

GREENE'S



ORATION.

JULY 4. 1815.

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AN

ORATION,

DELIVERED IN

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,

CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA;

ON TUESDAY, THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1815;

IN COMMEMORATION OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE;

BY APPOINTMENT OF THE

SOUTH-CAROLINA STATE SOCIETY  
OF CINCINNATI,

*And published at the Request of that Society;*

AND ALSO OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION SOCIETY.

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BY CHRISTOPHER R. GREENE,

*A Member of the Cincinnati.*

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1815.

*E. H. Edwards.*

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☞ *The following pages were composed at short notice ; and the portion of time allotted, was incessantly interrupted by mercantile avocations. The author, however, found, and he hopes ever to find, a resource and an incentive in the most generous friendship. There are faults which he had not time to amend—there are passages, which he has not talents to improve. In yielding to the polite request of his friends of the American Revolution Society, and of his Brethren of the Cincinnati, he is confident that every indulgence will be shown him, which friendship can either desire or bestow. Time will never obliterate from his heart the impression of their kindness—and in the land where “the stranger finds a home”—where the deeds of valor and patriotism are blended with the mild and endearing virtues, he may indulge a hope, that his motives will be duly appreciated, and his faults be generously consigned to oblivion.*

“ For the bright wreaths that other days have graced,  
“ Entwined by Genius, and matured by Taste ;  
“ Accept the humble offering I bestow,  
“ Of flowers, that wither in the day, they blow.”

# ORATION, &c.

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## FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS.

This is the birth-day of our Republic. It was born of the spirit of Liberty—cradled amid the councils of Wisdom—and nursed in the arms of Valor. It descended from an unnatural Parent, who, like Saturn, attempted to destroy its own offspring. But still it flourished. Earth yielded it her treasures—Ocean was its barrier and its mine; and its infant struggles for existence were crowned with victory and fame. How many patriot hearts bled for its protection—how many fainted spirits hovered over it in the hour of danger! The brave men of the East came to fight its battles; for the soul of chivalry delights to defend the weak, and rescue the oppressed. It flourished beyond hope or expectation. The first link that tyranny forged to enslave it, was severed by its sword; and disdaining to follow in leading strings an arbitrary, unkind and despotic parent, it assumed the Independent station, for which nature had designed it.

The tear of filial piety marked the separation. It embarked on an unknown ocean, without chart, or compass, or beacon—it escaped the quick-sands—it survived the tempest, and the superintending Providence of Heaven conducted it in safety to the Haven of Peace.

And shall not this Nation annually revert to the perilous and interesting scenes of its youth? Shall there be no day set apart, when all private and selfish avocations shall cease—When the altars of Patriotism shall burn with universal incense—When the aged shall perceive that their services are remembered, and the young shall learn how to serve their country—When we shall renew the vows of Freedom in the presence of the God of Empires? Yes, such a day has been appointed by the common consent of this whole people, and this morning heard ~~it proclaimed by the welcome~~ of artillery from Orleans to Plattsburg.

Hear our rejoicings, and receive our thanksgivings, O thou Omnipotent Ruler of Nations, and while other countries groan under thy wrathful indignation, grant us eternal UNION, LIBERTY and PEACE!

The picture of the *revolution* has been so often, and so ably drawn—its lights and shades so happily blended—that any attempt to imitate it, would be dangerous—any hope to amend it desperate. Its colours live in the memory; and its impression is transferred to the heart. But if there be any stranger in this assembly, who has not yet heard the glowing narrative of our early sufferings and achievements; let him imagine that he sees before him a mighty and victorious nation, assailing with fleets and armies, a young and almost uncivilized people—without skill in arts or arms—altogether unprepared for the conflict—called from the pursuits of Agriculture to defend their soil from invasion. Their soil, alas is

fertile in noxious weeds, which embarrass their efforts; and it is crimsoned with blood alike by external and by internal foes. All the horrors of war surround them. The servant betrays—the savage slaughters—the civilized would enslave them. Chains are forged for them abroad—scalping-knives await them at home. They suffer—they persevere—they triumph! Their cause is just—their leaders are wise; and when they lose a warrior on earth, they gain an advocate in Heaven. The armies of the invader are made captive—his fleets are vanquished and return with shattered sails—the shadows of slavery are dispersed—and the sun of liberty sheds its tranquil lustre on a delighted people.

