

AN

ORATION,

ON

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE;

DELIVERED BEFORE THE REPUBLICAN CITIZENS OF

BRISTOL COUNTY, MASS.

AT TAUNTON, JULY FOURTH, 1809.

BY MARCUS MORTON, ESQ.

NEW-BEDFORD:
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.....
1809.

SIR,

We, as a Committee chosen by the Republican Citizens of Bristol County, this day convened, after rendering you their thanks for the Oration this day delivered by you, request a copy of the same for the press.

JOHN HAWES,
JOSEPH TISDALE,
EPHRAIM RAYMOND.

MARCUS MORTON, Esq.

Taunton, July 4, 1809.

GENTLEMEN,

In obedience to the voice of my Fellow-Citizens, expressed by you, as their organ, which I do not feel myself at liberty to disobey, I submit to your disposal a copy of the Oration this day delivered, in the full confidence that the candor of a generous public will make due allowance for the hasty production, and unfinished state of the composition.

MARCUS MORTON.

JOHN HAWES,

JOSEPH TISDALE, and

EPHRAIM RAYMOND, Esqrs.

Taunton, July 4, 1809.

AN ORATION.

ONCE more, Fellow-Citizens, we have assembled to commemorate the origin of our empire. We are not now to perform the humble drudgery of hailing the birth-day of a King—who, across the licentiousness of a palace, has preserved but a precarious claim to the miserable glory of being the descendant of a degenerated dynasty ; but to welcome the return of that day, on which the energies of our country, waked into life by the spirit of freedom, burst asunder the feeble bands that harnessed us to the British throne, and achieved the emancipation of a world. To celebrate this event, with becoming devotion, every heart should be purged of the last contaminating particle of colonial baseness, and, elated with the proud emotions of Independence, catch a high and holy zeal for the welfare of our country.

We are not here, in cold conformity to the mere animal suggestions of habit, or to display a vain and unmeaning pageant for the amusement of weak and trivial minds ; but to discharge a solemn duty, and to keep alive that sacred fire which came from Heaven, and warmed and irradiated the chill and dreary night of the Revolution. It is not a punctilious observance of forms, nor the ostentation of sacrifice which renders the worship of man acceptable to Divinity, but a devout and fervent spirit, without which, the muttered prayers and hacknied homilies of a thousand churches are but an empty and impious mockery. Let no one imagine that he has well complied with the high behests of this day, if he shall have swelled the pomp of a procession ; devoured the declamation of an occasional orator, or ~~per~~^{been}per, with bacchanalian mirth, the extremest toast, unless his soul is penetrated

with a religious sense of the blessings of Independence and a devout determination to hand them down, unimpaired, to his posterity. The idle children of dissipation may alike seize on every occasion for indulgence; but the patriot will, on the Fourth of July, revolve in his breast the awful recollections of the past, and endeavor, with an anxious eye, to penetrate the darkness of futurity. He will cast a rapid glance over the history of the last two hundred years, and, struck with the instability of human affairs, arouse all his virtue to fix the destinies of his country. Within this period, our pious ancestors, persecuted and fugitive—few and exhausted, with a howling wilderness and savage people before them, landed in this Colony, upon that rock, which may now be regarded as the foundation-stone of a vast empire.

Where we are now assembled, the inexorable Philip rallied the desperate energies of his tribe to exterminate, with the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, the surviving remnant of those venerable pilgrims. But his project was abortive. He perished in the conflict—and the broken ruins of his desolated people are lost and forgotten in the pathless forests, beyond the western waters. It was now that a country, sought as a refuge from royal and priestly intolerance, and acquired, under the Providence of God, by the just exertion of a dauntless intrepidity, acknowledged and rewarded the labors of an industrious and happy people. Blest with the neglect of England, who was leading alternately her kings and her Sydney's to the scaffold, our forefathers erected, on the doric columns of pure morality and equal liberty, an edifice of temporal felicity, alone to be excelled by the eternal mansions of the Just. Yet into this happy and hallowed sojourn, England, dripping with the blood of her tyrants and her patriots, let slip the fiends of power to plunder, to oppress, and to rob us.

