

AN

# ORATION,

DELIVERED AT GREAT BARRINGTON,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

JULY 4, 1809.

---

---

BY TIMOTHY WOODBRIDGE.


---

---

STOCKBRIDGE:

PRINTED AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

1809.



**THE following Oration is published at the unanimous request of the party assembled to dine at Great Barrington, after the exercises of the day had closed. That it may be better understood, and the merits of the Orator more correctly estimated, it is proper to inform the public, that he became blind in the midst of his collegiate education. In such a situation the difficulty of collecting materials, and the embarrassments of composition must be obvious. Let the clear sighted critic remember, that it is the voice of one that speaketh out of darkness. These remarks however are not made to deprecate a candid examination. If they were, the author would disclaim them.**

**NOTE BY A FRIEND.**

# AN ORATION.

---

THE grand political Sabbath of America has once more returned. We are here convened to pay our heart-felt homage to the Genius of Liberty, and perform lustrations around her altar. The duties which this day imposes are solemn and interesting. As on the Christian Sabbath, the votary of our holy religion takes a moral retrospect of his conduct during the week he has just left behind him in the tract of time ; so on this day, consecrated by the most magnificent event in the history of human affairs, it becomes men invested with the awful, the dignified character of freemen, to institute a strict scrutiny into their political principles, and the course of measures, in which, by their high elective privileges, they so immediately act. Perhaps it may be deemed by some, singular and incongruous, considering my age, and the peculiar circumstances of my situation, that I should take it upon me to lead your thoughts on this august occasion. Perhaps it is natural to conceive, that as I am barred from many of the most glorious objects of human ambition, and human pursuit, I should also be insulated in my feelings. Perhaps it may seem difficult that I should so far translate myself into the body of the State, as to feel any very lively concern in its common good. These considerations I have deeply and distressfully felt, and under their influence, I approach the task before me, with delicacy, embarrassment, and even tremor. But I am consoled when I reflect, that if born under some malignant influence I had been such a moral prodigy as to have no natural love of Country, yet I have many ties of high interest to attach me to the State. I have a person and sacred rights

belonging to it; I have friends, whom I dearly love; these circumstances, identify my interests with those of the country. "I can feel its joys, and partake its sorrows, with as true a heart, as any thunderer" in the capitol. The grand progress of events on the wide theatre of human action, has not passed by me, wholly unheeded, or uninvestigated. The tissue of measures in our own Republic has been unravelled thread by thread; and on these subjects my mind has always been fair and open as the face of heaven. If any man marks me slightly, or hears me disdainfully, because the hand of Almighty God has shaded these orbs, I despise that man more than I lament myself. But the better feelings of my heart recoil from the foul supposition, that there is any man so unworthy, within the reach of my voice. I will offend no honorable gentleman. I will be modest, yet not servile. If in the course of my future remarks, I should be betrayed into enthusiasm; it shall be untinged with bigotry. But I have wasted too much of your time and patience. I beg pardon. The peculiarity of my situation extorted it from me, and forms my only apology.

#### MY COUNTRYMEN,

OUR INDEPENDENCE, you well know was achieved by an arduous and painful struggle. The principles of the revolution we all revere. They were such as never before moved men to such efforts, and to put in jeopardy all that is dear to mankind. They were of such a nature, as has no parallel in history. Who before ever read, in story or in song, of a nation that reasoned before it felt. Yet this was the case with this great and magnanimous people. A few paltry, pitiful taxes, in their immediate operation light as a phantom; yet viewed as parts of a great system of subjugation, awakened their apprehension, and at last threw them into arms, and provoked resistance, relentless as fate.— Their sagacity discovered in the principle of parliamentary taxation, the bitter root of every noxious plant.

EVERY State has some prominent principle; some great feature in which it conceives its freedom to consist. Rome fancied that hers lay in an exemption from

the *forms* of kingly government. Cæsar, who well knew this prejudice, flattered the people with the show, the drapery, and the crowns of sovereignty, while he retained in his own hand the substance and the power of despotism. Never was a people more free in theory, or more enslaved in practice. But the grand circumstance, in which the wiser colonists of America conceived their liberty to consist, was an exclusive right to tax themselves. This right was invaded; and the invasion aroused three millions of people, to try the awful tug of war, and to appeal to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe; who broke the oppressor's rod, and let the oppressed go free. When we, who through defect of years, had no part or lot in the glorious transactions of that period; listen to the relations of those, who had a personal agency in them; they seem to labor for words and images to give utterance to their conceptions and feelings in relation to those times. Much wrong we unquestionably suffered from Great Britain; and it would be strange indeed, if in our enthusiasm, we ourselves had not sometimes broken through the narrow boundaries of moral rectitude.