Who would suppose, that ever again the invader would attempt to pollute our land? He might come, as many have come, to flourish in the sunshine of freedom; but who would suppose him rash enough to indulge the hope, that he could quench its heat or splendor?

He seems to have forgotten the past—will he forget the present? Will time again obliterate learning, and render experience useless? The same lesson has been renewed at New-Orleans, which was taught at York-Town; and Pakenham abandoned with his life an enterprize, which Cornwallis lived to abandon.

Let it not be supposed, that the American Revolution displayed merely that bravery and love of country, which were so conspicuous in its progress. It was a school for statesmen, as well as soldiers. In their modes of thinking and acting—

in their speculations on law and government, were exhibited boldness and originality. Our rulers had no imaginary guardian, with whom they secretly conversed. They sought not with Numa the grove of Ægeria--but seemed to hold communication, like Franklin, with Heaven. They collected and concentrated the light of ages.

Their deliberations produced the Constitution of the United States--the best system of government, which human ingenuity has ever devised--the only system, under which liberty can be secure. The wisdom of Solon was surpassed--the visions of Plato were realized, when the Federal Constitution, like a second Minerva, sprang into life and beauty.

What is the phantom of Spanish liberty, for the purchase of which so much blood and treasure have been expended? What is it, but the liberty of being tortured on the rack; or mingling the last sigh of life with the smoke, that enshrouds the stake of superstition? What is the liberty of France, except that of being a conscript, and bleeding for the glory of the Despot, who governs it? What, even in England, is the boasted liberty of the subject, often betrayed by the Commons, and oppressed by the Aristocracy of the country; of which the most elevated is unfortunately the most corrupt? All these governments are founded on the absurd and revolting idea, that genius and virtue are hereditary; and that the Almighty has limited the talent of governing to some eight or ten families of the human race.

To recount all the immunities which we enjoy, and to praise as it deserves this monument of political wisdom, is necessarily denied me. It should however form the study of those, who aspire to govern this, or enlighten other nations.

In other countries, governments have been formed by accident, by fraud, or by force; by the acquiescence of the many, in the usurpations of the few. But in this favored land, by the collective virtue, the dispassionate and deliberative wisdom, of patriots and sages. They saw the tempestuous ocean of the past, over whose surface so many meteors had risen, glittered and fallen; and they extended over the western world, the arch of promise and of glory. It will only fade away and mingle with the shadows of fallen greatness, where the rays of PUBLIC VIRTUE, shall cease to illumine the materials that compose it. It is only when we cease to be virtuous, that we shall cease to be FREE.

It is the misfortune of monarchy, that on the character of the Sovereign, depends the happiness of the people. It is this consideration which renders the fate, the vices, the fall of Kings, so painfully interesting. The events of a century furnish a commentary on monarchical government, which history has written in tears. Contemplate for a moment the condition of those unhappy beings, who come to vex the world with sceptres and with crowns. There is a tremendous instability in their greatness! Where is the crown, that has not fallen?



Where the throne, that has not blushed with the blood of its sovereign? Where the people who have enjoyed either PEACE or FREEDOM? Europe has bled, it has profusely bled for Liberty—it has only changed its Tyrants. The diadem, continues to be a crown of thorns to the Prince—the sceptre, a scourge to the subject. It cannot be necessary to dilate on such a theme in order confirm your attachment to our own free government. Spain, Holland, Italy, Poland—and the verdant Isle, where genius and valor have won every thing but freedom—where humanity weeps over violated rights, with the virtue that should redeem them! These all arise in their sorrows before you. We will not lift the veil that conceals their tears. But let us resolve to cherish and transmit, the principles and virtues, which have converted a wilderness into an Eden, and to protect equally the flowers that adorn, the beauty that endears, and the Freedom that has chosen it, as her last and favorite abode.