The restoration of Charles the second was not the triumph of monarchy only, but the sanction of its worst abuses. That inconsiderate and ungovernable people, who had rushed through the slaughter and confusion of civil war, in vindication of undefined and precarious privileges, and arrested from the mistaken father his sceptre and his life, now tamely surrendered to the hypocritical

and licentious son, whom they had recalled from exile, those clear and acknowledged rights which the most arbitrary of their Princes had respected. This indiscreet and unqualified submission, wrung from the broken and exhausted spirits of the nation, and promoted by the detestable meanness of a pretended patriot, was considered by the king as the final abandonment of popular pretensions, and the unalterable guarantee of the illimitable prerogatives of the crown. He despised the men who sought a refuge *from themselves*, in the royal power, and he had no apprehension that they would ever recur to a resistance, the full success of which had so lately mocked their hopes. The rebellion therefore which destroyed the father, strengthened the son. He ascended the throne, not with the amiable sentiments of filial piety, which might have led to the punishment of his father's murderers, but with the ruthless and inexorable passions of a tyrant determined to avenge himself on the last offender against arbitrary power, and to exterminate from his realm the friends of freedom and humanity. The power of Parliament was despised, and its boasted privileges of debate controuled by the terrors of the tower. The sanguinary Jeffries was sent reeling through the country to perpetrate judicial murder, while the king himself, as if to add to the degradation of his subjects, and to rob them of the first miserable rank in slavery, became the vassal of a foreign power, a humble pensioner on the bounty of Lewis the Fourteenth, doling to his English slaves only the deeper disgrace of subordinate servitude.

It was in these times of inordinate power and insatiable cupidity, that the eye of Charles, red with wrath and the vigils of debauchery, turned upon this devoted country. It was then that his servile minister proposed to compel the Colonies to contribute to the prodigality of the crown, and for the first time, advanced the atrocious doctrine that England had a right *to bind them, without their consent, in all cases whatsoever.*

Such is the foul and fetid source of a doctrine, which, for nearly a century, was jesuitically suggested or tyrannically asserted, according to the fluctuating madness of British power, till an attempt to enforce it by the sword, roused that unconquerable spirit

which rescued us forever from the ignominy of British supremacy. That this doctrine originated in a reign justly considered by the most enlightened Englishmen themselves, as the opprobrium of their country; that it was the suggestion of a profligate prince, who, if he could *fiddle*, could *destroy* like Nero; and who could reconcile in his motley character the dark cruelty of Tiberius with the giddy licentiousness of Elijabulus, ought to have rendered it detestable to that nation itself, and to have consigned it to the same execration with which England had blighted the other dogma of the Stuarts.

It was at a time when Englishmen shook the world with their vaunts of freedom, and regarded their Parliament as the efficient organs of sovereignty, that they revived, against this country, the most iniquitous pretensions of the most unprincipled and sanguinary of their tyrants. They had, indeed, ceased to be slaves who knelt in irons to receive the burdens of prerogative, but, brutalized by the circian sorcery of Executive influence, they vainly arrogated to themselves the exclusive right to liberty, willing, in their turn, to do the work of despotism, and to treat our countrymen as helots, unworthy to participate with them the privileges of freemen. They demanded the fruits of our honest industry, and provoked with the insolence of a refusal, they sent their armed youth among us to reduce by the bloody execution of war and murder our too formidable numbers. But they found not here a race of slaves. They found the undegenerated progeny of those proud ancestors who tore themselves from the tyranny to which *theirs* had submitted, and they found us prepared to vindicate the parity of our lineage. They encountered, with astonishment, at Lexington and Bunker's-Hill, the first rude essays of that unyielding patriotism which overwhelmed them, with perdition, at Saratoga and Yorktown. It was in vain they had drenched the streets of Boston with the blood of her unarmed sons. It was in vain they corrupted the most worthless of our citizens to perform the wretched service of cruelty and treason. It was in vain they presented to our view the embattled omnipotence of their infuriated sovereign. We met them unappalled, for we saw the alterna-

