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Clough, John.

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ADDRESS,

DELIVERED

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1801,

BEFORE THE

Franklin Typographical Association

OF NEW-YORK,

AND A SELECT COMPANY.



BY JOHN CLOUGH.



Published by request of the Association.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY GEORGE P. HOPKINS,
WASHINGTON'S HEAD.

*At a special Meeting of the Franklin Typo-
graphical Association of New-York,*

July 6th, 1801,

RESOLVED,

THAT the Vice-President present the Thanks of this ASSOCIATION to Mr. CLOUGH, for preparing and delivering an ADDRESS, in Commemoration of the twenty-sixth Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, and likewise request a Copy for Publication.

(Copy)

G. BRUCE, *Secretary.*

ADDRESS.

Friends ! Brothers !

TWELVE months have now elapsed, since this ASSOCIATION convened, to commemorate the twenty-fifth Anniversary of our Country's Independence. You were then addressed by a worthy Member of this Society*—a Man, whose literary talent has ever claimed your commendation.

THE honor of addressing you on this occasion, was by me unsought for :—Conscious of my inability, I almost shrink from the responsibility of the undertaking—Yet, relying on your candor, permit me, whilst I acknowledge your respectful compliment, to solicit your attention and indulgence, while I endeavor to discharge the duty you have been pleased to assign me.

ON this auspicious Day, throughout our far-spreading empire, the heart of every *good* American beats high with rapture, in commemoration of that eventful period, which *gave Liberty to our*

* Mr. Henry Gird, jun.

now happy Country, and freed us from the shackles of European Tyranny.

THROUGHOUT our spacious city, what multitudes are assembled on this joyful occasion!—from the hoary Veteran, who nobly risked his life in defence of our Rights, to the Youth who stands ever ready to avenge his Country's wrongs, all reciprocating each other's joys; and, while the soul, enraptured, views the scene, the bliss is heightened by the smiles of the virtuous Fair.

AND yet, experience teaches us, that there is no happiness without alloy. Amid the full-tide of conviviality, while our hearts are elated by every pleasing hope, and our countenances evidence the satisfaction of our minds, there is a subject, which, if we again contemplate, will awaken our warmest susceptibility, and call forth every emotion of sympathetic grief—*Washington!* the commander of our armies, the father of our country, our friend, our beneficent friend, has long since been numbered with the silent dead.

IN remembrance of his virtuous and patriotic services, let us indulge the tear of filial gratitude. He was the founder of our Republic—our defence in war, and our guide in peace.

WHEN proud oppression, with gigantic force, reared its hideous front, and threatened the exter-

mination of every social blessing—when an usurping power, skilled in all the arts of war, levied its thunders against our dearest rights, WASHINGTON, the illustrious WASHINGTON, was our champion. At that awful crisis, obedient to his country's wish, he assumed the command of its armies—Under his banner have our fathers fought, under his guidance achieved those inestimable privileges, which we, their offspring, so dearly prize.

To pourtray, with justice, the character of our departed hero, were a task for the most glowing pencil—Hundreds, eminently skilled in the paths of literature, have attempted a delineation of his achievements and his virtues—but found language too futile. How inadequate, then, to a theme so dignified, are my poor conceptions. If we retrospect, where shall we find such pre-eminent excellence? where such an assemblage of virtues concentrated in an individual character? All parts of his conduct were consistent, and connected with one general principle; they all cooperated to one final event—*The establishment of the Liberties of his Country.* His disinterested patriotism and valor have excited the admiration of the world!

Is it enough to say, WASHINGTON deserved well *only* of his country? O no! It were to detract from his merit. Our much lamented chief was the benefactor of *universal society*—And I may

venture to pronounce, that were mankind to im-
bibe and practise the example he has left them,
“Vice in its high career would stand appall’d,
and heedless rambling impulse learn to think.”
Virtue would soar pre-eminent, and the hearts of
millions become the possessors of its benign in-
fluence.

SELF-INTEREST was never the actuating princi-
ple of our departed hero: ambition could never
find sanctuary in his soul. Possessing the best
conceptions of rational liberty, and a hatred to
those measures which stimulated the conduct of
the enemies of his country, he nobly risked his
life in its emancipation. Vicissitude and danger
were ever his attendants; yet his fortitude, his
heroic fortitude, was still their superior.

Ask the chieftains, the co-partners of his mili-
tary career, of his valor and his magnanimity!
Ask of them the motive for the disinterested
patriotism of their leader! Ask them why, when
imminent danger awaited their gallant chief—
when the invading foe, with treble numbers,
threatened the destruction of his worn-down
ranks, why, at a moment so big with disastrous
fate, he did not shrink from a sense of duty, and
abandon the unequal contest?

WHAT will they reply? Will they tell you, that
the conduct of WASHINGTON was ever reprehens-
ible?—If they advert to his valor and to his pru-

dence, will they not say, that the *former* was ever subservient to the *latter*? That, amidst the greatest danger, he was self-collected?—That, “when combating superior and gallant men, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of his country’s safety, undismayed by disaster, unchanged by change of fortune.”

THE establishment of our Independence, he sought with ardor; “he fought and conquered.”

AFTER the great events of the Revolution were happily terminated in favor of his country, our beloved Commander retired to the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon. View him, then, in the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity—possessing “a tear for pity, and a hand open as day to melting charity.” The needy ever found a cheerful welcome to his bounty.

AMERICANS! While you mourn the loss of your departed Hero, do not your bosoms glow with transport, from the recollection that the best and most beloved of men, was your countryman?—Yes, WASHINGTON was an American!—Future generations will revere his inestimable worth, and his memory will live until

“THE cloud-cap’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 “The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 “Yea, all that it inhabit, shall *dissolve*;
 “And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 “Leave not a *rack* behind.”

