

AN  
ORATION,  
DELIVERED IN  
ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,  
BEFORE THE INHABITANTS  
OF  
CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA,  
ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1810.  
IN COMMEMORATION OF  
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY APPOINTMENT OF THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION SOCIETY,  
AND PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THAT SOCIETY,  
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"Plus apud nos vera ratio valeat quam vulgi opinio."—CICERO.

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BY HENRY M'CALL,  
A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION SOCIETY

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1810.

# ORATION,



*Friends and Fellow-Citizens!*

**W**E are assembled to commemorate the era of our national birth—to trace the glorious origin, the happy progress, and the splendid destinies of the American Republic. To look into the records of our ancestry—to rescue their virtues and services from oblivion, and, proud of the inheritance they have bequeathed us, to offer up our incense on the altar of liberty. Ever be this day devoted to the honors of patriotism! This day, on which our country broke the fetters of oppression, and proclaimed to the enraptured world, the Rights of Man! May Americans, ever on this day, approach in grateful unison, the throne of that Providence, which rules the fate of empires, and tender the glad effusions of their cheerful hearts, for the blessings of Independence.

Now that the tocsin is silent, and the hatchet buried—since to the sound of the clarion, and  
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the din of arms, have succeeded the symphonies of peace, let charity draw her mantle over the sufferings of our revolutionary war. Now that the tree of liberty has become strong, towering and luxuriant, let us forget the storms that beat upon its youthful branches, and almost shook it from its base. The brave have no memory for injuries. It is a more delightful office, to perpetuate the achievements of our patriots, to hold the mirror of virtue to the rising generation, and by the portraits of our fathers, to excite the love and imitation of their children.

When we review the proud scenes of our revolution, contemplate the heroism of our warriors, and render the tribute of praise to the authors of our political existence, we are roused by the most enlivening sympathies, and the genius of liberty whispers, "go, and do you likewise."

Often, on this day, have these generous feelings been excited—often have you listened with delight to the voice of the orator, inspired by the subject of American liberty. And where could eloquence find a nobler, or more animating theme? Not the Romans at their Lupercalia—not the Athenians at their Panathenæa, enjoyed so pure, so rational a banquet, as our festival affords. We celebrate an epoch, when man arose from humility and despondence, to assert the dignity of his nature, when despotism

tism trembled at the tribunal of reason. As long, therefore, as we deserve the benefits of our republican institutions, as long as we cherish patriotism, so long will we hail the anniversary of that day, which led to so many brilliant displays of the one, and gave life and existence to the other.

The resistance of the American colonies, to the arbitrary and oppressive requisitions of G. Britain, was founded on the undeniable rights of nature. The people of this country had become too enlightened, not to discover the motives of their rulers—too proud to submit to their designs. Many of them were descendants of those, who had fled to America, then a trackless wilderness, in pursuit of religious liberty. All of them were sufficiently acquainted with the nature of government, to know that protection and allegiance were reciprocal, and that taxes imposed without their consent, or that of their representatives, were infringements of their dearest privileges. As a portion of the British empire, they were willing to contribute to the national dignity and welfare, and ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for their support. When, however, they found themselves deprived of the advantages, to which they were entitled—when they were required to pay odious and oppressive taxes; when the substantial benefits of that great palladium of liberty, the trial by jury, were frustrated; when the colonists were transported to Great Britain.

to be arraigned for pretended offences, and other numerous and intolerable grievances roused the spirit of the people, they addressed the king and parliament in the language of affectionate and respectful remonstrance, made the strongest professions of loyalty, acknowledged their constitutional dependence, and the prerogatives of the crown; disclaimed every wish for separation, and solicited the enjoyment of the rights of British subjects.

HAD they been heard with the attention they deserved; had not the British nation, guided by a weak-sighted and corrupt ministry, lent its energies and treasure to the support of an unnatural contest, we, my friends, would not have here assembled, to celebrate the birth of our empire. The standard of Britain would have waved on our battlements, our harvests would have been gathered into her lap, and the world would be without a republic!