THE sages and heroes, who took the direction of our destinies in those days were men of iron nerves, in whose view the regions of danger were not peopled with giant images and appalling forms; in their eyes they shrunk into pigmies; they withered; they diminished; they melted into thin air like the visions of the night. They shook off the incumbrances of oppression "like dew drops from the Lion's mane." They were men, who would not like the Trojan fugitives shrink back from the defence of Troy, although they should behold Neptune shaking its walls, and Juno heading its besiegers. But I need not here relate the chequered fortunes, or splendid result of the war; these things are deeply rooted in all your hearts, you will not, you cannot forget them. Suffice it to say, that Independence was obtained. Neither will I here dilate upon the glories of abstract liberty; that I shall leave to minds more enthusiastic than my own, and proceed to something more gross, and palpable to sense; to facts and circumstances, which may be seen and felt.

Soon after the ancient confederacy, by its own weakness, had crumbled to the dust, and a better compacted structure of government was erected on its ruins, the French revolution burst upon the world. An event so monstrous in its nature, and so diffused in its effects, as to reach to the remotest corners of the earth, can hardly be mentioned by any man in his senses without convulsion, or heard without shivering. A great nation which had groaned under a long succession of tyrannous princes, rising into freedom was a spectacle so august, and so imposing, that while we contemplated it, the imagination was fascinated, and judgment enchained. Like the opiate rod of some enchanter, it seemed to lay the faculties of men asleep. Such appearances, and the heavenly seeming pictures of universal emancipation, which were displayed in France, covered the whole scene, with the most attractive tints, and alluring splendors. The sympathies of the American people strongly followed the fortunes of the French. It was natural. The sentiment was honorable to the American heart. Frenchmen seemed to have caught the spark of liberty from our altar, and they promised that its flames should spread till they had encircled the world. Against this sacred work the whole range of European powers seemed to be arrayed in hostility. In such an alternative what heart could long hesitate which part to choose? But the scene was quickly changed. The ghostly horrors of the French revolution soon began to appear in all their terrific nakedness, and your WASHINGTON, whose sight was infinite, saw them from the beginning, and raised his monitory voice to his countrymen. We had then men amongst us smitten with the love of French fashions; they were joined by others who had turned the world upside down on the other side the atlantic, and were come hither also. These worthy gentlemen, friends of humanity, impelled, some of them, by an innate love of tyranny, some by self aggrandizement, some by a love of revolution, for the sake of revolution, and others by a wish to apply brilliant theories to government, found means to turn the prejudices of the American people, to the advancement of their own purposes. They promised to redeem us, from the vexation of a govern-

ment of checks and balances ; or at least to give us a more relaxed administration of the Constitution, which then existed. They propagated with wonderful assiduity the seductive doctrines of the French school. The gilded poison was caught up with avidity, the infection of French fashions extended to almost every circumstance of life. It proceeded to things more serious than dress or furniture ; it changed the forms of social intercourse, and it seemed as if Atheism, that deadliest foe to human happiness, and human hopes, would follow in its train. By this time France invaded our neutral rights by obstructing our trade with Britain, in the fond hope of embroiling us with that nation, and drawing us into the net of her own cause. But the firm and steady arm of WASHINGTON, shoved by the danger, and he assumed a decided, and dignified attitude against so insolent, and lawless a nation. This conduct procured a temporary respect for our rights. France renewed, and increased similar injuries upon us, under a subsequent federal administration, and all intercourse with her was broken off. This was the first step on the road of federal policy. It was soon followed up by the coercive energies of the nation, and a respect for our rights was secured by the solemn sanctions of a treaty ; and it is not doubted but, that if the decrees of Napoleon in relation to our commerce, had been resisted in the same way, they would before this time have been as contemptible as the anathemas of the Pope.

THE stands which the Federalists, from time to time, made against the encroachments of France, produced the loudest complaints. They were attributed to a cold indifference to French liberty, and a blind partiality for England. But the sentiments and conduct towards foreign nations of the men who then guided our affairs, were governed by better principles. They were regulated solely by *American* policy. They were men it is true, of like passions with others. Their administration was imperfect, as all human things are imperfect ; mixed of good and bad, like the characters and fortunes of men. But the furious clamor and seductive artifices employed against them multiplied converts with

as much rapidity as the sword and voluptuous paradise of Mahomet; and each new republican disciple labored with more than Mahometan zeal to spread the imposture. Thinking men who loved their country above all other earthly objects, stemmed the current of popular feeling; but were overwhelmed; and our Absaloms at last became judges and rulers in the land.

