

MARYLAND GAZETTE, AND POLITICAL INTELLIGENCER.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1814.

No. 20.]

[VOL. LXXII.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

JONAS GREEN,

CHURCH STREET, ANNAPOLIS.

Price—Three Dollars per Annum.

From the New-York Evening Post of July

GOVERNEUR MORRIS'S ORATION.

With much pleasure we present our readers this evening with the splendid oration entire, which was delivered by the Hon. Gouverneur Morris, on the 29th ult. on the restoration of the Bourbons, to a crowded and highly respectable audience in Dr. Romeyn's Church. This unrivalled performance claims the attention and challenges the applause of every man capable of relishing true eloquence or of appreciating the most interesting lessons of profound political wisdom.

ORATION.

THIS DONE. The long agony is over. The Bourbons are restored. France reposes in the arms of her legitimate prince. We may now express our attachment to her consistently with respect to ourselves. We recall to remembrance that interesting period, when in the fellowship of arms, our souls were mingled at the convivial feast, and our blood on the field of glory. We look, exulting, at the plain of York. There French and American troops contended, in generous strife, who first should reach the goal of victory. There the contest for independence was closed.—There was sealed our title to be numbered among the nations.

Thank God, we can, at length, avow the sentiments of gratitude to that august family, under whose sway the fleets and armies of France and Spain were arrayed in defence of American liberty. We then hailed Louis the sixteenth PROTECTOR OF THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND. We loved him. We deplored his fate. We are unshaken by the embrace of his assassins. Our wishes, our prayers, have accompanied the loyal Spaniards in their struggle; and we wish that Americans were permitted to offer only wishes and prayers.

How interesting, how instructive the history of the last five and twenty years. In the spring of 1789, the states general of France were convened to ward off impending bankruptcy. The derangement of their finances was occasioned by the common artifice of cheating people into a belief that debts may be safely incurred without imposing taxes. Large loans had been made, but no funds provided. At the opening of that august assembly, the minister of finance declared it would have been easy to cover the deficit, without calling them together, but the king wished their aid to correct abuses.

This hazardous experiment terminated, as was foreseen, by intelligent observers, in the overthrow of ancient establishments. The states general usurped, under the name of National assembly, unlimited power, and used it with an equal want of wisdom and justice. They destroyed the rights of property; issued paper money; framed an impracticable system of government, and released their king from a prison to place him on a throne, whose foundation they had undermined. Their successors overturned it in less than a year, and again threw the king into prison; whence in less than six months, he was led to the scaffold.

This virtuous monarch, our friend in the hour of danger, was the victim of his own goodness. Ardent desirous to ameliorate the condition of subjects, for whom he felt the fondness of a father, he thought no sacrifice of power too great, if it could promote their felicity. He had been persuaded that his prerogative, useless to him, was oppressive to them. Dangerous error! he had been told, and believed that in their loyalty he had a perfect defence against the intrigues of turbulent demagogues. Fatal delusion! This just, this merciful prince, was led to execution amid the insulting shouts of a ferocious mob. He

was guarded by militia who felt horror at the office. The royal victim, collected in himself, was occupied, during the long procession, in beseeching the divine majesty to pardon his rebellious subjects. But the stroke which severed from the body his innocent head, cut them off from forgiveness, until they should have expiated the crime by lengthened years of misery.

O! it was a crime against nature and against heaven. A murder most foul and cruel. A deed at which fiends might have wept. I was in Paris. I saw the gush of sorrow. I heard the general groan. Every bosom anticipated the sentence of an avenging God. It was like a second fall of man. An awful scene of affliction, guilt and horror. All were humbled to the dust, save only those who exulted, in streams of diabolical rapture, at their success in driving an assembly, over which they tyrannized, to this nefarious act.

