
SOUTHARD'S ORATION.

AN
ORATION,
DELIVERED AT FLEMINGTON,
HUNTERDON COUNTY,
STATE OF NEW-JERSEY,
ON THE FOURTH OF JULY,
1811,
BY SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD, ESQ.



TRENTON:
PRINTED BY JAMES ORAM.
.....
1811.

Flemington, July 8, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

IN compliance with the wishes of a number of citizens of this place and its vicinity, as well as that of our own, we have to request, that the address you delivered at this place on the fourth instant, in commemoration of the Independence of the United States, be published; and that you will be pleased to furnish a copy thereof for that purpose.

By Order of the Committee of Arrangement,

THOMAS GORDON, Chairman.

SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD, Esq.



DEAR SIR,

I enclose you the copy of the address you requested in your note of the 8th inst. You are acquainted with the circumstances of haste and inconvenience under which it was written; and though they will perhaps afford but a slight apology to the critic for its defects, they will furnish my excuse to you, and those in whose name you wrote, for the hesitation with which your request has been complied with.

I am, &c.

SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD.

MR. THOMAS GORDON.

Flemington, July 11, 1811.

AN

ORATION,

Æc. Æc.



Citizens of the American Republic,

THAT Declaration of Independence which has been read to you, was the first act of our nation, when it emerged from the thralldom of colonial subjection, and assumed the rights of political freedom. On this day, thirty-five years ago, was that declaration made; and you are now assembled to review the events which arose out of it, and to pay your tribute to the memory of those men, to whose virtue we owe it. Expressions of gratitude, are the best reward of the hero, the sweetest recompence for the benefactors of a nation—while the celebration of events, which have advanced or secured the happiness or glory of a people, has a salutary influence in producing a desire to emulate the deeds of greatness; and continue to after times, the benefits resulting from them. Hence, most of the festivals of savage, as well as civilized man, have been designed to commemorate the facts, which best adorned their national character, and best allured their citizens to virtue. But those, which you now celebrate, stand alone in the annals of the world; and I should attempt, with insuperable confusion, to pronounce their eulogy, in the presence of an assembly, where so many countenances present me with the features of strangers, did I not hope, that your charity for my effort would equal your patriotism; and that an unadorned

mention of facts and consequences, would better answer the object of your meeting, than the boldest exertions of eloquence. Indeed, the fame of our revolution can receive no aid from eloquence; the eagle eye of genius blenches while contemplating it—the imagination can add no tint of colouring to the reality. We celebrate not the successful ambition of a conqueror, the surrender of rights, or the defeat of the faint and feeble efforts of suffering humanity. These are fit causes for the *jubilees* and *te deum*'s of European subjects, but not for the triumphs of American patriots. *They* can exult in the recovery of a *lunatic monarch*, or the birth of the *King of Rome*, in the web of whose fate is probably interwoven the misery of millions yet unborn. *We* find prouder themes for gratulation, in the establishment of liberty of conscience, and freedom in the enjoyments and pursuits of life. On this day, then, a day sacred to virtue and to liberty, let us hastily review the growth of that people, whose independence was proclaimed, the situation and designs of those who proclaimed it, and the effects which have resulted from it.

The circumstances which principally led to the first settlement of this country, marked it as the destined residence of equal liberty and equal rights. An oppressive civil and ecclesiastical tyranny in Europe, had obliged the friends of freedom to seek its enjoyments in other regions. For this purpose they traversed an almost unknown ocean, and colonized a wilderness, where civilization had sent forth no solitary echo; a wilderness impregnated with dangers and with death. Undistinguished by birth, by blood, or by fortune; and, having known the fruits of that oppression which proceeds from power without responsibility, they determined to guard against it, by the formation of simple governments—in some instances of pure democracies. The spirit which conducted their enterprise nurtured their infant powers into a vigorous growth. Nothing in history presents a parallel to the rapidity of their progress towards numbers and power. The little babe of outcasts, whose only intercourse was with barbarians; whose only subjects of contemplation were the terrific howlings of the desert, and the infernal orgies of

