

ADDRESS

AT THE

CITIZENS' CELEBRATION,

WOONSOCKET, JULY 4, 1848.

BY THOS. STEERE, ESQ.

WOONSOCKET:

S. S. FOSS, PRINTER, MAIN STREET.

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1848.

A D D R E S S .

FELLOW CITIZENS :

This day, seventy-two years gone by, amid doubt and despondency, amid the cautions of the timid, the fears of the prudent, and the best hopes and earnest wishes, yet anxieties and misgivings of the more ardent, was published to the world that "Declaration" whose spirit-stirring eloquence has but now ceased to vibrate in our ears: That declaration which gave to earth a new system of government, to nations a new standard of political perfection. To commemorate the day which gave birth to our now happy Republic, we have assembled. Since that day, almost three fourths of a century have passed away, and each year, as it has come and gone, has discovered new excellencies, higher privileges, more exalted benefits in the form of government, whose corner stone was then laid. Long be it, then, ere this day shall be passed by unnoticed by American citizens.—Far be the time when the story of our early history shall fall on listless ears, and fail to awaken in the minds of an apathetic people the most grateful emotions. When this shall be true of the nation as a whole, farewell to national pride, honor, independence. They who are indifferent to the price at which their liberties were purchased, will be careless to retain them. They whose hearts never throb the more warmly at the memory of Bunker Hill, or the mention of the "Gaspee," will, depend upon it, do little to preserve inviolate the rights of their countrymen.

When the mention of the days of '76 fails to arouse in our hearts the thrillings of patriotic ardor, when the memory of the soldiers of the Revolution ceases to be honored—when the return of this day is allowed to pass unnoticed and unhonored—when the broad ensign under which our forefathers fought, bled and died, is no longer cherished as the symbol of freedom, we may well pause, for our beloved land will be in danger—not from an enemy without, but from apathy and luxury *within* our borders.

On this day, the civil Sabbath of the patriot, we would reflect deeply upon our privileges—the price they cost—our duties as inheritors of freedom, and the responsibilities we are under to coming generations. What a proud contrast does our country this day present, to the scene it afforded to the eye of the philanthropist on the 4th of July, 1776. Then, possessed of a population of three millions, scattered over a large extent of territory, with but few resources and very slight means of communication, submission to British rule and kingly tyranny seemed its inevitable fate. Now free, grown strong—its resources multiplied almost incalculably—its power of communication as constant as the hours of the day and as rapid as lightning—rejoicing in a population of twenty millions, nothing can stay our onward progress save our own indolence or viciousness. Foreign enemies we can laugh at and despise—may we ever be free from domestic dissensions. Seventy-two years ago, and there were but the “old thirteen” in the battle field of Liberty. To-day, thirty free and sovereign States unite their songs and their sympathies in honor of the day. Then the canoe of the Indian was the only visitant of our western rivers and lakes; now their waters are ploughed by the keel of the deeply laden vessel, and their banks echo from shore to shore and from point to point with the hoarse puff of the steamboat.

Thriving villages and proud cities now occupy the sites which were then familiar only with the council-fires of the red man; and these valleys, which then slept in the stillness of nature, now are busy with the hum of industry, commerce and civilization. The waters which then flowed only to moisten the trees of the forest, or slake the thirst of the wild animals of the woods, now propel the ponderous machinery, attention to which gives employment and a livelihood to so many thousands of our fellow-beings. Then, the bright star of freedom shone with but a feeble ray over the thirteen British Colonies; now, she beams brightly—resplendently over these thirty United States.—Then, our forefathers were the dependents upon a monarchy three thousand miles away; now, we are the favored dwellers in a republic which stands forth as the brightest star in the constellation of nations. Oh! who does not, in view of these things, on this day feel himself more a man, and that every hand he grasps is a hand of a freeman and a brother? Who can contemplate our fair domain, its wide extent, its wild diversity of soil and climate, its boundless resources, its educational systems, and remember that all this—and innumerable blessings springing therefrom, were secured to us by the patriots of '76, without

experiencing emotions of gratitude too deep, too powerful to find expression in words?

