

# ORATION

DELIVERED

On the 4th of July, 1809,

BEFORE THE

**TAMMANY SOCIETY,**

*OR COLUMBIAN ORDER,*

|                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Tailors' Society,</i>       | <i>Masons' Society,</i>           |
| <i>Coopers' Society,</i>       | <i>Shipwrights' Society,</i>      |
| <i>Hatters' Society,</i>       | <i>House-Carpenters' Society,</i> |
| <i>Hibernian Prov. Society</i> | <i>and Columbian Society.</i>     |

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BY JOHN T. IRVING, Esq.

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Remember, O my friends,  
The gen'rous plan of liberty devis'd  
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)  
O let it never perish in your hands!  
But piously transmit it to your children."

ADDISON

**New-York:**

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1809.

*At a meeting of the General Committee of Arrangements, held at A. B. Martling's, July 7, 1809.*

*On motion, resolved, That Judah Hammond, Stephen Allen, and John Morss, Jun. be, and they are hereby appointed to convey the thanks of this committee, to John T. Irving, Esq. for the very appropriate and patriotic ORATION, delivered by him, before the Associated Societies, on the late anniversary of our National Independence, and also, that they request him to favour this committee with a copy of said Oration for publication.*

*Extract from the Minutes,*

**WM. MOONEY, Chairman.**

**JOHN MORSS, Jun. Secretary.**



*The following Oration was hastily written and without any idea of publication. Considering the day as more devoted to patriotic feelings, than to the exercise of dispassionate judgment, its object was principally to gratify those feelings and join in with that enthusiasm of the nation, which hitherto has been, and ever should be freely indulged on the anniversary of its independence.*

# ORATION.

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*Fellow Citizens!*

**THIS** day we assemble to celebrate the anniversary of our independence ; to commemorate with rational festivity, the day that ushered our nation into existence. It should be a day of grateful recollection, when we should dwell over the memory of patriot heroes, who fought, who conquered, and who gloriously fell in effecting the emancipation of our country. It should be a day of rejoicing, when we should rehearse with triumph the successful events of our revolution, by which our liberties were painfully, but honorably acquired. It should be a day of solemn convention, when every wandering affection, every private animosity, and every individual interest, should be absorbed in one general sentiment of patriotism ; when we should renew the holy vow of allegiance to our country, and unite in a sacred covenant to preserve her liberties inviolate.

Such exalted exercises of the mind, while they pay the highest tribute to the memory of departed excellence, tend to bind our affections closer to the pillar of our constitution. They sanctify, they regenerate our feelings, and purify the heart from all those gross passions, which corrupt its nature and pervert the current of its affections ; for in a country where every heart

is the temple of liberty, and every intellect the throne of government, how important is it to preserve that temple unprophaned, that throne intelligent and uncorrupted ! Let then those examples of active worth and exalted patriotism, held forth in our revolutionary struggle, annually pass before our minds. They shall kindle up the heart of the native citizen to emulate the virtues of his ancestor ; while the brethren of our adoption shall listen with attention to the theme, and bless the memory of those heroes, who threw open the doors of this asylum to persecuted man.

How august the scene, when the sages of our revolution first assembled to assert the rights of their country ! In a day of darkness, of peril, and of tempest, they launched their bark amid the conflicting waves of many waters, to save the public cause from shipwreck. No ambition of dignities, no avidity of gain, prompted them to action. What aggrandizement, could they possibly receive from a country overwhelmed by oppression and threatened with exterminating war ?— What wealth could they expect from an exhausted treasury, a diminished revenue, from public indigence, and individual distress ? On the contrary, in espousing the cause of freedom, they surrendered at once the sweets of domestic ease, every consideration of interest, and every assurance of security. And to acquire what ? If successful, the approbation of their own hearts, and the simple blessing of an impoverished but emancipated people. If unfortunate, to incur poverty, persecution, perhaps an ignominious death, from the hands of exasperated power.

