

AN

**ORATION,**

**DELIVERED BEFORE THE**

**NEW-YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,**

**AT THEIR**

**SECOND ANNIVERSARY,**

**ON THE**

**FOURTH OF JULY, 1811.**

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**BY GEORGE ASBRIDGE.**

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*NEW-YORK:*

PRINTED BY C. S. VAN WINKLE,

No. 56 Pine-street.

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1811.

NEW-YORK, JULY 6th, 1811.

SIR,

YOUR fellow members of the New-York Typographical Society, by an unanimous vote this evening, present their thanks for the truly patriotic Oration, delivered by you, at the Second Anniversary of our Institution; and have appointed us a committee to request of you a copy for publication.

We remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble serv'ts.

D. H. REINS,  
J. H. SHERMAN, } COMMITTEE.  
P. F. QUEREAU, }

MR. GEORGE ASBRIDGE.

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NEW-YORK, JULY 10, 1811.

TO MESSRS. REINS, SHERMAN AND QUEREAU.

GENTLEMEN,

IN answer to your note, handed me on the 8th inst. I have only to thank you for your attentions, and the Society for their flattering sentiments, advanced through you, as their deputies, of the Oration delivered by me on the 4th of July instant; a copy of which I shall transmit you with pleasure.

Should it be the least instrumental in establishing the importance, or forwarding the views of this Institution, it will be a much greater debtor to the *approbatory vote* of your body, than to its own intrinsic merits.

You will much indulge me, Gentlemen, by assuring the Society of my most cordial wishes for their welfare, and of my due sense of this honourable testimony of their esteem; than which, nothing could have been a more gratifying, or a more acceptable recompense.

With sentiments of respect,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE ASBRIDGE.

## ORATION, &c.

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RESPECTED FELLOWS,

IN obedience to your request I have undertaken a task, the performance of which, to one who is familiar with the lesson, would, undoubtedly, be very pleasing: to me, I must confess, it is entirely a new one; and this consideration, I hope, will entitle me to your indulgence, and screen me from that severe critical scrutiny which most of you are capable of justly bestowing, and which arrogance or affectation would too justly merit.

Were I to launch out direct upon the subject which should principally occupy your attention, I should draw upon myself, and richly deserve your reproach for ingratitude and vanity. Ungrateful, in not thanking you for the honour you have conferred on me, and the confidence reposed by entrusting me with this share of the duties of the day; and vain, in not offering a humble apology for my incapacity to fulfil that duty with a nicety and exactness becoming a member of this respectable body. In the expectation, however, that your liberality will overlook every trifling imperfection,

I proceed, with this assurance to you, that no exertion of my feeble talents, no energies of which I am possessed, shall be left unemployed to deserve your confidence and merit your approbation.

At this happy moment, while shouts of joy and merriment echo through our city; when every board is crowned with luxury's richest viands; while the music of the loud drum and shrill trumpet float with America's proud banner in the air, and the thunder of our cannon rends the skies, echoing the natal day of our country's independence, may our hearts beat in concert with the revelling multitude, and participate in the general festivity; may content and happiness pervade each breast, and impart that serenity which will best accord with the occasion—the celebration of the second anniversary of our infant institution; and may no rude intruding guest break in to disturb the harmony of our souls.

To FAUST, the ingenious founder of our Art, the first tribute of our gratitude is due. You, my brothers, who are daily witnesses of the benign influence of our incomparable art upon society, and which you, in some measure, are instrumental in bestowing, you, I am confident, will not withhold the grateful tear to the memory of a man whose inventive genius has waked the world to knowledge, which, but for him, might long have slumbered in

the lap of ignorance, and still presented us a savage wilderness. The great proportion of our globe, to which its benefits have been extended, will readily acknowledge the blessings which flow from this greatest of human inventions, and every liberal philanthropic heart will beat with gratitude at the mention of the name of the heaven-instructed artist.

