



Immanuel Northrup

Tiverton

Dec. 29.

AN

ORATION,

PRONOUNCED

AT THE BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE,

IN TIVERTON,

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF JULY, 1813;

IN

COMMEMORATION

OF THE

ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

.....
By **JOB DURFEE.**
.....

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides! invictaque bello
Dextera!

VIRGIL.

NEWPORT:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM SIMONS,

Mill-Street.

.....
1813.



TIVERTON, July 5, 1813.

MR. DURFEE—

The citizens at the table return you their compliments as a token of respect and approbation for the patriotic discourse you delivered this day, and request a copy for publication.

With respect, Sir, we remain your humble servants.

JOSEPH DURFEE,
RICHARD M. WEBBER. } *Committee.*

TIVERTON, July 5, 1813.

GENTLEMEN—

I shall ever take pleasure in complying with the wishes of my fellow-citizens. This production is accordingly submitted to the press. Without expecting the applause of my country men, I ask only for their indulgence.

I am, Gentlemen, respectfully your humble servant,

JOB DURFEE.

ORATION.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—

THIRTY-SEVEN years since your country burst from the chains of tyranny and proclaimed herself *free*.

I shall feel myself happy in performing the task with which you have honored me on the present occasion, if I can raise my thoughts to an elevation equal to that of your feelings, when exalted to the contemplation of this memorable event.

The Anniversary of our Independence has again returned. Let us remember the deeds of other times. Many of the heroes who performed them have passed away, and are numbered with the dead; but the remembrance of their achievements shall never leave us, their glory shall never die.

In order duly to appreciate the merits of those worthies, let us recall the events of former days.

Our Fathers, flying from the flames of persecution and tyranny, left the fertile plains of Europe, crossed the tempestuous waters of the Atlantic, and landed on these western shores. They fondly imagined that the broad bosom of the deep would present an impassable barrier to the machinations of their enemies, and the usurpations of tyranny—a pleasing, but alas! a vain delusion. Scarcely had they subdued the wild beasts of the desert, and driven back the ruthless savages—Scarcely had they hewed down the forests, and built their country amid the rocks and mountains, when the tyrants of Europe began to rivet upon them their former chains. Our fathers detested slavery in whatever form she might present herself, however distant her appearance, or slow and gradual her approach. They petitioned

for redress of grievances—their petitions were disregarded. They remonstrated—their remonstrances were fruitless.— They took up arms—and their arms were at length effectual. But long and dubious was that struggle which gave you liberty and independence.

The story has been told to us by our historians, and we have heard it with delight from the lips of our fathers, many of whom were active in that ever-memorable contest.— You know, fellow-citizens, how unprepared they were for the mighty conflict, and how new to their feelings were the cruelties and barbarities of those hostile invaders. Columbia's martial genius had then never seen the horrid front of war—he had never beheld the field of battle, covered with contending armies, nor faced the cannon's mouth, "nor heard its thunders roar"—he had indeed never seen danger even in any form: save when he flew to chastise the insolence and fury of a savage foe, let loose upon his unprotected frontiers; or when tempestuous nature, in gathered whirlwinds, led her impetuous course through his own ancient forests, and carried destruction in her career—or when her collected tempests burst upon his native mountains, and curled their wild lightning around their crags. Those scenes of blood and slaughter—of ruin and desolation, which had hardened the mind of the inhabitant of the ancient world, had happily never met his view; but he had been nourished amidst rocks and mountains—his limbs had become strong and powerful by constant toils and exercise, and the natural vigor of his lofty soul qualified him for the most daring undertaking. When, therefore, he saw the rights of Columbia invaded, and her liberties trampled under foot, his offended spirit was fired with generous indignation—his whole soul kindled into a flame—he buckled in his armor—he placed upon his brow his plumed helmet—he snatched the thunders of battle in his right, and his martial clarion in his left, and rushed to take vengeance on the invaders. He blew the brazen trumpet of war on the fields of Lexington, and the sound spread from head to head—it smote the distant Alleghanies—it resounded over the plains of Georgia, and reverberated through the western wilds. It started from the chambers of peace his martial

sons—it fired them with an unquenchable ardor—they snatched their arms, they rushed to the field, they gathered around the standard of their genius, and demanded to be free.