Yet with such inauspicious prospects, while the thunder of royal indignation muttered over their heads, and threatened to hurl destruction around them; did they intrepidly assemble to vindicate the rights of an oppressed people, and to rend asunder forever those ties which bound us to the oppressor. Then was it that, after recapitulating in candid but feeling language, the many privations they had suffered, the many insults and injuries they had sustained; a solemn appeal was made to the Supreme Judge of the Universe, for the righteousness of their intentions, and these United States declared "free and independent." The sword of war was drawn, not in passion, not in blind fury, or headlong resentment; but with a deliberate solemnity characteristic of the people, and worthy of the cause. It was raised aloft in pious adjuration, the approbation of Heaven gleaned upon the blade, it was the sword of the Lord and of Joshua.

Were I to describe a man, who abandoning the soft tranquility of peace, and shutting his ears against the syren seductions of affluence and security, encountered voluntarily all the evils of iron war; who, without a murmur, underwent hunger, thirst, nakedness, the extremes of torrid heat and thrilling cold, and all the sad variety of suffering "that flesh is heir to." Who rushed almost unarmed to battle, who was undaunted by numbers, unbroken by defeat, uncorrupted by victory.—Whose only buckler was the righteousness of his cause, whose only motive was the love of his country! Such, you would say, were the fabled heroes of the olden time, such were the prodigies of patriotism and valour, that existed in the heated imagination of the bard; of such

have Homer and Maro sung in strains of Heaven born poetry. Yes, my fellow-citizens, some few such heroes have indeed been celebrated in the song of ancient times ; they have been handed down, thro' corrupt and degenerate ages, for the admiration of mankind ; but such was every patriot of our revolution.

The Yeoman, as he repaired to join the ranks of his countrymen, cast a mournful look over the fields he had planted, waving in rich luxuriance ; he bade a long adieu to his humble roof, the scene of many an hour of domestic joy and fond endearment, the much loved spot where centered all his felicities. Alas ! those scenes might soon be laid waste by war, those harvests trampled under foot by a remorseless enemy, that dwelling be made the abode of shrieking horror by the sword of desolation ! The sigh burst from his bosom, but it fanned the flame of patriotic resolution ; it breathed the feelings of the man, but it shook not the firmness of the soldier.

Every mean was devised to seduce the affections, corrupt the principles and appal the courage of the patriot. Persuasions the most insinuating, promises the most dazzling were held forth by a wealthy foe. He was like a famishing man, tempted with all the luxuries of the table. Did he yield ! Was the weakness of human nature conquered by golden temptation ? No, through a long, a soul wearying struggle, but one among a race of suffering warriors, was found recreant enough to betray his country ; and the astonishment excited by the crime of Arnold, bespoke the virtuous feelings of his countrymen. Miserable man ! Let his fate be recorded

an awful warning to mankind. Like a second Cain, the mark of Heaven was set upon him ; he became a vagabond, an out-cast, a forlorn profligate, blasted on the face of the earth ; the execrations of a virtuous people hunted him to his death ; the fiend of remorse incessantly shrieked traitor in his ear. Detested by his countrymen, despised by the world, loathed even by himself he skulked ignominiously to the tomb ; there let him moulder in oblivion, " may no stone mark his grave," to draw down on it the curses of the traveller.

To sap the resolution and overwhelm the courage of the patriot warrior, a sweeping plan of hostility was resorted to. Invading fleets poured forth an armed deluge upon the sea coast, and the wilderness yielded forth hords of barbarians, who deepen the horrors of war, by cold blooded cruelty and savage ingenuity of torture. What the civilized soldier of Europe had spared, the remorseless savage laid waste. No refuge was a sanctuary against his violence, no age or sex, a protection from his cruelty. While absent in the service of his country, the humble cottage of the peasant warrior was wrapped in flames. The trembling hand of age, feebly raised the weapon to defend the mansion of his youth from desolation, his children, and his childrens' children, from destruction. Those hoary hairs which should have sunk in peace and honour to the grave, were stained with gore, were violated by a savage hand, and the few drops of blood that lingered through his withered veins were shed in wanton cruelty. The soldier of the revolution, sore with his wounds, received in the