To lead you back to ages of barbarity ; to transplant you among the rude uncultivated creation, and present to your view a faithful picture of mankind as they existed before the art of printing was discovered and perfected, is a duty which none of you, I am sure, will expect from me ; it is a duty I am unable to perform ; and should I attempt to grope my blind and erring way through this gloomy chaos, I should certainly lose or mislead both myself and you. It has been delineated by far abler pens, and mine, I fear, would do it a gross injustice in the attempt.

Men of exalted genius certainly existed before the art of Printing made its appearance. The writings of Homer, of Virgil, of Ovid, &c. will never be forgotten while a taste for poetic excellence exists, or refinement is preserved from barbarity and confusion. But how much is it to be regretted, that the works of many a sparkling genius, which might have beautified and illuminated

our literary horizon, have dropped from their spheres into the midnight of oblivion, without indulging posterity with a single glimpse of them. These, though probably but little inferior to the productions of their cotemporaries, which have gained them immortality, are lost to us forever; and had they been favoured by the fostering protection of the press, might have been snatched from obscurity, and added a new instructive moral for philosophy, or replenished the almost exhausted store-house of fancy with novel and sublime ideas.

The only method of preserving the writings of the ancient poets, and handing them down to posterity, was through the labours of the pen, and this tedious and expensive agency allowed but a very small portion of the world to partake of the benefits resulting from it. Few could afford to pay the demand for transcribing a volume, and therefore the pleasure and instruction in perusing the works of men of genius must have been confined to the opulent alone—the poor had no share in these enjoyments.

When we turn our eyes towards Africa, we view with abhorrence the degraded condition of the poor deluded inhabitants of the interior, who, far removed from the civilized world, with minds as unimproved and barren as the wilds they inhabit,

are little superior to their brute neighbours, with whom they are ever contending for their possessions, and whose bloody victories frequently compel them to relinquish their rights, and leave their voracious opponents the triumphant sovereigns of the soil.

Nor have they much less to dread from the savage dispositions of their own species. Untutored in the arts of civilization; uninstructed in those salutary laws which bind society together, and secure their mutual safety and happiness, they roam in wild disorder through the wilderness, or herd in groups under the controul of some petty tyrant, the miserable victims to the cruel whims of one more crafty than his fellows, whose superior cunning has lifted him to the mastery, and possess him of the disposal of their very existence.

Yet, poor wretch! little does thy vain ambition boot thee. The flimsy robes of royalty serve but to mark thee a conspicuous victim to the rapacity of thy more potent neighbour; and though to-day, wielding the sceptre with an iron sway, to-morrow may find thee a fettered slave of the savage victor, or lying upon his table the bloody food to glut his keen carnivorous appetite.

Cruel, inhuman wretches! where shall we draw the line of distinction between you and the howling beasts that share with you the common prey?

If any, indeed, it is where nature has not gifted them with that sagacity and intellect which is so horridly perverted in making a traffic of thy species, and bartering, for paltry trash, the liberty and lives of thy fellows.

There are fathers here present; to those I address myself; to those I appeal, and would ask, would you feel less remorse at beholding your offspring a prey to the voracious jaws of the prowling tyger, than to have them torn from your doating arms by an unfeeling monster; sold at the public mart; sent into a foreign land to drag out a miserable existence in servile bondage, and fainting beneath the cruel lash of a merciless tyrant? No. There is not an American in this assemblage, who inhales the fragrant air of liberty, which the heroes of our revolution has permitted our happy country to breathe uncontaminate, but would voluntarily exclaim—death rather than slavery!

But while we regret the fate of the unfortunate African, whose mind has never had an opportunity of cultivation, and whose cruelties proceed from ignorance alone, we should abhor the mercenary wretches who promote and encourage the inhuman traffic. There is far less criminality attached to the man who pursues a barbarous custom of his country, ignorant of its pernicious tendency, than to him, who, bred up in the christian

world, possessing the advantages of education, trained to the duties of virtue and morality, and having opportunities of daily witnessing applauded acts of humanity, will sacrifice all those finer feelings of the heart, and callously pursue a trade which can find no advocate but avarice, and which embroils brother in continual war with brother.