BUT that Providence, which rendered Belshazzar deaf to the instructions of Daniel, until his folly was recorded in the ruin of his throne, blinded the ministry to the interests of their country, and caused them, regardless of the monitory voice of Chatham, to cut the golden cord, that connected America and Britain. The flame which they had kindled, burst forth at Lexington. Outraged by successive and atrocious injuries, and convinced that further appeals to the justice and magnanimity of the mother

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mother country, would be useless, the American Congress, convened for the consideration of the affairs of the colonies, did on this memorable day, declare them FREE and INDEPENDENT. Illustrious statesmen! Led, as it were by inspiration, to the temple of liberty, they faltered not at the portals, but boldly advanced to the altar, and swelled the full chorus of freedom. The light which the colonies had reflected, on that day, became inherent, and the admiring world beheld the political firmament adorned with the resplendence of a new constellation.

STIMULATED by this fresh proof of rebel audacity, as she termed it, Britain collected all the terror of her arms, and instigated by the same rage with which the blinded Cyclop pursued Ulysses, waged against us a cruel and revengeful war. Its issue, and the success of the American arms, are amply proclaimed in the joy which pervades this assembly—a joy which I would not interrupt by opening wounds which time has closed, and waking the remembrance of injuries atoned for. No, my countrymen! In the picture of the war let us dwell with a single eye, on the patience and fortitude—the valor and discipline—the zeal and unanimity of the American soldiery. Let us reflect with pleasure on the virtues of our ancestors—let us bedew their monuments with the tears of gratitude. Sweet is the incense of national affection, and pleasant in the sight of God and man, is the tribute which is paid to the fathers  
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of their country! Let our harps resound the grateful theme—let us bow at the altars of religion and patriotism, and “God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.”

“Such honors, Ilion to her hero paid,  
“And peaceful slept the mighty Hector’s shade.”

But vain would have been the arm of the warrior, if his labors had not been confirmed by the counsels of the statesman. Our liberty would have been illusive and transient; it would have shone with deceitful lustre, and blessed us with imaginary charms. Who can sufficiently praise the authors of the American Constitution? Securing by their wisdom, what their countrymen had obtained by their valor, and content to resign as much of liberty, as was necessary for its enjoyment, they established a form of government, which has justly excited the wonder of the world. A government by which the various strength, and jarring interests of this immense continent, are united in one glorious bond of affection, interest and power. A government maintaining the independence of the poor, the security of the rich, and the happiness of all. Here, as in Venice, as long as she was free, the poorest citizen feels his consequence. Here as in her chosen temple, does the Goddess of Liberty reside.

DRIVEN from her early habitation, she no longer rules among the Amphycions of Greece  
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—her voice is no more heard in the Roman forum; nor does she nerve the pinions of the Roman eagle. She fell with her darling Cicero, beneath the arm of despotism—her images were broken—her altars violated, and her name forgotten. She went a friendless stranger into modern Europe; but alas! she could find no security. If at any time, her holy fires blazed forth with momentary splendor, the arm of tyranny was extended for their destruction, and their light served only to make the darkness visible in which they were enveloped. In vain did she inspire the breast of the Hollander! Who can contend with the demon of avarice? In vain did she remind the Swiss of the glory of their ancestors, and point with exultation to the monument of TELL! Corruption—base and servile corruption, fixed upon her lovely form, and like the Asp revelling on the charms of Cleopatra, destroyed the wonder of the world.

HAPPY would it be for humanity—thrice happy for distracted Europe, could we, on this day, sacred to freedom, congratulate her on the restoration of peace and order. A ray of hope for a short time gleamed through the mist which despair had spread over that convulsed continent. In Spain, the spirit of liberty for a while appeared—tyranny shrunk abashed at its presence—and the Spanish patriot defending Saragossa, was an object of universal admiration and sympathy. But compelled to

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relinquish



relinquish the fruitless contest, and bound in the fetters of ambition, Spain is on her political death-bed. Already, has Napoleon prepared the insignia of the funeral. The knell of Spanish liberty has sounded terror and dismay among the nations of Europe, and we must mourn her fate, if we are worthy to escape it.

