

TWO

# ORATIONS,

AND

# POETRY

ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS :

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BY BENJAMIN D. PARDEE.

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“ Insanam vatem aspicias, quæ rupe sub ima  
“ Fata canit, foliis que notas and nomina mandat.  
“ Quæcumque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo,  
“ Digerit numerum, atque antro seclusa relinquit.  
“ Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.  
“ Verum eadem verso tenuis cum cardine ventus  
“ Impulit, and teneras turbavit juna frondes ;  
“ Numquam dein de cavo volitantis prendere saxo,  
“ Nec revocare situs, aut jungere carmina curat.

VIRGIL, *ÆNEID*, 1. iii. v. 443.

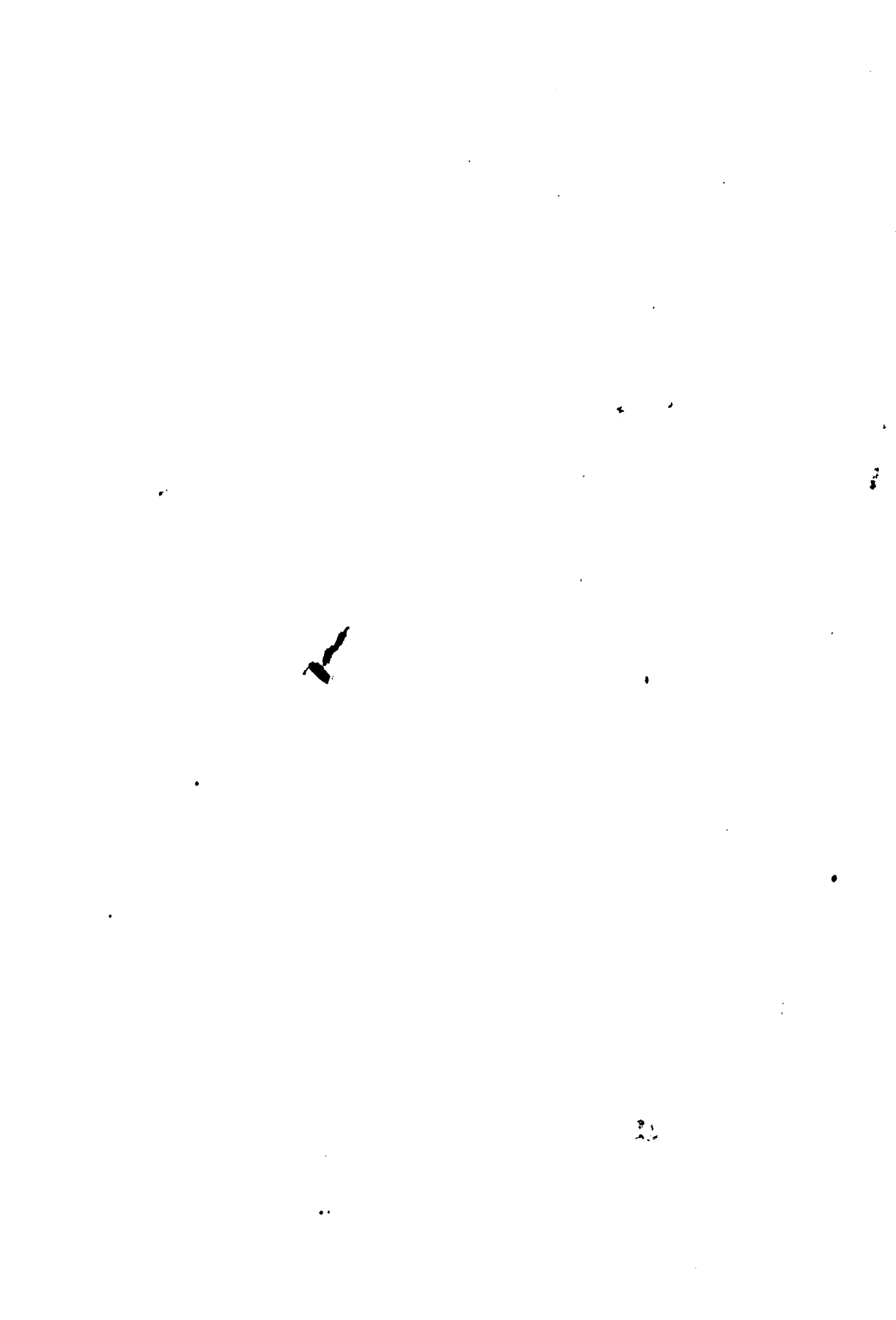
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## PREFACE.

THE following pieces I have writted at different times in my leisure hours for my own amusement, but never with an intention of having them made public ; and sensible of their inferiority, it was not until after repeated solicitations that I would consent to have them printed. I now give them to the world, and if they meet with a friendly reception my utmost wishes are gratified ; if not, I shall have this consolation, that I have occupied my few leisure moments in a way many young men often devote to less worthy purposes.

I expect that my work will meet the scoffs and scorns of many ; and I should expect the same did it possess the majesty of an *ÆNEID*'s, the beauty of a *VIRGIL*'s, or the sublimity of a *MILTON*'s.

I am sensible that there are many men of wealth and som : whose standing in society is rather above

## PREFACE.

*mediocrity*, yet at the same time their groveling geniuses do not soar so high as the dirty clod-hoppers of the field ; they are raised aloft in their own imaginations, and they look down upon a humble bard with disdain and contempt : But could they but once mount, and be borne through the Ethereal regions on the gilded wings of *Pegasus*, they would look back on what they formerly were, and be ashamed of themselves.

It is not from these that I expect patronage, neither do I ask it ; I wish for applause and support only from those whose minds can contemplate the fatigues of the labourers in the Parnassian fields, and can bestow a wreath that will in some measure mitigate their sufferings and alleviate their sorrows. The poet, though his labours may be despised by every person on earth, has yet remaining a gleam of comfort ; his muse attends and consoles him in every situation ; and when all earthly joys forsake him, he hies aloft with the tuneful sisters and strikes the Lyre with accents

## PREFACE,

of joy. Oft in the shady grove, when *Zephyrus* gently rustling in the trees, and the murmuring rills softly passing through the pleasing verdure, there have I spent my noon-day hours, and with the feathered concourse joined to hail rural beauties of nature

Not hills of gold, nor worlds of wealth,

Could raise my soul so high,

As to enjoy the boon of health,

And with the muses fly.

Not Opher with her golden sands,

Nor all the wealth Peru commands,

Would buy my pleasing muse ;

While she will raise my drooping mind,

I leave all worldly cares behind,

For realms of brighter hues.

It cannot be expected that from a person in the morning of life, who has never had the advantages of an education, whose occupation has been principally the cultivation of the field ;—from such a person

## PREFACE.

it cannot be expected will flow those copious expressions of eloquence which graced the immortal orators of ROME ; nor those matured fruits of poesy, which sprung from those heaven born heroes of ancient ages ; whose works have been the delight of every generation.

Such as my little work is, I present it to the public, hoping that it may receive its due reward, and no more.

To the Subscribers—a list of whose names is hereunto annexed, I return my most sincere thanks ; hoping that the confidence which they have placed in me, may not be blasted by disappointment, but that my imperfect performance may meet their expectations.

BENJ. D. PARDEE.

Elizabeth Town, May 10th, 1810.

## ORATION,

*Delivered July 4th, 1808, at the court-house in Elizabeth Town.*

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FRIENDS & FELLOW-CITIZENS,

We are assemble for the Noble purpose of commemorating the anniversary of our Independence ; a day dear to the heart of every freeman ; a day when the insulted spirit of an enlightened nation rose indignant, crushed the foes of freedom, and burst asunder the ignominious manacles which a haughty potentate was endeavouring to rivet on our heels.

The shortness of time allowed me to prepare this address, together with my inexperience in oratorical compositions, I hope will plead my apology for all inaccuracies, and ensure with a candid audience a favorable reception to such imperfect ideas as I have been able hastily to throw together.

The solemnity of the occasion, the remembrance of the toils and hardships experienced by our revolutionary heroes; in defence of our country, naturally tends to inspire the mind with reverential awe for

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their virtues; and with gratitude and love to that almighty being, under whose protection and guidance they were enabled to shake the thrones of tyrants, and unfurl the banners of liberty in this western world.

To offer any thing new at this time can hardly be expected; men of almost unequalled learning, the ornaments of science, the honor of the American nation, actuated by that same anxiety to perpetuate the blessings of liberty, which no doubt induced many in this assembly to associate this day, have exerted themselves in forming addresses on similar occasions: With their performances mine cannot be put in competition; I can only tread the beaten way, and call anew to remembrance those scenes of desolation and distress which this country has witnessed. Some say it is an old subject, yes, my fellow-citizens, it is an old subject, but it is a subject that ought never to be forgotten; It is one that ought to be repeated and impressed, not only on the minds of the aged who were actors in the great tragedy; but of the youth until their minds dilate with indignation at the name of tyranny; until they feel that enthusiastic glow of

freedom, which characterized the venerable heroes of  
Seventy-Six !



To rehearse the dangers, the hardships, and the toils, our ancestors underwent, who in crazy vessels with unskilful mariners, braved the tempest of the vast Atlantic ocean ; who landed in a wilderness of savages and wild beasts, exposed to every cruelty and violence the human mind is capable of imagining ; who in a country more than 3000 miles from their native shore, were visited with sickness, famine and death :—yea, to relate the difficulties and bloodshed, attendant on peopleing this continent, would exhaust more time than is allowed to the scanty limits of an oration : I pass them in silence, and come to the time which we ought to consider as the grand epoch of our national history.

The United States of America were once subject to the power of Great Britain ; and while that power was exercised with moderation ; while the arm of tyranny was not extended, to place the iron yoke

upon our necks, and while the citizens remained unoppressed, and in the enjoyment of those rights their fathers so dearly purchased ; so long they remained true and loyal subjects ; but when the parliament of Great Britain, (aided and directed by George the III. the then reigning monarch,) began to exercise their long premeditated system of exaction and oppression, then the American people arose in opposition, asserted their rights, and proclaimed to the world that they would not be slaves.

It was trying to their feelings to bid defiance to the commands of their lawful sovereign, and they felt themselves agrieved, humbly petitioned his majesty for redress ; but their petitions were answered only by new impositions and an armed soldiery to enforce them. It was then, and not 'till then, they opposed the execution of the laws by force : Then commenced that war, that bloody and memorable war, which separated us from Great Britain, and secured to us that national freedom and independence to which by birth-right we were entitled.

