

AN
ORATION

ON THE
ANNIVERSARY

OF
American Independence.

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

THE SENIOR CLASS OF RHODE-ISLAND COLLEGE,
In College-Chapel,

ON

THE EVENING OF THE 5TH OF JULY, 1802.

At their particular Request.

BY

BENJAMIN GLEASON.

“Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country,
that country has a right to concentrate your affections.

“The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in
your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride
of PATRIOTISM.”

WASHINGTON.



BOSTON:—Bunrot & Francis, PRINTERS.

1802.

AT a meeting of the Senior-Sophisters, in Rhode-Island College, *Voted*, That the thanks of the Class be presented to Mr. BENJAMIN GLEASON, (member of said Class,) for his ingenious and patriotic Oration, delivered in College-Chapel, on the Evening of the Anniversary of American Independence.---*With a request for publication.*

A true Copy,---*attest*,

JOHN HOLROYD, Sec. S. C.

R. I. College, July 6, 1802.



GENTLEMEN,

YOUR thanks are accepted with a satisfaction, which does you honour.....To answer the demands of friendship; and, with a view to gratify public expectation,---our hearts and our hands should ever be engaged, unaccompanied by the blush, or the tear of regret.

With unfeigned esteem,

Gentlemen, yours, &c.

BENJAMIN GLEASON.

Providence, July 6, 1802.

Oration.

LIBERTY is the brightest gem in the circle of human blessings ! The most invaluable deposit which enriches the existence of man ! Our **BIRTH-RIGHT**, and our **GLORY** !

DAUGHTER of heaven !----Parent of human felicity !----thy presence is more cheering than the lucid beams of day : thy virtues imperishable as the stars : and thy affections involve the ultimate hopes of humanity. Thy temples are crowded ! The incense of patriotic fervor, and affectionate gratitude is rising from a thousand altars ! The "shrill clarion" of **FREEDOM** resounds on the highest key of enjoyment, attuning the hearts of millions to the celebration of thy praises ; and the grateful reverberations spread, diverging, to the remotest regions of the globe.

THE hearts of a **FREE** American people exult, and rejoice, and beat high, in perfect unison with the joys of general festivity. The celebration of American Independence is the theme of our joy ! and, like the *sons of Fingal*, while *the torch in our halls beams on the bosom of night* ; while "the strength of the shells goes round," and "the souls of warriors brighten with joy," we call on our "hundred harps" "to raise the song of peace !" "To celebrate the exploits of our heroes !" and "to soothe the soul" after the rage and ravages of battle.

THE "anniversary of American Independence" has been a theme for the best and brightest abilities ; and, with unremitting zeal in the "good old cause," for years has been celebrated to the great honor of our country. Stimulated by a laudable ambition and the true spirit of patriotic virtue,----we reach forth the hand, with the best affections of our hearts, and proffer our *mite* to the increasing honours, which consecrate and immortalize **THE DAY** !

WE

WE are not emulous to excel ! Our Fathers have felt the fire, the force, the ardor, the energies of Freedom ; and, from the fulness of their incorruptible hearts, are capable, in the language of irresistible feeling, to express the “big emotions” of their souls ! But, though our hearts throb with delight in the participation of their virtues,---our experience and our expectations rank us *only* with little IULUS, *to follow with “unequal steps ;”* or like ÆNEAS himself, desirous of sustaining the honorary parental burthen,---we vouchsafe our services, and rise to the honor of our venerable Fathers.

THE Young Gentlemen in this respectable Seminary of Science, do, this day, greatly distinguish themselves by performing the honors of the six and twentieth anniversary of our national Independence.---It is to our honor ; and it is of the greatest importance to us, children of fathers who have sacrificed their property and their lives for the privileges which we enjoy, to imitate their efforts, by a recapitulation of those principles, which led to a Revolution, considered, in its effects, as the most honorary, and extraordinary, recorded on the annals of history.