We cannot, my countrymen, standing on the enviable eminence which we have attained through the toil of the heroes of '76—we cannot be insensible of their claims to our remembrance and gratitude. No man should remain in obscurity, who has aided in erecting the fabric of our liberties. No man should pine in indigence, who has fought the battles of his country. And here we are led by sympathy to our recent war—to the contemplation of those gallant spirits, the illustrious compeers of the heroes of the revolution,

who have gained a new, an abundant harvest of renown. The War has given strength and splendor to the chain of Union. Every link exhibits the lustre of the diamond. Local feelings are absorbed in the proud feelings of an American. Every state, every city in the Union, may boast some champion of the public rights, who has ennobled his name by his deeds; and if any where the tear still flows on the urn of unfortunate valor, there the laurel mingles with the cypress.—What American is not proud of PERRY and M'DONOUGH—of JACKSON and MACOMB? Who is there so much in love with life, that he would not die, to sleep, like PIKE, on the flag of the enemy—or, like LAWRENCE, bleed on his own? Chippewa, Niagara and Erie, shall live in history, with Marathon, Salamis and Platae, monuments of Republican skill and prowess.

The ancient Republics, were at once brave and ungrateful. They rewarded their benefactors with suspicion, and exiled their deliverers. And I grieve to think there should be any imitation on our part, of a trait like this. I grieve to think that many of our meritorious officers, whose fidelity and valor have made them cripples, should therefore be discharged from the protection of the nation they have served. Our escutcheon must not be disgraced by such a stain. Individual or public generosity, must redeem and restore it. The economy which blights virtue, deserts valor, and leaves the heart which has bled for its country, without the means of sub-

sistence, can never receive the sanction of a patriotic people.

The events of the late war have been cheering to the Patriot, and glorious to the country. Americans have contended with the veterans of Europe, and have triumphed. Statesmen rejoice, that our national government is sufficiently energetic to protect, but not to oppress the people; that it can sustain the rudest shocks of war, as well as diffuse the blessings of peace—that it is equal to all the exigencies of state, and worthy of all the affections of a generous and high minded people. In an age of revolutions; it has remained stable and firm; “Free, Sovereign and Independent.” The example of one nation, seemed to obtrude upon the recoiling vision of humanity, to proscribe Republics—the patient forbearance of another, almost to degrade them. But the day of humiliation has passed away, never to return. The glory of our Republic, now bursts on the averted vision of kings, glitters on the fragments of their sceptres, and amid falling crowns and exiled monarchs, beams with the influence of Hope over subjected nations. It has removed the veil, which during a peace of thirty years, the arrogance of Europe, had thrown over the gigantic features of America. The cloud has vanished from the brightness of her course.

On the ocean, and on the land, success has crowned our arms with equal lustre. The thunders of Niagara, which seemed to roll like its waters from Erie, are re-echoed from the Mississippi; and the “Northern Light” which

undulates on the Atlantic and the Lakes, is reflected from the victorious shields of the South.

The defence of NEW-ORLEANS, has attracted the admiration of the world, and deserves a monument of renown “ære perennius.” What is not due to that consummate skill and valor, which met, vanquished, repelled, exiled from our shores the conquerors of Europe, flushed with recent triumph, and panting for new spoils? No man can estimate the deliverance, who does not perceive the danger. Look, my friends, at the situation of that city, on the eve of the day, when its fate was decided. It is an awful moment of preparation and suspense. The heart of the patriot bleeds—the soldier looks forward almost without hope—the mother clasps her infant in her arms in speechless agony, and the cloister resounds with the prayers of Innocence, suing to the Almighty for protection from dishonor. Tomorrow, that child may be an orphan—that mother a widow—and the sanctuary where Innocence and Beauty retire for safety, and Piety for devotion, may be profaned and violated by a licentious soldiery. Tomorrow may behold that city desolate—its defenders slain—its streets deluged with blood—Tomorrow may see the flag of the *enemy waving*——Oh no! it never was destined for such a triumph! The day of carnage dawns, and the noise of artillery awakens the morning. The Sun rises on plains already red, and strives in vain to penetrate the smoke of battle. The columns of the enemy advance, silent and terrible, certain

