

AN
ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY,

OR

COLUMBIAN ORDER,

HIBERNIAN PROVIDENT, COLUMBIAN, AND

SHIPWRIGHT'S SOCIETIES,

IN THE

CITY OF NEW-YORK,

ON THE

FOURTH DAY OF JULY, 1815.



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*Published by the request of the General Committee of
Arrangements, and the Hibernian Provident Society.*



NEW-YORK :

**PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN LOW,
NO. 17 CHATHAM-STREET,**

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1815.

An Oration.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

WE are this day assembled to celebrate the anniversary of our Independence ; to commemorate, with rational festivity, the birth of our Republic. The story of our Revolutionary struggles is still a grateful theme, although the harp of our national freedom has been so often swept.

Millions are this day uniting with us in grateful remembrance of its blessings, and consecrating, on the altar of their country, the purest affections of the heart. And well may this be a day of joy and triumph : well may this be a day of proud and pious commemoration.

But for this day, my countrymen, we had all been slaves. But for this day, we had been without rank, without power. Our commerce, that covers every sea, whose sails brighten beneath every wind of heaven, would still have crept along our shores ;—our navy,

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beneath whose thunders the deep caves of ocean shake, and beneath whose prowess Britons bow submission, would still have been the humble auxiliary of their ambition.

We should have been a poor, despised, oppressed, degenerate population:—want of spirit would have succeeded the want of independence, and like the Grecian Republics, we might have been laid bare, for centuries, to the arm of tyranny.

Greece, once the cradle of the arts, is now their tomb. Despotism stalks abroad over her fertile fields, armed with the scythe of desolation, that touches only to blight, and rests only to destroy. Look at the descendants of Pericles and Leonidas! What are they? They are Greeks but in name, without a spark of Grecian spirit. They breathe the same air with their ancestors, but it is no longer the air of freedom. They tread on classic ground, without the enthusiasm of genius, or the inspiration of courage.

Such had been the fate of our own country, had not the heroes of the Revolution been as magnanimous as they were patriotic, valiant as they were wise; had they not

resisted the encroachments of tyrannic usurpation, and upheld the infant Republic with their swords.

By the fiat of the Almighty, the American nation was ushered into existence, free and independent. Our forefathers launched their bark amid the waves of many waters, committing their fortunes to Providence, and treasuring up their hopes in posterity ; animated by an impulse that patriotism excited, honor applauded, valor consecrated.

Our sires were poor, but their virtues made them rich. They were without arms, but not without resolution ; what they wanted in numbers, they supplied by courage. They started forward in defence of their country, with a high heroic ardor, with a gallantry of spirit, which realize the visions of Roman intrepidity.

If the enemy had repulsed our ancestors from the sea-board, they would have fallen back into the country. If they had been driven from thence, they would have retired to the mountains. Here they would have made a last desperate stand. Here they would have fought with the valorous fury of

Martyrs, defending a violated sanctuary. Britain could not have subdued the spirit of America but by destroying her population. If she had triumphed, a wilderness would have been her empire.

Other revolutions have been conducted with sanguinary violence ; ours with a spirit of dignified moderation, worthy of the cause, and characteristic of the nation. The patriots of the revolution were as humane as they were brave. They displayed mercy where vengeance alone was expected, and where retaliation would have been lawful, the unsullied lustre of forgiveness.

In those days, every base and selfish interest was forgotten : every ignoble and timid sentiment trodden under foot. Heroes were formed not in the sun-shine scenes of prosperity and affluence, but in the cold bleak shade of poverty and suffering. Their virtues were of the noblest kind, the virtues of adversity met and resisted, of adversity encountered and vanquished. Amid toils and perils, their spirits were trained to independence. Amid hardships and calamities, they executed their lofty commission. Fired with indignation,

they rushed to arms, and fearlessly breasted the storm. They nobly dared and nobly triumphed. They rose upon the wreck of tyranny and the nation was emancipated. The Republic, that was cradled in tempests, never wanted a heart to love, and an arm to defend it.

The heroes who achieved our independence, have left us the rich inheritance of their glory, the proud monuments of their courage. They have left us nobler trophies than were ever bequeathed by Egyptian vanity or Grecian fame. Such, my countrymen, are the blessings it is the business of days like these to commemorate. Such are the triumphs it is the business of history to record. Such are the virtues it is the business of freemen to emulate.

