

Thomas Kinniburgh, Esq. presents
this to the Wor. His. Society. 1820.

MR. WHITE'S

O R A T I O N.

AN
ORATION

PRONOUNCED AT WORCESTER,

ON THE

ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

JULY 4th, 1804.

BY WILLIAM CHARLES WHITE, ESQUIRE.

“————— JUSTLY WE ABHOR
THE TYRANT, WHO, UPON OUR QUIET STATE,
SUCH TROUBLE BROUGHT;—AFFECTING TO SUBDUCE
RATIONAL LIBERTY! —————”

MILTON.

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A N

O R A T I O N.

FOREVER consecrated, in the annals of *America*, be that auspicious day, which divorced her from a tyrant, burst assunder her shackles, and enveloped her name in a blaze of unquenchable glory! On that day, **LIBERTY** achieved her brightest exploit, and perfected her most illustrious conquest. On that day, four millions of people, attracted by her beauty, and smitten with her charms, flew, at once, to her chaste and affectionate embraces, and, there, sealed the vow of eternal constancy. Thus enlisted in her train, the sacred spirit of a holy chivalry seized and animated them, and they arose, in the awful terrors of inspired courage. The onset was heroic—the issue, glorious!—They drove from their shores her inhuman persecutor; and an admiring world hailed her the fair empress of this beautiful domain! Dreadful, however, was the conflict, through which, this triumph was obtained. The outrages, which make up its character, almost challenge computation. Patience, oppressed by insult! innocence, butchered by cruelty! and distress, the most suppliant, mocked and buffeted by despotism, the most brutal, form only a part of the horrid catalogue!

FROM scenes, like these, shall the imagination be permitted to retire? Over scenes, like these, shall the memory be permitted to slumber? No: Forbid it, patriotism! forbid it, virtue! forbid it, nature!

“Nor poppy, nor mandragora—
Nor all the drowsy sirups of this world,
Can ever medicine us to such *vile* sleep!”

The injuries of our foe are still fresh before us, in colors, deep and unblotted. They have not yet be-

come the forgotten property of oblivion. Twenty eight years have not extinguished those ennobling emotions, which, once, agitated every *man* soul, at the name of WARREN. Surely, there is not such magic in so brief a date, that we can now calculate, with the cold, phlegmatic, temper of a *Dutchman*, the drops he shed, and the groans he uttered. Surely, grief and indignation have not, already, ceased to mingle their complaining voices round his grave. Surely, it has not become, so soon, an unobserved scene of still obscurity! No: By all that is dear to us as freemen, we swear never to be treacherous to the memory of our valiant warriors! Perhaps, even now, their injured spirits have burst their sepulchral imprisonment, and stalk, in awful majesty, around our crowded temples, the invisible spectators of this triumphant jubilee! Perhaps, even now, they admonish us to remember them! Yes, ye risen shades!

“ We will remember you! While memory holds
 A seat in this distracted globe, remember you!
 Yea, from the tables of our memories,
 We'll wipe away all trivial, fond, records,
 * * * * *
 And your bright virtues all alone shall live,
 Within the book and volume of our minds,
 Unmix'd with baser matter!—Yes, by HEAV'N!”

ON this day, sacred to the memory of our Sovereignty, we ought, if possible, to revive, in all their purity, that fervent enthusiasm, that proud magnanimity of mind, that sublimity of sentiment, that ardent admiration of Liberty, which led us to seek, and enabled us to obtain, this blessing. Let not the security of possession lull every noble passion to repose, by which it was acquired, and without which, it may, hereafter, be lost, and lost, forever. Even the Tigress, whose den is invaded, and whose whelps are ravished from her, never fails to do justice to the only virtue, with which, nature has ennobled her. She not only turns upon her foe, in a resolute and defenceful posture, she pursues him, even to beyond the confines of the forest; and then, when her wild and woody domain is left free from the incur-