field of battle, returned to repose in the house of his fathers, to recline his throbbing temples on the bosom of connubial tenderness. He beholds his once peaceful habitation, a smoaking ruin, his venerable sire, the wife of his bosom, the tender lambs he had cherished, all inhumanly butchered ! Gracious Heaven ! Was he not annihilated by the sight ! Did not his heart yield under its sufferings ! Did he not silently sink into submission ! No, for a while he presented that exalted picture which Seneca has well pronounced the noblest that God can behold, a virtuous man suffering and struggling with his afflictions. But he struggled and triumphed over them. He had that within which bore him up against every trial, the supreme love of his country. A spirit thus fortified may be wounded, but cannot be broken, it may be borne down, but cannot be subdued. It rises stronger from every pressure and can only perish, with the heart that it animates.

Such is a faithful picture of a hero of our revolution: of such men was our intrepid, but scanty army composed. Unacquainted with that mechanical adroitness at arms, which is the result of regular discipline—destitute of supplies and scantily equipped, they had to contend with powerful, well furnished, well organized armies.—The field of battle was their military school, and the art of war was acquired by bloody experience. But their strength lay in the union of their hearts: bound together by sympathy of sentiment and unity of motive, they were like a solid phalanx, where man is linked to man, and shield to shield ; presenting one condensed mass of moving war, impenetrable and irresistible.



How greatly they dared—how gloriously they conquered, is recorded by the historian, and treasured in the memory of a grateful people. The Plains of Saratoga and Monmouth; Bunkers-Hill, Eutaw Springs, the heights of Santee and the walls of York Town, were the scenes of their glory. Hallowed ground! There shall the traveller stay his course and kindle with the recollection of the patriot dead, who moulder in the soil they perished to defend! In fancy he shall see the dread array of battle; shall view the standard of freedom unfurled, leading the way to victory. He shall behold the enemies of his country broken, routed, flying in wild confusion; he shall mingle in the pursuit, and join in the shout of triumph with his countrymen! Happy, happy delusion, where the soul, deeply interested in such momentous events, again realizes the scene, and is carried away by the tide of enthusiastic feeling.

Departed heroes of our revolution! alike ye who perished in the field of glory, as ye whom Providence spared to perfect your work, ere it gathered you to the peaceful sepulchre; if witnessing this tribute of affectionate remembrance, accept it in all the sincerity of our hearts! no need of sculptured trophies and splendid mausoleums to perpetuate your names. They shall fill a nobler tablet than art could ever frame, or wealth could ever purchase. They are indelibly recorded on the hearts of your countrymen! Every freeman is a living monument that shall bear testimony to your virtues: he shall recount them to his children; he shall dwell with rapture on your achievements, and the lisping infant shall be taught to bless you!

Oh, my fellow-citizens, do I dwell on those themes only to awaken sad recollections? to dash your day of joy with the memory of friends that are no more? Or do I seek to revive the hostile feelings that once animated us against our parent country, and to blow up, afresh, those sparks of enmity that are almost smothered among the ashes of departed years? I should be unworthy of the honor you have done me, in calling me to speak before you, could I be actuated by such motives. The hatchet of war has long been buried—sincerely would I wish that it might ever rest untroubled, and the olive of peace overrun and obliterate the very place of its sepulture. But it is necessary to recal the past, more fully to enjoy by contrast, the felicity of the present. It is necessary to shew how dearly our liberty was purchased; that by the greatness of the price we may the better know how to appreciate the blessing.

It was bought by the miseries of our fathers, by their struggles and their groans. They bequeathed to us a legacy of freedom, written in their blood: they now look down from above, watchful whether we shall husband the precious inheritance, or, like prodigal sons, squander away the hard earned patrimony of our fathers.

On this august anniversary of our independence, therefore, it becomes us to revolve these things seriously in our minds, and to renew the watchword of our liberties. To whom can such reflections be addressed with more propriety than to you, who compose in a manner, the sinews and muscles of our country. Men who form the centre of population, the very axis of society: whose interests and affections are reposed at home;

whose hearts, I trust, are bound and linked with adamantine bands to the welfare of our country. In your hands must the palladium of our liberty rest. You cannot be inflated by the dangerous cravings for aristocratic distinction ; you do not float like the ephemeral bubbles of pride and fashion, on the surface of society ; nor are you of that uninformed class, too low to be agitated with the current of events, and who, like dull weeds, sleep secure at the bottom of the stream. To you, therefore must we look for the protection of our national advantages. It behoves you, vigilantly to guard every avenue by which the vitals of your country may be assailed.