Let us turn from this melancholy scene to the happy situation of our own republic. The American citizen, the vassal of no imperious monarch—the dupe of no deceitful prelate—enjoys the peculiar blessings of civil and religious liberty. No hereditary ruler, who owes his elevation to chance—no military despot, rising on the shoulders of a licentious soldiery—no fanatic priest, who calls superstition liberty, and founds a tyranny on the doctrines of the gospel, sways the destinies of the American people. No order of nobility—no martial legion of honor, is here invested with the dignities of office. The juices of the country, are not absorbed in the nourishment of one overgrown religious sect, but lend their salutary aid alike to the believer in the Misna, the Koran, and the Gospel. Justice, the noblest attribute of Deity, is here dispensed with equal hand to every class of citizens. The bulwarks, which elsewhere surround wealth and title, here exist only for the protection of virtue, and no man is above the penalty of the law, who is not above the commission of crime. The press, at once the guardian, and the child  
of

of liberty—the press, which like the servant of Philip, reminds tyrants of their mortality, and speaks to them in the unwelcome accents of truth—the press, here enjoys a perfect and unrestrained licence.

RICH in the possession of these multifarious blessings, it behoves us to be watchful for their preservation. Let us not repose on our laurels. Time, if it do not increase, will destroy our political vigor. The causes of national dissolution, are ever exerting their baneful influence. We cannot expect to be stationary—let us therefore advance.

ARE we proud of the right of suffrage?—Let us guard it from abuse—let it be sacred to the purposes for which it was originally intended; and let us remember, that when faction and party spirit preside at our elections, and talents and virtue are degraded, the downfall of the republic is at hand, and we are guilty of political suicide.

Do we boast of our liberties? So did the states of Greece—so did the republic of Rome—so did the people of Switzerland—and so in latter days, the unhappy citizens of France. Is there no Philip whom we should dread? Are we safe from the dominion of Cæsar? And do we not live in the age of Buonaparte? Are we rich, and shall we not excite the avarice of tyrants? Are we powerful, and shall we not  
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rouse their ambition? Are we free, and shall we not feel their hatred? Yes my countrymen! ours is, indeed, a golden fruit, but it must be watched by dragons. We must be Argus-eyed in the protection of our honor; we must support the character of the nation at every hazard. If ever the time should come, when our rights shall compromise with our interest—when the spirit of '76, shall become a spirit of calculation; when our commerce shall be the prey of picaroons, and our name be disregarded among nations, we shall have mournfully degenerated. The heroes of the revolution will have toiled in vain—our liberties will be tamely sacrificed, and America become again a vassal province.

But while the holy fire of the revolution, guarded with vestal solicitude, blazes on the altars of liberty, and receives as on this day, the homage of a grateful people; while the lofty sentiment of “millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute,” is re-echoed with the voice of six millions of freemen, we shall stand firm and immovable as Atlas—heedless of the thunders of desolation—unshaken and impene-  
trable.

THE principles of WASHINGTON, displayed in his conduct, and enforced in his communications to the American Congress, will, if rigidly adhered to, prove the means of perpetuating the liberties, for which we are so much indebted

ted to his heroism. Fitted at once for the field and the cabinet—with a mind embracing at one view, the various relations, and discerning, amid the confusion of political occurrences, the true interests of his country, he warned us of the dangers, which beset the republic. He recommended a system of neutrality to be observed, if possible, among the diverse and conflicting interests of the belligerents. War would, in his opinion, but have wasted the resources, and retarded the progress of our youthful nation, weakened by a long and arduous contest. We could not, moreover, participate in those feelings, which impel European nations in their bloody career. We had no interest in settling the balance of power—in contesting the dominion of the Indies—or in arresting the progress of, what was fondly termed, French liberty. The God of nature, had, as it were, destined us for the happy pursuits of peace, by separating us from the old continent, by a wall three thousand miles thick, high as his own heaven, and deep as the foundations of the globe. Possessing a country blessed with all the various climates of the earth, and producing all their peculiar fruits;—a land fitted for the reception of countless millions, we had no inducement, like the destroyers of Rome, to seek a more genial habitation, or to extend our dominions by the arm of conquest. No jealousy of the petty settlements of Great Britain, on our northern, or of Spain, on our southern boundary, could disturb the tranquility, or ex-

cité the seats of a people, whose head reclined on the banks of St. Lawrence, while their feet reached to the shores of the Mississippi.