ive was safe and practicable, if we could not *conquer*, we could *die*. The devastation of our fields, the conflagration of our cities, the groans of our dying defenders, wreathing on the field of battle, or racked with disease and famine, in their floating hells, might indeed wring the heart with anguish, and exhaust the last pang which humanity could feel for the sufferings of the brave ; but they taught us the character of our invaders, and braced our sinews with a tenfold power to break upon their heads the chains which they brought us. Bare-footed and hungry—exposed to the rudest blasts of an inclement winter—the frozen ground our beds, and the stormy clouds our covering, was a life of comfort—of voluptuousness, compared with what we feared in slavery. We had no friend. The savages of the wilderness had become the allies of our more savage invaders, and the horrors of Wyoming and Cherry-Valley exhibited the concentrated ferocity of combined barbarians. We launched alone on the eventful ocean of Independence. The troubled waters raged around us—the tempest howled furiously over our heads—black and starless was the night, and the sulphurous flash that broke from the incumbent cloud discovered—not the blest haven to which we were bound—but the grim form of death half visible amid the wild and foaming reef before us, while it returned, reflected with more than the flames of hell from the blood-shot eyes of the sea-monster which pursued us. Yet even then calm and collected, on the reeling bark, stood the heroes of the revolution. The spirit of the storm, which shrieked through the conflicting elements, was disregarded ; Death himself vainly brandished his undreaded dart, and the yelling monster that followed to devour them met their stern regard, and fled, confounded, to his chalky caverns.

Oh how miserable it is that we, who braved the horrors of that time, or have heard it but yesterday, from the lips of our heroic fathers, should already plead the cause of our oppressor and loathe the glory we so nobly won ! Was the vaunted spirit of seventy-six a mere intoxicating potion, that, for a moment, excited us to deeds beyond our sober nature, and now has left us, dull and exhausted, to doze out the base remainder of existence ? Was it

the mere impulse of brute sensation which operates no longer than the smart continues which excited it? the ebullition of instinctive passion, restive while agonizing from the blow, but meek and manageable, under burdens, when the lash is for a moment suspended? Was it but the raging of disease, the paroxysm of a fever that consumed our strength, and then left us to the succeeding fit, the chill, cold ague of apathy and languor?

Were our revolutionary heroes mere beasts, who, mad from their wounds, turned desperately upon their pursuers, and having spent their rage, in one convulsive spasm of excessive feeling, tamely submitted to be led in chains, by the very wretches who had fled their fury? Such glory the basest creature that infests the earth might claim; for there is not, in animated nature, a thing so wretchedly destitute of nerve and spirit, that will not express a transient resentment at the injury it suffers. Even the muscles of the vile spaniel seem endowed with a self-existing vitality, for they will spontaneously contract to avenge their wrongs and produce a hasty grin, till his coward heart receives the news and bids them fawn for mercy. Oh no; the spirit of seventy-six was no fugitive intoxication, no transient instinct, no delirious disease. It was the steady, the sober, the intelligent and healthful habit of our souls. It animated to that congenial exercise which confirmed and invigorated our strength. It roused us to the martial measures of a phyric dance, in which we acquired a force and hardihood to carry us, when necessary, victorious thro' more serious conflicts. Our revolutionary heroes were not miserable drones, hurried by a momentary fit of ardor, to mid air, there to perish in the first short solitary rapture. They felt not the spaniel-like spirit that so lately moved our metropolis to give an instinctive snarl at the outrage on the Chesapeake, and then to cringe to lick the foot that was already raised to spurn us in the dust. No, they were men—high-minded men, inspired by principle to engage in the sacred cause of their country, whose hearts were never faint, and whose hands were never weary in the prosecution of their glorious labors, and who, regarding their accomplished work, rejoiced that it would be eternal, unless their pos-

terity should degenerate into slavery, and human virtue and human reason become extinct.