From the very spirit of our constitution, every man is authorised to take a becoming interest in the affairs of his country, and to investigate the conduct of his rulers. A candid survey of governmental measures, a liberal scrutiny into the motives and acts of administration, are highly salutary and productive of the most beneficial consequences. They drag forth latent defects, correct secret abuses, lead from error those who had unwittingly gone astray, and avert anticipated evils. But I would warn you against that cavilling spirit, which hunts with microscopic eye, after unimportant errors and trivial faults of the administration, and then trumpets its discoveries from one end of the Union to the other, which creates distrust without reason, and excites tumult without object. I would caution you against those idle complaints, which have no weight of accusation ; those petty revilings which originate in resentment, whose effect is to irritate and not to reform ; those insignificant censures

which fasten only on the skirts of character, and are as much distinguished by the emptiness as by the loudness of their clamor. These are the arts of factious and designing men, by which they wean the affections of the citizen from his rulers, by which they destroy confidence among the people, and palsy the arm of government; by which they inflame the passions of the multitude and then take advantage of the paroxysm they have occasioned, to lead the public through fire and through water.

Remember that our safety depends on union; that our strength can only be maintained by union. That though our numbers may be great, those numbers can only be effective when they act in concert; that though our power is vast, yet that power is only formidable when it can be concentrated and directed to one particular object. If we indulge in individual animosities, if we banish mutual confidence, if we cherish separate interests and separate affections, how can we expect to stand when unlooked for adversaries assail us! Where would be the unanimity of council to direct, where the unanimity of strength to execute? Distraction would wander through the land, every man would dread an enemy in his neighbour, there would be no common point around which to rally, no general sentiment to unite us, no common cause to excite us to action.

Am I dwelling on imaginary evils! Would it were so! Would that we were beyond the possibility of such melancholy contingencies! But sad realities evince the truth of my apprehensions.

When since the revolution, has our government been

more critically situated than at present, or than it has been for these two years past. It has been the undeviating policy of the past and present administration, to preserve our nation in honorable peace, in the days of its juvenility, ere it has acquired sufficient strength of bone and vigor of nerve to sustain, uninjured, the hardy conflicts of the field. It has been the constant aim of the belligerent powers of Europe to involve us in their quarrels. They have misinterpreted our sentiments; misconstrued our acts; secretly attempted to excite division among our citizens, and to arouse them in opposition to their government. I almost blush to add, their attempts have been but too successful.

Yes, my fellow-citizens, dissention has been stalking through our land—tumultuous assemblages have been held, decrying, with infatuated turbulence, the measures of administration, and even endeavouring to counteract and defeat the salutary movements of government. A few interested men sounded the alarm: a host of well meaning, but unwary individuals joined in the tumult:—witness the tide of murmur and menace that rolled from one end of the land unto the other, and almost threatened the dissolution of the union! Is this a time for intestine broil and disaffection? Is this a time for shaking the pillars of our dwelling, when all without is storm and tempest? Look abroad from your tranquil mansion, and behold the tumult of the world; the whole universe, except us, is at war: the struggle seems not for the attainment of right, but for the extermination of mankind. It seems as if another deluge is to overspread the face of nature, more awful than the first; not

of the waters of Heaven, but the blood of agonizing man. What scenes, for ten years past, have we witnessed on the sanguinary plains of Europe? Sensibility shudders at the retrospect! Cities sacked and desolated; the choicest works of art tumbled into ruin; empires overthrown; whole countries almost depopulated!

“Sad monuments, Ambition near  
Rolls in the dust and pours a tear!”

Humanity wanders shrieking over the blood-stained fields of Marengo, Jena and Austerlitz, and Nature groans at the outrages of her children!

