

AN
O R A T I O N
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES
OF THE
CITY OF PROVIDENCE,

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1856,

BY

JEROME B. KIMBALL,

AND A

P O E M

DELIVERED ON THE SAME OCCASION, BY

WILLIAM M. RODMAN.

PROVIDENCE:
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1856.



CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

IN COMMON COUNCIL, }
July 14, 1856. }

RESOLVED, That the Committee appointed to make arrangements for the Municipal Celebration of the Anniversary of American Independence be, and they are hereby authorized to request of Jerome B. Kimball, Esquire, a copy of the Oration delivered by him on the fourth of July last, and of William M. Rodman, Esquire, a copy of the Poem delivered by him on the same occasion; and cause the same to be published in such manner as they may deem expedient, for the use of the City Council.

Read and passed.

A. G. GREENE, *Clerk.*

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN, same day, read and concurred.

ALBERT PABODIE, *Clerk.*

Approved:

J. Y. SMITH, *Mayor.*

ORATION.

IN obedience to the injunction of one of the early fathers of the Republic, as well as in the observance of a beautiful and hallowed custom, we have met together, fellow citizens, on this anniversary morning of our National Independence, to offer up our tribute of thanksgiving for the blessings which have attended us hitherto in our national career; to deliberate upon the duties devolved upon us by the inheritance of a free government; and to renew the pledge of "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honors" to the maintainance of those principles which are the basis of our republican institutions, and without which they have neither permanency nor vitality.

May the meditations of this hour confirm the devotion of each one of us to that glorious doctrine of civil rights and constitutional freedom, proclaimed to the world at the nativity of the Republic, and increase our fidelity to the institutions of a government which has secured to

this people an elevation of rank, an abundance of prosperity, and an extent of influence unparalleled in the history of modern nations.

The Declaration of American Independence, in itself a work so grand and imposing, so fraught with the most beneficent results not only to the American people, but to all the nations of the earth, if we would ascertain its full import, must be viewed in a two-fold aspect.

It was not merely a renunciation of all those ties which had formerly bound the colonies to the mother country; it was not alone a dissolving of the allegiance of the colonists to the British crown; it was something more than a proclamation to the world that henceforth the people of the states would be free to establish a government of their own choice; to regulate their own internal affairs, as well as foreign relations, without the interference of any other power. These were indeed, the ends which it was designed directly and primarily to accomplish, and to which we justly accord the tribute of our highest admiration.

But of what avail would it have been that the bonds which held the colonies in subjection to a foreign sovereignty had been sundered; that our ancestors sent forth among the rulers of the old world their proclamation of liberty in such tones of dignity and firmness as made the sturdiest despot tremble upon his throne, unless some scheme of government should be devised which might give effect to the principles thus proclaimed? The Declaration, laden as it was with hope for the disheartened, and peace for the troubled soul, proclaim-

ing "liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," was but the germ of that mighty revolution, still *to be* wrought out upon this western continent. It announced to the wonder-stricken nations of the old world in 1776, the determination of the American colonies to establish upon the ruins of a grievous tyranny, a new power, which would claim to occupy an equally independent and sovereign position with themselves. It was a plain, simple, manly protest against the usurpations and violence of the House of Hanover. It was a formal statement, made from "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," of the causes which impelled the people of the colonies to sunder their connection with the British crown, and "to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them." It was the first step in the direction of a republican government; the chief corner stone of the great temple of liberty which our fathers reared upon the shores of the Atlantic, and which gave shape and character to the solid superstructure.

Thus addressing itself chiefly to the external relations of the colonies, declaring the simple fact of national existence and independence, there was little room for differences of opinion among the members of the convention which announced it to the world. No man in that memorable body doubted that Great Britain had been guilty of the grossest wrong and injustice towards her American colonies. No man could devise an adequate remedy for those wrongs already become insufferable,

except by throwing off allegiance to the power which had wantonly inflicted them, and setting up in the land the standard of their own supreme and self-sympathizing authority. No man could repress a feeling of pride and exultation as he contemplated the picture of national independence there opened to his view. It might be doubtful whether the position could be maintained against the whole force of the mother country. The odds were great. But confidence in the support of an over-ruling Providence prevailed, and even on this point there was a singular unanimity of opinion and sentiment.

And not only in the convention was this unanimity manifested. The same genial spirit of patriotism which pervaded the old Hall of Independence on that memorable birth-day of a new sovereignty had possessed the hearts of all the people. And when, sweet and clear as the vibrations of an Æolian harp, above the stirring discord of drum and cannon, and the tumultuous conflict of hopes and fears, the old bell, which stood like some trusty sentinel in the tower, rang out, in accents of unmistakable import, "liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," a swelling tide of exultation swept over the continent, and penetrated the most distant colonies.

There is, however, another point of view from which the Declaration of Independence should be regarded. And this comprehends its relation to the *internal affairs* of the people who had thus asserted their nationality. As soon as the determination of the colonies to place

themselves beyond the pale of British dominion had been announced, efforts were immediately made to establish some frame of government by which that separation could be enforced, and the independence of the youthful nation maintained.

The exigencies and pressure of the war of the Revolution demanding instantaneous provision, the Confederation was accepted as the instrumentality through which the several colonies might unite in adopting such measures as should be required for the common defence. It possessed few of the elements of a permanent government, and answered very poorly the demands even of a temporary necessity. Upon the conclusion of the war, therefore, when peace had been honorably restored to the States; when the independence of the nation had been maintained against the most fearful odds, and was recognized by the power which had formerly exercised the right of sovereignty over it, and when too, it had been learned by a bitter and never-to-be-repeated experience that the confederation was not adapted to accomplish the objects of the Declaration, or to enforce the doctrines therein proclaimed, in order to complete the work which had been begun a few years before; to devise some permanent scheme for directing the internal affairs of the nation; to establish such a system of government as should harmonize with the sentiments and interests of the people from all sections of the country, at the same time that it combined, in just proportions, the elements of strength, durability and efficiency; such a government as should secure to the

people of each colony "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" as should have "full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things" which it pertained to the States as independent sovereignties to do, while it should exercise no power, however insignificant, which was not "derived from the consent of the governed;" as should promote institutions adapted to cultivate and expand the sentiments which had carried the colonies successfully through all the perils of the revolution; in a word, to consummate the glorious work begun on the fourth of July, 1776, the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, was assembled in 1787.

