motion*; the same powers are required to keep it in operation, which were required to give the first impulse. I can imagine the Genius of the United States crowning with his hand those who have deserved well of their country, but his eye is directed to the rising generation.

The government under which we live is an experiment in politics; and it has been thought a spectacle interesting to the world, to see how a people *perfectly free* would manage their affairs. In relation to a government so popular as ours, we may be allowed to ask, with an anxiety bordering on fear, where are we to look for that vast amount of political talents and legislative wisdom, of the power of persuasion and the

authority of character, which will be necessary to its energetic and beneficial administration?

The public affairs of a popular, are immeasurably more complicated in their nature and difficult in their management, than those of a despotic, government. This arises from the different principles on which they are founded. It is the maxim of the one, that the people are made for the benefit of the government; of the other, that the government is established for the benefit of the people. In a government like ours, what a body of civil rights to be preserved, what a variety of interests, growing out of the commercial enterprise of a free people, to be watched over and protected! But what, on the other hand, are civil rights in a despotism? Search for them in the code of French constitutions. What is the patronage afforded to commerce? Ask the modern Attila, who has resolved to annihilate this Mother of wealth, because she nurses a spirit of liberty dangerous to tyrants.

In despotic governments, also, the will of the sovereign is law, and his minister has nothing to do but obey. In popular governments, the exigencies of the state are not only to be provided for, but the very sovereign is to be controlled: and those who have made the experiment, are best able to tell, how difficult it is "to rule the wilderness of free minds." In such a government no man is born a Statesman. However great his powers may be by nature, those powers must be enlarged, adorned, and perfected by art. It has been said of the orator, *nascitur Poeta, Orator fit*, and the remark may be applied to the statesman, who in fact is only a more accomplished orator.

Political science is a science by itself. It is not embraced in the studies which fit us for ordinary pur-

suits. Considered in its broadest sense, it comprehends history, or the experience of past ages, legislation, finance, the causes of internal prosperity, the means of external defence, public law, and foreign relations. Those who wish to learn what stores of knowledge are necessary to expand and supply the mind of the statesman, may satisfy their curiosity by examining the writings and speeches of Burke and the Pitts, of Hamilton and Ames. To become master of a science so extensive, requires time, labour, and study: it affords scope for the exertions of all the powers of the most powerful minds.

There is a class of men in England who are statesmen by profession, and who devote their lives to political studies and public affairs. The profession of law may be considered as better calculated to form a statesman than any other profession or business, on account of the studies which belong to it, and the habits of public speaking to which it accustoms its members; but the English will not acknowledge that a lawyer, or that any man who does not make political studies and pursues the business of life, is qualified for a statesman. Erskine, though one of the profoundest lawyers and greatest forensic orators who ever astonished and charmed the world, was never allowed by the English, as a parliamentary speaker or a statesman, to hold rank with their professional politicians.

The less complicated nature of public affairs in our own country, renders such an exclusive devotion to political studies and pursuits, perhaps unnecessary. We must admit, however, that be his business or profession what it may, the man who begins his political labours early in life, starts with the fairest prospects

of usefulness and fame. Parliamentary eloquence differs from that of the bar, and he who has long been formed to the one, will seldom reach the highest excellence in the other. The man who wishes to excel in that kind of public speaking, which has most weight in deliberative assemblies, should enter the great school where it is best learned, in the ardour of youth, and before his habits are formed. The great orators who have figured in the English parliament, have begun their political life thus early. We may all of us remember the charge of Mr. Walpole against the first William Pitt, of being a young man, and the young orator's reply. The second William Pitt, and Charles Fox, were but boys when they entered parliament.

The character, also, which is acquired by a long acquaintance with the public, is of as much value to the Statesman, as the talents on which it is founded. The character of the illustrious Washington, was the great barrier which resisted the inundation of French principles and French policy, during his administration. It is curious to observe, in looking into our history, how carefully our patriots managed that character, how anxious they were, never to hazard its influence where any other stake would answer, and to reserve it for the dernier resource. So commanding was the character of Lord Chatham, that his word ran like an electric shock through the British empire. Such a character is not the acquisition of a day. It is difficult to acquire it by going late into public life, or by occasionally entering and retiring from it. Seldom is it acquired but by a long course of public labours, or the devotion of a whole life.

But are not political talents dangerous in a republic? They are apt to be ambitious, and ambition has made Cæsars.

