

AN ORATION

COMMEMORATIVE

Commemorative 42

OF THE

21

Anniversary of American Independence

DELIVERED AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN SAVANNAH,

BY

Col. John Macpherson Berrien,

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1808.

AT THE REQUEST

OF A COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS.

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Savannah:

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**T**HE COMMITTEE of ARRANGEMENTS met on the 5th July—when on motion, it was unanimously resolved, That the Committee should wait on Col. BERRIEN, and request a copy of the Oration delivered on the day before, for publication. On the 7th July, the following answer was received :

SAVANNAH, 7th July, 1808.

SIR,

*I comply with the request made by the Committee of Arrangements, to furnish them with a Copy of the Address, delivered at the Baptist Church, on the 4th instant, for the purpose of publication.—This acquiescence is made, sir, with unaffected diffidence. The shortness of the time, allowed for preparation, and the interruptions arising from professional engagements, combined with other causes, have probably left much room for critic censure—Nevertheless, the offering is made with cheerfulness, as the bumble mite, of an honest, if not an efficient zeal, to promote a union of all real patriots, in support of the best interests of the American Republic.*

*I am very respectfully,*

JOHN MACPHERSON BERRIEN.

OLIVER STURGES, Esq.

*Chairman of a Committee of Arrangements, appointed by the Citizens of Savannah.* }



# AN ORATION.



*Fellow-Citizens and Friends!*

**I** AM about to enter upon the task, which your too flattering confidence has assigned to me, with a lively apprehension of my incompetence to its just and faithful performance. But I derive consolation from the reflection, that this effort which is made in obedience to your wishes, will experience at your hands, every indulgence which candor and liberality can afford, while something like confidence swells in my bosom, with the sublime and animating recollections, which this occasion is calculated to excite.

WE are assembled to celebrate the anniversary of our independence, of that ever memorable day, which gave to our beloved country, a rank among the nations of the earth. At this interesting period, in the history of man, more eventful than any which has hitherto marked its annals—when all Europe is shaken with the direful commotions of an unprincipled ambition, or already plunged into the dark and dreary abyss of despotism—while the continent writhes in torture under the scorpion lash of a cruel and unrelenting tyrant—and the waves of old Ocean groan, beneath the lawless violence, and unexampled rapacity, of the boasted mistress of the seas, pursuing a desperate and unprincipled course, by means as unprincipled and desperate. When the storm

which engendered in Europe, and charged with the corruptions of its people, wearied with the desolation of its native fields, hath extended its malign influences over a vast portion of the habitable globe; anon terrifying by its thunders, the far distant son of Africa, as careless he sat by the ever living fountain, which tradition has consecrated with the name of Joseph—or as he traversed that city, which erst was marked with the foot-steps, and now perpetuates the remembrance of the conqueror of antiquity; now directing its more secret, but not less baneful influences, against the hospitable Asiatic, as unsuspecting he wanders in the windings of Ispahan. At one time, bending its course over the waves, towards the Southern division of America—then turning with scowling look and hideous aspect, and stretching across the Isthmus, which divides us, towards this free and happy country. E'er yet this storm, which the primal poet of Modern Italy would have described, as of "an accursed quality; of rain, cold, heavy and frequent, with hail stones and sleet, and thick discolored snow, pouring down in torrents through the darkened regions of the air."—E'er yet it shall have burst upon us, we are once more permitted, by Divine goodness, to assemble, on this, the natal day of our freedom, to mingle our congratulations, and to offer up our thanksgivings on this joyous event.

WITH what sensations, my countrymen, shall we approach to the celebration of this festival of our nation? What are the recollections it is calculated to excite? What the emotions, it ought to inspire? The celebration of this festival, is calculated to recall to our recollection the toils and difficulties, by which our fore-fathers were assailed, when first they landed on these, then desert and inhospitable shores. It should renew the remembrance of the sublime and awful struggle of the revolution,

which terminating in a successful resistance to British tyranny, secured the blessings of freedom and independence, to three millions of people—it should revive the recollection of those illustrious sages and heroes, by the wisdom of whose counsels in the cabinet, by the matchless bravery of whose exertions in the field, it was attained and established.—It should renew the remembrance of those principles of Government, early adopted and steadily pursued by our illustrious Washington, to whom, under Heaven, we are indebted for every blessing we enjoy, and which have hitherto preserved us a free and happy people.

