

C. Boston

AN ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT BRATTLEBORO' VT. BEFORE
THE WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES OF
WINDHAM COUNTY AND THE PUBLIC.

JULY 6, 1813.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSA-
RY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY SAMUEL ELLIOT, Esq.

BRATTLEBOROUGH.

Printed by WILLIAM FESSENDEN.

.....

1813.

SIR,

As a Committee from the WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY of the County of Windham, permit us to express our entire approbation of the Oration with which you have this day entertained us, and to request you to furnish us with a copy for publication.

With esteem and respect,

Your obedient servants,

J. NYE,
D. LEAVETT, } Committee.
J. STARK,

Samuel Elliot, Esq.

Brattleborough, July 6, 1813.

Brattleborough, July 10, 1813.

GENTLEMEN,

I receive with satisfaction your approbation of my Oration, spoken on the 6th inst.—Had concluded not to have it published, but finding a disposition in some, to misrepresent it, I submit it to your disposal,

and am yours very obediently, &c.

S. ELLIOT.

Rev. Jona. Nye,
Col. David Leavit, } Committee.
Jedediah Stark, Esq.

ORATION.

FATHERS AND FRIENDS !

TO celebrate the virtues and character of WASHINGTON, the deeds of himself and his comrades, and the DAY which gave us *political birth*, are the pleasing themes of our present convention. Would to Heaven, that my powers were equal to the sincerity and zeal of my heart—Delight and instruction might then result from my labors.—Your charity must, however, be my consolation.

There is a “pleasing melancholy” connected with reviewing the lives and characters of great and good men—those who were endeared to us by active and living virtues, and have been embalmed in our affections, by services and sacrifices of extraordinary merit. We involuntarily regret their absence, and mourn their departure from our world.

It has been America’s proud and happy lot, to have produced a constellation of patriots and sages of brilliant and commanding lustre—and among them, a WASHINGTON! He rose on the political horizon, just when the dark and awful storm began to gather round us,—when our revolutionary struggle commenced, and the thunder of sanguinary war pealed through the western hemisphere. He appeared to be the peculiar favorite and charge of heaven. The grand drama of our revolution opened an ample theatre

4

for the developement of his talents, and the exercise of his zeal and devotion in the cause of Liberty and his Country. He was fully tried in the furnace of Columbia's hottest danger and distress, and gained renovated beauty and glory from the ordeal, securing to himself and his country, a magnificent monument of fame, more precious than gold, and more durable than marble.

Could we call back from the dread mansions of the grave, but one departed patriot, and again reap the advantages and felicity of his living faculties and presence, one unanimous invocation would break forth.—O WASHINGTON, our father and friend! Once more descend upon earth—revisit thy drooping, distracted country, and save us from folly and destruction! Thou wast our banner and safety in war—our guide and glory in peace—Return, O Washington, and once more save thy disconsolate country! But mortals are forbidden communion with the dead! Rest, then, departed hero and law-giver, in mansions of peace and glory.—But may we cherish the remembrance of thy labors and wisdom, and seek consolation and improvement from thy fainted life and precious example.

As citizens of the American family, as members of the great and interesting Society which bears his venerable name, may we all henceforth become the followers of that exalted statesman and immortal hero, and manfully adhere to his principles. Let us gratefully and unitedly celebrate, and long commemorate, the day, which gave our WASHINGTON existence, as well as that which enrolled our country among the nations of the earth.

When WASHINGTON and our fathers had wrought out

the Independence of our country, they began the grand fabric of our civil jurisprudence. The safety and glory of the Commonwealth was incomplete and precarious without the best of civil codes. The great seal of our liberties wrought and impressed with the toils and blood of our fathers, would soon have been sundered without national laws and a federal compact. This compact and system of law, so indispensably necessary and so congenial with our circumstances and rights, was established and set in operation, under the immediate guidance and auspices of WASHINGTON. It was conceived in science and wisdom and brought forth in union and patriotism—It combined the security and excellency of English Magna Charta, with the refined, ameliorating essence of American justice and republican equality; and reflected the brightest honor and glory upon all the worthy artificers of this splendid work, from the exalted *Sage of Vernon* to the most ordinary legislator of that day.