Spain, and Portugal too, have made but slow progress in the acquirement of the arts, and are sorry instances of the baneful effects of religious tyranny, and a consequent neglect of literature. Overrun with lazy monks, like swarms of locusts, devouring the hard-earned bread of the poor misguided peasantry; slumbering in ignorance and inactivity; their minds shackled and paralyzed by priestcraft, and the avenues to mental improvement closely barred, they have no opportunity of considering the inherent privileges of man, and they become the passive slaves of despotic power and ecclesiastical duplicity.

Few books are printed in Spain, and very few are suffered to be introduced or read; and those which obtain the sanction of the law, are generally on subjects tending to promote the base imposture, and to absorb their faculties in murky superstition, more black and horrible than the vaporous dungeons of their inquisition. This their cunning policy!—these the means used to palsy the physi-

cal powers of man, and tame him to submission ; to bend him to the yoke ; to tackle him in the car of luxury and haughty arrogance ! and if his divine nature perchance revolt ; if the oppressive load begin to grow too heavy for his shoulders, and his conscientious zeal begin to lag, but spur him with the pontifical goad, you frighten every manly independent feeling from his breast, and he becomes the tame submissive servant to your will. So the proud bull, stern tyrant of the field, that pawing shakes the earth, and scatters cloudy volumes in the air, unconscious of his strength and man's impotency, quietly submits to wear his servile trappings, and waste away his life in bondage. But that his gifted faculties were far inferior to man's, he would not quietly yield his neck beneath the butcher's knife ; and if the subtle miscreant dare attack, the prowess of his fierce embattled head would lay the bleeding victim at his feet.

Men of learning rarely spring up in the Spanish soil. It is a soil uncongenial to their growth.—Scarcely does the tender plant of genius shoot from among the weeds of ignorance, than it is scorched by the torrid influence of bigotry, and blasted in the bud. Instead of training the youth up in a knowledge of the fine, the liberal, or the useful arts—of instilling in the mind a love and emulation for philosophy, or indulging it in that

profound and pleasing study which stimulates to scientific research, whereby the world is benefited and enlightened, the height of a father's wishes is consummated in obtaining a paltry church benefice for his son, and dooming him to an indolent and unprofitable existence in the exercise of the gloomy functions of a monastic life.

Thousands are immured in convents without profit to themselves or the world; devouring the rich harvest of the field, and refusing nature an assisting hand in contributing to their support; as if their great creator had not intended them for a nobler purpose, than exhausting a lingering life in digging their own graves, and at last, supinely tumble into them, and mingle with the mother element. Not so! Our life is but a loan from nature, for which great interest is demanded; and he who idly squanders the principal, thwarts her design, and commits a robbery on his fellow creatures.

The Press is one of the most deadly engines of destruction that can possibly be arrayed against the encroachments of despotic power. It is the strong bulwark of freedom; and America is the only favoured spot in the universe where Liberty has been allowed firmly to plant her battlements. Here the tyrants of the old world may spend their rage in vain; they will never demolish it, while the least spark of virtue animates the breasts of our

countrymen. The guardian of our rights, they will never be invaded so long as the Press keeps its watchful eye over them; and while this stern centinel preserves his integrity inviolate; while he is proof against the alluring artifice of bribery and corruption, we shall always find him vigilant on his post, ready to check the rapacious strides of power and ambition. The industrious farmer, pursuing his honest avocation, remote from the theatre of intrigue, and undisturbed by the noisy jarrings of factious discord, gets him contentedly to rest, after the toil and fatigue of the day, secure in his possessions, in the full assurance that his faithful Ariel will fly to him with the earliest intelligence, or the least alarm, should any aspiring despot raise his impious arm to strike at his liberty, or rob him of his property.

The potentates of Europe have ever kept a jealous eye over the Press. It has always been their crafty policy to weigh it down by every means in their power, lest it should raise its voice to expose the nefarious designs of a corrupt cabinet, and open the eyes of a misguided people, to a sense of their natural rights, and of the impositions daily practised upon them.