But what sufferings had they to undergo—what difficulties to encounter—what obstacles to surmount, ere they accomplished their glorious purpose. You, our venerable sires, whose locks were bleached with the storms of the revolution, can recount to the rising generation the struggles of that trying period; for the small number of you that still exist (and would to God that number was greater) are the living monuments of your country's battles. Tell me then, ye venerated few, how you began the contest for liberty. Were you supplied with every necessary munition of war? or rather, were you not without arms, without ammunition, few in numbers, without organization, or discipline—contending against British armies, superior in numbers, perfect in discipline, furnished with every destructive instrument of sanguinary war, supported by a powerful naval armament, and aided by their European and Indian allies? And, in this sanguinary contest, tell me, did you not overcome and completely crush, the enemies of your liberties?

Upon such daring and unconquerable souls what praises shall we not bestow. How did they flame on Bunker's height? How did they thunder on the plains of Saratoga and Yorktown? What an unquenchable fire burnt in every bosom! What a soul animated our WASHINGTON, our GREEN, and our GATES? What a fiery spirit impelled our WARREN, MONTGOMERY, and MERCER? The great and good of every age and nation, shall regard those heroes as illustrious examples for their imitation—The remembrance of their deeds shall ever live—their names shall be ever sacred and dear to their countrymen. No condition, or period of life, shall refuse its praises. The cottager who dwells on the distant mountains of the west, and the refined and polished inhabitant of the city, shall utter their renown—the lisping infant shall repeat their names, and the gray-haired sire shall talk of their deeds—may a thousand generations to come shall look up to their achievements, and shout forth their glory.

But it is impossible for me to do justice to the names of

those brave men, who fought and contended for our independence; but were my powers commensurate with my wishes, I would raise to their remembrance a Temple, whose summit should be exalted high towards Heaven, and whose deep foundations should rest on an adamantine rock in the centre of the earth. On its sublime top, the fire of liberty, kindled and kept alive, by the hands of sainted patriots, should forever blaze, and illumine the universe. Above its broad portals, the Genius of American Liberty should be represented in brazen sculpture; nor should Olympian Jove, wrought by the hands of Phidias himself exceed him in majesty or dignity of appearance. In one hand he should hold the sacred Constitution of our Country, in the other the lighted bolt of vengeance, ready to be hurled on him who should dare attempt its pollution. The American Eagle shall perch upon his helmet, and the Declaration of Independence be inscribed on his pedestal in capitals of gold.

Within its spacious walls, the arts of the sculptor and the painter should be called to aid—here you should behold infuriated Despotism, pursuing through wide wasting ruin and desolation, the Rights of persecuted Man.

You should, young gentlemen of this assembly, see with what sort of enemies your fathers had to contend—you should behold the unrelenting savage of the forest let loose from wild domains to butcher and mangle helpless infancy, and gray haired old age—you should see the semibarbarians of Europe, leagued with British soldiery, spreading fire and desolation from one extremity of your country to the other—your towns and villages wrapt in flames—your fair fields a wasted desert. The representation of their savage ferocity should not stop here; you should behold your countrymen incarcerated in their noisome prison ships—languishing and fainting beneath the cruelties of their oppressors—and thousands prematurely cut off by fell famine, or despair; cut off in the bloom of youthful expectation, and sent to an untimely grave—to a grave did I say? alas! we must represent things as they were—No earth covered the bodies of the unhappy victims—no monument, or stone, marked the place where they were laid—no fond

parent, or brother, or sister, sighed over their torments.— They were cast naked upon the shores, and left unburied, to putrefaction, and devouring birds of prey.