But the blessings conferred upon us, end not here. With the heroes of the Revolution, and their times, was born a spirit of enterprise, self-reliance, of untiring devotion to any determined upon undertaking, which has descended unimpaired to our day; and is seen exemplified in the majestic steamers that thread our rivers and cross the ocean—in the rushing locomotive that whirls its hundreds of passengers and thousands of tons of freight with arrow-like swiftness from one extremity of our land to the other—in the magnetic telegraph, by which the dwellers in distant cities communicate with each other as readily as two persons in the same room. But in dwelling upon the gifts and characteristics which have descended to us from our ancestors, we must not forget the price at which they were obtained. And the better to appreciate the value set upon them, and the sacrifices made for them by the early patriots, and as appropriate to the occasion, let us take a hasty, retrospective glance at the history of that struggle which terminated so happily for our land and for us.

The year 1763 found the then Colonies in a peculiarly trying situation. An eight years' war, which had just terminated in the overthrow of French dominion in America, left them devoid of resources—thinned in population, and dispirited from so long and tedious a conflict. At this time, when one would suppose the mother country would be most liberally disposed towards those who had so freely aided her in the subjugation of her enemies—when the Colonies were burdened with debt, and needed every cent of revenue for the purpose of defraying it—at this time the British Parliament conceived the idea of taxing them, ostensibly it is true for the purpose of protecting, but in reality to make them contribute to swell her home power and home treasury. 'This first act was the passage by Parliament of the celebrated "Stamp Act."

This assumption of power on the part of Great Britain, first aroused the Colonies to a sense of their danger, and created a feeling of cautious jealousy and untiring watchfulness. This was the first encroachment upon the rights of the Colonists; and henceforth the Lion's step was watched with the Eagle's eye. The long dream of trustfulness in the sincerity of the mother country—the deep repose heretofore felt in her liberality and justice were gone; and from this time the people were ever wary—ever guarded—ever active in the prosecution of their rights and privileges.

About this time, for their better union, and that their opposition to British domination might be more energetic and effective, a Continental Congress was convened at New-York, composed of deputies from each Colony. Soon after this, a more insidious attack was made upon their rights, by Parliament, in regulating the duty upon Tea. *Not* in laying a heavier tax, but in endeavoring to collect that tax in America instead of England, and thus establish their *right* of taxation. But this cunningly devised scheme was easily seen through by the watchful Colonists, and although so far as the *amount* of duty was concerned, no additional burden was imposed, yet, as the *principle* involved was one which they had so strongly denied, and so often and so zealously striven against, their entire energies were bent on frustrating this obnoxious measure. To this end, resolutions were passed by the people, declaring their intention not to use the much loved herb.—Petition after petition was presented to the Governor of Massachusetts, urging him to send back to England the ships which had brought over cargoes of tea, and when these prayers proved fruitless, and a disposition was manifested on the part of the Governor to force the tea upon the people by means of a public sale, then the only means left, were employed—namely, a forcible destruction of the cargoes by the populace. For this purpose some sixty to eighty persons, disguised as Indians, repaired to the ships in open day, tossed overboard the detested article, and then peaceably dispersed to their homes. Thus was the second link in the chain of British injuries broken.

These acts on the part of the home government, it may well be supposed, caused no slight feeling of dissatisfaction in the Colonies, and although Massachusetts had as yet borne the burden of oppression most heavily, yet the other Colonies were looking on with deep interest and sympathy.

Added to these causes of grievances, the continual collisions between the troops stationed in Boston and the citizens, were day by day rendering the breach wider and more irreparable. The taunts of the military—their insulting behavior to the inhabitants—their overbearing exercise of power, and their unprecedented and insolent treatment of the unarmed country people, tended to render all hopes of a reconciliation more and more precarious. The Americans perceiving in the mean time, that for them was left the only alternative of entire submission, or an appeal to arms, commenced in good earnest for a strong and determined resistance. Measures were taken to encourage the manufacture of gun-powder—to train the militia to the use of arms,

and to collect munitions of war. Committees of public safety were formed, and all hope, if not all desire for an arbitrament of affairs, seemed to have fled. It is in this state, we find matters on the 18th day of April, 1775, on which day an attempt was made by Major Pitcairn, with 860 chosen troops, to destroy the American stores at Concord.

During this expedition was spilled the first blood of the Revolution. Then was kindled those watch-fires of freedom which shall never be extinguished so long as history is read, or America has a name. Then and there was struck the first strong blow for liberty—there commenced the first act in the great drama of our country's glory, the last scene of which lies hid in the unwritten page of the future: the power, and magnificence of which is only to be unfolded by succeeding ages.—Then commenced a conflict which was to end only in "liberty or death"—then was awakened every latent spark of patriotism, which till now had slumbered within the breasts of the people: and the report of every gun from Lexington and Concord, stirred to new zeal other manly hearts—nerved for truth and freedom other stalwart arms.