of conquest. What have the victors of Thoulouse to fear from an undisciplined horde of militia, collected promiscuously like leaves, among the western woods? What are the entrenchments of New-Orleans, to the walls of St. Sebastians? For once they are deceived—the tide of victory turns against them. They have to encounter in that small and desultory band, the spirit of patriotism, and the spirit of Liberty, enthusiastic from despair. Behind those feeble lines, are the ramparts which the Almighty rears, around the breasts of FREEMEN. Inspired by lofty and heroic sentiments, and roused to deeds of valor by the example of their leader, the American militia slay, rout and disperse, the disciplined troops of Great-Britain. The Lion crouches in the grass—the Eagle soars to Heaven! Scarcely one of our soldiers falls in battle—while the field is covered with the English dead. That city, lately full of grief and terror, now resounds with thanksgiving and joy. Every eye beams with transport, every heart glows with gratitude—and genius and beauty weave the song and the wreath, for the defenders of their country.

—AND THEY SHALL LIVE FOR EVER.

Compassion is the soul of valor, and the first care of the victors, is generously directed to the vanquished, to soothe the wounded and the dying. Let us not then, repress the tear of manly sympathy, for those gallant soldiers of the enemy, who shall never again revisit, the land of their ancestors. Britain shall wash with tears, the tablet that records the battle of NEW-ORLEANS.

The sea, once glaring on the dark bosom of midnight, with the conflagration of our defenceless Commerce, is now luminous with the exploits of our gallant Navy. The waves, as on the shield of Achilles, seems to roll in gold.

Our ocean battles, are without a parallel, and deserve all the celebrity which genius can bestow. The hero and the artist, indeed must form an alliance, if they would descend to posterity. The smoke of battle soon ascends, and is invisible. If arrested by the painter, it remains for ever on the canvas. The bay on the brow of the conqueror, droops and withers. The waters of Helicon must restore and preserve it. The Chieftain himself moulders into dust—the sculptor must raise him to live in bronze and marble—the glory of the past—the model of the future. Many a field of renown, and many a field of valor, are unnoticed because unsung. But for the poem of the Iliad, ancient Greece would have been without a monument to record her achievements—modern Greece without an example to shame her degeneracy. Alexander slept with Homer under his pillow, and became great by contagion.

The song of the bard dispels oblivion. It inspires and rewards greatness—kindles and crowns enthusiasm. If the Naval Victories of the United States, had been gained in any of those fortunate periods, which produced the Poets and Orators of antiquity, games would have been instituted to commemorate them, and genius have contended in their eulogy. And is there no son of inspiration in this Western world, who bleed-

ing the deeds of heroism with the strains of song, shall make the present time live for the future, and rear a memorial of his country's greatness? Is there no daring adventurer who will form the pearls of Ocean into a wreath, to deck the brow of Naval Enterprize? What was the Scamander to Lake Erie, or the burning waters of Xanthus, to the fiery flood of Champlain? What all the ships of antiquity from the Argonauts down, compared with the glorious exploits of **OUR OWN CONSTITUTION**? The Muses have descended to eulogize the triumphs of the British flag—Americans have humbled it: Valor has torn it from the mast. The waves have covered it. The "meteor flag of England," has faded and fallen. And shall not American Genius, walking on the waves where she triumphs, strike the harp of David, when Goliath is overthrown?