Thus happily situated, what had we to do but to cultivate the arts of peace, and feast on the heavenly banquet that was prepared for us? Adhering, scrupulously, to the observance of the laws of nations, we had a right to expect from the world the immunities to which we were entitled, and the security of a legal commerce. The American nation, under these delightful auspices, grew and flourished with unprecedented vigor. Our forests descended into the ocean, fraught with the rich fruits of our industry, and we became, in a few years, the second commercial nation in the world.

The cupidity of France was excited—not of France, such as when she unsheathed the sword in behalf of America—but of France oppressed and overwhelmed by a political earthquake, which had convulsed her to her centre—which had laid open all her deepest abysses, and brought forth the monsters from their abodes, to fatten on her vitals. Our ships were burnt or confiscated—our citizens imprisoned in loathsome dungeons—our flag insulted—our ambassadors slighted and repulsed, and our honor and dignity abused. The spirit of the country was roused—the merchants were authorized to defend their vessels, and the American  
navy,

navy, armed with our thunders, nobly asserted and maintained our rights and honor.

It is by conduct, such as was then pursued; it is by manfully resisting the first encroachments of power, that we must hope to retain our liberties. We shall appeal in vain to the reason and justice of the world. Interest has murdered them; they were buried with Grotius, Burlamaqui and Vattel. We may cherish their remembrance—we may admire their portraits—we may solicit them to descend from their frames for our protection; but they are pictures still, and cannot listen to us. The hydra policy has arisen from their grave. His arm is iron; his breast is full of cunning and duplicity; he has stolen the mantle of justice; he is the slave of ambition and interest. Legalizing by subtle artifice, the dark designs of his rapacity, he makes and breaks treaties, as suits his convenience; he obeys no law; that he can violate with advantage; he neglects no good that he can seize with impunity; power alone can successfully contend with him, and if we do not terrify him by our arms, we shall never win him by our condescension.

In the present state of the world, then, my countrymen, when good faith has fled from the councils of nations, we must rely on our own efforts for the protection of our rights. We may negotiate and surrender, and surrender and negotiate, until we have wasted the re-

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sources, and destroyed the spirit of the country. But we shall be equally distant from the object of our wishes, and we shall find ourselves but as a rush, when opposed to the breast of ambition. Vain and contemptible is that spirit, which begins by submission—consumes itself, and expires in threats! If our commerce be assailed—if our harbors be attacked—if our honor be violated, submission will but invite new assaults, attacks and violations. If we would be heard, we must speak from our cannon—if we would be felt, we must draw our swords!

WHILST we are careful in preserving that strict neutrality, which will guard our liberties against unprovoked attempts from abroad—whilst by such conduct we deserve the enjoyment of honorable peace, let us not neglect the favorable opportunity for improvement. Let us ever be mindful, that virtue is the spring of our government; that to be virtuous, we must be enlightened. When the lights of instruction shall have dispelled the gloom of ignorance, “then, and not till then, will you behold the day-star of national virtue,” arrive at its zenith.

LITERATURE and liberty, moreover, mutually aid and support each other. Whatever of elegance has been imparted to manners, of vigor to intellect, or of energy to character, owes its existence to the influence of learning. As the mind becomes enlarged, we are less accessible  
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to the low arts of demagogues. In proportion to the enjoyment of liberty, is the cultivation of taste and science, and the dissemination of truth and reason. Liberty and letters were the pillars of Athenian greatness. They rose with equal grace and splendor, elegant as the Corinthian, and solid as the Doric column. Sparta could boast only of the liberty of the savage, and the pillar of her fame is marked with the rude characters of ignorance, ferocity and crime. In Sparta, Liberty was clad in warlike habiliments; she worshiped in the temple of Mars, and her chief associates were courage and duplicity. In Athens, she was gay, elegant and festive, surrounded by Apollo and the Muses, nerving the wings of science, and inspiring the voice of eloquence. Would you, my friends, associate with Liberty only, seek her in the capitol of Lacedemon. Would you converse with the graces and the arts, would you be free and enlightened, would you wear at once the kindred wreaths of genius, valor and liberty—go to the academy of Plato, commune with the shade of Socrates, and tread the classic walks of Attica.

