

AN *D. H. Buell*
ORATION,

DELIVERED AT THE NEW MEETING HOUSE, IN MARIETTA,
BEFORE A LARGE AND RESPECTABLE AUDIENCE

OF

Gentlemen and Ladies,

ON THE

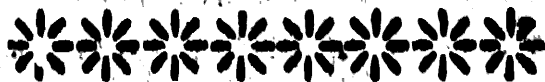
FOURTH OF JULY, 1809.

By BENJAMIN RUGGLES, Esq.

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AN ORATION.



WHATEVER great and splendid events may have taken place in the settlement, rise and progress of this country, there is none more peculiarly interesting to us, than the æra of our independence. A recurrence to its origin, and an examination of its principles, will constitute the basis of our deliberations this day.— We have not convened to adopt the capricious fashion of oriental adoration, and pay our submissive homage to some deified bigot, or bend in reverence before an imperious monarch; but to solemnize our minds to commemorate the birth and redemption of our nation, and offer a tribute of respect to the departed heroes of the revolution. Recording time has never registered a more valuable achievement in the annals of the world, than the one about to pass in review before us. Thirty-three years has the grand luminary of heaven visited our soil, since liberated from the control of foreign domination. Sovereignty and pre-eminence have risen from colonial subjugation, and America assumes a conspicuous rank among the nations of the earth.

The struggle between this country and Great Britain, a struggle between liberty and monarchy, religious toleration, and gross superstition, terminated in the establishment of our government, and the enjoyment of our religion. From the first settlement of our country till the time of the revolution, our governors and laws were imported from the kingdom of Great Britain. From such rulers, born tyrants and educated oppressors, we had nothing to expect but the iron scourge of despotism. Instead of parental benediction and watchful guardianship, the infant colony received nothing but the studied adroitness of oppressive taxation, and the plenary cup of chastisement. Taxes were imposed without representation, the wages of our hands extorted without our consent, and lest justice should cry aloud, and injury seek redress in rebellion, the pointed bayonets of government were already charged to enforce submission. This outrageous conduct wrought the patriotism of America into a living flame. The latent spark of liberty, caught from the soil they trode,

free as the air they breathed, was too elastic, too sublimated, too refined to be terrified with menaces or bound with chains. The Americans in the noble defence of their rights, did not hesitate to throw the gauntlet at a power, whose armies governed Europe, whose naval thunder ruled the ocean. With the motto of *liberty or death* inscribed in glaring capitals upon their helmets, they opposed the lawless aggressions of the invading foe, whose armigerous hosts were tracing our shores to silence the voice of injured innocence, and drown the cries for a redress of grievances. Our youthful Israelites conscious of the rectitude of their cause, and assured of the aid of approving heaven, were not afraid to meet the huge Goliath with his murdering myrmidons, and submit their controversy to the righteous God of battles. Lexington opened the great drama. The die was cast—the blow was struck—a lengthy and heated contest ensued, which terminated in the emancipation of our country. In the commencement of this scene of difficulties, the star of Bethlehem pointed to Mount Vernon. Washington obeyed the call, rose from retirement and commenced the grand work of political redemption. Eight years he led our armies in the field without any pecuniary compensation. He, with his gallant compatriots, inured to fatigue, familiarized to the camp, and skilled in the art of war, were subject to partial conquests and defeats, till the glorious triumphs of York town, dissipated the impending gloom of hostilities, and sealed with an eternal bond of fate the acknowledgment of American Independence. The British Lion crouched; the American Eagle exulting, soared triumphant; a nation was born; and United America laid by her arms, and sat down in peace.

The vanquished enemy retired from our shores, disgraced by defeat, and scarified with wounds, and left their conquerors to erect the temple of liberty on the plains they had wantonly desolated with innocent blood. Had Washington possessed the ravenous ambition of a Caesar, a Cromwell or a Bonaparte, he would never have deposed his arms, till he had paved his way to a throne and established a military despotism to perpetuate his security. But the lust of domination, the pageantry of prerogative possessed no charms for him. His magnanimous soul, now shone with conspicuous lustre. He was no longer a general—the ponderous implements of war were exchanged for the tranquil habiliments of the citizen.