The records of history have made us all familiar with the many defects of the articles of confederation. It was wisely ordered by a favoring Divinity that while the issue of the conflict remained doubtful, no scheme of internal government should be proposed which could bear heavily upon peculiar local interests, or excite sectional prejudices and antipathies. It required all the energies of all the people, induced by the most intense and continued gush of patriotism, to maintain the struggle for independence. The experiment demanded for its success the widest unanimity in the public mind, and the concentration of all the powers of the colonies upon the single effort to maintain their nationality. The interests of the several States, so far as concerned the establishment of the nation, were only identical upon a plane of vision to which it was not likely many could attain at

that early day. What benefitted one benefitted all, was true only in a restricted sense, and had measures of government been proposed, before the war was terminated, which seemed to demand some concession of right, on the one side or the other, which required an abandonment of some local, temporary advantage to secure the general, permanent good of the whole people, which were likely to excite opposition, or provoke unfriendly feeling in any quarter, our revolution must have met the fate of numberless struggles for civil freedom in the old world, of which nothing remains to this day but the story of their failure.

The Confederation was thus a temporary expedient, embodying enough of the form of government to hold together in a loose and inefficient manner, the colonies by which it was ratified, at the same time that it infringed upon the sovereignty and individuality of no one of them; it exerted a large measure of influence in fixing the public mind upon the necessity of union among the States, at the same time that it avoided even the appearance of hardship towards any single State.

Thus, while in no proper sense was it the successful binding together of the separate nationalities in one common government, it prepared the way for the building up of the great American Republic as the natural guardian of the liberties of the people. It is however to the *Constitution* that the American citizen, from whatever section of our common country, must turn with pride, as the consummation of the glorious Declaration of Independence which we have met at this time to

commemorate. This it is, which, for nearly a century, has in so large a degree, secured to all classes and conditions of our fellow men, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This it is which, deriving "all its just powers from the consent of the governed," has been effectual to raise us, with a rapidity unknown before in the history of the world, to the foremost rank among nations; to develop, even beyond the most sanguine hopes of our ancestors, the varied resources of a country richly endowed by nature with all that can make a people strong and prosperous; to demonstrate to the world the practicability of a government founded upon an equality of rights; to create on this side of the Atlantic a moral influence which has penetrated the proudest palace and the lowliest hut beyond the seas, and inspired the sorrowing victims of oppression with renewed faith and courage; to make us one free, united, happy people. In vain, utterly in vain, but for this last and crowning act of patriotic statesmanship, would have been that soul-stirring proclamation of liberty; in vain, the labors and sacrifices which were endured to secure the triumph of freedom in this western world; in vain, oh! how much in vain! the blood which flowed freely as the river of life upon the battle fields of the revolution; in vain, the martyrdom of Warren, the persistent, self-sacrificing, unexampled devotion of Washington.

No, my fellow citizens, not alone, on this occasion, do we commemorate the Declaration of American independence. We would do homage not less to the *Constitution* of the American Union. The heroes of '76 are enshrined

in our hearts with the heroes of '87. The name of Hancock and the name of Washington should be inscribed together on the nation's escutcheon, and no one of us should ever forget, that what was commenced under the superintendence of the one, the other conducted to a most successful issue, and that the united labors and struggles of both acquired for American citizens the united blessings of Independence and Republicanism. The settlement of the internal affairs of the nation;— the construction of a frame of government which should give utterance to the sentiments, and exercise to the principles embodied in the Magna Charta of the colonies, and yet adapt itself easily and readily to all the shifting wants and exigences of a union, composed of separate and sovereign States, was a far more complicated task than statesmen had ever before undertaken to accomplish. In order that all sections might come together on one common platform, it was indispensable that all should surrender something of their individual rights. In order that the government, whatever might be its peculiar form, should receive the hearty support of all the States, it must be adapted to promote, in some appreciable degree, the well-being of each individual State. So it was that a spirit of mutual concession, of mutual forbearance and confidence could alone accomplish the much hoped for result. So it was that the general government came at last to be composed of little fragments of power struck off from the sovereignties of the several States; a bundle of contributions from each of the colonies, accepted by the people, and established as the

source and limit of constitutional authority. The work of American independence was fitly perfected only when he, who by valor and magnanimity on the battle field had become "first in war," and by his lofty patriotism and unwavering fidelity to the cause of human rights, had won for himself the proud distinction of being called "first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," took his place at the nation's helm, and undertook to guide the noble ship which he had been so largely instrumental in constructing.

In view of the intimate relation which thus exists between the Declaration and the Constitution,—the one commencing and the other completing the work of establishing the Republic, it is appropriate for us to consider at this time, how far we have adhered to the faith of our fathers, and maintained the principles which they sought to incorporate into the general government. If the spirit which animated the patriots of a former age no longer finds a lodgment in the hearts of the American people; if the principles which controlled their lives and directed their conduct, receive only the empty homage of our lips, while our affections are far from them; if all the accustomed paraphernalia of this familiar jubilee,—the booming of cannon, the merry pealing of bells, the majestic waving of the "stars and stripes," the soul-stirring strains of martial music, borne on the gentle breezes of an auspicious morn, excite not in our bosoms responsive echoes of patriotic feeling, the days of the Republic are already numbered, and the glory of the nation has departed forever. I will not dwell upon

the possibility of such a catastrophe. I have no apprehension that, if we try our hearts, we shall find them thus estranged from the "Penates" of the Republic, and following after other gods. I would do no man, and no body of men the injustice to believe that they have entirely forgotten the privations and struggles of their honored sires, which have conferred upon themselves the peaceful enjoyment of so large a profusion of the comforts and even the elegances of a refined civilization. Not so, not so. We claim to be *men*, and neither knaves nor pigmies. By the judgment of the world, we are worthy descendants of a thrice noble ancestry. But may it not be, nay, is it not, that in the pursuit of those blessings which the liberal and fostering genius of a government like ours places within the reach of all classes of citizens, we are apt temporarily to lose sight of principles which should be kept ever fresh in our thoughts? Is it not true, to an unfortunate extent, that we often manifest little of that nice and delicate perception of political duty which our institutions are calculated to develop only in the mind untrammelled by selfish and sordid considerations? Do not "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches," and the hope of personal advancement choke the spirit of self-denying patriotism in our hearts so that it becomes sometimes unfruitful? There is an essential antagonism in the very nature of our government, against the operation of which we need to be especially guarded. The almost unbounded license to pursue his own interest which it allows to every man; the inward sense of independence