sor, she howls out her full heart to the unheeding winds, and yells, for sympathy, from the flinty rocks of the desert.—Tell me then my Countrymen, ye, against whose very vitals, the dagger of a traitorous King was lifted! Shall we not, on this day, look back upon the past, with indignant recollection? Tell me, *Citizen Soldiers!* Ye brave and bloodless band!—Ye, whose blue and scarlet are of your own voluntary purchase!—the honorable badge of valorous freemen!—and not the ignominious livery of beggar'd and brutal hirelings.—Tell me—do you not, on this day, feel your hearts beat and swell, with a new and sublimer courage? Does not “a fiery instinct lift you from the ground,” and tighten the grasp, and quicken the lightning of your impetuous swords?—Yes: Already does imagination pencil out to you the glowing scenes of our revolutionary drama. Already is your attention fastened to the interesting picture. Already are your distended veins chafed by the red current that hurries through them, as you view the reeking soil of BUNKER, and the piteous piles of slain, under which, it bleeds and shrieks and groans. Already do your eyes almost leap from their agonized sockets, as they watch the devoted ruins of CHARLESTOWN, ascending, in flaming volumes, to the heavens! Already have your tongues a thousand impatient curses, for the mingled barbarity and cowardice, which butchered, and took flight across the violated fields of LEXINGTON! Already does grief sit enthroned on your visages, at the heart-rending scenes of *State-Street!* On the other hand, your's is the thrill of purest transport, of divinest rapture, in gazing on the scattered light, which embellishes this picture of contrasts! Your's are the accents of undissembled joy, in surveying the glorious spectacle of SARATOGA, where the uplifted sword of a Burgoyne fell heavy and nerveless to the earth, and, with it, the arms of his thousands of followers! Your's are the generous, the enviable, feelings of virtuous pride, over the illustrious heroism that “fought and conquered” at YORKTOWN!—that gave the last, the

expiring, blow, to the hopes of *British* vengeance, and stunned, even to the stillness of death, its more than Hydra-cruelty!!!

But, alas, into what exquisite tenderness is your sensibility awakened, at the recollection of your military father? How do your finest heart strings tremble and vibrate at the mention of his name? WASHINGTON!—He “smiled at the tempest, he defied the storm,” conjured up by the black incantations of ministerial witchcraft, and hurled upon our devoted country, by the dreadful machinery of parliamentary furies! No proud Abbey boasts the exclusive honor of his precious relics. His solitary grave is hallow’d from the profane tread of curious and crowding spectators. In this consecrated spot, the poppy shall never fix its drowsy root, nor the wormwood thrive, nor the thistle shoot its bearded and unsalutary stalk. No: this holy soil is congenial only to those eternal laurels, that, there, spring up and bloom and flourish, in thick and emulating clusters! There, genius has often knelt, in humble and fervent devotion, and rendered up his varied and rival offerings. But how imperfect! how unworthy! how vain! are his best and brightest gifts. The historian has sat down to his record—but how cold are his facts—how inanimate, his reflections! The sculptor has plied his chisel—but, what art can mould the reluctant marble into the representative of that form and those features, “where every God did seem to set his seal.” The painter has spread his canvass—but, how faint the resemblance!—what an awkward mimicry of the original!—So, would it still have been, though—a Raphael had sketched the design, a Titian had shed his colors, a Guido had lavished his graces, a Salvator had accumulated his sublimities! The poet has poured his verse—but how far below the subject would have been even their powers, though—a Pindar had thrown his bold and heedless hand amidst the strings; or, the pathetic muse had trembled out the tenderest note, that ever faltered from her melancholy

lyre ! But stop ! Here, my Countrymen, the full heart is arrested. WASHINGTON ! that venerable name ! How has it been prostituted to party purposes ? How has it been quoted, with the odious ostentation of a pharisee, merely to give sanction to principles, which that great man never avowed, and, probably, never conceived ? It has been belched up and bawled out, in our *Coffee-houses*, on our *Exchanges*, and in our *Market-Places*, amidst a rabble of obscene and vulgar language, blasphemously huddled by oaths, and even buffeted by the vilest and most groveling passions. It has been prophanely ravished into the service of aspiring and dangerous ambition ; and almost distorted into ridicule, by the ignorance and folly of puny and doltish politicians.

