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BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.
HAIL COLUMBIA SPEAKER

CONTAINING THE

GREAT UTTERANCES OF OUR GREAT ORATORS,

POETS, STATESMEN AND DIVINES,

ON THE THEMES OF

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM, LIBERTY AND UNION.

EDITED BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

NEW YORK:
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM STREET.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 18—, by
Beadle and Adams,
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THE DIME

HAIL COLUMBIA SPEAKER

COLUMBIA.—Timothy Dwight

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise;
The queen of the world and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name.
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire:
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis thy empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards, and new sages, unrivaled shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind:
Hcre, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

* Timothy Dwight, one of the few poets of the Revolutionary era, (born 1752, died 1817), was a Congregational minister and an army chaplain during the war. He was afterward President of Yale College, whose fortunes were almost ruined by the war, but under his energetic management the great and noble institution of learning recovered its fame and prosperity.
Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image, instamped on the mind,
With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed;
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
'Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

WASHINGTON.*—Daniel Webster.

Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me. He is dignified and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. Mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes,

*Pronounced July 4th 1851, on the occasion of laying the cornerstone of the new wing to the National Capitol.
are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, if this vision were a reality—if Washington actually were now amongst us—and if he could draw round him the shades of the great public men of his own days, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us: "Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity!"

Great father of your country! we heed your words; we feel their force, as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us, your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high function. Our honor, as well as our happiness, is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not flinch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted
to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California!

APPEAL FOR LIBERTY.—Judge Story.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be; resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsel, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No, I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes for brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.
THE AMERICAN HERO.*—Nathaniel Niles.

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and Destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson
Sounding with death-groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all His dealings,
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for;
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
When called to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shell, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing either!

While hostile hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your bloodhounds—ay, your British lions—
As Death undaunted, nimble as the whirlwind,
Frightful as demons!

Let ocean waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction horrible in nature;
Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow!
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee!

* Written at Norwich, Conn., October, 1775.
RESISTANCE TO OPPRESSION.*—Patrick Henry.

Mr. President—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there is in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.

Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if to punish be not to force us to submission? Can gentle men assign any other possible motive for it? Has Grec

Patrick Henry (born 1736—died 1799) was a natural born orator. This now world renowned speech was delivered in the Virginia Convention, March 23d, 1775. Resolutions had been introduced by those who would temporize with Great Britain in her aggressions, when Henry—then almost unknown—introduced others providing that the Colony be put in an immediate state of defense, and made this magnificent speech in support of his resolutions. When the speech was finished, Wirt tells us, “No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry to arms! seemed to quiver on every lip, and grow from every eye. They became impatient of speech. Their souls were on fire for action.” Such is the power of true oratory.
Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall
have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

---

Patriotism.—Fisher Ames.

"The straggling mariner, whose eye explores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful! and fair,

Nor breathes the fragrance of a purer air;

In every clime, the magnet of his soul,

Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole."—Montgomery.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, this is not the character of the virtue; it soars higher
For its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all
the enjoyments of life, and twisting itself with the minutest
filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society,
because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we
see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable im-
age of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that
honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious but as
sacred.

He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is con-
scious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what
rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a State re-
nounces the principles that constitute their security? Or, if
his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be
in a country odious in the eyes of strangers, and dishonored
in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to
such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would
die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he re-
tained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be
a banished man in his native land.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS—W. C. Bryant.

Here halt we our march, and pitch our tent,
On the rugged forest ground,
And light our fire with the branches rent
By the winds from the beeches round.
While storms have torn this ancient wood,
But a wilder is at hand,
With hail of iron and rain of blood,
To sweep and scathe the land.

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill,
That startle the sleeping bird!
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
And the step must fall unheard.
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
In Ticonderoga's towers;
And ere the sun rise twice again,
The towers and the lake are ours!
Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
Where the fire-flies light the brake:
A ruddier juice the Briton hides
In his fortress by the lake.
Build high the fire, till the panther leap
From his lofty perch in fright;
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep,
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

THE ELOQUENCE OF JAMES OTIS.*

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life—another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we were ever, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust? True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of

*This is recast by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, who, taking the sentiments of the great patriot, puts them in his mouth as his supposed speech.
the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the
desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of free-
dom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind
us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy;
forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities
have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and
he fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than
the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe
all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we
owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting
storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your
gratitude—we only demand that you should pay your own
expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity?
Why, the king—(and with all due reverence to his sacred
majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects
as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is
to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The
ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly
expended? The cabinet behind the throne. In every in-
stance those who take are to judge for those who pay. If
this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have
reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not
depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed
and dried.

But, thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth
to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is
extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing
embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America.
Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death.
But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The
wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their
enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may
be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is
lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may
kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England can not
extinguish it.
Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet-star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamp'd upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart—
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cesar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves;
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on;
Oh, where shall be their "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword;
He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;
He showed no deep avenging hate—no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.
No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery, with strong and high disdain,
And forged no scepter from the links, when he had crushed the chain.
He saved his land; but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and "don" a kingly crown.
Same was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington!

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother birth.
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"
But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's songs to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me swiftly on;
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington."

AMERICA MUST BE FREE.*—Samuel Adams.

This day, my countrymen, this day, I trust, the reign of political protestantism will commence. We have explored
In temple of royalty, and found that the idol we bowed
to has eyes which see not, ears which hear not our

*This and the three following extracts are from "an oration of Samuel Adams, delivered at the State-House in Philadelphia, on Thursday, August 1st, 1776, member of the General Congress," etc. Sargent, in his admirable series of speakers, quotes it and says it is taken from a London copy bearing date of 1776—the same year in which the sturdy patriot pronounced it. Samuel Adams, like John Adams, was a leading "rebel," a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the first Continental Congress, etc. The speech, more authentic than Webster's celebrated version of John Adams' speech—[see p —], will forever remain one of those to which our young men will turn with pleasure.
prayers, and a heart like the nether millstone. We have this day restored the Sovereign to whom alone men ought to be obedient. He reigns in heaven, and with propitious eye be holds His subjects assuming that freedom of thought and dignity of self-direction which He bestowed upon them. From the rising to the setting sun, may His kingdom come!

Political right and public happiness, my countrymen, are different words for the same idea. Those who wander 'in metaphysical labyrinths, or have recourse to original contracts to determine the rights of men, either impose on themselves or mean to delude others. Public utility is the only criterion.

Ye darkeners of counsel, who would make the proper lives, and religion, of millions depend on the evasive interpretations of musty parchments—who would send us to antiquated charters of uncertain and contradictory meaning, to prove that the present generation are not bound to be victims to cruel and unforgiving despotism—tell us whether our pious and generous ancestors bequeathed to us the miserable privilege of having the rewards of our honest industry, the fruits of those fields which they purchased and bled for, wrested from us at the will of men over whom we have no check? Did they contract for us, that, with folded arms, we should expect from brutal and inflamed invaders that justice and mercy which had been denied to our supplications at the foot of the throne? Were we to hear with indifference our character as a people ridiculed? Did they promise for us that our meekness and patience should be insulted, that our coasts should be harassed, our towns demolished and plundered, our wives and offspring exposed to destitution, hunger, and death, without our feeling the resentment of men—without our exerting those powers of self-preservation which God has given us?

No man had once a greater veneration for Englishmen than I entertained. They were dear to me as branches of the same parental trunk, as partakers of the same religion and laws. I still view with respect the remains of the British constitution, even as I would a lifeless body which had once been animated by a great and heroic soul. But when I am roused by the din of arms, when I behold legions
of foreign assassins, paid by Englishmen to imbrue their hands in our blood, when I tread over the uncoffined bones of my countrymen, neighbors and friends—when I see the locks of a venerable father torn by savage hands, and a feeble mother clasping her infants to her bosom, and on her knees imploring their lives from her own slaves whom Englishmen have lured to treachery and murder—when I behold my country, once the seat of industry, peace and plenty, changed by Englishmen to a theater of blood and misery—Heaven forgive me if I can not root out those passions which it has implanted in my bosom! Heaven forgive me if, with too resentful and impetuous a scorn, I detest submission to a people who have either ceased to be human, or have not virtue enough to feel their own servitude and abasement!