Willingly would I refrain from those gloomy pictures, but, by contemplating the misfortunes of others, we are the more induced to cherish our own prosperity. That prosperity is only to be maintained by adhering to the integrity of our union, and that union must ultimately depend for its permanency, on the *patriotism* of the citizen. In the frequent use of this word patriotism, let my meaning not be mistaken. From being constantly in the mouth, but seldom in the hearts of ambitious men; liberally scattered through their professions, but rarely exemplified in their actions; it has come to be considered as an empty sound, a shallow-mouthed phrase, like those unmeaning words which jugglers make use of to beguile the attention of the multitude, while they shuffle their cards and accomplish their deceptions.— But abuse and misrepresentation, though they may effect the currency, yet can never alter the nature of things. Religion is not less sacred because it has been made the mask of the hypocrite, nor patriotism the less virtuous because it has been too often the cloak of the patricide. It is a pure and holy flame: It is next to the love of our

**Maker, the most exalted affection of the heart. It consists in a sincere devotion to the public good; a disposition to sacrifice private interest, private affection and private safety, to the welfare of our country. It is the disinterested, the voluntary, the incorruptible, the imperishable bond that connects a virtuous citizen, to a virtuous government, and insures his unwavering adherence in times of peril and calamity.**

**Be assured, my fellow-citizens, there never was a time when we were more urgently called on, not merely to comprehend, but to practice this exalted virtue. We have more to apprehend from internal divisions, than from external foes. We have in our own hands ample means of safety against every outward danger. But if disaffection shall unnerve our arms; if the left hand shall thwart what the right hand attempts, of what use are those means, however ample? If a portion of the citizens shall rise up and menace the welfare of the nation, whenever measures for public safety contravene the petty pursuits of private interest; if government, in time of peril and alarm, is not only to contend with outward foes, but to scuffle and struggle with the wrong-headed opposition of selfish men, where shall we place reliance? The evil is within our own doors: Discord shall effect what outward force might attempt in vain, and faction shall plunge the dagger in the fostering bosom of its country.**

**We stand alone, the only republic on earth: "the world's last hope," the only remaining refuge of persecuted freedom. Faction has swept from existence every republic of ancient and modern days,**

Where are the states of Greece, once the favourite seats of learning, the patrons of science, the very nurseries of freemen? They exist only on the page of history. The scites of their once splendid cities, can only be traced by mouldering ruins, or the fragments of those triumphal monuments which once signalized their conquests. Faction, like a baneful serpent, had crept among the states. She infused her poison into the public mind. She arrayed one part of the confederacy against the other, and sapped that union which was the bond of their prosperity. By intestine feuds and civil wars, the energies of Greece were enfeebled and exhausted, until at length she fell an easy prey to the very nations she was once accustomed to conquer.

Where is the republic of Rome, once the mistress of the world, whose banners waved triumphant in every quarter of the globe; whose coffers were filled with the wealth of tributary nations, whose cities adorned with the spoils of vanquished provinces? Behold her stripped of her extensive domains, she stands amidst the deserted plains of the Campania, "her own sad sepulchre."

What has caused this melancholy reverse? Faction had found its way into the capital. Patrician and Plebeian contests distracted her domestic quiet. Civil war, the most demoralizing of evils, deluged the nation with every species of crime, enervated its strength, and destroyed its iron integrity. Shaken to the centre with internal convulsions, she could no longer withstand the assaults of outward foes; the irruptions of rude barbarians put a final period to her glory.



Where, in more modern times, where is republican France? Where the patriots who first effected her emancipation, and the commanders who led her republican armies to victory? France is no longer free. Her freedom was a meteor that dazzled us with the rapidity and the brightness of its course. It left behind nothing but tracks of blood: the nation shrieked as it passed; it portended dreadful calamities.

Shall I ask whence the utter annihilation of liberty in France? The scene has passed under your eyes; it was occasioned by dissensions among the people.— One faction after another struggled for command. Her streets were filled with carnage. Terror and mistrust smote the hearts of a miserable people. The Father dreaded an assassin in the child of his bosom; the ties of kindred were forgotten, and the best feelings of our nature smothered in the unnatural conflict. Thus torn, distracted, without confidence among themselves, or reliance in their rulers; the nation, from being the slave of many, became the prey of one, and yielded without resistance to the giant grasp that now controuls its destinies.