It will inspire the true principles of PATRIOTISM !---*Will inspire the principles ?* do I say !---Let it forever remain problematical, Whether it be possible for an individual, born and educated on this side the waters of the Atlantic ; who has exchanged his toys and trifles for years, sense, and understanding,---who has put off the *toga prætexta** of infancy, and put on the *toga virilis** of his manhood ! I say, let it forever remain problematical, whether it be possible for such an one to be a *negative patriot ?*---No !---We are not ; nor have we among us, one known *negative PATRIOT* !---We all, in a greater or less degree, feel the importance of our numerous obligations in Society ; and it is presumed that all must rationally believe PATRIOTISM is the only *public debt*, which can possibly be a *public blessing* ! and for *such* a “BLESSING,” may we ever delight to pay *interest*, without a diminution, or redemption of the *capital*.

THAT patriotic fervor which animated our Fathers, in the embattled field, we trust is not extinguished in their bosoms, nor is it extinct in ours. No ! its fires remain, to quell the
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* *The toga prætexta, among the Romans, was a robe worn by youth till they were 17 years of age, and then exchanged for the toga virilis ; at which time they became men.*

the evils of Infurrection,----to oppose Innoyation,----to suppress Sedition,----to prevent Disunion,----and to ornament the character of the illustrious citizen !

WELL may we exclaim, how transcendently superlative are the blessings which enrich our country ! We boast ourselves, AMERICANS ! Our enjoyments, our individual independence, and our national happiness, are derived from a source of the most generous exertion. They are the blessings of political and ecclesiastical toleration. Free, and independent, we regard with contemptuous indifference the menaces of supercilious, *factious juntos* ; we spurn the manacles of superstition ; and we hold in utter abhorrence the terrors of despotism !

THE altars of our Independence are consecrated with the highest dignities of a FREE PEOPLE ! And the "oil of gladness" and the joys of unfeigned affection flow around them in plentiful profusion !

OUR Fathers, our Brothers, Ourselves, our Sisters, are patriots !----Yes ! we have some even among ourselves,----*witness our little HAMLINS**,----who, like "CÆSAR meditating on the life of ALEXANDER," though not fired with the same ambition, yet like him, contemplating the portraits of their veteran and worthy Fathers, are burning for the opportunity to become distinguished in the services of their Country.

SHALL we ask,----Wherefore our Fathers fought ? wherefore they bled ? Wherefore, in competition with the RIGHTS OF MAN, their lives were *un-estimated*, hazarded and sacrificed ?

LET history.....let tradition.....let our feelings answer the question. Ask the Child ! *He* will answer you with the tears of instant affection sparkling in his eyes ! Ask the war-worn Soldier ! The dignified emotions of his soul, in smiles of triumph, glowing on his veteran brows, evince..... the effect is glorious !

THEY fought for FREEDOM ! They obtained the conquest ! They triumph in victory !

THE prowess of American arms was unequalled by the greatest exertions of a well-disciplined, regular British soldiery ; and the humiliation of the first generals in Europe proves the assertion to be well grounded. Yet, far from being influenced or inflamed with the "Macedonian Madman's

* See the Order of the Day.

man's" frenzy,---our countrymen never "wept that there were no more worlds to subdue"! But, having obtained their RIGHTS by conquest, they esteeme it a task sufficient "to subdue themselves"! and they conquered! they became civilized!----became citizens! and are now happy and free! The conquest of worlds was not their object,---It was the acquisition of Independence! They fought on the defensive---It was the right of nature; and they sealed their charter with their best blood. Their conquest is ours!----They obtained the invaluable prize: be it ours to be grateful and enjoy.

EUROPE, our *quondam* mother-country, looks with wonder on the undulating banners of Freedom, and, to the "list of enrolment," would fain affix the seal of her empire! But, alas! her revenues, her expenditures, her armies, her navies, her wars, her government, her oppressions and distresses,---in multiplied, and haggard forms, are so many obstacles to prevent her advancement to the TEMPLE OF FREEDOM.