Who is it that pleads the cause of our oppressor, and seeks to tarnish our revolutionary glory? It is — but before the tale is told, if in this numerous assembly there be one unconverted tory — one apostate from better principles — one unfeeling miscreant, to whom every condition of society is equal, let him retire, let him cease to profane this place and this occasion with his polluted heart, nor remain till an Ithurian spear shall strip him of his borrowed form, and expose him in all the hideousness of his hell-doomed deformity. Let him retire, and seek some murky fen, where, when the night descends, he may lure, with the scent of patriot blood, the haggard spirit of the power he worships, and, on an altar, raised from the bones of our brave brethren who fell at Bunker's-Hill, shrieking his horrid orgies, offer to her the Declaration of our Independence, and the Constitution of our country, the record of her crimes and the injunction that stays their repetition. — It is the British faction which continually attempts to brand our revolution with the opprobrium of unjust rebellion, or to belittle it into a family quarrel, where the parent might be severe, but the child was undutiful, and ought now, agonizing with remorse for the impious blow it gave, to kneel for mercy and forgiveness. This faction, led by the legitimate descendants of the slavish supporters of the divine right of the Tudors and Stuarts; by those who, from age to age have kept alive the abject spirit of their tory ancestors, and have wormed themselves into our free state to lay the eggs and hatch the vermin that would devour it. They have long swarmed in the rotten carcass of the *old* world; and they now endeavor to produce corruption here, that they may propagate in the *new*. They admire the blaze of a diadem that consumes the equality of man, and the flow of the purple that sweeps away his rights. They follow the toys and parchments of prescriptive privileges, and, if they cannot share the revenue and titles *they* confer, they are content with the humble service of pimping for the debaucheries *they* sanction. They had rather be a beast in the royal stable, than wear the "human form divine" in a republic.

It was these animals who counselled Hutchinson and followed Gage. It was they who duped Great-Britain into attempts she could not execute, and then excited her to indemnify her wounded pride by the indulgence of useless cruelty. These scullions of the royal kitchen, were either blown from our shores, by the storm of the revolution, or sheltered themselves from its fury, by laying prostrate and torpid on the earth till it was over.

When the sun of peace broke in upon and thawed them again into existence, they fluttered with all the airs of freemen, and boasted of the *bold stand* they had made for Independence. They secretly however resumed the drudgery of their old masters, and abjectly adoring the perfection and omnipotence of *their* government, sought to diminish the lustre of our recent glory. Indefatigable, versatile and impudent, they encounter every fatigue, assume every form, and face down every kind of merit, in the prosecution of their projects. Ostentatious of their wealth, and vain of their influence, they affect to monopolize the riches, the talents, and the virtues of the country. These pretensions, absurd as they are, pass current in the community. The disappointed politician flies thither for succor for his defeated ambition, and the petty chapman or the bawbling beau, sues there for credit at the bank, or admission into the ball-room. Many an office-seeking sycophant, many a bankrupt beggar—a brainless idiot, puts on their livery, and apes the style and manners of his masters. He seeks not to fathom the bottom of their deep designs, but, floating on the surface, he is willing to receive the protection of their flag, and to pay for it, in *praising England, reviling France, and despising all his countrymen* who will not salute it. It is thus that these consistent foes of our freedom and independence have enticed into their service the formidable numbers which now follow them, and which, when drilled and disciplined, and bound together, by a clanish spirit, they will openly lead to assault the happy institutions of our country. It is these mules, laden with Macedonian gold, within our walls, and not any hostile attack from without, which constitutes our danger. Can the form and essence of this faction be mistaken? It is the deleterious ivy

that creeps into our courts, and poisons Justice on her seat ; affording sanctuary, under its deadly shade, to the murderer and the traitor. It is the *bramble* that climbs the pulpit, and twining itself closely around the sacred enclosure, chokes and stifles all the gospel charities.