The war of the Revolution was succeeded by a struggle not less glorious to the nation. Great-Britain jealous of our growing prosperity and anxious to crush the power which was destined to humble her, sought every opportunity of insult and irritation that could animate a free and generous people to resistance. Our national character had been so

long degraded in the eyes of the world, by our domestic as well as foreign enemies, that war became necessary to support our claims to that intrepid resolution which adversity cannot subdue, nor prosperity disarm.

America indignant at the arrogant pretensions of Britain roused from the torpor of commercial prosperity to vindicate her violated attributes. The nation reposed, but it was the repose of the eagle; The nation slumbered, but it was the refreshing slumber of the lion that wakes to new terrors.

Public spirit was the foundation of our strength, the basis of our success, the pillar of our glory. Public spirit animates a free people to exertions and sacrifices, from which the subjects of kingly government basely shrink. Public spirit collects and combines the scattered courage of individuals and grapples it to the commonwealth. Public spirit is the bulwark of a nation's greatness, its power and vitality.

It was this spirit which led the inhabitants of our western frontier to expose themselves to hardships, perils, and death, to an inhospitable climate and a ruthless foe, to an enemy

among whom mercy is deemed a crime and revenge the attribute of gods. Those who fall beneath the hatchet and the tomahawk perish without a grave, without a memorial, without a tear. It was this spirit that shone with such unsullied lustre at New-Orleans. It was the lightning of this spirit that flash'd upon the veteran troops of Wellington---and they were annihilated.

The war in which we have been engaged, my fellow-citizens, was neither a war of ambition, nor of conquest ; but a struggle for our indisputable rights, our commercial prosperity, our national honor. War was appealed to, only when our appeals to justice had been rejected with supercilious pride. We, at length, entrenched ourselves on sacred ground, and made head against the usurpations of Britain. Not on us shall alight the curse of having trampled on the law of nations. Ours was a righteous cause---it was the common cause of mankind. The liberty of the world had taken refuge under our banners, and our gallant heroes fought its battles with the desperate valor of men defending their children from slavery ; their wives and daughters from dishonor.

War, my countrymen, is not always a curse; it serves to develop and illustrate the capacity and destiny of a free people.--- After a long interval of peace, it is that re-suscitating power which calls from inglorious sloth the proudest energies of a nation. And although it is not without its evils, they are like those of the storm, which, whilst it destroys, it fertilizes---whilst it blights, it invigorates---itself the source of desolation and abundance.

If it be asked, what benefits have resulted from the war? I answer, it has roused the military spirit of the country. It has given to the world a Jackson and a Brown, with a long line of illustrious heroes, who, in many an age of glory, will be remembered to be revered. It summoned from the haunts of commercial ease and lettered indolence, the youth of the nation, to action and enterprize. It awakened the lofty remembrance of how many battles their fathers had fought---of how many fields their fathers had won; and, at the animating recollection, they surpassed the achievements they admired.

The trophies which have been erected in commemoration of our victories, may soon

perish beneath the mouldering touches of time; but the consequence of these victories, the remembrance of the valor that earn'd them, will be immortal. They encircle the American name with a ray of glory which can only be extinguished in the ruins of civilization.

Our navy has displayed to the universe, a lofty gallantry, an invincible courage, a chivalrous spirit, that wins when it frowns, and attracts admiration where it inspires terror.

Enthusiasm with a wing that never tires, and an eye that never winks, pursued the path of glory. Enthusiasm is the hero's virtue. It is attracted by difficulties---animated by obstacles---incited by peril. It is imagination exalted by sensibility. It is energy of passion united to loftiness of sentiment. It is the triumph of genius and courage over imbecility and cowardice. It is the elastic spring of a great mind intent upon a noble object.

Such is the enthusiasm of our naval heroes. Their activity knows no repose. Their valor dreads no danger. Successfully have they vindicated the character of the nation.

Triumphantly have they refuted the calumny of their foes. The dream of Great-Britain's naval omnipotence has passed away. In vain does she strive to crush our maritime growth—as well might she hope to reverse the current of the ocean.

Ere this haughty nation came in contact with a people as brave and high spirited as herself, her maritime supremacy was undisputed. “Her march was on the mountain wave, her home was on the deep.” She was unawed by superior force, unaccustomed to yield, and unacquainted with defeat. It was reserved for America to humble her arrogance, reverse her hopes, and to turn the current of her pride into humiliation.

