

ORATION:

DELIVERED

ON BOARD THE SHIP SYLPH

IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN,

JULY 4, 1849.

Latitude 25° 28' N.: Longitude 131° 00' W.

TOGETHER WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER VOYAGE
FROM PANAMA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

BY GEORGE R. PARBURT, ESQ.

GENEVA, N. Y.:

I. & S. H. PARKER, PRINTERS.

.....
1849.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

Col. THOMAS HAYWARD, President.

Capt. FRANCIS M. GARDNER, }
JOHN A. REED, Esq., } Vice Presidents.

READER OF DECLARATION,

H. RAY BOWIE, of Baltimore.

ORATOR,

GEORGE R. PARBURT, of Geneva,

CHAPLAIN,

DAVID FAIRCHILD.

MUSIC CONDUCTED BY

JASON WHITE, of Providence, R. I.

MARSHAL,

Major JOHN S. HOUSTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHIP "SYLPH," 4th July, 1849.

GEORGE R. PARBURT, Esq. :

Dear Sir :—The undersigned, Committee of Arrangements for celebrating this anniversary of our National Independence on board the Ship, hereby request, in behalf of the passengers, a copy of the Oration delivered to us this day, for publication.

We are, dear Sir, very respectfully,

Your ob't servants,

F. M. GARDNER,
D. R. PERRY,
WM. AKENHEAD.
R. P. WILSON,
G. S. OLDFIELD, Jr.
DAN'L NEWCOMB.

SHIP SYLPH, July 4th, P. M., 1849.

GENTLEMEN :—Yours of this afternoon is received. With great pleasure I comply with your request.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE R. PARBURT.

To Messrs. GARDNER, PERRY, AKENHEAD, WILSON, and NEWCOMB, Committee.

ORATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS :

The day we celebrate presents one of those happy occasions, when all, free alike from the bigotries of Sectarianism, and the prejudices of party politics, may unite in national rejoicings. Disregarding the strict rules of scholastic argument; custom allows us to throw the reins loose upon the neck of our fancy, and expatiate as freely on the beauties of liberty as we luxuriate in the ocean air around us. Kneeling together at the shrine of freedom, we renew our vows of fealty there, and in the fulness of our hearts swear we will never be slaves.

The keeping of days and seasons is an agreeable and rational mode of perpetuating the remembrance of events which should never fade from the memory of man. Religion, as well as Liberty, hath availed itself of this chirography, more faithful, more legible and more easily understood, than the games of the Grecians, or the pyramids of the Egyptians. The great antiquity of this method has sanctified it for all coming ages, and the high authority which has approved it will leave its propriety forever unquestioned. The Passover of the Jews is a monument both of Liberty and Religion, which will exist in the ceremonies of the Isrealites for ages, and remain upon the page of history forever. The eucharist of christianity will live while time shall endure. The Creator of the world and the Author of Redemption appropriated a day of remembrance for those glorious events. With such example and authority, we may with great propriety celebrate the Birth-Day of National Independence.

The Fourth day of July is commemorative, not of a particular battle, nor of all the battles of the Revolution, nor of that hour in which the haughty foe lowered the

crown from the lofty brow where it had reposed in solitary and unbroken grandeur for ages, to subscribe the Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States of America; but of that day on which our Fathers embodied in the Declaration of Independence the high and holy resolve that they would dash the British yoke from off their necks—that they would be free, or die. This was the resolve of the few against the many—the weak against the mighty—the subject against the King—the citizen against the law:—but it was also the resolve of the just against the unjust—the oppressed against the oppressor—of humanity against tyranny, and of nature against power. Strong in the purpose of their hearts, and in the justice of their cause, they went forward believing that

“Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just.”

Brave men, they made their faith tangible by their works: they nobly subscribed that Declaration, which, had not Liberty crowned it as her master-piece, would have been the warrant of their ignominious death, instead of being, as it now is, their indisputable title to an immortality and glory more brilliant and enduring than that of the Cæsars.

This is now an American Festival; but in ages yet to come, when crowns and thrones shall be levelled in the dust—when slavery shall not pollute the earth, and man shall every where be free, the Fourth of July will be hailed as Freedom’s festival throughout the world. This day commemorates not so much an *act* as a *thought*—a *spirit of ethereal fire* which breathes the life of freedom in the human soul, no matter by what ruffian hand its liberties have been cloven down, nor how deep the grave of oppression in which it has been buried.

It is good to bring to remembrance the past. And though we proposed to celebrate this day with our friends and kindred on the soil so lately won by the valor of our brethren, still we may not be unmindful of our duty as freemen, though far off upon the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. Nay, rather we may feel an inspiration in our devotions at the shrine of Liberty, far more fervent and elevated than on the land; for there, oft times freedom is but a continuous of man to appropriate the broad acres of the

omnigity to his own purposes, r...
his fellow man. But here upon the open sea,—the wide
expanse of heaven above us—the beautiful clouds, un-
touched by art, fresh from the hand of nature, with the
impress of freedom warm upon them—the wild winds re-
velling in all their untamed glory—and this broad, bound-
less ocean, unmarked by the line of the surveyor, unchain-
ed by the puny sovereigns of the land, sleeping in dim-
pling beauty in the warm embraces of yonder bright eter-
nal sun, or dashing along in glorious grandeur and magnifi-
cent sublimity—at once the brightest emblem, the noblest
monument, the most glorious bulwark of liberty. And
thus our disappointment may be our pleasure, even though
we may not adopt the philosophy of the Poet, that

“ There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as they may.”