The only compact that now united the colonies, was nothing but the old confederation, defective in form, a mere shadow without the substance: it commanded respect but could not compel obedience. Redeemed from slavery and suddenly translated to liberty, the growing pride of state jealousies and local pre-eminence, had already taken fire and threatened the dreadful pestilence of civil commotion.—

The tranquility of America again hung by a feeble, tenuous thread, Factions were edging their weapons to rend it assunder, when the new constitution, the fairest monument of human wisdom, rose like the Phoenix from the ashes of the old confederation, and once more restored peace to contending communities. By the spirit of mutual conciliation, prejudices were allayed, contentions yielded to the empire of reason, and astonished Europe beheld in this distant land the sublimest spectacle ever exhibited on earth. Washington's civic virtues were no less conspicuous than his military glory. He was unanimously called to preside over the destinies of that country he had been instrumental in delivering from bondage. Mutual exertions and labors for the public good moved every breast in the noble thought of ameliorating the condition of our infant country. Cheerfulness sat smiling on every dwelling, industry awoke, commerce whitened the ocean, exhausted credit was restored, and plentiful munificence crowned every exertion.

Thus went into operation the best organized government ever witnessed by man. Our rulers were selected by our own choice. They were not born kings, lords, dukes and marquises, but were elevated by the free suffrages of their equals according to their talents, merit and integrity. The executive, judicial, and legislative powers were distinctly separated, and each operated as a mutual check and balance upon the other. Wisdom, eloquence and patriotism illumined every department. Concurrent sentiments of duty prompted to noble exertion, and general philanthropy guided the councils of the nation. May a noble ardor pervade the community, soften the manners, and extend the dear delights of our institutions to the latest ages.

"Tis but the morning of the world with us,

"And science yet but sheds her orient rays—

"I see the age, the happy age, roll on

"Bright with the splendors of her mid-day beams;

"I see a Homer and a Milton rise

"In all the pomp and majesty of song,

"Which gives immortal vigor to the deeds

"Achieved by heroes in the field of fame."

Our government was settled, and tranquility spread her dove-like wings around us, while other nations were groaning under human engines of oppression. The rack, the torture, the inquisitorial wheel, wielded by governmental vengeance, have been used as instruments to extort confession of crimes, and procure conviction of innocence.

While this disgraceful reality blackens the governments of the old world, our citizens are exulting in security and luxuriance,

enjoying their friends and firesides. We have no Calligula to commit our citizens to the ravages of wild beasts for monarchical amusement—no Russian despot to glut his vengeance, by seeing his unhappy sufferers suspended on the banks of Wolga, writhing and bleeding on piercing spears—no unfeeling Turk to sentence unheard to infamy and death, an unfortunate victim for personal dislike. Our laws doom no person to perpetual exile and banishment, for liberality of sentiment, or expression of opinion—we see no unhappy convict torn from the affection of his friends, and sentenced to traverse forever the naked wilds of Siberia, or greet the bleak and melancholy shores of New-Holland.

What heart does not revolt at the accursed picture of European cruelties—cruelties inflicted by their governments, and sanctioned by the approving benignity of their religion. It is with the highest exultation, though we cannot but weep over their calamities and sympathise in their afflictions, that we call no such country ours.

In this country, we have nothing to fear from the open exercise of lawless power, or the conspicuous and studied tyranny of official oppression and persecution. The rising genius of the revolution can never be covered with the dark mantle of oblivion. Our government and our laws are the buildings of our own hands—our penal code is not written and concealed from the world for the purpose of entrapping the innocent—our punishments are mild but certain—our accusations are public—our trials in the face of the world, and every man is judged by those of his equals, against whom he can have no legal objection, or even a personal dislike. From this picture of our jurisprudence, we can rest our hopes in safety.

The halls of American justice are not used as the merciless altars of human sacrifice, nor converted into the potent engines of wilful destruction. Should the wild machinations of power or party, attempt to wield the thunderbolts of enraged indignity against the firm palladium of private safety—should intemperate zeal, black and infuriate as the resolves of devils, point out a victim for sacrifice, the sheltering tribunals of justice would open a covert from the storm. Peace would greet the frightened brows of the anticipated wretch. His genius unbroken, his fortitude unappalled would triumph over iniquitous perfidy and policy, and find salvation in the redeeming arm of an American jury. This grand bulwark of our liberties, stands like a rock firm and immoveable, on which the contending billows of faction may rage in vain.