Such should be the representation of British cruelty; for as they left no trace of humanity, no vestige of civilized warfare in their desolating march, you would be presented with no marks of their progress, but the effects of their savage, unnatural fury. Rising against the violence of this tempest, in all the solemn majesty of profound wisdom, and conscious integrity, that Congress should present itself, which proclaimed you a free and an independent People: they should appear exalted on an eminence, and the illustrious statesman, who drafted the declaration of independence should be represented in the act of presenting it to them for their approbation.

You should next behold those illustrious heroes who distinguished themselves in the revolutionary battles. Chief amongst them should appear the immortal **WASHINGTON—WASHINGTON** whose impenetrable buckler averted the shafts of Britain, and whose guiding hand led his country to the summit of everlasting fame. You should then behold your **GREENE**, whom victory, at Eutaw Springs, covered with never-fading laurels; he was mighty in battle—second alone to the Father of our Country. And here should be seen the illustrious **GATES—GATES** the hero of eternal renown—**GATES** the conqueror of the haughty Burgoyne. And the valiant and generous **STARK** should be here represented in the prime and vigor of his life, victorious from the field of Bennington. **LINCOLN, PUTNAM, WAYNE**, and a host of other heroes, should here receive the honors due to their memory.

Apart from these, who toiled through the revolution, should be those who bled and died in our defence: they should be peculiarly dear to us my countrymen, because they freely offered up their lives that posterity might live happy and independent.

You should, therefore, be presented with a view of Bunker's height, and that tremendous conflict in which American valor was so pre-eminently conspicuous; and the gallant **WARREN**, immortal name! should be here seen

with his drawn sword pointing upon the advancing foe. In this attitude, he should seem to be exhorting his companions in arms, his lips infusing fire into their bosoms, and preparing them to meet with fortitude the shock of battle : But alas, he must die for his country—and farther on you should see his grave, covered with eternal laurels and bedewed with the tears of his countrymen. And thou immortal MONTGOMERY shouldst be here represented leading on thy little band beneath the walls of Quebec, storming at the cannon's mouth, and marching up undaunted to the front of death. Thou gallant chieftain didst die in the just battles of thy country, and thy name shall be encircled with a blaze of immortal glory.

And thou too, illustrious MERCER, shouldst be here seen yielding up thy life in defence of thy country's liberty and independence—just as the laurels of victory were wreathed around his brow, that gallant hero poured forth his blood on the fields of Princeton. But have we not passed over one who merits a place in this Temple consecrated to American worth and valor? Should not ARNOLD be placed amongst those who were instrumental in achieving our country's independence. He once performed many noble exploits, many brilliant achievements—he once merited well of his country—shall he have a place here? No! ARNOLD tarnished his sword, he became a Traitor, he made war upon his country, he burnt her towns, he butchered her inhabitants—ARNOLD shall have no place here—detested be the name of ARNOLD, and of all those who resemble him in his treason. No historian shall write his commendations, no minstrel sing his praises, no monument shall be erected to his memory; but as his name is blackened with everlasting infamy, it should be handed down to the most distant ages, for the execrations and anathemas of posterity. Thus uncontaminated with the representation of the Traitor Arnold, such should be the honors bestowed on those who fought and bled in our defence. Their honors should be great because their deeds were glorious, and our gratitude should be unbounded because the blessings which they conferred upon us, extends beyond the conception of mortal man. They struck from the hands of ty-

ranny the chains with which she was about to encircle us. They declared us a Free and an Independent People—they gave to us that constitution which is a prodigy of political wisdom, and our present greatest blessing. Under its auspicious light the nation has flourished beyond any example of ancient or modern days—under its benign influence the arts and sciences have decorated our country with a thousand beauties; agriculture has planted her gardens in the west, and made the desert smile: commerce has unfurled her sails from every port, and returned with the production of every climate: the manufacturing arts have taken up their residence among us and rendered us dependent only upon ourselves. Such are some of the blessings which the Revolutionary Patriots have bestowed upon us; but that which we ought to prize above all others, is the invaluable blessing of personal liberty—it is that which constitutes the majesty and dignity of a free nation—it was the original gift of Almighty God to his creature man; but the sacrilegious hand of despotism snatched it away. The heroes of the revolution were destined to recover it, and we, fellow-citizens, now enjoy its advantages. Let us not allow any tyrant to wrest from us this celestial heritage, we are able to preserve it, and we will hand it down unimpaired to posterity.