With all the boasted liberty of the British press, it is to this day harnessed, crippled, and broken down with the weight of British taxation. The

ostensible purpose of this, is the increase of the revenue, for the support of a greedy, extravagant, and corrupt government; but the real object—an object that bears by far the greatest weight, is the limiting the circulation of the few unwelcome truths which would be propagated through the medium of the Press, by imposing so high a duty upon the periodical publications, that none but the affluent can afford to patronize them. This measure has the desired effect. Newspapers are less numerous. The channels of information are clogged up, and the intelligent stream is lost among the common class of citizens, as the Nile is exhausted in the barren sands of Zahara, in need of some friendly auxiliary current to enable it to continue its course.

Most of the Presses in Great Britain are under court restraint, and devoted to the sinister views of a corrupt administration; teeming with fulsome compliment on the most undeserving, and lavishing honied blandishment on characters, who, stripped of their unworthy power, would meet the scorn and contempt of the whole community. Some few there are, indeed, which, despising the base employment, and disdaining the contemptible smile of courtly favour, have dared to expose their machinations, when they have become so insultingly gross and palpable, as to rouse their indigna-

tion, and excite the popular clamor. But no sooner is the press let loose, in defence of boasted English liberty, than the hue and cry of Seditious! Treason! Insurrection! is bellowed from St. James's, and it is immediately hunted down by the dogs of power.

And France, too—insulted France!—whither has fled the fire which animated the sages of your revolution? Where are the bold, intrepid spirits who wrested from the hand of tyranny the infamous *Lettres de Cachet*, and razed the inhuman walls of the Bastille, that monument of misery? Alas! buried in the ruins of your republic; and from its ashes a bold usurper rises, who laughs to scorn your liberty, and derides your immunities.

When Napoleon first met the gaze of the world, he was nobly enrolled among the champions of liberty, and bravely fighting the battles of his country. When his victories had emancipated France, and the confusion of her enemies had given her breathing time, his grateful countrymen heaped distinguished honors on him, and gave him an important trust under the government. In this dignified station, had he directed his steps in the path of our immortal WASHINGTON, or followed the glorious example of the Spartan *Lycurgus*, his conduct would have commanded the esteem and the admiration of the world. Here was a rich

field from which to have decked his brow with never-fading laurels; and given him a virtuous immortality: to give liberty and tranquillity to a war-worn state—restore harmony to a distracted nation—to bestow happiness on twenty-five millions of people, and bless their new-born constitution. But his ambition led him by a far less glorious path to the temple of fame, and animated him with a desire of being entombed with the Annibals, the Pompeys, and the Cæsars of old. Then see the mighty conqueror, with resistless impetuosity, drive his enemies before him. The violence of the hurricane is his bloody conflicts. His victories are the pride and boast of Frenchmen. Glory is his only aim. His repeated successes and extended conquests now poison his mind with a thirst for power. He looks down from the giddy eminence at which he has arrived, and beholds objects which suspicion whispers him are equally aspiring. Tyranny soon rids him of the intruders, and no rival is permitted near him. The last victim is the Press; and having accomplished the destruction of this watchful Argus, the people have not left them even the shadow of liberty, and the despot finds no barrier to the exercise of uncontrouled oppression.

Had Spain, instead of bandaging the eyes of the blind, and cautiously concealing the affairs of go-

vernment from the public eye, pursued a contrary policy, she might possibly have averted the blow which has drenched in blood its populous cities, and will, no doubt, finally prove her destruction. Their celebrated metropolis, which presents a scene of treachery and rude confusion, has but one public print, through which a population of between two and three hundred thousand receive the scanty information allowed them.

Is it not reasonable to believe that a man will feel a much warmer interest for his country's welfare, when he has a knowledge of the laws, and is made acquainted with the policy that governs it? And does he not imbibe a reverence and a love for that country which entrusts him with these important secrets? He has a natural right of inquiry into the conduct and measures of men, with whom, as a sanctuary, he has deposited his liberty and life, for the enjoyment of both in a state of refinement, and the benefit of social society. He is feelingly alive to the distresses of his country, and ever ready to resent the injuries offered to it. On the contrary, will he not show an apathy and indifference towards that country, and that government, which withholds from him these sacred privileges, and keeps him in total ignorance with respect to national concerns, and the strength of that politic arm which should shield him from oppression?