FREEDOM THE ONLY HOPE.—The same.

We are now on this continent, to the astonishment of the world, three millions of souls, united in one common cause. We have large armies, well disciplined and appointed, with commanders inferior to none in military skill, and superior to most in activity and zeal. We are furnished with arsenals and stores beyond our most sanguine expectations, and foreign nations are waiting to crown our success by their alliances. These are instances of an almost astonishing Providence in our favor. Our success has staggered our enemies, and almost given faith to infidels; so that we may truly say, it is not our own arm which has saved us.

The hand of Heaven appears to have led us on to be perhaps humble instruments and means in the great providential dispensation which is completing. We have fled from the political Sodom. Let us not look back, lest we perish, and become a monument of infamy and derision to the world.

For can we ever expect more unanimity, and a better preparation for defense; more infatuation of counsel among our enemies, and more valor and zeal among ourselves? The same force and resistance which are sufficient to procure us our liberties will secure us a glorious independence—will support us in the dignity of free, imperial States!

My countrymen, from the day on which an accommodate-
tion takes place between England and America, on any terms than as Independent States, I shall date the ruin of the country. A politic minister will study to lull us into security by granting us the full extent of our petitions. Warm sunshine of influence would melt down the virtue which the violence of the storm rendered more firm and yielding. In a state of tranquillity, wealth, and luxury, descendants would forget the arts of war, and the noble activity and zeal which made their ancestors invincible. When the spirit of liberty, which now animates our hearts and gives success to our arms, is extinct, our numbers but accelerate our ruin, and render us the easier victims to tyranny.

Ye abandoned minions of an infatuated ministry—if posterity any should remain among us!—remember that Warren and Montgomery are numbered among the dead. Contemplate the mangled bodies of your countrymen, then say what should be the reward of such sacrifices! us and our posterity bow the knee, supplicate the friendly and plow and sow and reap to glut the avarice, of the man who have let loose on us the dogs of war, to riot in blood, and hunt us from the face of the earth! If ye love wealth better than liberty, the tranquillity of servitude better than the animating contest of freedom—go from us in peace;—we ask not your counsels or your arms—crouch down and lick the hands which feed you! May your chains set like upon you, and may posterity forget that ye were our countrymen!

THE DAY OF DISINTHRAILMENT.—The same.

This day we are called on to give a glorious example what the wisest and best of men were rejoiced to view in speculation. This day presents the world with the most august spectacle that its annals ever unfolded: Millions of freemen deliberately and voluntarily forming themselves into a society for their common defense and common happiness. Immortal spirits of Hampden, Locke, and Sydney! Will it not add to your benevolent joys to behold your posterity rising to the dignity of men, and evincing to the world
the expediency of your systems, and in the actual enjoyment of that equal liberty which you were happy when on earth in delineating and recommending to mankind.

Other nations have received their laws from conquerors—some are indebted for a constitution to the sufferings of their ancestors through revolving centuries: the people of this country alone have formally and deliberately chosen a government for themselves, and with open and uninfluenced consent bound themselves into a social compact. Here no man proclaims his birth or wealth as a title to honorable distinction, or to sanctify ignorance and vice with the name of hereditary authority. He who has most zeal and ability to promote the public felicity, let him be the servant of the public!

And, brethren and fellow-countrymen, if it was ever granted to mortals to trace the designs of Providence, and interpret its manifestations in favor of their cause, we may, with humility of soul, cry out, Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be the praise! The confusion of the devices of our enemies, and the rage of the elements against them, have done almost as much toward our success as either our counsels or our arms.

The time at which this attempt on our liberties was made—when we were ripened into maturity, had acquired a knowledge of war, and were free from the incursions of intestine enemies—the gradual advances of our oppressors, enabling us to prepare for our defense—the unusual fertility of our lands, the clemency of the seasons, the success which at first attended our feeble arms, producing unanimity among our friends, and reducing our internal foes to acquiescence—these are all strong and palpable marks and assurances that Providence is yet gracious unto Zion, that it will turn away the captivity of Jacob!

Driven from every other corner of the earth, freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience direct their course to this happy country as their last asylum. Let us cherish the noble guests! Let us shelter them under the wings of universal toleration! Be this the seat of unbounded religious freedom! She will bring with her, in her train, industry, wisdom, and commerce.
Thus, by the beneficence of Providence, shall we behold an empire arising, founded on justice and the voluntary consent of the people, and giving full scope to the exercise of those faculties and rights which most ennable our species.

NO ALTERNATIVE BUT LIBERTY.—The same.

If there is any man so base or so weak as to prefer a dependence on Great Britain to the dignity and happiness of living a member of a free and independent nation, let me tell him that necessity now demands what the generous principles of patriotism should have dictated.

We have now no other alternative than independence or the most galling servitude. The legions of our enemies thicken on our plains. Desolation and death mark their bloody career; whilst the mangled corse of our countrymen seem to cry out, as a voice from Heaven—"Will you permit our posterity to groan under the chains of the murderer? Has our blood been expended in vain?"

Countrypeople! the men who now invite you to surrender your rights into their hands are the men who let loose the merciless savages to riot in the blood of their brethren; who conveyed into your cities a merciless soldiery, to compel you to submission by insult and murder; who taught treachery to your slaves, and courted them to assassinate your wives and children; who called your patience cowardice, your piety hypocrisy! These are the men to whom we are exhorted to sacrifice the blessings which Providence holds out to us—the happiness, the dignity, of uncontrolled freedom and independence.

Let not your generous indignation be directed against any among us who may advise so absurd and maddening a measure. Their number is few and daily decreasing; and the spirit which can render them patient of slavery will render them contemptible enemies. Our union is now complete; our constitution composed, established, and approved. You have in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies, and their base and mercenary auxiliaries. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom. They are animated with the justice of their cause.
and, while they grasp their swords, they can look up to Heaven for assistance.

Your adversaries are composed of wretches who laugh at the rights of humanity, who turn religion into derision, and who would, for higher wages, direct their swords against their leaders or against their country. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to Heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future! For my own part I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and the common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and Montgomery, it is—that these American States may never cease to be free and independent!

CARMEN BELlicosum.—Anon.

In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon shot.
When the piles
Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn.
Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires.
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong breakers o'er the green sodden acres
Of the plain.
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!
Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's Cannoniers.
And the "villainous saltpeter"
Rung a fierce discordant meter
Round their ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift
With hot sweeping anger, came the Horse-Guards clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher blazed the old-fashioned fire,
Through our ranks.
Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal Powder cloud,
And his broadsword was swinging
And his brazen throat was ringing Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redded at the touch of the leaden Rifle breath.
Rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder Hurling death.

Waken, voice of the Land's Devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to the Song of Ocean,
Rivers, answer, and mountains, call!
The Golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb,
That sounded its malice, or murmured its fears,
She hath won her story;
She wears her glory;
We crown her the Land of a Hundred Years. —Taylor
THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL. — Wm. Ross Wallace.

He lay upon his dying bed,
    His eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
    His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy," the vet'ran said,
    "I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
    The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye
    Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
    He murmured Warren's name;
Then said, "'My boy, I leave you gold,
    But what is better still,
I leave you,—mark me, mark me now—
    The sword of Bunker Hill."

"’Twas on that dread, immortal day,
    I dared the Briton's band;
A captain raised his blade on me,
    I tore it from his hand:
And while the glorious battle raged,
    It lightened freedom's will—
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
    The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword!"—his accent broke—
    A smile and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
    Upon that dying bed.
The son remains; the sword remains;
    Its glory growing still—
And fifty millions bless the sire,
    And sword of Bunker Hill.
THE FOURTH OF JULY.—John Pierpont

Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder peased
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldiers' urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er;
Oh, let freemen be our sons;
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warrior's gory breast—
Never let our graves be pressed
By a despot's throne;
By the Pilgrims' toils and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes—let our heirs
Bow to thee alone.
WARREN'S ADDRESS.—Pierpont.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves,
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed,
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!
A CALL TO LIBERTY.—Warren.