I forbear as before, to mention the particulars of that bloody conflict ; I forbear to mention the wretchedness and horror of our situation, exposed both to the violence and rapine of a brutal soldiery, and the barbarities and tortures of the unfeeling savage : many in this assembly no doubt can bear testimony to the horrible massacres that rendered our country the scene of carnage : Many can bear testimony to the torrents of blood, the worthy patriots of that day waded through to gain our independence. Thousands fell in the field of battle—the tomahawk and the scalping knife were wielded with unrelenting cruelty, and all the violence of savage ferocity ;—men, women and children were slaughtered without distinction. Alas ! my fellow-citizens ! consider the purchase of that independence, we are assembled to celebrate ! my young friends, who at that eventful period were unborn, consider what your fathers underwent, to secure to you the blessings of liberty ; realize with me, their hazardous situation, see them torn from their families, relations and friends, see them braving cold, hunger and death ; see them gloriously bleeding in the field

of battle in the defence of our rights ; see them awaked from their slumbers by the heinous savage yell ! see them mangled and cut to pieces, or led into a miserable captivity, to undergo all the exquisiteness of tortures savage ingenuity can inflict : realize every particular that history informs us of this memorable period ; and say, do you not feel that same divine spirit of freedom glowing in your bosoms, that stimulated your worthy, and venerable, forefathers to perseverance in every danger and hardship ? And is there a person who has breathed the pure air of freedom their valour won, who has tasted the sweets of liberty, gained by their battles, and does not feel that animation and gratitude, which leads to a true appreciation of the value of our independence ? I should say No ! But every government has its disaffected members, and it is our unhappiness amidst the blessings we enjoy, to know that we cherish the enemies of our country within our bosoms.

We hear the clamours of aspiring demagogues, exciting the multitude to relinquish their independence, and once more tamely bow their necks to the galling

yoke of slavery : but perhaps degeneracy has not yet so far corrupted the heart of any American, that they would avow this openly, and in explicit language ;— but their conduct, their steady opposition to our government, their constant declarations that our independence is gone, and that we ought not to celebrate the day, evince beyond a doubt, the malevolence of their intentions.

Certain it is, that this is the most portentous period of our existence as an independent nation : It is a time that every heart, and every hand, ought to unite to counteract the nefarious designs of our internal foes, and repel the attacks of our unprovoked foreign invaders.

If our independence is endangered, if we are degenerating from those principles of liberty, secured to us by the wisdom of our patriotic fathers, if our noble constitution is shaken by the influence of despotic power ; so far from remaining passive and inactive, it becomes us as the legitimate offspring of those who bled to gain us the invaluable and dear-bought privileges we enjoy, to unite with still greater fervor in the celebra-

tion of that never to be forgotten day, when the United States of America were declared FREE, and independent.

We ought to call to mind the oppressive and degrading situation of our country before that period ; we ought to view the scepter of tyranny extended over our heads ; the harpies of despotic power preying upon our substance ; our lives exposed to the will of a sovereign, regardless of our interests ; and our properties to the avarice of human vultures, sent here to keep us in subjection. After these considerations, if any American citizen is so callous to the feelings of humanity, as to desire to relinquish the rights he now enjoys ; if he wishes to forget the day of the independence of his country, and see his fellow-citizens again enfolded in the gloomy embraces of slavery, he ought to drag out his existence under the lash of a Tripolitan master, or consume away his days under the relentless oppression of a Turkish Bashaw.

In a time like this, the energy of every free born American ought to be called into action ; and that



love of liberty which impelled the father through rivers of blood, ought to warm the bosom of the son,

If we remain indifferent to our prosperity, regardless of our peace and happiness, and inattentive to those duties which ought to awaken in us the liveliest jealousy of our rights ; what else can we expect than that some foreign intruder, or domestic aspiring demagogues, seizing the opportunity of our inertness, will fabricate a monument of despotism, and establish himself on a throne, in a land hitherto the boast of liberty and freedom ? Should we then believe those persons who tell us with apparent sincerity that we ought not to celebrate the birth day of our independence ? No ! God forbid that we should harken to counsel evidently tending to accelerate the period of independent existence, and involve us in all the horrors attendant on a state of subjugation and servitude.

You who have spilt your blood in the sacred cause of liberty, who have experienced the fatigues and hardships of a calamitous war, can only realize the value of those blessings so dearly purchased : you fought not for yourselves alone, but for your posterity, &c.

only your foes, but the enemies of liberty of all mankind, and may you never have a degenerate aspiring to contaminate the lustre of your characters, or forfeit by their indolence, the inheritance you have bequeathed them.

Having commented somewhat lengthy on the necessity of celebrating this day, may I beg your further indulgence, while I make a few remarks on our present government, and the proper means of its preservation.

Our government may properly be called an Elective Republican; all power is derived from the people who deligate it to certain individuals, and clothe them with full power and authority to frame and make such laws and ordinances, to adopt such regulations and institutions, as shall be thought by them most expedient and promotive of the interest of the United States. These laws and ordinances in their operations are supreme, and require the obedience and acquiescence of every individual who lives under their protection. As this deligated authority is temporary, no person enjoying it but a few years at a time, if any abuse is made of it; if any measures are promoted injurious to

community ; the persons holding such power can be removed by the voice of the people, and others elected to supply their places ; Thus there is almost an impossibility of degenerating, or running into despotism for the frequent changes of persons in power, prevents any one from gaining such ascendancy over the minds of the people, as to reconcile them to the exercise of any power incompatible with the constitution ; and so long as this system of government can be maintained, so long our rights will remain inviolate unless overcome and destroyed by the superior force, of ~~some~~ the gigantic foe. Ambition may aspire to overturn our glorious constitution, to blast our freedom & in their stead to sway a despotic sceptre, but it will always find a want of power to commence its operations.

Power is derived from the people, and they (jealous of their rights,) will not entrust it indiscreetly, or unlimitedly to any member of community.

In order to preserve this our most excellent government, two things are absolutely necessary to be attended to—Religion and Science. Religion is the

great cement of civil government ; the antidote of that corruption which insensibly pervades society, and in its course overturns all human constitutions. When immorality, licentiousness, and their concomitant evils prevail in any government (and they will prevail, grow and flourish, where the ordinances of religion are neglected ;) that government is of short duration ; religion is the very basis and formation of regularity and order, and the only chain that can effectually unite all hearts. Ancient Rome, while her religious institutions were observed, while the Gods were venerated, and while every person considered it his duty, to praise and adore that being whose arm was mighty in battle, whose smile was prosperity, and whose frown was death, so long she was prosperous, grew and flourished, so long she preserved the excellence of her government, and raised herself to a pitch of honor and glory unparalleled in the pages of history ; she was justly stiled “ the mistress of the world ;” but when these institutions began to be neglected and slighted, when her citizens became regardless of their duty, and her days of devotion were

turned into days of pastime and recreation, then the canker worm of corruption seized on her vitals ; and notwithstanding the patriotic exertions of many of her worthy citizens to raise her again to grandure, she sunk into obscurity and now only exists in name. Let this serve as a solemn momento to every American citizen desirous of preserving his liberty and independence, to use his utmost endeavours in the promotion of religious virtue :—Let him teach his children while young and susceptible of every tender impression, to regard religion as a sacred institution and a bulwark of liberty. But while performing this important duty, let not the arts and sciences be forgotten. Ignorance is always encouraged in despotic governments, as a diffusion of knowledge would endanger the power exercised to keep the people in subjection ; but it is the bane of a government like ours ; here the dissemination of knowledge enables every citizen to understand and judge for himself of the measures his rulers are pursuing, and effectually shields him from the impositions designing men practice on unsuspecting ignorance.

While we contemplate the ignorance of despotic governments, their abject and pitiable condition, the exactions and impositions they have to submit to, "let us learn wisdom by their misfortunes, and guard against the encroachments of power and the wiles of aspiring demagogues, who like a Judas, for an office, or a piece of gold, would trample on the liberties of their country."

I think I cannot answer my own mind better than to close with the words of Mr. Foster.

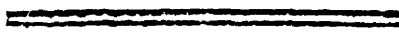
"Let education, let useful information, be diffused to all classes of citizens, let the youth of America be trained to the arts and sciences, and thereby cherish in their genius the glory of that name which the arms of their sires have rendered immortal. Already have admiring realms paid the tribute of eulogium due to our national character : but since we have gained the applause of realms, let us by our virtue, genius and industry, court the smiles of the world,"

"Freed from the galling yoke of slavery, and blessed with liberty and peace our nation stands,

With hearts resolv'd and hands prepar'd,

The blessings they enjoy to guard."

“ Raised by the swelling scene, glowing with the patriotic fire that beams on every countenance ; suffer me fellow citizens to congratulate you on the thirty-second anniversary of American independence ! let this day be held sacred to the remotest age ! let fathers tell their children the price it has cost ; and let them with their dying breath charge their children and their childrens’ children to maintain unsullied their country’s glory.”



### A FEW WORDS TO THE SOLDIERY.

*Ye brave defenders of your country’s glory !* This is a crisis portending the greatest danger to our liberty since the termination of the late memorable war ;— Europe is the scene of bloodshed and slaughter, rapine and murder ; her plains are encrimsoned with human blood ! her fields are desolated with the ravages of soldiery ! the rights of citizens violated, the golden harvest demolished, and the whole extent of a wide, and once flourishing empire, presents but one unvaried melancholy prospect of carnage, desolation and distress.

And these blood-hounds of destruction, not content with spreading ruin over their own native country— not content with imbruing their hands in the blood of thousands—not content with involving a numerous portion of the globe in the much to be deprecated miseries and fatalities of war ; are assiduously endeavouring to demolish the fabric of our freedom, and implicate us in their own fate.

Our government, influenced by the love of peace, have been striving to avert the portentious storm :— She has appealed to reason, had recourse to negotiation, interdicted commercial intercourse, and pursued every measure wisdom could suggest, calculated to appease and humble our enemies, and secure our beloved country from the ravages of a relentless war : But all avails not ! still the cloud darkens ! still the storm gathers and menacing terror, threatens to burst upon us.

