

AN  
ORATION,

PRONOUNCED

JULY 5TH, 1813,

AT THE

REQUEST OF THE REPUBLICANS

OF THE

TOWN OF PORTSMOUTH,

IN COMM

ANNIVERSARY OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY MICAH BRADLEY, ESQ.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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If you have printed any republic  
ation, please send me one

*Portsmouth, July 6, 1813.*

SIR.—

THE Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration of the Anniversary of our National Independence, in behalf of the Republican Citizens of Portsmouth, present you their thanks for the appropriate, ingenious, and patriotic Oration, which you have delivered before them, and request of you a copy of the same for the Press.

BENJAMIN PENHALLOW, }  
WILLIAM CLAGGETT. } *Committee.*

MICAH BRADLEY, Esq.

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*Amesbury, Mass. July 7, 1813.*

GENTLEMEN,

I AM not unconscious, that a whole vial of wrath may be prepared and poured, on my devoted head, by those, who believe the sentiments contained in the copy which you request, untrue, or wish them untold. Knowing, however, that truth in no instance, has been wilfully departed from, and believing that decency has a much greater share of attention than is generally paid her in the political writings of the day, I submit a copy for publication.

Yours with sentiments of respect,

MICAH BRADLEY.

Messrs. BENJAMIN PENHALLOW,  
WILLIAM CLAGGETT, Esq.

# ORATION, &c.

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BEFORE so much youth, beauty and gaiety ; age, wisdom and gravity, as now present themselves to view, the speaker is flattered with the hope, that such imperfections in his performance as are evidently the effect of diffidence, may be charitably referred to the source from whence they spring. He would likewise beg liberty to remark, in order that the lovers of novelty may not be disappointed, that the field through which necessity has compelled him to stray in search of materials for a garland that might please, has been so often gleaned by his predecessors, that not a flower remains unculled—scarcely a shrub appears but the thorn and the bramble, the wormwood and the night shade,

In the observations which I propose to make, perspicuity and truth shall be strictly attended to. Perspicuity, in order that I may be clearly and distinctly understood ; and truth, because she is the daughter

of heaven—the admiration of angels—and in the end, how numerous and violent soever be her foes, how few and feeble soever be her friends, she must come forth triumphant, and even devils will pronounce her lovely. According to the best evidence which can be obtained, almost six thousand years have elapsed since man was permitted to disregard its precepts, and from the commencement of that period may be dated his propensity to error, and all that train of plagues and misfortunes, which must, according to the eternal fitness of things, be its constant concomitants.

Could we fly back on the wings of imagination to the margin of creation, and see our first parents quitting the happy situation in which they were placed by their Creator, and thence, keeping step with the march of time, survey their and their children's every action and motive to action, up to the present day, we should be filled with wonder and astonishment: we should behold Cains, Herods and Pharaohs—Cæsars, Hannibals and Alexanders, disgracing the annals of the human race, with here and there a Howard, an Alfred, or a Washington, glittering amidst the gloom, like the bow in the heavens, to shew that virtue and truth still exist, notwithstanding the gloom in which they are involved. But time will not permit, nor does the occasion require, that we should make a wild excursion into the regions of antiquity, minutely examining into the affairs and characters of those times, in order faithfully to discharge the duties of this day. Our own particular situation as a nation, and the circumstances imme-

diately connected with it, imperiously demand our whole attention. Therefore, leaving the ancient governments of the east without a comment, we will proceed to inquire wherefore we have met together.

We have assembled, Friends and Fellow Citizens, to celebrate the birth day of our National Independence—a day when deeds were done that will swell the trumpet of fame a thousand years to come—deeds unrivalled in their happy effects, in the annals of the world : We have assembled to call to mind the worth and valor of our ancestors—Ancestors “ whose bones (in the language of the poet) beneath a land of servitude could never rest in peace, who, if they saw their children slaves, would feel a pang in heaven.”

We will single this day from the days of the year, as a season of joy, and unitedly say, all hail to the morning—all hail ! We will do this from principles of pleasure—can we compare our situation with that of any nation under heaven, and not feel a secret pleasure, that our lot has fallen to us in so pleasant a place, and that we have so goodly an heritage ? We will do it from principles of honor—can we call to mind the deeds of those worthies whose wisdom and valour effected our Independence, rendering honor to whom honor is due, and not do honor to ourselves ? We will do it from principles of profit—Is there a father in this assembly, who does not esteem it profitable, both to himself and to his country, that the rising generation be instructed in the causes which produced this glorious anniversary—that they rally, while young, round the altar of liberty, inspiring from the tales of other

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times, sentiments congenial to freedom, that thus they may become our bulwarks of safety, and thunder bolts of war? We will do it from principles of gratitude—would not our hearts be harder than adamant, and colder than marble, should we neglect, on this unrivalled occasion, to raise our hands and our voices in supreme devotion to that Being, who rode in the heavens for our help, saved us from the tyrant's grasp, and "thwarted the tyger with his prey beneath his fangs!"