THE celebration of this festival, should inspire us with emotions, of warm and holy and ardent gratitude to God, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who prompted our fore-fathers to fly from the oppressions of their native land, to erect on these shores, the standard of civil and religious liberty—who cherished us in our infancy—watched over our growing years—in the day of our tribulation, stretched forth his right arm, which was able and mighty to save, and hath hitherto continued to us the blessings of peace, of freedom, and of independence.—Under God, this occasion should inspire us with gratitude to the sages, and heroes of our revolution, whether they now “sleep the sleep of death,” or still live to bless and to protect our country. This occasion ought moreover to inspire us with emotions of affectionate attachment, to our fellow-citizens throughout the union. As members of the same common family, engaged in the same common cause, and united by the same common interest, the real American patriot should experience for his brother, the emotions of a sincere and undisguised attachment. He should banish from his heart, every opposing feeling. The rancorous animosity of party should be hushed to silence—and in the midst of his

assembled countrymen—in the presence of an approving God, he should renew his annual vow, to devote himself, with disinterestedness and zeal, to his country's service.

! You have thus fellow-citizens ! the outlines of an address, which having been prepared in obedience to your wishes, is now submitted to your consideration.

MORE than three centuries, have rolled away, since the immortal Columbus, after a toilsome and perilous voyage, in which he had borne up with matchless fortitude against the fury of the elements, and the still more dangerous superstitions and rebellious spirit of his companions, first landed on the shores of this new world. At the signal of land, the crews shout forth the joyful *Te Deum*, and kneeling at the feet of Columbus, acknowledge with contrition their ignorance and their ingratitude.—He himself, holding in his right hand an unsheathed sword, clad in the richest vesture of his country, and accompanied by martial music, first sat foot on the shores of America ; and prostrate on the earth, in the presence of an astonished multitude, offered up to the God of his fathers, the overflowings of a heart, filled with gratitude for the manifestation of divine favor, in the successful termination of his grand and daring enterprise. The powers of language would fail in the attempt to represent to you the sensations excited in the old world, on the annunciation of this great event. He, who had heretofore been considered as a visionary or an impostor, was now received amid the shouts and acclamations of thousands, who joyfully hailed him as the benefactor of mankind. The strong grasp of avarice, heretofore reluctantly loosened, to afford the scanty means of his original equipment, now spontaneously pours out its treasures before him. New armaments are made—new equipments are fitted out, and Columbus returns to extend

his discoveries and to perpetuate his fame. We pass over the earlier circumstances which attended the general settlement of America—The recollections of this day naturally restrict us to those which attach themselves to that portion of this vast continent, since distinguished by the appellation of the **UNITED STATES.**

It was in the commencement of the seventeenth century, when on the accession of James the first to the throne, the war with Spain had been terminated, that England afforded the first evidence of a serious determination to colonize America. More than twenty years before, Elizabeth had made one feeble and abortive effort. The slender colony, planted by Sir Richard Grenville, in the Island of Roanoke, few in number, and unsupported by the fostering hand of the parent country, soon dwindled into insignificance, and was shortly after abandoned. To James, was reserved the distinguished honor of effectually patronizing those exertions, which laid the solid foundation of the future glory of America. Under his auspices were settled those tracts of country, which were afterwards known by the general names of Virginia and New-England—of the first settlers of which, relatively considered, the striking characteristics are, that the former possessed greater pecuniary resources, and were animated with an ardent spirit of enterprise—while the latter, were marked in a stronger degree, with the patient suffering of difficulties, and an unconquerable determination to surmount them. This characteristic of the first settlers of New-England, is strikingly depicted in the terms in which their application for lands is conceived. A small sect of religious persons, the democracy of whose tenets concerning Church Government, had rendered them obnoxious in England, and in consequence of which they had been compelled by persecution to take refuge in

Holland—they thus describe their qualifications for this adventurous undertaking—“ That they were well weaned from the delicate milk of their mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land—that they were knit together in a strict and sacred bond, by virtue of which, they held themselves bound to take care of the good of each other, and of the whole—that it was not with them, as with other men, whom small difficulties could discourage, or small discontents, cause to wish themselves at home again.” Thus capacitated for the perils they were doomed to encounter, let us in imagination attend them in their transit across the Atlantic. I will spare you the pain of witnessing the last farewell of our ancestors, to those scenes where in infancy they had delighted to dwell. The God of nature has implanted in the bosom of every man, an unconquerable attachment to the spot, where he drew uninterruptedly the first breath of infancy—an attachment, which however it may for a while be suppressed by the stronger pressure of individual misfortune, or abated in its generous ardor by the intolerance of persecution—no misfortunes can destroy, no persecutions annihilate. Under the influence of these feelings, this little band, in all not exceeding one hundred and twenty persons, were seen to commit themselves to the bosom of an unknown ocean, in one solitary vessel, which alone their scanty resources had enabled them to prepare. The moment of their departure has arrived—The last interchanges of affection have been made with their remaining relatives and friends—The sails are unfurled, and the white cliffs of Britain gradually recede from their view. Ah! my countrymen, think what anxious emotions must have swelled in their bosoms, when from the midst of the vast Atlantic, they looked back with mournful retrospection to the past, and turned with trembling apprehension to the



