
Mr. Wheaton's
ORATION.

AN
ORATION,
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
TAMMANY SOCIETY,
OR
Columbian Order,
AND THE
REPUBLICAN CITIZENS
OF
Providence and its Vicinity,
AT THE
TOWN-HOUSE,
ON THE
ANNIVERSARY OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
JULY 4TH, 1810.

BY HENRY WHEATON, Esq.

PROVIDENCE:

FROM THE PHENIX PRESS.

Providence, July 10th, 1810.

Brother,

WE hereby present you the thanks of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, Beaver Tribe, No. 1, for the elegant, dignified and patriotic Oration delivered by you at their request on the 4th. inst. and request a copy of the same for the press.

Samuel Thurber, }
John Pitman, jun. } *Committee.*
Henry T. Cooke, }

Henry Wheaton, Esq.

Providence, July 10th, 1810.

Brothers,

GRATEFUL as I am for the distinguished honor conferred upon me by the Tammany Society, and for the favor with which they have been pleased to regard my humble efforts to merit their confidence, I can perceive no more proper mode of expressing my gratitude, than by complying with their request made through you.

I am your brother,

Henry Wheaton.

Samuel Thurber,
John Pitman, jun.
Henry T. Cooke, Esquires.

ORATION.

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN!

WE are assembled to celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of our Independence.— For this period of time have we enjoyed the blessings of a free republican government. Of all the blessings of Divine Providence, there is none which confers such true and permanent dignity upon man. If we open the volume of history, we shall find a few pages illumined with the bright rays of liberty; whilst all the rest are blackened and disfigured with the crimes of tyrants, and the sufferings of their unhappy victims. Nor do we always find the reality, where we hear the name of freedom. Her voice is often counterfeited by base hypocrites to disguise a despotism, which is rendered the more cruel and bitter, by being exercised in her holy name. But we have enjoyed the rare felicity of the substance, together with the majestic forms of republican institutions. For thirty-four years we have flourished under the protection of a representative government, and of mild and equal laws.— This government has carried us safely through the fluctuations of a stormy revolution, and has preserved us in a period of the world, unexampled in the magnitude and rapidity of its changes.— Thrones and Commonwealths have been subverted. Nations have passed from the dominion of their ancient kings and lords, through restless, bloody, and ruinous anarchy, into the hands of new dynasties. We are the only republic remaining in the world. Whilst we prostrate ourselves in profound adoration at the feet of that Being, under whose protection we have arrived at this our present maturity

of national greatness, it becomes us seriously to enquire into the causes which raised us to independence; the means of preserving it; the dangers which threaten our liberties, and the precautions by which those dangers may be averted,

The men who first settled this country, and whom we may justly be proud to call our ancestors, were adorned by all those qualities which dignify human nature. Piety, valor, and the love of liberty mingled to form the bright blaze of their excellence. They loved their native land; but they loved more their civil and religious liberties.— Fatigued with the toil of opposing the despotism of the Stuarts, they left their country,—sought a refuge in this new world; and here laid, strong and deep, the foundations of freedom. Notwithstanding their country had cast them from her bosom, and driven them across the stormy ocean, deprived of many of the resources of civilization, and obliged to maintain a precarious contest of arms and of policy to acquire from the natives of these regions a new domain; yet they did not cease to regard that country with filial reverence and affection. They acknowledged the authority of her king. They modelled their policy upon her constitution: but they infused into it a portion of health and vigor derived from the stores of their own inventive wisdom, and gave it more of the manly and athletic form of a republic. In this our native State, they declared, “*that the form of government established should be DEMOCRATICAL*;* and announced their determination “*to hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand, and best be maintained, with a full liberty in religious concerns.*” In thus mingling together the sweets of civil and religious freedom, *Roger Williams*, our immortal founder, was followed by *Cecilius Calvert*, and *William Penn*. These illustrious men exhibited to the world a

* “That is to say, a government held by the free and voluntary consent of all, or the greater part of the free inhabitants.”

spectacle which it had not seen since the days of free Greece and Rome ;—states, where the mind left uncontrolled was suffered to expand in its own luxuriance, and to worship its creator untrammelled by human institutions. “ By a singular felicity, the speculative truths of philosophy have been verified throughout this extensive continent. From the shores of the Atlantic, to the banks of the Mississippi, the citizen chooses his own altar ; the sect provides for its own pastor ; and from independent congregations, uncherished by the partial support of the state, an harmonious moderation is the universal result.” This religious liberty we have ever cherished as “ the immediate jewel of our souls.” It well deserves our affectionate attachment ; and ought to be handed down to our posterity unincumbered and unwasted, as the brightest, best inheritance we can leave them.