It has been said that England is fighting for the liberties of the world, but, my countrymen, let us take pride in having so much confidence in our own strength, as to believe that we are able to defend our own rights without reliance on any foreign power. Materials amply sufficient for this purpose are within ourselves, and nothing but the most unpardonable neglect or abuse of them can endanger our liberties. It is by our arms that we are to defend our country; and to enable us to wield them with effect, military skill and discipline are essential requisites. A nation, in order to defend itself, and protect its rights, must have disciplined soldiers and skilful generals; and it is the rude hand of war that hardens the former, and the thunder of the field of battle that instructs the latter. When the mariner is unaccustomed to contend with the tempest, the

strongest ship may be dashed to pieces by its fury and overwhelmed in its billows.

Fellow-Citizens, tremble not for the result of the contest in which you are at present engaged. Should it, contrary to every expectation, not be so favorable as might be wished, it will still be productive of many good effects—it will rouse our yeomanry from the enervating charms of peace—it will breathe into them a military spirit—it will give them discipline, and perhaps furnish skillful commanders for future exigencies, and thus prepare them to defend their country against the most powerful invaders. When Hannibal carried destruction to the gates of Rome, had not the Romans been previously disciplined by martial toils, that renowned general had left this famous city a heap of smoking ruins. Had not Greece, ere the arms of Persia visited her shores, struggled in a thousand difficulties, fought in a thousand battles, and attained a degree of perfection in the military art, the Persian armies would have cloven down her liberties, and bound her in chains. Shall I here dwell upon the triumphs of a few disciplined freemen over the vast armies of an ambitious tyrant. Shall I tell you of the plains of Marathon, or Platea—of the defiles of Thermopylae, or the straits of Salamis. These consecrated spots, methinks the Goddess of Liberty frequently visits, and calling around her the spirits of those heroes who there fought in her battles, bestows upon them her benedictions for their achievements; for here the soul of man displayed her divinity in its sublimest aspect—here amidst blackening tempests and whirlwinds Grecian liberty mounted on her boldest pinions, and winged her daring flight up to the blaze of eternal glory.

If we wish for any further illustration of the necessity of military discipline in the defence of our country, and of the effect which war has in producing this discipline, we need but turn our attention to France. What dangers has she not encountered? What formidable enemies has she not overcome. And still poising herself on her own inexhaustible resources, on her own military skill and valor, she seems to grow stronger and stronger, as dangers and difficulties thicken around her—it is the strokes of adversity that have

consolidated her powers, that has made her a nation of soldiers, and rendered her an object of terror to the world — Yes, fellow-citizens, it is the hostility of England and other European powers that has planted ramparts around that empire, which no enterprise can surmount, no artifice can undermine, no military prowess can batter down. And it gives pleasure to observe that the dangers which threaten our country have already kindled in the bosoms of our youth a martial ardor, have rendered them zealous to improve in discipline, and become the inflexible defenders of their liberty and independence.

But there is an enemy within our own country, which is daily becoming more powerful, and which is more to be dreaded than any foreign power. It is that exorbitant love of wealth which appears to have such an extensive influence over the minds of some of our countrymen. The love of wealth, when moderate, may co-operate with the interest of our country, and be so far commendable. But when it extends beyond the bounds of moderation—when it opposes private to public interest, and swallows up the love of country in the desire of accumulating riches, it becomes avarice, and is detestable. This sordid passion is indeed the unhappy source of all our present political divisions. Freemen have been lured into bondage, by the glittering trappings of wealth, when armies of slaves could not have subdued them. What then ! did liberty sunder the iron chains of slavery, that her votaries might put on the fetters of gold ? An avaricious man is the vilest of slaves—he is not governed by the superior power of another, but by the turpitude of his own heart—he may at any time be induced to barter his country for gold—he is a traitor in the camp, and more to be feared than the arms of the enemy without. Sensible of this, Lycurgus, the greatest legislator of antiquity, abolished the use of riches, and the Spartan was happy without them. His passions, having no other object to rest upon, fastened upon his country, and preserved her liberties for centuries unimpaired and unshaken.

