



"WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY."

VOL. I.

MADISON, (INDIANA) - THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1817.

No. 8.

PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL P. LHAM,
EVERY THURSDAY.

CONDITIONS.

THE "REPUBLICAN" will be delivered at the price of two dollars per annum, paid in advance; if paid within two months after subscribing, it will be considered in advance; two dollars and fifty cents if paid within six months; two dollars and seventy five cents if paid within nine months; three dollars if paid within twelve months; or three dollars and fifty cents if not paid until the year expires.

FIFTY TWO numbers will be a year. All future subscriptions taken for the residue of the year.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

In all cases a subscriber must give notice punctually at the end of the year of his intention to discontinue or he will be held responsible for another year's subscription.

Advertisers not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for a dollar; longer ones in proportion, and if the number of insertions desired are not specified, they will be continued at the expense of the advertiser, until ordered out.

[From late English papers.]
PUBLIC DINNER TO MR. PHILLIPS.

Liverpool, November 11.

The dinner in compliment to this gentleman on his passing through Liverpool, took place on Thursday sc'night. The rev. W. Shepherd, presided. The number was limited to 120, who sat down at 5 o'clock to an excellent dinner.

It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the fascinating effect produced by the admirable speech of Mr. Phillips, in which all the graces of action and delivery were combined with the most beautiful imagery.

The chairman proposed the health of counsellor Phillips.

After the applause excited by this toast had subsided, counsellor Phillips rose, and addressed the meeting as follows:

Believe me, Mr. chairman I feel too sensibly the high and unmerited compliment you have paid me, to attempt any other return than the simple expression of my gratitude—to be just, I must be silent; but though the tongue is mute, my heart is much more than eloquent. The kindness of friendship—the testimony of any class, however humble, carries with it no trifling gratification—but stranger as I am, to be so distinguished in this great city, whose wealth is its least recommendation—the emporium of commerce, liberty, and public spirit—the birth place of talent—the residence of integrity—the field where freedom seems to have rallied the last allies of her cause, as if, with the noble consciousness that though patriotism

could not wreath the laurel round her brow, genius should at least raise it over her ashes—to be so distinguished, sir, and in such a place, does, I confess, inspire me with vanity which even a sense of my unimportance cannot entirely silence. Sir, the ministerial critics of Liverpool, were right. I have no claim to this enthusiastic welcome. But I cannot look upon this testimonial, so much as a tribute to myself, as an omen to that country with whose fortunes the dearest sympathies of my soul are entwined.

Oh yes, I do foresee when she shall hear with what courtesy her most pretensionless advocate has been treated, how the same wind that wafts her the intelligence, will revive that flame within her, which the blood of ages has not been able to extinguish. It may be a delusive hope but I am glad to grasp at any phantom that flits across the solitude of that country's desolation. On this subject you can scarcely be ignorant, for you have an Irishman resident amongst you whom I am proud to call my friend—whose fidelity to Ireland no absence can diminish—

who has at once the honesty to be candid, and the talent to be convincing: I need scarcely say I allude to Mr. Casey. I knew, sir, the statue was too striking to require a name upon the pedestal. Alas! Ireland has little now to console her, except the consciousness of having produced such men. It would be a treasonable adulation in me to deceive you. Six centuries of base misgovernment---or causeless, ruthless and ungrateful persecution, have now reduced that country to a crisis, at which I know not whether the friend of humanity has most cause to grieve, or to rejoice; because I am not sure the same feeling which prompts the tear at human sufferings, ought not to triumph in that increased infliction which may at length tire them out of endurance. I trust in God a change of system may in time anticipate the results of desperation, but you may quite depend on it, a period is approaching when if penalty does not pause in the pursuit, patience will turn short on the pursuer. Can you wonder at it? Contemplate Ireland at any given period of England's rule, and what a picture does she exhibit! Behold her created in all the prodigality of nature—with a soil that anticipates the husbandman's desires—with harbors courting the commerce of the world—with rivers capable of the most effective navigation—with the ore of every metal struggling through her sur-

face—with a people, brave, generous and intellectual, literally forcing their way through the disabilities of their own country into the highest stations of every other; and well rewarding the policy that promotes them, by achievements the most heroic, and allegiance without a blemish. How have the successive governments of England demeaned themselves to a nation, offering such an accumulation of moral and political advantages! See it in the state of Ireland at this instant—in the universal bankruptcy that overwhelms her—in the loss of her trade—in the annihilation of her manufactures—in the deluge of her debt—in the divisions of her people—in all the loathsome operations of an odious, monopolizing, hypocritical fanaticism on the one hand, wrestling with the untried, but natural reprisals of an irritated population on the other! It required no common ingenuity to reduce such a country to such a situation. But it has been done—man has conquered the benefice of the Deity—his harpy touch has changed the viands to corruption; and that land, which you might have possessed in health, and wealth & vigour, to support you in your hour of need, now writhes in the agonies of death, unable even to lift the shroud with which famine and fatuity try to encumber her convulsions. This is what, I see, a pensioned press denominates tranquility. Oh! wo to the land threatened with such tranquility—solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant—it is not yet the tranquility of solitude—it is not yet the tranquility of death—but if you would know what it is go forth in the silence of creation—when every wind is hushed, and every echo mute, and all nature seems to listen in dumb, and terrified, and breathless expectation—go forth in such an hour, and see the terrible tranquility by which you are surrounded! How could it be otherwise—when for ages upon ages invention has fatigued itself with expedients for irritation—when, as I have read with horror in the progress of my legal studies, the homicide of a "mere Irishman" was considered justifiable; and when ignorance was the origin of all his crimes, his education was prohibited by act of parliament?—when the people were worm eaten by the odious vermin which a church and state adultery had spawned; when a bad heart and brainless head, were the fangs by which every foreign adventurer and domestic traitor fastened upon office—when the property of

the native was but an invitation to plunder and his non-acquiescence the signal for confiscation—when religion itself was made the odious pretence for every persecution, and the fires of hell were alternately lighted with the cross, and quenched in the blood of its defenceless followers! I speak of times that are passed:—but can their recollections—can their consequences be so readily eradicated? Why, however, should I refer to periods that are distant? Behold at this instant, five millions of her people disqualified on account of their faith—and that by a country professing freedom! and that under a government calling itself christian! You (when I say you, of course I mean, not the high-minded people of England, but the men who mis-govern us both) seem to have taken out a roving commission in search of grievances abroad, whilst you overlook the calamities at your own door, and of your own infliction. You traverse the ocean to emancipate the African—you cross the line to convert the Hindoo—you hurl your thunder against the savage Algerine—but, your own brethren at home, who speak the same tongue, acknowledge the same king, and kneel to the same God, cannot get one visit from your itinerant humanity! Oh, such a system is almost too abominable for a name—it is a monster of impiety, impolicy, ingratitude, and injustice!

The pagan nations of antiquity scarcely acted on such barbarous principles. Look to ancient Rome, with her sword in one hand and her constitution in the other, healing the injuries of the conquest with the embrace of brotherhood, and wisely converting the captive into the citizen. Look to her great enemy, the glorious Carthaginian, at the foot of the Alps, ranging his prisoners round him and by the politic opinion of captivity or arms, recruiting his legions with the very men whom he had lately conquered into gratitude. They laid their foundations deep in the human heart, and their success was proportionate to their policy. You complain of the violence of the Irish Catholic—can you wonder he is violent? It is the consequence of your own infliction—

"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,

"The blood will follow where the knife is driven."

Your friendship has been to him worse than hostility—he feels the embrace but by the pressure of fetters! I am only amazed he is not much more violent. He