

“LIBERTY AND ITS MISSION.”

A N

O R A T I O N ,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF

WEST KILLINGLEY, CONN.

JULY 4, 1856.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD, ESQ.

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DANIELSONVILLE, JULY 23, 1856.

ISAAC F. SHEPARD, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—

The undersigned, having had the pleasure of listening to the Oration delivered by you in this place on the 4th inst., would respectfully request that you will furnish a copy thereof for publication.

In doing this we feel confident that we only represent the feelings and wishes of all who listened to you on that occasion. Trusting that it will be your pleasure to comply with this request, we subscribe ourselves, respectfully,

Your Obedient Servants,

H. L. DANIELSON,
ELISHA CARPENTER,
AMOS D. LOCKWOOD,
EDWARD L. CUNDALL,
W. C. TUCKER,
NATHAN OLDS,
JOHN E. SHORT,
W. H. CHOLLAR,

F. P. COE,
JOSHUA PERKINS,
J. P. CHAMBERLIN,
EZRA HUTCHINS,
C. W. KNIGHT,
ROBERT HUGHES,
ANTHONY AMES.

ORATION.

THIS DAY is the anniversary of a nation's freedom. How much is contained in that trite announcement, and how rapidly it falls to-day upon thousands on thousands of listeners, whom annual custom congregates together! A Nation's freedom! Six thousand years of political change had well nigh elapsed ere the great problem of civil liberty was solved,—ere the struggling voice of humanity found perfect utterance,—when on the Fourth day of July, 1776, the immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence distinctly enunciated upon the ears of the startled world those heaven-inspired words—“All men are created equal!” Well might John Adams record it as “the greatest question that was ever debated in America, and greater, perhaps, than ever was or will be decided by men.” Well might he prophesy that future generations would celebrate it by reverent acts of devotion to Almighty God,—and solemnize it with pomp and show, with games and sports, by the booming of guns and the echo of clanging bells, by bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from that day forward to the last syllable of recorded time! No longer adherents of a govern-

ment whose smiles were but blighting, and whose chartered blessings were only less than judgments, how thrilling the truth our forefathers uttered,—“These united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.”

That old Liberty bell,—still resonant,—above that noble Congress, took up the cadence and gave it wings to fly along the shores of Delaware, to float by Susquehanna's tide, till every wave went bearing on the exultant sound, and every wind diffused it North and South and East and West.

The famished mother heard it in the far-off hamlet, where the bloody track of hireling soldiers had left their mark of death and desolation, and as her soul exultant went home to heaven, with her last expiring breath gasped in the ear of desolate childhood,—“Free and Independent.”

The soldier, startled on his midnight round, grasped firm his flint-lock, bared his breast for secret foe advancing, till catching holy impulse from the courier's shout, he joined the loud huzza, and from each outpost, camp and battle-field the welkin rung with lusty pœans, that scared the mountain eagle as echo answered echo from each peak and crag, “Free and Independent!”

From flood and field, from forest and from prairie, from cloud above, and from off the waves that girt our borders, there came with these words the quickening breath of life, and from that day forth a zeal,

an energy, and a wonderful element of success has infused the hearts of a free people, to give them station among the nations of the earth, such as was never known before. On this day then it becomes us to rejoice with the voice of music, and the shout of exultation; to honor the memory of our fathers by the recapitulation of their words and their deeds; to recount their exploits, and to enforce their virtues; and to recur to the magna charta of their political faith, by a rehearsal of the language of the Declaration itself.

Nor should we stop here. One of the framers of that instrument, within twenty-four hours after it was adopted, wrote these memorable words,—“You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and to support and defend these States; yet through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph.” True, this language had special and immediate reference to the struggle going on between the colonists and the crown mother, and from which either side, at that moment, counted upon emerging with victorious laurels. But it also had a prophetic and down-reaching interpretation, that even now is as full of meaning as when the words fell warm from the evolving brain of the great statesman. Toil and blood and treasure it will still cost to support