Did liberty ever defend herself with weapons of silver, or render herself invulnerable by golden armor ? Was it

not the poverty of Switzerland that preserved her independence for ages? Would she have longer defended her rights had the wealth of Potosi been embosomed in her mountains? If it should be asked whether accumulated wealth destroys the liberties of a nation, I would first tell you of the effect which avarice has in contracting and degrading the soul—I would then tell you how luxury, the certain follower of avarice, obliterates every noble feeling, and paralyzes every energy of the man—I would then point to the monumental ruins of ancient Greece and Rome, and you would at the same time contemplate the mighty works of freemen, and the melancholy state to which luxury reduced them. You would recollect that these were once the splendid monuments of liberty—that avarice divided, and luxury enervated their defenders, whilst ambition overthrew them, and tyranny erected her throne upon their ruins.

Did avarice ever inspire the breast with one glorious thought? Did it ever lead to a single act of disinterested patriotism?—Was it avarice that induced the noble Roman to dispise the gold of Pyrrhus? Was it avarice that inspired the patriotic American representative with contempt for the proffered bribes of Johnson? Or was it avarice that lately applied the flaming brand to the palaces of Moscow? The exorbitant love of wealth has done nothing in supporting the Independence of other nations, and it will do nothing in supporting ours. Let us, therefore, if possible, extirpate this detestible passion, and put an end to its pernicious effects—then shall we cease to be a divided and distracted people—then will all classes of the community unite; the avaricious citizen will cease to complain over the diminution of his purse, whilst the enemy is on the threshold of our country, and your peace, ye patriotic cultivators of the soil, will no longer be disturbed by his reiterated complaints. If we cannot destroy the passion itself, let us, my countrymen, nobly resolve to destroy its effects. Though divided into different parties, we are all united in one great object—the interest of our common country. Let each party, therefore, make some small concession, some sacrifices of opinion to the other, and all uniting in one principle march up with an equal and uniform step

to the attainment of their country's happiness and glory.

But, fellow-citizens, I should deserve your censure, were I to pass in silence over those sacrifices, which, notwithstanding political differences, you have magnanimously made for the preservation of your liberties. Yes, you have acted a part worthy of yourselves and the sacred cause of your country—you have successfully combatted the dangers and difficulties by which your country has been surrounded, and are still able to contend with more. Indeed it is a subject of mutual congratulation, that during the storms excited by eastern despots, during those boisterous commotions, which have overwhelmed and crushed the antient governments of the European world, you have so helmed the national barque as to enable her to move unshattered amid the fury of the tempest, and still to continue her course triumphantly over the mighty concussions of the great political ocean. Each of the two great contending powers of Europe endeavored by its artifices to draw you into an alliance against its adversary. The artifices of both proved ineffectual; and they began a course of unprecedented infringements upon our commercial rights. I will not tire and disgust you with a repetition of the long catalogue of their depredations—I will merely state, that breaking through those rules of justice and humanity, which confine the immediate effects of war to belligerent powers, the one declared, that you should have no commerce with continental Europe, the other, that you should have none with the British isles. By the wisdom of your rulers you foresaw the dangers to which your commerce was exposed, and snatched it from the hand of plunder—you adopted the restrictive system equally towards both powers, and with the same voice demanded of each a restoration of your commercial rights. By the unremitting exertions of your ministers, and the coercion of the restrictive system, you at length effected a revocation of the French decrees; but Great-Britain pertinaciously adhered to her unwarrentable pretensions. You continued your restrictive measures against her—you cut off her resources—you reduced her revenue—you carried the effects of war into the heart of

her country—you, as it were, laid siege to her manufacturing towns—you reduced their inhabitants to a state of want and desperation, and finally compelled her to relinquish those orders which she had declared she never would relinquish. These things you effected, not by the point of the sword, or the thunder of the cannon, but by the silent and majestic march of the laws.