Where, I may ask, is republican Switzerland? that land of manly independence and rugged honesty, where liberty, driven from fairer climes, seemed to have built her eagle nest among the stormy cliffs of the mountains! Corruption insinuated itself among the softer inhabitants of the valley. Faction reared its hydra head amid their councils, and that invincible country which, united, might have braved the force of combined armies, was betrayed by the factions of its inhabitants.

The hardy republicans of the mountains were invaded in their humble cabins. Like Lions assaulted in their dens, they fought hopeless, yet fearless; not for victory, but for an honorable grave; not to preserve their country triumphant, but to perish with its liberties. The scanty fields of their youth were the scenes of their glory. The echoes of the mountains, which so oft had answered to their pastoral song, reverberated the death groan of the warrior: the cottages of St. Gothard became the sepulchres of the brave.

While we mourn the fate of those republics, let us take warning by their misfortunes. Let them teach us, however we may differ in speculative opinions, for such differences will ever exist; yet like the radii of a circle to meet in one common point, a reverence to those constituted authorities, which we ourselves have cloathed with power. In the hour of danger, let us rely on their virtue, and increase their energy, by uniting in a vigorous support of such measures as they may deem expedient for our safety.

But while guarding against the spirit of factious discontent, which would strike at the very root of our liberty, let us likewise beware of foreign influence, which like an insidious worm, gnaws silently into the core and drains the very life juice of the tree. Emissaries are secretly at work throughout our land, endeavouring to sow the seeds of disaffection to our government, instilling into our minds heterodox opinions, inimical to the genius of our constitution, affections foreign to the interests of our country. These are they who array brother against brother, father against son; who aim a

deadly blow at our government by annihilating those domestic virtues that are the very pillars upon which it rests. As you value your present prosperity, as you hold inestimable the form of government under which you live, as you revere the memory of those departed worthies who achieved your independence. I charge you watch, incessantly watch over those "cut purses of the empire," who would pour into the public ear their "leprous distillment," until corruption had coursed throughout the veins of the body politic, and rendered it a mass of loathsome putridity.

Situated as we are, separated by a world of waters from the present seats of havoc and desolation, what benefit can we derive from a participation in their contests? Never did a nation exist that contained within its own bosom more competent means of self support and independence. Our empire rears within its bounds the riches of every clime; the iron products of the north, the voluptuous luxuries of the south, with the more substantial blessings of the temperate zone. Every want that nature can experience, every desire that capricious appetite can breathe, are gratified in bountiful profusion. Nor are the comforts of life partially distributed, they are widely diffused and none need suffer, but those legitimate heirs of poverty, the idle and the profligate. The melancholy scenes of poverty, that darken the streets of Europe are here unknown; the arm of labour unstringed for want of employ, the withered hand of hungry indigence, raised in vain to implore assistance from a fellow worm; the famished beggar, groaning and perishing at the gate of

pampered opulence, with all those sickening spectres of misery, that pass darkly across the disk of transatlantic splendor.

Nor are we oppressed by titled ranks, who claim precedence from birth and not from merit, who without one gift of head or heart arrogate to themselves superior dignity and controul. We have no corrupt nobility to bear like a burthen on our shoulders, no tyrant throne, which like the stone of Sisyphus, the nation must vainly toil, to roll up to the summit of universal empire.— Every man looks with independent equality in the face of his neighbour; those are exalted, whose superior talents, or superior virtues entitle them to confidence: They are revered as legislators, obeyed as magistrates, but still only considered as equals.

Thus self-poised and independent, let us not suffer the secret influence of foreign courts, to steal in and corrupt the integrity of our union. Believe me, my fellow-citizens, whatever warmth of affection or sympathy of feeling, you may shew towards the nations of Europe, it will meet with no genuine return. Grown grey in policy and stratagem, and rendered selfish and distrustful by constant wars and repeated wrongs, both suffered and perpetrated, they feel no affection without the limits of their own dominions, nor above all to governments constituted like ours. It has ever been the fate, and it ever will be the fate of republics, to draw upon themselves the hatred and machinations of monarchical governments. Their principles are so congenial to the human mind, and have therefore such rapid circulation, but at the same time strike so decisive a blow

at regal delusion, that they have ever been dreaded by those powers, whose thrones have been established on the wrongs of the people. The first germ of freedom is assailed, its opening blossoms are ruthlessly blighted, and in their headlong attempts to shake off those fairest flowers, of the hopes of man, the tree of his right is often blasted to the very root.