Peace and prosperity now smiled over our beloved country. Commerce, enterprize and improvement began their broad and salutary sway. Agriculture flourished—and the arts and sciences were encouraged. Our national character and prosperity became known and respected among the nations. Our citizens became free, happy and *nationalized*, and the good heart of him who was first in the great scene, expanded with gratitude and delight at the completion and fortune of his labors—His eyes shone with serene and vivid satisfaction; and his soul raised to heaven thanksgiving and praise, at the salvation of his country.

But our *morning* was too fair to remain—our *day* was too bright to continue! Sin and apostacy had not left the

earth—nor sorrow and death, their black and deplorable attendants. It is not enough, to have solely a good government, and a plenitude of rational liberty—to have that government upright and impartial, free from foreign and domestic partiality and abuse ; virtue and constancy must also rally on its side, and the citizens be uncorrupted and true to themselves, or the best government and administration may be shaken and destroyed.

The great and pure heart of the benevolent father of his country, was agitated and deeply wounded, at the early prevalence of hatred, division and apostacy, while he lived. Like *Louis* and *Fayette* in France, *he* witnessed bloody ambition and base ingratitude, spreading over his country. He raised his arm, he raised his voice, and in the fullness of his heart and love, called upon his countrymen to pause and ponder, to consider and beware. He spoke of that leaven of *French intrigue* and *philosophy*, which his clear mind had discovered, was invented to blind, divide and subdue the world, with more spirit and severity than he usually adopted.—He appeared fully to realize the dreadful extent of its deadly progress !

I slide over the actors and abettors in this ungrateful and impolitic drama of opposition to the views and policy of this father of our country. I leave little party distinctions, and the *rough slang of the times*, to private conversations, and the gazettes of the day ; and shall dwell upon the concerns of our country in general and liberal terms. And although your Speaker was young, and has the consolation to reflect that he never did directly treat the character of WASHINGTON with reproach, yet he has the bitterness to recollect, that by

bold aspersions upon his friends and followers, he has in fact assailed the goodness and policy of that great and good man, who last on earth, should have been reviled. I blush at the recollection. May the spirit of WASHINGTON forgive those errors. And let a sacred zeal, in the cause of truth and WASHINGTON, wash pure the heart that knows and acknowledges its aberrations and indiscretions.* Nor let such sentiments be confined to one humble individual alone.—WASHINGTON and Liberty ought to be the standard, to which divided Americans may fly, and under whose name and policy indissolubly and cordially unite. Then again might the halcyon, the *Golden days* of WASHINGTON, *peace and commerce* be realized. Then again, might the American family be happy and united; and union and love, beautiful and pleasant as the “*rose of Sharon*,” or the “*dews of Hermon*” would again warm and delight the hearts of our citizens.

In passing over the minutia of politics, and the violent jargon of disputation, it is not expected to leave out of view the great causes and progress of party, or those interesting events which have a bearing upon the concerns of our country and the world.

Since all must admit that a partiality for France, (if not a blind credulity in her hollow and cunning professions,) has too much affected our country, our union and peace; and has been at least the indirect cause of the present unfortunate war, and the Demon that has destroyed our commerce and finances, let us be permitted to remark, that WASH-

* Let those who scoff at this retraction, never do a worse act.

INGTON's just and penetrating mind anticipated and foresaw these things. He mourned over this growing, this fatal credulity—this partiality for ambitious, infidel France, and her partizans here—and over that sad foreign influence, and domestic disunion, which he prophetically apprehended would jeopardize, if not destroy the liberties of his country. Have not his forbodings been too much realized already? What WASHINGTON, BURKE, AMES, and other great men long since predicted, we begin to feel. Those deep and penetrating souls laid open the plots and dangers, which would beset the fair Temple of Freedom, and would call for our unremitting watchfulness and exertions to repel.