Talents are power, and power may be abused. Hence it is impossible to look upon great talents, even in the abstract, without something like terror. We are ready to say, what would be the consequence, should the possessor of this mighty mind, like the strong man of the Scriptures, grasp with an evil hand, the pillars of the state? But a moment's reflection will teach us, that there is little danger to liberty, from the talents which are able, and the ambition which aspires, to serve the public in a civil capacity. Statesmen have ever been the friends of liberty. They were *Generals*, the leaders of an overgrown military power, who have been its oppressors. It was the *Statesmen* of Rome, who preserved her free constitution for so many centuries; it was *he* who conquered at Pharsalia, that trampled it in the dust.

Ambition, as usually applied to the statesman, is a word which appears to signify much, but defines nothing. It is a convenient term of reproach, which imbecility or malice may throw out with impunity, to sully the lustre of the brightest talents, or vilify the motives of the purest patriotism. But are not statesmen necessary to the prosperity and liberty of a country? Why then should service in the cabinet be deemed less honourable and meritorious, than on the ocean, or in the field?

The public service, in a civil capacity, ought ever to be honourable; it ought to be honourable to seek it—to press into it. Should the employments of the Statesman, on the contrary, ever become disreputable

should men of talents and character, endeavour rather to avoid than to obtain them—mark the event as an omen that the time is at hand, when our countrymen, like the modern Greeks, will point to the monuments of former greatness, and say—we once were free!

But the worst and most dangerous shape in which great talents can appear in republics, is in the violence of party struggles; and those struggles occupy too much of the time of their Statesmen, and form too great a part of their political history, to be passed over in silence. Where the aspirations of talents and ambition are left free as air, many will step forward emulous of distinction. Opinions pertinaciously adhered to, and violently opposed, will be the result.

Much speculation has been employed on party spirit. Hamilton and Ames did not think it a subject beneath them. It is indeed a subject vitally interesting to a free people. Some have contended, that party spirit was not only inevitable, but useful in a republic: others, that it was the destroying angel of free constitutions, and that its dreadful energies were sufficiently developed, in the little republics of Greece, and the greater republic of Rome. That difference of opinion in free governments is inevitable, will not be denied; and it is vain to conjecture the consequences of a state of things which cannot exist. It is peopling Plato's Republic or Moore's Utopia. The only question can be, whether we ought to throw a loose rein on the neck of this wild passion, and leave it to the fury of its own phrenzied career, or to endeavour to check its fierceness and allay its fire?

It is true, that free discussion and difference of

opinion, render a people vigilant and attentive to their rights, and raise up a class of men who have perspicacity to see, and boldness to repel, any attempt to invade them. Like natural fire, if party spirit be watched over and controlled, there can be little doubt of its utility. But the flame which burns so mildly on the hearth, may burst forth into a conflagration, and spreading its sheeted brightness on the darkness of night, become the beacon of terror. If we could confine the strife of party within the limits of fair argument; if we could lay down laws which it would not dare to transgress, what is the worst of masters, might become a useful servant. The contest of parties would then resemble, not so much the fights of gladiators, as the logical disputes of the schools; and the champions skilled in all the thrusts and parries of the forum, would cause neither anxiety nor alarm.— Other contests have their laws. There are certain things which it is considered disgraceful to do in war, and which are therefore never done. Even the rude and plundering clans, who formerly lived in a state of constant hostility on the borders of England and Scotland, had their laws of honour, which, if we may believe the poet, they faithfully observed :

“ His buckler scarce in breadth a span,
 No larger fence had he ;
 He never counted him a man
 Would strike below the knee.”

Dueling too has its laws ; but the age of chivalry is over, and he who shall succeed in framing a code, that shall be acknowledged by *parties*, may next attempt the hopeful task of quieting the motion of the tide.

But though we cannot give laws to party spirit, it

is the duty of every friend of his country, to endeavour to check its violence, and restrain its extravagance; to endeavour to keep it within the fair bounds of controversial argument. The attack of private character should be discountenanced; the slanderer, of whatever party, should be pointed out to be avoided; the exulting delight with which, like the Indian, he tortures his victim, should have its true name—the malice of a Dæmon. The most improbable and wicked motives should not be ascribed to actions which can be grounded on any other hypothesis; the opponents, while they question the soundness of each other's heads, should have charity for each other's hearts; nor, however great the object to be accomplished, should means of doubtful morality or an intemperate character ever be resorted to. It is a maxim in private life, it cannot fail in public—do your duty, and leave the consequences to God. So thought the patriots of the old school—such are federal principles. And we, my young friends, who are soon to take our part, perhaps a humble, perhaps an important one, in this all-pervading struggle, let us resolve, by the country which we love, by the name of Washington, whose last precepts we revere, that as we would never poison our enemy's springs, or treacherously assassinate his person in war; so, in civil contentions, we will use no other weapon than fair and honourable argument.