future. But their confidence was in that God, to whose service they had devoted themselves, with disinterestedness and zeal. Under his protecting guidance they successfully terminated their voyage; and on the 11th day of November, 1620, safely landed in America. But why should I pain you with a recital of the struggles of our infant colonies, assailed at one time by disease, and now suffering under the tortures of anticipated famine—now assaulted by the ruthless tomahawk of a savage and unrelenting foe, and now struggling with the machinations of the factious and discontented. Under all these difficulties, these and the other colonies, which in process of time were planted from St. Mary's to the Lakes, continued rapidly to increase in numbers and in wealth. In the war, which was subsequently waged by Great-Britain, against the combined powers of France and Spain, they had an active and distinguished share—and it has been remarked by an able writer of our own country, that “at no period of time was the attachment of the colonies to the mother country more strong, or more general, than at the conclusion of the peace of '63.” The attainment of the great objects of the war, so interesting to them, “had at length been effected by the union of British and American valor. They had co-operated in the same service—their blood had mingled in the same plains, and the object pursued was common to both people.” But the affectionate emotions which the concurrence of these circumstances was naturally calculated to excite, were doomed to a short and transitory existence. A new era was now about to arise, marked with events the most brilliant, attended by consequences the most interesting, that have ever dignified or illumined the page of history. It had ever been the favorite doctrine of the colonies, one too, which they contended was deeply engrafted in the British Constitution; that TAXA-

TION and REPRESENTATION, should move in concert; and unrepresented as they were in the British Parliament, they denied the right of that body to tax them internally. At all times admitting their liability, as an integral part of the empire, to contribute in a just proportion, to its general expenditure, they nevertheless contended with a force and earnestness of reasoning, which truth always lends to the efforts of her votaries, that the right to impose the taxes, essential to this purpose, existed only in the colonial assemblies. The reverse of this doctrine, had been so uniformly maintained on the other side of the Atlantic, that its exercise, was with them a question of expediency, rather than of right. At length there appeared a British Minister, bold and daring enough to conceive, and possessing sufficient influence with an infatuated parliament, to procure the passage of a resolution, declarative of an intention to act upon this principle, in its fullest and most unlimited extent. Need I call to your recollection, the resolution for the imposition of stamp duties, or shall I attempt to describe to you the sensations excited in America, when in the succeeding year, it acquired the force and efficacy of a law. Considering it as giving a death blow to the Constitution, as inflicting a vital wound upon the liberties of their country, the colonies united in one general sentiment of determined, and inflexible opposition. A congress was assembled—resolutions declaratory of their rights were passed—Petitions for the repeal of the act were forwarded to the King, and individual associations were framed at home, whose obvious intention it was to resist it. But an unexpected event gave a temporary relief to the apprehensions of our countrymen. From causes unnecessary to be enquired into, because unconnected with our subject, the Grenville Administration gave place to a cabinet,

at the head of which was the elder and illustrious Pitt. This great and enlightened statesman as positively refused to concede to the pride of the British parliament the right, as he had uniformly denied the policy or expediency of this measure; and under his auspices, and at his suggestion, the stamp act was immediately and absolutely repealed. But with the manifestations of joy which were exhibited in the colonies on this event, sensations of an opposite nature, were irresistibly mingled. The regulations concerning trade, were scarcely less disgusting than the stamp act, and moreover the late opposition to parliament, had given to the existing parties, a degree of strength, consistency and acrimony, therefore unknown in America. It was in the spirit of these feelings, that the act imposing duties on Tea, Glass, Paper and Colors, was received by our countrymen. Its annunciation, was the signal for the renewal of an opposition, more determined and violent. Every where the American people manifested emotions of the most lively and indignant resentment. Every where they perceived in this measure, the same odious and abominable principle, which had characterized the stamp act, varied only by the necessary variety of the object to which it was applied. With one general voice, they remonstrated to the throne, in the bold and manly language of freemen, conscious of their violated rights, and resolutely determined at every hazard to defend them. Their remonstrances were unavailing. The illustrious Pitt—the able and uniform advocate of the rights of the American people, no longer guided the councils of this infatuated cabinet. Worn out with disease, and impatient of contradiction, in his latter years, he had in a great measure compromised his interest with the nation, and jeopardized the brilliant reputation of a long life of glory. Both parties continued in-