Though you have thus done much for the preservation of your rights, much, fellow-citizens, still remains to be done. When we reflect that thousands of our countrymen are held in the bonds of impressment, that we ourselves may become its unhappy victims, and that our posterity may be subject to this outrageous practice, we cannot but be sensible that something ought and must be done for its abolition.

It is with much diffidence, that I touch upon a subject which involves considerations so intimately connected with the present times; because, in these days, when party spirit, irritable and violent, rages without control, no person, with a due sense of human frailty, can claim a total exemption from the bias of prejudice, or the influence of passion. But when the present generation shall have passed away—when the busy actors on the present stage shall have retired to the silent mansions of the dead, and the present struggles of different views and different interests shall have forever ceased—then shall the impartial historian rise and judge the cause and character of the contest in which we are engaged. I will endeavor to conceive myself in a similar situation—I will forget the existence of the different parties into which our country is unhappily divided, and with a single eye to truth, enquire whether the object of the present struggle is founded on the principles of justice.

There are many of our fellow-citizens, who, no doubt, influenced by the strongest zeal for their country's good, conceive a war against Great-Britain to be a war not only against the bulwark of our independence, but against "the bulwark of our religion." If it shall appear that Great-Britain has adopted a violent and destructive practice towards us, let not the vain and idle apprehensions of the power of Napoleon restrain us from compelling her to re-

nounce it : for pitiable indeed, my countrymen, is the condition of that man, who dares not resist the murderous arm of one robber, lest at some future period he might possibly fall into the hands of another.

What then, fellow-citizens, is the cause of the present contest between Great-Britain and the United States ? I answer—thousands of impressed native Americans are at this moment groaning in British bondage ! A declaration of this kind, in the youthful days of our fathers, would have been sufficient to have started a thousand swords from their scabbards. And shall we say that it is unjust to attempt their deliverance ? A small number of our countrymen were once unjustly seized by the Bashaw of Tripoli, we made war upon that power, and the thunder of our infant navy compelled him to deliver up those whom he had taken. No complaint was uttered against this war—it was waged in defence of American Liberty ; and not a murmur was heard against it. The only difference between the war against Tripoli, and the present war against Great-Britain, consists in this ; the latter has done us greater injury than the former by having enslaved a greater number of our countrymen. The principle of both wars lies deep in the foundation of civil government. It is personal liberty—it is individual safety, without which no government can exist. It was this principle which first induced men to form the social compact, and should this principle be abandoned, as government would no longer protect the subject, the subject would no longer be bound to defend his government. In this case we should revert to the barbarous condition of primitive men : each one would be under the necessity of relying for the defence of his personal safety, not upon the strong arm of a government, but upon his own muscular strength. To a similar condition, fellow-citizens, shall we be reduced if we yield to Britain, that for which she contends : for there is no essential difference between allowing her the privilege of taking any individuals in the nation whom she pleases to take, or any whom she pleases to call British subjects, the consequence will ultimately be the same. It will be throwing American Liberty into the jaws of the British Lion, and subjecting its ex-

istence to his lenity or pleasure. Not one of you, my countrymen, would rest in safety—not one would enjoy liberty in security. You are, therefore, called upon by the principle of self defence to resist such extravagant encroachments upon your rights. You are, I repeat, called upon by the principle of self defence—a principle essential to our existence—coeval and coexistent with our nature—perfect and paramount over every other principle—subsisting in every state and every condition—unconfined to the civilized, it appears in him who wanders the snowey wilds of Lapland, or treads the bleak mountains of Tartary. It is the natural weapon of man—the sword which the Almighty God of Heaven has buckled upon him, and which he is bound to use whenever the necessities of his condition require it. And will you ye defenders of the nation's rights—you who have this day borne the arms of your country—you upon whom we must rely in the hour of danger—will you suffer yourselves to be dragged into servitude, subjected to the insolence of an imperious master, or be cramped in dungeons, and loaded with chains, rather than use those weapons which the God of Nature hath put into your hands?—No! my countrymen, whenever your situation shall give you an opportunity of meeting your country's foes, they will know that you are not absent from the battle.