savage man : shot, like an infant Hercules, into vigour, and became an object worthy the grasp of ambition. As such, Great-Britain would have secured them, for an early and a lasting prey ; but the blindness of her blundering cabinet defeated her wishes, and tore from her crown the brightest jewel that ever adorned a royal diadem. Too tyrannical to be wise, too avaricious to be just, she disregarded the plainest suggestions of reason ; and heard, unmoved, the prophetic warnings of her ablest statesmen. Her “ long train of abuses pursuing invariably the same object,” and which are enumerated in the causes, which impelled to separation ; “ her repeated injuries and usurpations ;” her “ every act which could define a tyrant,” evinced her design “ to reduce them under absolute despotism.” and the necessity there was “ to provide new guards for their future security.” Till at length by one fatal exertion, she intended forever to rivet their chains, and convert her colonies into slaves, as submissive and afflicted as the subjects of the Ottoman Dominion. Confiding too strongly in her power, she hoped so to place her engines of authority, as to defeat hope and repress expectation. Then it was that this people found it necessary to be heard, and by the voice of those venerable men, whose names have been read, a final separation and complete independence was proclaimed : her government rejected ; her subjects held “ like the rest of mankind ; enemies in war, in peace, friends.”

Great-Britain might have anticipated such a result. She should have known that a race of men, sprung from the struggles for liberty in Europe ; whose religious and political principles spurned all subjection ; and who had endured every suffering in the catalogue of human ills, that they might worship unrestrained at the shrine of liberty ; would never become, and remain slaves, without a resistance ; and be taxed by a government, in which they had no voice—by a government, from which they were receiving only insults and injuries. Such men could never bear a “ perfect uncompensated slavery,” and endured the weight of internal and external taxation, superadded to the monopolizing prohibitions of a navigation act. There is a point in the sensibility of nations

and of men, at which patience and submission terminate ; there are bounds which human endurance will not suffer to be overrun. These are, where “ forbearance involves the surrender of honor, of property and of self-government. Beyond these, all is degradation, destruction and death.” The oppressions of the British government, and the principles for which it contended ; would have irrevocably prostrated these bounds. It was not alone the tax on tea, which produced resistance, it was, the precedent to be established by that tax ; it was, the principle of taxation without representation. The tax might easily have been paid, but the payers would have been slaves. Here, then was the origin of the revolutionary struggle. The actors sought a government, which should recognise the representative system—which should secure a freedom prescribed and bounded by laws, made only by themselves ; or, what is virtually the same, by their representatives. Hence the motives of those who formed the declaration of our Independence, and who fought our battles ; furnish a theme on which we may dwell with satisfaction and improvement. They felt the truth, which tyrants and their flatterers have dared to dispute “ that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” They felt too, that duty forbid them to destroy their own blessings, and consign themselves and their posterity to a tearless tyranny. They saw unlimited submission, and boundless oppression, following with rapid stride the encroachments on their rights—they reasoned upon principles, they reflected upon consequences. They beheld, on the one hand, war, devastation and blood ; yet succeeded by the fairest prospects of national felicity—on the other ; subjection, dependence, despair. Penetrating the long vista of succeeding ages, they saw the fate of countless thousands suspended on their conduct ; and, from the recesses of future years, the voice of posterity sounded an admonition to preserve a happy destiny for their country. To what sublimity of virtue did the human character then ascend ! Witness the scenes which succeeded—witness, ye martyred heroes. It was a

great moment—a moment of magnanimity, and of revolution in the moral and political world—when thought dared to scintillate in the atmosphere of thrones—when the murky influence of tyranny yielded to intelligence—when *self* was forgotten in a sacred devotion to country. This was the moment which brought to light those flowers of public virtue, which would have “blushed unseen, and wasted their sweetness on the desert air”—when, like the fabled goddess of wisdom and of arms, statesmen, sages, and warriors sprung into existence, full-grown, and prepared to save a sinking nation. How faint, by their side, are the assembled glories of the congregated hosts of despots!—how vile are all the honours and the fame, which blood and conquest can bestow.