The friends of law, religion and virtue have wept at the secret and bold progress of infidelity, licentiousness and anarchy—our ears have rung with alarms excited by the *new-fangled philosophy* of the age—a philosophy which was infidiously aiming a deadly blow at all the good old notions of morality and order—which derided religion, scoffed at conscience and morality, and denied the immortality of Man—a philosophy which was addressed to the low and narrow prejudices and passions of the world, and aptly calculated to undermine all the ancient land-marks, and bonds of duty and society, and destroy the best hopes and interests of the civilized world. These licentious principles, these pert and superficial doctrines, have endangered that sober and manly habit, that orderly and dignified education and decorum, which once adorned and exalted the American character.

While these alarms rested in predictions, we were at lib.

erty to doubt the reality of the causes which excited them, and the effect of the evils apprehended : but long since all doubt and obscurity have been removed, and the French Government has outstripped in real profanation, apostacy and usurpation, the utmost limits of the most credulous apprehension.

Bloody and barbarous revolutions grew out of this philosophy and licentiousness—To these may be ascribed the horrid execution of America's great and royal friend, Lewis XVIth, and that of his beautiful and accomplished Queen, beneath the bloody axe of the guillotine, and in the midst of the infatuated, inconstant, ungrateful, and deluded people.—To these the untimely death of their blooming, guiltless children—the murder of thousands of the best citizens of France—the massacre and banishment of her Clergy—the disgrace and sufferings of *Fayette*, that bright republican, who laid bare his arm for *our* liberties—the establishment and usurpation of a bloody iron-girt military despotism, over all France, and most of Europe. This philosophy or licentiousness was the dividing, distracting machine, which paved the way for easy conquest and tyranny over the nations of Europe.—*Let us beware ! !*

There was a time when we passed over the phrenzy and follies of France, because we had supposed her struggling for her own Independence, and we selfishly flattered ourselves that she would not molest us or our rights ; but that delusion is also over. The iron hearted Corsican, whose feelings, (such as nature in parsimonious mood afforded him) had been calliced in foreign and domestic wars, came upon the stage and usurped the government at the point of the

bayonet! Then Gallic liberty "*saddened at the scene,*" and drooped and died! Still, however, the hypocritical tyrant talked of liberty and right! He assumed the Consulship for life—became Emperor—and fixed the sovereign power of France in his family—and, lamentable result of the French Revolution, the nation acquiesced!!

As these things progressed, he discouraged commerce and industry, and led the tame vassals he ruled, from arts, business and useful life, to butchery and perpetual war. He insulted and abused other nations, trampled over and dismembered all within his grasp, and proudly attempted the conquest of the world. And although all Tyrants have found the globe too large for their grasp, yet he has too well succeeded. See the downcast weeping nations in sackcloth and mourning, where liberty, order and happiness, had for ages reposed! They have fallen! Their names are becoming extinct from the list of nations—Conscriptions and military despotism are the miserable fruits of their credulity and degradation, and death without mercy follows the least effort at liberty.

Amongst the agonizing nations, behold SPAIN, the close friend and ally of France. Can the most indifferent heart view her treatment without indignation? Under the pretence of friendship and love, (such as the Tyrant professes for *us*) Napoleon nourished in the heart of that country, a wicked and infernal cabal—an unnatural jealousy and conflict between *father and son*. Bribery and perfidy in their blackest form aided his diabolical plot. Both the king and son were cajoled and ruined, and now languish in the prisons of this perfidious monster, while their bleeding and dis-

tracted country and friends have ever since endured all the merciless horrors of the worst of wars.

MAGNANIMOUS AND GENEROUS AMERICANS,

Has ancient Hesperia, has modern, amicable Spain, no claim upon your pity and good wishes? Is there no comparison between her situation, and yours at the Revolution? Has a cold policy, or rather *impolicy* stifled every sympathetic, every generous emotion of our hearts! Can you not feel for this insulted and lacerated nation?—Washington and your fathers, if alive, could pour out their souls in her Cause.

Russia, has likewise been assailed with all the Intrigue, Perfidy and force, which Napoleon could marshal. But thank Heaven, *Russia* yet stands, firm as Atlas, “trusting in God, and full of courage.”

MY COUNTRYMEN,

Do ye feel much friendship, much zeal or *Gratitude* for this French or Corsican power? If not, if it is improper that we should, then our late Policy has been wrong, our complacency to Napoleon, under his indignities and *commands*, has been wrong—and our war and all its horrors are wrong.