flexible, and the British Government resolved to effectuate by force, the establishment of a principle which they could not otherwise maintain. It was in pursuance of this intention, that a considerable military force was gradually assembled at Boston. Nor were our countrymen wanting in their exertions, to prepare the best means of resistance in their power, to the tyrannies, which oppressed them. At length arrived that ever memorable crisis, which gave to the opposition of these colonies, that marked and decisive character, it was destined to assume. The streets of Lexington, were washed with the blood of the free born sons of America. Nor did it vainly flow. To yourselves I appeal ye early, and self-devoted martyrs in the cause of freedom—If from the airy regions where you dwell, you are permitted to converse with mortals—say—tell me—have you died in vain! No, No, my countrymen! At Lexington, was laid the corner stone of that illustrious fabric of civil and religious liberty, which has hitherto been, and by the blessing of God, shall long continue to be, the pride and boast of America—the envy and admiration of the world. The spirit to which that day gave birth, with the rapidity of lightning pervaded the American people. Every where was to be seen the busy stir of preparation. Old and young were every where to be seen hurrying to the tented field, resolved to participate in the toils and perils, and glories of the conflict. Ah! how unequal that contest in which they were about to engage—Great-Britain in the lusty vigor of manhood—arrayed against America in the infancy of her strength—Great-Britain, in the zenith of her power, rich in military resources, with a numerous and well disciplined army, commanded by brave and veteran officers, and capable in a moment of bringing the whole force of the nation to bear upon a single point of action—America destitute of resources

for war, without money, without arms, without ammunition, and without experienced military commanders, and incapable of bringing into action, the feeble resources of her infant power. Deeply impressed with the solemn conviction of these interesting truths, here let us pause, while with emotions of the liveliest gratitude, we turn to the great Supreme, whose mighty arm was stretched forth in our behalf—Yes, my countrymen! The standard of the God of battles was unfurled—the banners of the ever living God, waved in triumph on the side of America. The foe beheld it and trembled—He went out to battle, and was confounded in the strength of his power.

It would fatigue your patience—it would infinitely exceed my powers, to attempt in detail, a narrative of the brilliant events of this ever memorable conflict. Let the young warrior who delights in the recital of the battles of the valiant, go to that spot which is consecrated with the dear bought honors of WARREN, and as he wanders over those heights, which erst resounded with the noise of battle, terrible “as the last peal of the thunder of Heaven,” let him listen to the story of the early valor of our countrymen—or let him pass, O! illustrious MONTGOMERY! to the cold and dreary regions of the North, where thou didst terminate in death, thy short, yet glorious career. Let him turn with glowing ardor to the defence of Sullivan’s Island, by the gallant MOULTRIE, or trace with youthful enthusiasm the brilliant campaign of the Carolinas, under the auspices of GREENE, the second savior of his country—Nor forgotten be the achievements of GATES, the hero of Saratoga—Nor thine, O! WAYNE, our gallant countryman! But chief of all, great father of our country! To thee illustrious WASHINGTON! Let the young warrior turn with eager, anxious, glowing admiration. Through the long, tedious travail of thy glorious course, let him

enraptured view, that rare commixture of the great and good, which in thy patriot bosom dwelt !

BUT let us turn my countrymen from these glowing themes—Let us direct our attention to the milder, but not less decisive events of the cabinet. Approach we to the contemplation of that illustrious era in the annals of Columbia, whose anniversary we are this day assembled to celebrate. It was not until our countrymen had exhausted every means of conciliation—It was not until Great-Britain, in the pride and insolence of her power had compelled us to drink to the very dregs of the bitter cup of humiliation, that the determination to separate themselves from the mother country, was seriously entertained in the American Colonies. In the honest sincerity of affectionate attachment, they had laid their grievances before the throne. To their brethren of England, they had addressed themselves in the strong and glowing language of men conscious that freedom was their birth right, and resolutely determined at every hazard to defend it. Their expressions of attachment were disregarded—their remonstrances were rejected with contemptuous disdain. Outrage succeeded to outrage—and oppression walked in the train of oppression—But forbearance has its limits—and there is a point beyond which the human mind naturally erect and independent, will not stoop to humiliation. The assembled wisdom of America, looked with anxious solicitude to the approaching crisis. At length that period arrived, which left no alternative between the abject submission of unconditional slavery, and that high and imposing attitude, which the people of these States were from that moment destined to assume. It was indeed a crisis of awful and anxious expectation, but the patriotism of America shrunk not from the conflict. The sages who then presided in the councils of our country, appealing to an omniscient God for