SWEET and happy day! Like the inhabitants of Laputa we were all to become philosophers; we were to have no more use for the Sun, for sunbeams were to be extracted from cucumbers; men were to make their journeys over land in balloons; and to traverse the sea many miles below its surface in submarine vessels. But so stupid and unphilosophical are men, that I am told they yet roll their wheels on this dirty earth, and skim along the surface of the ocean. Our sailors were to withdraw, to the welcoming arms of the wilderness; there seated beneath fantastic bowers, and lolling along delicious banks of wild roses, they were to cultivate philosophy and modern virtue, by solitary contemplation, and gazing at the stars. But they are such dull scholars, and so imperfectly illuminated, that they yet prefer to tread the deck, and harpoon the whale in the great deep, where danger and glory reside; to all the wild blossoms and wilder philosophy of the wilderness. Our rulers told us of the tempestuous sea of liberty; this we had supposed a mere rhetorical flourish, but we experienced its reality in the overturnings which soon took place. Officers were dismissed *en masse*, a judiciary, navy, treaty and national character, the basis of our solid glory, all died in their hands.—The “tempest beaten turrets” of the state shook, and we stood by, sad expectants of their fall.

THEY also told us of the stagnant calm of despotism; a tolerably good picture of which has been exhibited not long since in the condition of the country. As there was no miracle wrought in the hearts of these men, when they came to power, all their ancient partialities for France clang about them, and the consequence was, a very close connexion took place between the two countries. We became insensible to the outrages of France;



which were accumulate<sup>d</sup> upon us ; when we were savagely smitten on one cheek, we had the excessive saintship to turn the other also, with unmurmering resignation. I will not here impute to our rulers dishonorable motives. But I will say that a connection with France has been found, by the experience of other nations, and even by our own, most dangerous ; and it matters not to the private citizen, whether this connection is derived from corruption, or from folly. To have a full apprehension of the dreadful import of an alliance with France, it will be necessary to transport ourselves in thought to wearied Europe, groaning under the colossal weight of French domination, and contemplate a little the condition of those States, which have taken hold of the perfidious hand of French friendship, which, like the hand of death, never relaxes its grasp. Spain to purchase a guilty peace, contributed the influence of all her resources to the advancement of Bonaparte's schemes of ambition. But this was not enough. With consummate perfidy, he allured her monarch into his hands, wrested from him his sceptre, and placed a mushroom brother upon his throne. This cruel indignity incensed a high spirited, and loyal people, who flew to arms, and in gloomy hosts, with unwavering desperation, drove the alien king from their Capitol. The picture of Spain for the year past, has been instructive and interesting. One side has exhibited, all that a triumphant leader and soldiery could threaten and effect ; the other has been marked with all that we distinguish, in the fall of a patriot people, maddened by despair. When the new king, Joseph, was compelled by the enraged Spaniards to fly back towards his Imperial Brother ; Napoleon, whose eye never winks, and whose step never recedes, (to use the metaphor of a splendid orator, applied to a different subject) " drew together from every quarter, whatever " a savage ferocity, could add to his new rudiments in " the art of war ; and collecting all the materials of fu- " ry, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he mo- " ved down the declivities" of the Pyrennees " a mena- " cing meteor that blackened all the horizon." He entered Spain with tenfold strength in his arm, and horrible vengeance in his eye. The rest you know. There are

yet some lingering stands, made by the Patriots, but the object is beyond hope.

LET us leave this scene, and direct our flight towards the Alps. What is that mournful form which we descry in these rugged realms? Let us draw around. It is the Genius of Liberty, weeping on the blood-crimsoned heights. Her hardy sons, the Swiss, who had cherished her in the vallies, and on the sides of the mountains, for five hundred years, are subjected to Gallic tribute, extorted from them in the worst of ways, by the worst of men; or dragged from home to fight the battles of their oppressors.

LET us now descend into the fogs of Holland. There we find a deluded people, who but a few years ago embraced the fraternity of France, and opened their gates to her soldiers, as to redeeming spirits; and what is their requital? They have no more a republic, but a foreign king. Their trade, once the source of their subsistence and opulence, is cut off; and their young men are called out by conscription, to aid in the cause of universal conquest.