In vain may legislative corruption and executive depravity, seek to satiate a cruel appetite; in vain may governmental judges, the pliant tools of power, pronounce corrupt and venal decrees in our forums, while our juries, the constitutional arbiters of law and fact,

can interpose inflexible in right, omnipotent in justice, to protect innocence, and shield from persecution. While these sources of public security are kept pure and uncontaminated, our independence will remain, but should they ever be torn down, our all must perish with them.

The human heart bleeds with sensibility while recurring to other nations, and beholding the solemn mockery of their national jurisprudence. We see the vital principles of their criminal laws extracted from barbarism, and sanctioned by a continuance in iniquity.— Other countries, with their boasted civilization, have foul and deadly stains upon their characters. Judges influenced by corruption and bribery, become the willing instruments of submissive servility, handling the crown—despised victims without mercy, interdicting exonerating testimony, warping rules of evidence for the suppression of truth, browbeating and disgracing the persecuted's council, tearing from the jury the decision of law, and in case of their non-compliance with the dictatorial opinion of the courtly judge, are threatened with fines, attainments and perpetual infamy.

The monarch points out the victim for sacrifice, the disgraceful farce is set in operation, and ignominious execution and death follows.

Against such dark laid plots of wickedness and villany we must oppose a vigilant caution. Let the hallowed walls of our judicial institutions, never be polluted with such a sacreligious craft of governmental sycophants and minions. Incautious security may charm to sleep, while the arch enemy is laying in ambush. Vigilance is the duty of freemen. Let us have our beacons erected, and our pilots on the watch, lest we fall on those fatal rocks, on which the governments of Europe have been wrecked and torn to pieces.— Their liberties have gone down to the grave, and numerous millions are now weeping over their own accumulated wretchedness.

Morality is the grand pillow that supports our national edifice. Mar its base, and the superstructure perishes. As we approach angels, in the same proportion our laws must be mild—if we resemble devils the forged chains of untempered despotism must bind our ferocity. Our government furnishes the only solitary instance of freemen governing themselves; and like a luminary of superior brilliancy, she is passing to her meridian effulgence under the mild radiance of her own laws. Relying upon her own virtues and resources for national honor and public defence, she will ever remain a lasting monument of the patriotism of our heroes in the field, and our sages in the cabinet. The ambition of America soars not beyond her territorial boundaries. Happy in her government, and the choicest blessings of earth; rich in wealth and commerce, no delusive

dreams of power, or thirst for conquest agitate and distract her deliberate councils. No unfeeling tyrant to bid our youth throng thousands on thousands to the field of battle: no Cæsar to convulse the commonwealth and plant the standard of her arms on the plains of unoffending nations. Our glory consists in supporting our own government in the bosom of our country, and shielding it from the contaminating touch of tyranny. Liberty has awoke, and her morning sun gladdens our dwellings and brightens the face of nature.— Sweet is the abode of peace and rest, after the toil and clangor of arms. Before the potent charm of rational liberty, crowns and sceptres crumble in the dust, man triumphs in the sublimity of his nature, and approximates his God.

Let us dismiss our national partialities for the two belligerents of Europe, observe the principles of faith and justice to each, and endeavor to cultivate peace and harmony—conquer our hatred for the one, and our attachment for the other. Treat them both as enemies in war, as friends in peace. It would be servility to expect and absolute degradation to receive favors from either. Let them fight their own battles and conclude their own treaties, but let America be free from their treacherous alliances. We are a world by ourselves, walled around by the ocean, and shielded from that European fraternity so pregnant with monsters and prodigies.