Under such auspices, our country continued to grow, and flourish, and lift up its head as a distinguished member of the British empire. What we received from Britain in protection, we more than repaid her in our unshaken attachment ; in the monopoly of our trade, which we suffered her to enjoy ; and in appealing to her as our common umpire. So long as she continued satisfied with this substantial pre-eminence, we were contented and happy. But when she became intoxicated with prosperity, and flushed with her recent triumphs over her ancient enemy, the demon of ambition descended and took full possession of her breast. She attempted to load us with tribute ; and added insult to meditated injury, by accusing us of ingratitude. But we repelled her unmerited reproaches, and scorched the terrors of her power. In vain did her best patriots and heroes warn her to beware how she provoked the slumbering, but fierce spirit of freedom. In vain did they with prophetic genius predict, that this infant Hercules would arise, and strangle with his young arms the serpent who sought his destruction. The fathers of our country solemnly appealed to their British brethren. Had

they not "been deaf to the voice of consanguinity;"—had they checked the corruption of their own government, we might have been a free and a great people together. But a communication of grandeur and of freedom, it seems, was below their dignity: The road to happiness and to glory was, however, open to us alone. We have climbed it apart from them; and we have arrived at an eminence of guiltless fame, where we have no reason to envy the glittering splendor of their banners,

"Though, fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
"They mock the air with idle state."

It would be difficult, and might be invidious, to assign to any one of the numerous patriots and sages who planned the great work of our national independence, their due share of praise. But the man who had the honor to take the lead in expressing the determination of America not to submit to British tribute, was *Patrick Henry*. This great man saw with the rapid glance of genius the nature of the crisis, produced by the imposition of the stamp tax. Anticipating the necessity of our making a firm stand at this first encroachment upon our rights, he moved in the Assembly of Virginia those famous and daring resolutions, by which the authority of the British king and parliament to levy taxes upon this country was denied, and our other natural and civil rights were asserted. Massachusetts added the weight of her voice to the noble declaration of her elder sister. Her patriots, *Hancock*, the two *Adamses* and *Gerry*, hastened to the councils of their country. Her *Warren* rushed to the field of battle, and sealed our freedom with his blood. The wonderful events of the contest which followed; its battles; its sieges; the matchless examples of disinterested patriotism, undaunted valor, and patient endurance of poverty, pain, disease, and death, which distinguished it have been recorded with the faithful pen of history.—Poetry has exerted her powers of invention to bind the brows of our heroes with the laurels of various fame. Eloquence has been lavish in the donation of

applause. Still these praises have not risen to the sublime elevation of their souls. Human language cannot do them justice.—But whilst we confess our inability to confer upon these great men the rewards they have merited; let us remember that it was in order that we might be free, and great, and happy, that they fought, and toiled, and bled. Let us remember that they were educated in the school of manly, rational piety; and as much excelled their enemies in virtue, magnanimity, and patience in adverse fortune, as they surpassed them in courage, and in the justice of their cause. And shall we, my countrymen, in the maturity of our national strength; with the rich resources accumulated in a long period of peace and prosperity; and when we have acquired a name and a rank among the nations,—shall we bow our necks to that yoke which our ancestors disdain- ed; and to avoid submission to which, they endured so many privations, made so many sacrifices, resist- ed so many temptations, and overcome such formi- dable obstacles? Has the soul-subduing spirit of av- arice so benumbed us, that we are insensible of shame; lost to glory; and forgetful of the deeds of our ancestors? Their history reads to us a lesson, which, if we have understandings to comprehend, or hearts to feel, cannot be wholly lost upon us. It ad- monishes us to union; it speaks in a voice of indig- nation to our contending factions, and commands them to be still; to cease their rude clamors, and to sacrifice upon the altar of their country their mis- chievous passions. It invokes the genius of patriot- ism to shine forth, and dissipate the mists of preju- dice, and the noxious vapors of foreign influence, which infect our air with contagion; eradicate from our hearts the last lingering sentiment of love to our native land; and stifle in our bosoms every feeling of national pride. Notwithstanding the horrors and sufferings of our revolution; notwithstanding the multiplied wrongs we have ever since endured from Britain, and which make the cheek to burn with shame at a recital of them; yet a British influence has silently and imperceptibly gained a control in our country. It has perplexed and dashed our ma-