ASIA hides herself in her own magnificence, unable to contemplate the grandeur and brilliancy of the scene; and like the "strong man," duped to the fascinating provocatives of DELILAH,---lolls supine, in the lap of effeminate luxury and sensual gratification, in the full possession of nominal pleasures, unreal happiness, imaginary greatness, and ostensible wealth and power. But the sigh for humanity escapes us, when we reflect on the weakness and depravity of man,---whose delight is *avarice*,---whose inheritance is *miserery*!----who, instead of walking with undeviating exactitude in the paths of peace, truth, and virtue, have degenerated from their primeval dignity, and now "grope, debased and blind," in the hard and rugged road of intolerance, superstition, and sensuality.

UNHAPPY Africa! far from thy sister nations, thou art fallen prostrate; unable even to mix thy tears in the oblation of persecuted humanity. But thou thyself shalt one day rise, and thy oppressors shall tremble!

THE poor Slave rests on his oar; he hears the shouts of Freedom; his heart burns within him; he rises to revenge himself on the violators of human rights!----But, alas! *his chain*!----The sigh of despondency starts the tear from his soul! and he falls insensible to pain or pleasure. O God! be merciful to the oppressed, and hasten the day when man shall

shall no more hold in slavish subjection his brother man ; when all shall be FREE to perform thy pleasure, and the Universe be illuminated with the blessings of Independence.

THE third of August, 1492, may be considered as the *era* of our local existence. COLUMBUS then weighed anchor on the European shores ;---“ fought a new world and prepared it for the happy residence of Liberty.” How often have we, *ideally*, crossed the ocean with him ! witnessed the last *sea!* on the adventurous “ casket ” ! and sung the *Te Deum* of discovery, amid the shouts of clamorous mariners, vociferating *land ! land !*---And as often as he returned, so often have we mentally accompanied him : For, like “ the prophet of old,” he represented the country to which he has given a being.

FETTERED in the manacles of despotic power, behold the *immortal COLUMBUS!* But, in the presence of innocence and beauty, behold *he lives, he is free!* We venerate the memory of the amiable ISABELLA ; and on the faithful page of record, where was written,---“ *ISABELLA, mistress of the new world!* ” shall be inscribed,---*ISABELLA, mistress of our affections!*

LIKE COLUMBUS, shackled in the *philtering* spells of subjugation, behold your Country !---But, behold, We triumph ! *we are free!* ! The GENIUS OF LIBERTY hath descended from heaven, the guardian-angel of our rights, fought our battles, secured our independence, and taught us, that union, and freedom, and virtue, should elevate our Republic to honor, and glory, and happiness !

WISDOM and virtue are the glory of republics ! * While wisdom supports, and virtue ornaments ; while wisdom plans, and virtue executes ; while wisdom is the *basis*, and virtue the *top-stone*, a nation will flourish, and a nation must be happy : but, when the one is corrupted by power and the other by gold, its destruction is inevitable,---and the passing traveller must drop a tear, when he reads the *hic jacet*† of such a nation, fading on its mouldering mausoleum.

SINCE the year 1620,---civilization, science, refinement, freedom, order, and the various blessings of life, have increased in an almost incalculable ratio.

PROSCRIBED and persecuted in their native country, our ancestors sought an asylum in a world,---a wilderness, retired
and

* *Vid. the Spirit of Laws.*---Montesquieu. † *Here lies.*

and secluded from the haunts of civilized man ! After enduring the various hardships of such a dangerous enterprize ; crossing the Western ocean in an unfavorable season ; struggling through a thousand difficulties of no common magnitude ; sustaining innumerable misfortunes and distresses on the rocky shores of Plymouth ; encountering every kind of internal, incidental vicissitude, and at last “ supporting the fatigues and difficulties of an eight years’ war :”----after all this, in contrast to the many shades that are “ thrown upon the canvass,” we contemplate the varied scene before us, with inexpressible delight. The American people are now fast increasing in population, power, wealth and fame ;---and are now advancing, with rapid strides, on the scale of agricultural, mechanical, commercial, and philosophical improvements, toward the *acmé* of national glory, and toward the *goal* of human felicity.