As we turn to the past, and read in our memories the
painful struggles of the heroes of the revolution, though
the story may be as familiar to us as a thrice-told tale, we
shall feel the fire of patriotism burn more freely and more
purely upon the altar of our hearts, and losing our individ-
uality in our nation's identity, we shall involuntarily ex-
claim :—“ *Our Country—right or wrong.*” The *right* of
Revolution is the central right of human nature. Around
it all other rights twine, but as the ivy to the poplar, for
support. When Government enacts oppressive laws—
when laws, in themselves good, are tortured into engines
of cruel inflictions, or instruments of personal aggrandize-
ment to the few, at the sacrifice of the interests of the ma-
ny—then should the People, the source of all governmen-
tal authority, resort to the right of revolution, either by
the pacific measures prescribed by the constitution, or by
that strong hand and outstretched arm, which, like the
bolt of Jove amidst the trees of the forest, levels alike the
usurpation, hoary with the precedents of ages, and the
bright and towering tyranny of yesterday. Not to resort
to revolution when power hath poisoned the springs of
government, is to write ourselves slaves and cowards—to
dishonor our race—to insult the God who made us. Our
fathers were revolutionists. Had they failed when they

struck for freedom, they would have died upon the scaffold, and our necks would yet have worn the British yoke. They were men of wisdom. They long endured the chafings of oppression. They sought redress for wrongs innumerable at the foot of the throne. They appealed to the bulwark of their rights, the British Constitution—but in vain. They convinced their oppressors of the righteousness of their cause, and made it manifest to the world that taxation and representation should be reciprocal.—But they were spurned from the foot of the throne—they were driven to the contemplation of the thought of freedom. Their distant homes far over the wide Atlantic, were invaded by the hired soldiery of their King. Dark clouds gathered in the eastern horizon, and the long threatened storm of war burst upon Lexington, only to gather more darkly and deeply and terribly around Bunker Hill, which reeled to and fro in the dreadful tempest, like a great soul in travail for the freedom of the world. There in the midst of the roar of battle and the blood of friends and foes, Fame wrote upon her scroll the name of Warren—first and fairest victim offered in sacrifice for the redemption of our freedom. New England! it was thine to present the glorious gift—and upon thine own soil. No Abraham journeyed thither from a distant land to rear an altar on our hills and offer up an Isaac in sacrifice—but thou didst provide alike the wood and the lamb for sacrifice, and thine is the altar and the Mount Moriah of our political redemption. The heroism of that day proved that our Fathers were men of valor. Still they were willing to forgive the wrongs of their government, to accept a redress of their grievances, and to prove their loyalty by their adhesion to the crown. But the pride and obstinacy of British monarchy, were destined by the Sovereign of the Universe to be the occasion of the building up of a Republic more noble in its institutions, more equal in its rights and privileges, more humane, elevating and democratic in its principles, and more stable in its existence, than any government which man had ever enjoyed. The storm which had already swept with such violence over the East, spread far away to the West, to the North and to the South. Darkness covered the whole land and shrouded it in the gloom of war. But from every valley

and from every hill top, as if by magic, sprung up innumerable altars, on which burnt brightly the flames of freedom. The voice of Liberty, like the trump of fate, arrested all classes in their career of wealth, of pleasure and of fame. The artisan dropped his hammer at the anvil—the mountaineer halted suddenly in the chase, and the intrepid sailor flung the half tightened haulyard from his hand, and all with one heart knelt, and with one voice, lifting high their hands to heaven, swore they would be free. Heaven heard their vow, and gave them a Chieftain worthy of their cause—the immortal Washington.

The crowned heads of Europe looked out upon this political tempest with intense interest, hourly expecting to see the British lion strike down at a single blow this offspring of rebellion, and rend and destroy it forever. But a sight far more strange and wonderful met their astonished gaze. Far off in the deep blue heavens, like some tall Archangel wrapped in the drapery of the skies, they beheld one like unto the eldest born of liberty, bearing in his left hand the ancient charter of humanity, while with his right hand he grasped the lightnings, and wrote—“ALL MANKIND are created equal, they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” They contemplate with horror this brightest THOUGHT OF FREEDOM, destined to overturn thrones, principalities and powers, princes, kings and tyrants, till man, whose right it is to rule, shall govern in the plenitude of wisdom, of justice and of humanity. These were the words of life and political salvation to our Fathers; and these are the words which shall awaken as from the dead, nations yet bound in the sepulchre of legalized oppression, which bursting the silence and the chains of centuries, will come forth with the shout of LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY. When God said, “let there be light”—there was light. Darkness and Chaos fled away, and the Earth smiled in the bloom of joy. When the Son of God said, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself”—he embodied a sentiment which revolutionizes the world, and gives to man a fraternity of fellowship on earth, and an eternity of bliss in heaven. And when the inspired Jefferson wrote—“God hath created all men equal”—a prin-

ciple of political life was made tangible, which, like the rod of Moses smiting the rock in the wilderness smote the bastile of oppression, whence shall flow forever the gushing flood of freedom.

The storm of the American Revolution was not the gale of an hour. The war was not terminated by one magnificent battle. The chains of slavery are seldom broken by one giant blow. When rent asunder *here—there*, its power may be strong as ever. Interwoven through all grades of society, and binding upon all the relations of life, a thorough re-organization of the body politic is often necessary to its freedom. The storm swept disastrously over the whole land, and left prostrate a thousand hopes—a thousand hearts—and a thousand homes. The political world never experienced a more magnificent tempest. Full oft the contending patriots hung upon the broken skirts of the storm—the *mere wrecks of armies*. The blood-stained snow as they retreated from Newark—from Brunswick—from Princeton—from Trenton, too plainly told the trials they experienced—the sufferings they endured. As they were men of valor, so also were they men of fortitude and toil. Inured to labor in their youth, they were prepared in mature life for the endurance of privations, which would have appalled the inexperienced. Brave hearts would have quailed when they patiently retreated with their faces to the foe. Strong hands would have hung down where they continued to buffet with lusty sinews the overflowing wave. Labor prepares both the body and the mind for endurance. While it is the penalty of primeval disobedience, in that man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his face, it is the sweetener of his food, and the balmy cordial of sleep. Labor is congenial to the healthful developement of the physical nature; it calls forth to greater action the intellectual powers, and gives beauty, life and maturity to the moral being. Labor is the safeguard of morals, the bulwark of freedom, the stronghold of religion, and the temple of pure and undefiled love. Labor is the source of wealth to nations, the strong arm of their defence in war, and the supporter of free institutions in peace. Whatever therefore tends to render labor *disreputable, is inimical to the cause of freedom*. The Fathers of the revolution were prepared by labor for that endur-