Such was attempted in this country at the commencement and through the period of our revolution. Such, in like manner, by kingly league and covenant against the dawn of republicanism in France, and such, after heart-rending cruelty and massacre, was effected in unhappy Ireland, where liberty was mangled in its birth, and drowned in the life-blood of its parents.

Erin! Gem of the ocean. Erin! the land of beauty, of bravery, and enthusiasm! Where an Orr, a Fitzgerald perished, on the threshold of liberty; where a Tone once waved the beaming sword of patriotism like a halo around his brows. Where an Emmet stood forth dauntless in virtue, who made a Felix to tremble in the very seat of arbitrary power: who dashed brute violence in the hour of its triumph; who descended into the tomb like a flame, and whose genius shed a blaze of glory round the horrors of his grave. Oh sages! Oh patriots! Oh mighty men of battle! Have ye then fallen in vain? Have your groans been wasted on the wind, has your blood sunk forgotten in the earth? No, no! Ireland has numbered your groans; Ireland has recorded your actions; Ireland has received your blood upon her bosom; it shall nourish a future race of heroes, brave as their fathers, but more successful.

"Like stars of the battle ye set,  
 But enough of your glory remains on each sword,  
 To light them to victory yet."

The harp of Erin shall again be struck to the song of liberty; her tears of sorrow shall be exchanged for smiles of gladness, and her green hills shall echo with the shout of emancipated man.

Fellow-citizens, we commence this year of our independence, under the most favorable auspices. After an interval of doubt and anxiety, we again see our nation, by steadfastly adhering to a determined and honorable policy, emerging into unclouded day, and pursuing its course in prosperity and peace. We behold at our head, a man raised by our own choice, whose talents and virtues do honour to the discernment of the people.— With such men to rule over us, if we do but support them with confidence and unanimity; if like the individual members of a vast machine, each performs faithfully his part in the station in which he is placed, what dignified results may we not anticipate, to what an unexampled height of national grandeur, may not our country be destined.

Blessed with an almost unbounded territory, whose capacious bosom can receive and give sustenance to nations; a country where man, undebased by servile poverty, unconfined by crowded population, may resume the physical dignity of his frame, and walk forth the real lord of the creation. A country where the human mind unshackled by political or religious intolerance, may mount aloft on eagle wing, above the mists of ignorance and delusion, may rise from thought to thought, invention to invention, and soar in the meridian blaze

of knowledge. Hither the arts and sciences, driven from their antient seats by wild disorder, shall turn their halcyon beaks. Religion, pure, sincere and unrestrained, shall shed its influence on our manners. Philosophy shall wander with wondering eye among our stupenduous solitudes: The groan of oppression shall not violate the sanctity of our repose, but the steady serenity of tranquil peace, reign like an eternal Sabbath in our land.

The seas of Huron, of Erie and Ontario shall be whitened by the sail of internal commerce. Our trackless wilds shall soften under the hand of cultivation; the desert and the silent place shall rejoice, and the "wilderness shall blossom like the rose." Where the smoke of the solitary wigwam now curls lightly in the breeze, there shall roll the dark volume of the populous and spacious city. The glad ray of knowledge shall burst upon those dark recesses, where the wandering savage holds dominion, the mighty mammoth thunders thro' the forest, and the rattling serpent wreathes his folds among the herbage.

Happy Columbia! If thy inhabitants continue to emulate the examples of their fathers, if true to virtue, their country and themselves, they shun the contentions and luxuries of Europe, preserve sacred their bond of union, and cherish unimpaired their inestimable constitution, no thought can grasp the prosperity of thy empire, no imagination assign limits to the extent of thy glory.