None but they who set a just value upon the blessings of liberty, are worthy to enjoy her. Your illustrious fathers were her zealous votaries—when the blasting frowns of tyranny drove her from public view, they clasped her in their arms; they cherished her in their generous bosoms; they brought her safe over the rough ocean, and fixed her seat in his then dreary wilderness; they nursed her infant age with the most tender care; for her sake, they patiently bore the severest hardships; for her support, they underwent the most rugged toils; in her defense, they boldly encountered the most alarming dangers.

Neither the ravenous beasts that ranged the woods for prey, nor the more furious savages of the wilderness, could damp their ardor! Whilst with one hand they broke the stubblen globe, with the other they grasped their weapons, ever ready to protect her from danger. No sacrifice, not even their own blood, was esteemed too rich a libation for her altar! God prospered their valor; they preserved her brilliancy unsullied; they enjoyed her whilst they lived, and dying, bequeathed the dear inheritance to your care. And as they left you this glorious legacy, they have undoubtedly transmitted to you some portion of their noble spirit, to inspire you with virtue to merit her, and courage to preserve her. You surely cannot, with such examples before your eyes as every page of the history of this country affords, suffer your liberties to be ravished from you by lawless force, or cajoled away by flattery and fraud.

The voice of your fathers' blood calls to you from the ground, My sons, scorn to be slaves! In vain we met the frowns of tyrants—in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of liberty—in vain we toiled—in vain we fought—we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders! Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but, like them, resolve never to part with your birthright; be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions, for the preservation of your liberties.
GOOD FAITH.—Fisher Ames.

I see no exception to the respect, that is paid among nations, to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus, we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves, to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition, that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a republican government sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather take the supposition, that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach, pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him—he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power—blush for these distinctions,
which become the vehicles of your dishonor. Such a
ation might truly say to corruption, thou art my father,
and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.
should say of such a race of men their name is a heavy
burden then their debt.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.—David Humphreys.
Oh, what avails to trace the fate of war
Through fields of blood, and paint each glorious scar!
Why should the strain your former woes recall,
The tears that wept a friend’s or brother’s fall,
When by your side, first in the adventurous strifes,
He dauntless rushed, too prodigal of life!
Enough of merit has each honored name,
To shine untarnished on the rolls of fame,
To stand the example of each distant age,
And add new luster to the historic page;
For soon their deeds illustrious shall be shown
In breathing bronze or animated stone,
Or where the canvas, starting into life,
Revives the glories of the crimson strife.
And soon some bard shall tempt the untried themes.
Sing how we dared, in fortune’s worst extremes;
What cruel wrongs the indignant patriot bore;
What various ills your feeling bosoms tore,
What boding terrors gloomed the threatening hour,
When British legions, armed with death-like power.
Bade desolation mark their crimsoned way,
And lured the savage to his destined prey.
they have prevailed over all opposition. No instance has heretofore occurred, nor can any instance be expected here-
after to occur, in which the unadulterated forms of republic-
ian government, can pretend to so fair an opportunity for
justifying themselves by their fruits.

In this view, the citizens of the United States are respon-
sible for the greatest trust ever confided to a political society.
If justice, good faith, honor, gratitude, and all the other
qualities which ennoble the character of a nation, and fulfill
the ends of government, be the fruits of our establishments,
the cause of Liberty will acquire a dignity and luster which
it has never yet enjoyed; and an example will be set which
cannot but have the most favorable influence on the rights
of mankind.

If, on the other hand, our government should be unfortu-
nately blotted with the reverse of these cardinal and essential
virtues, the great cause which we have engaged to vindicate,
will be dishonored and betrayed; and the last and fairest ex-
periment in favor of the rights of human nature, will be
turned against them; and their patrons and friends exposed
to be insulted and silenced by the votaries of tyranny and
usurpation.

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BRITISH BARBARITY.—Wm. Livingston.

After deploring with you the desolation spread through
this State, by an unrelenting enemy, who have, indeed, mark-
ed their progress with a devastation unknown to civilized
nations, and evincible of the most implacable vengeance, I
heartily congratulate you upon that subsequent series of
success, wherewith it hath pleased the Almighty to crown
the American arms; and particularly, on the important en-
terprise against the enemy at Trenton, and the signal victory
obtained over them at Princeton, by the gallant troops under
the command of his excellency, General Washington.

Considering the contemptible figure they make at pres-
ent, and the disgust they have given to many of their own
confederates amongst us by their more than Gothic ravages
(for thus doth the great Disposer of events often deduce good
out of evil,) their irruption into our dominion will probably redound to the public benefit. It has certainly enabled us the more effectually to distinguish our friends from our enemies. It has winnowed the chaff from the grain. It has discriminated the temporizing politician, who, at the first appearance of danger, was determined to secure his idol, property, at the hazard of the general weal, from the persevering patriot, who, having embarked his all in the common cause, chooses rather to risk, rather to lose that all, for the preservation of the more estimable treasure, liberty, than to possess it, (enjoy it he certainly could not,) upon the ignominious terms of tamely resigning his country and posterity to perpetual servitude. It has, in a word, opened the eyes of those who were made to believe, that their impious merits in abetting our persecutors, would exempt them from being involved in the general calamity.

But, as the rapacity of the enemy was boundless, their havoc was indiscriminate, and their barbarity unparalleled. They have plundered friends and foes. Effects, capable of division, they have divided. Such as were not, they have destroyed. They have warred upon decrepit age; warred upon defenseless youth. They have committed hostilities against the professors of literature, and the ministers of religion; against public records, and private monuments, and books of improvement, and papers of curiosity, and against the arts and sciences. They have butchered the wounded, asking for quarter; mangled the dying, weltering in their blood; refused to the dead the rites of sepulture; suffered prisoners to perish for want of sustenance; violated the chastity of women; disfigured private dwellings of taste and elegance; and, in the rage of impiety and barbarism, profaned and prostrated edifices dedicated to Almighty God.

And yet there are those amongst us, who, either from ambition or lucrative motives, or intimidated by the terror of their arms, or from a partial fondness of the British constitution, or deluded by insidious propositions, are secretly abetting, or openly aiding their machinations to deprive us of that liberty, without which man is a beast, and government a curse.
HOW FREEDOM IS WON.—Edward Everett.

In the efforts of the people—of the people struggling for their rights—moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without intrenchments to cover or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjections runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled,athwart thickets their palisado; and nature, God, is their ally. Now He over-whelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now He buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; He lets loose His tempests on their fleets; He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."
ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights, which unstained from your sires had descended,

May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended

Mid the reign of mild Peace
May your nation increase,

With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce should never be hurled,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.

But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,

Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,

'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.

But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,

And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons, etc.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution,

May Peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,

Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution

But though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,

If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame.
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms:
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision;
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms;

We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While, with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But 'long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hilltops they shaded our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

i.e. Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;
Her pride is her Adams; her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons, etc.
OUR DUTIES.—Daniel Webster.

This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions; let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us—a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long—cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their
part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upheld them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear upper sky. Those other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.
OUR DESTINY.—H. W. Hilliard.

One of England's own writers has said: "The possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of one hundred millions of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception." Sir, it is an august conception, finely embodied; and I trust in God that it will, at no distant time, become a reality. I trust that the world will see, through all time, our people living not only under the laws of Alfred, but that they will be heard to speak, throughout our wide-spread borders, the language of Shakspeare and Milton. Above all, is it my prayer that, as long as our posterity shall continue to inhabit these mountains and plains, and hills and valleys, they may be found living under the sacred institutions of Christianity.

Put these things together, and what a picture do they present to the mental eye! Civilization and intelligence started in the East; they have traveled, and are still traveling, westward; but when they shall have completed the circuit of the earth, and reached the extremest verge of the Pacific shores, then, unlike the fabled god of the ancients, who dipped his glowing axle in the western wave, they will take up their permanent abode; then shall we enjoy the sublime destiny of returning these blessings to their ancient seat; then will it be ours to give the priceless benefits of our free institutions, and the pure and healthful light of the Gospel, back to the dark family which has so long lost both truth and freedom; then may Christianity plant herself there, and while with one hand she points to the Polynesian isles, rejoicing in the late-recovered treasure of revealed truth, with the other present the Bible to the Chinese.