ance and toil necessary to work out their own political salvation. How else could they have contended so earnestly and so long against so many myriads of their foes. Even the picture of that contest challenges our faith and staggers our fancy. There stands the Empress of the seas, magnificent in the glory of her ancestry; her crown brilliant and terrible with the gems of countless triumphs; her zone embracing the homage of a hundred tribes from every land on which the sun may shine, the royal lion crouching at her feet, surrounded by veteran armies accustomed to conquer, and familiar with victory, and old ocean groaning beneath the weight of her naval armament, more splendid than Alexander ever imagined, or Cleopatra ever dreamt of: there she stands pointing her innumerable hosts to our shores. *Yonder*, on the plains of Long Island, or the heights of Saratoga, and the banks of the Braadywine, our patriot fathers, few in numbers, hungry, toilworn and weary, without arms and without munitions of war, await the dreadful onset of battle. They survive the shock—they rally, they triumph—they retreat—they return to the charge—they grow familiar with war—though oft defeated they are never conquered. Days, months and years roll on, and yet they contend valiantly against superior numbers; they struggle on against fearful odds, during untold privations, till by their very endurance they weary out their foe, and drive him from our shores. The dark clouds which rolled down from Lexington are broken at Yorktown. The death-flash of the rifle is seen no more, the thunder of the cannon is hushed, and the silvery tones of peace float over the valleys—and the hills and the mountains echo back the notes of peace. The Father of his Country takes an affectionate farewell of his companions in arms, and retires to his happy home on the banks of the Potomac. The infant States stand forth to the world in all the beauty, the pride and the exultation of *Independent Sovereignities—they are free!*

But where is the weary soldier! The camp has been his home for many an anxious month and suffering year. And yet with all his untold trials, he cannot strike his tent forever without brushing off a truant tear. He turns away from the field of battle to seek for that home which he has kept so long and so sacredly enshrined in his inmost heart,

amidst the holiest associations. He is not rich. Nor has he that firm and manly form he had, when seven years before, with a stout heart, he sought the field of battle to defend his hearth, his altar and his country. Nay, he is now poor and wounded, and worn out in the service of his country. He turns his face homeward once more—he wanders on for many a weary league—his small fund of almost worthless continental money is exhausted. Still he goes forward, begging his bread through lands his valor won, till at length in the distance his eye catches a glimpse of the grand old hills familiar to him in the days of his boyhood, and on which in maturer years he reared his humble cot. His heart beats quicker, and his step seems lighter; and as he hobbles on he gazes in every face to catch the glimpse of some once familiar feature. But all is new and strange to him—a fearful fluttering oppresses his heart. He moves more quickly forward—he has half gained the summit of the hill—he struggles on 'twixt hope and fear—not that vile fear which dreads to face a foe, but that strange sensation of apprehension of the loss of some cherished object, which makes the heart forsake its resting place in the bosom and move rapidly upward, as if it would force its way into the mouth, choking all utterance and all respiration. He kneels a moment at the bright bubbling spring to quench his thirst, where oft in earlier years with one loving and beloved he spent the twilight hours. Thoughts of the past come thronging back upon his heart, in all the light and life and love of other days. But he cannot linger there—he toils onward and upward, and gaining the summit gazes around him while a wild and fearful fire flashes in his eye. All is silent as the grave. Even the bark of the old watchdog does not welcome him home again. His knees quake—his courage fails, and tottering forward he scarcely recognizes the sacred spot he called his *home*. HOME! Alas, he may have a *country*—but he has no *home*. The very word is *blotted out to him forever*. The storm of revolution had swept over the fair fields he once called his own—the bloody hand of the ruthless tory had, with incendiary torch, made his home the funeral pyre of all he had loved on earth. He rallies strength to pass his musket through the heaps of ashes, and as his eye falls upon the moulder-

ing bones of his wife and children, his heart ceases to beat—and his noble spirit wings its flight to the heaven of the patriot, husband and father—a martyr to the cause of freedom.

This, my fellow citizens, was the price of our redemption from the British yoke. Let us cherish the memory of our patriot fathers, by preserving in its purity the freedom which cost them so dearly, and by transmitting to generations yet unborn the glorious inheritance unincumbered and unimpaired. Nor let us think too severely of that seeming ingratitude of our country toward the soldiers of the revolution, in leaving them poor and penniless. The States though free, were as poor as they were independent. The bonds of the confederacy were inadequate to the maturity of that freedom to whose infancy it had given such gigantic powers. In after days a constitution was adopted—that under which we now live; and the Father of his Country was called forth from the retirement of Mount Vernon, to administer in its primitive purity that fundamental law of the Republic. For though we date our freedom from the 4th day of July, 1776, we were not joined in the strong bonds of living union and powerful nationality until the adoption of the Constitution of 1787. The Declaration of Independence absolved us from all allegiance to the British crown—the Revolutionary War made us free and independent States; but the glorious Constitution united those Sovereignities into one glorious Republic, and breathed into it the breath of everlasting life and never dying glory. By that instrument powers were vested in a general government, with authority and strength to “form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of Liberty to themselves, and to their posterity.

Under this Constitution has arisen certain antagonistic doctrines, forming the basis of political parties vieing with each other in professions of attachment for, and zeal to maintain the constitution in its purity. States rights, States sovereignty, a strong central government, strict construction of the constitution, the financial and tariff questions, are matters which may exercise the talents of the first statesmen of the age, and either side comport

with the purest patriotism, and most zealous devotion to the interests of the republic. The march of freedom has been onward. The elective franchise has yearly become more universal; and the rights of labor are better understood. The accumulation of power, however, in any form, so as to control by law or by the force of wealth the humblest citizen in the free exercise of all his rights in the pursuit of happiness, is an evil which requires of us all the most unremitting vigilance.

