

AN

*Presented to the Am.
Anti-Slavery Society by
Sarah Anne*

ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT

WORCESTER, (Mass.)

ON THE

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

==
BY JOHN DAVIS.
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Worcester :

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JULY, 1816.

Worcester, July 4, 1815.

SIR,

THE undersigned have the honor to be designated a Committee to express to you the thanks of the Federal Republicans, who convened this day for the celebration of our National Independence, for your elegant and appropriate Oration ; and to request a copy for publication.

OLIVER FISKE,
ISAIAH THOMAS,
REJOICE NEWTON.

JOHN DAVIS, Esq.



Worcester, July 4, 1816.

GENTLEMEN,

IN compliance with your request, I will transmit a copy of my Oration, for your disposal ; trusting it will meet with that indulgence a hasty production deserves.

Gentlemen, I am your obedient Servant,

JOHN DAVIS.

HON. OLIVER FISKE,
ISAIAH THOMAS, Esq.
REJOICE NEWTON, Esq.

ORATION.

THE changing seasons have again rolled away, and we have again assembled to greet the welcome return of this anniversary, which ever fills our hearts with gratitude, our minds with proud recollections. Whether we revert to that period, when the victims of persecution sought repose in the bosom of an unexplored wilderness, or to that more eventful era, when the bold spirit of freedom bid defiance to the menaces of arbitrary power—still the history of our country excites an irresistible interest.

We contemplate with surprise the unconquerable zeal of the pilgrims, and that undismayed courage which drew the sword in defence of liberty. We are in doubt which most to admire—that patient endurance of the severest privations, of the most appalling calamities—or that vigilant jealousy of right, which met usurpation at the threshold, and tore from the crown of a tyrant its brightest gem.

This anniversary will ever meet a cheerful welcome, while a remnant of those rights and privileges, the conquest of which, it is set apart to commemorate, remain unimpaired by the encroachments of power.

What American bosom does not swell with delight, when recounting those splendid achievements, which emancipated a nation? Who has a heart so cold and inanimate, as not to beat with more than Spartan pride at the remembrance of those glorious

days? What mind does not kindle into admiration, when contemplating that vigorous perseverance, that stubborn courage, which, undismayed by the angry threats of a despot, met and overthrew the legions of Britain? Who does not feel equal delight, when following the patriots of the revolution, flushed with victory, from the field of glory to the calm deliberations of the cabinet? Here we trace in every step the most cautious prudence, the most consummate wisdom. Here was laid the foundation of that magnificent temple of liberty, which has hitherto resisted the storms of faction, and the machinations of aspiring ambition. Here, too, was framed and deposited that covenant, which linked in the bonds of perpetual union, these United States.

It is the pride of Massachusetts, that she was first of the foremost in the accomplishment of this great work; that she, alike hostile to depredations on her rights, from internal and external foes, has religiously observed this solemn covenant.

Had her sisters been equally true to themselves, had they adhered with equal tenacity to the principles of rational liberty—that golden age of promise, which brightened the days of national infancy, had yielded an harvest of the richest blessings in manhood. But the bitter frost of premature winter blighted the budding spring. In an evil hour, the immortal WASHINGTON and his salutary admonitions were forgotten, and an infatuated people seduced by the artifices of ambition from the path of duty, of happiness and unparalleled prosperity. Intoxicated with the wild conceits of innovation, they dismissed from their confidence those who had breastcd the storms of the severest adversity, and broken

the fetters of national bondage ; and received into favor those, who, too slothful to conquer their own freedom, received it as a boon from the hands of others, whom they now deride as tories and traitors.

Elevated to office by awakening a passion for innovation, it has been their unceasing endeavor to perpetuate power by delusive promises ; promises repugnant to enlightened policy, and hostile to the vital interests of the nation ; promises which, if executed, would soon have ripened us for that fatal catastrophe which befel Republican France. But the dogmas of those times, which inculcated a love, not for rational liberty, but liberty in excess ; liberty without moral restraint ; liberty which originated in the angry passions of man, and was more fatal than the sword of the destroying angel—are now consigned to oblivion.