It is a sublime spectacle, to contemplate the progress of events as they follow—to see, a simple, yet intelligent people, without arms, without wealth, without even the advantages of a concentrated authority; and scattered over the surface of an hundred millions of square miles; as if, by one generous impulse which beat in every vein, rise from dependant vassalage and emancipate a whole continent—and this too while their enemy was in the zenith of power and pre-eminence; possessing fifty millions of Asiatic subjects, with all their wealth and industry; with an undisputed domain from the Mississippi to the Frozen North; the real arbitress of the Ocean: and through the imbecility of the crowned heads, and corruption of the courts of Europe; actually holding in her hand the balance of power, and marshalling nations at her will. Yet when she poured out the vials of her wrath on this new-born people, they did not slavishly yield to the fear of so much power, and the difficulties which environed them; but resisted with memorable and awful effect.

Vain would be a hope to give the appearance and effect of novelty, to those scenes, whether disastrous or fortunate, which mark that dark and dreary, yet illustrious period. But repetition will not cloy, for patriotism loves to dwell upon the view: it delights to contemplate the unanimity of our countrymen in danger, and their promptitude to sacrifice private and individual interests, to the commonweal—to admire that wisdom, which so happily

seized upon events as they arose, and so fortunately guided their movements—to follow our little band of warriors, now retreating before superiour numbers and discipline, now pouring destruction on the embattled hosts of the despot, now receiving the weapons of death into their own bosoms, weltering in their blood, and in the last agonies of expiring nature, ejaculating blessings on their country, and urging their companions to perseverance. These things, fill with admiration every soul, not entirely callous; and compel us at least for a moment to feel like patriots. Who has not heard, with alternate fear and exultation, the varied success? Who has not listened with patriotic emotion to the accents of those, who themselves had borne a part, (and some such are now within these walls) while the exploits have been recounted—the battles fought anew—and Montgomery and Mercer bled again? who has not been led in raptured fancy, over each scene where the hero's path is marked, and where the warrior suffered? Who but has heard of Bunker's bloody heights—of Guilford and the Eutaw—of Saratoga and of Freehold—of the banks of the Delaware—the lawns of Princeton, and the capture at York-Town. On these fields of carnage, our independence was won, our happiness was achieved—there, was displayed an unsullied purity of principle and a resistless energy of valor. There, our fathers gave practical proofs, of the motives which led them on to battle, and poured out their lives to secure our liberties. Generous men! you fell a ready and willing, but precious, sacrifice; and your reward shall be a deathless fame. What, though they did not live to see the fabric of their country's independence completed; we will never forget that the foundations were cemented with their blood. Their names shall be repeated while liberty can find an advocate—memory shall retrace their every virtue—fancy shall wreath their gallant brows with unfading laurels;—and gratitude offer up the incense of a nation's tears.

The ransom was sufficient—the effort of those resolved to be free was successful. In the year 1774, America made oblations on the altar of colonial degradation; and

trembled at the frowns of a mother that wantonly sported with the rights of mankind—yet being loaded with accumulated and intolerable injuries, determined on resistance. On the 4th of July '76, she proclaimed her independence, and the star-spangled flag of our nation, floated in the western breeze. And in September '83 our rights were recognized, and truth and justice triumphed.

Thus, Fellow-Citizens, terminated the revolution, in the accomplishment of the wishes of a great people, who had “assumed among the nations of the earth, that separate and independent station, to which the laws of nature and of Nature’s God entitled them.” Our enemy yielded to necessity, what had been denied to right and justice: and, though the recognition of our independence was succeeded by doubts and apprehension; though the twilight of the confederation followed the darker shades of the revolution; yet soon the sun of free and regular government arose on the land, and the singular constitution, under which we live, completed the work of national success and happiness. But, had the nation failed in its attempt, what would have been your condition? It is good to make the calculation. It will show what was avoided, and what obtained—It will add to the proper feelings of this day. Had the attempt failed, all the evils which were felt or dreaded, would have rushed with redoubled fury on your heads. You would have been bound by the restraints of a universal internal and external monopoly of commerce; united to a universal internal and external taxation. Standing armies, at the beck of their masters, would have punished every murmur, and every assertion of your rights. A brutal soldiery would have destroyed your morals—Lords, with no worth but their pomp, with no law but their pride, would have been your masters. You would have been the slaves of a haughty minister—the unresisting subjects of that haughty minister’s servants, the House of Commons—that paltry effigy, that meagre skeleton of liberty; that hireling pander of power; that insulting substitute for free representation. Your property would have been at the mercy of every commissioned villain,