Whose bosom does not burn with indignation, as he brings to mind the abuses and insults of this more than Cæsar. Has he not officially declared war for us? Has he not told our government that we were less free and Independent than the slaves of Jamaica—that we were destitute of honor—that we should take side in the war, &c. Has he not refused compensation for his burnings and confiscations, and even to make a decent treaty? Has he not publicly told

us that his decrees were repealed, and with the same breath publicly and insultingly declared to Europe and the world, that they still were and should be the fundamental laws of his Empire!* Gracious heaven! Are we perfectly insensible? Do we bear such insults from G. Britain? Are we those brutes which Napoleon has stiled us? Have his arts and cunning unnerved and debased the American character, and prepared us for slavery? No—fellow-citizens, I trust in heaven, that we are yet as a people, uncorrupted.

This subject, as it is the root of our war and divisions must be more fully scanned. With this French philosophy and partiality arose in our country—enmity to WASHINGTON and his friends, and opposition to his policy and measures—Distrust against *federalism* and every thing *federal*.—Hence a navy, hence commerce, became unpopular with a party, and even the venerable character of WASHINGTON was denounced, as “*legalizing corruption*”! †—Rash and systematic persecution of the old federal associates of WASHINGTON followed, and banishment from office and prostration of reputation seemed to be the forfeiture imposed upon such as refused obedience to this new order. The disci-

* This duplicity and intrigue ought to be exposed. Bonaparte foresaw that by secretly telling us that he repealed his decrees, and still denying it to England and the world, and confiscating our property under them, he should bring us into war with England—As England would not repeal her retaliatory orders while such was the state of things. The trap was archly laid and we were easily caught. Or as Mr. Grundy, a warm Madisonian, said—“France has tied a knot about us.”—And we bear it with all the meekness of Moses.

† See Duane's Aurora, the leading democratic paper at Philadelphia.

ples and scholars of WASHINGTON, such as *Hamilton, Pickering, Ames, Lee, Lingan, &c.* were denounced as *tories* and *traitors*! Let not our passions rise too high, at such baseness and ingratitude. Such were the effects of Gallic intrigue and domestic demagogues, it was not the real voice of Americans. As those revilers and opposers of WASHINGTON came into power, a system of political quackery followed—French councils prevailed—and last of all, came over our land, like the foul plagues of Egypt, *commercial restrictions, permanent EMBARGO, foreign collisions, domestic madness, and ruinous WAR!*

And what is this *war*? It is the youngest monster of a perverse policy—the ill gotten offspring of our national cabinet. Is it not virtually a *French war*? Was it not completely calculated to depress the nations, contending against France for their Independence? And still more ruinous, did it not directly tend to sap the whole resources of the country, to destroy our commerce, to divide and distress the whole people, to retard the advance of our Republic, and to load the nation with the most grievous burdens? And is there, *was* there, an object probably to be gained by it, of adequate importance? And are not the cruelties, the oppressions and miseries of this ill-judged war, sufficient to harrow up the feelings, and excite the asperity of the American people? And will they not demand of their rulers the causes and the objects of this extraordinary policy? Is the loss of Michigan Territory, without one decent effort to regain it? Is the destruction of our whole trade, revenue and fisheries? Are death, murder, and horrid rapine, throughout our borders, subjects of little concern?

On this subject my heart is full, but I must not attempt to move your sensibilities ; they might be too acute. I must speak forth like St. Paul, the words of soberness and truth. All will admit that in free governments, no general wars ought to be waged, but in extreme cases, and then with great caution, union, and due preparation. Is the present miserable contest of that nature ? Is not mere etiquette and pretended honor, among the professed causes ? If war without great cause and a reasonable object, rages, do no heart-rending agonies plead against it ? Do no violated rights, exposed, famished, and ravaged sections of the Union, remonstrate against it ? Do no bleeding friends and relations implore the stay of the devouring sword ! Is the sacrifice of whole armies in the West and North, no cause of lamentation ? Are there no dear friends of DAVIS, PIKE, LAWRENCE, LUDLOW, and a long roll of promising officers and soldiers to weep over their blighted prospects and untimely deaths ? And must this bloody conflict be treated by its authors, as common and indifferent business, without system, without caution, without energy ! Alas ! alas ! the tears and agonies it produces must rouse the slumbering sensibilities of the American family. In all parts a spirit of anxiety and alarm begins to prevail. *War, bloodshed and unbounded taxes,** are not such trifling things as some imagine. Can any one be cold and indifferent while his relations and friends, without the prospect of honor, are exposed to the tomahawk and bayonet ?