To explain the origin of our present existence and greatness as a nation, marking, as we go, the unexampled hardships and unabating fortitude of our forefathers, with such reflections and anticipations, as will naturally grow therefrom, is all that is intended.

Early in the sixteenth century, England, who as well as the neighboring nations, had for a long series of ages, been humbling herself in the dust before the omnipotence of Popery, began at length to awake from her dream of stupidity.

When Leo the tenth, to satisfy his prodigality, hit upon the expedient of selling indulgences; and Martin Luther had the magnanimity to combat the principle, together with the authority in general of the Pope; then for the first time, were the ramparts of superstition successfully assailed by common sense, and the monster hypocrisy dragged into open day. But although the veil of deception was drawn, the customs of a nation cannot all be changed at once. Nations, like individuals, often contract habits, which, although

they may be convinced of their absurdity, they have not the ability or the fortitude to change. Henry the 8th, who then wore the crown of Great-Britain, and whose character was a compound of deformities, which only serve to teach succeeding monarchs what they ought not to be, was of course a friend to all the *formalities* of Popery. In mercy to mankind he was taken from the earth, A. D. 1546, after having refined upon folly till it wanted a name.

His son Edward, then mounted the throne, whose reign was short, not seven years, during which time the reformers (for so the dissenters from Popery were called) became numerous and popular. But when Mary, his successor, comes to command, such scenes of cruelty are presented to our view, as almost stagger belief and make us “blush to think that we are men.” Her persecution begun with Rogers—Hooper, Saunders, Taylor and others, were in their turn by her command, confined to a stake and burnt to ashes. Her reign, in honor to her sex and in mercy to the world, was likewise short. She was succeeded by Elizabeth, in whose reign it was, the reformers became divided among themselves—a part being willing still to adhere to the church of England, although it retained many Popish ceremonies, and a part, detesting whatever favored of Popery, declaring for liberty of conscience in matters where man is answerable only to his God. This latter party (our forefathers) were persecuted beyond measure. Acts of Parliament were passed without consideration and executed without mercy, until the *puritans* (for such they were called) harassed and almost disheartened, came to a determination, for ever

than relinquish their religion, to flee their country, and putting all confidence in that Being, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, to wander they knew not whither. This resolution was put into execution early in the reign of James. Mr. Robertson with his church, left England and went over to Holland, where for some time, by hard and constant labor, they gained a livelihood, and, by their punctilious rectitude and amiable deportment, the affection of their neighbors. At length, fearful that their children might pattern after the Dutch, and in time become irreligious, and still feeling, though at a distance, in some measure, the persecution of their enemies, determined on another remove. But whither shall we go, was the mighty question?

The continent of America, discovered by the immortal Columbus A. D. 1498, then a howling wilderness, at the distance of three thousand miles, and the ocean rolling between, presented itself to their view: and not the ocean's terrors, with the ten thousand dangers that awaited them on shore, retarded their progress for a moment. Preparations were soon made for their departure. On the 22d of July A. D. 1620, they set sail for England, and having persuaded a few of their former friends to accompany them, on the 6th day of September sailed from Plymouth for America. But who at this distant period can realize their feelings? Methinks at this moment I see them crowding to the shore, tears in every eye and sorrow in every countenance, while cries and lamentations fill the air. Mothers with uplifted hands taking a last farewell of their ever dear and ever dutiful children—Affectionate brothers and sisters separating to meet no more.



“ Good heaven ! what sorrows gloom’d that parting day  
 That call’d them from their native walks away ;  
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look’d their last,  
 And took a long farewell, and wish’d in vain  
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;  
 And shudd’ring still to face the distant deep,  
 Return’d and wept, and still return’d to weep.  
 The good old sire, the first prepar’d to go  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others’ woe ;  
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wish’d for worlds beyond the grave,  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover’s for her father’s arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ;  
 And kiss’d her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
 And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief,”

On the ninth of November they reached the continent, and after offering up their devout and fervent acknowledgments to the true and only God, for his protection, they went about concluding upon a place for settlement, to which, when found, they gave the name of Plymouth, in grateful commemoration of the last town they had left in their native country.