FROM the deleterious vindication of such champions, it is time that the memory of our WASHINGTON was rescued. To cover the nakedness of their own deformity, and to give a little artificial light to their benighted cause, they invoke his radiance, and claim sanctuary in his glory. But how ineffectual, how pitiful the subterfuge ! Like a black and tempestuous cloud, that draws its sullen shadow over the sun, they may, for a time, obscure his splendor, and give his beams a temporary eclipse ; while they remain undecked by his smiles, and untinged by his brightness. But this cloud soon passes away, and is succeeded by a sublimer and more gorgeous effulgence. Let these pretended friends, these boastful admirers of our WASHINGTON, step forth, and explain to us, if they can, that conduct, which is every where marked by the most fatal inconsistencies. Do they really love his precepts ?—Are they engraven on their very hearts ?—And do they form the code of their political faith,—the laws of their political and moral conduct ? Indeed ? Is all this possible ? Did WASHINGTON draw his defensive sword against the throne of one tyrant, merely to sheathe it at the footstool of another ? Did he shield his languishing country from the pestiferous glare of a *British*

crown, merely to escort in triumph a diadem, sparkling with prerogatives, to the ambitious head of some *American* royalist? Did he profess himself the anxious, the benignant guardian of the lower classes of humanity—and yet was he jealous of their humblest, their most inoffensive rights? Under the shallow, the hypocritical, pretext of preserving them from a pernicious freedom—of rescuing them from their “worst enemies,” did he invoke the massy and stupendous column of aristocracy to rise on their devoted necks, and thereby press them still lower to the earth? But I forbear! The enemies of our Republic may still go on to misrepresent the principles of its most illustrious parent and benefactor. They may still continue to imagine the swinish multitude fair game for deception, and the legitimate subjects of stooping falshood and deep-plotting treachery. Yet the swinish multitude have both a mind and a spirit to perceive and to resent those gawky and blundering artifices, which are forged for their credulity and administered for their delusion. Nature has not fashioned them in a mould so rude and imperfect, as to render them stupidly dull to the suggestions even of common sense; nor are they to be made the ductile dupes of a counterfeit too unskilful not to be detected even by ordinary eyes. Wretched, and even contemptible, would be their condition, were they capable of being cheated by professions, which have not so much as the semblance of sincerity, and which are shamefully contrasted by the very practice which follows them. Let us not wonder then, if they refuse all confidence to that **DUPLICITY**, which is at never-ceasing variance with itself. At one moment, it proffers the incalculable blood of our citizens, as the cheap price of a neighboring province—at the next, it curses the prudent and honorable negotiation, which secured to us this territory, while it spared us from an inglorious and sanguinary purchase. At one moment, it vehemently declaims against the defective morals of the infidel, and the destructive licentiousness of the democrat,—at the next, it outstrides

both, in their extremest depravity, and then vaunts of its own rare virtue. It solicits the imagination for obscene lies and then adopts, for their hero, the most illustrious personage in our country. It huddles together discordant and indelicate rhymes, on the frail chastity of an African female, and then triumphs in the execrable wit, which has put modesty to the torture. It throws into confusion the shameless face of the prostitute, and forces her to conceal the strange crimson that riots there. At one moment, as if shook by a holy paroxism, it kneels and seizes the white robes of Religion, and, in supplicating accents, beseeches her not to wander a friendless exile from our shores—at the next, it rises, an inexorable rebel against her most venerable decrees. It invades the sanctuary of the church—and rushes to the summit of the altar—and there claims, for the secular power,—a THRONE and a CANOPY. With arms outstretched, with eyes uplifted, it implores the mercy of heaven, on “the worst of *sinner*s ;”—yet for our President, it deigns not to bestow so much as a brief and muttered prayer, lest—some watchful spirit, bending from the skies—some cherub, smiling, benignant, and interceding, should catch the tardy and regretted benediction, and cherish it forever. Such is the character of that **DUPLICITY**, against which it becomes the swinish multitude to be upon their guard.

BUT, my Countrymen, our Republic has enemies of another class ;—enemies, more open, more avowed ;—enemies, who, so far from deserving the imputation of hypocrisy, do not hesitate to express the most unqualified contempt for the form and features of our constitution. These enthusiasts of monarchy dwell with emphasis on the parties, by which free states are convulsed, and the factions, by which they are agonized. Greece and Rome, two nations the most illustrious in the annals of ancient Europe, are adverted to as affording incontestible evidence of that speedy and inevitable dissolution, which awaits the most enlightened and glorious Republics. History is industriously explored,

eloquence is prodigally lavished, to arraign and condemn the absurdities and vices of popular dominion.—The Philosophy of the Old-School mumbles out her insolent and impertinent dogmas, which she would fain impose upon us for lucid deductions of reason and clear demonstrations of truth. Even the Muses have been bribed to desert their happy and independent seats, their groves, their hills, and their fountains, their Parnassus and their Helicon, and to become mere household drudges, in the venal service of oppression.