Gird on brave soldiers the sword and the shield, and evince to the first portentious intruder of the shores of liberty, be of what nation or colour so ever he may, that the spirit of freedom which animated the



American bosom on the ever memorable day, still warms your veins, and glows with increased ardor. Evince to the world that the violators of your rights shall pay the forfeit of their rashness with their blood; that the greedy plunderers of your fortune shall witness the nerve of your arm; and that he that would rob you of a bed for his own repose, shall find an eternal bed in the dust.

Recollect it is not yourselves alone you have to defend, but your wives, your sisters, your darling infants and above all, your country's glory.

Tarnish not the brightness of that name, your fathers so worthily gained, but stand like a Washington to your posts firm and undaunted, and choose rather to die in the field of battle, gloriously fighting your country's cause, than ignominiously live to hear her groans beneath the scorpion-scorpion of a despotic master. |

AN  
ORATION,  
ON THE SUBJECT OF  
MUSIC,

*DELIVERED JANUARY FIRST, 1810,*  
AT THE COURT-HOUSE IN ELIZABETH TOWN;

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*BY BENJAMIN D. PARDEE.*

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N. B. In this Oration there are several remarks taken from Ancient history, such as I could recollect I have quoted, the others I have not, owing to my not having the authors before me.

## ORATION.

FRIENDS & FELLOW CITIZENS,

**CALLED** upon at this time to take so conspicuous a part in the celebration of this day, although unacquainted with the arts and blandishments of oratory, the fire of youth enkindled at the thought, and juvenile indiscretion, led me too hastily into a compliance. But perhaps had I shrunk from the task, and have chosen a day of inglorious ease, I should have fallen much lower in your estimation than I shall now do, even by a complete disappointment of your expectations.

I, as a citizen of a free country, and an inhabitant of the shores of liberty, have ever considered it my duty to do the utmost in my power to secure and nourish those inestimable privileges, for the attainment of which our fathers forsook their native land, their

home, their friends, and every thing near and dear to them on earth, and crossed the boistrous ocean.— Music I consider as one of those privileges : and now, as a citizen of America, actuated by no other principle than the duty which I owe to my friends, to my country, and to my God ; discarding the base attacks which are made against injured justice, and soaring above the vile miscreants of impartial corruption, I come forward before this assembly.

Although to some, the subject of music may seem of small importance, yet, if rightly considered, it is a matter of great consequence : it is not confined alone to states, nations, and empires, but it extends to the planetary system : it soars to the utmost of the bright luminaries of the ethereal world ; it wings its way with almost unperceived velocity through all the regions of unlimited space—and not only through all the works of a holy God, but even to God himself. The supreme ruler of the universe is in and of himself, complete music ; the order with which every thing is conducted, is complete harmony.

While the Philosopher is contemplating the innu-

innumerable and dignified myriads of objects which he beholds, is he not amazed and astonished with the melody of each part; and much more with the regularity and order with which they all move together, and irresistibly forced to bow with humble adoration at the feet of the great chorister? He begins at the omnipotent God; in him he beholds complete harmony; he contemplates the innumerable hosts that surround his throne, hymning eternal praise to the name of their Creator, and in them he beholds unmeasurable harmony: his imagination is then irresistibly led on through the regions of immensity; he views the planetary orbs, innumerable worlds as large and larger than the one which we inhabit, peopled by rational beings, each carrying their respective parts in the grand choir. He then descends to this earth, and here again he beholds complete harmony; he roams through its various parts, contemplates the vegetable, the animal, and the mineral world, and at length finds himself (who in imagination was but a short time since exalted to heaven) but a mere man, singing but one part of a small part of the general

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whole ; he feels his own littleness ; he looks to the majesty of heaven with a humble eye and a penitent heart, and candidly asks the question, " can any man be a philosopher and doubt the existence of a God." I do not mean by general harmony that there are not some discords, for there are many who deviate from the rules of their grand instructor, and will one day have to give an account and receive their reward from the grand chorister of the Universe.

" Music is an object of universal love, and from its prevalence in every age, and by its cultivation in every part of the world, it seems as if there was something in the concord of sweet sounds congenial with the mind of man."

Among rude and unpolished nations, it has ever risen to peculiar importance, and been introduced to aid the expressions of joy and grief, upon all solemn and festive occasions. It has ever been the solace and delight of men of genius and learning, and there is no subject which is praised in more ardent expressions, or expatiated upon with more delight, by Homer, Tasso, Milton, Shakespear, and innumerable others : It cheers the traveller as he pursues the jour-



ney of life, and imparts an innocent and sweet oblivion of his toil. The man of sorrow, at times forgets the cares and the trouble that are thrown upon him, and listens to the voice of the musician with pleasure. Solemn and majestic music disengages our minds from the low, mean, disgraceful, and vulgar objects of life; lulls our various passions, cares, sorrows, troubles and perplexities to repose, and reminds us of the pleasure, happiness, and the glory enjoyed by our first parents when listening to the music of angels in the blissful garden of Eden.

By music, the exile who has almost forgotten the former scenes of his life, sees anew his native country, the dear objects of his youthful joys; and feels a certain grief within, which nothing but the enjoyment of those blessings can effectually remove. By music the obdurate and unfeeling heart is brought to sorrow, and the eye of disdain to sympathize with the distressed, and to feel a secret sorrow on account of the troubles of its fellow creatures.

The power of music was so great among the ancients, that by it trees and hills were said to be irre-

sisibly urawn from their foundation and to follow the poet. Orpheus, by his muse was said to make the trees dance ; Appollo, was likewise said to perform great wonders, but these we must not consider as realities, but rather as the flow of the imagination of the immortal Virgil, in describing the power of music.

One thing we have to lament in these latter times, that no more encouragement is given to poesy ; that it is so much neglected, and that the works of those immortal patrons of the nine, are almost laid aside as useless. Who can read the effusions of the ancient poets of Greece and Rome, without pleasure and astonishment ? Who can read the works of the immortal Milton without the greatest anxiety, when his muse ascends to the highest heavens, enters the golden gates and views the blissful seats in the mansions of glory ; then traces the rebellious hosts driven from the presence of God ; the regions of despair ; views the infernal peers there sitting in counsel ; then traces the arch fiend to the happy seats of our forefather ? Who can read these descriptions I say, without the

greatest anxiety, astonishment and adoration ? Why cannot the man at the present time who by unremitting labour has mounted the wild *Pegasus*, and rode to the mountain of the muses, and formed an acquaintance with the nine, be entwined with the wreaths of honor in proportion to his merit, as much as the immortal heroes among the ancients ? The cause is unknown, but certain it is, that poetry does not rise equal to the sister art.

Let us all be vigilant for the promotion of the fine arts, and especially the two sister arts, which are able of themselves to calm the rough passions of the mind, and make us appear more pleasing to others, and more happy in ourselves ; which will make every situation in life more agreeable ; prepare us more and more to do the will of our God, and be useful in preparing us for the world of immortal glory.

But in attending to these, there are other subjects of great importance : how despicable must that man appear who has spent all his days in the acquirement of the rules of music, and has never performed another action worthy of the character of a man ; how

odious must that man appear in the eyes of a just God, who while assaying to be useful to mankind in the acquirement of the fine arts, has seen the bereaved widow, disconsolate, poor and helpless, and the injured orphan destitute of friends, imploring the mercy of mankind, while endeavouring to suppress the rising sob and has turned a deaf ear to all their wants? can such conduct be justifiable? can it be honorable? is it not worse than that of the savage? is it not worse than that of the brute? and does it not almost cast a stigma of disgrace upon human nature?

“ Music of the graver kind not only produces in us many agreeable sensations but composes the mind to calm reflection on important truth, hence the use and benefit of singing in public worship; and it is worthy of our notice that music both vocal and instrumental, hath been universally adapted in all religion, Jewish, Christian, and Pagan, which serves an argument from universal consent and seems as if it were a dictate of nature, that music is to be made a part of the worship of the Deity: Among the Jews who had their laws and institutions from heaven, it had a very

great share in aiding and assisting them in their public devotions, and they considered it of high importance is plain from many passages in their history.

In the days of David, who was himself an excellent musician from his youth; who was able with his harp to expel the evil spirit from Saul, and who is called by way of eminence the sweet Psalmist of Israel. There was a band of music consisting of near three hundred eminent masters, who like the rest of the Levites were released from all other business, that they might attend continually every day upon the service of the Sanctuary, that there might be music morning and evening, as well as the morning and evening sacrifice." It is worthy of remark too, that the ministers, &c. of that day, took great pains for the encouragement and propagation of that part of their public worship.

But while treating upon the power, the greatness, the excellency, and the usefulness of music, let us not forget that this day is the beginning of a *New-Year*, and let us strive to celebrate as becomes men and as becomes christians with sincere hearts, and

with devoted minds. Upwards of eighteen hundred years have expired since the Redeemer of the world left the blissful seats of Heaven, and descended to the earth to take upon him the sins of a guilty world ; since which time nations after nations have rolled away into the silent tomb of oblivion, and tyranny on tyranny, disgraced almost the whole earth : Death and rapine have stalked abroad in open day under the pretence of justice through ages and ages of villainy : thousands after thousands have fell a sacrifice for embracing the religion of Jesus Christ. Kingdoms and empires have crumbled to dust, and new kingdoms and new empires arisen : yet, notwithstanding all the bustle, the tumult, and confusion, we can this day celebrate the New Year upon the shores of Liberty, we can celebrate it upon the happiest land on earth ; not in the chains of slavery, nor with the myrmidons of tyranny, but in the embrace of true republicanism. To obtain our present enjoyment our fathers forsook their native land ; & for the maintainance of which they waded through seas of blood ; & while we, their sons are the spared monuments of eternal goodness, may we

never cease faithfully to discharge the debt of gratitude we owe them. Let us soar above the time serving sycophants of the day ; let us discard all allegiance to party prejudice—he governed by our own feelings, and then we shall act as citizens of a free country, as men, as Americans, and as republicans.