Mark here the guilt to which faction leads. That assembly in general consisted of two parties; those called Girondists, at their head the representatives from Bordeaux, who wished for a federal republic; and the Jacobins, who concealed, under the loud cry for a republic one and indivisible, a design to restore monarchy. Both of them treated with the imprisoned king. He trusted himself to the party of the Girondists. It seemed less criminal than the other, and was more numerous. From that moment the Jacobins doomed him to destruction, that they might destroy their opponents. Those who assaulted the palace to tear off that semblance of monarchy which the constituent assembly had left, were now called forth to overawe the faction of the Gironde. The assembly surrounded by armed men, a majority was frightened into a sentence of death against their innocent captive; a sentence which the intelligent foresaw would involve their own.

And so it did. The inexorable Danton dragged them before his revolutionary tribunal, and poured their blood on the scaffold wet with that of their murdered monarch. Thus every circumstance of guilt and shame, was combined in their last moments, to embitter the bitterness of death.

On the same scaffold, condemned by the same judges, perished Danton himself. He perished, conspiring to place the imprisoned son on the throne of a father whom he had laboured to destroy. He believed that Louis the sixteenth had been too much disgraced to reign over a proud nation. Combining therefore, the courage of a hero, with the energy of a conspirator, and unrestrained by religion or mercy, he determined to strike off the head which he thought unfit for a crown. In the rapid march of fate his own soon fell. Insulted with the semblance of trial, convicted without proof, condemned unheard, he roared in a voice of thunder, "I have been told, and now believe, that the punishment of man is the fruit of his crime. Wretches! I gave you the power of dooming innocence to death, and I, by your doom must die." The same justice shall overtake those who sent me here and you also." The voice of the savage was prophetic.

Those who slaughtered their prince and made havoc of each other; those who endeavoured to dethrone the king of Heaven and establish the worship of human reason—who placed as representative of the Goddess of Reason, a prostitute on the altar which piety had dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and fell down and paid to her their adoration, were at length compelled to see and feel, and, in agony, to own that there is a God. I cannot proceed. My heart sickens at the recollection of those horrors which desolated France. That charming country, on which the bounty of heaven has lavished blessings, was the prey of monsters. To feel the crimes every where & every hour perpetrated, would wound the soul of humanity, and shock the ear of modesty. But, where, my country! O where shall I hide the blush, that these monsters were taken to your bosom?

I retract the charge—Nations of the earth! believe not the impa-

tion. The virtuous sons of America were not guilty of ingratitude. Much as they love liberty, the name of liberty did not drive from their hearts the great friend of liberty, THE PROTECTOR OF THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND. No! holy martyr! their grateful bosoms re-echoed thy dying groan. In humble submission they viewed events whose mystery they could not comprehend, and waited the development of eternal wisdom. They beheld licentious crime under the name of liberty, roaming over the broad surface of France, seeking virtue for its prey, defiling innocence, despoiling poverty, and laying the very face of nature waste. They saw it voracious at home, victorious abroad, every where triumphant. Europe was appalled. Her princes trembled. The new-hatched, unfledged, French republic soared, as on eagle pinions, beyond the clouds. Dazzled by the lustre of her victories, the moral eye could scarcely perceive the guilt of those profligate leaders who dictated law to a prostrate world. Drunk with success, slaughtering their countrymen, pillaging their neighbours, seducing subjects from their allegiance, and preceding the storm of conquest by the poison of corruption, they reviled whatever antiquity and custom had rendered respectable, made sport of religion, treated public law as romantic nonsense, and trampled on the decencies of private life. Yet they found admirers every where. What wonder that they should have found adherents here! This country is not without bankrupts, both in fortune and in fame; nor fiery spirits promoted by ambition. There are among us some who, wishing to be great, disdain to be good; who, in pursuit of riches and power, indifferent to right and wrong, take the nearest way. Many too, there are who ignorantly swallow every idle tale. Many, who puffed up with conceit, will no longer listen to truth when she offers instruction. A mind bloated by vanity, loves to feed on falsehood, and drink the flattery by which its drooping understanding is drowned. But in that moment when crowned heads in Europe crouched to the French directory, an insult aimed at the honour of America was instantly resented. This dignified conduct of the new world astonished the old. Our character was raised to the highest pitch. Raised, alas! only to be precipitated, by the impetus of its fall, more deeply in shame.