Our success on the ocean surpassed our most sanguine anticipations. Victory followed victory ; achievement succeeded achievement : the pulse of national valor beat high, and the British flag that was so oft raised in exultation, was as oft lowered in dishonor ; whilst our own waved triumphant in all the winds of heaven.

Our naval victories are not only calculated to produce a momentary sensation, not

only to wreath the laurels of glory around the brows of ocean's sons, but to destroy the maritime supremacy of a jealous and imperious rival ; a rival that knows no law but its own will, and acknowledges no right that is not enforced at the cannon's mouth. To such an enemy resistance was a duty ; submission would have been the grave of national honor. Our struggle with the naval force of such a power was heroic, for it was hopeless ; it was sublime, for it was successful.

But whilst we pour forth the tribute of praise to those illustrious heroes who survive to enjoy the laurels they have won, let us not be unmindful of those on whose valor the tomb has closed. Whilst the voice of mirth and of festive gratulation resounds, let us not forget that there is a note of sorrow heard through the land, mingling with the song of triumph. Whilst we rejoice there are mourners who weep. Whilst we exult there are widows and orphans lamenting the fall of their brave protectors, "in helpless, hopeless, brokenness of heart." Whilst we speak of the hero, they think only of the husband and the father, whom their prayers vainly followed to the field of battle. The

wreath of victory is bedewed by the tears of connubial love and of filial piety. Whilst the heart of public exultation is warmed by their glory, the eye of private friendship is dimm'd by their loss. Peace to the ashes of those whose grave is the bed of honor. Let the harp be tuned to the memory of the departed brave. May the cypress twined with laurel bloom in eternal verdure over their hallowed remains. There cannot be a nobler monument erected to their memories than the gratitude which springs from the hearts of freemen, mindful of their valor, and jealous of their fame : the successors of their virtues and the heirs of their renown.

Who does not exult when he reads in a nation's eye the spirit that lights it to victory? Where is the tongue that does not dwell with rapture on the proud theme of our national triumphs? Where is the American who does not revere the valor which won the honors, we this day commemorate? If there be one such in this assembly, let him retire. Let not the solemn rites of this great festival be polluted by his unhallowed communion. The wretch that does not sympathise with his country's fortunes is sunk below the

level of humanity. He should be excluded from the society of honorable men. He should be driven by the united execrations of a free people from *that altar he violates*, and from *that sanctuary he profanes*.

Long, my countrymen, have we enjoyed those blessings which a Republican government alone can bestow. Gifted with an almost boundless extent of territory, a hardy and enterprising population, and political institutions founded on the basis of equal rights, America bids fair to outstrip the most sanguine hopes of the founders of its government. The proud promises of national greatness, which our infancy gave, our manhood has realized. Peace has again showered its bounties on our land. Joy and comfort again smile upon the cheek of labor. The sounds of industry are once more heard in the wilderness. The ocean echoes anew to the song of the mariner. We have passed the ordeal of adversity and we still are prosperous. We have passed the ordeal of war and we still are free. We have passed the ordeal of faction and we are still united.

From the contemplation of our domestic

concerns, let us cast our eyes on the great theatre of Europe, to witness the struggle of tyranny against tyranny, and the wars of ambition and of conquest, which promise no end but with the extinction of the human race.—

Oft has Europe turned pale at the signals which have roused her to battle. Oft has she bowed in ignominious terror at the frown of usurpation. Oft has she bled beneath the sword of exterminating conquest. Starting from the slumber of ages she attempted to throw off the yoke of inglorious servitude.— But the march of reformation was checked by the sword of crime. Revolution succeeded revolution in almost endless succession. The opinions of the closet, like the faith of Mahomet, were armed with steel, and Nations were made either converts or victims. The false lights of philosophy which were to illumine the world, glittered for a time over the corruption they created, kindling it into a blaze of faction that consumed the throne and the altar,—the palace of oppression and the sanctuary of freedom. The Universe quaked with fear and consternation before the great anarch that threatened its subjugation. The sun of liberty rose in tears, and sat in blood.

The events which pass before our eyes are like a fitful dream. We are lost in a night of political ignorance, in which philosophy affords no light, nor history instruction. The weakness of human presumption is rebuked by daring to follow that wild and erring spirit whose flight like that of a meteor dazzles with the rapidity and brightness of its course.