Power is corrupting. The love of power is natural to man. He rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue. He becomes exhilarated with its exercise and polluted with its enjoyment. Power produces exalted views in him who wields it of himself, his acquirements and his talents, and a corresponding decreasing estimation of the worth of his fellow man. He deems himself no longer the agent of the People, but those whom he should serve are considered the mere instruments of his greater elevation. As they cease to minister to his pride, they become worthless; and as they oppose him in his progress of usurpation, they are branded as enemies upon whom he may exert his most savage power. When Saul the son of Kish was seeking his father's asses with his father's servants, he could participate with them in their toils and share their homely fare; but when he wielded the destinies of the Jewish nation, he required the attention of voluptuousness, and the homage of his superiors. When David followed the sheepcote, he cheerfully carried provisions to the camp for his brethren in the service of their country; but when he became King in Isreal, he robbed an honest soldier of his wife, and then procured the murder of the man he had so much injured and dishonored. Nero, when a young man, was complaisant to the people; but when he held in his hand the sceptre of the Roman world, he crushed the neck of the Roman people under his iron heel without remorse. And that most splendid specimen of humanity, Napoleon Bonaparte, when a lieutenant of artillery, could advocate republicanism; but when he became Emperor of France, he sought alliances with despotisms, hoary with crime and dripping with political corruption. The most illustrious exception to this general rule, is the example of our own Washington. He received authority from the people to

unsheath the sword, and when by that sword he had delivered his nation from the British yoke, and made himself in the eyes of the world the *first of men*, the *redeemer of his native land*, the glory of his race—unmasked he returned that sword to its sheath untarnished by a drop of American blood, and magnanimously became one of the people. There has never been but one Washington—there will perhaps never be another like him. The omnipotent God saw fit to give one example of faith in Abraham, of meekness in Moses, of patience in Job, of wisdom in Solomon, and of an incorruptible depository of power in Washington.

Wealth is power. The petty tyranny which the agents of capital exert over the instruments of labor, is of the same desolating spirit as that of the sword. The advances of power in a Republic, like the progress of the veiled prophet of Khorassan, are made behind a silver veil. Accumulated and concentrated wealth promises good to the multitude by the employment of the poor—it promises good to the country by the developement of its resources; but it also embodies a principal which may prove detrimental to the best interests of the laborer. It enables one man to wield the power of an hundred, and finding himself in possession of a giant's strength, he wields it like a giant. When political power is about to be exercised by the laborer, capital demands the sacrifice of personal opinion at its shrine. Such an exercise of power is rank tyranny; it smells of corruption to the very grave of freedom. It deserves the condemnation of honest men of all political parties. If left unchecked, it will produce an aristocracy of wealth which will crush the rights of the laborer in its anaconda folds. While it fattens upon the sweat and blood of the laborer, and riots in the holiest principles of the virtuous poor—it will sap the foundation of our free institutions, break down the pillars of equality which sustain the Republic, and make Columbia a spoil to tyrants, and a waste and a desolation, upon whose smouldering ruins the dark angel of oppression will rise and shout his demoniac yell of triumph.

The exercise of administrative and executive power in a republic, is that of brief periods and well defined limits. If the agent proves unfaithful to the welfare of the govern-

ment, or the interests of the people, he is removed before he can effect much evil. But not so with the power of accumulated and incorporated wealth. Government, by an anomaly of authority, gives to such power a life beyond the grave—an existence which may be in the full exercise of its desolating power, when the government which spoke it into living is prostrate in the dust. Hence there should be an untiring vigilance on the part of the people to guard against the corrupting growth of so deadly an Upas. Give to capital protection, but remember that the bones and sinews of the poor but free laborer are of far greater value than capital; that the political independence of the working man is as dear to him, and as necessary to the purity and perpetuity of the Republic, as can possibly be that of the capitalist. When a principle of political ethics is admitted which strikes down the rights of the laborer, there can be no guarantee that it will not extend over the entire population. A principle is no respecter of persons. It cannot distinguish between rich and poor, between capitalist and laborer; and if for a while it makes capital flourish, in its rebound it will over-ride all conditions with undistinguished ruin. While therefore capital receives encouragement to develop the resources of the country and profitably employ its laborers, labor should be cherished as the safeguard of the republic, and concentrating power watched with eternal vigilance, never forgetful that its most polluting touch is through the medium of the almighty dollar. While the rights of the working-man are kept inviolate, the liberties of the capitalist are secure; but take from labor its natural protection, and from the laborer the high behests of freedom, and capital, though it may flourish for a while, will ultimately sink in the dust, and capitalists shrink from bloated aristocrats into shrivelled slaves. Capital too often seeks for power to pollute the fountains of government, form aristocracies and prostrate the laborer; but labor and liberty go hand in hand to lay broad and deep the foundations of freedom, and build high and strong and free the temple of universal emancipation.

We are a nation of freemen. Our Republic has become glorious in the eyes of the world. The star-spangled banner floats triumphantly over the land of the free and

the home of the brave. Its conquests are glorious. The proud Aztec has confessed its power, and yielded in homage golden territories, whither we are now journeying over the Pacific to possess them. Onward, still *onward*, is its destiny. Our Republic is emphatically the assylum of the oppressed of all nations. Thither may the toil-worn and tax-consumed laborer of other lands come and find a home. Thitherward, the patriot of foreign climes, as he feels the keen edge of despair dividing the nerve of his effort for the freedom of his native land, turns his longing eyes, and in his old age seeks amongst us a spot where he can breathe the air of freedom and die in peace. As it is the assylum for the oppressed of all nations, so it presents to all men, by its living embodiment of free principles and equal rights, the natural language of liberty, which cannot be misinterpreted nor misunderstood. France, whose own La Fayette assisted in the formation of our alphabet of freedom, has profited most by the glorious lesson. The Republic shines afar to all the world as the beacon-light of freedom—the ever-burning, never-consuming altar of liberty, where all nations, tribes and tongues may light the torch which fires the dungeons and the towers, the palaces and the thrones of tyrants.

The rapidly-increasing glory of our Republic can scarcely be realized as a *fact*. It seems more like the fairy tale of a rich imagination. The past, with all its wonders, hath nothing like unto it. How vast the increase of territory, of wealth and of population, in the brief period of seventy-three years: from two-and-a-half millions to twenty millions of people—free, all free as the air which sweeps over our native hills. And even those who, upon the assertion of our freedom, were found among us, as the Gileadites in Israel, as hewers of wood and drawers of water, may hope, as they learn to appreciate the worth of freedom, though of another race and of another caste, to find their limbs swelling beyond the measure of their chains. But liberty never smiled upon the willing slave. ‘Strike and be free,’ is the voice of nature and of God. To ask for freedom, is to insult Jove. He who will not assert his manhood, should not complain at the galling of his chains. While we would not be slaves, let us scorn to be tyrants. I would not be a tyrant—I would not be a slave. Were heaven itself of-

ferred to me on the condition of involuntary servitude—and I speak it reverently—could I enjoy the bliss of heaven only by stretching out my neck to the yoke of degrading vassalage, though that yoke were laid on my neck by the soft hands and amid the sweet smiles of angels, I would spurn the boon—I would rush with patriot horror from the polluted place, and prefer with an independent soul to wander amidst everlasting darkness and eternal storm.