and individuality which it loves to foster in the citizen; the abhorrence which it professes of even the mildest form of religious despotism, all tend, in their influence upon frail human natures, to persuade us to forget the duties which we owe to that government, to society, and to ourselves. Here, as we pursue with intense and unremitting pain, the routine of our daily labors, no pomp of military parade or civic procession reminds us, without ceasing, of our allegiance to royalty; no uniformed police stalk up and down the streets of our busy cities, displaying continually before our eyes the insignia of the law; here, no standing army, trained to all the arts and crimes of warfare, inspires us with an awful sense of the power of sovereignty; no lordly mansion rising in the midst of some "sweet Auburn," made desolate by its extravagance, discloses to the sturdy yeoman the impassable gulf between him and the majesty of the throne. To every citizen of the United States liberty says, "take care of yourself"—"make your own fortune"—"fight your own way to eminence and luxury." The wealthy and gallant representative from the proudest of the old thirteen Colonies must give way to the humble, but not less gallant blacksmith from Massachusetts Bay; and the statesman of a score years must be content to take his chance for the high honors of the government with the brave "Pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains." While these numerous temptations thus beset our path, daily and hourly alluring us to forget the hand which dispenses so many blessings, the system of government to which we owe allegiance, demands, on the part of its

subjects, the most delicate appreciation of responsibility, the sternest and most rigid regard to all the requirements of the law, the most complete fulfilment of all the duties of a citizen, and a high tone of moral sensibility, more potent for protection than any array of mere physical force, or the pride and pomp of a dissolute nobility. Preeminently is it required of a true subject of the Republic, that he should

—“rule the Empire of himself; In it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.”

The true type of the American Citizen is the man who harmonizes these antagonisms. He must possess more spotless virtues than embellished the fame of the old Roman Censor; he must display hardly less activity and courage than the most adventurous specimen of Young America can boast. He must have a heart large enough to embrace, in one common fold, every section of the Union, expanding and receiving new impulses as the Union stretches out her arms; a heart neither warmed into unbecoming passion by the soft skies and balmy air of a Southern climate, nor chilled into unsympathizing churlishness by the cold blasts of a wintry North. He must be a man of large charity, whether in public or in private life. He must exercise the spirit of forbearance and conciliation, tempered with firm discretion, not less in the dazzling places of political preferment, than in the quiet routine of private duties. He must pursue his own interests steadily, perseveringly, yet always in subjection to the general good. Above all he must cherish an un-

wavering attachment, which no lust of ambition, however intense, can overcome, and no reverse of fortune, however severe, can shake, to the two great pillars of the Republic, upon whose summits sit the twin goddesses of Liberty and Justice, dispensing in harmonious proportions their richest blessings through the land,—the Declaration of American Independence, and the Constitution of the American Union. Of such men there have been bright examples in the past history of the country; of such men there are bright examples in our own day.

But, fellow-citizens, there have been, of late, flagrant departures from these great principles, so extended in their influence, and so public in their character, as to demand some brief notice at this hour. In the midst of our congratulations and rejoicings for the continued prosperity of the country, we are called to mourn over scenes and incidents crowded into the history of the past four months of our national career, which the most iron despotism could not look upon unmoved. This is no occasion to indulge in crimination or recrimination. It is not the hour for reproach, even where reproach may be the most richly deserved. But I should fail to meet the responsibilities of the position assigned me by the courtesy of your Committee, did I not attempt to express the feeling of grief and anxiety which pervades the public mind, even as we draw near to do homage at the altar of freedom.

The rights of a portion of the free citizens of a newly organized Territory have been grossly outraged, and their just privileges ruthlessly trampled in the dust. The

fertile plains of Kansas, rich and productive beyond any other section of the public domain, have been made desolate and barren by the inroads of barbarians. The black flag of tyrannical oppression has been planted, where the stars and stripes of Constitutional liberty should wave triumphantly this day. The wail of bitter lamentation comes over to us, like some Macedonian cry, from those villages and settlements which should resound with the echo of our acclamations. The black cloud of civil war rests over our western frontier. Upon the evidence before the public, abating much for error and misrepresentation, we are forced to believe that armed hordes from an adjoining State have crossed over into the Territory of Kansas, on more than one occasion; that they have taken possession of the ballot boxes,—those palladia of the people's rights!—in many districts, without even the form of just authority, and forced upon the settlers an illegal and pretended Legislature, elected by foreign votes, at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver; that the Legislature so pretendedly elected, assumed to make laws for the invaded and defenceless territory, and to appoint ministers who should execute those laws; that the laws so enacted were not only atrocious and oppressive, but contrary to the fundamental principles as well as the plainest provisions of the Constitution; that the free settlers of the Territory have in some measure resisted the efforts to enforce obedience to those spurious laws; that in the struggle which has resulted from such resistance, human life has been sacrificed, and property destroyed, and anarchy and revolution now

reign in the land. With the causes which have produced this shameful condition of things, we have little to do at this time. It is the result of no accident, and admits of no justification. It is an outrage upon both the sentiments and rights of the whole American people. A wise law of Solon disfranchised and disgraced a citizen of Athens, who witnessed a sedition, and took no part on either side. Shall we not at least compromise our national character, if, on this, our nation's jubilee, we utter not some words of sympathy and encouragement for the victims of this unparalleled tyranny? Shall we deserve the name of American citizens, if we sit tamely by, without endeavoring to avert the distressing calamity which hangs over our common country? Shall we hold our peace, when the scourge of slavery is sweeping through the length and breadth of Kansas, not only crippling the energies, and blasting the resources of that "fair garden of the West," but subjecting men, as free as you and I, it may be our own brothers or friends, to the observance of laws palpably unjust and unconstitutional?

I wage no indiscriminate warfare against Slavery within its proper limits. Far be it from me, to strive, even according to the measure of my feeble capacity, to excite or encourage a feeling of disaffection and animosity between the northern and southern sections of the United States.