Let us learn to value our enviable situation, our government, our religion, and our social institutions by a rehearsal of the calamities of others. The foundation of European governments have been laid in the dark ages of obscurity, or planted by the omnipotent arms of conquerors. England the most polished nation in Europe is continually trumpeting the mildness and wisdom of her laws, and the equality of her privileges. Her rulers are the fortunate offspring of nobility, the accidental friends of family connections, born to govern, and learnt from their youth to tyrannize, and feast and fatten their avarice on the hard earnings of the day labourer. Hereditary succession constitutes an indisputable title to the throne. Maturity of age, brilliancy of talents or integrity of sentiment are immaterial requisites. The moment, the news is announced to the world that a regal son is born, the whole nation with the most abject servility assemble round the cradled throne, with uncovered heads and bending knees, and vie with each other in obtaining the noble boon of first kissing their puling monarch. Their religion, practiced with ostensible reverence to the scriptures, is more the offspring of their government, fettered and shackled with legislative provisions, than the result of conviction and sincerity. As a qualification for office, every man must subscribe to the adopted articles of faith, that being the only road to national preferment. Acknowledged infidels for

the gratification of aspiring ambition submit to the awful solemnity of baptismal sprinkling, and with forged penitence sacreligiously plunder the communion table of the Saviour, as a formal and preliminary requisite to future honors and emoluments. Inexorable persecution clouds the dictates of conscience, and the honest dissenter is often doomed to seal the sincerity of his profession at the fiery stake. Tithes, mortuaries, heriots and every species of exaction are drawn from the poor to purchase the prayers of salvation. Such a train of impositions are studiously fastened upon the commonality, and acquiescence but makes the burthen more easy. The sweet sounds of liberty dwell on the lips of the wretched, but like an *ignis fatuus* continually elude their grasp.

The tyrant of France, proud, aspiring and ambitious, is deluging all Europe in human blood. His carnivorous appetite has feasted its gluttony on the spoils and trophied wrecks of subjugated princedom. The sanctity of age, the charms of the fair, the tenderness of youth oppose no barrier to his mad ambition, no resistance to his wild enthusiasm. Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and others have beheld this scourge of the world entering their territories, butchering their inhabitants, dilapidating their governments, and destroying the luxuriance of their fields. Every nation that has been hugged with French fraternity, or caught in her fate-woven toils, have been taught the poignant experience of bayonet embraces, and the slaughtering friendship of the sword. They have made unsuccessful attempts to maintain their governments and preserve their liberty, but torn by divisions and distracted by factions their united strength could not be called into action to resist the omnipotent conqueror. Subdued by continual conquests, they flew from the face of the enemy, crimsoning their encampments with the blood of their wounds, and rushed to the coverts and wilds for safety. But, alas! they found no shelter from inexorable revenge. The rugged heights of their mountains, the happy fertility of their vales afforded no protection. The thunder of arms awoke the silence of night, and houses rolled in flames, lighted the murderers to plunder and pollution. All ranks, ages and sexes swelled the slaughtered heaps. Infants were pierced by the unrelenting sword, while clinging to their mothers bosoms for protection—fathers were impaled on the halbert, for rescuing their children from the raging soldiery.

These ferocious demoralizers, instigated by the dæmon of darkness, and placing their faith in infidel philosophy, have torn down the sanctuaries of public worship, swept from the records of time the Christian calender, and built up the accursed altars of infidelity and eternal annihilation on the ruins of the religion of Jesus. They bend in adoration before a God, who, they believe, aids the armies and

exults in the victories of exasperated cruelty over persecuted virtue and innocence ; and who is filled with pleasure to hear the triumphing songs and praises of murderers, rise amid the expiring groans of the slaughtered.

Would to God, we could here stop the black list of Gallic depredations. But progressive time opens a new volume stained with the miseries of man. Spain and Austria have been recently folded in the dreadful embrace, and the din of their battles rise in awful remembrance and picture to the mind the frantic horrors of war.— Their soil is yet reddened with the blood of their own citizens—the shrieks of the dying still sigh on the night breeze. The unfortunate survivors chained in servitude, groan beneath the ponderous weight of their calamities. Napoleon's arm is stretched over Europe, and thousands of his followers, subjected to the rigors of military discipline, are doomed to follow his triumphal car, and scatter desolation at his imperious rod. His palsyng stroke has desolated the prolific luxuriance of their plains, conquered their unsuccessful armies by the superior genius of his discipline, overthrown their governments, dethroned their kings, and destroyed their nations. But these heroic patriots, whose love of emancipation triumphs over every sentiment of infamy, will not always dream beneath the weight of their chains, and hug slavery as a delicious morsel. The potent eloquence of French bayonets will never enforce conviction. A temporary cloud may darken the radiance of their political glory, and invite to lethargy for a moment, but like a giant refreshed from sleep, they will ere long rise, mighty in strength, and terrible in arms, to reinstate their deposed sovereigns, and rebuild their demolished governments. May the God of armies inspire them with valor, and crown their exertions with victory—" for one day or one hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage."