whenever Parliament should direct, or his own passions prompt him. Your domestic comforts, your private pursuits, your public rights, would have been the sport of arrogance, the spoil of licensed pillage. The scenes of mangled Hindostan would have been re-acted here, and there would have been no redress. If the murmurs, the complaints, the petitions of patient and unoffending colonists, were despised and rejected, into what ears would the repinings of rebels have been poured? Let Southern Asia, let Ireland answer this question. Defeat would have entailed curses without end upon our nation—Success has placed it in a situation which the world may envy and admire. By making it free, it has allowed the citizens to pursue and enjoy happiness. By enabling us to adopt the government under which we live, it has ensured our past prosperity—our present happiness—and opened an interesting prospect towards futurity. Those among us, whose gloomy fancies love to dwell on darkness, and who complain of the evils which surround us, overlook our real blessings, and the more unhappy state of every people whom the revolving sun ever visits. It is true, that clouds of danger have lowered in our horizon; but they have not burst in storms upon us. The injustice of foreign nations has partially curtailed the exuberance of our prosperity—the extravagance of our growth. The inveteracy of European warfare has exposed us to violations of national law and moral obligation. In their systems of vengeance, the dictates of justice, and even the suggestions of policy, have found no place. But in the concussions of the world it is wonderful, that we have been so little injured—and that we still enjoy every substantial means of happiness. The inhabitants of the South and of the North, alike are blessed with a peace and plenty unknown in other countries: abundance, if not luxury, crowns their boards and fills their coffers. Our agriculture is the handmaid of liberty, the nurse of independence, the parent of republican virtues. Our commerce has been a source of wealth and of pleasure. Our manufactures make rapid progress in freeing us from dependance on foreign nations. The effects of ingenious

invention fill our land, lighten the burden of labour, and shorten the road to affluence. Philosophy, science, eloquence, are no puny exotics, no strangers to our clime. Our citizens are in general intelligent, and each finds the path of promotion and respectability alike open to him. Every rank is free—every condition of life is prosperous, in proportion to the industry and virtue of them who fill it. Neither barbarism, oppression, or war, shed their baneful influence round us; but the light of intelligence the benignity of peace, the fruition of liberty, illumine all our atmosphere. Is this the case with other nations? Let us look to their condition and see if it will bear a comparison with ours. The contrast will add new energy to the feelings, with which you contemplate the origin of your happiness; the birth-day of your Independence.

Africa seems doomed to be eternally the sport of the elements, and of civilized man. Asia is benumbed by ignorance and tyranny—mute as if encircled in the carments of the tomb, save where the insatiate power of Britain has disturbed their lasting repose. Europe is an Aceldama—a slaughter-house for human beings. In Italy, where once all was glory and renown, her ancient virtue and patriotism are gone forever. The gales of prosperity and freedom, which have occasionally fanned the expiring embers of her happiness, have served only to produce a momentary echo amidst her ruins. To her turmoils and her factions, have succeeded, the quiet of a hopeless slavery. And how changed is the scene, amidst the mountains, and the vallies of Switzerland? They once resounded with the songs of love, of liberty, and peace—Here too, the sinewy arm of Tell and his compatriots, erected and supported an altar to liberty—but the altar and the god have been trampled under foot. The chorus, of contented nymphs and swains, is no longer heard. They, no longer, like us, commemorate the birth day of Tell; or, the anniversary of Swiss freedom. The cap of liberty is no longer bound round their brow; nor do the banners of the nation longer wave from their cliffs. Switzerland too, has been grappled in the embrace of a wide spread despotism. With what joy would the patriots of Spain,