Slavery has her rights. Let the free States of the North and West put themselves under the contribution to secure to her the enjoyment of those rights, to the full extent of the constitutional guaranties, promptly, vigor-

ously,—it must be sadly. Nay, let her not be put off with the “pound of flesh.” In the spirit of brotherly regard, let her be allowed to take some few “drops of christian blood.” But has Freedom no rights, proclaimed in the Declaration, or guarantied by the Constitution? Shall the slave power forever employ all her effective force to cut off and destroy the dearest privileges of free men? Is there no limit to the encroachments of this destroying monster? We need not ask ourselves, What is the Union worth? if the country must continue to be tossed to and fro with incessant agitation, one section arrayed in open or secret hostility against another, and both consuming their life blood in a deathly antagonism. Rather should we inquire at this time whether the *existence* of the Union can be maintained, unless the rights and liberties of all the people shall be sacredly observed. The final overthrow of the empire of the proud “Mistress of the World” was not more certainly foreshadowed by the earliest inroads of the barbarous Vandals, than the ruthless invasion of Kansas foretells the shattering of this glorious Republic in a thousand fragments at no distant day, unless the progress of such enormities in the land shall be speedily and forever checked.

Closely allied with this great wrong, and if possible, still more iniquitous, is an event which occurred, not long since, at the Capital of the nation, the simple mention of which must raise the blush of shame upon the cheek of every man who possesses the soul of honor.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the details of that assault. They are unhappily too familiar to us all.

“Brutal, murderous and cowardly” are the words by which the future impartial pen of history shall characterize it; “brutal, murderous and cowardly,” are the epithets with which honest indignation every where, and in all ages, shall stamp it. The act itself was a direct, palpable, outrageous breach of the rights and immunities of a sworn officer of the general government. It was an attempt to inflict personal violence as a penalty for exercising the highest privilege of a freeman, and of performing what was believed to be a sober duty. This was no sudden deed, perpetrated in the first flush of excitement under terrible provocation. It was the cool, wary, deliberate, cautious, prudent attack of the assassin, seeking to gratify the most degraded passions to which the human heart is susceptible. Serious and unjustifiable as this incident was, it would scarcely claim our notice, at this time, had it not been attended by circumstances of peculiar significance. In these surrounding circumstances, we cannot help detecting something of the same endeavor to repress free speech upon the subject of slavery at Washington, as was indicated in the enactment of oppressive laws by the usurping legislature of Kansas. The same men who have seen nothing to condemn, and little to regret in the disgraceful proceedings at Kansas, do not hesitate to approve the violent and dastardly act at Washington. Especially is it worthy of notice that the man, who, since the present Congress was assembled, assumed to represent the slave-holding interest of the country, and in that representative character, partook of the courtesies and hos-

pitalities of the "Athens of America"; who enjoyed, among a community which could have little sympathy with the doctrines proclaimed by him, the most unbounded freedom of speech, and who was even listened to with flattering respect, boldly and eagerly avows his hearty approval of an assault upon a Senator from that very City whose kindness he had so recently experienced, and the only provocation for which assault was the indulgence of the same freedom of speech in the performance of a public duty, which had thus been accorded to him by the voluntary invitation of that Senator's constituents. Nor this alone. A large proportion of the slave-holding interest of the country,—Oh! shame upon humanity!—endorse the approval of their willing champion, saying, thereby, to the people of America, that when Slavery can be advanced in no other way, it must be pushed forward over the lifeless form of constitutional law; that henceforth, the representatives of the slave interest are to be bound by no consideration of humanity or decency. Alas! for poor, weak, human nature! As we fix our eyes upon this dismal spectacle, how shall we help crying out from the depths of grief and sorrow?

"Oh! where is the spirit of yore,
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,
And honour the passion that led?
Thy storms have awakened their sleep,
They groan from the place of their rest,
And wrathfully murmur and sullenly weep,
To see the foul stain on thy breast:
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?
'Tis scatter'd in darkness, 'tis trampled in dust."

The proprieties of this occasion do not permit me to speak of the pretended provocation for this infamous

deed. We disgrace ourselves when we stoop to look after a provocation. Not alone is freedom of speech guaranteed by the letter and spirit of the Constitution, as well as the great Bill of Rights; not alone is the most absolute immunity from obligation to answer for words spoken in debate in either House of Congress, except to the House before which they may have been so spoken, pledged to every man who takes his seat there, under an oath of office; not only has it ever been the uniform, unwritten law of all civilized nations, announced from the tribunals of every age, that "words do not justify blows;" but even in that code which has its origin in the sentiment of Honor, it is held distinctly and emphatically that "a man of Honor never attacks an unarmed man"; that "such an attack stamps the assailant as a *felonious coward*." If there is, among a portion of our fellow citizens, however small, and however respectable, and from any section of the country, a disposition, for whatever cause, to restrict the privileges of debate in Congress, or elsewhere, beyond the restrictions which the well-settled law of the land has imposed, it becomes our duty, here and now, to declare to such persons our firm resolve, that come what will, we cannot, *we will not* submit to such oppression. We beseech them, by every consideration of justice and humanity; by the past inviolability of those rights; by the memory of a common origin, and a common birthright; by the prosperity and glory of the republic; and, by the hope of a still more glorious future,—forbear! Now, while you stand upon the threshold of strife and bloodshed,—forbear! Now, while

it is not *too late*, and something may yet be done to repair the breach which your own hands have made—
forbear! forbear! while the banner of liberty and union, unsullied and untorn, still waves in peace “o’er the Land of the Free.”

Shall we put our trust in *disunion*, for relief from these troubles?—God forbid!—while there is hope that the land may be purged from these great iniquities, (and so long as humanity dwells in American bosoms, we may hope) we must cling, with the tenacity of dying men to the Union. Separation, stormy and turbulent as it must be, if it ever comes, is no antidote for the diseases which now afflict the nation. We must look rather, with a strong faith to the revival of that universal spirit of patriotism which pervaded the earlier years of the Republic. We must demand with such an air of just authority as shall secure acquiescence, that these injuries shall be repaired, and these sectional antipathies healed over. We must not permit ourselves to dwell upon the practicability or possibility of a final rupture between the States, nor seek to discover the policy which it would become either party to pursue after such an event shall have occurred. No matter what sacrifice of local interest may be demanded, in any quarter, to preserve the Union, if so be it involves no sacrifice of principle, as it never can, that sacrifice must be freely made. Neither our eyes, nor the eyes of countless ages yet to follow us, shall see the sun in heaven shining on this land, “rent with civil feuds, or drenched in fraternal blood.” The people—thank God!—have in their own hands, the means

of removing peaceably and quietly all the obstacles in the way of a general and perfect reconciliation.