Our infant Navy has yet another field, in which the Patriot may serve his country, and the valiant gain renown. It goes to punish the atrocious cruelties of the Tyrant of Algiers, and to inscribe letters of glory, on the columns of Hercules. It goes to civilize the savage; to scourge the infidel; to destroy the oppressor; to gain new triumphs for the Cross, and for mankind. Shame on the warriors of Europe, that a petty African pirate, should so long and with such impunity, have trampled on the rights and independence of nations. Here was a crusade, worthy of christian and enlightened Princes. Here was an occasion, where war might be waged without crime, and battles won without a tear; when the Deity

would sanction the strife, and Religion crown the champion. This contest was reserved for us. *With its peril, and its glory it is ours.* If we were richer than we are, we could not pay tribute. If we were weaker than we are, we could not tolerate injury; and although we had less of the spirit of our ancestors, we could not endure, that an AMERICAN should be *enslaved!*

Success to those gallant spirits, who are gone to encounter the African Snake, coiled under his own tree, full of deadly and accumulated venom. When, hereafter, the traveller shall pass in security the spot, where so many have perished, and shall find that the fang of the Serpent is drawn, he will venerate and admire, the characteristic valor and magnanimity of this Western Republic, which combats at once for itself, and the world.

The ravenous spirit of War, sated with carnage in the west, returns to renew his ravages on the Eastern continent. We are again at peace with the land of our ancestors. Let us indulge the hope that it will be durable, as it is prosperous.

We hail the return of Peace, for it finds us in the arms of glory, in the possession of a national character, un sullied and unparalleled. We hail its return, for it quenches the torch of war, heals the bleeding wounds of our country—banishes misery, and diffuses blessings. This State has not experienced the ordinary calamities of sanguinary and unprincipled warfare—few of our youth have fallen—the exterminating falchion, which glittered in terror before us, has not descended upon



its victims—and we have been exempted from those calamities, at the contemplation of which the heart shudders, and the soul is in arms—those secret dangers, which threatened at midnight the defenceless pillow of innocence and beauty! Not less lively therefore should be our gratitude, than if we had actually seen the sword of Cherubim flaming to defend us!

May we not hope, that by the happy return of Peace, political asperities will be softened and removed, & that the government, by whomsoever administered, will consult the experience of the past, and secure the prosperity of the future? The war has been fruitful in causes of complaint, and in subjects of exultation. It has however been productive of benefit. Victory has been ours, whenever our liberties have been seriously assailed; and the tide of invasion has been every where repelled. We may expect, that the vessel of State, will not again be jeopardised; that our rights will not soon be again violated; and we may be encouraged to repair our losses, for a new and safer voyage.

The CONSTITUTION remains uninjured. It has protected the country; it has protected itself. It has eluded its pursuers; it has vanquished its assailants; and lies at its moorings, in safety and in triumph. The American character has been developed, and has marched with a giant step from obscurity to fame.

The naturalists and Reviewers of Europe must now find other topics of self-gratulation, than a comparison of the old with the new world. His

tory has turned their speculations into ridicule, and facts have demolished their vain-glorious theories. Envy must now cease to affect the language of contempt, or incur the ridicule, it provokes. The lightning of Franklin's genius, has flashed conviction; the lofty character of Washington, without a parallel; the profound investigation of Hamilton; the attic and glowing eloquence of Ames; the elegant and classical productions of him,\* over whose tomb History is now seen to weep; *innumerable examples* have evinced, that genius and science deck the wreath, which valor has won for our country. And may we not advert with patriotic pride, to the creative mind of another American,† who has adapted a new power in the Arts to the great objects of public utility, and private convenience? It glides in beauty over the wave of the Atlantic, and the Mississippi receives it, to her undulating bosom.

While all that is manly in sentiment and in action, abounds and flourishes among us, there is an equal growth, of those mild and endearing virtues, which form the delight of social intercourse. The character of our countrywomen exhibits a happy combination of fortitude, affection and purity. Doubtless they feel universally that ardent patriotism, that high inspiration of virtue, which animated her, who lighted the torch to consume her own dwelling, lest it should be polluted by the foot

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\* Dr. RAMSAY.

† FULTON, the ingenious inventor of STEAM BOATS.

of the foe. The Roman Cornelia and Agrippina, have been rivalled in America. Such examples, as these, redeem and illustrate the character of an age. Ages of darkness, indeed, have been redeemed by the soul-subduing influence of beauty. It incites genius to soar, valor to triumph; polishes the savage into refinement, melts the ferocious into tenderness and harmonizes the jarring elements, of society.