It is our duty to aid in this great work. I trust we shall esteem it as much our honor as our duty. Let us not, like some of the British missionaries, give them the Bible in one hand and opium in the other, but bless them only with the pure word of truth. I hope the day is not distant—soon, soon may its dawn arise—to shed upon the furthest and the west benighted of nations the splendor of more than a tropical sun.
THE AMERICAN FLAG.—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

When Freedom, from her mountain hight,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dies
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of Heaven—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high.
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on—
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet—
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, of his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance
And, when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight’s pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean’s wave
Thy stars shall glitter o’er the brave.
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back,
Before the broadside’s reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee;
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o’er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart’s hope and home!
By angel hands to Valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us?

THE TRUE UNION.*—Edmund Randolph.

I have labored for the continuance of the Union—the rock of our salvation. I believe that as sure as there is a God in heaven, our safety, our political happiness, and existence, depend on the “Union of the States;” and that, without this union, the people of this and other States, will undergo the unspeakable calamities, which discord, faction, turbulence, war, and bloodshed, have produced in other countries.

*After the framing of the Constitution of the United States by the convention of delegates, it required the separate action of the respective States to ratify it. The following is an extract from a speech delivered in the Convention of Virginia June 6, 1788, on the expediency of its adoption.
The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride—pride to see the Union magnificently triumph.

Let it not be recorded of America, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired reputation—their national consequence and happiness—by their own indiscretion.

Let no future historian inform posterity that they want a wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government. Should any writer, doomed to so disagreeable a task, feel the indignation of an honest historian, he would reprehend and reprimane our folly with equal severity and justice.

Catch the present moment; seize it with avidity and eagerness; for it may be lost, never to be regained. If the Union be now lost, I fear it will remain so forever. When I maturely weigh the advantages of the Union, and the dreadful consequences of its dissolution; when I see safety on my right, and destruction on my left; when I behold respectability and happiness acquired by the one, but annihilated by the other, I can not hesitate to decide in favor of the Union.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—A. B. Street.

Hail to the planting of Liberty’s tree!
Hail to the charter declaring us free!
Millions of voices are chanting its praises,
Millions of worshipers bend at its shrine,
Wherever the sun of America blazes,
Wherever the stars of our bright banner shine.

Sing to the heroes who breasted the flood
That, swelling, rolled o’er them—a deluge of blood.
Fearless they clung to the ark of the nation,
And dashed on ‘mid lightning, and thunder, and blast,
Till Peace, like the dove, brought her branch of salvation,
And Liberty’s mount was their refuge at last.
Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,
The home of the homeless all over the earth.
Oh! let us ever with fondest devotion,
The freedom our fathers bequeathed us, watch o'er,
Till the Angel shall stand on the earth and the ocean,
And shout mid earth’s ruins, that Time is no more.

WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN.*—John Quincy Adams

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh! sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword, as my friend has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country’s cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plough-share! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind!
Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?
Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for freedom of the human race; ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of Humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his own countrymen, into harmony and union; and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.
Franklin! The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the

* From Mr. Adams' speech on the reception, by Congress, of the battle sword of Washington, and the staff of Franklin.
tyrant's hand the still more effective scepter of oppression, while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation, to the mightiest monarch of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, or the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our government! and every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world—and of prayer for continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

SINK OR SWIM.*—Webster.

*Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is

*This splendid speech is Webster's creation, taken from his discourse, delivered in Boston, Aug. 2, 1826, in commemoration of the lives and services of Adams and Jefferson, both of whom died July 4th, 1826—a strange coincidence.
a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair—is not he, our venerable colleague near you—are not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men—that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through.

And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence! That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we ac-
knowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submission to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter, she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail!

The cause will raise up armies;—the cause will create navies. The people—the people—if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army—every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit—religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon—let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord—and the very walls will cry out in its support!
Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die—die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so! be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victor shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country—or, at least, the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears—copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress—but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come! My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration! It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—INDEPENDENCE NOW, AND INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!
THE DIME CENTENNIAL SPEAKER.

T HEBUFF AND BLUE.—William Collins.

From the foeman's camp,
By the cypress swamp,
You can hear the tramp,
Of the grenadier;
And the rattling drum
Swells the deafening hum
As his legions come
With a willing cheer

And bravely tread
Their lines of red,
With their flag outspread
By the cypress marge;
But as brave and true
As e'er saber drew
Leaps the Buff and Blue
To the bayonet charge.

"March on!" the shout
O'er the field rings out;
From the fierce redoubt
Flies the hissing lead.
Like a thunder crash
On the foe we dash,
And our bayonets flash
Through the ranks of red.

Old Putnam's eye
Blazes fierce and high,
As his men reply
With a wild halloo!
And Moylan's blade
Leads his whole brigade
With the green cockade
And the Buff and Blue.

From left to right,
In their ordered might,
To the welcome fight.
The battalions wheel;
No waver there,
As in wrath they tear,
And with bosoms bare,
Through the English steel.

A vellied flame
From the rec ranks came,
And King George's name
Was their battle shout;
But we charged them well,
Till with shriek and yell
The last red-coat fell
In the grim redoubt.

What a sight was there
As our banner fair,
In the morning air,
O'er our columns flew;
And Moylan's men
Woke the stilly glen
As they cheered again
For the Buff and Blue.

Then Putnam cried,
As in haughty pride,
Its folds spread wide
To the soldiers' view
"No English knave
Shall e'er lack a grave
Who his flag would wave
O'er the Yankee I.e."

THE UNION.—Alexander Hamilton.

If we are wise enough to preserve the Union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an insulated situation. Europe is a great distance from us. Her colonies in our vicinity will be likely to continue too much disproportioned in strength to be able to give us any dangerous anaoy
ance. Extensive military establishments can not, in this position, be necessary to our security. But, if we should be disunited, and the integral parts should either remain separated, or, which is most probable, should be thrown together into two or three confederacies, we should be, in a short course of time, in the predicament of the continental powers of Europe. Our liberties would be a prey to the means of defending ourselves against the ambition and jealousy of each other.

This is an idea not superficial or futile, but solid and weighty. It deserves the most serious and mature consideration of every prudent and honest man, of whatever party. If such men will make a firm and solemn pause, and meditate dispassionately on its importance; if they will contemplate it in all its attitudes, and trace it to all its consequences, they will not hesitate to part with trivial objections to a constitution, the rejection of which would, in all probability, put a final period to the Union. The airy phantoms, that now flit before the distempered imaginations of some of its adversaries, would then quickly give place to more substantial prospects of dangers, real, certain, and extremely formidable.

THE MARTYR SPY.—Worcester Spy.

The breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
A-saying, "oh! hu-ush!" a-saying, "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

* Captain Nathan Hale, of the Revolutionary army, was captured and put to death in the latter part of the year 1776, by the British, at New York. He was born in Coventry, Connecticut, and graduated at Yale College in 1773. His father, Richard H. Hale, was a descendant of the Rev. John Hale, the first minister of Beverly, Mass. After Washington's retreat from Long Island, 1776, Nathan Hale, then a captain in Colonel Knowlton's regiment, sought to obtain accurate knowledge of the situation and movements of the British troops. He obtained what he sought, but was seized at King's Bridge, identified by his base and treacherous tory cousin, Samuel, treated very brutally, and hung. The cousin Samuel had been entertained at the house of Nathan's father, where he pretended to be a Whig, although he was at the time on his way to Sir William Howe, under whom he afterward served at New York. Nathan Hale's death was due chiefly to the treachery of this cousin. The execution was conducted in the most unfeeling and disgraceful manner. All his requests were denied, including even the requests for a clergyman and a Bible; and his letters to his mother and his other friends were destroyed.
"Keep still!" said the thrush, as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road, in a nest by the road;
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."
The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home
In a cot by the brook, in a cot by the brook,
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gayly forsook, he so gayly forsook.
Cooling shades of the night were coming apace;
The tattoo had beat, the tattoo had beat;
The noble one sprung from his dark lurking place
To make his retreat, to make his retreat.
He warily trod on the dry, rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood, as he passed through the wood,
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood, as she played with the flood.
The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will, had a murderous will;
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill, to a hut on the hill.
No mother was there; nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell, in that little stone cell;
But he trusted in love from the Father above;
In his heart all was well, in his heart all was well.
An ominous owl, with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by, sat moaning hard by;
The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die, for he must soon die."
The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained;
The cruel general, the cruel general;
His errand from camp, the ends to be gained,
And said that was all, and said that was all.
They took him and bound him and bore him away
Down the hill's grassy side, down the hill's grassy side;
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride, his cause did deride.
Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent, for him to repent;
He prayed for his mother; he asked not another,
To heaven he went, to heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed
As he trod the last stage, as he trod the last stage
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage

"Thou pale king of terrors! thou life's gloomy foe!
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe;
No fears for the brave! no fears for the brave!"