While this mighty concussion of armigerous hosts has resounded through the continent of Europe, and drenched their soil in streaming gore, three thousand miles of exulting waves have interposed as an impenetrable barrier, and shielded America from the storm.— Their citizens have been alternately doomed to traverse burning sands and tread perpetual snows, while we have inhabited our dwellings and cultivated our farms in peace. From this brief review of the desolation of nations, and the ravages of insatiate man, let our discriminating powers this day sit in judgment upon the national world, and designate the abode of human liberty. Where shall we point to a continent or country, that we would exchange for our own? Under the protection of what government would we seek repose? Do we wish to follow the heels of Napoleon, or be immured in the dungeon clamps of British ships of war? Shall we wander with the

Arab, or bleed with the Turk? No! my fellow-citizens—the answer of your hearts is engraven on your countenances. It is enough, that you can say you are Americans, the proudest exclamation of man!

Although an attempt has been made by the warring belligerents to involve our country in the unprofitable contest of European hostilities, yet by the wisdom of her councils, she has evaded their toils. Their ambition, boundless as extent, insatiate as death, struggling for conquest and pre-eminence, have burst asunder the obligations of national faith and public law, trampled upon our neutral rights, and aimed a deadly blow to our extensive and flourishing commerce. Our canvass spread to every breeze—our vessels crowded every port. The surplus produce of our farms found a ready market—the harvest of every clime was our own. In this prosperous situation, in the full tide of successful enterprize, the Berlin and Milan decrees, like the thunder of *Papal bulls*, made their deformed appearances, subjecting to capture and condemnation all vessels that should trade with England or her dependencies. England in the spirit of unjust retaliation, passed her orders in council, declaring France and her allies in a state of rigorous blockade, thereby interdicting all intercourse between them and neutrals. By the adoption and enforcement of these measures, our commerce was cut off from more than one half of the world, and the remainder would have been jeopardized by a forced construction of their decrees, which with an ingenuity and a disposition to oppress, would easily have embraced the whole system. To preserve our property from capture, and our citizens from imprisonment, our government resorted to an *Embargo*—a measure though painful to be borne, yet it was adopted as a choice of alternatives, in a critical crisis of public affairs. The late overtures of pacification on the part of the British government, furnish abundant proof of the utility of the measure. In dangerous and critical times, our zeal and patriotism should rise in proportion to meet their exigencies. The opposition manifested by some of our state sovereignties to the operation of this law, portended fearful disaster.—Could one portion of the Union over-awe the national councils, and gain complete ascendancy, then would a minority rule, and your government be conquered? A state of things more to be dreaded than tyranny with all her haggard forms. Are we prepared by open rebellion to the constituted laws of our country, to tear down the splendid edifice of government, erected by the wisdom and valor of our fathers, and bury the whole nation under its ruins? Could sectional opposition prevail, and a part coerce the whole, our rights and our strength would be scattered to the winds; as a nation we should perish, as members of a community be lost. The disastrous

triumph of faction would burst the ligaments of union, and aspiring predominancy trample in dust the last reserve of national security. Who can contemplate such a state of things but with horror! Our government is the palladium of our safety, and a due submission to its laws the only sure guarantee of its future perpetuity. Our rulers must participate in all the calamities, burthens and sufferings imposed upon their constituents—they must yield to all their distresses and privations; and will they incautiously precipitate a blow at your liberties?

Equally alarming and pregnant with destruction, have we beheld a collision between the legislature of Pennsylvania, and the courts of the Union. State pride is already too predominant. Our national allegiance is a paramount and sovereign obligation, and acquiescence becomes a duty. If the time has arrived, when the regular disinterested and deliberate decisions of the tribunals of justice are to be opposed by military force, let us this day uncover the urn, and march in solemn procession to the deposit of our liberties.