WHERE, less than two centuries ago, was spread the bear-skin mattrass, *the tribunal of savage ferocity* ;---where were displayed the implements of Indian warfare ;---where echoed the long *war-whoop*, through the woody recesses ;---where tumbled the huge cataract, down the awful and tremendous precipice ;----where rested the unstationary hovel,---and where, in general triumph, was smoked the indian warrior’s pipe ;---are now gratefully realised the generous blessings of civilization and independence ! Where, indiscriminately appeared the *pine* and the *bramble*, the *willow* and the *shrub*,---now flourish the *oak* and the *laurel*, the *cedar* and the *apple-tree*.

AGRICULTURE now sits smiling under its own “ vine and fig-tree,” fearless of the corrosive tooth of the canker-worm, and unmoved by the tempest of commotion which surrounds its inclosure,---for it is guarded by the circumspensive vigilance of *Cultivation*, which like the “ flaming sword of the cherubim” prevails, and secures its blessings.

COMMERCE also hath pointed her *needle* !---hoisted her *sail* !---spread her *colors* !---taken her *insurance*, and extended her connections among all nations of the earth.

SUCH are the blessings of a FREE COUNTRY !---such the independence of a FREE PEOPLE !

O ! THREE times....four times happy those, who in the land of freedom and equal right can be truly grateful for their many advantages,---can feel the true spirit of citizens and free

free men,---can relinquish the sordid pursuits of avaricious mortals,---can rise superior to local propensity, and can hold themselves responsible, and yet be FREE !---can be a subject, a citizen, and a patriot,---and can strenuously promote, with the sublime feelings of a philanthropist, the general good !

HAPPY is he, who, while in pursuit of wealth and honors, still remains unbiassed by popular prejudices ; who pursues, like the bright luminary of day, his invariable course, progressing in the path of human excellence to the summit of human dignities, nor will suffer any incentive to urge him in the pursuit of glory but that truly patriotic ardor, which flames in the bosom, like the golden censer, lighted at the altars of benevolence.

SUCH characters have existed,---hence we have our "Epocha of ages abounding in republican virtue." Sparta could boast her LYCURGUS ; Rome her CATO ; Athens her SOLON ; Thebes her EPAMINONDAS and PELOPIDAS ; and we, our WASHINGTON !

VENERABLE WASHINGTON ! Though thy name is inscribed on the "cold marble" ! Though thy tombstone throws the moon-beam shadow over the green turf, which rests on thy grave !---Still in our bosoms lives the remembrance of thine inestimable virtues, *never, never to be effaced !* The fighting gale shall be thy messenger ; and as it passes enforce thine injunctions !---We "pause" ! We catch the sound ! 'Tis sufficient ! Union ought to be considered the main prop of our republican liberty.*

BE it even so ! UNION is the strong, cemented foundation on which stands the *Corinthian column* of human happiness ; and on which shall be raised the great pillars of universal *philanthropy* ; from whose arch shall be suspended the lamp of wisdom, guiding progressing nations to the temples of immortal honour and glory. In the language of a great philosopher, "Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart, and one mind ; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which, liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things."

† "THERE is no evil, to which governments are more exposed than the prevalence of party spirit."

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* *Washington's Farewell Address.*

† *Vid. Gov. Strong's Speech.*

“THE extreme violence of this spirit degrades the character of a nation, and vitiates the morals of the people.”

“OUR sentiments on particular subjects will be different.”

† “EVERY difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.”

* “IT is impossible that we should all be of one opinion, and it is a reasonable indulgence to suffer every man to enjoy his own.”

THESE are “true and faithful sayings,”---they are the axioms of our political belief, founded on the experience of our best and wisest characters.

WHEREFORE then all this violence, and heat of party spirit? What is the danger? What, the dreaded evil? What is the mighty ruin, which the factious eye of party would fain discover, gleaming portentous in our political hemisphere? Are we not free? have we not the best laws? and do not those laws provide for the safety of the citizen?...do they not secure to us ALL the full and free enjoyment of all the rights and immunities which are connected, and co-ordinate, with independence?