LEXINGTON.—Dr. O. Wendell Holmes.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silentdale,

Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,
Calmly the first-born of glory are met;
Hark, the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet.
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,

"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams by its side.
Over the hill-side the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come,
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circle: the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path,
Darker the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall:
Red glares the musket flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Dazzling and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet-horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high:
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rolled on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,

Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain and main.

Green be the graves where the martyrs are lying!
St. roudless and tombless they sunk to their rest—
While o'er their ashes the starry folds flying,
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest—
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine,

Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.
OUR ONLY HOPE.—James Madison.

You will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice, which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are, by many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it has never yet had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen; shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys; the kindred blood, which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood, which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that, whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theater, in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which
a precedent could not be discovered; had no government been established, of which an exact model did not previously exist—the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided counsels; must at best have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared fabrics of government which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they err, most in the structure of the Union, this was the work most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new modeled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and decide.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—John Quincy Adams.

The Declaration of Independence! The interest which, in that paper, has survived the occasion upon which it was issued—the interest which is of every age and every clime—the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes—is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished, at a stroke, the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced, in practical form, to the world, the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of a people to each other.
bond of the social union. From the day of this declaration, the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights. They were a Nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

"How many ages hence
Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er,
In States unbon, and accents yet unknown?"

It will be acted o'er, fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated. It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression—so long shall this declaration hold out, to the sovereign and to the subject, the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of Nature and of Nature's God.

North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall secure our mother's;
Child of each is her faithful son!
We give Thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native Land.
For battle has tried thee and time endears;
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a Thousand Years!

—Bayard Taylor.
THE LIBERTY BELL.*—William Ross Wallace.

A sound like the sound of a tempest rolled,
And the heart of a people stirred,
For the bell of freedom at midnight tolled,
Through a fettered land was heard:
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue,
Steadily swaying to and fro.
And to some it came
As a breath of flame,
And to some as a sound of woe.

Upon the tall mountain, upon the tossed wave,
It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the brave;
It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the hall,
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all.
The old saber was sharpened, the time-rusted blade
Of the bond started out in the pioneer's glade,
Like a herald of wrath—and the host was arrayed!

Along the tall mountain, along the tossed wave,
Swept the ranks of the bond, swept the ranks of the brave;
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
And a sun-drinking banner unfurled,
Like an archangel's pinion flashed out from his home.
Uttered freedom and hope to the world.
O'er the mountain and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm and the sunshine forever unrolled
It blazed in the valley; it flashed on the mast;
It flew like a comrade abroad with the blast;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light.
And the hearts of the multitude soon
Were swayed by its stars as they shone through the night.
Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that bell thunders out;
And banners and torches are hurried about.

A shout as of waters, a long-uttered cry!
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the sky!
From the sky to the earth, from the earth to the sea,
Hear the chorus re-echoed, "The people are free!"

That old bell is still seen by the patriot's eye,
And he blesses it ever when journeying by:
Long years have passed over it, and yet every soul
Must thrill in the night to its deep, solemn roll;
For it speaks in its belfry when kissed by the blast,
Like a broad blessing breathed from the lips of the Past.
Long years will roll o'er it, and yet every chime
Must unceasingly tell of an era sublime,
And more splendid, more dear than the rest of all Time.
Oh yes! if the flame on our altars should pale,
Let its voice but be heard, and the freeman will start
To rekindle the fire, while he sees on the gale
All the stars, all the stripes of the flag of his heart.

WASHINGTON'S TRUE ATTRIBUTES.—Robt. C. Winthrop.

It was not solid information or sound judgment, or even
that rare combination of surpassing modesty and valor, great
as these qualities are, which gave Washington his hold on
the regard, respect, and confidence, of the American people.
I hazard nothing in saying that it was the high moral ele-
ments of his character, which imparted to it its preponder-
ating force. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that littl
spark of celestial fire, conscience," was one of a series of mas-
tris which he framed or copied for his own use, when a ope
kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men.
He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life.
No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances were so
minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray.
Who ever thinks of Washington as a mere politician?
Who ever associates him with the petty arts and pitiful in-
terrogues of partisan office-seekers or partisan office-holders?
Who ever pictures him canvassing for votes, dealing out proscription, or doling out patronage?

And there was as little of the vulgar hero about him, as there was of the mere politician. At the head of a victorious army, of which he was the idol—an army too often provoked to the very verge of mutiny, by the neglect of an inefficient government—we find him the constant counsel of subordination, and submission to the civil authority. With the sword of a conqueror at his side, we find him the unceasing advocate of peace. Repeatedly invested with more than the power of a Roman Dictator, we see him receiving that power with reluctance, employing it with the utmost moderation, and eagerly embracing the earliest opportunity to resign it. The offer of a crown could not, did not tempt him, for an instant, from his allegiance to liberty. He rejected it with indignation and abhorrence, and proceeded to devote all his energies, and all his influence, all his popularity, and all his ability, to the establishment of that republican system, of which he was, from first to last, the uncompromising advocate, and with the ultimate success of which he believed the best interests of America and of the world were inseparably connected.

It is thus that, in contemplating the character of Washington, the offices which he held, the acts which he performed, his success as a statesman, his triumphs as a soldier, almost fade from our sight. It is not the Washington of the Delaware or the Brandywine, of Germantown or of Monmouth; it is not Washington the President of the Convention, or the President of the Republic, which we admire. We cast our eyes over his life, not to be dazzled by the meteoric luster of particular passages, but to behold its whole pathway radiant everywhere, with the true glory of a just, conscientious, consummate man! Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that

"... all the ends he aimed at
Were his country's, his God's, and truth's."

Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that he stands, upon the page of history, the great modern illustration and example of that exquisite and divine precept, which fell from the lips of the dying monarch of Israel—
"He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; and he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth—even a morning without clouds."

WHAT WE ARE.—Robert Rantoul.

Over how broad a portion of the world, sir, have we extended the advantages we ourselves enjoy! Our domain unites the noblest valley on the surface of the globe, competent to grow food for human beings many more than now dwell on the face of the earth, with an eastern wing fitted for the site of the principal manufacturing and commercial power of existing Christendom, and a western flank well situated to hold the same position on the Pacific, when Asia shall renew her youth, and Australia shall have risen to the level of Europe. Bewildering, almost, is the suddenness of our expansion to fill these limits, and astounding are the phenomena that accompany this development.

Occupying such a continent, receiving it consecrated by the toils and sufferings and outpouring of ancestral blood, which on the day we now commemorate began, how delightful is the duty which devolves on us, to guard the beacon-fire of liberty, whose flames our fathers kindled! Suffer it not, my friends—suffer it not, posterity that shall come after us, to be clouded by domestic dissension, or obscured by the dank, mephitic vapors of faction! Until now, its pure irradiance dispels doubt and fear, and revivifies the fainting hopes of downcast patriotism. For ever may its shine brightly as now; for as yet its pristine luster fade not, but still flashes out the ancient, clear, and steady illumination, joy-giving as the blaze that, leaping from promontory to promontory, told the triumph of Agamemnon over Troy! It towers and glows, refulgent and beautiful, far seen by the tempest-tossed on the sea of revolution, darting into the dungeons of gaunt despair beams whose benignant glory no lapse of time shall dim; the wanderers in the chill darkness of slavery it guides, and cheers, and warms; it fills the universe with its splendor.
OUR GREAT TRUST.—Rufus Choate.

Consider Washington’s words in the memorable, the immortal Farewell Address! Mark the spirit of patriotism—burning, ardent patriotism—breathing in every page and every line! Read his words upon the vital importance of maintaining the Union!