History gives but a brief outline of the past; the present greatness of our glorious Union demands a broad, strong and clear vision to survey it; the deepest gaze of the tallest prophet could scarcely grasp the future, much less unfold its glories to our apprehension. We are united together as one family in religion, in morals, in language—and by the iron bands of railways. Time itself is outstripped in communications by telegraph from our seat of government to distant states, where twenty-five years ago as many days were requisite to commune with them. The Pacific has become our western boundary. The capitol of our Republic is within four months' voyage of the shores of Asia. New-York, our commercial emporium, stretches out her right hand across the Atlantic, filled with the finest of wheat to feed the famishing poor of Europe; and extends her left over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, to encourage her infant sister San Francisco to extend the right hand of fellowship to the islands of the Pacific, and invite ancient China to our marts. We have the granary of the world, the temple of liberty and the sanctuary of religion—the gates of all thrown wide open, so that whosoever will come may come and drink of the waters of freedom freely. We have broad rivers and beautiful vallies for the homes of industry and virtue; and forests, mountains, boundless prairies and countless acres, for the oppressed of all the world. What a glorious inheritance is ours! Who, upon a scene so lovely, could without horror lift the veil of disunion? Who could contemplate without guilt this brightest mirror of the equal rights and boundless bliss of heaven, dashed into a thousand pieces? Though every piece might possess an independent reflection, no skill would be sufficient to unite them again in their primitive oneness, beauty and glory. Though every thing which is human is imperfect, a system which has thus far

so miraculously wrought out the good of man and the glory of God, is too divine to admit the suggestion of its destruction with political and moral turpitude. The Union is our glory. The compromise of the question of slavery was necessary to the establishment of the Union by the adoption of the constitution. That compromise is as sacred as treaty obligations can be made. To violate it, directly or indirectly, is punic faith towards our own mother's children. Not that we hate oppression less, but that we love truth and good faith more. I stand not here as the defender of slavery. I cannot lift my voice as the apologist of a system which in principle blots out the distinctive features of humanity, and withers with a blow the imago of the Godhead into a chattel. But I glory in being an apologist for our glorious Union. Next to that moral beauty which binds my spirit with resistless power to the throne of God, do I revere that political excellence which unites my heart to my country. Columbia, dearest mother of my heart, when I forget thine honor, let my right hand forget its coming; when I cease to glory in that Union which binds the States together in concord and glory, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. Slavery is not a subject of general law, but of state legislation. It may exist in one or all the States, or in none of them, and the Union have neither the reproach of its existence nor the praise of its abolition. The domestic institutions of a State are as sacred to the State as the domestic institutions of a family to itself; and none should dare to intrude unbidden within the charmed circle. In their own good time the Slave States may follow the example of the Empire State. And when the day comes, as doubtless it will come, when the negro shall be regarded as a fellow man, and appreciate the value of his manhood, in that day slavery will die. But let us be content to await the workings of Providence. Let us not attempt, either by indirect influences or open force, to rule with a rod of iron the sons of those noble sires who stood shoulder to shoulder with our own fathers in the Revolution, under the false pretence of giving freedom to a race who cannot appreciate the gift. It would be doing evil that good might come—a doubtful good in the estimation of millions. On the preservation of the Union depends the glory of the Republic, the sove-

reignty of the States, the freedom of ourselves and of our children.

This Union is now the brightest galaxy of freedom. Its thirty stars of the first magnitude shine forth as the most brilliant constellation of the political heavens. The lone star of the South-West, so lovely in its independence, so glorious in its culmination of freedom, *blooms* more chastely beautiful among its sister stars of the North. Soon the far West and the Pacific will roll back the clouds which have long lingered on our western horizon, revealing two more bright and beautiful members of the Union. Oregon and California will shine resplendently there—the former, to be sure, shorn of its northern limb, but still lovely in its eclipse—the latter in all the full-orbed glory of a nation's valor. New Mexico, too, may like her place among the stars. But when the statesmen who yielded 54.40, and accepted the 49th degree of northern latitude as our upper boundary on the Pacific, because Great Britain demanded it, ask Americans for their political support, they will point those unfaithful servants to the northern side of the Columbia River, and bid them seek there among the monuments of monarchy a home and a grave. But I draw a veil over the dastard act which yielded to Great Britain a *splendid territory, indisputably our own, WITHOUT A BLOW.* War! WAR to the hilt! should be the motto of every American, before one foot of *American* soil should be yielded to a foreign foe—and especially to that insatiate plunderer of all nations, that universal pirate of all seas—Great Britain. But let us forget if we can, at least for a while, the sacrifice of Northern Oregon. Let us glory in the magnificence of our great inheritance; and as one star after another takes its place in our glorious Union, and one ocean after another enlarges the area of freedom, and one banner after another trails in the dust before our stripes and stars, we will shout on—

Forever float that standard sheet,
Nor breathes the foe but falls before it!

The hills and the vallies—the rivers and the mountains—the Atlantic and this all-glorious Pacific—will echo back,

Forever float that standard sheet!

NAMES AND PLACES OF RESIDENCE
 OF THE
PASSENGERS ON SHIP "SYLPH,"
 FROM PANAMA, N. G., TO SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MAINE.

C. C. Emory,	<i>Saco.</i>	L. B. Gilky,	<i>Unity.</i>
E. R. Waterman,	"	Capt. Osgood.	<i>Blue Hill.</i>
G. W. Foster,	<i>Machias.</i>	P. S. Peters,	" "
S. Emory,	<i>Biddleford.</i>	G. W. Ray,	" "

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Cyrus B. Walker,	<i>Hanover.</i>
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RHODE ISLAND.

George H. T. Coie,	<i>Wickford.</i>	T. G. Howland,	<i>Providence.</i>
T. S. Hiscox,	"	John B. Luther,	"
E. V. Hathaway,	<i>Providence.</i>	Jason White,	"
J. Cushing,	"	George Steere,	"

MASSACHUSETTS.