If there be any one who doubts the existence, the means, and the objects of this alarming faction, let him ponder on the events of a few past months. Within this brief period, we have been summoned, in the solemn voice of our Legislature, to unfurl our republican banner against the *enemies* of England ; to justify, no doubt, the atrocity of her edicts, and humbly to contribute, with our blood and treasure, to the consummation of her proud projects. In our holy temples, the praises of the living God have been drowned in high hosannas to the power and justice of the British throne, and the old eternal enemy of the human race has himself found a momentary respite from the hostility of our church militant, while it concentrated its holy wrath, in a crusade against the Corsican usurper. Indeed the flames of Smithfield, the auto de fé of Valladolid, the blasphemies of the Vatican, nay, the horrors of hell itself, had nearly ceased to be a subject of protestant concern, amid the deeper detestation and dread of revolutionary and imperial France.

Our Courts of Justice have exhibited the humiliating spectacle of deluded or abandoned citizens, who had violated the laws of their own free government, to give aid and comfort to its foreign enemies, seeking to purge themselves—not from the infamy—but the penalties of their treasonable enormities, by the foul ablutions of concerted perjury. Mobs prowled about our seaports at the heels or at the instigation of the quondam friends of order ; perjury was suborned or countenanced by the exclusive pretenders to religion, and town-meetings were convoked, at which the bewildered citizens, drugged with sublimated falsehood, and blistered with cantharides from the Essex dispensatory, were madly excited to prostitute their suffrages for the sanction of the destructive projects of those very men who would kindly protect them from the *dangers* of their privileges, and from “ *their own worst enemies,*

themselves." Yet the apostles of the faction, while they urged the work of demoralization and confusion, were heard to weep aloud over the altered morals and distracted peace of the country, and, imputing the abominations generated by their own foul practices, to the operation of a *perpetual* embargo, they sought to overwhelm, with odium, the only measure which interposed between us and indellible disgrace. In the general fermentation, they aroused indifference itself from its torpor, and dexterously seized the direction of some of the most generous feelings of our nature, to form a confederacy of select and factious States, and, through their agency, to excite insurrection, promote disunion, generate the horrors of civil war, and bind us, with blood and anarchy, to the smoking wheels of the triumphal car of British ambition.

In these mad times, even our holy revolution was degraded to the level of a Spittal-field riot or a Turkish insurrection, and this revolution, which found its provocation in tyranny, and its "sanction in the enlightened wisdom of all good men," was pled in precedent to authorise the subversion of our free government, which is, at once, its proudest trophy, and the surest guarantee of all its blessings. Nor did this spirit of tory sacrilege stop here. It broke into the sanctuary of the tomb, and stripped the sacred halo from our illustrious dead to deck the unhallowed brows of faction. Even Franklin, who spurned the power of kings, and taught the thunder where to fall, could not now defend his grave against the little vampires that would obscenely burrow in his dust. And Washington, to whom, when despair drove us from our own flawed hearts, we fled for comfort, whose beamy countenance illumed with hope and confidence the cheerless gloom of Valley-forge, and sent a ray of joy to the soul of the famished, half-naked soldier—Washington, who derived his strength of character and serenity of soul from the consciousness of virtue and the inspiration of Independence, was now dragged from his dread abode, by the harpy-footed fiends of faction, to sanction doctrines and restore a tyranny, rebellion to which constitutes his brightest glory.