Here, would time permit, a picture of their lamentable situation might be drawn. Far distant from their native country, from which they had been driven by persecution, without a relation or friend to welcome them to the inhospitable shore, or a cot to shelter them from the winds and storms of approaching

ing winter ; in the midst of a boundless forest that had wrestled with the tempests of more than five thousand years—every step was danger, and every whisper caution ! Here hoots the owl, and there croaks the raven ! here coils the rattlesnake, and yonder screams the catamount ! here smokes the Indian wigwam, and there kennels the midnight monster.

Thus situated, nothing but valour, prudence and perseverance could shield them from immediate destruction. With all their precaution, before the end of March, their number, which was at first one hundred and one, was reduced to fifty-seven. They were joined by other persecuted emigrants the next autumn.

Such rules as were deemed necessary were from time to time adopted and cheerfully adhered to.—So many and so great were the sufferings of our ancestors. They rose amidst a load of woes. The forest bowed at their approach, and the iron glebe became fertile by their industry—the desert blossomed like the rose. Their offspring proved hardy as the soil which produced them, possessing all that love of freedom and detestation of persecution and slavery, which so distinguished their noble sires.

Favored by heaven, they continued to increase in numbers and importance for almost a century and an half. Their growth had been prodigious. The *Great and Honorable* Edmund Burke, in a parliamentary speech on the subject of American taxation in 1774, observes concerning them, that “ Nothing in the history of mankind is like their progress. They seem

to me rather as ancient nations grown to perfection through a long series of fortunate events and a train of successful industry, accumulating wealth in many centuries, than the colonies of yesterday ; than a set of miserable out casts, not so much sent as *thrown*, a few years ago, out on the bleak and barren shore of a desolate wilderness."

These observations were made at a time, when England, envious of our prosperity and thirsting for power, had forged the shackles of slavery, and was reaching her iron hand across the main, in order to apply them. But could the sons of ancestors, who had quitted their native country, all their acquaintance, friends and relations—who had braved the dangers of the deep, and who finally had sought out a retreat and taken up their abode in the loneliest bounds of the earth, and the wildest shores of the ocean, all for the sake of freedom—could, I repeat, the sons of ancestors like these, hear the mandates of a tyrant, and the clanking of chains, and not take the alarm? No, no, no!!! The spirit of our fathers awoke—the guardian genius of our country, watching with an ear that always startles at a whisper, and an eye that never winks, heard the distant thunder, saw the gathering tempest, and roused the sleeping lion.—Three millions of freemen were in a moment on tiptoe and on fire. Washington, who rolls a sun in the hemisphere of heroes, led the warriors on.—

"The bird of Jove was perch'd upon his crest,  
Minerva's ægis glitter'd on his breast,  
He mov'd in all the majesty of pow'r,  
His friends to sooth, his enemies devour.—"

Around his standard while Columbia rang'd,  
 The paleness on her cheek to crimson chang'd;  
 The sons of Britain, struck with dread amaze,  
 Turn'd pale with fear and wither'd in his blaze.  
 E'en George himself was seen dismay'd to stand,  
 And drop his scepter from his trembling hand,—  
 Was heard, while rock'd upon his tottering throne,  
 'Triumphant Freedom's victory to own.'

The ever memorable declaration of Independence, which separated us from the crown of Great-Britain, and freed us forever, we hope, from allegiance to injustice, was made public by the American Congress on the fourth day of July, Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and seventy six—thirty and seven years ago yesterday. And to attempt a wearisome recital of the battles which, during that unnatural contest, were fought, and of the actors, who, by deeds of fame, erected to their memory monuments more lasting than brass, and laid a foundation for the increasing greatness of their offspring, through countless ages yet to come, would be the repetition of a story, that has been flowing from the pens of science, and hanging on the lips of eloquence, for more than thirty years : which every father in this assembly has told to his listening children, till they themselves, enraptured with the theme, have caught and can repeat the wondrous tale ! So general was the display of courage and patriotism, that there is scarce a village in our nation, which does not boast its hero, and dwell with admiration on the wonders he has done ! Are not we ourselves elated with an honest pride, and could we not, and should we not, if accused of back-

wardness in the cause of freedom, point at some hoary and venerable heads in this assembly, who in our country's evil day, setting danger at defiance, rushed on the foe, resistless as the winds of heaven and dreadful as the angel of night? Eternal praises are their due. Oh! thou friend of the brave, be thou their rewarder! may they be wafted down the stream of time by fortune's gentlest gales, loaded with the benedictions of a grateful country, until they anchor safely in the tranquil harbor of eternal peace.