In this drowsy state of the nation did the last monarch of Spain abdicate its throne ; cloyed, no doubt, with the luxury of power, which for a long time past has met with little to oppose it. While thus dormant, she attracted the ambitious view of Bonaparte ; and Spain, the once mighty monarchy that terrified its neighbours, is now the miserable football, kicked between the domineering power of France and the greedy avarice of England.

America ! my beloved country ! how long shall you enjoy the inestimable privileges granted by our happy constitution ? How long will your peaceful citizens be permitted to cultivate their soil in quiet, unmanured with the blood of brothers—uncontaminated by the sacrilegious tread of despotism ? How long shall they be indulged in the unmolested prosecution of their useful labours, of perfecting the arts, of improving the sciences ? Shall they ever inherit the liberty of conscience from our indulgent laws, and shall they never be subject to the controul of a few presumptuous bigots, weak and imperfect as ourselves, and equally exposed to fallability, who impiously dare assume the judgment seat, and arraign their fellow man, for differing in his speculative reasonings, from the doctrines of these absurd theorists, and the creeds they have established—pronounce judgment on the culprit, and, snatching the rod of authority from

the sovereign hand, arrogantly declare him the object of divine vengeance? How long may they live in the enjoyment of those heaven-gifted liberties, secured by our blessed constitution, of which, as a pledge, we have willingly deposited a small proportion, for the salutary purpose of checking the depredations of wild extravagance and vicious inclination? Alas! these accumulated blessings, heaped in such profusion on us, seem too exquisite for long continuance. The experience of ages has given us such evasive proofs of the mutability of man, as forbid the hope of his correctly appreciating their value, or of his active exertions in preserving them. I much fear, that our present felicity will one day attract the envious eye of some potent oppressive tyrant, and ere our infant state is vigorous enough to sustain the shock, its shores may be invaded by hostile miscreants—our fields covered with slaughtered citizens—our constitution trampled under foot, and our liberties prostrated with the general wreck!

But we should not anticipate distress. I sincerely hope the period is far distant that brings with it these calamities. May none of us ever be so unfortunate as to be witnesses of such a scene. Let us rather offer up our grateful thanks to Providence that we are born in an age when civilization has softened the disposition of man, and miti-

gated the horrors of savage warfare ; that while its ravages desolate the eastern world, we live in harmony and plenty within our peaceful habitations ; and that, through the zealous intercession of the glorious heroes of our revolution, the high executive of heaven has granted us the charter of Liberty and Independence.

It were ungenerous to pass over in silence the liberal public spirit which is manifested in the maintenance and encouragement of public schools, and of other charitable institutions in our city. Thousands of little unfortunates, who have hailed the morning of life in the sickly gloom of poverty, are snatched from the haunts of vice, ere their tender minds have received its baneful impression ; and bent to the adoration of their bountiful creator—to a sense of their moral obligations to each other, and their mutual dependence, during their pilgrimage through life, in the fulfilment of those duties, which render society endearing, and life worth possessing—Thus plucked from the loathsome bed of infamy, and transplanted in a soil, nourished by the benevolence of our worthy citizens.

With what delightful sensations must the father hear his prattling infant, in imperfect accent, lisp its little wants in its native tongue ! How exquisite the pleasure of marking his progress in sys-

tematically acquiring the first principles of his native language—to observe him dissecting the complex materials of his brain in arithmetical calculations, or translating the beauties of the learned poets from the obscure language of antiquity. He beholds him, in fond idea, the firm and patriotic statesman, jealous of his country's honour, declaiming against the wretch who should dare offer it violence, and volunteering the aid of his expanded mind in the public service. Fancy pictures him the scientific, inquisitive philosopher; the eloquent and learned lawyer, or the ingenious artist—which, though last, by no means least in the world's estimation. 'Tis he who keeps the bustling world in action, bridges the vast ocean, and draws the scattered inhabitants of the globe into one society; brings to our doors, from the most remote regions, the necessaries and luxuries of life; raises the superb edifice to gratify the pride, and indulge the ease of the great man, or the humble habitation that shelters the labouring cottager. In short, in whatever shape we partake of the comforts and conveniences of life, we are more or less indebted to the labours of the inestimable mechanic.