ALREADY has science beamed upon our forests. "Westward the star of" learning "takes its way." In this propitious soil, the germs of genius begin to expand into maturity; the charms of poetry and eloquence extend their influence; the circle of information is rapidly enlarging, and will soon embrace in its radiant circumference,



circumference, the various members of our community. Our happiness will increase with our knowledge. America will patronize the arts—and the arts in their turn, will render her immortal.

If for us could be unveiled the secrets of futurity; if the eye could trace the progress of our beloved country in art and science; in civil and religious happiness; in public and individual virtue, as long as we continued free, the prospect would be delightful, and the United States would exhibit a political paradise, full of fruit, fragrance and verdure. But if the serpent of faction should pollute the place; if we should under the mad and preposterous hope of greater enjoyments, sacrifice those we already possess, and violate the laws of reason and nature, anarchy, with her flaming sword, would drive us from the enchanting spot, despotism would follow in her train—every mark of our prosperity would be erased; we should be compelled to resign every vestige of freedom—and hiding from the scrutinizing eye of our ancestry; the consciousness of our own weakness and temerity, would give additional pangs to the horrors of servitude.

Let us hope, that this dreadful reverse will never be realized. Let us resolve that the fabric of our empire shall rest eternally on the pillars of patriotism, intelligence and virtue. Let us  
swear,

swear, and be the oath recorded on our rocks; that we will sacredly guard our rights and liberties from the secret influence of faction, and the open hostilities of foreign enemies.

FOLLOWING in our bright career—catching a spark from our altar, the colonists of South-America are gaining their emancipation, and erecting a new Republic! THE SPANISH PROVINCES HAVE PROCLAIMED THEIR INDEPENDENCE! *Esto perpetua!* Theirs is indeed of happy origin. There is none of the tumult which usually attends revolutions; none of those painful struggles, which enhance the glory of Liberty, while they mark her bosom with scars, and fill her eye with sorrow. No seven years war barred their approach, and guarded the gates of freedom. They were loyal even at the moment of separation. They adhered to the mother country, as long as she could shelter them. The fruit did not fall, until the tree was blasted. May it prove the seed of another, great as its original. May there rise on the plains of Peru and Mexico, a race of warriors worthy of the cause, who, with filial reverence, shall welcome their afflicted parent, renew the faded honors of Castile, and plant the glories of Aragon on the cliffs of the Andes!

BEYOND them we behold the Portuguese Dove, driven from its nest by the BIRD of prey, seeking a new habitation; drying its wings wet  
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with blood, and collecting its oppressed offspring.

**HAPPY America!** Asylum of injured innocence! Destined to exhibit the greatness of the old world, without its crimes! Thy forests shall shelter only the virtuous! Thy vales shall afford refuge only to the brave! Thy hills shall re-echo only the song of liberty!

**WHILE** agonized Europe is drenched in gore, the western continents are blessed with the smiles of peace. Happily for us, and for the oppressed of mankind, the vast Atlantic opposes a barrier to the otherwise boundless rapacity of the modern Alexander. His Macedonian prototype wept, because there were no more worlds to conquer. Columbus, then unborn, had not extended the limits of his enterprize. We behold the kingdoms and republics of Europe stript of their ancient honors, and prostrate at the throne of the usurper. Can it be believed that he would stop to mingle tears of disappointment with the ocean, did not the armament of his formidable enemy, arrest the mighty march of his ambition? He knows, that beyond its waters, we inhabit an extensive and fertile country; that we are proud of our liberties, and jealous of our character. He remembers that we have contended, at the hazard of our lives and fortunes, for the rights of freemen, and have triumphed over that foe, whose  
power

power he is compelled to respect. To obtain our homage, would be the summit of his glory.

COLUMBIAN "Can'st thou for a moment brook,  
 "The mere imagination, that a fate  
 "Like this can e'er be thine ———?"

No! We will rally round the constitution and be safe!