The recent events in Europe paralyze at once scepticism and prophecy. Who could have expected or foretold the suddenness and celerity, with which the last revolution in France has been accomplished, although France has been so long the scene of Revolution? Who is there so wise as to have foreseen such an event—who so credulous as to have believed in the prediction? If Alexander, when, the object of the war having been obtained, he was unbinding his armour, and about to repose in Peace and security; If, at that moment one of those spirits, to whom it is given to embrace in their vision the recesses of futurity, and predict what time will unfold; had revealed to him what a single year has developed—if he had said—“In one year your army shall  
 “march again into France; all that you have ac-  
 “complished will be undone; all your battles  
 “will have been fought in vain; your negotiati-  
 “ons, will terminate as they commenced—Louis,  
 “le désiré, will again be a vagrant, and in exile;  
 “the sun, which you think has set forever, will  
 “arise and reascend the zenith; Napoleon will  
 “again be Emperor of France, at the head of

“armies, which you shall reinforce by the addition  
 “of the veterans, taken in the Russian war---uni-  
 “versal terror will succeed the song of triumph  
 “and deliverance, which now fills the European  
 “world---and that world will be converted into  
 “one vast armoury, forging weapons to destroy  
 “an individual.” Such a prophet, at such a time,  
 would have been regarded as a harpy, come to  
 pollute the feast by his malignant omens.

And yet he would have related the truth!---a  
 miraculous, a melancholy truth, already perhaps  
 recorded in the tears and blood of thousands, and  
 proclaimed by the thunders of hostile artillery!  
 France, inconstant France, welcomes a second  
 time the Usurper, and with him the domestic suf-  
 ferings and foreign wars, which designate his reign.  
 The love of glory---the splendour of arms, the  
 vanity of conquest, at once wretched and ruinous,  
 dazzle and seduce this extraordinary people; who  
 are content to suffer, and be conspicuous; and are  
 always willing to bleed for celebrity.

The hopes of the Philanthropist are again disap-  
 pointed, Europe is doubtless, again in arms---If  
 she could recal the banished spirit of liberty, and  
 of national Justice---that arena so often crimsoned  
 with blood---where the pride of nations has been  
 so often humbled, and the hopes of patriotism so  
 often betrayed---might become a field, where the  
 generous virtues would be the competitors---the  
 happiness of man the object, and where the lion  
 and the lamb, fulfilling the predictions of inspira-  
 tion, might repose together in perpetual peace.

Perhaps out of this new state of things, causes of difference may arise between this country, and one or both of the belligerents; and it is possible that our peace may be as short lived, as that of Europe. It is our interest no less than our duty, to be strictly and impartially neutral; and it cannot be the interest of other nations, that we should change our situation. The political chart is before us, and we have only to pursue the track of Washington: Like the milky way, it is studded with stars. It will lead us in safety, through the perilous ocean, in the storms that agitate nations, and we shall float in triumph, amid the wreck and ruin of ambition and folly; whose miserable and deluded votaries, shall seek with us an asylum. And, if our forbearance should be again insulted, or the path of Peace be interdicted to us; we will go, like Achilles, reluctantly to the field; but we will return, like Achilles, loaded with spoils. The invention of our own citizens has afforded us means of attack and defence, unparallelled and almost invulnerable; and FULTON has given us a shield, far superior to those, which the gods of fable were accustomed to bestow on the heroes of antiquity.

#### GENTLEMEN OF THE CINCINNATI.

In the annual commemoration of our country's Independence, you are again assembled. The war-worn veteran meets his associate in arms, and is reminded of long-past scenes of toil and danger. The Youth comes to kindle emulation from the fires of patriotism, and to implant in his heart the exploits of his fathers. It is for eloquence

to revive these associations in all their former strength, and to rouse the enthusiasm of the rising generation, until it equal the self-devotion, which characterised the leaders and the patriots, of the American Revolution. No such influence can be expected in the performance of the task, which your partiality has assigned to a youth and a stranger; and yet I could not be a *stranger*, to the *renown*, which the Sons of Carolina won, in the combats of '76—a renown, illustrated by the battles of Fort Moultrie, the Cowpens and the Eutaw, and requiring no efforts of mine, to encrease its celebrity.