This occasion does not require, neither will it permit of, a history, or even the rapid recapitulation, of important events. We have seen the tumults of democracy terminate, in France, as they have every where terminated in despotism. Where had been foreseen, and foretold, arrived. The power of usurpation was directed and maintained by great talents. Gigantic schemes of conquest, prepared with deep and dark intrigue, vast masses of force, conducted with consummate skill, a cold indifference to the miseries of mankind, a profound contempt for moral ties, a marble-hearted atheism, to which religion was only a political instrument, and the stern persevering will to bend every thing to his purpose, were the means of Napoleon to make himself the terror, the wonder, and the scourge of nations. The galling of his iron yoke taught Frenchmen feelingly to know how much they had lost in breaking the bands of their allegiance. They had, indeed, to amuse them, the pomp of triumph, the shout of victory, and the consciousness of force which made the neighbouring nations groan. But the fruits of their labor were wrested from them to gratify the extravagance of vanity, or supply the waste of war their children were torn from their bosoms, and marched off in chains to the altar of impious, insatiable ambition. Aged parents, who, with trembling step, had followed to bid the last of many sons a final, fond adieu, in returning to their cottage, once the scene of humble happiness, but now stripped by remorseless collectors of every thing which could be added, looking round in vain for the little objects to which they and need had given value, and seeing only the remnant of

that loaf from which they had taken their last meal, moistened with bitter tears, turn their eyes to heaven, then, throwing themselves in each other's arms, exclaim, my child! my child! Such, France, were thy sufferings. Thus was the innocent blood of thy sovereigns visited upon thee. Frenchmen! by these woes were you taught to feel the present, the avenging God. It was this deep agony which led you to declare to your sovereign's brother, in the language of nature and truth "Sir, we bring you our hearts; the tyrant has left us nothing else to give."

In the month of September, 1812, the son of an obscure family, in a small island of the Mediterranean, was at the head of a greater force than was ever yet commanded by one man during the long period to which history extends. His brows encircled with an imperial diadem, his sword red with the blood of conquered nations, his eye glaring on the fields he had devoted to plunder, his feet trampling on the neck of kings, his mind glowing with wrath, his heart swollen with the consciousness of power unknown before, he moved, he seemed, he believed himself a god. While at one extremity of Europe his ruthless legions drenched, with loyal blood, the arid soil of Spain, he marched, with gigantic stride, at the other extremity, to round his vast dominion in the widest circle of the civilized world. Already he had pierced the Russian line of defence. Already his hungry eagles were pouncing on his prey—Pause. View steadily this state of colossal power. The arms are of iron; the breast is of brass; but the feet are of clay. The moment of destruction impends. Hark! The blow is given. It totters. It falls. It crumbles to dust. This mighty man, this king of kings, this demi-god, is discomfited. He flies. He is pursued. He hides. Stripped of royal robes, distracted with apprehension, flapping the wings of fear, he scuds in disguise across the wide plain of Poland, not daring to look behind. He takes a moment's breath, and slakes the feverish thirst of his fatigue in the water of the Elbe. A second fight brings him to the Rhine. After a third effort, he is within the walls of Paris.

Here again he reigns. Here the crafty statesman contrives, and the gloomy tyrants collect, the renewed means of warfare—Again unhappy France, must thy garners and thy veins be opened. Again & under the doubled weight of oppression, must thou groan. Vain are expostulations; vain the tumultuous cry for peace; vain the shrieks of despair.