turest counsels; has again and again threatened to break in pieces our national union, and to involve us in a British alliance; that grave which yawns to swallow up our independence. It has excited a false and delusive cry of a French influence, to divert the attention of the people from its own dangerous arts. It has dared to accuse the author of the Declaration of Independence; the man who had been the foremost to incur the certain vengeance of our enemies had they succeeded in reducing us to slavery; of being a traitor to his country, and sold to a foreign power. But where are the means of establishing the influence of France in our country? We never have been her subjects. Her laws, her manners, her religion, her literature, her language, are all foreign to us. Are we enamoured of the lustre of the Imperial diadem, and the flow of the purple? Are we dazzled with the hierarchy of civil distinctions, and the stars, robes, and decorations which mark them? Have we been suddenly captivated with the charms of military despotism, and the pomp of an established religion? It is true, and we do not hesitate to avow, that we felt the sentiment of gratitude to France for the aid she afforded us in our struggle against the formidable power of Britain.— We disdained to enquire into the motives which dictated her interference, satisfied that she conducted with good faith towards us. When her revolution commenced, we hailed it as the harbinger of returning reason and reformation. The flower of her youth, who had drawn their swords in the defence of our freedom, led the way in this enterprize. Our feelings of gratitude were expanded into the most enthusiastic admiration of their virtue and valor, and the most lively solicitude for the success of their cause. But this bright dawn was soon overshadowed with clouds and darkness; and settled into the gloom of midnight; where the lights of religion and of science being extinguished, man was left to grope his way in ignorance; and treading back the paths of civilization, devoted his whole soul to the barbarous work of destruction, of blood, and of slaughter. Constitution after constitution was established, violated, and overthrown. Our sympathy was soon

extinguished in disgust; which was increased by the unjust conduct of France towards us, and the other neutral powers. We have since continued to hold her, as we hold the rest of mankind—an enemy in war, in peace a friend.—On the other hand we see the fruits of British influence arrived at the maturity of corruption. We have heard the injuries of Britain justified; her insults palliated; and submission to her wrongs recommended by our venal orators. When she sent a man to us, reeking from the slaughter of Copenhagen, but clothed with the sacred robes of a minister of peace, who dared to insult the government of this nation in a manner which it had never yet submitted to endure, we saw with mingled anxiety and shame for our distracted country, his conduct defended, and the reality of the disgrace with which we were threatened, denied. We saw the legislators of a neighboring state, usurping the functions of the national government, and descending to impose upon the people an apology for his insolence, the work of elaborate sophistry, and revolting to common sense. It is time that this baleful influence was extirpated from our land. It is time that we assumed a national character; that we became AMERICANS.

As you are not biassed by the influence of France, so I trust you do not stand in dread of her power. “Fear admitted into public counsels betrays like treason.” It is a base and ignoble passion; but contagious and fatal in its progress. It is this fear of France which is the main foundation of that partiality to Britain, which inclines so many of our citizens to rely upon her naval power as the palladium of our independence. It is this which makes them blind to the light of historical experience. It is this which renders them deaf to the eloquent ruins of so many ancient and modern states, who have fallen victims to their reliance upon foreign protection; a protection, in which there is no security different from his, who stipulates for the preservation of his property when he becomes a slave.—What in the eye of God is the power of Napoleon,—

“His iron crown, and empire of a day?”

Though it lay its foundations deep in the earth ; rear aloft its adamantine pillars ; and guard its avenues with the watchful discipline and formidable arm of military strength ; to the sober eye of reason, it has no terrors that should appal a people, prepared to make every sacrifice of blood, of toil, and of treasure, necessary to preserve that inheritance which was handed down to them by their ancestors.— Should we be such a people, we may smile at every danger, and roll back the tide of every invasion.— But should we lean upon any other power for support, we should run into the very danger we meant to avoid. British alliance leads with a rapid and precipitate descent to inevitable destruction. Such has been the career which every other nation has run before us ; and such the fatal goal at which they have all arrived. In the governments of either of these countries we shall find little to admire, little to imitate ; or which should allure us to a political connection with either. For the perfection to which they have carried the arts and sciences that contribute to improve and adorn human life, they deserve the respect and gratitude of mankind. But all these without the enjoyment of civil freedom, are but worthless weeds. It is this alone which completely develops the faculties of man ; which reminds him of his divine origin ; and elevates him to the proper dignity of his nature.

