

A FINDARIC EFFUSION TO THE
CAUSE OF EUROPE AND SPAIN.

"It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul."
SHAKESPEARE.

IT dawns! it dawns! the new spring day,
That ends the Demons' despot's sway,
Flush'd with glory's tinted dyes,
It glows along Hesperian skies;
While new-born floods of light reveal
The wandering of a patriot's zeal,
Oh! hallow'd be that heav'nly light
That rends her beams from pole to pole
To manifest the magic might
That slumbered in the Spaniard's soul;
And hallow'd be that blessed cause
Whose clarion woke his energy.
For Spain, her Rights, Religion, Laws,
To save—or perish gloriously!
Now Demon despot, now
Unknown terrors damp thy brow,
Spirit of liberty! he sees thee near;
Hence arise his frantic fear.
Her lightning scares, her drooping crest,
The patriot flame is circling high,
It burns in every freeman's breast,
It flames in every Spaniard's eye,
And scaling the usurper's throne,
Pure as it blazed at Marathon,

As generous as high,
Affails his unanointed crown:
Recoiling from his guilty state,
Sick'ning he sees his rushing fate,
And as tyrant hears,
Lift'ning, his stronger fears,
The Echo of exulting sounds,
From hill to hill rebounds,
"Spaniards! our country's voice!
Death before chains and slavery!
She calls, to arms! awake! Rejoice,
Her trumpet call is victory,
Despot! our cause! our glorious cause
Could make thy servile mimics—Men;
How then shall it kindle those
Who boast the fame and blood of Spain?
The cause, the cause, the glorious cause,
Can fire the virgin's fluttering heart;
To save our soil, to guard our laws,
Even women act a Roman's part:
Even on that cheek, that softer cheek,
Where love assum'd a lovelier hue,
Resentful blushes mantling speak:
What wonders such a cause can do,
Then with the Ocean's Mighty Isle,
Join'd in one faithful, fearless band,
We'll sweep those vermin from the soil,
And renovate the smiling land;
And whither doomed to live or die,
Let Spaniards still exulting cry,
Spain and her laws,
Her glorious cause,
The good old cause of liberty,
Of ancient Greece and early Rome,
Spain! and laurelled victory,
Or death or an immortal tomb!"

IMPORTANT
SUMMARY OF SPANISH NEWS.

From the Liverpool Courier, of July 6.

Since our last, the affairs of Spain have assumed a more interesting and decided appearance. A variety of documents, containing proclamations and addresses which have been issued by each of the parties now struggling for empire, have been received and published; and we may venture to affirm that if the impression produced by those issued by the patriots has been as deeply felt in Spain as even in this country, an enthusiasm must have been excited in the bosoms of all true Spaniards, which may bid defiance to the power and policy of the myrmidons of the usurper.

The first series contains the state papers published in the *Monitor*, as the documents accompanying the accession of Joseph Bonaparte to the throne of Spain. The first of them is a congratulatory "Address of the Supreme Junta of the Government to His Majesty the Emperor and King." The second is a "Letter from the Cardinal Arch-Bishop of Toledo to His Majesty the Emperor and King," wherein the supple prelate begs that "his Imperial and Royal Majesty will look upon him as one of his most dutiful and loyal subjects, and instruct him concerning his high purposes." The third is the Proclamations of the Supreme Junta to the Spanish people, in which the character of the old Government is portrayed in the most hideous colours; and a long pompous description is given of the "lofty destiny" to which Spain will be raised by the new Sovereign, and by the intimate connection which will consequently take place between the two kingdoms. A great part of this and the following "Address of the Deputies to the Extraordinary Junta" is taken up with exhorting the rebellious Spaniards to submit to the new order of things, pointing out to them the folly and the hopelessness of resistance, and threatening the obdurate with all the horrors of military vengeance. This is the first notice that has been taken of the resistance which has been made in Spain to the French troops; and it is easy to discover through the attempts that are made to show its insufficiency, a considerable degree of irritation and alarm.

These papers fully prove, if proof were wanting, the statement already made, that Spain has been betrayed by a party of Spaniards, in the pay of, and wholly devoted to France. The fawning sycophancy, and the creeping submission, however, of the men who compose the Junta have gone something beyond our suspicions. But of what are not traitors capable? When the sacred fire of patriotism once becomes extinct in the human bosom, when men of