F. A. Gushee,	<i>Boston.</i>	Charles Butler,	<i>Fairhaven.</i>
Joseph Crackbon,	"	David D. Hammond,	"
Edward Wilder,	"	James Merrihew, Jr.	"
H. A. Whiting,	"	A. M. Swift,	"
Romulus Norwood,	"	James E. Eddy.	<i>Fall River</i>
Roland H. Macey,	"	Richard Murphy,	"
Irving Lawton,	"	B. W. Hathaway.	"
Orlando Lawton,	"	Dwight B. Perry,	<i>New Bedford.</i>
A. D. Hatch,	"	Edward Pollard,	" "
Edward Saunderson.	"	J. S. Richardson,	" "
V. Hathaway,	<i>Freetown.</i>	F. P. Shaw,	" "
E. D. Hathaway,	"	Alfred Clifford,	<i>Martha's Vinsyard</i>

B. T. Hathaway,	<i>Freetown.</i>	H. H. Jones,	<i>Nantucket.</i>
A. Hutchinson,	<i>Midletown.</i>	C. B. Macey,	"
T. S. Kinton,	<i>Gloucester.</i>	S. Kent,	<i>Lynn.</i>
C. H. Porter,	<i>Newburyport</i>	E. C. Skinner,	"
Stephen Potter,	<i>Dartmouth.</i>	T. B. Robinson,	<i>North Chelmsford.</i>
B. Stetson,	<i>Bridgewater.</i>	T. A. Skinner,	<i>Woburn.</i>
S. F. Torrey,	<i>Quincy.</i>		

NEW YORK.

Dr. N. Nininger,	<i>New York City.</i>	J. H. Milligan,	<i>Saratoga.</i>
M. Morse,	"	Yates Harold,	"
A. G. Grant,	"	E. S. Youmans,	"
E. Greenwood,	"	J. Tilfair,	"
John Conness,	"	Wm. Turner,	"
R. P. Lee, Jr.,	"	Daniel Stewart,	"
John E. Hazleton,	"	R. Stafford,	"
A. B. Haskins,	<i>Pittstown.</i>	G. Purdy,	"
L. W. Haskins,	"	James W. Cramer,	"
D. Newcomb,	"	Seneca Daniels,	"
George Eddy,	<i>Union Village.</i>	W. Hodgkins,	<i>Plattsville.</i>
D. M. Holding,	<i>Covington.</i>	T. Gregory,	<i>Salem.</i>
J. E. Fuller,	<i>Troy.</i>	William Burling,	<i>Schuylerville.</i>
J. M. Taylor,	"	Z. Clements,	"
P. Tinker,	"	B. Tabor,	"
W. Torrence,	"	J. Mott Smith,	<i>Albany,</i>
Kingsbury Root,	"	Elos L. Winslow,	<i>Malone.</i>
J. Stone,	"	E. W. Clarke,	"
H. D. Pierce,	"	Charles C. D. Glasford,	<i>Morrison.</i>
Dr. Wesley Newcomb,	<i>Lady.</i>	H. C. Gardiner,	<i>Sag Harbor.</i>
son, daughter and servant	"	W. H. Allen,	<i>South Hampton.</i>
A. M. Comstock,	"	S. Davis,	<i>Bangor.</i>
John Cramer,	"	John S. Thomas,	"
Corydon Bristol,*	"	L. Wyman,	<i>Fort Covington.</i>
T. A. Sherwood,	<i>Fort Edward.</i>	S. H. Paine,	" "
L. Southard,	<i>Essex.</i>	John Pardee,	" "
M. Kenyon,	<i>Cambridge.</i>	C. R. Saunders,	<i>Burnt Hills.</i>
George R. Parburt,	<i>Geneva.</i>	David Fairchild,	<i>Newark</i>
Henry Putney,	<i>Rushville.</i>	Mahlon D. Fairchild,	"
John D. Lynde,	<i>Willsborough.</i>	George Bachelder,	<i>Westford.</i>

* Corydon Bristol died on the voyage. (See Appendix.)

PENNSYLVANIA.

J. E. Taggart,	<i>Philadelphia.</i>	H. Bicknell,	<i>Pleasant Grove.</i>
G. S. Marks,	<i>Philadelphia.</i>	W. Bicknell,	<i>Pleasant Grove.</i>
		J. A. Blake,	" "

MARYLAND.

James. H. Browne,	<i>Baltimore.</i>	J. H. Sherley,	<i>Baltimore.</i>
G. Sharp Oldfield,	"	H. Ray Bowie,	"
Haskins Bowie,	"	Miss Ann Gruber,	"
Wm. C. Beach,	"	Hamilton Bowie,	"
J. F. Spence,	"		

GEORGIA.

J. Lockaby,	<i>Columbus.</i>	Luther Phenizie,	<i>Columbus.</i>
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MISSISSIPPI.

L. Soher,	<i>Woodville.</i>	C. Frazee,	<i>Columbus.</i>
D. Pinson,	"	B. C. Hunt,	"
J. B. Therrill,	"	B. F. Hastings,	<i>Vicksburg.</i>
J. M. Hill,	"	R. P. Wilson,	"
James Hill,	"		

ARKANSAS.

Maj. John S. Houston,	<i>Clarksville.</i>	Thomas Parcel,	<i>Little Rock.</i>
		M. Abagge,	" "

FLORIDA.

Col. Thomas Hayward,	<i>Tallahasse.</i>	Thomas Howard, Jr.	<i>Tallahasse.</i>
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LOUISIANA.

Thomas Bodley,	<i>New Orleans.</i>	Wm. Akenhead,	<i>Bayou Chicot.</i>
J. A. Read,	" "	T. H. Scribner,	" "
J. P. Waddell,	" "	Z. L. Dickson,	<i>Bayou Sara.</i>
Joshua Lipman,	" "	J. Dickinson,	<i>Red River Landing.</i>
J. McVea,	" "	D. Dickinson,	" " "
J. L. Chapline,	<i>Monroe.</i>	J. Norwood,	<i>Clinton.</i>
B. Ray,	"	O. W. Flinker,	<i>Darlington.</i>
Peter Jarvis,	"		
Henry King,	"		

OHIO.