GENTLEMEN OF THE CINCINNATI——How pleasing the consideration, that our societies, the one instituted to perpetuate the remembrance of the soldier's valor in the field, the other, the statesman's wisdom in the cabinet, have united to commemorate this auspicious day! The union of our solemnities evinces to the world, that the soldier may become a citizen—that the citizen does not always entertain jealous fears of the soldier. That they may equally participate in every blessing, protected by the sword of defence, derived from the genius of wisdom, or obtained by the exertions of industry. Yet how melancholy the thought, that the joys with which the return of this day is calculated to inspire us, are interrupted by the absence of some, to whom we would delight to render the accustomed meed of gratitude. The eye which glistened in the martial field, which beamed with pleasure at its country's tranquility, is dim; the arm which brandished the weapon of freedom, lies mouldering in the grave. The magnanimous Rutledge.  
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whose hand would not seal his country's disgrace—the intrepid and incorruptible Moultrie—the brave and venerable Gadsden—no longer add to the dignity of this assembly—Their smiles no longer animate the patriotic bosom of the youthful Carolinian—no longer does the pulse of liberty quicken in their presence. Where are they? They rest with their fathers. On each succeeding anniversary, our country witnesses the reduction of your patriotic ranks, and mourns the bereavement of one or more of your associates, who contributed to her pride and ornament. Who can reflect without emotions of heart-felt sorrow, that in the short interval since you last publicly received the congratulations of your fellow-citizens, General William Washington, ever worthy of the name of his illustrious kinsman, sleeps in death. That the amiable Shubrick, his companion in arms, and who emulated him in the field, now shares with him the silent tomb. Let us, however, indulge the fond hope that their gallant spirits have winged their flight to heaven, and are united in the realms of eternal bliss, with that of the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

Who shall pourtray the exalted virtues of George Washington? Who describe our country's sorrow for his loss? How vain would be the attempt! "Light griefs are eloquent—excessive wo is dumb!"

GENTLEMEN, receive the salutations of this  
portion

portion of your countrymen. Permit me to assure you, that cherishing the feelings, by which we have been hitherto actuated, we shall never exemplify the dogmatical assertion, that republics are always ungrateful. The ghosts of the murdered Socrates, and of the exiled Aristides, shall cease to rise in judgment against their order and harmony. May you long enjoy every sublunary blessing, and recline in peace under the shade of that vine, which has been cultivated by your labours. "And when length of years makes you tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the Angels of your God attend your bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life, shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction." The turf, which shall enclose the honored remains of the patriot, moistened with the tears of gratitude, shall possess perennial verdure.

MY YOUNG COUNTRYMEN! You, who like myself were born to a noble inheritance, or were then yet slumbering in the lap of maternal affection—you who in infancy were denied a participation in the glorious dangers—the enviable toils, attendant on the establishment of the independence of your country; but in maturity proudly estimate the richest birth right of man—should Britain attempt to restore the lustre of her imperial diadem, by your subjugation, or Napoleon, with his myriads, whose lips pronounce the sacred name of liberty,

liberty, then kiss the despot's foot," approach in hostile array, you would, (to use the language of Erin's lamented victim) "meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other—you would meet them with all the destructive fury of war—you would animate your associates in the illustrious contest; to immolate them in their boats before they had contaminated the soil of your country—if they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, you would dispute every inch of ground—raze every house—burn every blade of grass—the spot in which the hope of freedom should desert you, there would you hold, and the last intrenchment of liberty would be your grave."

BUT if Heaven should bless your efforts with victory—if by a display of the same firmness, you should deserve the success which crowned the soldiers of '76, new honors would encircle the American name, the pride of invasion would be checked, the world would be again taught to revere the exertions of freemen, and to approach with fear and trembling the sacred haunts of liberty. Then would you boast with Cicero, the honor of preserving the republic—then would your names with those of Washington, Hamilton, Greene, Marion and Laurens, glow on the page of the historian, swell the bosom of the orator, and wake the admiration of innocence and beauty.