and defend these States. Clouds still gather in murky gloom upon the present, and from the zenith of this hour throw their shadows afar down upon the future, and the growl of the distant thunder ever and anon mutters from their bosom, as the fierce lightning flashes from the disturbed elements, cleaving distorted pathway to the temple of our hallowed liberties. Sometimes they spend themselves in harmless gleam about the turrets,—sometimes leave their scorching trace upon column and pedestal,—and sometimes threaten to shake the very foundations of the edifice our fathers builded. Yet every patriot eye may discern, through every fold of blackness, the rays of light and glory that burst resplendent in 1781; and every hopeful heart will still respond,—The end shall be worth more than all the means, and our posterity shall triumph over every wrong and outrage against our glorious Union, and we shall be yet in full fruition what our patriot ancestors hoped, intended and believed,—a people free, united, prosperous and happy, even beyond the most ardent dream of the most enthusiastic.

The days of the Revolution have passed, and with them, gliding like shadows down some river's bosom, the patriots, soldiers and statesmen of the times. Almost three generations of trial have been given to the government they bequeathed us, and it has stood the test, till at this time it is revered and revered by all true men, as no nation ever was before it, and

its wonderful strides in greatness and grandeur have of necessity waked an interest world-wide, in our institutions,—in our forms of government,—in our hold upon the fealty of the people,—till the power of empire in the old world is crumbling, while Liberty is warming into life; and the day approaches when whole nations will imitate our fathers' deeds, refuse obedience to tyrannic laws, assert their heaven-born rights, and either modify or reconstruct all governments, however old, that do not recognize the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, "that all men are by nature equal;" that rulers are but the servants of the people; that authority is only delegated to them for the good of the people over whom they rule; and that whenever oppression, injustice and tyranny accompany the exercise of power, the people have a divine right to resume it, and keep it themselves, or place it in other hands as may seem them good.

I am well aware that these are positions that lead to Revolutions; but they are the principles of nature,—of eternal reason,—and of the Divine Founder of Christianity, which must of necessity underlie every good government. You will bear with me, then, fellow citizens, while for the hour I may detain you, I discuss the theme so naturally suggested by my exordium,—LIBERTY AND ITS MISSION.

The love of liberty is a latent spark hidden in the bosom of every being, endowed with reason, that treads upon the face of this wide earth. Whether in

savage or in civilized life,—whether in the old time or now,—from the garden of Eden along through all races and sub-races of the human family, it has warmed every heart, infused every soul, and inspired all degrees of action, evil as well as good, of which reason is capable. The “Infernal Serpent” that

———“With ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in heaven,”

was under the influence of a love of liberty that, prostituted to base motives, “mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate,” degenerated into hideous depravity, and horrible license of passion, till he dared to contend for mastery with the Almighty,

“And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, Satan preferring,
With utmost power to adverse power opposed,
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne.”

And though Almighty power brought dire disaster to the crew of these infernal warriors, and hurled them

“Headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire”—

still,

“The unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,”

remained intact, and forevermore “out of good still

finds means of evil." I suppose this to be a just and appropriate historical exhibition of what the book men call *natural liberty*. It exhibits itself in the first impulses of infancy; in the unreasonable vagaries of childhood; in the inconsistent weaknesses of maturer age. Unrestrained, undisciplined and dissevered from moral principle, it distorts every character and leads to every kind and degree of wrong. The passionate man, the miser, the thief, the assassin, the highway robber, the murderer, the adulterer, the slanderer, each and all live upon the single principle of *doing as they will*,—of ever exercising to any extent they choose their *natural liberty*.

Kindred also to these are the adherents to tyrannical forms and usages of government, whether in empire, kingdom or republic, in whole or part consenting to that monstrous doctrine that "might makes right." In States it leads to abrogation of treaties, honored by time, and sacred as the memory of the dead that made them; it leads to the corruption of the ballot box, and substitutes the bowie-knife and bludgeon of ruffians for the broad ægis of national protection, that should ever be found over freemen exercising the sacred trust of their elective privilege.

It continues in force each "peculiar institution" of communities burdened with the relics of barbarism that seem hideous in the light of a true civilization, and are as repugnant to humanity as Satan was to heaven. Thus much for my idea of Natural Liberty;

and on these texts I leave each man to preach his own sermon.