If there are any who doubt the dreadful effects of unrestrained and licentious party spirit, let them read over again the legacy of Washington; let them also cast a glance over the page of history, and pause a moment on the parties which have torn and distracted other countries, in different ages of the world.—

Passing over a long list which might well be adduced, let me point them to the struggles of the Patricians and Plebeans at Rome, especially to the factions of the Gracchi; and in England, to the contests of the Red Rose and the White, the Parliament and Charles the 1st. These examples, it may be said, are not applicable to our situation, and the circumstances of the times; but they will all combine to teach us, what calamities impend, especially in popular governments, when parties resolve to accomplish their purposes at all events, and prudential maxims are disregarded; when difference becomes hatred, and opposition turns to hostility.

These examples will also teach us a lesson of charity. In all these parties, and on every side, amidst a great deal of vice and folly, there was also a great deal of virtue and talent engaged, much of genuine patriotism exhibited, and instances of magnanimity and true greatness, which the world will never cease to admire. How must we lament that human virtue should be so much exposed to err by its own generous enthusiasm!

A review of parties will also teach us another lesson; to dare to think for ourselves, to dare to question even the measures of our own party; and if we find that party going wrong, to stand apart like Abdiel from the rebelling angels.

It will be asked, perhaps, whether I wish to render the statesman wavering, and to shake his confidence in his own opinion, by representations like these; that other men think differently, that there is positive proof on neither side, and that they have as good a claim to be right as himself? I readily reply, that no man is

fit for a Statesman, who has not great decision of character; but if he has the milder virtues, and the integrity, together with the decision and even enthusiasm of Hamilton, we need apprehend no danger. The field of fair argument is open, let him enter it. Far be it from me to wish that mind unsettled, whose determinations, in the words of Foster, take rank with the great laws of nature. Without such minds and such decision, there would nothing great or good be accomplished on earth. The majestic river which rolls by our city, and bears on its bosom the commerce of a hundred villages, does not change its bed as every ingenious speculator can prove would be best. It rolls on with an irresistible current, and sets human power at defiance. Thus may it roll! It is useful, because its course continues the same from age to age.

The history of politics in a free country, is the history of the human mind. I do not mean a chronological table of measures, but the machinery by which those measures are brought about. There we see exerted all the passions and energies of the soul, all the enthusiasm of patriotic feeling, all the ingenuity of contrivance, the exultation of success, and the rage of disappointment.

In England, whose politics so much resemble our own, the contemplation of this contest of talents is the more grand, as the measures of that country concern objects and designs of the highest possible magnitude. Her navy, her wars, her foreign possessions, (holding in her hands the destinies of more than fifty millions of people, besides her own subjects,) her debt and her taxes, afford scope for the most extensive

views, the greatest difference of opinion, the highest exertions of intellect, and the boldest flights of eloquence. But in that country, as in this, there have been times when politics have called the energies of the human mind into *unusual* action. Such was the time immortalized by the letters of Junius; such was the time when Burke opposed the contagion of French principles; and, in our own country, such was the famous æra of the British treaty. From such a state of convulsive energy, the political, like the human body, sinks to relaxation and rest.

Let me now call your attention to the remaining part of my subject—to some of the most striking features in the character and fortunes of the statesman. In attempting to delineate them, I shall have in view, not a man who may sometimes go into congress, and whose political career may be considered a deviation from his ordinary course, but one who devotes the whole or the greater part of life to the public. Not a man who intends to sail with the stream, but one who resolves to pursue the welfare of his country, right on, against odds, opposition, and peril. Not a man of ordinary abilities, or whose greatest effort is his vote; but one of such commanding talents, that like a comet, whatever course he may take, he will shed lustre on his path.

Such a man will usually possess no ordinary “measure of passion” in the constitution of his mind. There have been statesmen of a cold temperament, and there may be again, but those who have been most distinguished in popular governments, have possessed an ardour of mind and a zeal of pursuit, which may justly be called enthusiasm. They have entered with

their whole soul into public affairs, and put forth the utmost of their powers for the accomplishment of their object, whatever at any particular juncture it might be. At the same time they viewed that object, not perhaps like other men, but through a medium which, by showing its relations and dependencies, magnified all its dimensions. Thus seen, it justified, and in their opinion demanded, a perseverance no less than indefatigable, and exertions almost super-human. An ordinary man might regard them with wonder. *He* does not perceive the extreme importance of a particular measure, and he will say perhaps, with a sneer, should this boasted measure fail to be adopted, for aught that I can discover, things will go on in their ordinary course, and the earth continue its diurnal motion.