THE monarchist, though he preserves a sullen and unbroken silence, on the subject of those thousand miseries incident to his favorite system, is nevertheless loud and incessant in reprobating the corruptions, and deploring the infelicities of democracy. He exercises his happiest art in selecting such topics, as are best calculated to allure the passions, and seduce the understanding. He paints, with all his skill, exaggerated pictures of human wretchedness inflicted by some frantic rabble, or some jealous demagogue. He successively presents to us, scenes of infatuated persecution, insatiate carnage, and remorseless murder, which tear up the very heart, and make it bleed at every pore. Now we shudder at the ignominious fate of Socrates. He charmed down Philosophy from the skies, and enticed the celestial visitant to fix her residence upon earth. Yet what a miserable security did this afford him against the malice of his accusers! He was the divine patron of morality. Yet the woful doom, that crowns the convicted infamy of the felon, was his accursed recompense. He was the pious adorer of his God. Yet sacerdotal cruelty marked him for its victim, and glutted on those pangs, which robbed his country of its brightest ornament. Now we execrate the popular fury, which exercised itself on Phocion, and hurried to his lips the odious and fatal hemlock. Now we blush at the retreat of Demetrius Phalerius, and sigh over the prostrated statues, which had been erected to his fame. Now we are shocked, by the curses of *Sparta* on Alcibiades, who at that very moment, was

lavishing magnificent services on his ungrateful country. Now we lament the abuses of the ostracism,—and now, the despotism of the *Decemviri*,—and now, the jealous cabals of the *Tribunes*. But here, even here, the heart of sensibility is not exhausted of all its emotions. No : It turns, with redoubled agony, to those scenes of desolation and horror, which are spread around us by the ambitious and exterminating hand of sceptred authority. In comparison with these, the frenzies of democracy fade and disappear. The causes, which produce the one, only aggravate their atrocity, inflame our indignation, and harden us against the divine temper of forgiveness. The causes, which produce the other, often contain some latent apology, which either pleads their excuse, or extenuates their criminality. The cold crimes of a tyrant admit of no palliation, and appeal in vain to the most flexible and versatile charity. Poor and pitiful was the effort of *Clovis* to expiate his villanies by a gloomy affectation of religion, and the splendid endowment of monasteries. History, always faithful to her trust, has preserved them unimpaired and undiminished, and they now stand on record, at once to reproach and immortalize him.

UPON what section of the globe, or in what age of the world, shall we fix the distracted eye for the blessings of regal government ? Does not an inhuman waste of innocent blood every where moisten and defile the reeking paths of princes ? Shall we hail the nation from which we descended, as illustrious for the wisdom and clemency of her Kings ? Alas, by what arithmetic shall we count the tyrannical enormities of the eighth Henry—the detested barbarities of the third Richard—the sanguinary cruelties of the first Mary ? In touching on the atrocities of royal power, where shall we begin ?—or where shall we end ? Shall we bestow our first glimpse on the self-created jurisdiction of the Star-Chamber ; where iniquity usurped the authority of justice, and insulted, with disdainful mockery, the sacred rights of mankind ? Shall

we next turn to the tortures of the inquisition ; where science has been made to stoop submissively to faith ? where philosophy has been arraigned and tried and condemned by a stupid and ignorant conclave ? and where virtue has shrieked, under the gory fangs of a deadly and devouring superstition ? Shall we next revert, in sad and painful recollection, to the patient miseries of the Bastile ? It was in this dreadful theatre of sufferings, that the tyrant found no mortifying limits to the malicious delight of torturing his fellow men. The bare thought of a lingering and protracted wretchedness, without so much as a single ray of hope to soften and relieve it, furnished him with a perpetual feast of infernal enjoyment. This sullen pleasure would not forsake him so much as for a moment, nor be unfaithful to him, even in his dreams. No ; The deep-embosomed groans of his captive and despairing subjects soothed with their music his serenaded slumbers ; and their heart-wrung tears refreshed with their dew his enchanted visions of the night. From the iron chambers of the Bastile, from those dismal abodes of unalloyed sorrow, with what transport would their maddened tenants have leaped to greet the merciful jaws of the guillotine. Around the ravenous axe of this revolutionary engine, no countless swarm of sharp-stinged miseries play their hellish gambol, and threaten the worn-down spirit of its victim, with a never-ceasless round of interminable horrors. These buzz and wound only in the guilty service of an unfeeling monarch. These reserve their festering poison for the pining and emaciated sacrifices of royal cruelty. Unhappy subjects ! What eloquence can utter your distresses ? Language, indeed, becomes a naked and unavailing beggar, when it attempts to describe them. Even the sorry grace of a brief and expeditious death is denied you. Between you and the peaceful dominions of the grave, there is a long and dreary way, through which you are destined to move, in fearful and sorrowing pilgrimage. There the excrescent bramble winds across your path, and pierces your veins at every foot-