Civil Liberty is often confounded with this, by unreflecting minds, who fail to appreciate the heaven-wide difference between them. Hence the contempt of monarchists, oligarchists, and aristocrats the world over, for Republicanism,—which they deem one and the same thing with natural liberty. This, say they, must one day lead to anarchy; and the best national system based upon it, not excepting that of the United States itself, they prophesy must come to destruction. They see in our approach to democracy only licentiousness, curbed for a time by custom and by interest, but sure at length to burst forth in unbridled fury, when States shall fall from our Union like stars from heaven; when,—in the scarcely changed language of the great dramatist,—fickle changelings and poor discontents, starving for a time of pell-mell havoc and confusion, shall rub the ears at news of hurly burly innovation, and face the garment of rebellion with water-colors drawn from insurrection's palette.

It is true that the faithless acts of our rulers sometimes give too much color of truth for these prophecies. It is lamentable that demagogues, in office and out of office, by their insane and stupid declamations, furnish abundant fuel wherewith to kindle their false beacon lights; and it is mournful to confess, as we honestly must, that a prejudiced populace, themselves

unwitting of the wrong they do, too often lend their votes to exalt bad men to power, and leave true patriots, statesmen, and civilians,—of whom the world should be proud,—to neglect, and sometimes even point the finger of scorn at them, while venal presses lend utterance to a factitious condemnation of deeds that after times will almost deify.

But these are only excrescences upon the body politic; cutaneous eruptions, which time and skillful treatment, aided somewhat, it may be, by a judicious application of caustic from the mental alembics of aroused patriotism, will surely heal. Nor must it be forgotten that evil cures its own worst maladies. In numberless instances has the world seen historical justice executed; and our own times and our own people furnish more than one illustration. As Bolingbroke once said, “The villain who has imposed on mankind by his power or cunning, and whom experience could not unmask for a time, is exposed at length, and the honest man who has been misunderstood or defamed, is justified before his story ends. Calumny and disgrace are over, and the name of the one is branded with infamy, and that of the other celebrated with panegyric to succeeding ages.”

A free people sensible of a wrong committed, are swift in their intents to make amends; and I would rather at this moment be the dead sage of Marshfield, whose memory quickens the conscience of millions of free voters to penitence, and upbraids them for pas-

sive or active consent to the exaltation of mere men of expediency, than be a thousand times the superior of the retiring Chief Magistrate of the Nation, with cognate fame and assimilated deeds.

The true idea of Civil Liberty is well defined by Paley as "*the not being restrained by any law but what conduces in a greater degree to the public welfare.*" This differs *in toto cœlo* from that natural liberty already characterized. The latter gives me permission to do what I will; the former restricts my will to do what is for the interest of the community of which I am a member. The former allows me to stand upon the railway track and brave the concussion of the thundering engine on its fiery way; the latter tells me I shall do better to step aside a moment till the train has passed, and then walk safely onward in its wake.

The one allows me to enter the Senate when almost deserted, and with malice aforethought strike down the honor of a Commonwealth, and fell an unsuspecting Statesman with murderous intent, as an ox is felled at the butcher's shambles: the other tells me that powder and ball and bludgeon are less effective weapons of defence for such exploits than are free speech, free presses, and an utterance of Truth that makes me somewhat Godlike since immaculate divinity is Truth enshrined.

Civil Liberty, then, is relative, not absolute. As no action can terminate in itself, but has a relation to some later effect, so no right of a citizen can be dis-

connected from its ultimate relations. It is possible, moreover, paradoxical as it may seem, that an individual's liberty may be actually increased by the very laws that restrain it. I may be a gainer from the curtailment of another man's freedom, rather than a sufferer from the limit of my own. My neighbor's rights and claims and wishes of necessity must modify mine essentially; thinking he has a better right to his own wife than I can have, he chooses to restrain my advances in that direction, and I must be content to find another Eve unmated. So too of his purse and his lands, which being in prior and just possession of, I must be content to leave intact.