But while attending to our national happiness, let not our greatest object be forgotten ; for if we attain to the greatest earthly honor and happiness it will avail us nothing if we have neglected the one thing needful : Religion is an object of importance to us all, and one single precept of it is far more honorable to any of us, than an intimate knowledge of every art and science on earth ; it is the basis of regularity and order, and the only chain that can effectually unite all hearts. Ancient Rome, while her religious institutions were observed, and while the Gods were venerated, rose to the highest pitch of national honor and importance, and was justly stiled “ the mistress of the world ;” but when these institutions were neglected and forgotten, and her days of devotion were turned into days of pastime, she sunk to the very basis of in-

famy, and now only exists in name. Let us therefore embrace religion not only for our own eternal good, but for the good of our friends and our country. But while attempting to pursue the paths of religion, let us be careful to avoid all manner of hypocrisy, for (to use the words of a modern orator) "how odious is the pretender to religion, whose conduct is more vile than that of the most brazen faced infidel. Let him set his face seven times a day towards the New Jerusalem in prayer, let him put the consecrated cup of the New Testament's blood to his lips; let him kiss his sacred volume, written by the eternal hand of God with a pen in flames, and press it to his bosom with the fervent zeal of an angel, yet if the fleeting vapors of a perishing world have enveloped his heart, if he himself is the idol of his own adoration, how daring his impiety, how detestable the man." But when religion has entered the heart of its subject, all from his actions themselves can bear testimony of the purity of his motives, he must act in universal conformity to that new-born soul, that renovated spring of action.



May we all carefully examine into the errors and follies which we have committed in our lives, and in the year to come, be careful to mend ; and in that manner render ourselves more useful to mankind, and be greater ornaments of society : May we all perform our parts in the grand choir, without any jars or discords, patronize every laudable employment with its just reward ; arise to the greatest perfection in the art of music ; be vigilant for the promotion of all the useful arts and sciences, and for the maintenance of the cause of liberty ; and may our conduct this day, and through our whole lives, display to every miscreant of tyranny on earth, that we soar above and look down upon them with disdain and contempt ; that we are citizens of America, the unrivaled region of liberty, and that our sacred rights which were guaranteed to us by our ever memorable forefathers, we will support at the hazzard of every thing else on earth.

May that Almighty Being, of whom we have been so highly favoured, ever continue his blessing ; and may we so conduct ourselves that when we have to

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bid adieu to these sublunary enjoyments, our departure out of this world, may only be an admission into that, where we may enjoy never ending felicity, and join the blissful choir in songs of eternal praise to the **TRIUNE GOD.**

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# POETRY

ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS,

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*BY BENJAMIN D. PARDEE.*

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THE WAY OF THE WORLD ;

A POEM,

*Written in the year 1806, being the 17th year of  
the Author's age.*

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“—————Si quid novisti rectius istis  
“ Candidus imperti ; si non, his utere mecum.”

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When the bright orb of day shed his beams in the sky  
And below the *Horizon* reflected on high,  
With the tints of his glory bespangled the clouds  
And earth echo'd praises in anthems aloud ;  
As he rose to enlighten the glories of spring,  
And health in sweet raptures and pleasure to bring ;  
When the *Cyren* celestial harmonious sung,  
And the concourse of nature their anthems begun,  
From ease on my pillow I rose to behold,  
These beauties transcendant and blessings unfold,  
A mantle of beauty was spread all around  
In æther above and below on the ground,  
And their mystical grandure my mind led to view  
The wild fields of nature bespangled with dew :  
I roam'd the green glade, by the bush and the thorn,  
Where music and beauty, the landscape adorn'd.  
Inhail'd the sweet odors convey'd by the breeze,  
From the foliage of earth and the leaves of the trees.  
At length not far distant appear'd on the green  
A youth of fair texture and beautiful mien,  
His looks bespoke pleasure his countenance joy,  
Which nothing on earth could molest or destroy,

He said he'd embark'd in the journey of life,  
 Devoid of all trouble contention or strife,  
 And was travelling onward to pleasure apace,  
 With nothing to stop, or to hinder his race ;  
 And soon should arrive where the beauties of spring,  
 Would forever exist, and forever begin,  
 With pomp and with splendor he passed along  
 And æthereal songsters he join'd in a song :  
 With a heart overladen'd with sorrow and woe  
 On my troubles reflecting, I homeward did go ;  
 And murmur'd almost at the father divine  
 That the pleasures of others were greater than mine.  
 Bright *Phœbus* had sunk in the climes of the west  
 And the concourse ærial retired to rest,  
 I retir'd to the place of my usual repose  
 My heart over-laden'd with sorrow and woes ;  
 The days pass'd along 'til the season was o'er  
 And the pleasures of spring from my bosom were tore.  
 Now summer commenc'd as the spring roll'd away  
 And its beauties shone forth like the portals of day,  
 When I rose in the morning once more to behold  
 This season of beauty its treasures unfold,  
 I hear'd the sweet songsters their anthems begin,  
 And all things were crown'd like the glory of spring,  
 When my thoughts rolled back on the seasons of yore  
 And I thought of the pleasures I'd taken before,  
 Soon the field I had roam'd, found a place in my mind,  
 And I saught the young man I had left there to find ;  
 But I fear'd he'd departed to some foreign land  
 Where pleasures celestial he had at command ;  
 But onward I roam'd through the blue mists of morn,  
 Where the wild-weed and lilly surrounded the thorn,  
 Where from the lone willow through leaves of the trees  
 Were numbers harmonious convey'd by the breeze ;  
 Until I arriv'd at the place I had saught  
 Which anew to my mind the last interview brought ;  
 When to my surpris seated on the cold ground,  
 The young man I had left there, dejected I found,  
 He said when I left him a short time before,

On the pleasures of youth, and of vanity bent,  
 But soon to his great disappointment he found  
 That instead of to pleasure to sorrow he's bound ;  
 Then return'd to the place where his journey began  
 To seek a more pleasant and beautiful land ;  
 And that he had heard where his life he might spend  
 Where pleasure, and beauty, and innocence blend,  
 And all the delights which the world could afford,  
 Could enjoy, and by men be caress'd and ador'd,  
 He left me and boldly press'd forward to find,  
 The object of fancy and joy of his mind,  
 To my usual employ in the field I retir'd,  
 Quite contented to find what my soul had desir'd ;  
 Each morn woke resplendent, all nature shown gay,  
 The sea-weed and spices perfumed each day,  
 Each herb seem'd to answer its smiles from above  
 To the giver of life, and the father of love.  
 Through this season of pleasure the days pass'd along  
 And *Autumn* soon came with her attending throng ;  
 Spread the treasures of life to each nation and shore  
 Which the breeze on the waves from each nation bro't  
 Their goods, when again in the morning I rose [o'er  
 When the fields all their beauty, and verdure disclos'd,  
 When the Sylvan-musicians the spices adorn'd,  
 And their notes were convey'd by the Zephyrs of morn  
 The young man I had seen came anew to my mind,  
 And I once more sot out that again I might find,  
 If he had departed the vernal recess,  
 Or again had returned to the meadow to rest ;  
 When lo, as I came near his usual abode  
 In a pensive position an aged man stood,  
 Dejected with sorrow, and hoary with age.  
 And his sorrowful air my attention engag'd ;  
 He said, " when the journey of life he begun  
 " He thought in the straight road of pleasure to run,  
 " But alas vain delusion ! I now am resign'd,  
 " Contented to meet all the troubles I find ;  
 " Three times I've attempted a mansion to gain,  
 " Where in glory, and happiness, I might remain ;

" But I now seek a place for dejected old age,  
 " Where naught but a living my mind shall engage ;  
 " I've seen all in blossom these beautiful trees,  
 " Now loaded with fruits, that your appetites please,  
 " I've seen all this foliage now faded with age  
 " All blooming in beauty the mind to engage,  
 " Green beauty arraying the leaves of each tree,  
 " Now faded in autumn, a picture of me,  
 " And soon from their summits to earth one and all  
 " Like them I shall perish and like them shall fall."

When the venerable father his story had told,  
 I ask'd him if he could not something unfold  
 Concerning the young man who once did reside—  
 He answer'd, " the person I am who has tri'd  
 " A place where the pleasures of life I might find  
 " Where beauty and riches and pleasure combin'd."

Then he soon related the time he had seen  
 Me roaming the meadows, and over the green,  
 And said, though his moments were almost expir'd  
 He sought a new place, where he might live retir'd,  
 He ask'd me to call when this season was o'er  
 To meet the last time on this troublesome shore ;  
 And hop'd when the pale shad of time should decay  
 We should meet in a clime of more radiant day.

With a heart quite contented, I homeward return'd  
 And from others misfortunes true blessings I learn'd,  
 Each day I attended the meadows and fields,  
 To gather the fruits that the plants and trees yield,  
 The pleasing effluvium of each to inhale,  
 And the odours convey'd by the breeze thro' the vale.  
 At length all the beauties of fall were decay'd  
 And the leaves of the forest were spread o'er the glade,  
 When I rose in the morning, once more to behold  
 The God of fierce winter his terrors unfold.  
 The shrill blast swept over the foliage forlorn,  
 Which was swept from the trees, by the zephyrs of  
 In a mantle of white from the east to the west, [morn ;  
 And the north and the south, all creation was dust ;  
 To see the the old man which I left in the field

(Which now could but frost, a lone desolate yield)  
 I proceeded to travel O'er valleys and hills ;  
 The willows all leafless surrounding the rills,  
 'Till I was surprised once more for to find  
 The old man I had left, in the same place reclin'd ;  
 Those locks which once play'd in the zephyrs of spring  
 By the shrill blasts of winter to whiten begin :—  
 Those eyes once the semblance of comets on high,  
 Or the bright tints of morn, which bespangled the sky,  
 By the pallid usurper, grim age are decay'd,  
 Those cheeks once like roses, beginning to fade :  
 " Through oceans of sorrow and trouble I've past"  
 Said he " and am doom'd in a wild field at last  
 " To feel the last pangs of a life spent in woe,  
 " And to death's dreary mansion in sorrow to go.  
 " Those trees now all leafless I've seen in the bloom,  
 " But like me they're decay'd, & prepar'd for the tomb :  
 " This meadow now cloath'd in a mantle of white  
 " I've seen in a green-robe the place of delight :  
 " Those hills now all dreary and lonesome I've seen,  
 " Bespangl'd with flowers on a carpet of green :  
 " Those limbs too once healthful could travel each hill,  
 " And each house with the beauties of nature could till,  
 " But all is decay'd in this winter forlorn,  
 " From the lilly and Rose, to the oak and the thorn,"  
 His voice seem'd to falter he sunk on the ground ;  
 No soul to assist and no friends standing round ;  
 A few words he utter'd then gladly resign'd  
 A life spent in sorrow and trouble of mind.  
 A picture he left of what often we here,  
 'That the life of a man's like the days of a year ;  
 And also the use of contentment to one,  
 Who'd end a life gladly, thus peaceful begun,  
 Like the ship on the billows he sailed in the breeze,  
 Nor thought of the morrow but liv'd at his ease,  
 'Till the seasons of life were decayed, and gone,  
 'Then in death he retir'd alone and forlorn,  
 Content is the *ballast* and hope is the *sail*,  
 Religion the *Pilot*, and Prudence the *Gale*,



That the *bark* will direct o'er the *billows of life*  
 Devoid of all danger, contention, or strife :  
 Ev'ry person on earth by experience knows  
 That life is all checker'd with blessings and woes ;  
 That pleasures concealed and troubles unfurl'd  
 And strife and contention's the way of the world.  
 Whenever oppressions and troubles surround  
 Let fortitude, hope, and contentment, abound,  
 And never repine at what others receive  
 But your lot good as theirs forever believe.