The claim of the English to superior antiquity of freedom is the vain boast of national vanity.— The superior stability of their constitution exists in imagination alone. Before the time of *William the Conqueror*, they enjoyed the same wild and savage liberty, that all the other nations of Europe who emigrated from the woods of Germany possessed. That conqueror planted deep the roots of the feudal system, which grew up under his successors, covered the land with darkness, and blasted every salutary plant with its noxious shade. From the time of the admission of the Commons as a constituent part of Parliament, they were regarded as greatly the inferiors of the Barons ; and all mea-

sures which they ventured to originate, were couch-
 ed in the humble form of petitions. Under the *Tu-*
dors the whole Parliament was the humble instru-
 ment of the Prince. *Henry the Eighth* procured an
 act giving to his proclamation the full force of law ;
 and the omission of his stern successors entirely to
 abolish the national legislature, can only be account-
 ed for by the contempt they must have felt for bodies
 of men, who had proved so servilely compliant with
 their most extravagant and wicked desires. They
 could not imagine that these assemblies, then laying
 prostrate at their feet, would afterwards rise, and
 even dare their monarchs to the field, and lead them
 to the scaffold, to avenge the violated rights of the
 people. By the expulsion of the *Stuarts*, the con-
 stitution seemed to be fixed upon the basis of free-
 dom and balanced power. In the long and bloody
 contest against this arbitrary house, and in the great
 work of the English revolution, our ancestors dis-
 tinguished themselves among the foremost.—Even
 the historian *Hume* has acknowledged, that “to
 these *fanatics*, the English nation is indebted for
 whatever of freedom it enjoys.” We accept the
 compliment, whilst we despise the sarcasm.—But
 corruption soon began to moulder away the founda-
 tions of the structure they had contributed to raise,
 and has at last covered the whole body of the state
 with her corroding poison. The suspension of the
 Habeas Corpus, now become inveterate, has taken
 away the great security against arbitrary imprison-
 ment ; the government threatens to become a mili-
 tary despotism ; and the English people appear to
 be upon the verge of another struggle, which fore-
 bodes a more violent and sanguinary conflict, than
 any they have yet endured.—If we turn our eyes to-
 wards France, shall we observe a more exhilarating
 prospect ? Is it the departed despotism of the Bour-
 bons we are called upon to admire and regret ? Is it
 the revolutionary anarchy which followed, which
 mocked and blasted the hopes of its votaries, and held
 forth the most splendid prospects of improvement,
 only to delude and to destroy ? Or do the Imperial
 virtues of Napoleon challenge our homage ? The

magnanimity of Julius Cæsar spared the Roman people the institutions they so dearly cherished, as his clemency spared the lives of his most determined enemies. The subtle policy of Augustus preserved the forms and decorations of the republic.—Fear restrained Cromwell from placing the kingly crown upon his head. But Napoleon disdains any such compromise with his subjects. Securing his new throne by alliance with those ancient families whose roots have struck deep in the European soil, and binding his brows with victorious wreaths, he marches on to his object.—The freedom of speech, and of the press, in a country where the right of trial by jury, and the privilege of the Habeas Corpus are unknown, is indulged no farther than the pleasure of the sovereign permits. A jealous and vigilant police watch with anxiety the slightest breeze of commotion, and repress with rigor every murmur of complaint. The unhappy victim of oppression has no refuge secure from their activity, and their power. A pensioned priesthood adorned with the pomp, and armed with the terrors of religion, teach the maxims of arbitrary power; and fawning courtiers denounce the best ordered Republic as an odious and contemptible anarchy. But though *Napoleon* may bury deep under his throne every vestige of freedom, and hope to redeem himself from the inexorable justice of history, by adding to his other glories that of patronizing the arts and sciences; yet he will in vain attempt to obliterate from the minds of men the memory of that usurpation, by which he rose to power, and of the violated oaths, by which he taught them to expect that he would aspire to imitate the truly glorious part of *Washington*, by laying down that power when he had secured the independence of his country. In vain would he excuse himself by appealing to the grandeur to which his genius and talents have elevated France. National grandeur is but splendid misery unless it promote the public felicity, and is consistent with national freedom.—Dark and desponding as this picture may appear, its coloring must still be heightened to represent the features of the enor-

mous tyranny and oppression of the other governments of Europe and of the world: and the more nearly we contemplate them, the more reason shall we find to cherish and revere those institutions, which the wisdom of our ancestors established, and which we have improved. Alas! when we have come to the base determination of surrendering our independence, it will be idle to contend for the choice of masters. The boasted superiority of freedom enjoyed by this or that foreign nation will avail us little in a state of vassalage and colonial dependency. What we may expect from the tender mercies of Britain, let the experience of our fathers; let the fate of Ireland and of India; let the cruel destiny of Tippoo and Nundcomar; of Emmett, and of Tone, determine.