Peace will be restored throughout our borders, when *justice* shall be done alike to all classes of our countrymen; when the free settlers in Kansas alike with the free citizens of Rhode Island, shall be secure in the exercise of all the rights which the Constitution proffers to them; when slavery shall be content to go back within its original bounds, or, if it must be extended, to extend itself by lawful and honorable instrumentalities; when physical force shall not usurp the supremacy of the law, and no cowardly bully occupy the high places of trust and honor in the Republic.

The work of averting the direful calamity of disunion and restoring peace and rest to the land, must be done by the free people of America. They must rally, without distinction of party, or creed, or location, around the sacred institutions of our common country, and shrink from no suffering to preserve their integrity and freedom. We must take our places manfully by the side of the great principles which were made the basis of the Union of these States, and maintain them with such vigor and determination, that despotism and treason of every form shall be overawed into submission, if they cannot be won back to the love of virtue. When this shall have been done, (and may it be speedily accomplished!) when the spirit of mutual concession and sympathy shall reanimate those bosoms which now heave with the throes of passion and animosity; when it shall have become again, as it was in the olden time, that citizens in every section of the

country shall feel that next to their God, their *first* duty is to the government, their *second* to themselves and their local interests; when the love of gain or political influence shall not excite any to trample upon the inalienable rights of their fellow-men, and shall not permit any to be unmoved spectators of such invasion; when the *individual* shall no longer be allowed to stand before the *common* good, but when the most significant characteristic of an American citizen shall be his disinterested patriotism, then shall peace and prosperity reign throughout all our borders, and the true destiny of the Republic be in some measure realized.

What a Future is before this people, if they are thus true to the principles of their government!

A century more has passed away, and I seem to see the spirit of the immortal "Father of his Country," descending from the clouds and resting above the old Hall where the first notes of liberty were sounded, and where the union was established on a permanent foundation. Surveying, with an air of calm complacency, the scene spread out before him, he beholds a country unequalled in extent upon the face of the globe, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas, and from the frozen regions of the north to the most distant peak of the Cordilleras, embracing every variety of climate, laden with the productions of every zone, perfumed with the fragrance of orange groves, and fanned by the genial breezes from the surrounding waters. Great multitudes, which no man can number, "of all nations and kindred and people and tongues," gathered from the four corners of the earth,

dwell in peace and harmony in that broad expanse of territory, almost realizing the vision of the Evangelist. Cities and towns, villages and hamlets, rise up all over the land, and a thousand avenues of communication bind them to each other in a common bond of interest and sympathy. Art and Science are fostered there; the Church and the University stand side by side in every hamlet. In that fair land Literature has her triumphs unequalled in any age before, and Eloquence finds there her honored votaries. There justice and mercy are tempered with love and humility in the human heart. No sound of strife is heard in all that land. The lash of the slave-master has been broken: the moan of the slave is hushed forever. There individual rights and national obligations are sacredly respected, and virtue is the surest guide to public eminence, no less than private esteem.

Surveying this cheering spectacle, with mingled emotions of gratitude and pride, the sainted Hero thus bestows his benediction on that mighty host.

Worthy descendants of a worthy ancestry! You have nobly performed the task allotted you in the drama of the new world. You have kept the faith of your fathers unspotted from the trials and temptations which have continually beset your path. You have begun to realize the proud destiny of the Republic. The seeds sown at Concord, Bunker Hill and Yorktown, have now ripened into a rich fruition. The blood of the martyrs has become the fountain head from which the perennial stream of freedom and justice takes its source. An influence has gone forth, and shall continue to go forth from this

land, which shall give civil liberty to the men of all nations. The problem of human government has at length been solved. You have shown to the despots and speculators of the old world, that he is best governed who knows best how to govern himself. Do not falter in your noble career. Your work will not have been accomplished till all the nations of the earth shall know and enjoy the blessings of a free, enlightened, *republican* government; till man shall come to be respected everywhere for what *he is*, and not for the position which accident or blind fortune may have forced upon him; till charity and brotherly love shall pervade the universe as the waters fill the sea. If you would accomplish this glorious destiny, continue to "observe good faith and justice towards all nations;" continue as you have so successfully begun, to "cultivate peace and harmony" between all the sections of your own happy country. Let there be, in all coming time, no breath of secession or disunion. Let the eyes of an hundred millions be fixed with reverential gaze upon the inscription graven in letters of living light upon the dome of your proud Capitol—"Liberty and Union,"—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States—"now and forever, one and inseperable."

Spirit of the immortal Washington! descend and dwell in our midst, we beseech Thee! let thy pure patriotism animate our hearts and direct our lives, so that allured by no temptations, and turned aside by no threats, we may follow in the bright path which thou didst mark out for us, and give heed to thy councils of wisdom.

P O E M

BY

WILLIAM M. RODMAN.

P O E M .

As echoes come from Alpine hills,
And joyous roll the vales along;
And blend their notes with murmuring rills,
As shepherds chant their morning song:

So now from glen and mountain height,
Reëchoing notes of gladness ring;
While grateful hearts in praise unite,
And Freedom's birth-day anthems sing.

Then let my rude Æolian Lyre,
Whose chainless tones are wild and free;
Blend with the notes of freedom's choir,
To glad this joyous jubilee.

Why do we gather here, to-day,
And why surround this shrine?
Why joyous chant our natal songs,
And festal garlands twine?

Why deep, harmonious, full and strong,
Rolls o'er the land the tide of song,
 In mingling echoes blending?
And why, around on every hand,
Throughout our wide unfetter'd land,
From eastern shore to western strand,
 Is grateful prayer ascending?

Why jocund ring the merry bells,
O'er laughing hills, through flowery dells,
 In frolic tones of joy?
Why sits enthroned on childhood's brow,
The light of bliss and gladness now,
 Unmix'd with grief's alloy?

Circle the earth with searching eye,
Scan every realm beneath the sky,
Roam all the seas which round it roll,
Each river wind from pole to pole,
And not a clime thine eye shall see,
So bright, so joyous, and so free,
 As this our native land!—
Here all is free, here all is bright;
Here all is clothed with life and light,
 Around, on every hand;
But there, where'er thy steps may lead,
O'er deserts wild—o'er cultur'd mead,
 The fetter thou shalt find.
E'en England, freest of the free,
Claims the homage of the knee:
 The servitude of mind.