Bonaparte is restored to the throne of the Bourbons. Yes! my countrymen, he who was but yesterday an exile, is to day the monarch of France. He who was but yesterday the lord of a petty island in the Mediterranean, is to day the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. The splendor of legitimate monarchy fascinated for a while, but the angry spirit of the storm arose and the charm was dissolved.

Bonaparte entered France, not as he had so often done at the head of conquering armies, and with the spoils of vanquished nations; but in secrecy and silence, as an outlaw and a traitor. Without allies, with but a handful of men, and with no resources, save those of his own inexhaustible mind, a second time he carved his passage to a throne.

Trusting to his genius and his fortune, obstacles were but a stimulus to his ambition, and a splendid immortality the reward of his daring.

When he met his countrymen, he appealed not to arms but to the generosity of Frenchmen. The appeal was irresistible, and Napoleon was not only permitted to live but to triumph. The gates of Paris, which had so lately admitted the allied sovereigns, were now thrown open to receive the soldier of fortune. A high minded and gallant nation resolved that their country should no longer be subject to a pensioner of England ; but to a monarch of their own choice ; a monarch who had so often led them to victory ; who had collected and confederated the resources of France to humble the pride of Europe.

When we analyze the character of the man, it lessens our astonishment at the destiny which has awaited him. His genius, ardent, penetrating and sublime, darts into futurity, and from the knowledge of his own resources, derives the certainty of success. In his march to power he acts, where others

deliberate. He waits not for favorable opportunities to advance his fortune, but seems to controul destiny and create conjunctures. No man was ever more strongly tempted to ascend the heights of ambition than Bonaparte. Power invited him---fortune wooed him---courage crowned him. He won an empire as he won his battles, by that eagle-cast of the eye which sees every thing and is dazzled by nothing.

His intrepid mind appears invincible In action alone he seeks for repose. He throws his soul with alacrity into scenes of peril---The dauntless temper of his mind, and a never shrinking constancy, lead him to the execution of deeds from which irresolution and timidity shrink appalled. His physical nature is a proud ally of his intellectual; the former, fatigue cannot subdue; the latter, fortune cannot depress.

Whether we contemplate Bonaparte at the bridge of Lodi, bearing with heroic confidence the standard of his country o'er the bodies of slaughtered thousands---or on the plains of Marengo, where fortune for an instant frowned upon his daring, where valor

paused and resolution faltered, where even the hero was undecided, yet his indecision was but momentary, for the man of genius soon rallied his high, unconquerable powers.— Whether we behold him flying from his army in Egypt, to enjoy the first civic honors that awaited him at home.— Whether marching over the Alps where Hannibal had marched before him—whether conquering the descendants of those who had conquered Hannibal. Whether at Jena or at Austerlitz we witness the same decision of character, the same resources of mind, the same fortunate audacity.

When Bonaparte was driven from the throne, Europe vainly boasted that she had shaken from her breast the night-mare of oppression, as if despotism were to be interred in the sepulchre of Napoleon. When the allied armies entered Paris a misjudging world exclaimed, why does not the fallen hero perish in the ruins of his greatness; in battle he gained an Empire, in battle he should have lost it. The cradle of his renown should have been the grave of his dishonor—public opinion would then in charity have spread its wings over the errors of his

guilty life. Such was the friendly advice of his enemies, of those who augured their own destruction in the triumph of his resistless energy.

Bonaparte, though courageous was not invincible ; though powerful, was not omnipotent. Moscow witnessed his defeat, and Paris his humiliation. His attempt to control the destinies of mankind was like that of Phaeton to guide the chariot of the sun ;--- but unlike Phaeton he fell to rise with renovated power.

He now sits enthroned on the bloodless car of conquest. He has been raised to empire on the shields of his soldiers, and their swords is the prop of his glory. The attachment of his subjects is the pledge of his safety, and the rampart of his strength.----- Their valor is the servant of his will, their energies is the instrument of his ambition. Europe witnessed his fall with frantic delight---she beholds his restoration with fearful agony---she trembles at the energy she cannot rival, and proscribes the spirit she cannot conquer.

Though monarchies crumble into dust,

tyranny still survives---it still retards the moral and intellectual improvement of the species---chills the ardor of manly enterprize---represses the generous dilations of the heart, and leaves to its wretched victims only wrongs to endure and insults to remember. Fanaticism is armed with the sceptre of power. Intolerance is leagued with persecution. Liberty, like the sensitive plant, shrinks from beneath their withering touch.