step. There the tripple-tongued adder hisses, on her warm nest of an hundred young. There the melancholy cypress dispenses its thick and pestilential gloom, through which no solitary sun-beam pceps to gladden you. There the constant raven croaks out her tributary dirges to despair, and screams her anguish along the affrighted shades !

LET those, who are warm and loud in their denunciation of revolutionary excesses, here learn the true history of that spirit, by which they are engendered. Let them not rashly ascribe to an obvious cause, what properly belongs to one more secret and remote. For the dreadful enormities committed during the heat of a revolution, let them not cast too much blame on an abject and ignorant multitude, whose passions have been but too justly excited, and whose puny reason has not efficiency enough for their control. Let them bestow, at least, a portion of their censure on that diabolical despotism, which fostered this ignorance, which fettered this reason, and kindled into a destructive flame these ungovernable passions. It is the shallow and unthinking politician only, who stops at immediate causes. The philosopher goes further. He explores their genealogy, and traces them up to their highest sources. He searches the rotten hearts of princes, and there sees nothing but corruption gathering for the plague of the human race. He passes over the vestibule of their courts, and there views more ignorance, more pride, more hypocrisy, than the incautious pen of *Chesterfield* has recorded. He next enters the recesses of the temple, and there obtains the precious arcana of the cabinet. There he overhears the "treasons, stratagems, and meditated spoils," by which the swinish multitude are to be degraded to a sty, if possible, more dependent and beastly than that of their four-footed brethren. He casts an eye to the church.—There he beholds some lazy and selfish bishop fantastically tricked out in holy lawn, and fattening on the extorted tithes of the peasantry. He surveys an idle and profligate nobility that

rest of canker-worms, who thrive on plants, they had no agency in rearing. Last of all, he bends beneath the low-bowed roof of the vassal, and there sees its wretched and deluded tenant sweating under the cumbrous service of some imperious lord; or rendering his needy shilling to the solemn mummery of a priest. When the philosopher has finished his survey of this complicated spectacle of oppressions on the one hand, and distresses on the other, he instantly foresees, with the promptitude of a prophet, those dreadful calamities, which must soon desolate a kingdom, and terrify a world. His knowledge of mankind—his knowledge of causes and effects, teaches him, that a government, which relies for its support on the ignorance and delusion of the people, must one day tumble to the ground, and shake, in its fall, the deepest foundations of society. It teaches him, that the grievances, which flow from this government, must one day be redressed, and that the violence of the remedy will bear a full proportion to the violence of the mischief, which demands this remedy. If afterwards he hears of palaces prostrated, of bastiles demolished, of guillotines erected, of churches pilfered and overthrown, of a monarch conducted to the scaffold amidst the bitter and clamorous execrations of his enraged subjects, he considers them as natural, and even necessary events, resulting from causes, with which he is well acquainted, and which have been with him the subject of much previous meditation. He now knows where to fix, and how to distribute his reproaches: And if there be one solitary curse laboring in his bosom, he vents it, with his full soul, against that foul and audacious spirit, which would fain debase man to a reptile, or, what is worse than a reptile, —a SLAVE!