and the peasants of Portugal exchange their flaming cabins, their bloody streets, their smoking villages, their ravaged fields, for such peace and prosperity as surround our dwellings. To England we look with the best founded expectations of national happiness; yet who will venture to compare our condition; that government, whose daily support requires half a million of dollars—with the minions of power pervading every corner of the land—with a treasury replenished from the earnings of pain and poverty, and then drained to buy the people's representatives—with a tyranny over speech and over conscience—with a power tottering through internal corruption and foreign assault? Ireland is a land of heroism, yet of misery. A ray of light, has even with the most unfortunate, occasionally burst the gloom which enveloped them, and shed a temporary radiance around their fate; but ceaseless slander, hopeless despondency and incurable woe, have encircled the best hopes of the "Green Isle of the Ocean." Tempests of personal and political abuse, have beaten on her inhabitants, incessantly as the waves of the deep have lashed her shores. She has, for ages, felt the weight of an arm, mighty in oppression. Every page of her history for six centuries, has been written in the blood of her inhabitants—and yet, they are generous, brave and virtuous. Like Americans they have loved liberty; but, not like us, have they enjoyed it—like patriots they sought it, but, like rebels, they suffered. Their very virtues have been their ruin—their religion, the scourge to lacerate them. Infamy and torture are the rewards of Irish merit—the dungeon and the scaffold the richest boon which men like Emmett and O'Connor can expect. The fairest flowers of genius, that ever bloomed in nature's garden, have there been blasted:—but we will hope that new buds will open, and that the harp of Erin is not forever silenced. Let us now turn for one moment to France, which has passed with so fatal a haste through the most opposite extremes in government. After years of painful toil, after an agonizing effort, for the establishment of that freedom, which held forth so flattering a prospect to the hopes of mankind; she now suffers under a military despotism at

home ; and abroad, she carries ruin and dismay, and up-roots the deep foundations of established empires. Her republic has been destroyed—her liberty has disappeared, and from their ruins has arisen, an avenging spirit, a destroying angel, who crushes the people of France—scatters the hosts of his enemies, and mocks the coalitions of monarchs—and who strides over prostrate millions, to the dominion of the continent, alike regardless of weakness and of strength. He breaks to atoms the sceptres of kings—and, in his wrath, dynasties are consumed. He speaks and new powers rise into existence. He wipes out existing divisions between nations, and, with his sword, marks new bounds for kingdoms. Relentlessly tyrannical towards his own subjects, he is resistlessly destructive towards surrounding potentates ; and if the injured or the oppressed complain, his vengeance teaches them that the only portion of the vanquished, the only hope of the enslaved, is to suffer. And suffer they must—for ruffian pride and power have usurped the throne of justice and mercy in every portion of Europe. Heaven has shrouded it, in the mantle of indignation.

“ Here stern oppression lifts her iron rod,
 “ And ruin waits the imperious harpy’s nod ;
 “ Black desolation and destructive war
 “ Rise at her signal and attend her car.
 “ Dire shapes appear in every opening glade,
 “ And furies howl where once the muses stray’d.”

A search for even partial happiness is vain. It is only on the western shores of the Atlantic, that the imagination of the philanthropist can rest, after traversing those regions, where pleasure never smiles—where fancy sickens and dies. Here only peace and comfort dwell—here only, the distant prospect brightens on our view. And to what is this to be attributed ? To the statesmen from whom we received the charter of our independence—to the warriors whose swords achieved it—to the events we celebrate—to the national character we cultivate—to the government we support. And shall we, forgetful of our blessings, murmur while such a contrast exists ? Do the flesh pots

of Egypt, with all its tyrannies, seem more lovely than the possession of the land of promise? The ingratitude of Korah brought no common death, and our murmurs would merit no common inflictions.

But Americans, gratifying as is the retrospect of our past history, and the view of our present enjoyments, compared with those of others, they should not make us unmindful of the future. The obligations we owe to those who preceded us, we must pay to those who come after. The rich gift of national glory and happiness which is our inheritance, must descend to our posterity. The foundation of the Empire was the labour of a generation that is past: almost all who were united in the deeds of '76, are no longer numbered in our councils, or our country; but have alike sought the silence of the grave. Here and there only, the hoary head of a labourer in that day, stands to remind us of our duties, and to watch our movements. And that we may build up and support the edifice which they founded, it becomes us to examine our situation well—to understand our duties and the danger against which we ought to guard.