Alexander, the great, the good, advances. He moves, at the head of his hardy Russians, from the ashes of Moscow, towards the banks of the Elbe. At his approach the plundered, insulted subjects of Prussia rise to vindicate their honour. The Germans burn to avenge their wrongs. But Napoleon has anticipated his enemy. He is, in force, on the Elbe. His vigour and activity are successful. Again he quaffs the luscious draught of victory. Drunk again with hope, he shuts his ear to the council of prudence. But true to his principles, he calls fraud to the aid of force; & accepting the mediation of Austria, displays the insidious craft of a perverse policy. For what? To elude a peace which conceding vast territory, & restoring his captive legions, would have placed him again in a condition to menace, insult and oppress the world. But no. A confidence in his talents, a confidence in his fortune have made him blind. He confides in fortune, the god of atheism, which, analyzed, is nothing more than the combination of events we cannot discover; in which, nevertheless, though unknown, there is no more of chance than there was in a comet's orbit ere Newton was born.—But the adoration of that which derives its essence from ignorance accords with their wisdom who deny the existence of that Being by whom ponderous planets, hurled through the infinite void, are compelled to move in their prescribed course, till time shall be no more. Buonaparte, elate with rash confidence, eluded

negotiation. At length the father of his wife found himself constrained by duty and honor, to join the allies. At this connexion, which could not have been unexpected, Napoleon was not dismayed. Calculating on the hollow faith of coalitions in which a diversity of interests often keeps asunder the hearts whose hands are united, forgetting, or not knowing, that his tyranny had formed a league against him stronger than the union of states; a league of which all mankind were members, and general sentiment the soul; he still flattered himself that by the weight of his arms, and the edge of his craft, he could sever the bands of this new alliance. To this end, the bravery of his soldiers, the skill of his officers, the dexterity of his ministers, and all the resources of his genius, were exercised and exhausted, during the last summer.—The plains of Saxony were wasted with inexorable severity. Pestilence and famine marched in the train of war; to thin the ranks of mankind; to extend the scene of human misery, and prepare a wide theatre for the display of British benevolence.

At length, after many battles, the well planned movements of the allies obliged Napoleon to abandon Dresden. From that moment his position on the Elbe was insecure. But pride had fixed him there; perhaps too, the same blind confidence in fortune. His force was collected at Leipsic. Leipsic, in the war of thirty years, had seen the great Gustavus fall in the arms of victory. Leipsic again witnessed a battle, on whose issue hung the independence, not of Germany alone, but of every state on the continent of Europe.—Hard, long, and obstinate was the conflict. On both sides were displayed an union of the rarest skill, discipline and courage. As the flood-tide waves of ocean in approaching the shore, rush, foam, thunder, break, retire, return—so broke, retired, and returned the allied battalions, impetuously propelled by the pressure of their brethren in arms. And as the whelming flood a passage forced thro' the breach rends, tears, scatters, dissipates, and bears away its unnumbered sands, so was the tyrant's host overwhelmed, scattered, and borne away.

And now behold a scene sublime. Three mighty monarchs lay down their crowns and swords. They fall on their knees. They raise their eyes and hands to Heaven.—They pour out thanksgiving to the God of Battles. To him, the King of Kings, sole, self-existent, in whom alone is might, majesty and dominion. With one voice they cry "The Lord is with us. Brother, the Lord is with us. Glory be to the Lord." Contrast this spectacle with that which had been exhibited thirteen months before on the plains of Russia.