WITH what superlative contempt then must the philosopher look down upon the prostituted Gazettes of the present day. With a few shining exceptions, these drivelling registers of the times—these opposers of our government and its administration, are conducted, or

rather misconducted, by the nauseous vulgarity, and unlettered ignorance of dull and impudent Editors. These wretched paragraphists arrogantly assume the ambitious title of politicians. They deal out to the world, through the ridiculous medium of perverted language, and violated grammar, and abortive metaphors, and confused sentences, the crude result of impotent and unreflecting heads, and the frothy ebullitions of unsettled and fermenting hearts. These knights of the 'type talk about government, as if its science were familiar to them as the game of *push-pin*. They predict the rise and fall of empires, with such apparent facility, that we are almost induced to believe, (how violent soever the paradox may seem) that the soul of a prophet may sometimes chuse its dwelling in the neighborhood of idiocy. Like the garrulous Gratiano, they "*talk a wonderful deal of NOTHING.*" Their "*reasons are two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff:—You may search, all day, ere you find them, and, when you have found them, they are not worth the search.*" With character, both public and private—but here indignation becomes painful, by the severity with which it arises. Here sarcasm would be too gracious, and contempt too charitable. Detested Caitiffs! Has nature then been to you such a niggard—so meanly sparing of her intellectual gifts, that you are obliged to invoke falshood to write her black forgeries on your polluted columns? Are your minds so wretchedly destitute of all resources—even of dirt itself—that you are compelled to travel off to *Billingsgate* and *St. Giles's*—and there servilely beg for the very scum of their corruption? Is your malice, too, so strangely fastidious, that it rejects every thing but the fairest virtue, and the whitest innocence? Is the cause, you madly and feebly vindicate, become, at last, so hopeless—is it brought so nigh the last perishing gasp of dissolving life—that slanders, the most desperate and unavailing, are caught at to preserve it? Abject! despicably abject, must be that cause, which shudders

and faints, in the presence of TRUTH; and flies from its approach, as from an offended and formidable foe! Mean! pitifully mean, must be those wretches, who, by the most corrupt and illicit arts, cherish and comfort this cause!—who endeavour to skreen it from a trial, in which it must be convicted,—to preserve it from a fate, which must follow its condemnation!

THOUGH the *Licentiousness* of the press be a misfortune, we cannot but bewail, yet its *Liberty* is a blessing, which has the highest claims on our gratitude. Better would it be for us patiently to endure the worst abuses of the former, than the slightest encroachment upon the latter. So difficult is it to fix the boundary line which separates them, so as to ascertain with any tolerable precision, where the one ends, and the other begins, that some circumspection may be necessary in our correction of the former, lest we thereby impose a dangerous restriction upon the latter. This liberty forms the broad basis of that pyramid of freedom, which rises in awful grandeur to the heavens, the majestic monument of our glory. Tear away this, and that superb structure, now the wonder and envy of the world, must fall a heap of ruins to the earth. Be it remembered, my Countrymen, that against this right, the tyrant has ever directed his eye, with jealous vigilance. The slavery of the mind forms the black preface to his voluminous despotism. So long as this remains, so long may he securely riot in the miseries of his subjects. He may “steep them in poverty to the very lips,” and bend, and chain down their captive and servile spirits to the lowest deep of debasement. Yet, how often have we been told of the kingly benefactions, to which literature is indebted? How often has it been vociferated in our ears, that the soil of Republics is unfriendly to the growth of the fine arts? This is a theme, upon which many of our American scholars have dwelt with proud satisfaction. They are welcome to the peevish pleasure of such paltry prejudices. Have these men then forgotten, that every Athenian was a critic in clo-

quence?—and that a Roman populace has often been, alternately, soothed and enflamed by the fire and pathos of Cicero? Let it not be said that the two Republics were inauspicious to the fine arts. Were not the Muses passionately wooed by their favorite votaries? Did not the canvass glow with mimic life?—and the marble emulate the noble exterior of humanity?

To these civilizing, the e polishing arts, more especially to that of poetry, though how many instances are we enabled to trace the liberality of princes and their minions? Do a few rare examples make up the brief and boasted catalogue? Happy, indeed, would it have been for letters, had the spirit of Augustus pervaded every court. Happy, had every genuine bard, like Horace, flourished under the auspices of a Mæcenas, or like Boileau, smiled beneath the affluent munificence of a Louis the Fourteenth! But alas, a fate far less propitious has generally marked the career of the song-smitten band. Theirs are the tenderest sensibility—the loftiest thoughts—the most elegant desires! Yet how have they been bowed, by the weight of accumulated sorrow! How have they been haunted, by the spectres of melancholy!—How have they shivered, with the chill of neglect!—how have they died, with consuming penury! The lives of the British poets are, indeed, little else than a history of the severest sufferings, endured by those, to whom nature had imparted a refinement and a delicacy, which gave to these sufferings, an added power of wounding. Who has a heart so hard, that it melts not at the story of the ill-starred Chatterton? Who has not a sigh for every page, on which the fortunes of Savage are recorded? Who can suppress the eagerness of pity, at the very name of that divine poet, who, with celestial skill, could touch the finest chords of passion, and witch the soul into a delirium of rapture? Yes, who does not weep over the memory of Otway? Thus has it fared with genius! Thus has he liberally scattered his wild fruit, bursting with sweets, and impregnated with odor, to an ungrateful world; who