BUT we will not enlarge our survey, where we find no objects, that greet the eye with pleasure. The most prominent figure on the grand acclidema of Europe, is an universal conqueror, driving through her kingdoms, and dragging justice, and the independence of nations, chained to his chariot wheels. The plunder of Europe is collected in Paris, that depository of unhallowed spoils, that seat of abominations, compared with which, the sins of Nineveh and Babylon, shall whiten, and be forgotten in the last judgment.

WE will now turn away from these scenes of abhorrence, and pursue the survey of our native country, which at our departure for Europe, we left embargoed in the stagnant calm of despotism, in the very stile and spirit of French policy. It is not my wish to irritate the feelings of the friends of the Embargo, or to tear open the bleeding wounds of its victims; neither did I intend to annoy you with the stench of these things; but passing strange as

they are, ought they to be suffered to go by, without some little notice on this occasion? Ought they to pass "like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?" The man who has escaped from the paw of a savage that has fallen lifeless on the plain behind him, naturally turns back his steps to examine a little, the anatomy of that figure, which just now stalked so fearfully. One great object of the Embargo, we were told, was to extort from Great Britain the highest points of commercial right; points, which in all ages have been considered equivocal. The authors of that measure well understood that feature in human nature, represented by the shrewd philosopher of Samos, in his fable of the dog throwing away his meat to catch its shadow. Thus while our rulers were amusing us with the illusive idea of enlarging the privileges of commerce to romantic bounds, the mere shadows of their twilight understandings; we lost all its solid advantages. The blow was intended for England: it was expected it would rock her battlements, and shake her throne to the centre. To her it was impotent, but in its recoil it fell upon our poor country, which staggered under it; and the Cabinet of St. James sarcastically told us, that "his Majesty would not hesitate to contribute, in any manner in his power, to restore to the commerce of the United States its wonted activity, and if it were possible, without appearing to deprecate the Embargo, as a measure of hostility, would gladly have facilitated its removal, as a measure of inconvenient restriction upon the American people."

BUT to keep the Embargo in countenance, we are told by those whose daily traffic is in cheats, that it has brought Great Britain to our feet. I can discover no feature of humiliation; not that I rejoice in this circumstance; would to heaven, we had the power to bring all the "Princedom and Dominations" on the globe to our feet. We have obtained from Great Britain no concession, no point in the controversy, nothing which she did not offer us, almost two years ago, in the note of Lords Holland and Auckland to our ministers. In that note she promised, to forbear any interdictions of our commerce, upon condition, that we would resist the outra-

geous decrees of France, against our neutral rights, which were stabbing Great Britain through our sides; this resistance was our duty, as an honest neutral power, for neutrals have duties as well as rights. We have since, made the resistance, and consequently the British interdictions have been removed.

It is further said in proof of the assertion, which I am refusing, that the offers, which Mr. Jefferson made to Great Britain during the last summer, would have placed the relation between the two countries on the same footing upon which they now stand; but that Great Britain, then flushed with the prospect of high fortunes, which the new state of things on the continent of Europe, seemed to promise, and not sufficiently wearied down by the Embargo, saw fit to reject them. Any man we think, who has intellect enough to distinguish between things of different natures, must see the falsity of this. What would have been the situation of Great Britain in relation to this country, had she complied with those offers? She would still have found, the terrors of a presidential proclamation, hanging over her national ships, and a non-importation act prohibiting many of her commodities. We should indeed have permitted her arrivals, but what are arrivals worth without cargoes? Whereas by the late adjustment, our trade with her is unobstructed, and free as air. The offers of which we are speaking, were utterly destitute of one feature of reciprocity, which is an essential ingredient, in all transactions between independent nations: At the very time they were made, French manufactures had a free admission to our markets, French ships rode in our harbors, and our cabinet informed the government of France, that if her decrees were repealed, while those of her rival belligerent remained in force, *the relations between this country and Great Britain would be changed*, an expression, which in the soft and circuitous dialect of our late President, means war.

BUT as the last resort of absurdity, we are told, that our Non-Intercourse was another form of the Embargo, operating against England. True it did operate against England; but it placed her on a footing of equality with France

by operating in all its rigors against this latter power also. We have a most unquestionable right to break off intercourse with all the nations of the earth, and if any one of them under these circumstances, makes overtures to open a trade with us, she can do it without humbling herself before her enemy. This equality of treatment amongst equal offenders was all that honor, or even Great Britain required. Thus then after having been dragged through the dark and distressing defiles of Embargo, we have at length got back into the luminous track of federal policy.