If genius, valor, and public spirit, entitle their possessor to a charter of exemption from the common calamities of our nature, then should the Emerald Isle be prosperous, powerful, independent, and happy. If talents, patriotism, and intrepidity, deserve the noblest recompence, why should Ireland go unrewarded? Has she not fought the battles of England? Has she not sustained the reputation of her arms? Has she not, when the head of the British Empire was weak and the heart sick, renovated her strength? Has she not been the parent of genius and the nurse of courage? Have not the laurels that deck the brow of England been gathered and twined into a wreath of glory by the hand of Ireland? Yes! Ireland has been

the pillar of fire, that has led her armies through the wilderness, that has lighted them to battle,---to conquest,---to immortality.

And what is her reward? ask the poor peasant who reaps a scanty and uncertain harvest ;---ask the persecuted catholick who is denied the privileges of an Englishman ; ask the suffering exile who has been driven from his native country, to form new attachments in a foreign land, expelled by the sword that should have gleamed only in his defence. As a reward for his industry he has received the stripes of oppression ;—for his valor, contumely, for his religion, persecution, and for his heroic and devoted attachment to freedom, chains and banishment.

In whatever country an Irishman wanders his heart still recurs to home for tranquillity. He cannot but remember that Ireland was the seat of his infant gambols and his boyish sports. He cannot but remember how fondly he loved her showery sky, her misty heath, her golden harvests, and her smiling hamlets. Even the sullen song of her storms, her caves, and her ocean, yield to memory a

melancholy pleasure. Oft does he revisit in fancy the hall of his ancestors, once the abode of hospitality,---now the seat of tribulation.—The harp of Erin is hung on the willow.—Hushed are the notes of melody, and still is the voice of mirth, where once the jocund guest laugh'd over the sparkling bowl. The exile weeps at the fond remembrance, for now the associates of his infancy, the companions of his riper years, of his toils and his struggles, sleep together in the cold forgetfulness of the grave.

Short is the period since Ireland presented to the world, the grand, but melancholy spectacle of an intrepid population rousing at the great call of nature to vindicate their insulted rights. Their struggles were fruitless, their resistance vain. Tyranny triumphed o'er the wreck of innocence. Law was the handmaid of revenge, and the fountain of justice was poisoned at its source. Iniquity received the sanction of legislative authority. A system of coercive and despotic energy was supported by the arm of ministerial vengeance. The looks of the unhappy natives were watched, their groans were numbered. The minions of power

would have repressed their sighs and restrained their tears. If a murmur escaped their lips it was the evidence of their guilt and the signal of their ruin.

The heart of an Irishman cannot brook the despots frown. The heart of an Irishman is brave, generous, sincere. It is susceptible and it loves ; it is open and it confides : it is merciful and it forgives---it is loyal and it yields obedience-----it is free and it spurns oppression. Slavery plants a thousand daggers in his heart: it is intolerable to his spirit and repugnant to his nature. An Irishman can encounter hardships and smile at danger. He can grapple with misfortune and rise triumphant in the contest. But he cannot endure the spectral image of oppression that strides over his ill fated country, rioting on the spoils of industry, frowning upon the exhilarating pleasures of the gay, the festive and the social board, mocking the misery it creates and reviling the victims it stabs : No ! The spirit of an Irishman groans in agony when he is compelled to endure injuries he cannot redress, insults he cannot revenge. To the patriots of Ireland, life was an ocean in a storm.

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They struggled with the tempest, but the tempest o'erwhelmed them. They embarked upon the wreck which was swept from their country, and in a land of strangers they sought and found a shelter.

Ireland stands not alone the victim of despotism. All Europe weeps tears of blood at the calamities inflicted by the hand of lawless power. Scarcely a village from Moscow to Paris that has not startled at the sound of arms. Scarcely a valley in Europe that has not echoed to the death groans of the brave. Her mountains have blazed with the watchfires of battle, and her plains with the conflagration of cities. Her luxuriant fields have been trodden under foot by a brutal soldiery, and the hut of the peasant, and the cottage of the goatherd, have been made the abode of shrieking horror by the sword of desolation.

How few nations that beheld the struggles of our infancy, survive to witness the prowess of our manhood? They have sunk in the earthquakes of revolution, and have perished in the wreck of social happiness. They have been swept away by the flood-tide of conquest, and in its sanguinary waves

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have been buried the wonders of art, the prosperities of nature, and the land-marks of nations.