The fairer part of this lower world, who, in compliance as well with their inclinations as nuptial vows, first crossed the boisterous ocean, became mothers to daughters lovely as themselves.—Daughters, whose fidelity and smiles, during the war, gave courage to the brave, repaying the soldier for all his toils; and whose patience and fortitude, in the midst of sufferings and dangers, had a magic influence on the cause for which we were contending. And the present generation, without a doubt, will imitate their predecessors, and find a sure reward in the protection of the soldier, the love and esteem of their husbands and children, and the blessings of unborn ages.

Great Britain, by articles signed at Paris, A. D. 1782, acknowledged the United States to be *free, sovereign and independent*. But that acknowledgment, like the prayer of the unfortunate Goervyl, was insincere.

“ Though at times,  
 The pious exclamation past her lips,  
 ‘Thy will be done! yet was that utterance  
 Rather the breathing of a broken heart,  
 Than of a soul resigned.’ ”

‘They did it with reluctance—they did it from necessity.’

One of the articles of stipulation, insisted upon by Great-Britain, at the time of settlement, was, that the filth and poison, which the war had rid us of, should be flung back into the solid mass of pure metal seven times refined—and those base wretches, who deserted their native country in her evil day, at the restoration of peace and plenty, again came crawling back, presenting us with their heaven and earth and hell detested countenances ; and demanding a share of those blessings, which they would not contribute their part to obtain. Oh ! that they never had been permitted to return. “ Fond wish too late.”

It may be well here, in order that political wickedness may be placed to the right account, to look a minute, at the effect, which our revolution had upon the governments of Europe—more particularly those of England and France. The eyes of the rulers of these nations were fixed upon us. Their suffering subjects too with countenances which bespoke “ No wish but death, no passion but despair,” were watching our motions. Fear and trembling seized the royal train of despots, who for ages had been trampling humanity under foot, wonder and astonish-

ment their injured people, when they saw our revolutionary worthies, after the fatigues of war, assembling, like a band of brothers, each anxious only to establish such form of government, as to him appeared best adapted to promote the greatest good of all who should live under it--when they saw their labors speed--saw order rising out of confusion, and finally, our elective system of Government and mystical Union, firmly established--saw every individual of our nation, who had rode out the storm, returning with sentiments of gratitude and thankfulness to, and reclining under, their own vines and figtrees, secured by laws of their own choice, founded on principles of perfect equality and justice, having none to molest or make them afraid. Inspired by our success, the oppressed subjects of the old French monarchy made one noble effort to be free, and not a doubt exists in the mind of the speaker, that they would have effected their purpose, and have been this day, living under a free, elective and equitable form of Government, had not that imp of Babylon, Great-Britain, have interfered. Nearly all the blood which has been shed for thirty years past, in the civilized world, has been, directly or indirectly, effected by the infernal counsels of that wicked nation, and must, at the great day of enquiry, be demanded at their hands, and will be found in their skirts. The blood hounds, that howl round the kennel of British oppression, saw, and plainly too, that should a republic be established in France. their rotten throne, with him that fills it, their unspeakably oppressive and superabominable system of government.

would be hurled to destruction in the twinkling of an eye—would vanish like the dews of morning before the blaze of day. They saw, and taking advantage of the confusion, which prevailed in France while that great effort was making, found means so to distract their councils and divide their force, that the people of France have again submitted to the yoke of a despot, and, I am sorry to add, in lieu of a log, they are cursed with a serpent.

But to return—we have once more been roused to resentment by repeated wrongs—once more have we been called upon to unsheath the sword in defence of that Independence for which so much blood and treasure were spilled and expended—once more have we been called upon to avenge a longer and blacker catalogue of insults and oppressions than preceded our former contest with this universal enemy of the peace and happiness of the human race. An enemy whose right to plunder is claimed by prescription—an enemy, who can snatch, from the mouth of hunger, the morsel that has been purchased with the hard earned savings of industry, and filch from the coffers of economy its painful rewards, and feel no remorse.—In addition to the vast amount of property which has been taken from our merchantmen, without a shadow of right or justice; an accurate examination of which would be, on this occasion, both unnecessary and impracticable, they have undertaken to effect, by cunning and by degrees, that which their physical force proved evidently unequal to—they have endeavored



to enslave us man by man—they have usurped the whole dominion of the ocean with all that sails upon it.