I should say of such a man as I am attempting to describe, on seeing him just entering into public life, there is one pain which I am sure he will encounter—the pain of disappointment. He will probably possess a self-confiding mind, and a full persuasion of the adequacy of his powers to the accomplishment of his designs. Mankind, he says, are reasonable beings; and I can render the policy of the measures I propose so demonstrably evident, that they cannot fail to be adopted. Let him go on! He will find, ere long, that mankind, though they intend in the main to do right, are blinded by passion, and misled by ignorance. Melancthon thought as he does; but he soon found that “old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon.” Let him go on! Were he fully persuaded, at his setting out, of all the obstacles he has to encounter, and all the chances there are against his final success, he would probably never make a single gene-

rous effort. If we take but a passing glance at the history of politics, we shall not be at a loss for instances of the greatest talents labouring in a good cause, and labouring in vain. The history of our own country, for the last twelve years, would afford them in abundance. When Lord Chatham, with the prophetic eye of a statesman, saw all the evils of the unjust war waged by Great-Britain against her American colonies, how must he have wondered at the bigoted blindness of his opponents!

The statesman may also expect to be poor. This honourable distinction is not confined to Poets; and the causes which lead to it in the statesman, are neither remote nor doubtful. It is not in human nature to give a divided mind to objects capable of possessing and filling the whole; and the man who is accustomed to contemplate things on a grand scale, and is labouring to accomplish grand designs, will feel little interest in ordinary pursuits, and the care of his private fortune. How shall he, who proposes to himself the magnificent idea of making a nation happy; who busies his thoughts not with acres, but with states; not with a ship, but with navies; not with a warehouse, but with cities—leave his grand contemplations, forsake the heaven of his own thoughts, and join in the crowd, and follow the trifles of those little beings, over whom he seemed to himself to preside as a guardian Genius? For such a man to retire from his public contemplations to the care of his private property, is like looking for the farm of Alcibiades on the map of Greece. We cannot wonder then that Burke, in his old age, should have needed a pension—that William Pitt should have died insolvent,—nor that our own

Hamilton, whose thoughts were his country's, from his early youth to his grave, should have left a widow to ask the half-pay, which *he* had over-generously refused.

Date obolum Belisario, has often come from a man in the evening of life, whose strength, and whose best days, were spent in the service of his country; whose voice senates have listened to catch, or armies have heard and obeyed.

We are apt to consider the affection which some men have felt for their country, as a strange phenomenon; and there are instances of individual patriotism which almost surpass belief. But the causes of this affection, as far as they are to be sought for beyond an innate greatness of soul, are not, I should apprehend, deeply hidden in our nature. Let the mother seek for them in the affection which she feels for her child; let the man of business seek for them in the attachment which he feels to an amount of property, far beyond the gratification of his wants and wishes. The Statesman loves his country, because he has watched over it—because he has laboured for it. Those who have taken no part in public life, who have not thought and laboured for their country, may thus, in a measure, appreciate the feelings of such patriots as Washington and Hamilton, and almost realize how much better they loved their country, than they loved themselves. William Pitt, the late minister of Great-Britain, whose name is worthy to be enrolled with theirs, seemed to have lost his own identity in his devotion to the public; even in the moment of death, he thought not of himself, and spent his last breath in exclaiming, “O my country!” —“O save my country!” was the dying ejaculation of Ames.

Members of the Hamilton Society! Possessing as you do, all the ingenuous ardour of youth, you will regard the patriotism which I have just been describing, only with feelings of the highest admiration. You will perhaps carry back your thoughts to the Republics of other times, among whom children were considered the property of their country, and whose poets sung,

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

If, while you admire, you should resolve to imitate, do it without expecting to be rewarded. It is virtue which is seldom rewarded, except by the sublimity of its own feeling. Few great men, like Washington, have had the full merit of their actions acknowledged while they were alive. The actions of patriots and statesmen, like the productions of genius, require time to test their worth, and establish their character. Aristides, who was banished, and Socrates, who was put to death, are but single instances, among thousands, of the patriot and philanthropist, who have been persecuted when living, and almost canonized when dead. The statesman who devotes his life to the service of his country, must expect that his motives will be misrepresented, and his conduct misunderstood; that his character will labour under the foulest reproaches, and that his virtues will never be generally acknowledged, till posterity writes them on his monument.

In ordinary times, the *life* of the Statesman will not be in danger; but there are times when he must "set honour in one eye, and death in the other." Such was the time when our own Statesmen proclaimed to

the world, "we are free and independent;" such was the time when Hampden withstood the arbitrary measures of Charles the 1st; and such the time when Russel fell the martyr of his attachment to the religion and constitution of his country—times which so often occur in the history of England, that we become callous to the sufferings of the great, and have not a tear to give to every illustrious victim of the block.