Oh, Adams ! how art thou blest beyond thy departed fellows !
Thou hast been spared to rescue thy proud earnings from the

fangs of wretches, who had forged thy will, and, impatient of the plunder, sought, before thou wast dead, to execute it, hoping, at the expense of the true heirs, to bribe and win their way to the confidence of an insulted country. Even now while thou appearest to bar the probate and convict the felons of the fraud ; when from thy *argent arms* thou hast indignantly torn the *rampant lyon*, they had quartered there, and restored the SOARING EAGLE, they pronounce thee mad, and kindly name themselves thy guardians, that they may cheat the first-born of his rich inheritance. But, thanks to God, thou livest, and, in full possession of all the sane energies which were devoted, in thy earlier days, to the service of thy country, can protect thy fame and punish thy calumniators ; and that thy son, worthy of such a sire, shall stay and honor thy declining years, and then, inheriting the rich treasures of thy patriotism, shall perpetuate the lustre of thy name, by cherishing the glory of his country.

Who can now doubt the existence of a British faction ? Let us however rejoice, that among those who are initiated into its abominable mysteries there is scarcely a *single hero* of the revolution. There may be, indeed, some gaunt hypocrite, who has enjoyed the honors of a cause he hated, but who, if he has shared the spoils, was discreetly *too late* for the battle, reluctant, no doubt, to harm a nation, who, in his opinion, had "*done us no essential injury.*"

It must be here observed, that the federal party, with its huge, unwieldy bulk of heterogenous matter, should not be mistaken for this faction. No ; were the elements, which are combined by folly and delusion, in the motley mass of that party, disengaged from the mephitic gas, which forms its basis, they would exhibit much vital air which patriots might safely breathe. It is not the countless multitudes that swell the camp-meetings of federalism, and are cheated into a show of worship to the scarlet-clad harlot of its political Babylon, who are entrusted with the infernal secrets of its priest-hood, or have analyzed the abominations of its poisoned chalice. No ; its communing church is small, and administers its polluting ordinances in the most dark recesses of the temple. To the honest, deluded congregation, we would gladly ex-

tend the hand of brotherly kindness, and restore them to the orthodox communion of their country. It is with these we wish to cultivate "a temper of conciliation, of mutual forbearance, of candor, and respect for each other," not with the canting hypocrisy of the high-priest of a faction, who would gladly, by wheedling the liberality and seducing the generosity of the public mind, perpetuate the ascendent he has acquired through calumny, abuse and falsehood, but in the undisguised simplicity of our hearts, in the overflowing emotions of that Heaven-derived benevolence, which delights, not in the destruction of erring man, but in his return to the joy and truth he had forsaken.

Among the many arts practised, by the British Junto, there is none, perhaps, whose preposterous absurdity and obvious falsehood ought more to have revolted the reason and offended the virtue of the American people, than the gross charge of *French prepossession*, and *English antipathy*, so prodigally lavished on its opponents; and yet there is no trick which has been crowned with more complete success. Many an honest patriot summoned his best feelings in hostile array against a nation to which he imagined there was a plot to betray him, and on the other hand, was hurried impetuously by the strong current of humanity and justice, to espouse the cause of a country supposed to be the devoted victim of blind and unrelenting malice. In this tone of mind, he went beyond the limits of those relations to which the speculations of the mere politician are confined, and animated with the fanaticism of a monk, or the enthusiasm of a reformer, he severely examined the history, the police, the morals, the faith, nay, the language and fashions of these respective countries, till, mad and foaming with imaginary discoveries, his humanity, his justice extinguished, his country forgotten, he could perceive no cheering spectacle in hated France, through the more than Egyptian darkness which covered it, nor detect the smallest spot amid the bright and beamy effulgence that enveloped his beloved England, in its dazzling glory. In this fond delirium of feeling, he indeed reversed the objects, but became, in principle, the sport of all the degrading passions he sat out to condemn. Glowing and softened from the

furnace of his ardent zeal, he received, on the anvil of the Essex Junto, every form the alternate sledge or hammer of design or folly gave him, till he was plunged, hissing, into the foul and turbid waters prepared to temper him for the service of immaculate England.