I cannot take leave of you on this occasion without expressing to you my satisfaction at the orderly and benevolent conduct of the Society, from the time it was first instituted, and of its present flour-

ishing state ; and I hope I shall be pardoned, if the sentiments I am about to offer, in the shape of advice, should not come within my province, or appear impertinent at the present moment.

The example of our brothers of Philadelphia, in fixing the stamp of authority on their proceedings, by obtaining the sanction and protection of the state, is well worthy our attentive observance ; and is a measure, which, I hope, will speedily be adopted by our Society. The legislature of this state has in no instance refused to grant a charter when solicited, for the better government and organization of institutions of a similar nature, and for the same avowed purposes. Should our Society be fortunate enough to establish itself upon so solid a basis, the funds ~~might be usefully appropriated~~ in aid of a printing establishment, which, a subscription, opened for shares among our members, would immediately set on foot, and which, having the aid and interest of the whole body, would, most undoubtedly, thrive and flourish.

It would have for its accomplishment at least three great and laudable purposes. It could at all times afford employment to the unprovided-for members of the Society, and thereby, in many instances, withhold a resort to the funds, which is otherwise liable to reduction, in pursuance of our duty towards those members who have families to

maintain, which are dependent upon their industry for support; and others who may be placed in embarrassed circumstances, and being driven from their employment, would tend to heighten their distress.

In the second place, it will give an importance and respectability to the Society; create an interest for its welfare among the members, and consequently ensure the payment of the small tribute demanded of them with more punctuality; promote harmony, and a respect for the officers, and be the enticing standard around which the Society will eagerly rally.

And thirdly. It will aid the Society in carrying into full effect their charitable wishes of assisting their unfortunate brethren, who, through delicacy, would be averse to an appeal to any other source for relief; and, languishing on a bed of sickness, would deeply feel the accumulated weight of misery, in the painful perspective of poverty and want. This sad reflection must kindle a disorder in the mind, and aggravate the bodily infirmities; which, together with the forlorn hope, after the shattered bark has repaired the damages which left her to the mercy of the un pitying stream, of dragging up a heavy load of financial arrearages against the strong current of adversity, must retard the advances of rosy health, depress the spirits,

and unnerve the arm of honest industry. But, when the infirm parent can comfort himself with the reflection that his family is provided for, that his little suppliant infants need not ask in vain for food, nor wring the desponding tear from a father's eye—the hapless messenger of a woful errand, he enjoys his quiet slumbers without interruption, and no rude cares break in to disturb his waking fruition. He contemplates his little family with delight, and when again restored to strength; when his slackened nerves resume their wonted vigor, he cheerfully plies himself to his useful labours, in behalf of those who look up to him for protection and support.

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FINIS.

THE following ODE, sung at the celebration, was written by MR. SAMUEL WOODWORTH; to whom was awarded a prize medal.

## O D E

ON THE

## ART OF PRINTING.

TUNE....*Anacreon in Heaven.*

—

From the crystalline courts of the temple of light,  
 The dove-eye of Mercy to earth was directed,  
 Where mortals were grovelling, deep shrouded in night,  
 For passion was worshipp'd and wisdom rejected;  
     Immers'd in each ill  
     Of corrupted free-will,  
 Yet Mercy was patient, and Vengeance slept still:  
*For Infinite-Love had his banner unfurl'd,*  
*And the precepts of wisdom were preach'd to the world.*