On wings of false fame could I soar to the skies  
 And laurels receive from the rich and the wise,  
 Could the wreaths which *Napoleon's* temples entwine  
 Embrace me, or millions prostrate at my shrine ;  
 Could the fame Alexander receiv'd from the world  
 From some mystical region on earth be unfurl'd,  
 That a mortal once more might the triumph receive  
 The greatness I'd shun could I purchase the wreath,  
 Could the fame all the monarchs the earth ever curst  
 By me be receiv'd e'en by virtuous and Just ;  
 Their laurels and triumphs I'd greatly disdain,  
 And choose in oblivion's shades to remain  
 'Till a crown more resplendent my head could adorn,  
 Untill merit could raise and true genius inborn,  
 From the obscure recess raise my triumph and name,  
 To the summit of glory, and temple of fame.

By experience I find that to travel and ease  
 O'er the billows of life, and partake of the breeze,  
 Content is the *Ballast*, and hope is the *Sail*,  
 Religion the *Pilot*, and prudence the *Gale*,  
 With these have industry's genius unfurl'd,  
 And I travel through life the best way in the world.

Rome, ( N. Y. ) August, 1806.

*On the death of Mrs. Halloek, who Murdered herself and four Children in the year 1806, whom I went to see after their deaths. (Tune Polly Goold.*

WHEN Sol had sunk in western skies  
 And night roll'd on her evening shade,  
 Hell bade the dreadful monster rise,  
 And Satan's call she soon obey'd;  
 Into his hands her soul resign'd,  
 With all the powers of hell combin'd.

Though shaft's of vengeance seem'd to lower,  
 And heavenly tempests echo'd round;—  
 Yet she in that deluded hour,  
 Disdain'd the call, revok'd the sound:—  
 The powers of hell her soul had gain'd;—  
 With her own blood her hands she stain'd.

Four helpless children breath'd their last  
 Beneath a mothers awful hand,  
 She saw the little babes agast;  
 While hell with triumph gave command.  
 Their groans had not the power to move  
 Affection or maternal love.

How could she hear the dying groan  
 Of one and yet another say;  
 How could she bear the pitying moan  
 Of one when dead her sister lay;  
 Sure the infernal hosts betray'd,  
 And hell her utmost powers engag'd.

Why did not earth for vengeance call?  
 Why did not Heaven withhold the hand?  
 Why did not rocks and mountains fall?  
 Ere hell had gave the great command?  
 Why did a cruel mother leave  
 A wretched father quite bereaved?

That the *bark* will direct o'er the *billows of life*  
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 Ev'ry person on earth by experience knows  
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 Why did not rocks and mountains fall ?  
 Ere hell had gave the great command ?  
 Why did a cruel mother leave  
 A wretched father quite bereaved ?

Next morn ere sol from eastern skies  
 His radiant brightness had display'd,  
 The four were brought in crimson dyes,  
 And on a bed were quickly laid ;  
 The father when the sight he spy'd  
 Soon drop'd a tear and then reply'd ;

The once dear object of my joys  
 In whose defence I'd yield my life,  
 Now all my happiness destroys ;  
 Depriv'd of children, home and wife.  
 Has that dear hand I once receiv'd  
 With sweetest joys me thus deceiv'd ?

O'er these my babes I once enjoy'd  
 And sought to shield from future harms  
 Thus by a mothers hand destroy'd  
 Who once received them to her arms ;  
 Maternal fondness seem'd to show,  
 And duty to her offspring know.

How oft with them I've rang'd the field  
 And heard the vernal songsters lay ;  
 Been their protector guide and shield,  
 And sweetly past the time away :  
 Now all my future hopes is fled,  
 My wife and children all are dead.

What tongue can all my anguish tell,  
 What voice can perfectly relate ;  
 The storm's of grief that in me swell,  
 Or tides of sorrow they create ?  
 None but the power that rules on high,  
 In justice love and majesty.

May my dear innocents assend  
 To join the blissful throng above ;  
 May Guardian Angels them attend.  
 To that eternal world of love.  
 May I ere long to them assend,  
 And with those blissful myriads blend.

And O ! companion might thou soar  
On wings of love to worlds on high ;—  
O ! might we meet upon that shore,  
Where peace and joy shall never die :  
Now to the grave you must descend,  
With the departed hosts to blend.

O ! let this scene of sorrow be  
A warning unto every one,  
From such delusions for to flee,  
And such detested crimes to shun ;  
That when in death they do retire,  
With joy and peace they may expire.

May Christ eternal rule our souls  
And guide us in the heavenly way,  
O'er boisterous seas and dangerous shoals ;  
And land us in eternal day :  
“ Where pleasures dwell without alloy,  
And endless peace and endless joy.”

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*A Description of the general Judgment—also of the  
second coming and Glory of the Messiah.*

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Hail heavenly offspring ! hail celestial muse !  
 Once more to me thy helping power diffuse :  
 Hail tuneful concourse ! hail Parnasian throng !  
 O ! let your numbers join to guide my song !  
 Hail tuneful sisters ! hail ye heavenly nine !  
 Once more assist me in a strain sublime ;  
 And O descend ye Gods ! your aid to bring,  
 Join with the exile, and assist to sing.

The Mystic Bards of ancient time began  
 And thus from angles handed down to man,  
 A grand description of the world below,  
 Which men will witness, and which angels know ;  
 And a description of that dreadful day  
 When Christ will call, and God prepare the way ;  
 In strains celestial they their notes have rais'd,  
 By men been honor'd, and by christians prais'd ;  
 But though the theme by angels has been sung,  
 By saints re-echo'd and by sages rung,  
 The bard in transport strikes again the string  
 From him the tribute that is due to bring.

When from his throne, resplendent in the sky  
 God saw the sons of earth condemn'd to die.  
 Eternal mercy through the heavens proclaim'd,  
 And unto all the shining concourse nam'd  
 The situation of a fallen world,  
 Who by their sins his vengeance had unfurl'd ;  
 When lo ! the Son prepar'd through endless years,  
 Amidst the shining saints in light appears  
 And freely offer'd to come down and die,  
 That guilt, rebels might assend on high :

He left to free us from the chains of hell  
 The realms of glory where his father dwells ;  
 Where joys unfading bloom in endless spring  
 And saints æthereal join'd his praise to sing :  
 Where youth and beauty both unfading shone  
 In realms æthereal round his father's throne ;  
 He left the blisful courts of heaven above,  
 His father's glory and his father's love ;  
 He left the pleasures that he there enjoy'd  
 Glory unenvi'd, blessings unalloy'd ;  
 And wing'd his way to mansions far below  
 That man might pardon and salvation know.  
 Attending angels trac'd him through the sky,  
 His father view'd him with a wishful eye,  
 A prince of heaven bound to foreign lands !  
 To death condemned by a sinner's hands !  
 He groan'd out life upon the accursed tree,  
 And di'd for rebels such as you and me ;  
 A life of pain, of sorrow and of woe  
 The blessed savior here did undergo :  
 He then ascended to the realms above  
 And met his father with a heavenly love ;  
 He's now enthron'd in realms of endless day,  
 Where joys and pleasures never will decay,  
 There with the blissful concourse of the skies  
 Where virtue, love and glory never dies,  
 He will exist 'till time shall be no more,  
 God will protect him angels will adore.  
 Until the fire of heaven this earth shall burn.  
 And all created things to naught shall turn.  
 Then the *Messiah* in his Father's love  
 Will ride triumphant from the courts above !  
 Adoring angels will his steps attend,  
 While through æthereal regions he descends !  
 Then will the trumpet sound " *ye dead arise* "  
 And meet your savior in his kindred skies !  
 Unnumber'd worlds will vanish like a scroll,  
 And harden'd sinners for protection call ;  
 Cry to the rocks to hide them from the eyes



Of God's just vengeance in the vaulted skies,  
 But all in vain, their cries will ne'er avail  
 And all their arts, and ancient fraud will fail,  
 Before their God in heaven they must appear  
 And from their savior this just sentence hear,  
 " For you I left the shining courts above,  
 " A shore of Glory and a heaven of love,  
 " I pass'd through death, descended into hell,  
 " That you in glory might forever dwell,  
 " My father's bosom I for you forsook,  
 " And on my shoulders human nature took.  
 " For you I groan'd upon the accursed tree,  
 " That you might pardon and salvation see ;  
 " On you I call'd my efforts to receive,  
 " Accept a savior, come to God and live,  
 " Yet you pursu'd the road to endless hell  
 " And with the damned there must ever dwell,  
 " Depart ye to that dreadful world below,  
 " Where nothing dwells but shame and endless woe."

Where lo ! the good on that eventful morn,  
 The spacious courts of glory shall adorn,  
 By angels convey'd to the realms above  
 Through fields of æther, to a heaven of love ;  
 Where saints celestial join with joy to bring,  
 The tribute due to heaven's eternal king.  
 Where joys unfading will forever shine  
 The prize of virtue from the hand divine,  
 Thron'd in empyrean on a seat of gold  
 The mystic God their longing eyes behold ;  
 At his right hand a radiant throne adorn'd  
 By that bright image, who for man was born ;  
 Who di'd on *Calvary* for a sinful race,  
 Then rose resplendent through æthereal space ;  
 Around him all the courts of heaven attend,  
 Fall at his feet and at his presence bend !  
 Increasing laurels at his glory rise,  
 Spring from his throne and flourish in the skies !  
 Æthereal spirits moving in the air,  
 Approach his throne, and gladly worship there !