the rectitude of their intentions, and tendering to each other the mutual and solemn pledge of life, of fortune, and of sacred honor, proclaimed to an astonished world, the illustrious Declaration of our Independence. Listen and admire the solemn annunciation !

[HERE the Declaration of Independence, was read by JOHN Y. NOEL, Esq.]

THE Orator then proceeded :—

SUCH my countrymen, was the language of those patriots who presided in the councils of America, in the days, which tried men's souls. A new era now breaks upon our view. These infant colonies have forever dissolved their connexion with the mother country. A great people, bursting the bonds which had enchained them, have now assumed to themselves a rank among the nations of the earth. It was indeed a sublime and interesting spectacle.

THE war of the revolution now exhibits a new and widely different character. Great-Britain contending for dominion—America for existence. Long and arduous was the conflict—but Heaven smiled propitiously on the struggles of our countrymen, and their glorious exertions were crowned with success. Our Independence was solemnly acknowledged, and the benign Goddess of peace once more revisited our desolated plains—But the liberties of America, were not yet fixed on a firm and durable basis. The ancient confederation framed amid the heat and fury of the conflict, was in many respects incompetent to the purposes of government. During the continuance of the war, a common interest had united, because a common and immediate peril, had menaced us—but when the roar of hostile cannon had ceased in our land, a thousand jarring and discordant pretensions, were ushered into view. The patriotic wisdom of our countrymen, once more preserved us from im-



pending danger. On the basis of mutual concession, was framed that glorious charter of our rights, the **FEDERAL CONSTITUTION**. This is the second era, of the glory of America. The illustrious Washington, was unanimously called to preside in the councils of our country. Behold my countrymen! this most beloved of citizens, once more emerging from the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon, to embark the well earned reputation of a long life of glory, on the tempestuous ocean of a nations cares. See him, as from the lofty eminence on which a grateful people had placed him, he calmly surveys the mighty prospect, which unfolds itself to his view. He looks to the second office of the republic, and recognizes in it an able and well tried patriot of the revolution. He beholds assembled in the deliberative branches, that ripened wisdom which had conducted us in safety, through the dark night of our perils. He hastens to the exercise, of the power of appointment, constitutionally committed to his charge. The great concerns of the department of state, so interesting to the welfare of America, are committed to the extensive political science of Mr. Jefferson, the reward of his former services—an incitement to new efforts for the public weal. To snatch from impending ruin, the public credit of the nation, almost exhausted in the struggle which had given birth to our infant republic, the attention of our illustrious chief was directed to Alexander Hamilton, the early and constant companion of his revolutionary toils—“ a man eminently adorned with natural gifts and endowments, and solemnly marked out and elected to his great office.” The subjects which were connected with it “ he saw by the power of his mind—he comprehended them by his understanding, and by his manly eloquence, he cast a matchless brightness upon them.” The high concerns of the military department were confided to



the veteran Knox—and the office of Attorney-General was entrusted to Mr. Randolph, who was then rich in the confidence, and had oft times been honored with the dignities of his native state. Thus organized was the executive branch of the government, while the judicial department was brought into operation, under the auspices of the most profound and able jurists in America. It was a union of character, and talent, framed under the influence of public opinion, on the basis of intrinsic worth. How interesting would be the contemplation of the progress of a government, thus embarked under the guidance of wisdom, and influenced only by love of country—supported by the patriotism, and cherished by the affections of three millions of people. Delightful task! in which the appropriate limits of this address, forbid us to indulge. Already has that portion of your attention, which has been so kindly afforded, admonished me that it is time to bring these observations to a close. A few short considerations remain to be offered to your view. They are presented to you in the honest integrity of a heart, sincerely devoted to the welfare of our common country.