But danger ennobles and exalts human actions. To despise it, is magnanimity and heroism. Hull, Decatur, Jones, and Bainbridge, who have waved our flag in triumph on the ocean, and bid the world admire the symbol of our union and glory, would have been beheld by us as common men, had they not stood in the fore-front of danger. Hence it is that those who stood forth to assert their country's rights, in "times that tried men's souls," are regarded by us as almost a superior order of beings. The Statesman, who looks forward to a lasting fame, should not consider the hazard of his life a misfortune.

I shall be accused, perhaps, of having taken a desultory range, and imagined extreme cases; but it is useful to those who expect hereafter to become Statesmen, (if there are any such who hear me,) to be taught all the possible dangers of the way, that they may arm themselves against them, that they may possess their minds with the magnanimity of the great Pompey, who said, when embarking on a sea not more tempestuous, "it is my duty to go—it is not my duty to live."

But there are pleasures, as well as privations and sufferings, incident to the life of the Statesman; and

some of these are the most sublime which we can suppose a human being capable of enjoying. They arise, not from any selfish considerations—from no private advantage. These he gives up, when like Hercules, he starts on his labours. His pleasures must have a nobler source—the public happiness. He must find them reflected in the general prosperity. It is the happy lot of few Statesmen, to see the manifest effects of their own individual labours. Every breath stirs the surface of the ocean; but it must be a tempest indeed, which moves the whole of that vast collection of waters. But there are peculiar junctures, there are fortunate opportunities, when the Statesman may feel that he is the author of a benefit which comes home to the bosoms of the public at large.

Such was the opportunity which the formation of our present system of government afforded—when Hamilton stript himself like an Athlete to the combat, and stood forth the champion of the New Constitution. He wrote, he extemporized, he laboured.—But when the constitution was adopted, when his labours were accomplished, those who can measure the *mind* of Hamilton, may conceive the rapture he felt, as he looked forward to the happiness of millions, which he believed that *that* constitution would secure.

Another such opportunity, was that possessed by Jay in the formation of the British Treaty, when he opened all the avenues of commerce to the expecting enterprise of his countrymen. What must have been his feelings, as he returned with *that* treaty in his hand, forming as it does an æra in our prosperity—what must have been his feelings, as he looked through

successive years, had he not been met by the curse of ingratitude on the shore!

But, Washington! What language can describe him—what mind can rise to the sublimity of his sensations—when, after all his dangers in the field, and his labours in the cabinet, he finished his administration; when he bade his country adieu, and left that country happy!

To stand at the head of affairs during a defensive, or justifiable and necessary war, to direct all its operations, and conduct it to a happy termination, may be considered among the brightest fortunes of the Statesman. Such was the fortune of Lord Chatham in the war between England and France, memorable, by the fall of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham. He had none with whom to divide the glory of success. Amidst all who surrounded him, he stood pre-eminently great, and *his* was a greatness which the world may continue long without witnessing again. In the words of his eulogist, “France sunk beneath him; with one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England.”

But what shall we say of the Statesman who precipitates his country into an unnecessary and invasive war? Who will envy him his victories, should he chance to acquire them? The waste of human happiness and comfort, the destruction of the laboured products of human industry and genius, the burning of cities, the desolation of a cultivated interior, and the sacrifice of thousands of human beings, who never injured him or his country, who never knew him but by the terror of his name—without necessity to cause such evils, and to enjoy victories thus purchased,

does not belong to feelings merely human. Such was the enjoyment which the Enemy of all good experienced, when he retired from the garden of Eden, after having achieved the ruin of mankind.

A country safe from foreign attack, every hand busy, and every eye lighted with pleasure, rich in cities and the fruits of cultivation—such is the picture which the benevolent Statesman will ever keep in his view. It makes no figure on the page of history; but history is written to record the miseries, not the happiness, of mankind.

But there are occasions when the Statesman may be more than a patriot—when he may stand forth the friend and champion of the human race. I cannot pass over in silence the struggle in favour of oppressed humanity, which has been carried on for a great length of time in England, against numbers, wealth, and influence. I refer to the abolition of the Slave Trade. The great Statesmen of that country, however much they might differ on other subjects, were united, to a man, on this; and if active philanthropy affords the highest of human pleasures—“they have their reward.”

To conquer rival States, has been considered the summit of human greatness, and those who have achieved it, have received the praises of poets, and the honours of nations. They have been called Patriots and Heroes;—but let us ever remember, that to destroy the happiness of mankind, is but execrable distinction; and that there is nothing truly great and god-like on earth, but to do good.





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