How would the blood of those patriots, who fell in our revolution, boil with indignation, could they be permitted to leave the abodes of blessedness, and revisit their injured country! And how degenerate we shall prove, if we do not stand forth and defend the privileges, which they bequeathed us, at so dear a rate!

No sooner had his most *gracious* Majesty acknowledged us an independent nation, than, mortified at the terms on which he had been obliged to settle, he commenced a system of petty thieving and insult upon us, in hope, no doubt, by such means, in addition to gratifying his spleen and malice, to remunerate himself in part, for the vast expence which he and his ministers had been at, in their attempt to enslave us.

His most *gracious* Majesty had every reason to think, that those dear friends of his, who had been protected during the war by him; and whose permission to return among us at the conclusion of the same, was the result of his special request, would feel disposed to palliate some of the little trespasses of himself and his servants—such as stealing a few sailors, perhaps, when his Majesty's servants needed them to fight the French. Nor has he been disappointed—they have remembered their obligations to the king, although they once forgot those, which were due to their country.

They can tell how necessary it is for his Majesty to have Sailors sufficient to man his navy, and how difficult it is for his servants to distinguish between his

failors and ours, and how hard it would be to find fault with his most gracious majesty's government, for the mere *mistake* of his officers. And after more than twenty thousand of our failors, contrary to all the laws of heaven and earth (and I feel almost disposed to couple a region less pure if possible than ours) have been cruelly taken from our own merchantmen, (many of them laboring to support young and poor, but dearly beloved families) and been barbarously dragged on board their floating hells, and compelled to fight against their own friends ; after all this, I say, their sense of obligation, to his most *gracious* Majesty, will not permit them even to be silent—the same old palliating arguments are told over as smoothly as before.

What human rational being, after reading the history of our struggle for freedom, and the acts and resolves of the patriots, who then formed our congress, could possibly bring himself to believe, that this abominable abomination of all abominations seven times refined, would have been, within the short space of thirty years, palliated and spoken of, as we hear it at this day—"Oh, shame where is thy blush !" It is remarkable ! indeed it is ! and it shall be marked with our notes of admiration ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

The intention of the speaker, at the commencement of this address, was to have stated something like an abridged abridgement of the unprovoked robberies of the British, from the reign of Elizabeth until now. But, on examining authorities, and seeing how countless the numbers, he was obliged to desist from the prosecution of his plan. Should the history

of their enormities be written, the world would not contain the books.

The characters of Robin Hood and Little John, are less black, as individuals, than those of John Bull and his ministers : and had not the cup of their iniquity been very large, it must have overflowed long before this day.

What have our government not done, rather than declare war ? and what have they not done, in order that the opposition in our own government, might be satisfied with their resolves ? It does appear to the speaker, that they (in the language of the sailor) have boxed the compass of conciliation—they have been to the right hand and to the left, backward and forward, round and round ; but nothing is wise, nothing is right, and nothing will satisfy. It does appear to me, that they have made a wonderful display of that charity, “ which suffereth long, and is kind—which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things,” and to crown all, “ which never faileth.” When at length the lawless strides of the two great belligerents, had rendered it necessary for us to retire entirely from the ocean, or demand our rights, it was the opinion of our government, that we had better demand them, and it was moved, in committee of the whole House, to declare war against France, at the same time we did against England, and but three of the opposition voted for the proposition.

On their return to their several homes, (we are many of us knowing to the fact) that they declaimed loudly against the majority in congress for not declaring war against France, at the same time they did against England.

When, during the last session of our national legislature, a bill had passed the house by a large majority, forbidding our sea-faring men employing British sailors, and was carried up to the Senate for concurrence, Mr. Lloyd moved a rejection of it, and every member of the opposition party voted against it—on their return home, as before, finding their constituents all approve of the bill, they pronounced it an excellent thing, declaring if it had taken place sooner, it would have prevented the war.

Solomon, wise as he was, has confessed there were four things which he did not know, viz. “the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea,” and one more way, which I need not name; but were he among us, at the present day, I presume he would make an addition to the things too wonderful for him, and annex to his list, *the way in which federal conduct can be reconciled with honesty.*

When I speak of federalists, I would not be understood, because I do not mean, to comprehend all the citizens who, owing to the hardness of the times, and the unaccountable misrepresentations, to call no harsher names, which have been made to them, have given their suffrages for federal candidates.