All tears and sorrows there are wip'd away  
 And pleasures roll in floods of endless day ;  
 Celestial glory shines in every place,  
 Flows from a God, and the whole heavens embrace :  
 Unnumber'd choirs in songs of endless praise  
 Adoring angels will forever raise ;  
 There will the bard with pleasure tune his lyre  
 And all the host assist the sacred fire ;  
 Angels attending will the notes receive  
 And thro' the Heavens their strains melodious breathe  
 Then will the muses meet upon that shore  
 And tune their harps to strains unknown before,  
 Through fields of æther wing their glorious way,  
 And with glad millions in eternal day,  
 join in a strain of everlasting praise,  
 Where joys forever reign, and pleasure ne'r decays.  
 Pleasant Valley, Sept. 4th 1810.

---

*Lines written on one of the Mountains in Pleasant  
 Valley, Elizubeth Town ; August 1800.*

FROM pleasing fields, I sought the stoney mound,  
 Tow'ring majestic high above the ground ;  
 By fearful ascents I the summit gain'd,  
 And in lone silence there sometime remain'd :  
 Clear and unclouded was the azure sky,  
 Which all around seem'd open to my eye ;  
 Nought to obscure as far as sight extends,  
 A radiant brightness from the sky descends ;  
 Unrival'd beauty from the orient shone,  
 On Sol's bright rays from heav'nly regions borne,  
 When O'er the heav'ns my wondering ey'd surve'd,  
 My wild desire on other things were laid :  
 Far through the mist and vapors I could spy,  
*Champlain's* blue surface, pleasing to my eye ;  
 Through hills and dales its limpid waters send,

Trace the wide range and through the desert bend,  
 Far beyond which with wonder I could count,  
 Blue collumns stretch'd and mountains above mount.  
 Rising majestic in the radiant blaze,  
 Their summits lost in Sol's unclouded rays.

Where distant objects there my ey'd survey'd,  
 And o'er the range of ample nature stray'd,  
 On nearer objects I my thoughts employ'd,  
 In scenes more distant from the open void.  
 First in the west, was pleasing plumage spread,  
 But soon huge mountains struck the mind with dread }  
 With lifeless trees, and deadly foliage spread : }  
 When further east I turn'd my longing eyes,  
 There scenes more noble and more awful rise ;  
 Far in the north bold *Mount Discovery* stands  
 Chain'd to its centre by unshaken bands ;  
 Beyond the summit of whose tow'ring height,  
 Rise hills unnumber'd pleasing to the sight ;  
 I further east saw *Raven Hill* sublime,  
 Heave its high summit to exist with time ;  
 Its tow'ring top extending to the skies,  
 And on its sides unceasing verdure rise ;  
 In vast mountains on each side are tost,  
 Whose tow'ring tops in æther's wild are lost ;  
 Form'd by that God in his unbounded plan  
 Which we as mortals never ought to scan ;  
 But think all form'd by an almighty mind,  
 For the best good and glory of mankind.

Now *Pleasant Valley*, to my sight appear'd  
 Amid where these stupendous scenes were rear'd ;  
 Clad in a robe of variegated hues  
 Enrich'd by showers, and blest with morning dews,  
 Where late the pine rear'd its stupendous height,  
 And oaks majestic, hid the rays of light.  
 Where the fierce savage each succeeding day,  
 Roam'd the wide forest in pursuit of prey ;  
 Now we behold the verdant field array'd ;  
 With vegetation which for man was made,  
 The earth brings forth its fruit of various kinds.

Each herb and plant, in sweet succession shines ;  
 The flocks and herds delighting in the fields,  
 Enjoy the sweets which mother nature yields ;  
 The feather'd warblers on the branches sing,  
 And with sweet notes they make the valley ring ;  
 The grain before the cooling Zephyrs bend,  
 And spicy odors from the trees descend.

O! could a Milton here his harp have strung  
 Or Virgil this in stead of *Tyber* sung  
 Or could a Homer with his pleasing lyre,  
 Here from the *Gods* receive'd the sacred fire !  
 Less pleasing themes had still been left unsung,  
 And strains more glorious from those heroes rung !

Sol was descending from his radiant height  
 The splendor deaden'd at the approach of night ;  
 A lonely shade was cast upon the ground,  
 The feather'd songsters ceast to chant around ;  
 I soon descended and to rest retir'd,  
 With transports quite elate, with anxious hope inspir'd.

---

## The Dream.

*Written in the morning of the 5th of July, 1810.*

AS musing on my bed I lay  
 When all the glories of the day  
 In night were fading fast away  
 Naught to disturb my mind,  
 My pensive thoughts forsook their home  
 O'er rolling billows for to roam  
 Where flow'ry fields and stately Domes  
 And different scenes combine.

The birds began their evening song  
 All nature join'd the tuneful throng  
 And I in silence late so long

Sunk in a sweet repose :  
 But soon my waking thoughts combin'd  
 And different objects on my mind  
 Made me desirous for to find  
 A clime devoid of woes.

I view'd the land where *Tarquin*\* fell  
 And hear'd the Roman Consuls tell  
 What glory there would ever dwell  
 While they were in command,  
 But soon the radiant orb of day †  
 At noon withdrew his shining ray  
 The Gods in vengeance seem'd to say  
 Your tyranny disband.

Though *Dyonysius* ‡ rang'd the skies  
 And brave *Octavius* war defies  
 And sought to Cesar's fame to rise  
 And gain'd the robe of State †,  
 Yet soon this mighty empire fell  
 A Cato di'd ! Rome's sons rebel'd  
 And tyrants to their destin'd hell  
 Receiv'd the doom of fate.

Rome, once the mistress of the world  
 Was by a factious party hurl'd  
 Down to where tyranny's unfurl'd  
 In depths of endless shame,  
 Which all the world will testify  
 Who saw this mighty empire die  
 Her riches in lone ruins lie  
 Devoid of wealth or fame.

Bold traitors to their country's cause  
 Those who forsook Rome's sacred law,  
 Usurping Cesar's vile applause  
 Drew forth : a hellish band ;  
 With these the Rubicon he pass'd,  
 O'er desert wilds and mazes vast,

And forc'd the world to yield at last  
To a vile traitor's hand.

The whole wide range of Europe's shore  
My sleeping fancy travel'd o'er  
And view'd its kingdoms stain'd with gore  
And cities drench'd in blood !  
On Afric then I did behold  
Vile tyranny its arms unfold  
And fathers sell their sons for gold  
And men disown their God.

O then said I can I obtain  
A land where freedom is maintain'd  
And justice has her standard gain'd  
And men disown a king,  
O yes upon that happy shore  
For which our fathers travel'd o'er  
And sought a wild unknown before  
Where joys celestial spring.

That land for which a Warren di'd  
And brave Montgomery by his side  
And Mercer each to heav'n ally'd  
Lay weltering in their gore ;  
That land for which a *Washington*  
Columbia's immortal son  
The glorious prize of freedom won  
And toils and hardships bore.

That land for which our fathers fought  
Brave heroes toil'd and sages sought  
And for their sons a treasure bought  
More dear than life's domain ;  
That land for which Columbia's fair  
Deign'd war's proud implements to wear  
And hunger, cold, and death to bear  
Sweet freedom to obtain.

Here in some pleasing grove said I  
 I'll live contented 'till I die  
 And all a tyrant's host defy  
     'Till that celestial morn,  
 When all created worlds shall join  
 Before the heavenly king divine  
 Where justice will forever shine  
 And love his throne adorn.

I'll range beneath the verdant hills  
 Where gently flows the murn'ring rills  
 And birds the leafy branches fill  
     And pass each leisure hour  
 The sweet effluva will inhale  
 Which rises from the vernal vale  
 And the lone foliage of the dale

Sweet herbs and opening flowers:<sup>†</sup>  
 Thus I my future joy survey'd  
 As wrapt in nature's arms I laid  
 And to myself in transport said  
     Who is so blest as I ;  
 When, lo ! my pleasing vision fled  
 By which so long I had been led  
 And I was forc'd upon my bed  
 Contented for to lie.

\* 509 years before Christ, Tarquin the 7th, and last king of Rome, was expelled, and that empire was then governed by two Consuls and other Republican majestates.

† 291 years before Christ, and 119 after Rome was governed by her Consuls, there was darkness over all that empire at noon-day.

‡ 285 years before Christ, Dionysius of Alexandria, began his astronomical calculations on Monday, June 26th; being the first who found the solar year to contain exactly 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.

§ Octavius, by a decree of the Roman Senate, obtained the title of Augustus Cesar.

*Lines, written on Carter's Mountain in Elizabeth Town Essex County, on the 24th of July 1810.*

WHEN Sol was sinking from his radiant height,  
 And clad all nature in her gayest robes,  
 'To animate my drooping mind I stray'd  
 Down a lone bank the concert of the vale,  
 To join, and taste the sweets which nature yields,  
 And hail the beauties of the infant dawn.

*Aurora*<sup>a</sup> gently murmur'd in the leaves  
 Mix'd with the sound of the melodious throng,  
 And near a gentle stream ran onward slow,  
 No less attracting than *Amphrisus*<sup>b</sup> where  
*Thessalian* maidens fed *Appollo's* flocks,  
 Nor less delightful was to me the scene.

When lo ! I from these verdant beauties cast  
 Upwards my anxious eyes and did behold  
 On either side spread through the wide expanse  
 Splendors which ancient ages did behold  
 With pleasure, and amaze and which have stood  
 Quite unextinguish'd through the lasting track  
 Of hours, & days, & weeks, & months, & years,  
 The fleeting moments, and the wrecks of time.

For in the north high tow'ring I did see  
 A second *Helicon*<sup>c</sup> in stately form  
 In the ethereal region's lordly tower,  
 Its stately top resplendent huge and high,  
 Dreadful and frightful unto human thought ;  
*Pindus*<sup>d</sup> of old not much unlike or less,  
 'Thither I onward slowly bent my course,  
 With fearful hope the summit to attain ;  
 O'er many craggy cliffs and steeps I pass'd,  
 New scenes presenting slowly as I rose,  
 On either side vast monuments appear'd,  
 By heavenly wisdom wonderfully form'd  
 For some misterious good to man unknown ;



Lodg'd only in the breast of the eternal :  
 Ere long I to the utmost height arriv'd  
 Of this stupendous and eternal hill,  
 And with one glance surrounding visions view'd  
 Admir'd the scenes, and wonder'd for what end  
 Eternal wisdom had these Spires prepar'd.