But whilst we remember our own dangers let us not forget those of our countrymen who are already suffering the cruelties of impressment. Let us bring their forlorn condition fairly to our view—let us observe one of those wretched victims, when retired from those who were willing slaves, he sets in solitude and ruminates upon his unhappy lot. He begins by counting the scars that he has received from the hands of his oppressors, he then numbers the long and tedious days and months and years of his confinement. At this moment the day when he last left his beloved country comes to his remembrance. In his imagination he beholds his little family giving to him their last parting farewell; and the winds of Heaven waft him forever from his native shores. Their situation then induces him to ask, what may be their situation now; and ima-

gination strikes him with a thousand pangs. He seems to behold his aged parents calling on him to prop their declining years—his faithful spouse overwhelmed in grief—his infant children calling for his protection and support, and in an agony of despair he exclaims, “my aged parents I can give you no assistance—my affectionate consort I can give you no consolation—my tender infants I can give you no bread; for the chains of slavery encircle, and a dungeon confines me. O! some power above! snatch from me these chains, and give to me the adamant chains of death—take from me this dungeon, and give to me the dungeon of the grave! Far, far preferable to this is the silent darkness of the tomb: for peaceful is the habitation of the dead—undisturbed ~~is~~ the slumbers of the grave.

Such, fellow-citizens, is his distressing melancholy condition. But let us turn from this afflicting picture, which at the same time depresses every noble feeling of the American, and humbles to the dust all the proud glories of his country's name. Let us rest confident that our countrymen will be delivered from the bondage of impressment. The blood of those brave men who have fallen on the crimsoned billows of the main, and of those who lately bled on the shores of the Ontario shall not be spilt in vain. Yes, my countrymen, your impressed brethren shall be liberated from the thralldom in which they groan, and Columbia's martial genius shall be their delivering angel—at his approach the bars of their confinement shall be broken in twain—the prison doors shall fly open—the chains which bind the victims shall burst asunder—they shall rise—they shall march forth in all the grandeur of resuscitated freedom, and trample their oppressors under foot.

I have thus, fellow-citizens, candidly and openly, expressed my sentiments upon a subject, concerning which I am sensible there is some difference of opinion; and I have done so because I am confident that a full and frank expression of opinion is always more agreeable to freemen, than dissimulation and deceit.

The *Union of these States*, ought not, on this occasion, to be passed over in silence—it is indeed the only foundation upon which are built our hopes of national prosperity

and greatness. It is, in fact, the rock upon which rests our national safety. Against its repulsive form, the ever turbulent ocean of ambitious power may roll its stormy billows; but, unmoved as the everlasting mountains, it will resist their fury, and roll them back into the depths from which they issued. If we are faithful to ourselves, we need be under no apprehension of a division of these States. The God of Nature hath united us by a thousand ties. He hath not divided, but joined together the northern, middle, and southern sections of our country, by vast ranges of mountains extending from one extreme of the Union to the other—He hath caused navigable rivers to rise and roll through the different States, and even through the different climates of the same country—He hath united us by similarity of language and manners, the southern and northern extremities, by mutual wants and reciprocal interests. Thus hath the Almighty in his infinite wisdom, joined together these States, by chains which neither the intrigues of faction, nor the powers of ambition can dissolve or break asunder. May you, therefore, fellow-citizens, rest conscious of your safety under the broad buckler of the Union. May you long live and enjoy the blessings of our free republican institutions, and when you retire from mortal cares, may you transmit them untarnished to a numerous posterity. In fine, may your country grow stronger and stronger, and in each successive generation, ascend higher and higher in her course of happiness and glory—untill

“ The cloud cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 “ The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 “ Yea all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
 “ And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 “ Leave not a wreck behind.”