Then left the farmer his plough, the mechanic his shop, the merchant his goods, and one and all repaired to Cambridge with such implements of warfare as time and circumstance gave them, ready to do battle in behalf of their principles, and to offer, if need be, their lives upon the altar of their country. Shortly after this, occurred the battle of Bunker Hill, that battle which gave the British a severe check, and discovered to them the dauntless courage, the cool calculation, and the invincible firmness of the hitherto despised Yankees. Now, the war may be fairly said to have commenced, and about this time George Washington was appointed by Congress Commander-in-Chief of the American forces.

Let us pause a moment, to contemplate the number, circumstances and prospects, at this time, of the army. We find it composed of some 14,000 men entirely undisciplined—nearly destitute of military stores—brought together hurriedly from the field, the workshop and the civil pursuits of life—poor in all that makes the "pomp and circumstance" of war, but rich in their honesty of purpose—rich in their devotion to their country—rich in that fervent enthusiasm which, when called forth in a holy cause, seldom fails to ensure success. With this army Boston was blockaded, and the British finally compelled to evacuate. Some slight operations now took place until the 26th of June, '76, when an engagement was brought about between General Clinton and

General Lee, which resulted in the discomfiture of the British squadron. Things had now approached the crisis. The time for deliberation had passed, the time for action had arrived; and the result of the last mentioned battle led to that which all the previous ones had tended to render necessary and morally certain; namely, the declaration of Independence. Those who had held out till now in the hope of some retraction on the part of Great Britain, could hold out no longer; the more cautious saw that caution was no protection, while the more ardent, unable longer to restrain the public declaration of that independence upon which they had so long determined, hailed with pleasure the tokens of readiness manifested by the whole land for entire separation from the mother country. Such being the posture of affairs, it was in Congress "Resolved, That these Colonies are, and ought to be Free and Independent States: and that all political connexion between them and Great Britain is, and ought to be, dissolved."

Momentous resolution—big with the fate of America, it is either to give birth to a free, happy and wide-spread republic, or to sink in irretrievable ruin all who participate in its passage. On the success which attends its originators and supporters, depends the welfare of unborn millions—the progress of universal freedom. Well knowing their want of money and of men, with a full knowledge of the large army fully equipped which England had just then sent to our shores, realizing the certain result of defeat: in the sight of all these difficulties, Congress unanimously published to the world their protest against tyranny, and right and determination to be free. History points to no nobler age; no nobler act. Solemn group! on their yea or nay depends a nation's destiny. And as they cast one by one their suffrages for freedom and their country, methinks the hitherto homeless Goddess of Liberty, with shielding wings and benign aspect, hovered over this patriot band, and pleased with the sacrifice they laid upon her altar, accepted this new world for her final resting place, whence in centuries to come, shall radiate those lofty truths and sublime examples which are to make freemen of all mankind.

But difficulties end not here. This declaration is yet to be made good. Troubles and danger are on every hand. How shall these acts be sustained? Let us pass on and see. The scene of military operations now changes from Boston to New-York: an engagement takes place on Long Island, which results in the defeat of the Americans.—And now the prospects of our land, so lately bright and flattering, are clouded. The sun of prosperity which but now seemed to shine upon

her in almost cloudless splendor, is darkened by thick coming clouds of adversity. The banner of victory, which waved so proudly in the breeze, lies drooping in the dust; the hopes of the army lately so buoyant, are scattered and withered. Deep gloom pervades the mind of all. Sickness and desertion thin their ranks. The men are discouraged, the officers agitated and alarmed. Defeat follows defeat, retreat succeeds retreat, and the death-knell of Liberty seems ringing in our ears.

Thus with the northern army ended the campaign of '76. Notwithstanding the disheartening reverses of the last campaign, the campaign of '77 opened on the part of the Americans with renewed spirit and vigor. A brighter prospect is theirs. The standard of our little army is again victorious. Burgoyne is defeated,—new animation is infused into our troops, and although the latter part of this campaign was carried on under every privation, although the army was almost without clothing—with no blankets, without shoes, though in marching they left in the snow the blood-stained imprints of their feet, yet their firmness failed them not, their ardor was not quenched, and they went steadily forward with a courage and heroism worthy the cause in which they were engaged. But now dawns a brighter day. A treaty of alliance is concluded with France, and the gallant Marquis La Fayette arrives upon our shores.