influence in a nation once touch the bribe of foreign gold, when private prejudices operate independent of the public welfare, or when the independence and honor of a country are no longer regarded as sacred deposits in the hands of a citizen to be preserved by the most painful sacrifices, and given up only in death itself; the dastard shrinks appalled from the standard of his country, and crouches at the foot-stool of the first tyrant that holds the rod over his head.—All that supports the dignity of man is for ever lost, every step he takes out of the line of duty is dyed in deeper infamy, and the wretch becomes capable of any enterprize however dark, and of any employment however degrading.—These observations often verified, were never more strikingly so than in the Spaniards, (if they may be still allowed to wear the name,) who have aided in the late revolution, and endeavoured to justify their conduct in these proclamations. They have accepted a king of the Bonaparte growth, with all due respect and with the warmest gratitude; and they affect to boast that Napoleon has guaranteed the inviolability of the Spanish dominions; but the hypocrites, in the warmth of their adulation, have shown that they were prepared to have entered into any of the purposes of the great Emperor, even to the dismemberment of the Spanish Empire and its incorporation with France. They appear somewhat dissatisfied that Napoleon has left Spain to much as the shadow of remaining a separate state for France. "O that there were no Pyrenees," say the patriotic members of this Supreme Junta; "This was the constant wish of good Spaniards." Thus having broken down the moral restraints of fidelity to their country, and respect for the laws, they become impatient with the natural barriers which nature had drawn a proud line of separation between Spain and the enemy of the human race." O that there were no Pyrenees! that we might fraternize more closely with the dissemblers of the world, that our country may become an easier conquest, that the armies of the usurper may support our perfidy, secure us from the vengeance of our abused countrymen and aid us in the plunder of our nobles, our merchants, and our families." Their wish was granted, the Pyrenees sunk before their treachery; and what advantages Spain possessed in the natural strength of her encircling mountains, were rendered nugatory by the moral imbecility of the faction which first deceived, and then profligated her ancient government at the feet of the unprincipled Corsican. But if there were no Pyrenees for traitors, if there perfidy opened the passes of the country, there are Pyrenees for the Patriots whose arms are nerved to avenge the cause of the slaughtered citizens of Madrid.—Mountains have been in all ages and countries both the cradle and the asylum of liberty and independence. Spain abounds with them, they will be their rallying places; there they may collect their forces, till, like the storms which gather on their summits, they thunder down their vengeance upon the tyrants of the plains, and expiate the guilt of their invaders and betrayers in their own blood; "O that there were no Pyrenees" may prove an ominous presentiment, as well as an apostrophe of disgraceful adulation.

We turn from these addresses, which are equally intended to blind and divide the people, and to incense a tyrant, with a mixture of disgust and exultation. We hope the time is not far distant when the satellites of despotism who penned them will meet with their just reward, at the hands of their injured country; or be doomed to remain the despicable retainers of a despicable king without a kingdom, the puppet of his brother usurper who dare not set his foot upon the territory which has been ceded to him with so much ceremony at Bayonne. A brighter page of the history of Spain is now opening. One glowing spirit of patriotism has diffused itself over the greater part of that extensive country, and the voice of indignation bursts from every quarter. Galicia, strong in its natural passes, has established a Provincial Council, and opened its ports of Corunna and Ferrol to the British.—Asturias, which is still stronger, and has been called the cradle of Spanish Independence, not only stands foremost in the glorious cause, but has already declared that it is at peace with England:—Leon, which affords an easy access to both Castiles:—Murcia, with the venerable Count Florida Blanca, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs, aged 76, at its head;—Valencia, whose armed force is commanded by Don Crebillion, an able officer;—Biscay, which has received the patriotic troops;—Aragon, &c. have all joined the confederacy, and are taking the most active measures against the common enemy. The other provinces, being more immediately under the French military, have not yet declared themselves. Thus the French are almost completely encircled; Barcelona is the only port in their possession, which the Patriot provinces have St. Sebastian and Gijon, Ferrol, Corunna, and Vigo, Cadiz, and Carthagena. The supplies of the French must in consequence become very precarious; and if the communication be intercepted according to the intention of the Patriot chiefs, between France and Madrid, their subjugation is indubitable. In calculating, however, the probable issue of this contest we are not to forget, that resistance on the part of the Spaniards was begun late; that French troops were introduced into the heart of the country before that resistance was even projected; that they were suddenly left without a Government and are yet without a general head; that they have to oppose the best disciplined armies, led by the most experienced officers; and that they have to contend with the artifice as well as the force of the enemy, whose sinuous policy is as formidable as his arms. It is a circumstance also not very favourable to Spain, that in her southern provinces there are not less than 100,000 Frenchmen, employed as servants, knife-grinders, wandering minstrels, and in the petty mechanical arts; most of whom have acted as spies, and all may be rendered serviceable in various ways to the French armies. Almost every thing depends upon the union of the Provinces in one common design, and upon the interruption of the communication with France. Should there be a division in the patriotic councils, or should the French be able to pour a great military force into the country, all is lost. On the other hand there are many circumstances which are highly in favour of the patriotic cause.—There are but three passages through the Pyrenees into