Taught by sad experience to shun one extreme, and guided by the fallacy of human judgment, they rush to the opposite. They have retreated from the misrule and crime of anarchy, and now tamely acquiesce in measures that evince a disposition to deposit the charter of our rights in the crown of a despot.

That vigilant jealousy of usurpation, which once rebelled against a mild system of taxation, is now so humble, so patient, that it permits, without a murmur, the leeches of administration to suck up the wealth of the nation, and disgorge the booty, a willing tribute to *their* master.

That delicate sense of national honor, that elevated spirit of national pride, which spurned the conditions of a former treaty of commerce, lashed the venerable JAY in effigy to the stake, and kindled the faggot, is

now so meek, its virulence against *monopoly* so much abated, that it receives with devotional ardor a new charter of commercial privileges, in which those lucrative sources of wealth and aggrandizement—the fisheries, and the West-India trade—are forever abandoned.

That vapoing patriotism, which affected to throw itself as a wall of brass around the constitution, to protect it from violation, when, in the quaint language of those days, a restless spirit of ambition was struggling to found on an imperishable basis the first and greatest column in the temple of despotism—a national bank—has not only dismissed its boding apprehensions, but our political Sampsons now repose quietly in the lap of Delilah, have given to the winds their *constitutional scruples*, and cheerfully rebuilt the monarchical edifice themselves had prostrated.

That ardent, refined love of liberty, which in '99 espied, under a military costume, the cruel rod of despotism, is now so strangely reconciled to the din of arms, that the gleam of *ten thousand bayonets* excites no fearful apprehensions; but soldiers are esteemed as the most disinterested patriots, as the most zealous champions of freedom.

That miserly economy, which startled at the paltry expense of supporting a subordinate judiciary to facilitate the administration of justice; which boasted of an overflowing treasury, without resorting to odious, oppressive taxation;—now levies its contributions, confiscates the humble cabin of him who is too poor to pay the tribute, and squanders its millions without remorse. The celebrated Henry, who received his lessons in the art of espionage from the great actors behind the scene, has departed to wal-

low in a princely fortune, the fruits of a base and infamous falsehood. Congress, too, finding that the string of economy no longer vibrated at the touch of hypocrisy, instead of six dollars a day, which was once thought to be exorbitant pay, have voted themselves a generous *compensation* of fifteen hundred dollars for each session. If we recur to the history of Mr. Jefferson's administration, this wears the appearance of a bold aberration from the beaten path in which all who were not *professedly* more *patriotic* than mercenary, were forbidden to tread. But time, which softens asperity, has effaced from the memory those refined notions of economy; and public functionaries now lavish with thoughtless extravagance the bounty of industry, without incurring popular denunciation.

Loans, which were once a theme of the bitterest complaint; which once drew forth reiterated anathemas, and were denominated the most grievous curse that could befall a discreet, prudent people; now follow, one after another, without exciting a murmur, in rapid and countless succession.

That visionary philosophy, "that vain-glorious self-conceit, which magnified our importance among the nations of the earth, by representing the world as dependent on our sufferance for existence," has evaporated in a long succession of arbitrary, restrictive measures, which have proved "a prolific source of sorrow and of suffering." *Experiment*, however, has refuted the idle theories, the delusive maxims of that fatal philosophy. The blow which was levelled at others, recoiled with redoubled force on ourselves. Who is not penetrated with sadness at the remembrance of those gloomy days, when en-

terprize was bound with fetters ; when the adventurous sailor was forbid to spread his canvas to the inviting breeze ; when the animating sound of industry no longer vibrated on the ear, and when the cheerful aspect of vigorous prosperity was changed to that of premature decay ? Every generous bosom would exult to see the record of those times blotted from the page of history, unless it subserves the valuable purpose of admonishing future *philosophers*, that Utopia can exist only in fable.

That tame, patient endurance, which in '99 professed to return good for evil, and with pious resignation, when one cheek was smitten with the sceptre of a despot, to offer the other—in 1812 dismissed its Christian meekness, girded on the armour of a warrior, and entered the tented field in quest of national glory. The struggle was long and bloody. The multiplied privations, and the complicated wretchedness of that period, made an impression on every sober mind, that will be effaced by death alone.