We have arrived at an awful and solemn crisis in the history of man—we are doomed to witness a course of events, which are without a precedent in the annals of antiquity—and which posterity will contemplate with mingled emotions of wonder and regret. Two great and rival powers contending for empire, are steadily pursuing a conflict, more extensive in its operations, more varied in the mode of its prosecution, than any which has hitherto afflicted the habitable globe. Beneath its desolating blast, the fairest portion of Europe has already sunk down, in the bitterness of political death. We also, my countrymen, have become the objects of its unrelenting fury. We have sought to deprecate its wrath, through

the medium of negotiation, and our pacific overtures have been rewarded by the multiplied renewal of aggression. We live at a period, when the principles of the natural and the national law, are no longer considered obligatory among nations—when the scales of eternal justice have been dashed in pieces, by the exterminating sword of the conqueror, and lawless violence and ruffian outrage, have defiled the inmost recesses of the national temple, where meek eyed benevolence, and even handed justice, once delighted to dwell. In the first moment of the shock, we have almost sunk beneath its influence. We have ceased to hold intercourse with the world—our commerce has been abandoned—and agriculture, its handmaid, droops in our land. At this solemn and interesting crisis, when the nation, pausing in her course, deeply meditates the means of avoiding the rocks and quick-sands, which surround her—In this hour of peril, what are the duties which we owe to the republic? Listen to the warning voice of the departed father of our country!—“ Cherish the unity of government! It is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquility at home—of your peace abroad—of your safety—of your prosperity—of that very liberty you so highly prize.” In an especial manner exert yourselves to repress “ the baneful effects of the spirit of party. The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is in itself a frightful despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men, to seek security and repose, in the absolute power of an individual—and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.”

“ **AGAINST** the insidious wiles of foreign influence, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful, must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate, to see danger only on one side—and serve to veil and even second, the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.”

SUCH, fellow-citizens! are some of the counsels of our illustrious departed friend and benefactor.— Let them be deeply engraven on our hearts! They are the fruits of ripened experience, springing from a bosom whose chief solicitude was for our welfare. In an especial manner does it become us, amid the existing perils which surround us, to banish from our hearts the rancorous animosity of party—It is known only to that Being, in whose hands are the destinies of empires, how soon we may be called to share with each other in the toils and dangers of the tented field. Tell me! if with mutual suspicion and distrust, we enter into the conflict, shall we not involve ourselves in disgrace, and our beloved country in ruin? And say! if the blessings of peace shall yet be continued to the nation, what advantage can we promise to ourselves, from the indulgence of these emotions? Turn your attention, to the history of Revolutionary France! Re-assemble in imagination the various factions, which under different names, have alternately preyed upon the peace of that unhappy country.— Behold them at one time, the only criteria of patriotism and public virtue; and revelling under this

mask, in the blood and treasure of the nation, now yielding to the successful rivalry of some new combination of the factious, and all finally engulfed in the dreadful vortex of despotism. Shall we not catch inspiration, from the sad and melancholy experience of others? Shall we not profit by the councils of our great and glorious Washington? Yes, my countrymen, we owe it to ourselves, as citizens of the only remaining republic under Heaven—to our illustrious ancestors, from whom we have received the precious boon of our freedom—and to our posterity, who will claim from us, the unimpaired transmission of this rich inheritance, to banish from our land the party spirit which divides us, and with one heart and one hand, to rally around the standard, which shall be erected in defence of the insulted honor of our country. Let us remember that this spirit, which originates in self-interest, is cherished and supported only by the arts of the designing. The great majority of us yield unconsciously, and without reflection to its influence. Let us awake from this bewildering slumber, in which we have mistaken professions, for patriotism, and the violence of the partizan, for the public virtue of the citizen. True to ourselves, let us in the spirit of the counsels of Washington, unite in devotion to the general welfare, thus presenting to foreign nations, an erect and independent spirit, which not contenting itself with simply retiring from the field of aggression, will avenge its violated rights, wherever violence is offered to them.

Such were the monitions of our illustrious chief, offered to us in the last moments of his public life, e'er yet he had finally returned to the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon. Let us not blast the hope of an honest pride, that "the laurel which he had thus planted might thicken around the temple of his retirement. The pillars will support it. The mate-

rials are solid, and the ground is firm." These motions should be doubly precious in our sight, since their beloved author is now no more. Full of years and full of glory, he has descended to sleep with his fathers. "Thou sleepest the sleep of death—but we are not unmindful of thee O! Washington! In life and in death, thou art equally the object of our regard and veneration." Nor unseen—nor unapproved of Heaven, are the feelings which animate our bosoms—Great Parent of the Universe! Thine is this tribute of a nation's gratitude! for thine is Washington.