Among the means of preserving the distinguished blessings we enjoy, military skill and valor are to be placed in the foremost rank. Providence has ordained in the eternal constitution of things that independence and freedom should be preserved by the strength of arms. The very genius of our government; the principles of justice; and the precepts of religion all forbid our engaging in wars of conquest. But to preserve peace, we must ever be prepared for war. There is no doubt that honesty is the best policy for nations, as well as in the individual intercourse of mankind. But no integrity or purity of conduct can always secure a nation from the necessity of resorting to this last appeal. The peculiar circumstances of our country, preventing us from keeping on foot a regular force sufficient for its defence, render it indispensable that the people should be armed and disciplined. Without discipline, they would be as impotent as if without arms; and the recent improvements in military tactics have rendered that discipline which once led armies to victory, the certain presage of defeat and disgrace. I know it has been a favorite opinion with many of our fellow-citizens, that the sea is the element upon which we are to win renown and riches; and that the establishment of a navy would form a shield for

the protection of our commerce, secure us against invasion, and signalize the valor, skill and activity of our countrymen. But if we recollect that a maritime force adequate to these ends, would absorb in its support the whole profits of this commerce, and could only be manned by an invasion of the liberty of a whole class of our citizens by impressments, we shall have reason to doubt the soundness of this opinion. This allusion to impressments reminds us of that foul disgrace to our national reputation, which withers the laurels acquired in the war of our revolution, and almost effaces the glories of its triumphs. The American citizen is seized by ruffian violence; his body is seamed with cruel scars; his limbs are mutilated; his free, manly, and erect spirit is broken down; and he is constrained to fight the battles of his oppressors, through this barbarous, bloody, and interminable war. We have ransomed with our superfluous wealth our unfortunate brethren who were enslaved by the barbarians of Africa; but we suffer these our countrymen to linger out their existence in a still more degrading servitude. We have shouted—*Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute!*—whilst we pay to this grim idol the tribute of the toil, the liberty, and the blood of thousands of our citizens, and deem the sacrifice, “no essential injury.”—When, my countrymen, shall this stain upon our national honor be wiped away? The pirates of Barbary have felt the thunders of our infant navy; but their terrors have not been able to secure our citizens from this ignominy. Three years have now elapsed since the treacherous attack on the Chesapeake. Within sight of those shores, where Cornwallis and his captive legions laid down their arms, the standard of our Union drooped with disgrace. The American eagle flagged his wing.

“Quench'd in dark clouds of lumber lie

“The terror of his beak, and lightening of his eye.”

Three times have we assembled to celebrate with festive joy, and pæans of triumphant exultation the natal day of our freedom. Yet this base aggression

remains without atonement. Without atonement ! did I say ? It is still continued, and aggravated by the detention of our citizens who were thus taken in defiance of the universal law and usage of nations.— It is disavowed in *form* ; but it is acknowledged in *fact* ; and we are now told by the man, who bore to Denmark the mandate which consigned her capital to the flames, that no satisfaction whatever will be rendered for it, unless we recognize the right of his master to persist in the very practice, of which we so justly complain.

The most numerous and best disciplined armies and navies, and even the most perfect military organization of a whole people, are alone insufficient for the security of freedom. Her citadel may lift its lofty turrets in proud defiance of open menaces and assaults ; whilst its foundations are secretly and imperceptibly sapped and crumbled to ruin, or its garrison is excited to foul revolt by the intriguing arts of its foes. A nation may be conquered, without being invaded ; and the liberties of Republics have not always been subverted in the open field. The soul of Roman freedom had fled, before *the last of the Romans* made his gallant effort on the plains of Phillippi to avert or protract the fate of his country. An ignorant people is a blind and terrible instrument in the hands of men of criminal ambition. Such a people cannot be free. They are the slaves of their own intemperate passions. They are inflamed to madness by every breath of jealousy ; they are captivated by the syren voice of flattery ; and with alternate capriciousness, exalt their favorites to the throne of popularity, raise to them altars and triumphal arches, crown them with flowers, fume them with incense ; and then suddenly hurl them down, drag them to loathsome dungeons, dash in pieces their statues, and lead them to the scaffold. The spirits of the pure patriots and benefactors of their country, immolated at the bloody shrine of popular ingratitude, of Barneveldt, and the illustrious De Witts,

cry to us from their tombs—*Enlighten your people ! Scatter among them the seeds of knowledge ; and you shall reap the golden fruits of gratitude from “ men,”*

“ High-minded men.