Who knows, but the story of our past achievements, may have warmed into life, and kindled into splendor, those principles of valor and patriotism, which obtained the victories of Niagara and Chippewa? Thus an endless succession of honorable deeds shall arise and flow as from their source, from the institution, and the æra, which we now commemorate.

You have lived to see our country twice assailed—your swords have not slept in their scabbards, and you have lived to see it as often triumphant.

The tree, you have planted, still flourishes. It has not withered in the flash, nor trembled in the tempest. The Eagle rests on its summit—the Dove is sheltered by its foliage—and its golden fruit falls into the lap of Honor. It survives to shelter the snow white locks of the veteran; and will spread its verdure for ages, over the hallowed "*dust*," that planted it.

Annually we are called to mingle our sighs, with the festivities of this Day. Since our last anniversary,\* two of our associates, whose swords were drawn with yours, in the war of the Revolution, sleep with their fathers. But the memory of the brave is not destined to perish, while a kindred spirit remains to preserve it.

GENTLEMEN OF THE REVOLUTION SOCIETY—

Yours are those kindred spirits, who shall retain and keep alive, the fires of freedom. On you the mantle of Washington has fallen; and to your vigilant and affectionate care, will too soon be consigned, the urns and the fame of his companions in arms. Your Association, formed to perpetuate the principles of civil and political liberty, is full of usefulness and honor.

The scenes of private and of public life, attest your individual merit; and your country may confide in you, for all that literature can accomplish, all that Eloquence can inspire, valour achieve and Honor purify. Followers of Washington, like him, you are not to be seduced from the path of rectitude, by those illusions of ambition, which lead men from the race of patriotism, to the race of popularity. Let us rejoice that our institutions have survived the shock of war, that the People still enjoy their rights, and that the ship has not foundered, in the violence of the storm. And though disunion seemed to threaten our existence

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\* Major FELIX WARLEY and Capt. THOMAS HALL, whose honorable services will long be remembered with gratitude, by the friends of American Liberty and Independence.

and national Bankruptcy to ingulph our hopes, yet we have been providentially preserved. History seems to stand on the ruins of Republics; but let us hope, that an adherence to the "firm, wise, dignified," and pacific policy of Washington, may preserve us forever, from their fate.

Usurpation of power, under whatever pretext, should be resisted, as soon as attempted. FREEDOM is dearer than life, for it gives all its value to existence. And, shall a Cæsar ever aspire to enslave our country, and find no Brutus to avenge it? Shall a Saul ever arise, and not bleed on Gilboa? Shall a WASHINGTON expire, and his virtues, his example, and his memory not be cherished in the hearts of emancipated millions?

*To you, Fellow-Citizens generally,* this day must be peculiarly welcome. The tide of wealth rushes in upon you. Your former avocations are renewed; and you are released from the toils and sufferings of war. Your families sleep in security, and the smile of cheerfulness lights once more the countenance of beauty. And yet, compared with other parts of the Union, your city has scarcely suffered. Your youth have not been called to the shock of battle; nor your daughters to weep over their fallen lovers.

Your *Lines*, the eternal monument of your Patriotism, where all classes of your citizens labored like brethren in the common cause, were never assailed by the enemy. If they had been, can we doubt that they would still have been green, and verdant, and covered with laurel?

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Now, my Friends, let us perform the grateful ceremonies, which belong to this occasion—Let all care be banished—Let the eye gladden with transport—Let the heart glow with exultation—Let the National feeling, be lofty as the *National fame*—and the song of the Bard, and the voice of music, and the peals of artillery, proclaim, that this is the **JUBILEE OF THE AMERICAN STATES.**



## ERRATA.

Page 10,	Line 9,	after order insert to
12,	24,	for subjected read subjugated
15,	5,	seems read seem
18,	14,	be en read been