England, once mistress of the sea,
 Proudly proclaims her children free;
 That all who breathe her peaceful air,
 Alike her blessings freely share.—
 To starving Erin turn your eye,
 And listen to her piercing cry,
 And scan the desolation there
 Where horror sports with gaunt despair;
 Then tell me, if ye will, or can—
 Is England's throne a joy or ban?
 Aye, deck it as ye may, or will,
 A crown's a tyrant's plaything still!

Here press, and speech and spirit all are free,
 Free and unfetter'd as the boundless sea;
 Free and unbidden, everywhere to roam;
 Free as the eagle in his mountain home;
 Free to all altars spirit gifts to bring;
 Free by all altars, soul-born hymns to sing;
 Free from all trammels, every scourge or rod,
 Freedom to think, freedom to worship God.
 But whence these blessings?—see yon storm rent bark
 Floating all ice bound, on the ocean dark;—
 And crouch'd with cold, and bow'd with care,
 Behold that band of exiles there:—

They left their homes, their fathers' graves,
 Brav'd winter's storms and whelming waves,
 A pilgrim's home, and griefs to share;
 To rear for man one altar, where
 He might worship God, and be,
 From crown and crosier far and free!

You may bend to earth the mountain's brow,
And the wildest whirlwind still;
You may make the haughtiest monarch bow;
But you cannot rule the will.

Firm as a rock in broad mid-ocean
When stormiest billows roll;
It mocks at passion's wild commotion,
When its whirlwinds lash the soul!
The patriot true will suffer long;
In silence bear the chain of wrong;
Looking with hope toward the hour,
When might to right, shall yield the power;
But, when oft turning to his chain,
He pleads for truth, but pleads in vain:
When his form, by power is crush'd;
When his voice, by power is hush'd:—
'Tis then he grasps his sword and shield,
And marches to the battle field!
Thence turns to God his truthful eye,
And vows, his chain to break, or die!

When darkness veiled this beauteous land,
And all was gloom on every hand;
When freedom's altars round the world,
Were fireless all, her banners furled;
When all her cherish'd hopes were riven,
And she had waved her wings for heaven;
Our fathers rose in freedom's might,
And armed them for the holy fight.
Those patriots true, our sainted sires,
Kindled anew her altar fires:

They beat their pruning hooks to spears;
Made weakness strong, made joy of tears;
Knit heart to heart, joined hand to hand
And vow'd to free this fetter'd land.
They fought, they bled, they joyous died,
And with expiring life they cried,
While weltering on the gory clod,
For freedom strike, our strength is God!

Twine we the cypress with the laurel wreath,
And wail a requiem round their urn of death.
The grave enfolds them in its cold embrace;
Yet death their mem'ry never can efface,—
But like the radiance of the noonday sun,
'Twill brighter gleam 'till time's last sands have run,
And with new lustre more effulgent burn,
'Till chaos crumbles time's funereal urn.
Oh! may their mantle on each patriot fall,
And their pure spirit thrill the hearts of all;
Then shall our nation evermore be bless'd;
And every wave of discord sink to rest;
And like the rills which form one mighty river,
In union blend, and peaceful roll forever.

When all was robed in rayless night,
When hope withheld her cheering light;
And not one star with trembling ray,
Illum'd the patriot's wilder'd way;

What nerved each arm to strike the blow,
That bow'd the crown'd usurper low?
Hurled from his arm his riven shield,
And led him vanquished from the field?
As on the sailor, when his bark
O'er ocean's stormy wave is driven;
When lightnings wild around him flash,
And pealing thunders roll and crash,
Through all the cloud-wrapp'd heaven;
Beams through the gloom, serene and far,
The guiding radiance of a star,
 With calm, celestial ray;
So, through the gloom of freedom's night,
Gleamed on our sires a holy light;
 To gently lead their way;
A holy fire, a flame divine,
Which burns undimm'd on freedom's shrine—
 The fire of woman's eye.
Think of that dark and stormy hour
When Britain's arm of haughty power,
 Braved stern New-Hampshire's son!
 What woke his heart with fiery zeal;
 What nerved his arm like bolts of steel,
 When roll'd the war-cloud dun?
'Twas woman's sympathy and prayer,
'Twas home's remember'd angels there!
What were his words of living fire,
Which roused in all a freeman's ire
 Ere that fight begun?
"See ye men, the red coats there;

“ Then let each man consider,
“ That we this day must madly fight
“ And conquer them before to-night,
“ Or Molly Stark’s a ‘widder.’ ”
Then Stark into his saddle sprang,
And “ Forward,” like a clarion rang
His stirring battle cry;
And all with freedom’s fervor flushed,
On with madden’d valor rushed
To death or victory!
Aye, Molly Stark, thy honor’d name,
Shall gild the brightest scroll of fame,
While ocean rolls a wave;
And freedom on her festal day,
Shall unto thee her tribute pay,
And weep above thy grave.

And when Rhode-Island’s quaker brave,
His anvil unto freedom gave;
And made that anvil loudly ring,
With giant blows and stalwart swing;
And every time he struck that forge,
Vowed vengeance to the tyrant George—
And when complete his trusty blade,
And he for conflict stood arrayed;
What did his Spartan mother say,
As from his home he turned away?
“ Nat if thou tak’st the battle’s track,
“ Let not a shot assail thy back.”

And did he heed her brave advice?
Ask Eutaw's Springs, ask Trenton's ice!

Though now above his peaceful grave
No laurel'd shaft is seen;
Still valor faithful to her trust,
Shall jealous guard the holy dust,
Where sleeps Nathaniel Green.

Go, closely scan the page of glory,
For valor's brightest, holiest story,
Where fairest chaplets gem the grave,
Where calmest sleep the laurel'd brave,
And thou shalt find engraven there,
On valor's tablet, woman's prayer.

The star of the tempest, the vesture of light,
The rose of the desert, the rainbow of night,
The strength of our weakness, the pleasure of care,
The gladness of gloom, the bliss of despair,
The shield of the weak, the arm of the brave,
The tear of the tyrant, the ~~smile~~ smile of the slave;
A seraph all holy, she gladdens our way,
And garlands December with roses of May,
And shines the heart's star, wherever we roam,
The beacon of truth, the Angel of Home.