SACRED meed of valor!—holy tribute of loveliness! Who is not proud of the smiles of beauty?—Let the haughty Asiatic behold in woman the object of his senseless passion—the victim of his rude licentiousness. Let the lazy Aborigines of our country regard her as a slave, destined for laborious exertion, while her stupid lord reposes on the bed of indolence, with nothing of man but his ferocity, and all of woman but her virtues. We, happily removed from these barbarous influences, recognize in the ascendancy of woman, the advances of civilization. We, who beheld her during the dreadful scenes of war, like Venus amid the ruins of Troy, inspiring the efforts of valor, and irradiating the gloom of despondence, lay our laurels at her feet. Let America be celebrated, at once, for the intrepid courage of her sons—the firm and unalterable constancy of her daughters! Soft and pleasant as the moon beam on the troubled waters, is the smile of beauty, shed upon the waves of human affliction! Yours be the joys of peace, of love, and innocence, DAUGHTERS OF MY COUNTRY! Gay with the gilded streamers of hope, fanned by the wings of pleasure, and fraught with the rich possessions of virtue—yours be the haven of tranquillity, where hope shall repose in the fulness of satisfaction, where pleasure shall be uninterrupted, and virtue obtain its merited reward!

AMERICANS!—Blessed with wise and equal laws,



laws, it is your duty to preserve them, as the friends, the protectors of liberty. By the rich blood of many of your most valuable citizens, were they secured from the convulsive efforts of tyranny, as a sacred deposit, committed to your care, to be transmitted unsullied to posterity. The shades of Warren, Montgomery and Mercer—the genius of Washington, invoke you to be mindful of your charge. On the experienced, the good, and the virtuous, impose the important, the honorable task of guarding them against the dangers to which they may be exposed. Never be it said of us, as was by Confucius of his country, that “the mountain is fallen, the high machine is demolished, and the sages are all fled.” Let not the demon of faction erect its lofty crest, and stifle with its malignant breath, the strong dictates of patriotism—the softer feelings of humanity. Cultivate the charities of social harmony, Let not your history present the gloomy picture of man, opposing the happiness of man. Do not, by internal dissensions unnerve the arm of government, and offer your immunities a willing sacrifice, at the base altar of discord. Let rather your proud eagle, as she towers undauntedly in the sky, suspending in her beak, the federal motto “*E pluribus unum*,” proclaim it to the world as likewise expressive of the national sentiment. Cherish, if you would prosper, the unity of your government, and the union of your people. Suspect that patriotism, which pretending to be  
exclusive

exclusive, brands with the epithet of traitors, your own wise and virtuous citizens, and vents that rage, which should be reserved for your enemies, against the brightest members of the confederacy. It is not in the fumings of intemperance—it is not in the furnace of party—nor in the wild glare of a factious conflagration, that you are to look for the hallowed flame of patriotism. No, my countrymen! the spirit of the patriot, like the latent heat, which preserves the health and vigor of the earth, and nourishes the principles of vegetation and luxuriance, is seen only in the good, which it produces. The spirit of the partizan, like the ungovernable fires of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*, blazes only to destroy, consumes the abodes of peaceful industry, lends its terrors to every wind, and scatters around it desolation and ruin.

Above all, beware of indulging foreign prejudices and affections. They are inconsistent with your professed system of neutrality, and with your own interests. They make you submit, where you ought to resist, and resist where you ought to submit. They make you regard the greatest injuries from one power, as a necessary inconvenience—the slightest insult from another, as an intolerable grievance.—They render you proud and unbending in your intercourse with one nation—fawning and suppliant to another. They cause you to be at peace, when you ought to be at war, and

at war, when you ought to be at peace. They prepare you for the yoke of the favorite power, which having won your affections, will find easy admission into your territory, and gain ready possession of your treasure.

Pursuing, then, with firm and undeviating step, the straight path of neutrality, unallured on the one hand, by the voice of the syren, which charms but to destroy, and unterrified on the other by the threats of undisguised enmity, and the efforts of open violence, you may hope to attain the summit of happiness and glory. Gathering lessons of wisdom from the experience of the nations, which have preceded you, you may successfully cherish in yourselves the principles of eternal life. Here may perpetually flourish the germs of Liberty, Virtue and Peace. Here may generations yet unborn, enjoy in their purity and excellence.

**THE BLESSINGS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.**

**F I N I S**