After some very desultory operations on both sides, by land and sea, the British finding their chances of success by coercive measures gradually diminishing, resorted to another characteristic mode of continuing the contest. The most prominent men in Congress and officers of the army were offered immense bribes to intercede with the people for the purpose of reconciling them to the British Government. Failing however in this, they resumed the contest at the South and at sea.—Varied success ensued; one side gaining a battle to-day and the other to-morrow. Thus remained the state of things until the final engagement which took place between the allied armies and the British at Yorktown, and resulted in favor of the allies;—the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis and the evacuation of New-York. This battle decided the contest. Great Britain, defeated here, and the war grown unpopular at home, was fain to enter into a treaty of peace.

Thus, after eight years of conflict, our independence was acknowledged by the mother country, and the "United States of America" took their place as one of the sovereign powers of the earth.

In contemplating this eventful struggle—its changes and difficulties

—its dangers and trials—its progress and result, the first feeling in the mind is that of irrepressible gratitude to the “God of battles” for that superintending care—that protecting Providence, without which, no human agency could have brought it to so signal, so happy a termination. Our next feeling, is one of thankfulness to those patriots who so nobly won our national independence.

This recital of the wrongs and struggles of the fathers of the republic, is only here given that we may preserve a clear remembrance of what they suffered and performed, to stimulate to the study of our country’s history, and to fix in the mind those sentiments of fealty to conscience and justice, which are best displayed in deliberate, yet resolute action. To appreciate the present, we must know and realize the past.

It has ever seemed to me, that in our desire to do justice to the military prowess which carried forward the revolution, we are in danger of overlooking the moral causes, the devotion to the right and just, which originated, sustained and completed it. It was no sordid desire for gain, no lust for power which impelled the heroes of the revolution to action. It was the high resolve to maintain a settled principle: and as much as the men of those times trusted in their swords, they trusted more in the moral equity of their cause. Ours, then, was a moral as well as political revolution. And from the first to the last, whether we go back to the declaration of equality on board the *May-Flower*, when, even before landing, the Pilgrims entered into a solemn compact of government on the basis of “equal laws” for the “general good,” or whether we pursue the events of the struggle for independence in its details and find those who knew not where to obtain their next meal, saying to those who would bribe them to sell their country to Great Britain, “I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not able to buy me;” whether we see them amid the dark morasses of the South; or crossing at midnight, amid floating masses of ice, the stormy Delaware, we behold them ever guided by one only desire, the maintenance of Right.

Such the men whose memory we would this day honor. Then,

Songs for the mighty dead,
 Praise to the Spirits fled,
 Anthems of joy for the freedom they gave,
 Lord, let the music swell,
 Let every echo tell,
 Freemen rejoice over tyranny’s grave.

They are gone! no more for them shall sound the music of the shrill fife, or spirit-stirring drum. Their marchings and counter-marchings are over—the hands which pointed the fatal rifle are cold in death—the light of the eyes that gave its unerring aim is long since gone out. The hearts that beat with such sublime patriotism are hushed in lifeless quietude. But though passed from earth, they still live in the hearts of their countrymen. The blessings they conferred upon their land—upon us—surrounding our pathway through life, makes, shall ever make, their memory perennial.

These blessings are ever with us, they render lightsome our daily tasks; we acknowledge them in our freedom of opinion—in the liberty of the press—in the spirit of kindness manifested toward each other by different religious denominations—different parties in politics—in our rapid advancement in the arts and sciences—in our numerous seminaries of learning—in our social institutions—in the virtue and intelligence of the people. An adequate idea of these priceless benefits, and the time, treasure and life they cost, cannot fail to impress upon every mind a deep sense of responsibility. What is this responsibility! and how shall we meet it?

The responsibility is this. That, inheriting the rights of freemen; claiming each one for himself of government that he shall be secure in person and property, that good order shall prevail, that the youth of the land be educated, that virtue be sustained, and justice impartially dealt out, we are, one and all, bound to bring in aid of these results, our best capacities of mind and heart. No one of you will abate a tittle of these claims. If your purse is taken from you by force or fraud, you demand of your legislators, such laws—of your courts, such administration of these laws, as shall regain to you, your property.—Are you attacked by reckless ruffians, you demand of the government that its ministerial officers shall have power to summon the whole community if need be, to rescue you. You require the authority of the State to be constantly interposed between you and any or all who would injure you in purse, in person or reputation. In short, you ask, and feel, that the agis of government is ever over you, ever your protection.