On this day, we will not descend to examine the vile charge against us, but like Scipio, despising the calumny, and, tearing the evidence that might refute it, call upon our accusers to follow us to the Capitol and return thanks to the Gods for having saved our country.

In the account between us and England, the charge of hatred appears, indeed, to be placed on the wrong side of the ledger. If England provoked us to resistance, by her tyranny, she was sufficiently punished, by our success. Her acknowledgment, by the treaty of peace, of the equal and independent sovereignty of these States, so lately rebel colonies, may, indeed, be considered as the words of a haltered felon, who, while he sits upon the gallows to do penance for his crimes, appeals to the commiseration of the crowd, by confessing the justice of the punishment. On that occasion, we executed the judgment which *her peers* had found against her, and she paid, in the forfeiture of her dominion here, the penalty of her attempt at despotism. For her mere political offences the law was satisfied, and far be it from us, to bring her, on their account, a second time to trial. Her crimes against humanity and justice are not within the cognizance of our imperfect tribunals. We leave them, with all humility, to the justice of a higher Judge. For the *fair* achievements of her arms, we proudly thank her. They have made the grave of Burgoyne and the tomb of Cornwallis in both hemispheres, the trophies of our glory. The high and unmixed emotions of triumph and exultation, which the contemplation of these events produce in our bosoms, leave no room for hatred, no object for revenge. It is not, therefore, to be asked, if we have forgiven her for her mad essay at tyranny, but if she has forgiven us for its disgraceful failure. Does she never revolve, in her wounded soul, the deep humiliation of having been obliged to yield? Is not her tortured pride,

ing the cold Hotspur, to swear themselves, at the expense of the true heroes, into the honor of having slain him. Oh what a triumph has the illustrious JEFFERSON obtained over these unprincipled adversaries of our country. What a sabbath he must now enjoy, in beholding the consummation of his labors. It is for him the exclusive glory was reserved of having for his enemies, only the enemies of the freedom and independence of his country--of the rights and reason of the human race. He alone, through all time, is proudly distinguished, by being reproached with patriotism and a love of equal liberty, with that philosophy which considers men as rational beings, and that philanthropy which regards them as friends and brothers. He has beheld, indeed, with regret, the frailties of human nature, but he never despaired, for a moment, of the final triumph of principle. He had seen, from his own Monticello, the Alleghany mountains *looming* through the haze of a dull and troubled day, in a thousand fantastic forms, but he knew that the clear and effulgent light of Heaven would again burst upon them and restore them unmoved, undiminished, unchanged in all their granite majesty.

The history of the world presents us with an awful lesson. Every people who have acquired their freedom have preserved it until they lost their virtue. Every tyranny which has been destroyed, has been mild and merciful to that which has been restored. The Romans, when they drove the proud Tarquin from the throne, were virtuous; the English, when they brought the first Charles to the scaffold, and the French, when they stretched on the guillotine their sixteenth Lewis, were already corrupted. For more than five hundred years, the Romans illustriously maintained their liberties; but the commonwealth of England and the Republic of France were the ephemera of a day. The return of tyranny to all of them, how unequally soever delayed, was the result of the same corruption, and accompanied with the same aggravated horrors. The solitary rape of the son of the exiled Tarquin was a venial foible compared with the dark and cruel debaucheries of the Cæsars, and the errors of the murdered Charles and Lewis shews like patriotism and virtue compared with the ruthless despotism