WHEREFORE then has it become customary to broach such a multiplicity of vilifying and stigmatizing epithets, to make them so many stumbling blocks for ourselves and others? Wherefore this derangement in the political system? Where can we obtain a solution to our inquiries? *We have it!* We are a people, jealous of our liberties! The smallest infringement of our rights is almost sufficient to calcine the cheek of the oppressed with the fire of resentment! The spirit of an American can never brook an imposition! The very *idea* of its “possible existence” vibrates in every feeling of his soul! But, my fellow-citizens, we call on you at this time, to strengthen your vigilance for the preservation of your rights, and at the same time to sacrifice those contagious, ungenerous, misrepresenting principles, which are the very seeds of civil discord, dreadful dissensions, and too, too often, with horrid import, they foretel crimes, assassination, and massacre, which pollute the fairest volumes of humanity.

FACTION, more frightful than Medusa, with her thousand grisly snakes, or Briareus, with his hundred hands, and fifty heads, can change, transform, and destroy the *balance of power* in such a variety of ways, as almost to insure the universal
extirpation

† Jefferson.

* Strong.

extirpation of all right, law, and liberty ! But “ be it remembered ” that, *Moderation is the great preservative of national happiness,*

VIOLENCE may arm its many partizans with “ stones, flings, and leaden bullets ” ; its mobs may riot in the wildest, intemperate extravagance ; the infuriated populace may raise their clamours to the skies !---shout rebellion !---lift the ponderous mace !---hurl firebrands ; and deal out bountiful destruction ! and sing victory amid the universal *crash*, and total extermination of their own enjoyments !---But what does it avail ? what is the amount of such disordered exertion ? Neither in the “ mighty wind, which break rocks and mountains in pieces,” nor in the “ earthquake,” nor in the “ fire ” was the God of Peace ! He manifests himself only in the “ still, small voice,” teaching this most important lesson to man,...that none but devils themselves should delight in confusion and dissension : and that the feelings of man should ever be in harmony with the sweetest concords of nature : Else why has Deity made those very feelings susceptible of the tenderest emotions, under the impression of sympathy, innocence, beauty, and love ? And where is the heart so *inhuman* as to resist their influence ?

MODERATION is the best philosophy extant ; for while our Federal Republican Government involves such a combination of “ mutual checks ” and “ mutual supports ” in the *balance of power* ; sure we are not—cannot be sufferers by its operation. May calm investigation, therefore, temper all our political and general speculations ; and accompany all our researches in the pursuits of honest and undeviating truth, that “ our union and brotherly affection may be perpetual.” Still may we ever be vigilant in detecting the impostor ; in supporting our rights, and in preserving our liberties ! Ever bearing in mind, that the most effectual way to serve our country *is not* to violate law, explode religion, and riot in the extravagances of party triumph,—but *is* to support good order, by a due observance and preservation of our equal rights, and to be decidedly influenced by the truest, tried, and unequivocal principles of republican virtue.

DELUSION hath heretofore barbed its arrows with the poison of party principle, and walked forth in the guise of patriotism to trample down our dearest rights with impunity, to corrupt our morals, contaminate our feelings, influence our exertions, and facilitate our ruin ;---but Delusion shall never prevail !

prevail ! We are not only *free*, but enlightened ! We have too much wisdom, too much virtue, too much literature, in our national character to suffer, or tamely submit to its illusive and fascinating influence.

It is asked by Rousseau, "If Rome and Sparta perished, what state can hope to last forever ?" and he adds,---"In our endeavors to form a durable establishment, we must not think therefore to make it eternal." But, with much deference to the opinions of the celebrated Rousseau, *We* dare believe, that till the last spark of republican virtue shall cease to glow in the bosom of our country, it shall have an existence,---and that existence shall be glorious !

EDUCATION is "the one thing needful." It is the strength of republics ; the vital principle of good government ; the great, and most important means of national prosperity.—While a people are well informed, there is little fear of being hurried down the streams of popular delusion into the vortex of folly, infamy, and ruin. While a people are well informed, they can properly estimate the value of their rights, and the blessings of existence ; and while a people distinguish themselves by their wisdom, in cultivating the germ of virtue and knowledge in the bud, in the aspiring minds of the rising generation, they may rationally expect to realize all the advantages, which comport, and are connected, with a free, american, republican, federal government.