The anxious hour is past. We respire. The air is embalmed with blossoms of liberty. Humanity rears her head, from the dust, smooths her dishevelled locks, and wipes away the tear. She greets you, victors! princes! heroes! Christians! She bids you follow the path to immortal glory, pointed out by the finger of heaven. March! Lo! already the opposed armies are separated only by the Rhine. Here again the olive branch is tendered to the fierce Napoleon. Perhaps experience may have made him wise. Perhaps, confiding in fortune no more, he may begin to believe there is a God who governs the world. No. The mysterious plan of Providence is yet incomplete. Napoleon's pride is yet untamed.—He confides in wintry storms which bid the weary soldier rest. He confides in the lofty barrier of the Pyrennes. He confides in the fortresses along his frontiers. He confides in the neutrality of Switzerland, and, the reverence of his enemies for public law, the violation of which law was, with him, an ordinary measure of war. The plunder of neutrals was, with him, an ordinary fiscal resource. And yet he believes that his foes will be restrained by principles he never regarded. He is not deceived. He relies too on assurances wrung from the subjugated Swiss; supposing the senti-

Anne Arundel County

Court, April Term, 1814.

On application to the judges of Anne Arundel county court, by petition in writing, of John Simmons, of said county, praying the benefit of the act with relief of sundry insolvent debtors, passed at November session, eighteen hundred and five, and of the several supplements thereto, on the terms mentioned in the said act, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, as well as far as he can ascertain them, as directed by the said act, being annexed to his petition, and the said county court being satisfied by competent testimony, that the said John Simmons has resided the two preceding years prior to his said application within the state of Maryland, and the said John Simmons, having stated in his petition, that he is in the custody of the sheriff of Anne Arundel county, and prayed to be discharged therefrom; it is therefore ordered and adjudged by the said court, that the said John Simmons be discharged, and by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in the Maryland Gazette or Maryland Republican once a week, for three successive months, before the third Monday of September next, give notice to his creditors to appear before the said county court, to be held at the city of Annapolis, on the third Monday of September next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, on the said John Simmons then and there taking the oath by the said act prescribed for delivering up his property.

By order, Wm. S. Green, Clk. 3m. May 26.

Anne Arundel County, sc.

April Term, 1814.

On application to Richard H. Harwood, Esquire, one of the judges of Anne Arundel county court, in the recess of the said court, by petition in writing, of Samuel Plummer, of said county, praying for the benefit of the act for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, and the several supplements thereto, on the terms mentioned in said acts, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said Samuel Plummer, having stated in his petition that he is in actual confinement for debt, and prayed to be discharged therefrom, it is therefore ordered and adjudged, that the said Samuel Plummer, be discharged from custody, and that by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in the Maryland Gazette weekly, for three months successively, before the third Monday of September next, give notice to his creditors, to appear before Anne Arundel county court on the said third Monday of September next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, and to show cause, if any they have, why the said Samuel Plummer should not have the benefit of the said acts and the supplements thereto as prayed.

Test. Wm. S. Green, Clk. 3m. April 12, 1814.

Anne Arundel County

Court, April Term, 1814.

On application to Jeremiah Townley Chase, Esquire, chief judge of the third judicial district of the state of Maryland, in the recess of Anne Arundel county court, by petition in writing, of Vachel Johnson, of said county, praying for the benefit of the act of assembly for the relief of sundry insolvent debtors, and the supplements thereto, on the terms mentioned in said acts, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said Vachel Johnson, having stated in his petition that he is in actual confinement for debt, and praying to be discharged therefrom, it was therefore ordered and adjudged, that the said Vachel Johnson be discharged from custody, and that by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in the Maryland Gazette, or the Maryland Republican weekly, for three months successively, before the third Monday of September next, give notice to his creditors to appear before Anne Arundel county court on the third Monday of September next, for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, and to show cause, if any they have, why the said Vachel Johnson should not have the benefit of the said acts as prayed.

Test. Wm. S. Green, Clk. 3m. May 26.

A Bar-Keeper Wanted.

A person qualified to discharge the duties of Bar-Keeper, who can converse well recommended, will meet with an eligible situation by applying to I. PARKER, Chy Tavern, Annapolis. June 22.

A LIST OF THE AMERICAN NAVY,

WITH

STEEL'S LIST OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

For Sale at Grooms Swan's Store, and at this Office.

Price 12 1/2 Cents.