"It is of infinite moment," he says, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

"All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real character to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency."

These were his words: "It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union"—and Washington was no user of exaggerated expressions. Let us heed his words, my countrymen! Let us ever press up among the people in support of the grand and beautiful harmony of our fraternal political system; and, taking counsel from the immortal hero, whose language I have quoted, let us rally in support of the constitution at whose creation he presided, which was his great, love and affection, and let us resolve to leave the glorious Union which he made unprofaned and undismembered, to our posterity.
GOD BLESS OUR STARS.—Benjamin F. Taylor.

"God bless our stars forever!"
Thus the angels sung sublime,
When round God's forges fluttered fast,
The sparks of starry Time!
When they fanned them with their pinions,
Till they kindled into day,
And revealed creation's bosom,
Where the infant Eden lay.

"God bless our stars forever!"
Thus they sung—the seers of old,
When they beckoned to the Morning,
Through the future's misty fold,
When they waved the wand of wonder—
When they breathed the magic word,
And the pulses' golden glimmer,
Showed the waking granite heard.

"God bless our stars forever!"
'Tis the burden of the song,
Where the sail through hollow midnight
Is flickering along;
When a ribbon of blue heaven
Is agleaming through the clouds,
With a star or two upon it,
For the sailor in the shrouds!

"God bless our stars forever!"
It is Liberty's refrain,
From the snows of wild Nevada
To the sounding woods of Maine;
Where the green Multnomah wanders,
Where the Alabama rests,
Where the thunder shakes his turban
Over Alleghany's crests;

Where the mountains of New England
Mock Atlantic's stormy main;
Where God's palm imprints the prairie
With the type of Heaven again—
Where the mirrored morn is drawing,
Link to link, our lakes along,
And Sacramento's Golden Gate
Swinging open to the song—

There and there! "Our stars forever!"
How it echoes! How it thrills!
Blot that banner? Why, they bore it
When no sunset bathed the hills.
Now over Bunker see it billow,
Now at Bennington it waves,
Ticonderoga swells beneath,
And Saratoga's graves!

Oh! long ago at Lexington,
And above those minute-men,
The "Old Thirteen" were blazing bright—
There were only thirteen then!
God's own stars are gleaming through it—
Stars not woven in its thread;
Unfurl it, and that flag will glitter
With the heaven overhead.

Oh! it waved above the Pilgrims,
On the pinions of the prayer;
Oh! it billowed o'er the battle,
On the surges of the air;
Oh! the stars have risen in it,
Till the eagle waits the sun,
And Freedom from her mountain watch
Has counted "thirty-one."

When the weary Years are halting,
In the mighty march of Time,
And no new ones throng the threshold
Of its corridors sublime;
When the clarion call, "Close up!"
Rings along the line no more,
Then adieu, thou blessed banner,
Then adieu, and not before!

At the great exaltation of the people,
Of the civil and sacred verities of the
voluntary development of their ideas,
not to mention their
Arrival at the latter end of life;—
In man's moral and intellectual
progress, or the history of the
Derangement of the
Understand has been
by the people
LOOKING BACKWARD.*—John Quincy Adams.

Americans! let us pause for a moment to consider the situation of our country, at that eventful day when our national existence commenced. In the full possession and enjoyment of all those prerogatives for which you then dared to venture upon "all the varieties of untried being," the calm and sedate moderation of the mind is scarcely competent to convey the tone of heroism, to which the souls of free men were exalted in that hour of perilous magnanimity.

Many times has the sun, in the progress of his annual revolution, diffused his prolific radiance over the plains of Independent America. Millions of hearts, which then palpitated with the rapturous glow of patriotism, have already been translated to brighter worlds; to the abodes of more than mortal freedom. Other millions have arisen to receive from their parents and benefactors, the inestimable recompense of their achievements.

A large proportion of the audience, whose benevolence is at this moment listening to the speaker of the day, like him were at that period too little advanced beyond the threshold of life to partake of the divine enthusiasm which inspired the American bosom; which prompted her voice to proclaim defiance to the thunders of Britain; which consecrated the banners of her armies; and finally erected the holy temple of American Liberty, over the tomb of departed tyranny.

It is from those who have already passed the meridian of life; it is from you, ye venerable assertors of the rights of mankind, that we are to be informed, what were the feelings which swayed within your breasts, and impelled you to action; when, like the stripling of Israel, with scarcely a weapon to attack, and without a shield for your defense, you met, and, undismayed, engaged with the gigantic greatness of the British power.

Untutored in the disgraceful science of human butchery; destitute of the fatal materials which the ingenuity of man has combined, to sharpen the scythe of death; unsupported by the arm of any friendly alliance, and unfortified against the powerful assaults of an unrelenting enemy, you did not

* From oration, delivered at Boston, July 4, 1783.
hesitate at that moment, when your coasts were infested by a formidable fleet, when your territories were invaded by a numerous and veteran army, to pronounce the sentence of eternal separation from Britain, and to throw the gauntlet at a power, the terror of whose recent triumphs was almost co-extensive with the earth.

The interested and selfish propensities, which, in times of prosperous tranquillity have such powerful dominion over the heart, were all expelled; and in their stead, the public virtues, the spirit of personal devotion to the common cause, a contempt of every danger in comparison with the subserviency of the country, had assumed an unlimited control.

The passion for the public had absorbed all the rest; as the glorious luminary of heaven extinguishes in a flood of refulgence the twinkling splendor of every inferior planet. Those of you, my countrymen, who were actors in those interesting scenes, will best know, how feeble and impotent is the language of this description to express the impassioned emotions of the soul, with which you were then agitated.

Yet it were injustice to conclude from thence, or from the greater prevalence of private and personal motives in these days of calm serenity, that your sons have degenerated from the virtues of their fathers. Let it rather be a subject of pleasing reflection to you, that the generous and disinterested energies, which you were summoned to display, are permitted by the bountiful indulgence of Heaven, to remain latent in the bosoms of your children.

From the present prosperous appearance of our public affairs, we may admit a rational hope that our county will have no occasion to require of us those extraordinary and aeroic exertions which it was your fortune to exhibit.

But from the common versatility of all human destiny should the prospect hereafter darken, and the clouds of public misfortune thicken to a tempest; should the voice of our country's calamity ever call us to her relief, we swear by the precious memory of the sages who toiled, and of the heroes who bled in her defense, that we will prove ourselves not unworthy of the prize which they so dearly purchased; that we will act as the faithful disciples of those who so magnanimously taught us the instructive lesson of republican virtue.
MARION AND HIS MEN.—T. C. Harbaugh.

Six and forty gallant riders,
       With Marion at their head;
Six and thirty stalwart fellows,
       By the patriot Sumpter led.
Like one man they spring to saddle
       When Hesperus trims her lamp;
And, with force that is resistless,
       Fall upon the British camp.

There they go, a troop of specters,
       Down the banks of fair Santee;
Now they ride with flashing sabers,
       Up the tortuous Peedee.
McElrith is in the saddle,
       Tarleton gives his steed the rein;
Rawdon follows boldly after
       Marion's little band in vain!

Where the fox can find a covert,
       There the partisan can hide;
And his camp is in the thicket
       Where the British dare not ride.
From a victory that is tempting,
       He will stay not for a storm;
And the good horse, like his master,
       Hates a scarlet uniform.

Ah! to-day the southern breezes
       From the greenwood's darkening glades.
Bear to me the tramp of horses
       And the ring of trusty blades.
There's a signal on yon hill-top,
       There's a voice in yonder glen;
'Tis the voice of gallant Marion,
       Crying "forward!" to his men!

They have clothed in robes romantic
       Carolina's lovely clime;
And we hear their footsteps' echo
       On the dusty stairs of time.
They, with sabers drawn for freedom
Drove the lion to his den;
Never fading be the laurels,
Won by Marion and his men!

LIBERTY AND UNION.—Webster

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country.

That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprung forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outgrown its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recesses behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children.
Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dismembered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in its original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward;" but everywhere, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

A NOBLE PLEA. *—Pitt.