But haughty Ambition extended his reign,  
 And wielded the sceptre of magic delusion,  
 Held reason enshackled in tyranny's chain,  
 And govern'd by knowledge and learning's exclusion;  
     With mitre and hood,  
     Superstition and blood,  
 Corruption and vice deluged earth like a flood;  
*The blood-crimson'd banner of war was unfurl'd,*  
*And knowledge and learning were swept from the world.*

Deep lock'd in the shrine of antiquity's lore,  
 The scriptures of light were withheld unexpounded,  
 A counterfeit Peter still guarded the door,  
 And the seekers of truth were by error confounded;  
     Omnipotence saw,  
     Bad delusion withdraw,  
 And ordain'd that our ART should promulgate his law:  
*Then Genius its fetters at Tyranny hurl'd,*  
*And PRINTING appear'd, to enlighten the world.*

The blush of Aurora now lighted the east,  
 And banish'd the darkness of mystical terror ;  
 Man sprang from the shrine where he'd worshipp'd the beast,  
 While Prejudice own'd, and relinquish'd his error.  
     The truth was receiv'd,  
     Admired, and believ'd,  
 And ours is the art which the blessing achiev'd ;  
*For now was the banner of wisdom unfurl'd,*  
*And Printing promulgated truth through the world.*

The sage of Genoa, whose high-soaring soul,  
 By a flash from *our art* glow'd with new inspiration ;  
 In brilliant perspective saw glory's bright goal,  
 And enroll'd a new world on the page of creation.  
     With fame-swelling breast,  
     Still onward he press'd,  
 Till Eden's bright regions appear'd in the west ;  
*Each clime saw the canvass of Europe unfurl'd,*  
*While Printing taught commerce to polish the world.*

But the sons of the West to more glory were born,  
 And to us shall proud Europe the laurel surrender,  
 For though her's was the blushing effulgence of morn,  
 Yet ours is the noon of meridian splendour ;  
     For Heaven decreed,  
     That Columbia be freed,  
 And *Printing* and valour accomplish'd the deed.  
*The banner of war was by Justice unfurl'd,*  
*And Freedom by Printing proclaim'd to the world.*

Our standard the eagle of liberty bears,  
 His eyes, like the stars which surround him, resplendent ;  
 While the olive asks peace, every arrow declares,  
 " Columbia for ever shall be independent ;"  
     For freedom is ours,  
     Nor shall Europe's mad powers,  
 A feather e'er filch from our bird as he towers ;  
*And while Printing its influence extends thro' the world,*  
*The banner of Freedom shall never be furl'd.*

The following ODE, written by a Member, was also sung on the same happy occasion.

## O D E

ON THE

## ART OF PRINTING.

TUNE...*Rise Columbia.*

—◆—

WHEN wrapp'd in folds of papal gloom,  
 Dark superstition awed the world,  
 Consign'd fair knowledge to the tomb  
 And Error's sable flag unfurl'd ;  
*Earth heard this mandate from the skies,*  
*" Let there be light—great ART arise."*

Fair Science wip'd her tears and smil'd,  
 And infant Genius plumed his wing,  
 The Arts assemble round the child,  
 And all this glowing chorus sing :  
*Rise, sun of science ! quick arise !*  
*And lend thy light to darken'd eyes.*

OUR ART arose, and man had light,  
 The clouds of superstition fled,  
 The fiend of ignorance took his flight,  
 And Error hid his hateful head ;  
*While swell'd this chorus to the skies,*  
*Our Art shall live and Freedom rise.*

The goddess, who for ages past,  
 Had wept beneath despotic night,  
 Her cankering fetters burst at last,  
 And claim'd the charter of her right :  
*While men and seraphs join'd this strain—*  
*" PRINTING shall live and Freedom reign."*

Hail, Freedom ! hail, celestial guest !  
 O never from thy sons depart ;  
 Thine be the empire of the west,  
 Thy temple every freeman's heart ;  
*The art of Printing gave thee birth,*  
*And brightens still thy reign on earth.*

Arise ye favour'd sons of light,  
Professors of our heaven-born ART,  
And in the chorus all unite,  
While joy expands each throbbing heart :  
*The ART OF PRINTING shall endure,*  
*And Independence be secure.*