of their royal and imperial successors. Mankind are every where endowed with the same nature, and the same causes will uniformly produce the same effects. Whenever the people of this country shall degenerate from those immortal worthies who led them to Independence, and court the protection of a power they vanquished, the massacre, the stamp-act, the port-bill will be mercy, freedom, justice, to the universal plunder and misery with which unbridled rapine and fearless cruelty will then ravage and agonize this desolated and bleeding land. Let us, therefore, beware of the wooden horse which is kindly offered us, as the work of Minerva, to be the palladium of our Empire. It contains the tory myrmidons, in its bowels, who, when we sleep, will steal forth to the slaughter of our citizens, the conflagration of our houses, and the destruction of the last monument of our freedom and glory. The curses of despotism will, indeed, be the same for us whether they return in the restoration of British supremacy or the creation of a home-bred dynasty. Monarchy, for this country, must be a most affrightful tyranny whence-soever it may be derived. It must be the invited curse of base and willing slaves, or a galling yoke imposed by usurpation and the sword, on the mangled residue of a reluctant people. It imports us little, therefore, whether our chains are burnished, with art, by the Vulcanean Cyclops, in the great Etna of British corruption, or rudely forged, by the bold strokes of their bungling journeymen in the petty smitheries of the Essex Junto.

To perpetuate our rights and independence, we must preserve our virtue ; we must aid it with the kindest charities of social beneficence, and a martyr zeal for our country. Let us remember that it is not a difference of *principle* alone that excites the most destructive animosities. The Hippodrome was filled with blood, and the Byzantine palace with dismay, from the mere attachment to a *color* ; and the catholic church, in the plenitude of its power, was shaken to its foundation, by a stupid schism for the fashion of a *tonsure*, and had nearly consumed the christian world in the flames of a persecution kindled about a *diphthong*....

The tory Junto excepted, “ *we are all federalists, all republicans ;*” Let us therefore converse by the way side, and, forgiving

and forgiven, sacrifice every illiberal prejudice on the altar of our country. The revolutionary war left us full of high and noble sentiments, but without a common object in which longer to unite and concentrate them. We had, indeed, vindicated our rights and gained our Independence, but we felt more as if we had lost a country than acquired one. The jealousies which had originated in the colonies survived to distract the States, and those habits which had connected us with a foreign nation, still seemed to lead our affections abroad, unused to look at home as the only safe and honorable resting place. Hence, the domestic prejudices and foreign sympathies, which, even at this day, weaken the bonds of internal union, and attach us to the destinies of other nations.

It is by a realizing conviction that we have a country of our own, and by devoutly cherishing a love for it, and a respect and affection for every honest man who belongs to it, that we shall disarm faction of its folly and its danger, and, binding ourselves together by a chord which no power can break, become a self-existing and truly independent nation. Without this love of country, we should resemble those miserable beings whose souls are said to visit distant countries, riding the air behind a midnight hag, and leave, at home, their poor deserted bodies, mere lumps of earth, incapable of motion or self-protection. It is this love of country that held the hand of Mutius amid the flames; that precipitated the devoted Decius upon the weapons of the enemy, and plunged the immortal Curtius in the gulph. It snatched, even from the thick darkness of Beotia, the glory of Epaminondas. Nay, the holy fires which it kindles, in its consecrated places, can never be extinguished. Even now from the burning bush of Thermopyle and Platea, of Mantinea and Leuctra, issues the voice of the Divinity and fills the patriot soul with the awful pleasures of inspiration. Let us catch the generous spirit—let us extinguish the little irritations of party—let us breathe into each other the living fire of patriotism, that it may become the active soul of our system to give life and strength and motion to every fibre, for the prompt and efficient protection of the mighty whole. Then shall the consciousness that we are all one people, and that our only

country is on this side of the Atlantic, awaken a spirit worthy the proudest days of Greece and Rome ; which shall consume in an inextinguishable blaze every sentiment hostile to our Union, or derogatory to the sovereign and autocratical attributes of our INDEPENDENCE.



ERRATA.

Page 5, last line but one, for *pampered*, read *bumpered*.

Page 6, line 7, for *Elijabulus*, read *Heliojabalus*.

Same page, line 13, for *organs*, read *organ*.

Page 16, line 2, for *the*, read *her*.

Same page, 2d line from bottom, for *gunning*, read *grinning*.