Many of this description, I know to be good men and true, who, rather than be instrumental in bringing about the deep-laid train of mischief, which is the final end and aim of our enemy's friends in this country, would forfeit all that is near and dear to them—would give their blood to fatten, and their bones to bleach, the green fields of their country.

The unqualified cruelty and malice of Great-Britain towards us has been without a rival and without an end. No sooner had our poor exiled forefathers, contrary to the expectations of their oppressors, wandered their heaven-directed way to this then barbarous clime, and miraculously overcome the countless dangers and hardships, which they had to encounter ; than Britain (and cursed be the deed) began to reap where she had not sown, and gather where she had not sowed. And no time has since been suffered to pass, when she has not done all she could do, to mar our peace and prosperity, to enslave us, and render our existence, like that of the wretched inhabitants of Ireland at this day, not worth possessing. “But what did not our fathers do rather than be slaves? Oh ! scenes surpassing fable and yet true.” The God of mercies has been our guide and guard, and hallowed be his name.

More than one year has passed, since our government, after trying every mean the imagination could invent, to live at peace, save resigning our pretensions to independence, have again drawn the sword in defence of rights, which every nation under heaven, not slaves, hold most sacred. Since that time our arms on the frontiers have met with vari-

ous success, but we have great reason to believe, that before another winter, the Canadas will be principally evacuated by the British and their savage allies.

On the ocean our little navy has surpassed the expectations of the world—its friends and its foes have been equally astonished and disappointed by their brilliant exploits. The first engagement which took place between any of our ships of war with the enemy, and the first time for ages, that the flag of Britain has struck, to any thing like an equal force, happened on the 20th of August last. Then Capt. ISAAC HULL, whose name stands high on the rolls of honor, in the temple of renown, with his gallant crew humbled the pride of Britain—he engaged with Capt. Dacres of his Majesty's ship *Guerrière*, and in twenty five minutes made her a complete wreck, and offered her up, a burnt offering, on the altar of indignation. Since that time JONES, and DECATUR, and BAINBRIDGE, and LAWRENCE with their meritorious companions have returned, covered with the laurels of smiling victory.

But where is LAWRENCE ! the brave, the noble LAWRENCE ! he is dead ! that hand accustomed to wield the sword of victory, and that heart which throbbed with patriotic ardor, beneath a distant land of servitude, lie mouldering together in the dust. “To die or conquer proves the hero's heart.” LAWRENCE hath quit himself like LAWRENCE, and heroically hath finished a life heroic.”

And before the sun dips in the ocean, behind you western hills, we will wreath garlands of flowers for the youthful hero's patriotic brows. He died for his country, but his name is engraven on all your hearts, and shall live for evermore.

“ Some future day,  
 Let us go find the body where it lies,  
 And fetch him thence, and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequy and funeral train  
 Home to his native land : here will we build him  
 A monument, and plant it round with shade  
 Of laurel evergreen, and branching palm,  
 With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd  
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
 Hither shall all our valiant youth resort,  
 And from his memory inflame their breasts  
 To matchless valor, and adventures high :  
 Our virgins also shall on feastful days,  
 Clad in soft robes of innocence, and white,  
 Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing  
 His untimely fate.”

Would that I had time and talents to embalm the memory of every individual, who has fallen in our country's cause. Would that I had time to express the very great respect and love which I bear to our ADAMS, our JEFFERSON, and our MADISON, as well as to the memory of the departed father of his country. At the name of WASHINGTON, that great man, my bosom glows with a peculiar reverence ; and would time permit, we would this day strew afresh his grave with cassia, and defend the laurel of his tomb from the pestilential breath of impious societies, called by his name, “ to take away their reproach.”

But the patience of the audience must be nearly exhausted. And poorly should I requit the obligation of gratitude, under which your polite attention has laid me, by soliciting its further continuance. I will, therefore, hasten to a close. Let each of us, during this trying period, do our duty faithfully, nor permit the gliding shadow of a thought to pollute our minds with the idea of a distant possibility of returning the sword to its scabbard, until our enemy be deeply impressed with a sense of returning justice, and our injured rights be firmly and effectually re-established.

And may that Almighty Being, who is stronger than the strong man armed, and in whom our fathers trusted and were not disappointed, be our guide and helper in every time of need.