Some of you, my friends, can realize, by painful experience, the dread suspense, the cruel forebodings which the

* The first edition is out—our state is to pay about 100,000 dollars !!

exposure of fathers, brothers, or sons, to cold, sickness, and momentary death by the deadly weapons of war, produces in the affectionate and benevolent bosom ! What are the anxious *mother's* feelings, for her beloved sons, exposed, or mangled and butchered in the war ! Does the tender *sister* forget to feel and lament for her precious brothers, dragged off by little defenceless bands, for slaughter or imprisonment ? Does not the *wife*, all lonely and forlorn, with her prattling " little ones," all hugged closer to her bleeding bosom, call upon the pity of her country, while the partner of her youth, her friend, is put far away in the ranks of war, and perhaps bleeding, or giving up the ghost ! Is not *Rama* full of voices, weeping and wailing for lost children and friends, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not ! Are not the tents of the American Israel in affliction ? and are not many venerable *Davids* exclaiming in all the bitterness and anguish of despair—" O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom ! Would God I had died for thee ; O Absalom, my son, my son !"

Nor have we yet done with the sad effects of such wars. The public morals and habits are vitiated, and the future welfare and order of the country is jeopardized by the inundation of indolence and corruption, which ever follow in the train of war. Our children and posterity are exposed, and the liberties of the Republic endangered. Such wars in free countries are generally conducted miserably, and this impolitic one of ours, will be prosecuted with imbecility and our blustering vengeance will recoil upon ourselves.

The downright madness in adopting, and the obvious improvidence and mismanagement in conducting, this un-

fortunate contest, have almost ruined the country, and begin to shake the popularity of our Virginian administration. No other set of men could have soothed the resentment and disaffection of the community, one half so long under such a series of extravagance and mismanagement. With all the noise and parade, the loans, taxes and expence, nothing is yet done. What have the war advocates of the West and South yet done? Have they retaken Detroit, or protected the frontiers? Have they driven the red foes back from our lands? But things are now drawing to a crisis. Mr. *Madison* must either dissolve partnership with Napoleon, and give up his French citizenship, or, my life on it, the *people* will break with him.* Our citizens will not be the passive dupes of any man, or set of men. They are not to be silenced into slavery by *Baltimore Mobs*, or Gallic threats. They will examine, and understand and maintain their rights and interests. Let war or peace prevail, their liberties are not to sleep. They will scrutinize the affairs of their government, and search out all the late juggling of France. They will be faithful to themselves, and restore commerce and peace to their country. Massachusetts, New-York, and all the Eastern and middle states are awake and alive to the dangers and fatal tendency of our late measures. Many generous and bold spirits, such as cleave to WASHINGTON and his school are rising up throughout the Union. And that liberty and impartial policy for which, in proud and happy communion, the patriots of the *North* and *South*, the *East*

* Some army gentry, and devotees of the Virginian policy, war, taxes, French partiality, &c. affected to be highly displeas'd at the *Speaker's* lashing Napoleon, and warning *Madison*—"WHAT A PITY!"

and *West*, struggled together through the Revolution, is gaining strength and advocates, from Orleans to Maine. Mr. Madison must retrace and correct his steps—Restore, commerce and peace—He must respect the great interests of the people, the eastern and middle states, where the business and revenue of the country centers, and the example and policy of WASHINGTON, or his Dynasty must fall. Did I not know the great movers of this war, I should, from its management, suspect, that some revengeful spirit, like Nero, burning Rome, had been urged into the measure, and was prosecuting the bloody farce to punish the people he hated. And the silly railing about the federalists and opposition not being more zealous, and this urged as an excuse for such want of prudence or ability, is the climax of folly. After the administration has refused to admit the federalists and minority to any share or influence in the civil administration, is it reasonable to expect or ask for their cordial aid and services in the military, more especially in a war professedly declared as a war of *Honor*! It would seem almost indecorous to stand in the way of the war advocates in this field of Honor.