What is our remuneration for the toil, the labor and the peril of that season of calamity ? Are the Canadas subdued ? Have we a safer passport on the highway of nations ? Have we any guarantee against the future violation of neutral rights ? On these subjects the boasted treaty, which was sealed with the blood of thousands, is silent. What then are the trophies of this obdurate combat ? *National Glory*. And what is that national glory, achieved by the sword of ambition ? Ask that blazing meteor which consumed Moscow, and, shorn of its beams, has set in the western ocean. The crown of Napoleon acquired its dazzling lustre from a rapid succession of cruel victories. The fields of Marengo, Austerlitz, Ey-

leau and Wagram bear testimony, that countless victims were slaughtered to purchase an ephemeral reputation for this conqueror. Kings and potentates bowed before him; death, desolation, famine and pestilence followed in his train. What nation on the continent of Europe did not furnish some trophy to decorate the Louvre? Who did not bend under his leaden yoke? Who did not tremble at his nod?

Where now is that colossal power? Bleaching on the plains of Borodino, or swallowed up by the Beresina. Where now are the proud ensigns of victory, and the monuments of the arts, borne in triumph by the rapacious hand of ambition to the Louvre? The day of retribution came; the tide of victory turned, overwhelmed the conqueror, and the plundered became his plunderers.

The tyrant is no longer ignorant, that a throne cemented with blood, can be crumbled to dust by the mighty arm of an oppressed people. The French, from the complicated wretchedness of poverty and disgrace, have learned too late how transitory and perishable is the glory of conquest.

Our lesson, though less disastrous, is not much less humiliating.

When the flinty-hearted tax-gatherer knocks at your doors, remember, the tribute he demands is the purchase of national glory; and that the glory achieved by the war cost more than an hundred millions of dollars.

When the enterprising fisherman, who braves the dangers of the tempestuous ocean to gain a humble pittance for his family, sees "his occupation gone,"

let him remember, that his government have made the sacrifice for national glory.

When the merchant murmurs, because he is shut out from a participation in that lucrative source of wealth—the West-India trade ; when he complains that it is monopolized by others ; let him remember, it was abandoned in quest of national glory.

When, in the disguise of double duties, you pay an exorbitant tax on all foreign commodities ; when the vigilant collector of the excise exacts a premium for the humble privilege of riding in a chair ; let it not escape your minds, that this, too, is a tribute for national glory.

When you see the new pensioners on your bounty hobbling on crutches, and disqualified for labor, remember, that they were reduced to this deplorable state of suffering and dependence in the contest for national glory.

When the widow and orphans of him who has fallen in battle appeal to your charity, remember, that neither national glory, nor those who seek it, feed the hungry, or clothe the naked.

When you see the page of history which records the sacking of Alexandria, the conflagration of Buffalo and Hampton, and the destruction of the capitol, remember, that these were only propitiatory offerings on the altar of ambition, to secure the blessings of national glory.

These, presented in their naked, unvarnished character, are among the trophies for which we claim the highest niche in the temple of *glory*.

Absurd as it may seem, the number of those is not small who choose to be the dupes of such palpable sophistry ; who lend a willing belief to the arti-

ices of corruption ; and, through mistaken zeal, will pursue this *ignis fatuus*, till it deludes them to the conflagration of another Moscow, or the fatal banks of another Beresina.

If, however, this moonshine beguiles the painful mortification arising from an unparalleled series of shameful disasters, it would be ungenerous to deprive the Utopian of this wretched consolation. Then let him behold it with rapturous admiration ; let him dwell with enthusiastic delight upon its charms, its ideal importance ;—but let him bury deep the rash thought that would jeopardize the peace of his country in the pursuit of so worthless a phantom.

It is a cheering reflection that history furnishes other events, on which the mind dwells with rational pleasure.