James Miller,	<i>Lancaster.</i>	J. A. Moody,	<i>Bellville.</i>
O. P. Cheney,	"	W. H. Heath,	"

B. H. Clamer,	<i>Lancaster.</i>	Benjamin Lockhart,	<i>Belville.</i>
W. F. Ferguson,	"	E. D. Young,	"
W. P. Rice,	"	B. Young,	"
		S. B. Kinton,	<i>Mt. Vernon.</i>

INDIANA.

Alpha Frisby,	<i>Frisby's Mills.</i>	Moses Clark,	<i>Frisby's Mills.</i>
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ILLINOIS.

J. Evans,	<i>Ottoway.</i>	J. H. White,	<i>Carthage.</i>
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KENTUCKY.

W. H. Small,	<i>Mayslick.</i>	Thomas M. Reed,	<i>Henner.</i>
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MISSOURI.

J. L. Howard,	<i>St. Louis.</i>	J. Heatherington,	<i>St. Louis.</i>
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CARACCAS—Samuel Van Pragg.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—S. W. Langton.

LIMA, PERU.—William Watson Brand.

OFFICERS OF THE SHIP SYLPH.

FRANCIS M. GARDNER, Master.....	<i>Nantucket, Mass.</i>
THOMAS HUSSEY, Chief Mate.....	" "
DR. EDWARD DORGRIFFIN BUMSTEAD, Surgeon.....	<i>Boston,</i> "
THOMAS R. ANTHONY, Clerk.....	<i>New Bedford,</i> "
WM. H. DUNHAM, 2d Officer.....	<i>Nantucket,</i> "
JAMES F. CATHCART, 3d Officer.....	" "

Samuel Allen and Henry Eastham, *New Bedford*; W. Worth and John Chase, *Nantucket*; A Rowe, *Boston*; Jabez Chandler.

OUTLINE OF
VOYAGE OF SHIP SYLPH,
FROM PANAMA TO SAN FRANCISCO.

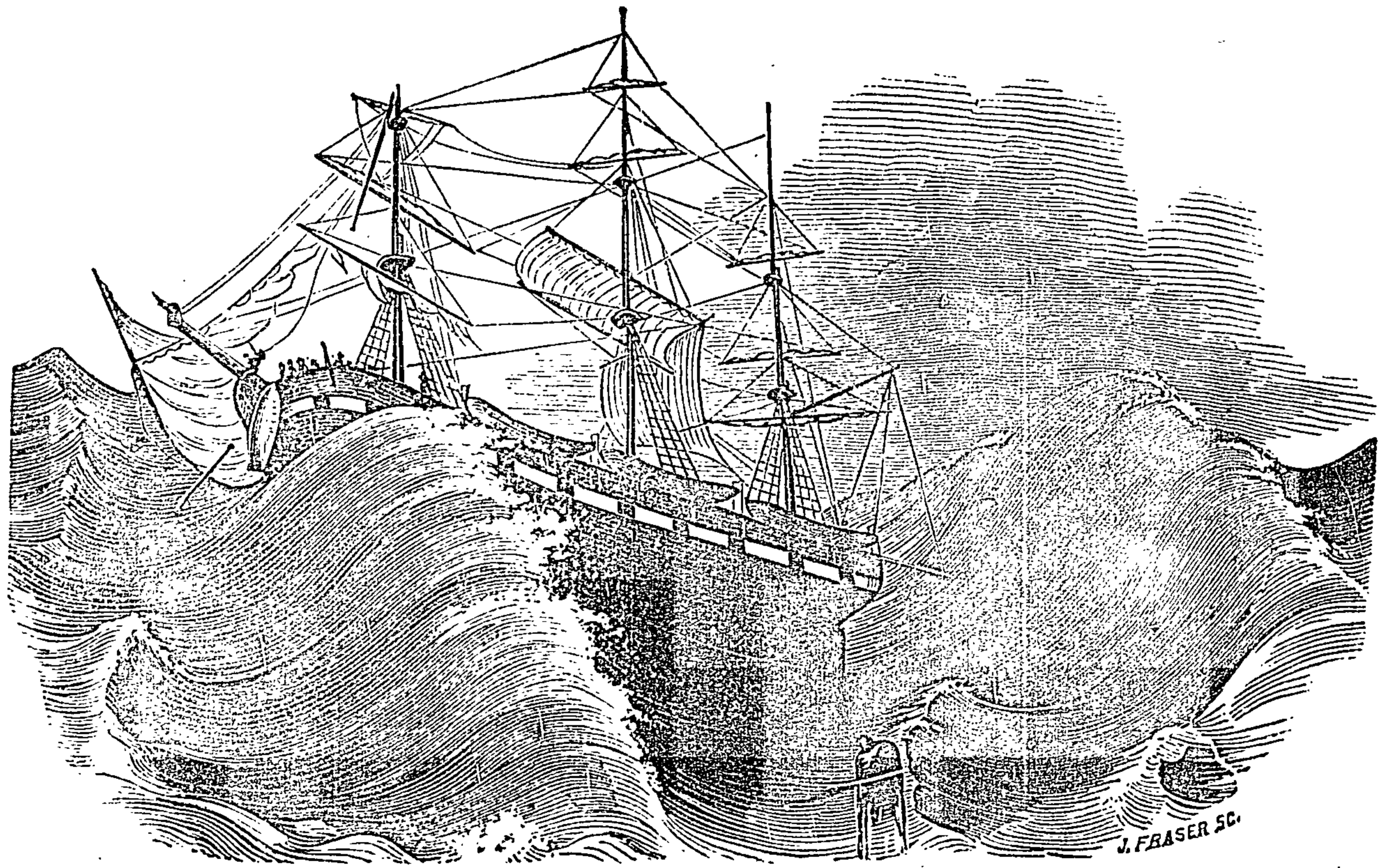
At 5 P. M. on Wednesday, May 9th, 1849, the ship Sylph of Fair Haven, Mass., commanded by Francis M. Gardiner, of Nantucket, Mass., with a company of nearly 200 passengers, weighed anchor, and with a fair westerly breeze, glided out of the harbor of Panama. In the course of the next day the wind hauled round to the south west. The Sylph proceeded on to the southward, beating against head winds, until Wednesday the 23d of May she came to anchor in the Bay of Tacames, or Attacames, in the Republic of Ecuador. After remaining several days to procure wood and water, the Sylph weighed anchor on Sunday morning, the 27th day of May, and stood out to sea in a westerly course. The Sylph proceeded in her westerly direction for several weeks, and then endeavored to make nothing, the winds being ahead the greater part of the time. On Thursday, June 21st., she was in lat. 15 deg. 55 min. North, and longitude 216 deg. 16 min. West by observation. Soon after mid-day the winds increased, and the showers were very heavy and abundant. By 4 P. M. all the mizen sails were furled, and the topsails double reefed. The dark, leaden clouds at sunset, gave indications of a storm—the swift flying scuds, obedient, were gathering into dense clouds, preparatory to an onset in the war of elements. At 11 P. M. the storm began to rage with much violence. The intense darkness of the night, the shrill whistling of the winds, the deafening roar of the waves, broken occasionally by the earnest and loud voice of the