If your protection, also must it be your neighbors.' You require that all others should be true to justice—equality—freedom. You also must be true to them and to the obligations they impose.

To ask for this shield ourselves, and deny it to others, is pure selfishness. To receive it and extend it, is true patriotism. Re-

reciprocal duties, then, bind each to all, and he who fails in truly performing his part, in giving "the greatest good to the greatest number," is recreant to his privilege, and to his fellow-men.

But not so narrowly are we to consider this responsibility. As our republic commenced not in our day, so will it not cease with our existence. We are here not with a fee simple which we may waste or destroy, but a life estate only, which we are bound to occupy and improve. The reversion is in others, and as this fair domain, and our glorious institutions were handed to us by our ancestors, so ought we to transmit them to our successors untarnished—unimpaired. Every feeling of gratitude and justice impels us to do it. The spirits of departed heroes urge it. Duty to country and the world demands it. We are men; we are freemen.—Truly then let us assume the trust—faithfully discharge it. Not for us was it to face the cannon's mouth at Charleston or Monmouth, or stand shoulder to shoulder with our patriot sires at Trenton or Yorktown. But it is for us to preserve this liberty, so dearly won, and transmit it unsullied to posterity.

The question now recurs, how? To compress the answer into one word, I would say by *education*. Not by the education of the intellect alone, but by that of the whole being. Man stands forth master of the earth, endowed, by his Maker with physical, mental and spiritual capacities; neither of which can safely be neglected. The full and proportionate discipline of all, constitutes true education. That the continued existence of our free institutions depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, none will deny. A democracy is a government of the people, and as every citizen has a voice in controlling its affairs, so should every man be intelligent and honest. High mental endowments without a guiding morality, are as a two edged sword in the hands of a wayward child. So honesty of purpose without corresponding knowledge, is but an unlighted taper. The Creator, by giving man a mind to perceive, discriminate, decide—and a conscience to warn and reward, joined together head and heart in a union which it is moral treason to divorce. Each individual is an integral part of the nation: hence, if each one is wise and virtuous, the whole people will be intelligent and upright. If all be personally ignorant and licentious, then as a whole, they must be weak and vicious.

Let us not lose sight of our personality;—we are responsible each for himself, and if any one fails in his duty, so far as his influence is

concerned, the State is destroyed. The *degree* of injury affects not all its kind. Every boy in our land should be trained to know that he is born to be a judge—a legislator—a president. Each one of these he will be, directly or indirectly. If he does not sit personally on the bench, in the legislative hall, or the presidential chair, he will cast his vote for the occupants of those stations. How necessary then that he be capable of performing his part in the sustenance of government in a rational, honest, discriminating manner.

But in considering this branch of our subject, we must take enlarged views of right and privilege. Not only for ourselves, not only for our own land as of to-day, not only for the world at the present time, but also for coming ages.

The growth of pure principles of government is exceeding slow; and as generation succeeds generation, each is bound to carry forward the spirit of liberty to their journey's end. This nation cannot do this, except as its individual members do it. Private patriotism is the only source and support of public virtue. How can twenty millions of men be freemen if each one possesses the spirit of a slave? How can you transmit freedom to your children, if you have it not yourselves, or having once possessed it, lose it through idleness or vice?

Living as we do in this nineteenth century, with the experience of the past—the guiding lights of the present, and the weighty pressure of the future bearing upon us, shall we fail to recognize our obligations to ourselves—to others? In no age and no country would such failure be more unpardonable. Now, when the best and most gifted minds are throwing broad-cast over the world their investigations into science, political economy, the laws of nations, the power of influence and the true interests of man,—when the elemental principles of equality are upheaving the thrones of the old world—when the cry of the oppressed of other lands is wafted to our shores upon every Eastern breeze—when the right to be free is being asserted in almost every kingdom of the Eastern Hemisphere—when millions are looking to us for precept and example in all that pertains to man's true happiness and highest glory, shall we be recreant to our solemn trust? Forbid it Heaven! Ingratitude is the most despicable of vices. How can we forget what we owe to those who now require at our hands sympathy and encouragement? The encouragement at least of showing we are true to ourselves—to universal liberty. Let us remember that in the dark days of our national existence—when the

new-born spirit of freedom was struggling into strength and power—the old world lent us indispensable assistance.