PEACE now appears to be the only refuge of the administration. We hail the sad necessity, while we mourn at past impolicy. We have resorted to *loans* and *speculations*, till we have no means to pay an army. We must have peace, or raise forty millions by *direct taxes*. If a similar tax of two millions overthrew the administration of Mr. Adams, what can Mr. Madison expect from one of forty millions, when loss of business, embargoes, and scarcity have almost beggared the country? And I challenge the whole adminif-

tration, from Mr. Madison to the humblest office-holder, to deny, with any regard to truth, that the expences and public losses for the current year, will be less than fifty or sixty millions of dollars ! This is something, yet it is only the *first fruits*, the beginning of this economical, prudent, and honorable war !! Yet should this feeble expectation of *forced* peace fail—should our administration prefer a continuance of this war, to peace, and conduct it with the like inability, is there left us any hope or solace ?

AMERICANS !

There is—Be mild as the morning sun, which beams its welcome rays upon the drooping world—Be true and faithful as the polar star, which sparkles in the northern sky—be firm and steadfast as the mountains which surround you, in the cause of WASHINGTON and *truth*. Fear not the result. Bad and tyrannical policy must cease to be admired, and cease to be endured. Let the good of all parties not be disheartened, but rally under the banners and principles of WASHINGTON. Let us convince our country not to be much longer cajoled by Napoleon. Let us rejoice, that Spain holds out against the Tyrant. Let us admire the gallantry of *Russia*, and seek the friendship and trade of “ALEXANDER THE DELIVERER,” that light, *that star in the East*, which is leading the nations to Independence. Now is the awful crisis, whether the world is to be liberated or enslaved ; and the nations view the great and interesting conflict in Europe, as they formerly beheld the battles of *Marathon*, *Pharsalia*, and *Philippi*, and more recently, those of *Jena*, *Efing* and *Borodina*, where liberty and usurpation were desperately contending. Should the Corsican prevail over *Russia*

and England, we *mourn almost as without hope*. Hear the eloquent Mr. HARPER on this subject :—“ *France then becomes omnipotent. With the icy arms of death, she embraces both hemispheres. The deadly shade of her dominion spreads over the land and the sea. Nothing remains for the rest of the world but tame and slavish submission. Further resistance would be ineffectual, or effectual only for the destruction of its authors. All would soon shrink from so hopeless an attempt, and the dark and cold night of universal despotism, would once more settle over the human race!*” But we have this consolation left us, that be the victory or discomfiture the consequence of this campaign, unless Alexander be wanting to himself, his empire will not fall. The die is cast, and it is against Bonaparte. The Russian armies may venture too much and advance too far, but the courage and zeal of Alexander’s troops, the goodness of their cause, the extent and resources of his empire, and their abhorrence of treason and intrigue, all form a bulwark against the seductions and arms of Bonaparte, which “ *laughs at danger, and derides the storm.*” The flames of Moscow, while they illuminate the vast welkin, the arched canopy of heaven, saddened and dismayed the invader’s heart. He beheld in the angry flames of Russia’s ancient capitol, a sacrifice and devotion to her Independence and glory, which “ *harrowed up his soul.*” He beheld a detestation of his war, and an invincible, incorruptible spirit throughout the Russian empire, which told him, *all was lost!* From that moment imbecility and defeat have marked his career. This desperate prostration of *Moscow*, this proof of Russian loyalty and firm opposition to tyranny and slavery, roused up the flumbering senses of the world, and waked

other nations to a love of freedom. Let us say, in the beautiful language of the late Orator at Georgetown :—
 “*RUSSIA! go on!—So long as thine arm shall wield the sword of justice, or the deliverance of nations mark the progress of thy march, may victory perch on thy standard, and the prayers of rescued humanity, speed the triumph of thine arms!*”