THE pressure of the measure now under consideration was so extreme, that it awoke a spirit of enquiry. The great mass of the people, are radically right, they have no interest in being wrong, and when in possession of full information, they will act virtuously and patriotically, and will distinguish between their real friends, and their flatterers. It was natural, when men were occupied with their private concerns, and not inquisitive in public affairs, that they should follow the tendency of popular opinion, in what direction soever it might happen to run ; and so long as their private interests were not molested, they might think that all was well. But "time will unfold what plated cunning hides ;" when the Embargo came, it was around them, it was about them ; it invaded their dwellings, and their very tables ; and men began to search, in the history of our public affairs, for the causes of so great a calamity. This search resulted in a rapid conversion of political sentiment. Federal truth, began its serene and awful progress ; and it must prevail. As the eye of the body, when the medium is clear, sees objects in their true colors ; so when the clouds of misrepresentation are rolled away from the intellect, the mental eye becomes a light to the feet, and a lamp to the path. The sleeping Sampsons of New England now also awoke, and shook the dust from their garments. Massachusetts, ever watchful over her rights, made a vigorous stand ; she stretched forth her hand to ward off increasing mischiefs ; she pointed it towards the mountains of iniquity, and they smoked ; the hills, and they melted away. The Embargo was soon smothered and merged. The hall of Con-

gress rang with the audacious slander, that the Federalists pointed a dagger at the unity of the States. This dagger, like Macbeth's, was merely fancied; it existed only in the imaginations of those who affected to see it, and had they Macbeth's frankness, they would use his language.

—————"Thou art but  
 " A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
 " Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain."  
 —————"There's no such thing.  
 " It is the bloody business which informs  
 " Thus to mine eyes."

MR. JEFFERSON the projector of the Embargo, professed friendship for commerce. But its rapid decay too unequivocally proves the hollowness of his professions. He also loved the sturdy cultivators of the soil. He told them that they were the chosen people of God; "if ever he had a chosen people." He was so tender of them, that he grieved "that the winds of heaven should visit them too roughly." Yet many of them have found, that his withering hand, sent leanness into their souls. But with Mr. Jefferson we have now no more to do. He has passed away, and we will leave him to repose upon his laurels, on the charming slopes of Monticello, and to sport with mammoth bones, and the gentle shades of expiring gun boats. I wish him pleasant play and golden dreams. But there is an awful moral, which may be learnt from the example, of a successful idolater of the people. This moral belongs to you, and to your children. It is, that all this seeming devotion to the people, is but a heaven-born shape, assumed to conceal intrinsic tyranny. Although statesmen learn the art of government from the mass of experience which the world has yielded; yet it is an established maxim in political science, that a people learns nothing, from the experience of other nations. This we ourselves have demonstrated, for our moral is written in sunbeams in the volumes of history; Yet now since it is so deeply written *in our own experience*, we hope it will long be held in salutary remembrance. These idolaters, who worship at our shrine, and shed over us the tears of devotion, have in all ages made the great body of the people, the object, and the instrument of their cruel tyranny. The federalists have been accused of monarchical pre-

judices, and tendencies, because they resist wild and disorganizing principles, which tend to anarchy. Federalists consider liberty as that sweet angel, the special messenger of a benevolent Deity, whose radiant vision sheds light, and life, and glory, on the country over which she hovers; while they dread anarchy, as a foul fiend, summoned by internal agency from the nether regions of despair, chief mover of discord in this upper world, about whom, as their gloomy center, the dark, and turbulent clouds and storms of fury and civil strife, roll, and convolve. After a season of commotion, these contending elements, by the tendencies of their own nature, mix and settle into the feverish and oppressive calm of despotism.