Far in the north in stately form appear'd  
 Two towering hills in splendour not unlike  
*Calp<sup>e</sup>* and *Abyla<sup>f</sup>* on *Spain* and *Afric's* shore,  
 Distant not far from fam'd *Gibraltar's* Straits :  
 Nor did the scene decay far in the west ;  
 There the astonish'd eye behold's sublime  
 Created splendors of amazing height,  
 Like old *Trymanthus* & *Arcadian* hills  
 Whose summits some were lost in *Ether's* wilds,  
 Nor in the south was less the scene display'd  
 Nor less was nature's splendors here beheld,  
 Rows above rows of mountains huge were seen,  
 Of numbers vast, extending large and wide,  
 On some of which blest *Horus'<sup>h</sup>* shining beam  
 Reflected rays like fire from *Ætna's<sup>i</sup>* top ;  
 Others like *Ida<sup>k</sup>* and *Olympus<sup>l</sup>* huge  
 Extended upward to the azure skies  
 And lost their sumits in ethereal blue :  
 In short on every side was glory spread,  
 The witnesses of vast eternal wisdom  
 In every place in the surrounding scenes  
*Collina<sup>m</sup>* and *Arcades<sup>n</sup>* held the reign.

Reflecting here upon eternal might,  
 Wisdom unbounded, and surrounding scenes,  
 Of mortal man soon onward bent my thoughts,  
 Of his own weakness, littleness, and woe,  
 And the great power and majesty of God ;  
 And greater sense of these I never had.

Sudden a cloud from western skies arose  
 And spread a gloom upon the scene around,  
 Flies like on *Hybla<sup>o</sup>* the Sicilean mount  
 Swarm'd from the vernal foliage, and destroy'd  
 My further contemplaion on the mount ;

Towards its foot I onward bent my way,  
 And join'd the feather'd choir to greet the closing day.

a *Aurora*, the daughter of Titan and Tirra, goddess of the morning, and mother of the Stars and winds.

b *Amphrisus*, a river in Thessaly where the Thessalian maidens tended Apollo's flocks.

c *Hellicon*, a famous mountain of Boeotia dedicated to Appollo and the muses.

d *Pindus*, a mountain of Thessaly sacred to the muses.

e f *Abyla*, a mountain in Africa opposite to mount Calpe in Spain on the straits of Gibraltar, these two mountains were called by the ancients Hercules pillars, being the bounds of his travels.

g *Frymanthus*, a famous mountain of Arcadia.

h *Horus*, one of the seven titles of the Sun.

i *Ætna*, a furious burning mountain of Sicily.

k *Ida*, a mountain near Troy, where Paris gave judgment for Venus, against Juno.

l *Amphrisus*, a river in Thessaly where Appollo tended the flocks of Admetus.

m *Collina*, the Goddess of hills.

n *Creades*, Nymphs of mountains.

o *Hybla*, a mountain in Sicily, famous for thyme and Bees.

## The request.

'TWAS when *Rucina*<sup>a</sup> held the reign,  
 And blest *Feronia*<sup>b</sup> stalk'd amain,  
 And *Golasimus*<sup>c</sup> walk'd the plain,  
     To hail the infant morn ;  
 I walk'd abroad the spring to view,  
 And trace the range of nature through,  
 To mark the way I should pursue,  
     My station to adorn.

Sweet *Hebe*<sup>d</sup> unto me did bring,  
 Blest *Salus*<sup>e</sup> to partake the spring,  
 And hail the joys which nature's king,  
     Had to *Wertumnus*<sup>f</sup> giv'n ;  
 Sweet *Flora*<sup>g</sup> walk'd the pleasant lawn,  
*Lubentia*<sup>h</sup> likewise grac'd the dawn,  
*Potamides*<sup>i</sup> slow pass'd along,  
     All seem'd to answer heav'n.

To every class and every name,  
 I visited alike the same,  
 And saw *Pellonia's*<sup>h</sup> worldly train,  
     In different stations shine ;  
 Then to where blest *Silvanus*<sup>i</sup> reigns,  
 Where oft the bard in pleasing strains,  
 Has like *Philammon*<sup>m</sup> charm'd the plains,  
     I wrote in humble rhyme.

Said I, where wealth and beauty shines,  
 And all the worldly joys combine,  
 None can above the rest incline,  
     But still I have a choice ;  
 Perhaps the way that I would choose,  
 Some would dislike and some refuse,  
 As many scorn what others use,  
     And in their way rejoice.

Peace and contentment I desire,  
 In summer fruits in winter fire,  
 Enough to eat for my desire,  
     *Hygeia* <sup>n</sup> for my friend ;  
 A land where blessed freedom reigns  
 With verdant hills and fertile plains,  
 Where justice her true cause maintains,  
     And sweet *Parnassides* <sup>o</sup> may blend.

I want no cross contentious wife,  
 For to create domestic strife,  
 And thus discolour all my life,  
     With an unceasing din !  
 But may *Minerva* <sup>P</sup> her attend,  
 And blest *Muatta* <sup>q</sup> be her friend,  
 And sweet *Rucina* <sup>r</sup> to her tend,  
     No mischief veil'd within.

I ask no hills of baneful gold,  
 Or streams where floating treasures roll,  
 Nor for to reign without controul,  
     Upon this earthly frame ;  
 But to receive from God above,  
 The hopes of pardon, peace and love,  
 That I may with the heavenly dove,  
     In joys forever reign.

O let me o'er *Pegassus* <sup>s</sup> stride,  
 And sweetly to *Panassus* <sup>t</sup> ride,  
 There to the tuneful nine ally'd,  
     In transports I will sing ;  
 O let my numbers sweetly raise,  
 In strains melodious to the praise,  
 Of him to whom eternal lays,  
     Blest angels sweetly bring.

In fall may *Fornax* <sup>u</sup> rule my fields,  
 And round her golden sceptre wield,  
 And autumn her blest treasure yield,

And Cornucopia fill ;  
 May I improve the beautiful days,  
 When nature all her wealth displays,  
 Beneath *Hyperion's* w pleasing rays,  
 Nectareous fruits to 'still.

May sweet Philosophy attend,  
 And blest *Fortuna* x be my friend,  
 O ! might I to those heights ascend,  
 That living wreaths sublime ;  
 From me might be transmitted down,  
 And like a Homer's ever sound,  
 Through earthly kingdoms all around,  
 'Till the last trump of time.

On *Pindus* y might I hail the spring,  
 And blest *Polymnia* z to me bring,  
 A voice for to *Vertumnus* sing,  
 With eloquence and rhyme ;  
 In summer might the muse attend,  
 In autumn might she be my friend,  
 Nor vile *Vacunia* & me attend,  
 While I exist in time.

Not all the kingdoms here below,  
 Nor all the wealth that Opher knows,  
 Nor all the golden streams that flow,  
 Should I so much admire ;  
 As into yonder grove to go,  
 Where sweet *Zephyrus* gently blows,  
 Spring opening like the verdant rose,  
 And string the tuneful lyre.

In morn when ope's the genial spring,  
 And all the feather'd concourse sing,  
 As though a tribute for to bring,  
 What can more pleasing be ;  
 Than for to roam the flow'ry lawn,  
 And sweetly hail the rising dawn,

And hear the vernal warblers' song,  
Re-echo from the tree.

May I my blest instructions mind,  
And to my God be quite resign'd,  
To leave a sinful world behind,  
And soar on wings of joy ;  
To realms eternal in the skies,  
where never ceasing pleasures rise,  
And sweet contentment never dies,  
And peace without alloy.

a Rural Deity.

b Goddess of the woods.

c God of mirth and smiles.

d Goddess of youth.

e Goddess of heath.

f God of spring.

g Goddess of flowers.

h goddess of pleasure.

i Nymphs of rivers.

k Goddess of grown persons.

l God of woods and forests.

m. Skilful musician.

n, Goddess of health.

o The muses:

p Goddess of wisdom.

q Goddess of silence.

r Rural Deity.

s A winged horse of the muses.

t Mountain sacred to the muses.

u Goddess of coin.

v horn of plenty.

w A Name of the sun.

x Goddess of happiness and misery.

y Mount sacred to the muses

z Muse of rhetoric.

& Goddess of idle persons.

---

*Epilogue to Addison's Tragedy of Cato.—Written to  
be spoken with that Tragedy, at Elizabeth Town,  
July 4th, 1810.*

---

THUS have you seen the friends of freedom mourn ;  
 Thus have you seen their father from them torn !  
 Thus have you seen through a dark list of years  
 A tyrant's glory and a patriots tears,  
 A Cato perish'd, in his country's cause,  
 And Cesar triumph'd in a miscreant's laws ;  
 The patriot saw the tyrant of the world,  
 Whose sceptre triumph'd, and whose thunder hurl'd  
 Justice and peace from of their radiant throne,  
 And on their ruins built a tyrants dome,  
 In mighty pomp approach ; clad in attire  
 Which shone in vengeance, and which darted fire :  
 With steady eye he the dread scene survey'd,  
 View'd the bold triumph and the dismal shade }  
 Of Cesar rising, and of Rome decay'd. }  
 Cato in tears the sceptre did resign,  
 Saw joy, and peace, and virtue, cease to shine ;  
 Saw his dear country in a flood of tears,  
 The toil of ages, and the work of years ;  
 A last adieu to Rome and to his friends  
 The aged patriot in submission sends,  
 Hoping to meet upon a happier shore  
 " Where Cesar never could approach them more,"  
 Thus this great empire " mistress of the world"  
 From all her glory and her pomp was hurl'd,  
 'Twas evil discord did her land divide  
 By this she perish'd and her Cato die'd

---

*LINES, composed for the celebration of the 4th of  
July, 1808.*

HAIL blessed Columbia! fair freedom is thine!  
This day shall proclaim to all nations thy glory;  
In letters of gold shall thy signature shine,  
More splendid than *Venus* and bright than *Aurora*:  
The American flag shall ascend to the sky,  
And Columbia's banners be wafted on high.