The bravery displayed at the Niagara and the Mississippi has shed a lustre on our tarnished reputation, that has gilded the infamy of a base surrender at Detroit ; softened the rough features of wanton cruelty exhibited in the destruction of Newark ; covered with the mantle of forgetfulness the cowardly abandonment of an enterprise against Montreal ; and almost effaced from the recollection that storm of vapid proclamations which howled along our northern border.

The heroes of Chippewa and New-Orleans, who have not won for their country a new character, but redeemed from infamy that which once held an elevated rank among the nations of the earth, merit their hard-earned laurels. They exerted their valor, not to create, but to save ; not to demonstrate that Amer-

icans could be brave; but that when the *head* is sound, the *heart* is always brave.

Chilling and bitter must be that blast which wafts in its bosom no blessing. The war, with poverty and debt, has brought one positive, and, I trust, lasting national benefit. That vain-glorious self-conceit, which reviled a navy as "an ocean of abominations," and, with the thoughtless extravagance of a profligate, expended millions on a worse than useless flotilla, has at length been subdued by the daring gallantry of American tars. Despised and neglected by those who reposed in the lap of dalliance, when the hour of danger and duty came, these sons of ocean seized the pledge of union and independence, and planted it as a new constellation in the heavens, to guide them in safety on the trackless deep. It sheds on their character a dazzling lustre, which diffuses itself to the remotest corners of the civilized world.

Petrified with astonishment, administration felt its inveterate prejudice subdued; and resigned, without a murmur, another of those favorite delusive theories which had elevated them to office.

As reason has gradually assumed the empire of the mind, speculative philosophy has yielded to common sense; and thus "that frost-work of fancy" which characterized the reign of experiment, has melted away.

It is salutary to expose the errors of an adversary; but unmanly to boast of superior wisdom: nor do federalists claim an exemption from human frailty, or the fallacy of human judgment. But they are gratified that they have erred so little; that they have boldly confronted the menaces of power, the

wiles of ambition ; and, in the darkest times, advocated those great and leading measures which were calculated to accelerate the prosperity, and promote the permanent interests of the nation ; while, on the other hand, they have strenuously opposed that narrow, self-destroying policy, which was founded in party animosity, adapted to a foreign climate, and drew after it poverty, war, and the loss of invaluable national privileges. Were they proud of ordinary foresight, they might exult that their adversaries have been compelled to acknowledge the wisdom of that policy against which rebellion lifted its daring front.

Could federalists exult in the discharge of severe and ungrateful duty, they might look back with proud satisfaction on their career. Who were the heroes and statesmen who shared the perils of the field with the immortal WASHINGTON, and won his esteem and confidence in council ? Who conquered and preserved the independence we now celebrate ? Who sealed with their blood that covenant which broke the chains of bondage, and proclaimed a nation free ? Those who have been reproached as Tories and traitors. Who gave our country its early reputation among the nations ? Who established and administered our civil government with such wisdom and impartiality as to command the admiration of the world ? Who originated our infant institutions, and patronized the arts and science ? Who laid the foundations of that national greatness which neither the collisions of party, nor the storms of faction, can shake ? Those who have been proscribed as the enemies of their country.

Who, in those gloomy days when the mad conceits of ambition had palsied the energies of man, and made the country one common prison, stood forth the undismayed champions of liberty ; foretold the disastrous result of that fatal policy, and struggled to avert the impending ruin ? Who, when the storm of war burst and its lightnings played about us, traversed with fearless confidence every ocean ; struck dumb the haughty Briton, and taught him that his safety consisted not in fancied reputation, but in congregated strength ? Need I add, that these too have been proscribed as tories and traitors. And who is it that dares thus to lift the finger of scorn against the saviors of our country ? Multitudes, who are strangers to the days of revolutionary adversity ; multitudes, who have escaped from merited punishment in their own country, and find protection under a constitution framed by those whose virtues they deride.

True patriotism cannot boast ; it claims no richer reward, than the credit of having faithfully discharged its duty. Federalists ought to be, and, I trust, are, always satisfied with those measures which accelerate public prosperity. They rejoice that the sun of reason begins again to gild our hemisphere, and chase away the chilling damps of a more than polar night ; that the iron reign of experiment seems to be quietly passing to the tomb ; that enterprize is again left to spread its canvas to the breeze ; that our country is again gradually rising under the ponderous pressure of debt ; and, if untouched by the palsyng hand of Presidential protection, will soon reach its former glory.