Ireland, gave us the distinguished and ardent **Montgomery**, whose life-blood ebbed away at **Quebec**.

Poland, sent us the noble **Palaski**, who fell at **Savannah**.

Prussia, lent her **Baron Stuben**.

France, **Lafayette**, **Rochambeau** and a host of others.

Erin, now distracted and overborne by our old oppressor, lifts her voice for independence, while her hardy yeomanry, filled with heroism, and burning with an unconquerable desire for their just rights, plead in the name of her departed son, that we aid her, at any rate, by showing man's capacity for self-government.

Unhappy Poland, too, now scarcely possessing a name, claims that the spirit which aided to implant the fires of human sympathy and universal love, which she helped to enkindle upon our soil, should, like the vestal fires in the ancient temple, burn now—burn ever—and so brilliantly as to afford *her* down-trodden sons a beacon guide forever.

France, our early, constant ally; she whose sons fought in the foremost ranks with **Columbia's** defenders, now looks with earnest eye and beating heart to the descendants of those to whom she gave so much, trustingly hoping that the principles we so ardently cherish, may yet fully imbue the minds and elevate the hearts of her own citizens. To this **Western Continent** is turned the gaze of all the European powers, and while tyrants fear and execrate, the people bless and thank us.

With us rests the problem of man's highest success. Upon our faithfulness to truth and the eternal principles of justice, hangs the ultimate disenthralment of the world. Standing thus, between those who have departed and those who are to come—holding in our hands the civil prospects of millions, while memory presents the heroic sublimity of the past, and imagination foreshadows the ultimate glory of the future, let us resolve that in our keeping, Freedom shall be so preserved, that when we go to join those who have gone "far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb," this our land may be, then as now, the **Sun** of the system of nations—evolving ever sentiments of sympathy, and supplying food and a home for the oppressed of all the world.

We are Americans! what need to say more? Comprised in these brief words, is all this world affords of glory—privilege—duty. Ours is indeed a glorious birthright. The birthright of freedom, of honorable ambition, of privilege to govern ourselves—to attain man's highest destiny. No powerful Inquisition have we to curb the free mind; no

tyrannical Monarch to shackle and expiate the aspiring subject; no trembling Despot to forbid the utterance of true, soul-elevating thought, none to claim dominion over us by "divine right"

Free and unshackled we stand; self-dependent—self-governing.— Let us, then, govern ourselves. Let the rule and the compass be laid upon all our thoughts—all our acts. Let wisdom guide, virtue accompany, and sober thoughtfulness consummate all our undertakings. Let honor—integrity—moderation—preside over all our councils. Let us be wise for ourselves—true to our country.

Eastern nations, history tells us, erected lofty temples, built mighty pyramids. A Despot spoke, and thousands went forth to throw up a mausoleum to his memory. Years upon years were thus occupied; not to forward civilization, not to secure the happiness of mankind, but to swell the over-weening pride of a race of Kings.

For nearly three-fourths of a century our free republic has been engaged in building a temple. But as a free people, with one heart, and one hand, have they reared the splendid fabric. Its foundations were laid at Concord and Lexington, on the fourth of July, 1776, and at the adoption of the federal Constitution. It displays in its workmanship the mighty intellect of Washington, the energy and resoluteness of Greene, the ardor and daring of Wayne, the intrepidity and eccentricity of Putnam, the solidity and firmness of Adams, the ornament and polished grace of Jefferson.

It is now for us to stand guard over this magnificent edifice. It is for us to see that no vices contaminate it, no corruptions destroy it—that no unholy laws desecrate it, and that its portals are never polluted by a tyrant's tread.

This is no easy, no ignoble task. It requires our constant care, our "eternal vigilance."

Heaven grant that we may so discharge our duty, so fulfil our mission, that when called upon to resign our posts, we may deliver it pure and unblemished into the hands of our successors.

And God grant, that while time shall last, or man survive; while the ocean rolls a wave, or the sun pursues his course, the American Eagle shall soar, and the stars and stripes triumphantly wave, high above our Temple of Liberty.

NOTE.

It is but justice to myself to state, that the foregoing Address, prepared at a notice of ten days, amid the distractions of sickness, is published in accordance with a vote of the "Committee of Arrangements," in which, under the circumstances, I felt bound to acquiesce, contrary to my own judgment and wishes. T. S.