While France and proud Britain, in blood bathe  
their nations,  
And horrible wars with disgrace seal their lands,  
Fair Columbia in peace with the rest of creation,  
Aloft lifts in triumph her glorious hand;  
Her honor and wisdom and virtue shall shine,  
And her name shall not cease in the annals of time.

Our fathers distressed in tyranny's land  
Depriv'd of the blessings which nature design'd;  
Like brothers united they join'd hand in hand,  
And an asylum sought in a desolate clime:  
Where freedom triumphant their souls might enjoy,  
And no haughty tyrant their blessings destroy.

O'er mountainous billows, and boisterous waves,  
Our fathers like heroes pursu'd the bold way;  
Destruction and danger undauntedly brav'd,  
A treasure to purchase which ne'er would decay:  
From their own native shore, to a desert unknown;  
In this wild sought repose, on a land not their own.

They bought of the natives the soil we enjoy,  
At the hazard of life the rich treasure they gain'd;  
That freedom they won may we never destroy,  
That liberty bought may we ever maintain,



'Til the rays of bright Phoebus shall cease to adorn ;  
And earth sinks in chaos, decay'd and forlorn.

Where late was a wilderness dreary and wild,  
Like the Lybian deserts which *Eaton* survey'd,  
Fair science shines forth like orient fields,  
With cities and towns the blest land is array'd :  
Our shore teems with blessing while peace holds  
her reign,  
And freemen just liberty's rights can maintain.

Proud *Britania* view'd fair *Columbia* with scorn,  
By industry rising to honor and fame ;  
While *George* the great monarch with prospects  
forlorn,  
Was sinking in poverty void of a name :  
In the height of their ire their armies sent o'er,  
Destruction to shed on *Columbia's* shore !

By heaven's protection our heroes arose  
And avenged the wrongs which their kindred had  
done ;  
Drove of the proud ruffians and conquered our foes,  
Proclaim'd *Independence*, *Columbia's* son !  
Whose name unextinguish'd thro' ages shall shine,  
While freedom blest freedom *Columbia* is thine !

Illustrious *Montgomery* bled in the plain,  
A Heav'n lov'd patriot besmeared with gore ;  
A *Warren* immortal, in battle was slain,  
Whose mem'ry will echo 'till time is no more :  
Brave patriots unnumber'd have fou't 'till they di'd,  
*Columbia's* glory ! *America's* pride !

Let history's pen tell through ages our glory,  
Brave sons of *Columbia* have freedom obtain'd !  
Let monarchs and despots triumph with the story,  
And walk in the honours by which it was gain'd :  
Then O'er the world freedom will held her mild  
reign,  
Nor patriot thousands in battle be slain.

In vales deck'd with verdure are still to be seen  
 The bones of our warriors in battle who fell ;  
 The hills speak their honour and on the lone green  
 Sights to be imagined which words cannot tell,  
 Expressively speake bright Columbia's name,  
 Immoveably fix'd on the archives of fame.

To death's dreary mansion our *Washington's* gone,  
 A chief unexampled by any on earth ;  
 A patriot by nature, faire freedom's brave son,  
 Lies lifeless and cold in the mansions of death :  
 While earth yields her herbage, and brooks glide  
 along,  
 The praise of that hero shall chaunt in our song.

But why should we mourn for a chief who is dead?  
 Our tears cannot bring us the patriot again ;  
 Let's remember with gratitude those who have bled,  
 And chaunt songs of honour to those who were slain ;  
 May the flowers of freedom their mansions adorn,  
 More fragrant than odors that breathe in the morn.

Columbia ! the envy of nations and kings,  
 With all the joys blest that creation can yield ;  
 Religion and science from liberty springs  
 More glorious and bright than the orient field,  
 Whose rays like the sun light the nations afar,  
 To diminish the reign of destruction and war.

Our streams which unnotic'd late rolled along  
 Through deserts where savages tall on the land,  
 Like the ocean with ships, and with commerce  
 now throng ;  
 And cities arising in majesty stand ;  
 While Europe the glory and praise of the world,  
 Will be by a tyrant to infamy hurl'd !

Ye patriot fathers, go tell to your sons  
 The hardships and dangers their ancestors brav'd ;  
 How they blest Columbia's glory have won ;

And you their descendants from tyranny sav'd;  
 May the dawn of blest liberty shine on their youth,  
 And freedom conduct them to honour and truth.

Ye sages who've bled in defence of our Laws,  
 Shed your blood for to ransom Columbia's name;  
 Rejoice in your glory, exult in your cause,  
 Which brought your desendants to honour and fame!  
 On history's pages shall ne're be erras'd  
 The names of those heroes, our battles who grac'd.

Ye Fathers and Mothers your children who've seen,  
 By savages sloughter'd, and burnt in their fires;  
 Cease to mourn when you see from Columbia's green  
 The flame of fire battle and carnage retire;  
 Your sons to the mansions of freedom are gone  
 Where glory and triumph and love ever down.

May the blessings of Heaven o'er shadow our land,  
 May the climes of the west independence maintain;  
 May the blessings of peace ever shine in the hand,  
 Of science and virtue and honour and fame;  
 May the Eagle of peace grace Columbia's shore  
 "Till earth sinks in chaos," and time is no more.

May liberty's tree its wide branches extend  
 O'er kingdoms, and nations the universe round;  
 May freedom and science and harmony blend,  
 And Heaven's omnipotent praises resound!  
 Americans triumph! this day is our own?  
 Where the sun of American freedom first shone!

On pinions of hope to the clouds let us soar,  
 And in the blest chariot of freedom and fame  
 O'er all earthly regions with transport explore,  
 And wish they might equal Columbia's name:  
 That freedom, that glory, that virtue, might shine  
 In every nation, and every clime.

*The following song was composed for, and sung at the celebration of the 4th of July, 1809, at Elizabeth Town — (Tune Freemason's March, )*

Fellow citizens may, we assemble this day,  
 Unite in a joyful libation,  
 And with patriot lays, sing to Jefferson's praise,  
 The honor and peace of our nation.

Once more we're combin'd, to again call to mind,  
 Our glorious emancipation ;  
 And hail the great day, when our land gain'd the  
 sway,  
 O'er a bold and tyrannical nation.

Our fathers with pain, bore the yoke and the chain ;  
 To George bow'd with meek subjugation ;  
 Till a hand most divine, who their freedom design'd,  
 Sent them o'er to Columbia's nation.

To those heroes who bled, and who captives were  
 led,  
 And forsook both their homes and relations ;  
 Independence to gain and our rights to maintain,  
 Be ascribed this day's celebration.

This day unto all, most loudly doth call,  
 To people of every station ;  
 Their hearts to incline, and their heads to combine,  
 In the rights and defence of our nation.

To Jefferson's name, be ascrib'd endless fame,  
 To Madison great commendation ;  
 The latter has done what the former begun,  
 For the glory and good of the nation.

Those who waded through floods, and lay drench'd  
 in their blood,  
 And with joy di'd and in exultation,

Exclaim'd we begun, and the battle have won,  
 Independence have bought for their nation.

May Madison great, was the ruler of state,  
 Ever shine as his country's glory ;  
 On the portals of fame, be inscrib'd his great name,  
 And shine on the pages of 'story.

May our conduct this day, to those miscreants  
 display,  
 Who despise this our great celebration ;  
 That we ne'er will forsake, though our life is at  
 stake,  
 The glory and peace of our nation.

Fellow citizens all, on him let us call,  
 Who deliver'd us once from oppression ;  
 Our shield to remain, and our rights to maintain,  
 From French and from British transgression.

Let us all firmly unite, and determine to fight,  
 For our all, for our self preservation,  
 That our children may say, when our bodies decay,  
 They've saved the rights of our nation.

May friendship, and peace, and religion ne'er cease,  
 Nor the pages of strange observation,  
 Ever left to the world, that from glory were hurl'd,  
 A depress'd and subjugate nation.

In letters of gold, may our honor be told,  
 'Till all the great works of creation,  
 Shall repose in that gloom, the immoveable tomb,  
 Which awaits the receipt of all nations.

When the bright lamp of day, and the moon fades  
 away,  
 O then may our glorious nation,  
 Ascend to the skies, with the happy and wise,  
 To exist in divine commendation.

*LINES, composed on the re-election of Daniel D. Tompkins, to the office of Governor of the State of New-York, written June 1st. 1810.*

Tune, Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise.

THE sons of fair freedom once more have resign'd  
 The helm of their State to a friend of mankind ;  
 Whose genius resplendant her freedom will save  
 From the fangs of oppression, and tyranny's grave ;  
 Whose virtue triumphant, and glory will blend,  
 And through our blest union in transports extend ;  
 Though mists of delusion late spread o'er our land,  
 And the friends of disorder had us in command,  
 Yet the bright orb of day all the clouds will dispel,  
 And tories lie buried where tyrants have fell :  
 In the eastern horizon the light seems to blend,  
 And freedom celestial its empire extend.

Full five hundred thousand brave freemen combin'd  
 And elected a patriot, a friend to mankind ; [guide,  
 At the helm who our state through all dangers will  
 Where sages have perish'd, and heroes have di'd,  
 In the genius of freedom whose bosom shall glow,  
 And the reign of oppression and terror o'er thrown.

May the half-obscur'd visage of tyranny hide,  
 And freedom triumphant in majesty ride,  
 O'er all the creation where despots have fell,  
 And the news of bright glory and happiness tell.

May the chains of oppression Columbia once wore  
 In oblivion moulder 'til time is no more.

May the sons of those heroes who di'd to defend,  
 The inheritance left by their fathers extend,  
 'Till freedom shall be the delight of the world,  
 And the banners of peace in each clime be unroll'd.

May Columbia's fair ones for freedom design'd,  
 Their graces and virtues for glory combine ;  
 With a genius celestial and harmony glow

And freedom attend them in mansions below ;  
 And when through ethereal regions they rise,  
 May they ride triumphant, through yon azure skies,  
 'Till they shall arrive upon that happy shore  
 Where freedom and glory exist evermore.

May a Tompkins attend us in glory and ease,  
 May a Tompkins defend us on life's rolling seas,  
 May a Tompkins in glory and majesty ride,  
 And the State of New-York roll along in the tide ;  
 'Till each shall inherit a land more divine,  
 Where freedom forever, and virtue shall shine.



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