But the same necessity restrains another towards myself. It preserves *my* family from the assaults of lust and violence: it guards, like another Argus, my golden gains; it holds my acres secure from trespass of "squatter sovereigns." And thus the principle runs throughout society, protecting the priest at the altar, the husbandman at his labor, the artist in his studio, the scholar in his closet, and the mechanic at his honorable toil. Under its influence woman is exalted, cherished and befriended; childhood is blessed and orphanage is robbed of its sternest features: the poor are made happy,—the aged are honored,—and the dead sleep quietly beneath the mound that affection consecrates by tender memories hovering over their resting-places, even as the aroma of flowers that spring by each tombstone, where often they are wa-

tered by tears of tenderness dropped in silence and alone where this holds sway. Education is the boon of all,—Art, Science, Commerce, Husbandry flourish,—Religion is held sacred,—and the divine benediction sounds with every morning's matins and echoes with every sunset's vespers,—“Peace on earth,—good will among men!”

These are the fruits of Civil Liberty, that hang clustering from the tree our fathers planted. These, my country, these more than to any other people, are peculiarities that appertain to thee! Blessed land! How art thou exalted among the Nations! Thrice blessed people! Would that mine were the power to breathe into each soul fitting inspiration of its own appropriate duty and its fealty!

“For all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each:
Hence should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below!”

Having thus deduced what I conceive to be the true estimate of Civil Liberty, I have still to present to you the Mission it has to accomplish. Mr. Webster once said that with America and in America a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments; by entire religious liberty; by improved systems of national intercourse; by a newly-awakened and unconquerable spirit of free inquiry; and by the diffusion of knowledge through the community, before altogether unknown and unheard of.

I do not propose to weary you, fellow-citizens, by any formal discussion of these characteristics, to which I think should be added the two very important considerations of Freedom of Speech, and Freedom of the Press,—the twin-born angels of the last century. They are at once the cause and the effect of Liberty; and whenever they cease to be revered and maintained at whatever cost, will the knell of the Union be rung, and the spirit of our departed ancestors bending down in lamentation from their seats on high, float in mournful concourse over the land and shadow it in gloom! Then, and not till then, will there be terror in the threats of disunionists; for until the voices of both are stifled, the sober second thought of the people will vent itself in patriotic indignation upon the senseless idiots that utter vapid harangues upon this theme. While the free press lasts, their names shall fly, by myriads multiplied, till every child shall learn to curl his lip, and flash his eye in scorn for each and all who seriously propose a dissolution of these States. While free speech remains, every rural village shall produce its Cicero to arraign, denounce and cower each Cataline that dares to breathe such damning evidence of conspiracy against his country's good; and burning eloquence shall flash from lips untaught the forms of rhetoric, till Nature speaking to all soul-rapt listeners, shall rouse their souls to do and dare even as our fathers did of old. Each rusty sabre shall spring from its veteran scabbard; each dusty

musket shall scatter fire-flakes from its flint and steel, and beacon lights and larum bells shall rouse the yeomen, even as they flocked to Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Somewhat of this spirit is already roused throughout New England's borders at one base attempt to hush a freeman's lips. Nor is it yet at rest; but stalks around the land, infusing fire, inspiring life and quickening thought, till ere November's ides are past it will invoke a storm of popular indignation such as November never yet hath seen. The shade of murdered privilege walks abroad, and like great Cæsar's ghost bids the guilty traitor that struck the blow, affrighted at his own base deed, confess—"My hour is come!" So let it be with all who venture thus to brave such bad pre-eminence.

Four score years have now elapsed since our Nation's era was announced to the world. But yesterday I saw a hale old matron who has witnessed each annual course run by, each anniversary of this day ushered in, from first to last, and who can tell of Otis, Adams, Hancock, Washington and Gen. Howe as she saw them in the streets of Boston, ere the heights of Bunker Hill were stormed, or British troops evacuated that provincial town when she was twelve years old. It seems a dream to her, the time that since hath passed,—a tale half told in haste,—and yet what miracles have waited on the pathway of our Liberty—fair Goddess—even as upon His who laid

the broad foundation of all rational freedom by the divine announcement of the golden rule. Let us a moment glance at her astounding progress.