No period since the origin of our divisions more loudly calls for a forgetfulness of party dissentions, than the present. Joint efforts, and united exertions for the common interest, are subjects of primary importance. Let the public will be concentrated, and no personal gratification impede any arrangement to produce accord and devotion to the exigency of the times. Let us assume a conquest over our passions—the greatest conquest of which human nature is capable: view the acts of our government with unbiassed judgment and deliberation, and not through the jaundiced medium of party—Let us substitute impartial investigation for indiscriminate invective, and believe others actuated by the same purity of motive, that we would claim for ourselves. Difference of opinion must necessarily prevail; and it is only a wanton spirit of triumph and persecution, that makes that difference criminal. We might as well expect a concordant assimilation of all the elements in nature, as a perfect coincidence in sentiment. Variety and change are the grand laws of creation. But there are points in legislation and debate, where opposition must end, and a constitutional decision be respected by its prompt and faithful execution, or government ceases and faction prevails.

Licentious party-spirit is the bane of government. It was her accursed magic that raised Absalom to rebel against Israel's king, and meditate ruin to the chosen of heaven. Party spirit, poisoning the bosom of the Chinese, and edging their weapons for mutual slaughter, opened the way for the Tartar monarch to burst the almost impregnable wall of separation, and ascend the throne on the degrada-

tion of the people. Ancient Greece, the proud seat of philosophy and eloquence, by the traitorous machinations of bribed demagogues, aiding the insidious designs of Philip, saw one stroke of convulsion paralyze her patriot pride, and entomb her liberties forever. Carthage unconquered once rose the pride of Africa. Hannibal led her armies to glory; party shook the firm decisions of her councils; when her trembling rival mingling in the tempest overthrew her government, and saw with calm composure her broken gates, and smouldering dwellings sink in irrecoverable ruins beneath the mounting tears of Marius. The incrimsoned Tyber has often spoke in silent undulation the miseries of divided Rome. Her jangling senates and deluded populace, seconding the schemes of aspiring demagogues, often ended their debates at the point of the sword or the bayonet. Brother opposing brother—neighbor engaging in fierce encounter with neighbor—impatient warriors, like gathering clouds, following their flaming chiefs, mingle in civil combat, and slaughtered thousands swell the crimson deluge. The rival claims of Cæsar's and Pompey's opposing armies, will furnish an awful lesson, never to be forgotten.

The voice of antiquity, my fellow-citizens, speaks to us louder and more terrible than the thunder of heaven, to beware of our divisions. Let us then this day, before we leave these walls, or pass the threshold of this house, enter into a new covenant, and solemnly pledge ourselves to support our enviable government, the only solitary monument of exception now remaining among the general wreck of republics.

In a government like ours, organized of disconstant materials, and composed of persons of different political opinions, qualifications of the candidates for office, are subjects of serious attention. The boisterous declaimer, the unfuried partizan, the sycophantic worshippers of leaders, are to be dreaded as enemies, and avoided as madmen. Like dust in a raging tornado, they rise higher and higher, while the more solid and substantial bodies remain unmoved below. Their zeal is without knowledge; their patriotism without sincerity. Equally injurious and destructive to our liberties are those time-serving, temporizing non-descripts, who are veered by every gale, and float with succumbing pliability on the bosom of the prevailing current. Accommodation and submission to the will of the majority triumph over sentiment and principle; reason is deposed, judgment dethroned, and affirmative complacency yields assent to every proposition. But the man, elevated on the throne of rational fortitude, that looks down on the scenes of party acrimony changing before him, and points his firm and luminous course among their struggling billows, regardless of their operation upon himself, will

watch your interests in the most dangerous perils, and will either save or perish with your liberties.

The American empire, raised to freedom and sovereignty, has established a political character unparalleled in the annals of the world. Here liberty, exiled from Europe, has erected her standard, and under its banners, the oppressed and persecuted find relief. Persecuted humanity, groaning under the tortures of despotism in the old world, can here find an assylum from persecution.— While a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson and Madison guide the helm of state, and direct the councils of the nation, we may expect to see our prosperity increase, our happiness mature, and a lambent flame of glory play round the altars of our country. The achievement of our liberties, the formation of our government, and its unrivalled prosperity, will furnish fertile themes of eulogy for future ages. Posterity will survey, through the obscuring retrospect of time, the luminous constellation of worthies that have adorned the revolution. The faithful page of history will be loaded with the richness of their virtues.