My Lords, I rise with astonishment to see these papers brought to your table at so late a period of this business; papers, to tell us what? Why, what all the world knew before: that the Americans, irritated by repeated injuries, and stripped of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations, for the preservation of their common liberties.

Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the wanton complaints of Boston were literally treated like the capricious squalls of a child, who, it was said, did not know whether it was aggrieved or not.

But full well I knew, at that time, that this child, if not oppressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a

Extract from the speech of Mr. Pitt, in the British Parliament, January 20, 1775.
man. Full well I knew, that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution, and once breathing the same liberal air as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles, and on the same occasions.

What has government done? They have sent an armed force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty; and, so far from once turning their eyes to the policy and destructive consequence of this scheme, are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told, in the language of menace, that, if seventeen thousand men won’t do, fifty thousand shall.

It is true, my lords, with this force they may ravage the country; waste and destroy as they march; but, in the progress of fifteen hundred miles, can they occupy the places they have passed? Will not a country, which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up like hydras in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition?

Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely no. A victory must to be them a defeat; and carnage, a sacrifice.

But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side; dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every whither in this country and in Ireland is with them.

Who, then, let me demand, has given, and continues to give, this strange and unconstitutional advice? I do not mean to level at one man, or any particular set of men; but thus much I will venture to declare, that, if his Majesty continues to hear such counselors, he will not only be badly advised, but undone.

He may continue indeed to wear his crown; but it will not be worth his wearing. Robbed of so principal a jewel as America, it will lose its luster, and no longer beam that effulgence which should irradiate the brow of majesty.

In this alarming crisis, I come with this paper in my
hand to offer you the best of my experience and advice, which is, that an humble petition be presented to his Majesty, beseeching him, that, in order to open the way toward a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him, that immediate orders be given to General Gage for removing his Majesty’s forces from the town of Boston.

And this, my lords, upon the most mature and deliberate grounds, is the best advice I can give you, at this juncture. Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of freedom and inquiry, and not in letters of blood.

There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow is struck, which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed, will cause a wound which may never be healed.

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**THE ORIGINAL YANKEE DOODLE AT THE CAMP.**

Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Gooding,  
And there we see the men and boys  
As thick as hasty pudding.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy.  
Mind the music, keep the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,  
As rich as Squire David;  
And what they wasted every day,  
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses eaten there, each day,  
Would keep a house a winter:  
They have so much, that I’ll be bound  
They eat when they’re a mind to.
And there we see a swamping gun,
   Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
   A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
   It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
   Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
   As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
   I thought the deuce was in him.

And cousin Simon grew so bold
   I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off,
   And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
   He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
   Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
   As big as mother's basin;
And every time they touched it off,
   They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
   The heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon't with little clubs,
   And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington
   Upon a strapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
   I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
   They looked so tarnal fine,
I wanted pockily to get
   To give to my Jemima.
And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up;
And fire right in their faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

It scared me so I b o o k e d it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home
And safe in mother's chamber.

WOLFE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.*

I congratulate you, my brave countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable Heights of Abraham are now surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before us.

A perfidious enemy who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or entrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who when fresh were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their General's chief dependence.

Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardor is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs and give you no further trouble but in the pursuit.

*Spoken to his army just prior to the assault on Quebec in which the brave General perished. Wolfe was born A. D. 1726—died 1759.
As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forests have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping-knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men, upon fair and open ground. You can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigue of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks; only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach.

The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die; and believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your General, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

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WATCHING FOR MONTGOMERY.—T. C. Harbaugh.

[General Richard Montgomery was killed before Quebec, Dec. 31st 1775, and fifty years later his remains were brought to his native State (New York) and interred with pomp befitting his rank and services.]

On the beauteous banks of Hudson,
   In Astarte's lambent light,
Stands a woman—lonely watcher—
   Gazing northward in the night.
And the wavelets, tipped with silver,
   Kiss the palisaded shore;
She is watching for her hero,
   Who will come to her no more!

When he left her hair was golden,
   Silver threads are on it now;
Dim her eyes have grown with watching,
   There are wrinkles on her brow,
Still she sees him as he left her
With his sword to make men free;
Echoes still his latest whisper:
"Thou shalt never blush for me!"

She has heard the dreadful tidings
From the cold St. Lawrence borne;
He has fallen like a soldier
On the battle-field forlorn.
Now the snows of northern winter
Fall, the hero's bier to deck;
And the sword he drew for freedom
Broken lies before Quebec!

Still she watches by the river
Flowing southward to the sea,
With a wisely faith and patience,
For her brave Montgomery.
Surely he must come to greet her,
She again must see him float
Down the Hudson's laughing waters,
That have often kissed his boat!

Lonely watcher, seek thy pillow,
Leave the Hudson's moonlit wave;
Like a child thy love will slumber
In his cold Canadian grave.
Not forever! in the future,
To the tolling of the bell,
Thou shalt weep above thy hero,
In the State he loved so well.

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed—what storms of shot or shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not alone at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, but at Lundy’s Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence—"Don’t give up the ship!"—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation’s glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country.

What burst of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its fold have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! Wherever that flag has gone, it has been a herald of a better day—it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.
GOD SAVE THE UNION. — George D. Prentice

God has made
A wilderness of worlds; his will, and strong
Creative spirit, shook ten thousand worlds,
Like golden dewdrops, from his waving wing,
To roll in beauty through abysmal space,
And chant the chorus of his love divine.

He made the Milky Way to span the sky,
A pearly bow of promise, every drop,
That sparkles there, a singing, shining world!
He woke the music of the Northern Harp,
The wild, weird chiming of the Pleiades—
And bade the arches of a Southern sphere
Reverberate their hallelujahs high.

The mighty One
Who sweeps the lyre of Ages, and commands
The praises of ten thousand singing worlds,
Creates the stars of Union, and attunes
The lofty heart of freedom . . . shall we,
Proud children of the brave, the free,
Behold our banner, blazoned by the breath
Of glory, sullied by a slave?—our stars
Of Union tossing wildly to and fro
Upon the wave of faction, as they were
But shining shadows, not eternal orbs,
Forever circling through the boundless heaven
Of everlasting purpose?—or shall we
Hear Dissolution sounded and forbear
To brand the traitor hearts that dare forget
The bond for which our fathers fought and blud/
Cursed be the traitors—double, trebly doomed!
The pit of Discord for her victims yawns,
Then, back recoiling, shudders to receive
Their hearts—a fouler and a fiercer hell!

God save the Union! Give the dawning year
This proud baptismal anthem—let its last
Dissolving sigh be—Union undissolved!
New States, with starry emblems one by one,
Come stealing through the Future's twilight dim,
Like orbs of evening from its dusky sky,
To take their place at last with those that tread
Their high, unwearied, and unwearying round
Before the golden gates and battlements
Of Paradise. The harp of Liberty
Shall sound amain, till Death himself expire;
Till God has made us free, immortally,
And Time is dust upon his broken Lyre!
Thrice raptured moment! — if all blessed like thee
Are Heaven's bright centuries, how brief will be
Its countless ages of Eternity!

OUR NATAL DAY. — Daniel Webster.

This is that day of the year which announced to mankind
the great fact of American Independence! This fresh and
brilliant morning blesses our vision with another beholding
of the birth-day of our nation; and we see that nation, of re-
cent origin, now among the most considerable and powerful;
and spreading over the continent from sea to sea.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

On the day of the Declaration of Independence, our illust-
rious fathers performed the first scene in the last great act
of this drama; one, in real importance, infinitely exceeding
that for which the great English poet invoked

'A muse of fire,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.'

The Muse inspiring our fathers was the Genius of Liberty,
all on fire with a sense of oppression, and a resolution to
throw it off; the whole world was the stage, and higher
characters than princes trod it; and, instead of monarchs,
countries, and nations, and the age, beheld the swelling scene.
How well the characters were cast, and how well each acted
his part, and what emotions the whole performance excited.
Let history, now and hereafter, tel
On the Fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, declared that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. This declaration, made by most patriotic and resolute men, trusting in the justice of their cause, and the protection of Heaven—and yet made not without deep solicitude and anxiety—has now stood for seventy-five years, and still stands. It was sealed in blood. It has met dangers, and overcome them; it has had enemies, and conquered them; it has had detractors, and abashed them all, it has had doubting friends, but it has cleared all doubts away; and now, to-day, raising its august form higher than the clouds, twenty millions of people contemplate it with balled love, and the world beholds it, and the consequences which have followed from it, with profound admiration.