*IN the triumvirate of POMPEY, CÆSAR, and CRASSUS, it is said that "every man sacrificed the *public good* to his own private interest." Happy indeed is the contrast !---We have Citizens, who sacrifice *their own private interests* to the PUBLIC GOOD !---We have no CATALINES,---no conspiracies,---not even an ostracism ; not even.....pardon the presumption. What, and how many are the evils which have "grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength" of former republics, which are, at this moment, not only *anonymous*, but altogether *unknown*, in the archives of Columbian federal republicanism. The contrast is indeed happy, ! Every parent is emulous to become a CONFUSCIUS, and teach their children the virtues which ornament and dignify the *character of Man* !---Thus may virtue ever predominate in the heart of the parent, and influence the conduct of the child ! And may those virtues, which distinguished the *Hero of Mount Vernon*, and the *Sage of Mount Wolston*, and which, we hope, influence

* *Vid. Ancient History.*

influence the *Philosopher of Monticello*, be the characteristic features of present and future generations,....be transmitted from fire to son,---and be in effect, the ultimatum of our republican happiness !

SAGE of Mount Wollaston !---ILLUSTRIOUS ADAMS !--- Though thou hast retired from the busy scenes of life ; to enjoy, in calm seclusion, the profit of thy labors and virtues, thou art not forgotten ! The affections of our hearts follow thee, in admiration of that wisdom which could fabricate the impregnable “ *Defence of the American Constitution ;*” and which still, like a strong tower, guards, against political corruption, the avenues of public administration.

SHOULD the “ threats of invasion” hover around us, we have a resource. Should Despotism lift its bloody finger, and point to the rack, the axe, and the gibbet ; should it unsheath the ghastly sabre,----“ let slip the dogs of war, and cry *havoc !*”.....soon would a thousand swords gleam from their scabbards ; and soon would ten thousand hearts beat rapid for the execution of *defensive warfare*, on the Cyclop monster of illegal and tyrannical usurpation.

It has been said that *standing armies* are necessary to the well-being of a people, and the preservation of liberty in a free, republican government. Thanks be to Heaven ! we have the best authority for controverting the assertion. Our wisest politicians, and a national majority, give their dissenting suffrage, and pronounce a *standing army* to be the most *infernal* curse that was ever ingrafted in the heart of a free country. So far from preserving the republican virtues we boast, or the truly federal republican principles which are our glory :---So far from supporting the CONSTITUTION, which is the “ *Magna Charta* of our Independence” and the “ *Palladium* of our Liberties,”---a *standing army* is the most effectual *bane* for their destruction, and the forest evil that ever infested individual or national felicity.

OUR citizens are soldiers, and every soldier is a citizen ! and we are almost authorized to denominate every good citizen a FRANKLIN, an HANCOCK, or a WASHINGTON.

BEHOLD ! our political ship has *beat* through the tempest of war ! outrode the currents and whirlpools of civil dissension ! and soon, in the haven of prosperous security, will ride at anchor, in the *full dress* of national honor, and on the *full-sea* of national prosperity.

HAPPY,

HAPPY, happy Columbia ! May you long be enriched with the blessings and pleasures of INDEPENDENCE.....May PEACE diffuse her grateful and generous joys, in uninterrupted continuation, throughout thy "happy land.".....May Heaven crown the labours of thy husbandmen with rosy health and cheering plenty.....May COMMERCE continue to direct her magnet invariably toward the true cardinal point of national prosperity.....And may the influx of unbounded treasure, insure the increase of boundless enjoyment, and this, the immense duration of *Republican Virtue* !

How strange is that infatuation (*mirabilissime dictu !*) which has taught man to monopolize the globe, and cheat the world of their inheritance. He plants his usurping standard on an unknown coast, and claims the wide, extended territory as his own. Strange infatuation ! It is like the lunatic's dream, or the poor man's feast, composed of *nominals* and *un-realities* ! And is it possible....is it even supposable....that on such trivial pretensions are erected the bloody banners of war ?—Yet such are the propensities of man !