officer of the deck, as he moved from one part of the deck to another, gave assurances that a much more serious storm was upon the wings of the wind than any the Sylph had before experienced on the voyage. Sail after sail was shortened, until 1 A. M. every sail was furled except the double reefed maintopsail, which was swinging finely before the increasing gale, and seemed almost like a spirit of life, playing about the mainmast, as the guiding and guardian angel of the ship. Soon after the main spanker was shivering in the breeze, and the Sylph was "lying to," in order to ride out the gale. The surges swept over the darkness like huge winrows of light, rolling far up from the black abyss below, and towering above, broke far away and sank as vast sheets of liquid fire upon the dark velvet of the sea.

At dawn of Friday, the 22d, the sea presented a scene of wild and glorious magnificence. The tempest swept fearfully along upon its outstretched wings—far as the eye could reach the mountain billows were rolling and dashing fearfully against each other, covering the sea with angry foam, and breaking around the Sylph in wildest revelry; still she rode magnificently in the gale, leaping the giant surges like a thing of life. At six o'clock the wind veered more westerly, and in half an hour after, the jib, jib-boom and flying jib-boom were carried away, and the foretop-gallant-mast hung dangling in the shrouds. In the course of the forenoon the stern boat was stove in and one of the side boats injured. The storm continued throughout the day, and was broken about midnight, and by 9 A. M., on Saturday the 23d, the reefs were shaken out, and the Sylph bounding on westward over the subsiding billows.

On Wednesday, the 4th day of July, in lat. 25. 28. North, and longitude 131. 00. West, the passengers of the Sylph celebrated our national independence in an interesting and pleasing manner. On Friday, the 13th of July, the Sylph was in longitude 136. 93 West, her farthest westing during the voyage.

On Monday morning, the 16th day of July, CORYDON BRISTOL, of Troy, N. Y., died of quick consumption. It was a beautiful day. At 6 o'clock he was committed to the deep. On another



page, by particular request, is inserted proceedings of the passengers in relation to that sad event.

The same day, tacked ship and stood to the eastward ; and on Saturday, the 21st day of July, at 6 P. M. made the highlands a little southward of Monterey, having been but 55 days out of sight of land. On Wednesday morning, at 3 A. M. July 25th, anchored on the bar of San Francisco, and being a very dense fog, at 6 A. M. stood out to sea. Having learned from a Captain of the ship which was boarded during the forenoon our position, the Sylph stood in again for the harbor, and at 9 P. M. anchored off the mouth of the Bay. On Thursday, June 26, 1849, at 2 P. M., the Sylph dropped anchor in the Bay of San Francisco, opposite the city, having completed her voyage from Panama to San Francisco in 78 days, and run during that time more than 8000 miles.

DEATH OF CORYDON BRISTOL, OF TROY, N. Y.

MEETING OF THE PASSENGERS.

SHIP SYLPH, Pacific Ocean,
Lat. 33 31 North, Long. 130 18 West. }
Monday, July 16th, 1849. }

At a meeting of the passengers of the Ship Sylph, held this afternoon, Col. THOMAS HAYWARD of Florida, was called to the chair, and G. SHARPE OLDFIELD of Baltimore, appointed Sec'y.

The object of the meeting being stated by the Chairman to be the consideration of the decease of our fellow passenger, CORYDON BRISTOL, of Troy, N. Y., the following named gentlemen, to-wit: GEORGE R. PARBURT, Geneva, of N. Y.; JOHN L. HOUSTON, of Clarksville, Arkansas; ELOS L. WINSLOW, of Malone, N. Y.; WILLIAM AKENHEAD, of Bayou Chicot, Louisiana, and GILBERT PURDY, of Saratoga, N. Y., were unanimously appointed a committee in behalf of the passengers of the ship Sylph, to draft resolutions expressive of their sentiments on the occasion of this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, and transmit a copy thereof enclosed in a letter of condolence to Mrs. Frances Bristol, the bereaved widow: in obedience to which instructions the following being reported were adopted with entire unanimity:

Whereas, It hath pleased Almighty God to suffer the dark Angel of Death to hover over us while far away from our homes and far out upon the wide-spread waters of the Pacific Ocean, and hath this day permitted our fellow passenger, CORYDON BRISTOL, late of Troy, N. Y., to fall a victim to the fatal shaft of the unerring Archer; we deem it our duty to give an expression of our sentiments on this mournful occasion; therefore

Resolved, That in this sad dispensation of Divine Providence, by which one of our fellow passengers, in the fulness and strength of manhood, is thus suddenly removed from among us to a world of spirits, we humble ourselves before the Almighty and confess we are the creatures of His hand; and that upon the sea as upon land, "in the midst of life we are in death."

Resolved, That to Mrs. FRANCES BRISTOL, the afflicted widow of our deceased fellow passenger, and her two orphan children, we tender the full and purest sympathies of our hearts; and though personally to her and to them unknown, yet as companions of her late husband and their lamented father, we affectionately and fraternally commend her and them, in their lonely pilgrimage through life, to the guidance and guardianship of that Being who hath ever been the widow's God and the Father of the orphan.

Resolved, That the chairman of this committee transmit these resolutions in a letter of condolence to the bereaved widow of our late fellow passenger, CORYDON BRISTOL.

In behalf of the passengers of the Ship Sylph,

GEORGE R. PARBURT,

Chairman of Committee.