It has now become our duty, not so much to contend against anarchy, as to be vigilant in protecting our rights against the dangers of the opposite extreme ; lest an unlimited confidence in men should pave the way for some American Cæsar to elevate himself to a throne.

A new era in the history of politics, or rather the epoch of regeneration, is beginning to dawn upon us. The asperity of party is softening ; the tone of re- crimination is assuming a milder accent : and may we not indulge the pleasing hope, that the period is not far distant, when we shall be favored with an entire exemption from those vexatious measures which have strengthened animosity ; when the force of reason will subdue this stubborn attachment to ambitious partizans, and unite, in *men* as well as measures, all honest hearts. A vindictive temper is repugnant to the maxims of federalists. Moved, therefore, by a zeal, not to promote the interests of party, but public prosperity and happiness, they will cheerfully extend the hand of fellowship, and make a united effort, while reason predominates in our councils, to redeem the nation from those calamities which a mistaken policy has precipitated upon us.

Two centuries have not yet elapsed, since the persecution of religious bigots forced our ancestors to seek an asylum in this then inhospitable wilderness.

With what astonishing rapidity the arts of civilization have spread over an immense territory ! How suddenly the rude, uncultivated face of nature has been changed to that of smiling plenty ! The native, retreating before persevering industry, has retired, in sullen pride, to the deep forests beyond the

Missouri. Where once stood his humble cabin, populous towns and crowded cities, as if by the magic of enchantment, have sprung into existence.

Touched with the fire of enterprise, thought can scarcely keep pace with the rapid growth of our country.

Commerce, when unrestrained, pours into her bosom an immense tribute of wealth ; oppression, an immense tribute of population. In her infancy, she bids defiance to empires ; with the strength of maturity, she will bid defiance to the world. Embracing almost every variety of soil and climate, she has within herself those great and essential resources which, if discreetly managed, cannot fail of making a reasonable people happy.

When we behold the cloud of bigotry and oppression which overshadows Europe ; when we see a country, rich in the bounties of Heaven, distracted with feuds, laid waste and depopulated by ruthless ambition ; towns sacked ; cities destroyed, and fields of human beings mown down in the struggles for thrones and diadems—we have reason to bless God that an ocean rolls between us ; that an impenetrable forest skirts our border.

Such is the enviable situation of America, and such, by comparison, her propitious lot. She is affluent, powerful, happy. But to be great—to establish a character which shall reach future ages—she must encourage and cherish a love for the arts and science.

The God of Nature has scattered, in rich profusion, his choicest blessings through our extended territory ; and the plastic hand of art, if encoura-

ged by suitable munificence from the opulent, will soon bring into existence monuments of taste, which will emulate the best days of Greece and Rome.

The patriots of the revolution founded an empire ; it should be the pride of posterity to give it a name which will survive the wreck of its power.

Athens, although her walls and temples are mingled with the dust, is held in grateful remembrance ; not because she was opulent or powerful ; not because she shed her blood at Salamis and Marathon—no : the Cossac and Tartar can boast of deeds equally heroic ; they too can point to the field of slaughter where they plucked the encrimsoned wreath : But the fire of that genius which guided the pen and the chisel, seen through the vista of ages, sheds, even at this remote period, an undiminished lustre on her name. “ The pursuits of letters and the arts are the purest sources of enjoyment : they calm the turbulence of political discussions ; like the air we breathe, their influence reaches every object that can contribute to our comfort or satisfaction, till their diffusive light sheds over national manners a softened beauty, which, like the mellow coloring of the painter, forms no feature of the landscape, but is the charm of the whole. If we seek the glory of the nation, these pursuits present us with the most brilliant objects of ambition. They strengthen the infancy of a nation, because they purify its morals ; they give lustre to its maturity ; they enliven its decay, and even cheer its ruins with the proud vestiges of renown.”