The geographical position of the old thirteen States included a stretch of territory along the Atlantic borders from Maine to Georgia, about a thousand miles on its eastern limit; its north, as now, terminated by the shores of the St. Lawrence; its west irregularly coursed over the Alleghanies, and on the south united with the Atlantic coast. Less than two hundred miles in average breadth, the area contained a varied territory half wild, half unexplored, and dotted here and there with rude log cabins, where the hardy pioneers had braved the wilderness, to seek their homes upon the frontier and outskirts of civilization.

In all this range there were but three towns of ten thousand inhabitants, and not one of twenty. How wonderful is now the contrast! Instead of thirteen States the galaxy is increased to thirty-one, and each added star is of the first magnitude. Lured by the superior charms of our Constitution, settlers on our southern, western and north-western limits,—from whatever nation,—have coveted to become a part of our federal compact, till by purchase, treaties, and by conquest from English, French and Spaniard, the national flag floats undisputed over three millions of acres, from the vast inland seas of Ontario, Erie and Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico; from the Atlantic Ocean over the peaks of the Rocky Mountains to the

Pacific; and our two hundred miles of breadth of dominion is now increased to more than three thousand.

Cities have multiplied where only the lair of wild beasts had then been located, and a vast population,—almost thirty millions—are as joyfully patriotic to-day as were the villages of Boston and New York three generations ago. Ten men shout hosannas to the Constitution to-day to every one that hailed its adoption.

And what was the state of the nation at its adoption? Listen to the record. The war was at an end, and the United States were recognized by the powers of the earth. But there was really little vitality, and less of union among the people. States insulted the central government, disagreed with each other almost to open rupture concerning land claims, and were often upon the very verge of abandoning Republicanism, and of yielding to the horrors of anarchy, or of returning to Monarchy. Nearly two hundred millions of money had been expended in the war, which by comparative value of specie, added to the advantage of present resources, would be equal to twenty times that sum at this day, or the enormous amount of \$8,000,000,000. The people were halt and maimed, impoverished, dispirited and almost in despair. Rapine and devastation had wasted the land, and there were neither crops, nor husbandmen to till the soil, while commerce was utterly dead or so paralyzed as

to give but little hope of life, and manufactures were almost unknown.

The soldiers disbanded, unable to find employment, without money, their dues unpaid, roved up and down the country to scatter discontent and immorality, and to incense the people against the government, by taunts, that were only too true, of beggary, meanness, and a skeleton without flesh, blood, sinews, or even a dead heart. Its debts were enormous, overdue and dishonored; its currency was like waste paper, depreciating till a hundred of its nominal dollars would only buy a five-cent loaf for a famishing soldier's breakfast. Credit abroad it had none, and at home the States would not respond to its requisitions, while on one occasion a sergeant with a squad of mutineers insultingly entered the very hall of the National Councils, dunned the government for their unpaid wages, and bullied the patriots of the nation without hindrance, even from the militia that were vainly called in aid. Insurrections arose, and such horrible gloom dwelt upon the most hopeful minds at the revolting state of the popular discontent, that the probabilities of a necessary and ignominious retreat to the dominion of Great Britain was openly discussed. Can any picture of society be more pitiable than this, which many a man still living can call to mind!

But the Genius of Liberty had not forsaken the people that she had so long befriended, and so signally delivered from the horrors of war. Or to drop the

imagery of heathen deification,—The God of Battles had not forsaken the infant nation that had been cradled on board the Mayflower, in the ice-bound Bay of Plymouth; nor had the prayers of Puritan Saints yet lost their potency in the ears of the Almighty. The first white banner hung to the wind by your own noble Putnam on Prospect Hill, bore the significant legend — “AN APPEAL TO HEAVEN!” Appropriate blazonry! It was at once a recognition of the need of Divine favor, and of reverence for the faith of the Bible; and in the long agony of suspense and trial and despondency at the close of the war, the good men of the nation were not ashamed to act in its spirit, and seek aid and counsel from Jehovah.

Washington led the way, and fasting, agony and prayer gave witness to the holy fervor with which human weakness sought strength from Heaven!— Would that in this day of our calamity this great Nation felt the truth that “help cometh only from the Lord!” At length the heavens were opened. The day star broke the dawn. A voice of wisdom went out from Virginia, and the people heard it gladly. Wise men gathered at the call from all the Union, and in calm deliberation established that wonderful, unequalled, almost inspired instrument the Constitution of the United States.