The grand work is done, the temple of liberty is built, and we are now basking in its shades. We are the legal heirs of the fair inheritance of freedom, and if the souls of our ancestors still live in our bosoms, rather than suffer it to be demolished by an invading enemy, eight millions of people shall thicken the ranks of our armies, and either shield it from destruction, or expire in the attempt. Not one shall survive to relate the disgrace of his country. Our depopulated towns and uncultivated fields, shall again re-vegetate with the garb of nature, and the howling forest cover the ruins of our cities: The savage shall descend from the mountain, and barbarism re-assume her original empire.

My fellow citizens, from a reflection of the past and the anticipation of the future, we have abundant occasion this day to rejoice. The clouds and blackness, that have recently darkened our political horizon, have been happily dissipated, and the mild radiance of peace follows their retreat. Once more we welcome the auspicious restoration of political harmony. The waves of faction, which have so long foamed, rolled and broken against the pillars of our government, have returned to their original silence. The firm, patriotic and dignified *Madison*, cool and self-collected, has out rode the storm, and now participates in the calm that surrounds him. The historic traveller in his political peregrination, will view this splendid epoch in our country with astonishment and delight. Discordant animosity subsides, political fraternity prevails. We are no longer strangers in our own land, but friends and brothers. Americans by birth or adoption, we have but one common interest. Connected by

congeniality of sentiment, and sympathy of feeling, our exertions in the public cause must be mutual, our festival rejoicings in unison.

Shall not the *American Fair* also, on this auspicious occasion, mingle their rejoicings with ours?—your softer bosoms and more susceptible hearts, capable of higher refinement and purer ex-tacy, will add graces to patriotism, and heighten the general joy. Your mothers have once prepared the festal board and laurel wreath to crown the reception of your fathers, returning from revolutionary field of conquest, laden with the garlands of liberty. Twice, the silent eloquence of female charms saved Rome from conflagration, after the enemy had entered the walls, and the defensive armies were conquered. And is there no part remaining for the fairest portion of this audience to perform? Yes—a conspicuous part that of smoothing the ruggedness of time, and diffusing happiness by the brilliancy of your virtues, without which, our anniversary celebrations would become insipid, our independence of no value, and life and liberty be but dreary names.

If we retire within ourselves we have an exuberant field of exultation. But a few years have elapsed since the first settlement of this country. Its rapid progress in arts, improvement and civilization presage its future greatness. Here we see the fulfillment of prophetic inspiration—that, “the solitary shall be glad, and the desert bud and blossom as the rose” Instead of the murderous savage, chanting his barbarous orgies and mid-night orisons, we hear the salvation of the Redeemer proclaimed from the desk, and the prayers of the righteous ascending as holy incense before the throne. The mild voice of friendship succeeds to the war-whoop of the Indian and the cries of the scalped. The smok of the calumet as the recent conclusion of cruel hostilities, no longer streams on the desert air. Your sons are not doomed to bleed on your cornfields. The fond matron no more is surprized by the tomahawk while watching the balmy slumbers of the cradle. You weep no bosom friend, torn from your affections to wander in ruthless captivity, or dwell in Indian camps. The retrospect is gloomy, and the heart sickens in the reflection—but the scene is past, the toils of former days are ended, and those of you who were witnesses and sufferers, best know how weak and feeble is this description.

A closing period has arrived to all our difficulties. Our national fame already extends from pole to pole, “and from the orient to the drooping west.” If virtue and patriotism constitute the basis of our deliberations and actions, and unanimity cements the various portions of our country—our government will remain, as firm a creation, as durable as time. Its colossal columns planted in the blood of heroes, will ever support its Corinthian capital amidst the

wrecks and convulsions of desolating man. " Sooner let the thunder of heaven shiver into sand the Adamantine rock, or lightnings pierce to the core the rived and quaking earth," than one particle of liberty be destroyed. When once an ingression is made upon this monumental building of our fathers, it requires not the power of divination to say the whole fabric with its base will rapidly perish. But if we prove ourselves worthy of the inestimable blessings we enjoy, the combined forces of the whole world can never wrest them from us. And when time, the morning of our existence shall close on the sight, the voice of trumpet-tongued angels shall welcome our reception to the high chancery of heaven, there to mingle with the martyrs of the revolution.

DANIEL H. BUELL.