When freedom's Tocsin sadly toll'd,
And o'er the land its echoes roll'd,

When clang'd the sad yet stern alarm,
Which bade our sires for conflict arm;
From whom, from whence responsive came,
Those words of fire, on wings of flame;
Which, like a clarion, full and clear,
Exultant woke the startled ear,
As freedom's soul inspiring breath,
Cried "Give me liberty or death?"
And when our sires in council sate
To frame the basis of a State,—
All forms of law to closely scan,
Thence to define the rights of man,—
Who was the boldest to declare
The sacred law of freedom there?
Who framed the creed, who pen'd the scroll,
Which taught the freedom of the soul?
Who held this truth supreme to be,
That all mankind are equal, free?
That by the eternal law of Heaven,
Three abstract rights to all are given?
And there declared these rights to be
"Life, happiness and Liberty?"
'Twas old Virginia's gifted son,
Who thus immortal honor won!
'Twas Patrick Henry's trumpet voice,
Which dared proclaim the freeman's choice:—
But there, amid the blight and bloom,
Which mingling gird Mount Vernon's tomb;
Aye, there! on old Virginia's plains,
The bondman clanks his galling chains;

And for the sake of paltry gold,
Men are like chattels, daily sold!
Truth never changes—never errs—
Laws, fix'd as God's own throne are hers—
Then if that law our fathers fram'd,
And to the world by them proclaim'd,
Is based on truth's eternal law,
So it must stand forevermore.
Then let me ask in freedom's name,
From whence the law of bondage came?
Show me the line, the word, the letter,
Which owns for man a gyve, a fetter;
That makes a breathing man, a chattel,
A thing of trade, like herded cattle?
Then when this stern relentless power
Bids us to its mandate cower,
And lifts its sceptre of command,
To shackle freedom through the land,
And in the name of Christless law,
Bids us unto chains restore,
The trembling slave, affrighted, flying,
On freedom's holy arm relying;
In freedom's name defy the nod,
Cry freedom still, and trust in God!
Submit to law and wear its chain,
But let the bondman free remain.
And when our ministers of State,
Essay to stifle free debate,
When earnest hearts for truth contend,
And freedom's sons her claims defend,

Where speech should be as free as thought,
In freedom's highest, holiest court,
And lift the fratricidal hand,
To fell the guardians of our land;
Shall freedom's ministers be dumb,
And unto vassal power succumb?
No! coward and dastard is the heart,
Whose blood does not defiant start,
And in the name of freedom's God,
Spurn the smiter and his rod!
Though law in essence is divine,
The law of conscience still is mine;
And when the two in union blend,
At their behest I reverent bend;
But when the Law usurps control,
And strives to subjugate my soul,
Then to my God in faith I turn,
And from His Law my duty learn;
And standing thus, I fear no ill,
"For Thou, Oh God, art with me still!"
What! is it a part of thraldom's plan,
Thus to assail the rights of man?
What! must we frame our words by rule,
And thus play hush, in freedom's school?
Though oft repeated be the blow,
In freedom's name, I answer, No!
But speak we must, and speak we will,
And dying, dare the utterance still!
We'll write it on the banner'd hall,
We'll scribe it on the altar wall;

We'll pencil it on shrines of art;
We'll post it in the crowded mart;
We'll link its words to notes of song,
In pealing numbers, thunder strong;
Repeat it here, and sound it there,
'Mid friends and foes, aye, everywhere:
And high above life's whirring maze,
On freedom's shaft, in light shall blaze,
"Freedom of Speech,"* and this shall be
The rallying watchword of the free.
And though they threaten to pursue,
And cry aloud, "we will subdue,"
We unto freedom will restore,
And make as free, as free before,
The soil from freedom's landmarks riven,
And now, to human bondage given,
And in the name of freedom, tear
The yoke from every bondman there,
'Till Kansas and Nebraska rest,
Like ransomed babes on freedom's breast!
Till not another slave shall stand
On soil now free, through all the land!
That all life's varying pathway through,
We will to man, to God be true.
Then as the darkness fades away,
Before the beams of rising day,
So shall this darkness change to light,
Before the beams of truth and right,

*Motto on the Liberty Pole at Junction of Westminster and High streets.

And Eastern shores and Western strand,
Shall gird a free, unfettered land,
Where man shall dwell, as man should be,
In being, thought, and action free!

Brothers, the holiest spot of earth
Is this fair land of ours;
No loftier mountains greet the sky,
No richer vales in beauty lie,
Nor bloom there fairer flowers,
Than those that deck our native hills,
And bloom in beauty by our rills,
And waft their fragrance, wild and free,
From land-girt lake to boundless sea.
And thou loved State, tho' small thou art,
Wide as the Union is thy heart;
And though thy sons are scattered far,
Dear unto each thy boundaries are.
The realms of song and classic art,
May for awhile allure the heart,
Still, over every land and sea,
Their homesick hearts return to thee.
They love thy rock, where Williams pray'd;
They love thy strand, where Berkely stray'd.—
Why call thee small, when thou art great
In all which constitutes a State?
There are no great, there are no small—
We're equal each, and equal all—

"All are parts of one great whole—
 Freedom the body, Man the Soul."*
 This holy spot, this sacred shrine,†
 Freedom in very truth are thine.
 In lofty trust amid thy foes,
 With beauty crown'd this fane arose ;
 From hence went forth the proud decree
 Of unreserved "Soul Liberty !"

Then let us guard the sacred trust
 Which unto us is given,
 And ever keep the pathway free,
 Which leads the soul to heaven ;
 And let no crown, no crosier dare
 Tell when to kneel, or how, or where ;
 But free from faggot, scourge or rod,
 Keep the altars rear'd to God.

Oh shall a land so beauteous die ;
 Shall it all bleeding, powerless lie,
 A crush'd and fettered thing ;
 And shall our sainted father's graves,
 Be trampled on by suppliant slaves,
 The vassals of a King ?

Then as our Eagle from her eyrie high,
 Spreads through the vale her quick, protecting eye,
 Forever watchful of the wily foe,
 Which lurks in darkness 'mid the vales below ;
 Which glides in silence streams and lawns among,
 With eye all treacherous ever on her young ;

* Pope altered.

† First Baptist Church—built in 1775.