External and internal dangers will, no doubt, both assail us, since a republic never yet was free from domestic enemies; and foreign nations look at our prosperity with a malignity cruel as the grave: but if we are virtuous, intelligent, and patriotic, we can resist them all. Our favourable situation and that bloody phantom called the balance of power, which has so long, stalked through Europe, in gloomy majesty; though they will not save us from repeated injuries, will probably afford a shield from more destructive assaults. But should they not—in the spirit of our countrymen will be found a rock of defence. That spirit still lives since the days of '76; and if necessity call it forth, it will rise with gigantic vigour, and shew that the manhood of the nation is great, as the promise of its youth. Should France and England render war inevitable—should their impressments, decrees, and confiscations, be but the prelude to more active warfare, they will find, that though this people loves peace, it is fit for its own defence, against every invader. England would

be reminded of that drama, whose closing scene was at York-Town; and ours is a soil on which the laurels of Marengo, of Austerlitz and Jena would wither; our mountains would chill, our plains and vallies scorch their verdure. An invader would have to repeat his victories, to retrace his steps, and he would find many a pass of Thermopylæ where no resistance would be expected.

Should such times ever arrive, to you, citizen soldiers, the militia of our country,* we should look for that protection, we once found, in men like yourselves—and we should look with confidence. Though cupidity might, in such an hour, be alarmed; though the sickly sons of effeminacy might shrink to corners for security—you would promptly gird on the armour, which your fathers in the day of victory laid by for their sons—you would tread the fields of honour, stained with your fathers' blood, and remember the victories they gathered even from disaster itself, while warring for their country, beneath the banners of liberty—You would recollect the hardihood and triumphs of undisciplined yeomanry at Lexington, at Stillwater and Saratoga, where neither the servile Hessian, or the savage Indian—the hardy Highlander or the flower of Royal Guards could withstand their valour, resistless as a mighty torrent. Though not possessed of that skill, which the sanguinary legions of Napoleon can boast, you would feel that you fought not for plunder, and a master, but for a country; and seizing the standard of freedom, you would exhibit that sternness of mind, and that devotion of spirit, which is ever felt, when liberty is the prize—when men are fighting for the pledges of their loves, for their altars, and their firesides. You would cling to your country, and its government; and were it driven to the edge of a precipice, you would keep your hold in its extremity, and sink with it to the abyss.—But it could not sink—with such men the myrmidons of power could not contend—with such defenders invasion could not be successful.

* The militia and uniform companies who attended were placed apart by themselves.

No, Fellow-Citizens, the dangers which most seriously threaten, arise at home. Party spirit, which, when temperate, may be a salutary guard against the encroachment of power, by drawing the attention of every citizen to the movements of the government, is too apt, in its zeal, to forget its duties—to produce unnatural excitements, even in regard to foreign nations—on the one hand to yield nothing to human frailty; and, on the other, to be blind to perversion and crime. Local distinctions and prejudices, unwisely draw a pale round favourite positions, and exclude from the community of love and patriotism other members of the same family. Fancied, not real, oppositions of interest, arm the selfish passions of the heart, and lead to dangerous efforts for the establishment of exclusive advantages.—Intriguing men, sick of liberty and fond of power, play upon credulity, excite discontent, urge the ignorant to mischief, and the turbulent to sedition. These are perennial fountains of difficulty; they are dangers against which the ægis of the patriot should be raised. They encroach on the just exercise of authority; they produce mal-administrations of power; they force the citizen to discontent with his condition, and despair of a remedy; and they end in division—in the overthrow of all our envied bliss; in the extinction of all our national hopes. For, when you create such a state of things, when you give us disunion, the days of our republic are numbered—as a nation we perish, as freemen we are lost. Union is our peace and our wealth—union is our strength, and the anchor of our salvation. Without union our safeguard as a nation would be trodden down—the bulwarks of our happiness shattered, and broken to atoms—the last hopes of melioration in the condition of our race would be extinct; and an endless prospect of interminable bloodshed be opened upon us. Can there, then, be wisdom, or patriotism, or humanity, in fanning the embers of jealousy, or exasperating into rancour every source of disquiet and disgust? Can they love their country, who, by fostering disunion, are pointing the sword to her vitals? Can they love liberty, who would dye her garments in the

blood of freemen? No, Fellow-Citizens; we must cling to our union as to a last hope; and, that we may not lose it, we must draw the affections of all towards each other and our common government: and with that man, who scarcely acted, but to benefit; who scarcely spoke, but to instruct; we must “frown indignantly on the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest; or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.”