Spain, and 20,000 troops aided by the mountaineers are able to defend them, and in perfect security themselves to destroy whole armies. A foreign army in Spain must often march two or three days without meeting with a drop of water, which must be carried with them in leathern bags on mules, which the inhabitants only can supply. Spain has few fortified places to shelter an army continually harassed; one general defeat would ruin a foreign army; but should the inhabitants sustain ten defeats the country would not be conquered: they would rally in the mountains and the northern provinces, and maintain even in small bodies an unceasing and destructive war. Neither the Romans nor the Moors ever wholly conquered Spain. Nor does the Spanish military force weaken these expectations. The war establishment of the regular force is, by the late regulations, 117,000 men; and though Bonaparte has artfully taken 60,000 of these out of the country, we may at least reckon upon 40,000 effective men remaining. Of these, 30,000 are said to have joined the patriots. Their militia amounts, in time of war, to 32,000; and few military states of Europe can boast of a body better regulated and more capable of maintaining that reputation for valour which the Spanish nation has acquired. All these are unboundedly attached to their country; this is also the case with the people of all the provinces; however they differ in character and habits, (and differ they do,) in this they are all one. There is in all an hereditary hatred to the French; the strongest sense of national independence; and a courage and perseverance which is not often equalled, and never exceeded. Nor does the valour of the Spanish troops give place in the smallest degree to the French. The conquest of the lines on the Pyrenees, achieved by 5000 men, under the command of Don Antonio Ricardos; the taking of Bellegarde by the same General; the defence of that fortress afterwards by Marquis Vallesantaro; the defence of Rosas, by General Izquierdo; the storming of Castle Pignone, in Navarra, by the General in Chief, Don Ventura Caro; the defence of that frontier by the same general, who had but 8000 men under his orders to cover 32 leagues of country, attacked by an enemy of superior force: these are recent instances in support of the assertion; and when the details of the fights at Madrid and Sierra Morena shall reach us, we shall be able to add splendid feats of successful heroism, more recent still. The French, however, will be found superior in discipline, not to the Spanish regular army, but to the troops the Patriots will bring to oppose them, which will be chiefly composed of inhabitants of all ranks, whose love of the country has led to her standard before they have become fully acquainted with military forms. But their numbers, which are now estimated at 550,000, will supply this deficiency, if they be conducted with caution and ability.—Able officers we know they have. There is Palafox, Crebillion, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, and others, under whom the Spaniards will fight with enthusiasm. The Marquis of Santa Cruz is about 34 years of age, of great repute for personal courage and military science, and of so little inclination to become a subject of Bonaparte, that he has been heard repeatedly to declare that "he would willingly travel a 100 miles on foot, for an opportunity of shaking Bonaparte by the hand properly!"

Such are the probabilities on both sides, and we think them much stronger in favor of Spain, than of France; that is, if the accounts we have received be substantially true, and we have no reason to doubt it. THE STRENGTH OF A NATION IS THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE; and the Spanish people have not engaged in this contest on which, perhaps, hang the destinies of Europe, certainly those of Spain, with the coolness of men who have no interest in the cause, and who are hired to fight battles not their own. The Councils and individuals which could write such addresses, must feel, and that feeling of insulted honour, of abused rights, of personal and national injuries, is in every sense of the word, Spanish feeling. All ranks, stung with the treachery and cruelty of their merciless foe, have drawn the sword, and they must now throw away the scabbard.—There is no retreating; they have passed the Rubicon, and desperation must be added to valour. The pulse of Europe beats high with expectation. The Patriots of Spain fight in an amphitheatre, where the half of the inhabitants of the globe are spectators. If Spain triumph, the signal of general insurrection is given. The oppressed states of Europe which have been subdued, pillaged, and enslaved, will rise upon the tyrant, and hurl him to his fate; but if Spain fall within the grasp of the usurper, we stand appalled at her destiny. Portugal was invaded and ransacked, for no other crime than holding a commercial intercourse with England. Tuscany has been by a late decree added to France, because she was suspected of partiality to England; and the Pope has been stripped of his dominions because he was tardy in declaring war against the English heretics. If so severe a punishment has followed these peccadillos, what an abyss has the despot prepared for the bold and daring Patriots of Spain? Men who have exposed his crimes, who have denounced his perfidy and ambition, who have ridiculed him, who have attacked his troops who have seized his fleet in the port of Cadiz.—They have taken for their watchword, "Vengeance for the Spanish blood spilt at Madrid;" and they must likewise inscribe on their banners, "Death or Victory."

MANLIUS, NEW-YORK, AUGUST 2.

Disturbance at Oswego.—We hear from Oswego, that on Thursday last, application was made to Mr. Burr, Custom-house Officer at that place, to obtain a clearance for two boats for Sacket's Harbour, which was refused. The owners of the boats assured Mr. B. that they should depart the first fair wind, and advised him to conduct accordingly. In the course of the following night, the weather permitting, they made sail. Muskets were discharged at the boats, and the fire returned. No damage, however, was sustained. When day-light appeared, a boat was dispatched with 18 or 20 armed men, to bring in these piratical vagrants; but when overtaken, they discovered such a disposition to defend themselves (8 in number) that it was judged prudent to let them proceed, and thus prevent the effusion of blood.