Now flashing beauty in the morning's beam,
Now silent, lurking by the tranquil stream—
Now on the rock, now gliding o'er the glade,
Now in the sunshine, now within the shade;
Winding, and circling on his secret way,
Intent to make her, and her young, his prey;
'Till high advanced, in proud exultant strength,
He winds and coils his slimy poison'd length;
Then rears his head, in earnest will to strike,
With venom'd tongue, the old and young alike;
Quick, from the crag, with wide extended beak,
She leaps exultant, with a startling shriek,
And plants her talons in the viper's breast,
Which dared assail her home, her fledgling's rest—
And with the rapture of a mother's wrath,
Slays the base serpent, which usurps her path,
Saves her loved nest, the mountain crags among,
And screams triumphant o'er her ransom'd young!
So will we guard our freedom's mountain crest,
And spread our Banner o'er our Eagle's nest,
And ever shield it with a freeman's might,
When girt with darkness, or enrobed with light;
And clutch with hate, and all asunder tear,
Each wily serpent, archly crawling there,
That future ages all unharmed may see,
Circled with peace, this Eyrie of the free!

But look; and hark! across the sky,
All wing'd with death the lightnings fly,
While lowering clouds in anger scowl,
And thunders deep tumultuous growl;

And see! our bark, the nation's pride
Rocks madly wild on faction's tide.
On to the rescue then, and save
From the gulf of dark pollution,
Ere she sinks beneath the wave,
Our ark of hope, the Constitution!
Though on a dark tempestuous sea
Our gallant bark is toss'd,
And shattered, rent is many a sail,
Thank God, she is not lost!
Nail to her masts her stripes and stars,
Call to her deck her gallant tars,
Spread to the breeze her every sail,
While onward blows the fav'ring gale;
Place at her helm, a patriot son,
And guide us sainted Washington!

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE FIRST BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE.

VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

INTRODUCTORY CHANT—By a Choir from the Public Schools.

Words by H. W. Longfellow.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

PRAYER,

BY RT. REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D.

O GOD, whose name is excellent in all the earth and thy glory above the heavens, we yield thee our unfeigned thanks and praise for the mighty and wonderful deliverance which we this day commemorate. Thou hast done marvellous things for us, whereof we are glad. We have heard with our ears, O Lord, and our fathers have told us, how thou didst inspire them to lay in this land the broad foundations of civil and religious freedom. We humbly pray that a devout sense of this signal mercy may renew

and increase in us a spirit of love and thankfulness to thee; and of loyal submission to the government, which has been so solemnly inaugurated. We confess, on this national Sabbath, our sins as a people. Visit us not, according to our deserts, but have mercy upon us and turn us away from all our transgressions. Assuage the bitterness of party strife; save us from anarchy and misrule; deliver us from internal strife and foreign wars; from sectarian animosities and the blight of unbelief; and may our rulers always rule in the fear of God. May the purity of our political elections in all places be kept inviolate; and may all good citizens feel that they are bound to exercise their franchise under the guidance of a pure and enlightened conscience.

O God, who bringest light out of darkness and accomplishest thy great purposes through ways of mystery, we beseech thee to over-rule existing agitations to thy glory and the good of humanity. May the ancient bond which binds these confederated States together, never be broken. May the rights of other nations never be violated by our hand. May the example which is here given to the world be such as to cheer and encourage the friends of freedom, wherever throughout the earth they are moved to contend for their inalienable rights. May the day now dawn, when every fetter shall be broken and the sunlight shine in upon the dungeons of the oppressed. May Ethiopia ere long stretch out her unshackled hands to God. In mercy to the world, may the virgin soil of our territories be protected forever from the infinite curse of servitude. And, wherever, throughout our Union, this great evil now exists, wilt thou inspire rulers and people to legislate for its relief and ultimate extinction, unmoved by self interest, pride or prejudice. May those who have already been delivered from the burden, be tolerant and kind to their brethren who are still bowed down under its heavy weight. May all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from us, and may we be kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us. We now invoke thy blessing upon the exercises of this occasion. Touch the lips of those who shall address us with hallowed fire. May we be quickened to a loftier patriotism, a purer humanity, a truer sense of our duty, and a more disinterested devotion to our beloved country. The Lord bless us and keep

us! The Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us! The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace, both now and evermore.

OUR FATHER, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation: But deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

SONG—By the Choir.—*Words by John Pierpont.*

DAY of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
 With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheel'd,
When a tyrant's thunder peal'd
 O'er the trembling seas.

GOD of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
 From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldiers urn
 Who for freedom died.

GOD of peace!—whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er;—
O, let freemen be our sons;
And let future WASHINGTONS
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
 Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,—
Never let our graves be press'd
 By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes,—let our heirs
 Bow to thee alone.

READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

By STEPHEN ESSEX, a Pupil of the High School.

MUSIC—By the AMERICAN BRASS BAND.

ORATION,

By JEROME B. KIMBALL, Esq.

SONG—By the Choir.—*Words by J. Leedom.*

No self was there, when the solemn prayer
 Arose from the patriot band,
Who stood in their might, for God and the Right
 Of Freedom throughout the land.
And the Old Bell rang out on the Summer air,
The Spirit of Justice heareth our prayer.

Fervent yet low were the words that flowed
 From heart to heart that day,
And hand grasped hand as the Patriot band
 Prepared them for the fray.
And the Old Bell rang out both loud and clear:
Our lives for our country! we know not fear.

From mountain and dell, at the sound of that bell,
 Came the hardy children of Toil ;
 From valley and glen, sprang the old sturdy men,
 And the youth left the plow in the soil ;
 And the Old Bell rang out o'er the mountain afar,
 And the children of Peace became vet'rans in War.

Firm as a rock, they met the shock
 Of England's serried band,
 And back from the coast, they swept the host
 Of the Tyrant from out the land.
 And the Old Bell rang out through the forest trees,
 As the Star Spangled Banner was flung to the breeze.

And the tone that fell from that "Liberty Bell,"
 Shall sweep over land and sea.
 'Till the Mitre and Crown shall each be laid down,
 And Nations all are free.
 And the old Bell Spirit shall run through the world
 'Till the Banner of Christ o'er all is unfurled.

P O E M,

BY WILLIAM M. RODMAN, ESQ.

SONG—By the Choir.—*Words by Charles Sprague.*

To the Sages who spoke—to the Heroes who bled—
 To the day and the deed—strike the harp-strings of glory !
 Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
 And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story.
 O'er the bones of the bold
 Be that story long told,
 And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled,
 Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
 And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world.

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame ;
 Shall we ever forget them ?—O never!—no never !
 Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
 And the anthem send down—' Independence forever.'
 Wake, wake, heart and tongue !
 Keep the theme ever young—
 Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung,
 Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
 And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world.

BENEDICTION,

BY THE RT. REV. THOMAS M. CLARK, D. D.

H. V. C. ✓

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