Although the fastidious conceit and magnified self-importance of Europeans encourages them to

make the paucity of American talent a theme of bitter raillery ; to reject as loathsome to a correct taste whatever originates on this side the water, as if Europe was the only place congenial to the arts ; yet whoever studies the American character, discovers at once that sagacity and ardor, that enthusiastic love of the arts and letters, which must, at some future period, elevate these sister studies to a high degree of perfection.

But while the parsimony, the cold indifference of opulent Americans, permits the pencil of WEST to give life and animation to English canvas ; while it banishes genius to foreign climes, in search of the patronage which the grudging heart of avarice withholds ;—it will also banish the honour of having given birth to such illustrious men ; it will expatriate those monuments of imperishable glory, which should be the pride and admiration of posterity.

When the chivalric heroism which has borne the American flag in proud triumph over the ocean ; when the devotional ardor which nerved the arm and guided the sword at Chippewa ; by the lapse of time shall be buried in forgetfulness, the pencil of WEST will continue to warm the heart, and diffuse its mellow light and shade over the mind.

The works of the poet, and the researches of the philosopher, address themselves to the understanding, enlighten the mind, and call forth a tribute of spontaneous gratitude, long, long after the echoes of the warrior's trumpet have ceased to vibrate his praise.

The fame of the warrior and the statesman lives only in the pages of the poet and the historian.

Why is all but the name of Carthage buried with her ruins? Because she had not a Homer or a Herodotus to redeem her from oblivion.

Why does the name of Italy awaken a lively, irresistible interest in every inquiring mind? Not because she extended her conquests from the Atlantic to the Ganges; not because kings laid their crowns at her feet, passed tamely under her yoke, and added a fancied lustre to her cruel triumphs; not because the rapacious plunderer impoverished the world to accelerate her magnificence; not because ambitious profligacy fatigued invention to excel the worse than vain conceits of foppish extravagance;—but because she was the patron of genius, the mother of invention.

The fire of the poet, the sublime thought, the wonderful expression of the painter, and the exact symmetry of the statuary, can never fail of captivating our senses.

To excel in these arts and in science, secures true and lasting national greatness. The glory which flows from them, is not that evanescent brilliancy of a bubble, which sports for a moment in the beams of the sun, and then vanishes forever; but it shines steadily through a lapse of ages, and its lustre will never fade, while taste and refinement are admired.

Leisure, exemption from the turmoils of war and the feuds of civil life, and substantial patronage, are all that is necessary to elicit the spark of *genius*.

Affluent, enterprising, prolific in talent, and far removed from the tumults of the old world, if our country any longer withholds that munificence which

will enable her sons to emulate the best days of Europe, she will then deserve the sneers, the raillery, and taunting reproaches, which are now heaped upon her without mercy, by the hireling tourists and mercenary reviewers of Europe.

Peace is always a propitious period for the arts and science; they seek repose, and flourish most vigorously, when farthest removed from the tumult of arms and the strife of political zealots.

The present is a doubly propitious moment, as the world is at peace, and the fervor of party feeling is rapidly subsiding.

How desirable then, instead of *striving* to be captivated with the glimmer of a false and transient fame, that there should be an union of sentiment and feeling, a laudable emulation to place our character, as a nation, on a basis which shall defy the vicissitudes of time.

[The following Address was delivered by the Hon. Mr. BLAKE, at the *festive board*, when called upon for a Toast, as President of the Day. The *cordiality* with which it was received, was evinced by an *unanimous vote* that a copy be requested for publication.]

WILL you permit me, gentlemen, to submit to you a few remarks, upon what I consider one of the most auspicious circumstances connected with this celebration ; as introductory to a toast which I am about to offer.