Its effect was miraculous. Dissension ceased, the public credit was invigorated, and money was abundant through foreign loans; industry was rewarded,

commerce awoke, the hum of prosperity echoed abroad, and peace and plenty showered innumerable blessings. The young men boasted of their exalted privileges, and were inflamed with a holy ambition to excel in all manly and heroic graces, that they might be worthy of such a glorious inheritance; the aged counselled of the days to come, discoursed proudly of past service done, burned with the old enthusiasm as they "shouldered the crutch and showed how fields were won,"—while maids and matrons added all allurements of domestic bliss by their co-equal share in every duty and every joy.

Time would fail to attempt a bare category of the steps of our high progress, that properly treated would fill volumes. In industrial resources we have kept steady pace with our commercial enterprise, and to-day we have by far the largest mercantile marine on earth, constantly hovering upon the bosom of the great oceans, exchanging commodities of every clime,—our own productions,—for the merchandise of every nation under Heaven. The Arctic and Antarctic Oceans are studded with our whale ships, the Pacific is whitened by our merchantmen, the Indian is hourly ploughed by our clippers, and the Atlantic is awed by the presence of our steam-ships and men-of-war!—Every port on earth does reverence to that ensign which bears the stars that never fade and the colors that never run—floating from the mast head of nearly twenty thousand steamers and vessels of heavy tonnage.

In scientific and internal enterprise we hold a noble rank. Jupiter's thunderbolts were grasped by the hand of our own Franklin, and chained to the circuit of his will, in mild obedience to organic law. Thus made subservient to American intellect, it was for another American to endow the electric principle with the power of speech, where on the magnetic telegraph it talks in silent whispers that echo with instantaneous transit to listening mortals myriad miles away.

Nor less of national pride is due from Fulton's far seeing genius in developing the application of the motive power of steam, whether applied upon the sea or land,—in palaces that fly across the deep, or in meteor trains that dash through mountains, skim along the plains, and annihilate space and time upon the thousand railways that bind with iron bands our otherwise dissevered components together. And last etherial honors gather round another's brow that brought from Nature's alchemy a sovereign antidote for pain,—till as one looks back and contrasts the infancy of this republic with its present manhood, he feels almost transported to some fairy land, and seems to live again, as in his nursery days, in regions where some genii stood unseen at hand to transubstantiate each thought and wish to palpable reality.

These are great and mighty trophies laid upon the altar of liberty, for they result from the enlarged culture of mind and soul, incident to the social, intellectual and moral aims of our institutions. These

last constitute the real character,—these determine the degree and the nature of our national prosperity, and these impel our people to noble aims. They inspire each patriotic bosom with emotions lofty as the canopy of Heaven, extending onward to infinity, and in their results renovating, redeeming, purifying the world itself.

The frictions of the government,—the evil resulting from the blinded passions of selfish men,—the wrongs and outrages of old customs persisted in, are as nothing in comparison with the immeasurable benefits that are constantly extending themselves, and through high example led, by sure degrees assimilating all nations to our standard,—to our methods of government,—to our social equality, based not upon agrarian envy, but upon the high purpose of ennobling all,—and to our free, liberal, yet unyielding hold upon the religious sentiment of humanity, through the free conscience and the Word of God.

Glorious Mission of Liberty, speed on—speed on! Around our lofty mountains,—through our spreading valleys, down our rapid rivers, over our bounding oceans, speed thy godlike way! Let the stars guide thy healthful course by night, and the calm sunshine illumine thy track by day. Infuse the nations with thy life-giving fervor,—till the last vestige of cruelty and wrong,—of ignorance and folly,—of soul-destroying domination of old forms and claims of regal or of priestly type, are banished from the world.

And thou, my country, hold thy high career, unmoved, unmarred, undaunted, singular and grand, as some new planet found of solar power, resplendent glowing on the brow of Heaven, and by its own attraction, force and impetus, moving itself in circuit fixed, and guiding all its satellites in natural orbits, that leave reflected glory as they walk the sky.