Where is Poland? Where is the Germanic confederacy? Where are the Italian States? And, what is more and most of all, where is the Republic of Switzerland? They have all gone down in this wild tempest to a premature grave, and the monuments that remain are but the sepulchres of their glory and the index of their ruin.

The sanguinary conflicts which have degraded the character and desolated the fairest portions of the old world, originating in the pride of tyrants and the lust of power, should teach us, my countrymen, to cherish the political institutions of our own country with increased affection. Here, war is the act of the people who fight. It emanates from a source that cannot guide it wrong. The people who wield the sword will never direct it against any but those who have trampled on their rights or violated their honor.

In consequence of our Republican form of government, our whole existence has been a series of brilliant and unparalleled improve-

ments. Years of unprecedented welfare and expanding prosperity, have smiled upon our national career. Our progress to greatness was, from injuries to arms—from arms to freedom—from freedom to opulence; few were the steps from independence to power.

Should we not, therefore, be grateful to those statesmen, who have raised us to this eminence, by their steady attachment to Republican principles? By the distinguished talents and the watchful prudence of Jefferson, we were enabled to keep aloof during the prosperous administration of that profound statesman, from the conflicts of European ambition.

By the spirit and energy of our venerable president, the nation was roused to exertions which astonished and confounded the enemy they humbled. His zeal and solicitude for the public good have been unwearied. His character as a statesman and a man, are above the reach of vulgar censure. Though faction deny his claims to pre-eminence, the universe and posterity will do justice to his memory.

The partners of his councils and the associates of his labours, are also entitled to our gratitude. The commanding talents, the stern integrity and inflexible patriotism of James Munroe, have ever had the noblest objects for their exercise--the welfare, the prosperity and the honor of his country. A life devoted to the public service, a combination of qualities which fit their possessor for the highest political honors, deserve an ennobling recompence from that people whose interests and whose glory have ever been dearer to his heart than individual aggrandizement.

The patriots of our own state are also entitled to the meed of national applause. New-York has stood like Atlas unmoved at the storms of battle which have played around her base. Her sages have resisted faction in the cabinet and her heroes have withstood the enemy in the field. He who guides the destinies of our beloved state during the most trying crisis of our political existence achieved all that duty required or patriotism claimed. Whilst the factious leaders of the East repressed every generous and patriotic emotion, our worthy Governor gave wings to all hono-

rable exertions. Whilst they rejoiced at our humiliations and pined at our triumphs, he roused the pride of National character which should ever play around the hearts of freemen and animate their warmest pulsations. By the aid of his talents, energy and disinterested zeal for the public good, New-York became the main pillar in the edifice of our independence. The time cannot be far distant when the voice of a grateful Nation shall call him to a higher sphere of usefulness and a wider theatre for the exhibition of talents and virtues which have not only shed lustre upon his own administration, but which have conferred the most signal blessings upon his native state.

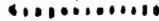
Such are the men backed by the patriotism and irresistible energy of a free people who have preserved inviolate the legacy bequeathed to us by our forefathers. Nay more, they have saved our honor from pollution.

Honor is the best pledge of a nation's virtue and a nation's prowess. It is the ally of courage and the precursor of triumph.— Honor is a jewel that sparkles no where so

brightly as on the breast of freedom—A brave a great and a proud people will never suffer its radiance to be obscured—Its lustre to be sullied.—A nation without honor, is a nation without power—frown and it shrinks—threaten and it trembles—attack and it yields.

Let us therefore my countrymen cherish this sacred principle which has carried us with success down the stream of prosperity, which has born us in triumph on the tempest of war— Let us watch with a vigilance that never slumbers the citadel of our liberties—Let us cling to the union as the sheet anchor of our salvation.

Other nations rocked and agitated by the rough and restless hand of lawless invasion have tamely yielded to conquest and have been shaken into dissolution by the collisions of conflicting tyrants—But America has built her foundation upon a rock ; the rains have beat and the floods have descended yet alone she has braved the elemental war—United we are able to withstand the collected fury of the tempest. The storm may gather and the thunder's roll—hostile myriads in all the pride and plenitude of power may



darken our coasts and frown defiance ; yet the storm shall pass unheeded by and the thunderbolt of war shall fall upon our invaders. United we are invincible---United we may defy the world.

FINIS.