To raise a defence around our union and our government; to lead the hearts of the great mass of the people, in unison with the best interests of the nation, it is necessary that they be and remain, intelligent and virtuous. A republic, particularly a confederated republic, cannot long exist, where the citizen does not understand well the rights he claims, and the duties which he owes to the government—because, intelligence is necessary to all his actions; and to enable him to conflict successfully with those difficulties, which have been suggested as most alarming—And knowledge is ever combined with the love of liberty. The thicker the veil of darkness which envelopes the minds of men, the less adequate are they to see their interests or maintain their rights; and the deeper the foundations of the tyrant's throne. The mind of man, though naturally free and vigorous, may be imprisoned by ignorance and its exertions restrained; but let science and information dawn upon it, it bursts its prison bars asunder, and the love of liberty and country triumphs. Let the citizens of our republic rationally and feelingly, understand their superior advantages, and the true nature of their rights and duties; they will be immovable as the hills—corruption, seduction or treason would solicit them in vain. Without it they must exhibit that vice and depravity which is the certain effect of ignorance. And if the people in a republic, are degenerated can the government be free? If they are avaricious and ambitious can it be just? If they are luxurious and supine, can it dispense the energies of freedom? No. It must sink calmly into slavery; or the turbulent and excited passions of the multitude, like the conglom-

erated and heated matter in the bowels of the volcano, will burst their bounds, and overwhelm the liberties and institutions of their country, in a torrent of revolutionary lava. An ignorant and vicious commonwealth no assiduity can warn, no wisdom can protect. The force of these truths is exhibited in the French Revolution. It is true, that a great nation was there rending the fetters which had been forged for centuries: the strong arm of kingly power, united to the pride of nobles, and the insolence of priests, had crushed them to the earth; and buried them under a load, which the omnipotent energies of a whole people alone could remove. No wonder that they burst their manacles with fury and hurled, with bloody rage, their tyrants to the dust—But still most of the horrors of that revolution had been unknown, and its deplorable termination avoided, if the ignorance of the people had not unfitted them to guard against domestic enemies—if the full force of moral obligation had been felt; and if in regretting the tyranny of priestcraft and superstition they had not also rejected the mild precepts of religion. Rome too rose, with her virtue, and fell with the progress of depravity. Thus too it may be with the American States. Armed with intelligence, with virtue, and patriotism, to guard their union; and founded on the representative system, they will progress towards greatness and the tempests of a corrupt world, will beat against them in vain. The thrones of tyrants may sink, superstition and oppression find the graves they dig for others; but their happiness will be fixed upon a rock, which cannot be impaired, until they throw away their arms, and prepare to proclaim to a suffering and enslaved world, that a confederated republic of many members is no longer a practicable mode of human association; but that man—unhappy man, has made his last unsuccessful effort, for the support of free government.

Americans are you willing, that so melancholy a truth should find countenance in your conduct? Look through your country—you behold the only happy, for you behold the only free nation: and you join the songs of

liberty, with exulting millions. The past existence of your infant empire is covered with glory. A prospect lies before it boundless as it is brilliant and fair—but remember, that 'tis yours to act worthy of its former fame: and that you must, with virtue and intelligence tread that path which has been marked for you, by the heroes of your revolution. To urge you to this, is it necessary to exhibit again the value of your advantages, the price of your renown? To tempt you to preserve this last region of repose, for the languishing spirit of liberty, must we, again present the agonies of expiring heroes; uncover anew the bleeding wounds of fallen patriots, and traverse all the fields of blood and death? No, Fellow-Citizens, you will prove by your conduct, that you remember these things, and that you have formed a just estimation of your advantages: your actions will ever breathe forth the animating wish—Imperishable be the spirit of the declaration of our independence—Eternal be the Republic!

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 FINIS.