“ Who know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.”

Let us not, my countrymen, afford to the world the disgraceful spectacle of a people, the virtue, intelligence, and public spirit of whose ancestors, laid the foundations of independence, which their posterity were unqualified to maintain. Let us not in the miserable pursuit of superfluous wealth, suffer the weeds of ignorance to shoot up in rank luxuriance, and stifle in their growth the humble, but useful plants of knowledge. Let not freedom faint and expire in this her last asylum. To us is committed the charge of sustaining her sacred flame. If it is here extinguished, “ we know not where is that Promethean heat that can its light relume.” Ages of slavery and darkness may intervene, before the world is again revived and cheered with its beneficent rays. Let it no longer be the reproach of our country, that in many parts of it, the means of knowledge are much less generally diffused ; the institutions of learning much fewer in number, and much worse conducted, than in some of the monarchies of the old world ; where information is so dangerous to the ruling powers, that they are compelled to counteract its influence, by the imposing terrors of an oppressive military force, by a fettered press, and the secret arts of corruption. In a free state, like ours, the energy and wisdom of the public counsels depends upon the intelligence and virtue of the people. Government can supply the mind, the providential sagacity, the fortitude and skill, which are necessary to give effect to the popular resolution ; but it cannot breathe into the souls of a people, indifferent to the charms of freedom, and insensible of its value, this divine essence. Independence is not to be taken up as an idle pageant, and laid down again with childish inconstancy. Nor

can it be yielded in fragments, first to one power, and then to another. By blood and toil obtained, by vigilance and fortitude must it be defended and preserved. It is the prize of successful valor; and rapacity is ever ready to wrest it from the unsteady grasp of weakness. The great object for which nations have ever been contending, and for which we see a world in arms, is the power to manage their own affairs without foreign interference or controul. And if there be an object worth contention, it is surely this. It is the sense of national independence, in which the energy and free spirit of a people, and all that is great and patriotic, reside; and without which, a nation becomes poor, and languid, sunk and degraded, even in its own esteem. We need but cast our eyes around us to see how far we have degenerated from the frugality, the probity, and the public spirit of our ancestors, through the corrupting influence of inordinate and long protracted prosperity. The spirit of speculation has been let loose to prey upon the morals, the manners, and to break up, and destroy, the natural order and progress of society. The improvement of the mind, the cultivation of the liberal arts, the care of the national glory, have been postponed to the pursuit of wealth, in which all rush on, regardless of nobler objects.— The prosperity we have enjoyed whilst the rest of the world has been involved in the horrors of war, it is true, has improved and adorned the face of our country. It has furnished us with all the elegant enjoyments and liberal pleasures of life. It has built cities and towns; opened roads and dug canals; given a new incitement to the industry of the cultivator; and “caused the wilderness to blossom like the rose.” But, at the same time, it has enervated and unmanned our souls. It has taught us to estimate national injuries solely by the loss of money they occasion; and to count for nothing the loss of blood, and lives, and liberty; and what is the crown of a nation’s glory, of reputation. It has forced into existence by its unnatural heat, an aristocracy, founded, not upon the conscious possession of talents fitted to sway and to lead, and of virtues entitled to

command ; not upon liberal education and accomplishments ; not upon the pride of illustrious ancestry ; but upon the miserable distinction of wealth acquired without moderation, and expended without dignity. The immortal trophies of Trenton, of Saratoga, and of Yorktown, reproach our inglorious ease and indifference to national honor. The spirits of the departed sages who watched in the council, and of the heroes who died in the field, to raise, not themselves, but their country, to greatness, look down upon their posterity, and call upon us to defend the sacred work of their hands. They felt how sweet it is to die for our country. They command us not to despair, since that resource at last will be left us. If this fair fabric of national freedom, reared by the hands of genius and virtue ; and cemented by the blood of the patriots, who fell in the field of battle, who perished in the prisons of the invader, or expired upon the scaffold, defying the horrors of ignominious death, must fall, at least, let it never fall through our pusillanimity. —

“ Thy spirit, INDEPENDENCE, let us share,
 “ Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
 “ Thy footsteps follow, with our bosoms bare,
 “ Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.”