I allude to the obvious, and (as I verily believe) progressive mitigation of *the spirit of party*, in the proceedings of the Government, and in the sentiments and feelings of the People.—It is not to be denied, that in the measures of the national administration, and in the manner in which these measures were discussed, during the late session of Congress, there is less to be discerned of that exclusive spirit, which aims at the interest and elevation of a few, rather than at the good of the whole, than we have witnessed, perhaps, at any other period since the first existence of parties in our country. It is equally true, that in the recent session of our own State Legislature, much of that asperity which has, in former times, mingled in their deliberations, has yielded to a temper of courtesy and accommodation, strongly indicating a desire to forget past differences, and to unite together for the public good.—The observation of every one present will, I presume, justify me in the remark, that the spirit of party seems also most happily to be banished, in a great degree, from our social intercourse with each other ; and that, whatever speculative differences of opinion may yet exist among us, we can now compare these opinions with a coolness and complacency of temper which, till of late, was seldom exhibited in political debate.

I shall not trespass upon your patience, by minutely investigating the causes which have led to a result, so essential to our individual comfort and tranquillity, and so conducive to the happiness and prosperity of our country.—The dreadful calamities we have suffered, during a war most vindictive, sanguinary, and destructive in its character, the baneful ef-

fects of which, it is fair to presume, were not fully anticipated by its authors, have undoubtedly contributed, in no small degree, to produce this salutary effect. It is in the nature of man, in his social relations, to forget private animosities in the contemplation of a common danger, and even in looking back upon perils from which he has recently escaped. With those who were most instrumental in bringing upon us these public and private distresses, the season of retrospection has probably been a season of deep compunction and regret. Like "the calm sea," they have "wondered at the wreck they made,"—and have perhaps magnanimously resolved to offer up their party feelings and passions, as a sacrifice of atonement, upon the altar of their country. Should such have been the effect of our sufferings and perils, it may not, perhaps, be deemed an extravagant hypothesis, that the blood and treasure which have been lavished in this dreadful conflict, have been profitably expended;—that they have been required of us, by an all-wise and all-merciful Providence, not only as a retribution for past offences, but as the means of accomplishing our future political redemption.

But from whatever source this conciliatory disposition may have emanated, it cannot, I trust, be necessary to inculcate, with those who are assembled on this occasion, the duty of meeting it with cordiality, and of zealously cultivating a reciprocal temper. Federalists are bound to remember, that they also constitute a *party*; that they are not altogether exempt from the passions and propensities by which the *predominant party* have been governed; and that, in the eager pursuit of objects tending to the advancement of *their party*, they have sometimes, perhaps, lost sight of the public good.

If the disposition which I have noticed should continue to be sincerely and assiduously cherished, it may not, perhaps, be a visionary hope, that the shades of difference which seem now to be rapidly melting away, may soon vanish altogether; that by another return of this anniversary, those who are now separated from us in commemorating the nativity of our common country, may, by "mutual compromise and concession," unite as "brethren of the same principle;" and that we may then cordially and sincerely greet each other with the concil-

iatory sentiment—"We are all Federalists ;—We are all Republicans !"

I am well aware, that such has not been the progress of *parties* in other ages, and in other countries. Let us remember, however, that we are "a peculiar people," and, I hope, more than most other people, "zealous of good works."—Let it be remembered that our national emancipation was an event without precedent ; and that our national constitution is a form of government without parallel. Is it, then, altogether vain and visionary to expect, that the rise, progress, and decline of parties, in our country, may form a new epoch in the political history of the world ?—There are many great and good men at the present day, who are sanguine in the belief, that "wars and fightings" among nations, which are coeval with the earliest institution of civil society, may be forever banished from the face of the earth by individual compact and association. If it can be even *hoped* that such an amelioration of the condition of man is within the scope of human exertion, it would seem to be not altogether chimerical to *believe*, that political feuds and animosities among individuals of the same nation may, by similar means, be effectually and permanently extinguished.

"In great attempts, 'tis glorious e'en to fail." The time is most propitious to so noble and generous an experiment ; and our duty as Christians, and brethren of one common family, most imperiously enjoins upon us to persevere in a work, which is already successfully begun.

With these remarks, which I hope will not be considered as officious or intrusive ; and which, if they should be productive of no good, you will, I trust, do me the justice to believe, have been made with good intentions ; I beg leave to propose this sentiment :—

A new Political Confederacy !—Its exclusive object the good of the whole—and not the predominance of a party !