have eagerly devoured the enchantment, yet neglected or scorned to reward the magic hand that administered it. Thus has he garnished the intellectual region, with the richest embellishments of fancy, and formed in it a delightful retreat from the cares of the world; while they, to whom the gates of this visionary paradise have been opened,—they, who have regaled themselves amidst the luxury of its fields, have not cared to remunerate its indigent and wretched proprietor. For the honor of our own country, let us cherish in fond and perpetual remembrance, this feeling admonition of Edmund Burke—“There is not only the just price of common labor, but a tribute, which *Opulence* owes to *Genius*, and which, when paid, honors the giver and the receiver.” Let us, my countrymen, watch the sacred spark, wherever we discern it. Let us foster its fire, and fan its flame!

Be it, likewise, our pleasing task to recommend to our youth the advantages of knowledge. Whatever may be their destination in life, this delectable pursuit enlarges the sphere of innocent enjoyment, and is a sovereign antidote to that accursed avarice, which stifles every generous sentiment, and strips man of the exalted title of a rational being. It might be deemed ludicrous were I to hold up for your imitation, that proud contempt of riches, that glorious love of poverty, which formed a distinguishing trait in the features of ancient patriotism, and shone conspicuous in the brightest sages and heroes of Grecian and Roman story. It beamed in the sacred soul of Aristides; and prompted Curius Dentatus to address this eloquent reproof to the Samnites, who tempted his integrity;—“My poverty makes you expect to corrupt my honor;—but I had rather command those who have gold, than be myself the possessor!” This preternatural virtue elevates man as far above, as avarice sinks him below, his native dignity.—If, however, we cannot rationally hope to eradicate this feverish passion, let us endeavour at least to alleviate its rage, by the salutary charms of literature. Ignorance, in

an American, is in a peculiar manner reproachful, if not contemptible. The wide doors of a Free School open to his infancy, and a copious flood of information rolls upon his manhood. Let him not then reject that knowledge, which solicits his attention, and supplicates his regard. For the perpetuity of our liberties, much depends on the general intelligence of the people. Knowledge is the nurse of reason; reason is the soul of that interior liberty, without which outward liberty is but a fugitive and transitory thing. It becomes us, therefore, my Fellow-Citizens, sedulously to cultivate that intellect, which is the most magnificent attribute of our nature, and a gift emphatically worthy of heaven. Then indeed may we sit securely amidst our happy possessions, and smile a challenge at the united efforts of intrigue and violence. Then will those impertinent prejudices, which now disturb us, fly from us forever. Then indeed shall we not murmur, though the man, who presides at our treasury, might have drawn his native breath in a foreign region. Then shall we not repine, though our President should invite to these hospitable shores, an earnest friend of our revolution, an illustrious defender of humanity, an exile from his own country, a prisoner in the dungeons of Paris, and a victim of Robespierre. Then indeed will distant nations, inspired by our example, emulate that rational freedom, which is the glorious birth-right of mankind. Then will those oppressive institutions, erected for the aggrandizement of the few, the debasement of the many, fall unlamented to the earth, never to rise again. Then indeed—the bell of vespers shall be muffled, the sack-cloth shall fall from the shoulders of the monk, the face of the nun be unshadowed, and the bat build her nest amidst the desolate ruins of the convent. The owl shall hoot on the moss-mantled turrets of the castle, and the green turf flourish along the mouldering walls of the palace. The cannon shall never again greet the skies with its thunder; nor the bright beams of the sun frolic again on the blazing arms of the hero! In the sublime language of pro-

phetic Inspiration, then, indeed—MAN “SHALL GO OUT WITH JOY, AND BE LED FORTH WITH PEACE. THE MOUNTAINS AND THE HILLS SHALL BREAK FORTH BEFORE HIM INTO SINGING, AND ALL THE TREES OF THE FIELD SHALL CLAP THEIR HANDS!!”*

* ISAIAH.

END.