O ! CURSED lust of avarice and ambition ! gormandizing on the happiness of human nature, depopulating the world, and destroying the fairest works of NATURE'S GOD ! *Here* is the source of human ill ;---the cause of contention ;---the curses of delusion and superstition ;---the origin of slavery, ---and the full measure of all the evils of life. For examples, look abroad in the world,---See the Mussulman at Mecca ; or the Japanese at his devotions, with his *crucifix* and *pagod* ! Look into the mines of Peru,---into the dungeons of the European world,---or see the suffering slave in his tears, and in his chains ; or, if humanity can endure the sight, behold a female, lovely as innocence, and fair as an angel of heaven, dismantled of her most beauteous ornaments by the cruel and sacrilegious hand of villainy, and dying under the anguish of a bleeding, broken heart ! Such are the effects of this baneful passion, which is the parent of human, *perpetuated* woe.

WAR strengthens the sinews of insensibility. Though it calls forth the energies of the hardy veteran, and produces the essential attributes of wisdom and magnanimity ; yet, dreadful are its effects ! Humanity veils her face, and weeps over its distresses. It is war which brutalizes our nature : It is war which directs the hand of the child to the heart of his
his

his parent ! It is war that proffers the hemlock to the tender-hearted mother, and threatens her at the point of the bayonet to feed her little infants with its murderous juices.—But war has ceased ! and it is our privilege to celebrate the blessings of independence.

THE grim fiend no longer brandishes his iron spear over our interchaining hills, which trembled, greatly convulsed beneath the monster's hideous yell. No !—the oak stands secure on our mountains and in our fields ; the vine and the olive crown the labors of our husbandmen.

PEACE hath descended from Heaven, mild as the “ moon-beam” on the spear of OSSIAN. The virtues and graces attend her in her extensive walks on the shores of the Atlantic. Even on the Allegany, and beyond the great waters of the Mississippi, the rustic nymphs and sylvan deities pay her the homage of their warm adoration.

SHE hath deserted the ramparts of the embattled fortification : She is not yet seen to hover even over the ruins of the Bastile ; nor has she planted her olive on the margin of the Ganges. From the Hellespont to the utmost verge of the Pacific, and from the Adriatic to where eternal snows lift their broad crusts, in awful sublimity, on the summits of Nova-Zembla,---she claims no inheritance : She finds her altars abandoned, and her temples filled with continual commotion of despotic power and arbitrary sway. From the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the loftiest point of the Andes to the Antarctic Circle, not a single vestige remains whereby could be possibly discovered her delightful abode, or even her existence.—But thou, MY COUNTRY ! thou hast taken her in thy arms, as the daughter of thy bosom, and “ *where Liberty dwells, there is my country !*”---Here dwells Peace ! here is her delightful abode, and here are a people capable of performing her divine honours.

PEACE hath here erected her triumphal arch ; and here sits enthroned, surrounded with the affections of our whole nation ! While hill, rock, and valley, clothed in richest luxuriance, “ laugh and sing” amid the multiplied joys of nature.

SEE, on one hand stands JUSTICE, elevating the balance in equipoise, and with the sword of equity guarding her throne

throne *forever* ! On the other, VIRTUE, enrobed in all the graces of truth and beneficence, displaying the Cap of Liberty, and pointing to the portals of the temple of PEACE ;---ON the golden pillars of which, the recording angel hath written, "UNION IS THE BASIS OF NATIONAL FELICITY !"

PEACE, with delight, contemplates her sons *here* suspending their implements of war around her every shrine ; to which, her amiable daughters attach the ever-green laurel and the ever-living garland, while millions, in her sacred FANE, raise the hallelujahs of grateful and perpetual thanksgiving.

*UNION, and FREEDOM, and VIRTUE, are ours :
We heed not the tempest, the chain, or the rod.
Delusion and faction may exhaust all their powers,—
Our virtue remains ! and our hope is in GOD.*