Our preservation, under providence, also depends upon ourselves—upon a frank and honorable return to the policy and measures of *Washington*, our American Moses. He deprecated and avoided war and bloodshed, but he met them with firmness and energy. Let us divest ourselves of all prejudice and obstinacy, and cordially return to our true and “*first love*,” our former prudent, wise and impartial course. And cruel as G. Britain is, and competent as she is to support offensive and perpetual wars, believe me, fellow-citizens, our present unprofitable warfare, (unprofitable to both parties,) will soon be over; and peace and commerce, which is the best sort of “*FREE TRADE AND SAILOR’S RIGHTS*,” will be the happy result. Let us likewise cherish the arts and sciences, and the sound morality and religion of our fathers. These ought to flourish at all times, and never be buried by the rough scenes of war. Education, morality and religion, are the wakeful enemies of corruption and tyranny, and the best conservators of our liberties and prosperity.—**FINALLY—BE AMERICANS, AND ALL IS WELL.**

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY.

I shall detain you but a few moments longer. We have cordially united with the citizens in general, this day, to render a tribute of praise to our great master and friend, the illustrious WASHINGTON, and to honor the day which

began our existence as a nation. It was a proud day for Americans, and will always be remembered. Although the scene has become familiar from its frequent return, and although our prospects are gloomy and distressing; yet it can never be uninteresting to the disciples of WASHINGTON. We may on these days look back upon the fair page of American history, when WASHINGTON and his comrades, when the north and south, all bravely contended for their rights and liberties. We can drop the tear for the loss of our fathers and friends, the actors in *that necessary war*—can admire the devotion and love to country which supported and led them through the awful and dangerous contest; and render thanks to the *majesty on high* for their ultimate success.

The war in which we are now engaged, is the reverse of that Revolution. But it may do good. It may bring Americans to themselves, and teach them the richness and beauty of peace. It may revive in them the love of WASHINGTON and his great prudent and neutral policy. This distressing voice of war, if any thing, will speak to our hearts, and call the American family from their wanderings and apostacy, back to the counsels and love of WASHINGTON.—It has already given new and lasting proof of the utility of a naval force, by shewing what could be done. It will chasten our ambition and folly as a people, and effectually wean us from *French philosophy and French liberty*.

Go on, ye disciples of the venerable and holy cause of WASHINGTON and BENEVOLENCE!—Your cause is deeply connected with the welfare of our beloved country, and demands your perseverance and zeal. And, O our political

deceased Father! Forgive the coldness and ingratitude of our country—Forgive its blindness and apostacy. And may we all hope to redouble our zeal, and by united efforts, compensate for the ingratitude of years! And wilt thou, O Father of heaven and earth! accept our acknowledgments for thy manifold blessings, and hear our continued prayers for the salvation of our country, “and when thou hearest, forgive!”

GENTLEMEN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS, THE ESCORT.

You represent a part of that brave military force which, under heaven, is our shield and defence. The *Eastern* and *Yankee militia*, as well as the *brave Green Mountain Boys*, always received the approbation and plaudits of that immortal Chief, whose praises we have this day celebrated. He knew them well—He knew more, he was acquainted with human nature. A new-fangled system affects to treat us with neglect and derision: but as our sentimental poet* this day sings—

“What though his foes had fain eras’d

“The characters his hand had trac’d

“In lineaments of light;

“They might as well, with vain essay,

“Attempt to shroud the source of day,

“With shades of endless night.”

We thank you for the honor done us, by your generous attendance. We know that you are souls of the right stamp, and admirers of him who led our fathers to liberty and glory. We rejoice that we do not depend upon rough,

* MR. THOMAS G. FESSENDEN.

ignorant, mercenary legions, CONSCRIPTS or GENS DE ARMS for our protection, but on *you*, our brothers and friends. When war becomes indispensable, a war worthy the high destinies of our Republic, your courage and glory will shine pre-eminent—And you will never forget the great example and advice of the illustrious Sage and Soldier of Vernon—your fathers' friend and general, and your own best example and guide.

[Here followed a brief Address to the youth who led the procession, suitable to their age and condition.]