I HAVE NOW finished the retrospective part of my subject, and it gives me great pleasure to turn your thoughts forward to the brightening aspect of affairs which exists before us; an aspect, like the magnificence of a morning sun, brilliant with joy and hope. Few anniversaries have been more replete with the causes of joy and congratulation than the present. It is emphatically a proud and glorious day to Federalists; they behold their country relieved from a mountainous load of suffering, by the operation of those principles which they have cherished themselves, and recommended to others. They behold these principles circling around them and spreading wide their benignant influence. They will have the magnanimity not to sully the splendor of an honorable victory with the insolence of triumph. By the late accommodation with Great Britain, a door is opened to a treaty, which is almost secure. We have escaped a threatened war, with that powerful empire, which would have wasted the resources, and impaired the strength of this youthful nation; and what is infinitely worse, would have thrown us into the fatal arms of a French alliance. Our shores again bustle with the ardor of commercial enterprize, activity is once more restored to the channels of business, and the faculties of the country are again brought into action. On the recognition of so many blessings, let us not content ourselves with shouting hosannas to any human agents, who may have contributed to their procurement; but let us look with sentiments of

**forvent gratitude, beyond human agency, up to that aw-  
 ful Being, who guides and governs the affairs of men  
 Under the impression of his holy presence, let us form  
 the most rigorous resolutions of virtue, not only for the  
 regulation of our future conduct as citizens of civil so-  
 ciety, but also as pilgrims bound to an invisible country,  
 beyond the swellings of Jordan. Let us cultivate and  
 cherish, with a holy assiduity, the virtues of Justice,  
 charity, and a regard to the common good. There is a  
 golden rule, which requires us to do to others, what  
 we should think reasonable to be done to us, in like  
 circumstances. This rule has an interpreter in every  
 bosom, and the just man, who shapes his conduct by it,  
 no matter who he is, or how obscure his condition, con-  
 tributes, to the strength of the nation, and may be the  
 unknown, and unhonored instrument, of procuring for it  
 many blessings. If we would have the blessings annex-  
 ed to national justice, we must be just as individuals ;  
 for in this free government, our rulers are our neighbors,  
 and our friends ; they go from the midst of us, and car-  
 ry into the government, much of the spirit and charac-  
 ter of the people ; and it is a truth established by the na-  
 ture of things, and corroborated by all history, that there  
 is a connection, in divine providence, between national  
 justice, and national prosperity.**

**Our passions are our worst enemies, and it is a re-  
 mark of an experienced statesman and philosopher, (the  
 greatest perhaps, that ever lived) “ that a nation can be  
 “ free only in the same proportion, in which its mem-  
 “ bers, will put moral restraints upon themselves.” It is  
 most true that no tyranny is so cruel as the tyranny of  
 the passions. Let us then be free, and subject our pas-  
 sions to our control. To aid us in this sacred work, of  
 purifying our minds, let us resort to the solemn tem-  
 ples of Almighty God, and listen to the instructions of  
 our most excellent clergy. Let us mingle with them,  
 in their addresses, to that merciful Being, who graciously  
 condescends, to listen to the wants of his erring crea-  
 tures. In those approaches to the Deity, the distinc-  
 tions of party and of rank vanish ; the rugged passions  
 are melted down ; the proud man is humbled, and the  
 meek trembler supported. Let us reverence, and attend**



all the ordinances appointed by heaven, for in heaven's own, expressive imagery we are assured that the leaves of the tree, are for the healing of the nations. Let us individually endeavor to catch some shred of the mantle of all prevailing prayer, which clothed those saintly patriarchs, Israel, Daniel and a host of others, of the same spirit. They were men who could stand in the breach, and keep out invading judgments; they could storm heaven with holy violence, and draw down blessings upon their country. Let us look upon our neighbors of a different party with an eye of charity, and in our intercourse with them, search for those points, upon which we can agree rather than those upon which faction has made a difference of opinion, and maintain the decorums of civility, which are powerful checks upon our passions. Let us accustom ourselves, to sacrifice the little gratifications of selfishness, and of party, at the shrine of patriotism, and consider the man who can relinquish such gratifications, from a regard to the benefit of his country as a good angel. Let us contemplate the characters of illustrious men, who have gone before us, and tread in their steps. Let us contemplate our AMES whose pure Spirit fled on the morning of the last anniversary. But he yet lives, for purity and wisdom never die. He lives we trust in a sphere of glory to intercede for his beloved America. A Greek statuary once proposed to cut Mount Athos into the image of an immortal hero. But let us erect to our AMES, a moral monument more splendid than Mount Athos. Let us form the sacred image of his ardent and diffusive spirit of benevolence and patriotism in our own bosoms. In fine, let the language of every man's heart, who loves his country, be that of the immortal Deliverer of Sweden.

---

“ Here I take my stand,  
 “ Here, on the brink, the very verge of Liberty ;  
 “ Although contention rise upon the clouds,  
 “ Mix earth with heaven, and roll the ruin onwards,  
 “ Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,  
 “ Till I, or Denmark fall.”