This anniversary animates, and gladdens, and unites, all American hearts. On other days of the year we may be party men, indulging in controversies more or less important to the public good; we may have likes and dislikes, and we may maintain our political differences, often with warm, and sometimes with angry feelings. But to-day we are Americans all; and all nothing but Americans. As the great luminary over our heads, dissipating mists and fogs, now cheers the whole hemisphere, so do the associations connected with this day disperse all cloudy and sullen weather in the minds and feelings of true Americans. Every man's heart swells within him, every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that so many years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations.

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**THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.**—*The Sage.*

Gentlemen, a most auspicious omen salutes and cheers us, this day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Washington's birthday is celebrated from one end of this land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country

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*To be recited on Washington's birthday.*
try is this day redolent of his principles—the hills, the groves, the vales, and the rivers, shout their praise, and resound with his fame. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame of Washington. They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their adoption, Washington is an exhilarating theme. Americans are proud of his character; all exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, everywhere, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth.

Gentlemen, by his example, and under the guidance of his precepts, will we and our children uphold the Constitution. Under his military leadership, our fathers conquered their ancient enemies; and, under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles, will we conquer now. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it, through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness—thick darkness, if it come, till

"Danger's troubled night is o'er,
And the star of peace return."

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.—Isaac McLellan, Jr.

"I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history. The world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever."—Webster's Speech.

New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie,
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh! few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress.
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, oh fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely hight,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright, above each soldier's mound.
The bugle's wild and warlike blast
    Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
    And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
    In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
    For they have passed away.

REPEAL! REPEAL!—Lord Chatham.—(1775)

Sir, what foundation have we for our claims over America?
What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive measures against that loyal, respectable people? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together; they are inseparable. Yet there is scarcely a man in our streets, though so poor as scarcely to be able to get his daily bread, but thinks he is the legislator of America! In the last Parliament, all was anger—all was rage. Sine clade victoria, was the cry! The Americans were abused, misrepresented, and traduced, in the most atrocious manner, in order to give a color to, and urge on the most precipitate, unjust, cruel, and vindictive measures that ever disgraced a nation. But how have this respectable people behaved under all their grievances? With unexampled patience, with unparalleled wisdom!

I know, sir, that no one will avow that he advised, or that he was the author of these measures; every one shrinks from the charge. But somebody has advised his majesty to these measures; and if his majesty continues to hear such evil counselors, his majesty will be undone. He may, indeed, wear his crown, but, the American jewel out of it, it will not be worth the wearing. What more shall I say? I must not say the king is betrayed; but this I will say, the kingdom is ruined!

Repeal, therefore, my lords! But bare repeal will not be enough. It will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited
people. What! repeal a bit of paper! repeal a piece of parchment! That alone will not do, my lords. You must go through the work; you must declare you have no right to tax. Then they may trust you. Then they will have some confluence in you. You must repeal their fears and resentments, and then you may hope for their love and gratitude. There is no time to be lost. Every moment is big with wagers. While I am speaking, the decisive blow may be struck and millions involved in the consequence. The very last drop of blood will make a wound which years, perhaps ages, may not heal. It will be an immediateable vulnus; a rancorous, malignant, corroding, incurable wound!

Sir, I would not encourage America to proceed beyond the true line. I reprobate all acts of violence. But when her inherent constitutional rights are invaded, then I own myself an American; and, feeling myself such, shall, to the verge of my life, vindicate those rights against all men who strive to trample on or oppose them!

THE TRUE HEROES.—Choate.

The great contest which resulted in national independence, was a contest between power and principle—authority and liberty. England and America were not alone interested in its results. It concerned universal man, and upon the character of the contest mankind has pronounced its irreversible verdict for the cause of America. British ministers and hereditary statesmen, smiled upon by the king and applauded by the people, flushed with the arrogance of assured power, regarded with disdainful contempt the humble leaders of popular liberty in America, whose names were hardly known to the haughty chiefs that wielded the mighty power, and commanded for the purposes of conquest and subjugation the vast resources of the British Empire. But with each revolving year the names of these arrogant British chiefs are passing from the recollection of mankind, and their fame is growing more dim and obscure; with each passing year the name of the leaders of the cause of popular liberty in
America is steadily brightening. The leaders who shaped the policy of America received, while living, the grateful homage of an admiring country, and a grateful people called them into positions of trust and honor under the government they had founded—the ministers and statesmen of England were ignobly forced from power, with the loss of public confidence, and they sunk into retirement with the malëdictions of the people resting upon their names. America applauds the deeds and cherishes the fame of her leaders in that contest—England strives to forget the deeds of her leaders, and neglects their fame. While America, to-day, utters the names of Washington and Franklin, Adams and Jefferson, Otis and Henry, Quincy, Jay, Warren, Sherman, Hancock, Samuel Adams, and their illustrious associates, with affectionate regard and profound reverence—England, if she recalls at all the dimmed names of North, Grenville, Grafton, Dartmouth, Sandwich, Wedderburn, and their haughty compers, she reproaches their memories with the folly and madness which lost America to the British Empire. America remembers and hallows even the battle-fields of defeat, for the blood of her sons, who fell on those lost fields, was shed for freedom and independence; England strives not to remember even her battle-fields of victory, for they were won in support of a lost cause, and brought neither power nor glory.

OLD IRONSIDES.—O. W. Holmes.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high;  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky:  
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;— 
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more!  
Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh! better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave:
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OUR GIFTS TO HISTORY.—G. C. Verplanck.

The study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveler feels, on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems, and strange, antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of the people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest, the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—the great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power, and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple
of fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty, amid the ruins of ancient magnificence, and the "toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above, and shows all as usual and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders o'er extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men, who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets, inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

"Patriots are here, in Freedom's battles slain,
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,
Bards worthy Him who breathed the poet's mind,
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."

Doubtless, this is a subject upon which we may be justly proud. But there is another consideration, which if it did not naturally arise of itself, would be pressed upon us by the taunts of European criticism.

What, it is asked, has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others?

Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity; such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are, but now, received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations, and to have augmented the
Power and the comforts of civilized man, by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue; of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested these considerations: every mind would anticipate joy in filling up the details.

No—Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to be for thee. What! though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse’s footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple, and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge—Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard: “May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!” “May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!” “May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!”

“UNCLE SAM’S A HUNDRED.”

Oh, ye Powers! what a roar.
Such was never heard before—
Thundering from shore to shore:
“Uncle Sam’s a hundred!”

Cannon boom and trumpets bray,
Fiddles squeak and fountains play——
’Tis his great Centennial day——
“Uncle Sam’s a hundred!”

Stalwart men, and puny boys,
Maids and matrons swell the noise,
Every baby lifts its voice:
“Uncle Sam’s a hundred!”
Nervous folks who dote on quiet,
Through they're half distracted by it.
Can't help mixing in the riot:
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

Brutes that walk and birds that fly,
On the earth or in the sky,
Join the universal cry:
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

Well, suppose he is—what then?
Don't let's act like crazy men.
Must we take to fooling when
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

There he stands—our modern Saul—
Head and shoulders above all;
Yet, "Pride goes before a fall."
E'en though one's a hundred.

"What's a hundred in our day?"
Foreign Uncle Sams will say;
"Let us sit and watch and play—
He is but a hundred.

"Granted he's a shapely youth—
Fair and ruddy—yet forsooth!
He's too young—and that's the truth!
Only just a hundred.

"When he's twice as old, pardi!"
'Twill be easier to foresee
What will be his destiny.
Now he's but a hundred.

"When he's played his boyish prank
Should he seek to join our ranks
We'll reflect. But now—no thanks
Why, he's but a hundred!"

Yes, our uncle's years are few;
He is young—the charge is true;
Let us keep the fact in view,
Though he counts a hundred.
Don't let's tempt him to ignore
Warnings that have gone before;
Perils both by sea and shore,
    Now that he's a hundred.

Let us strive with earnest heart
Each of us to do his part,
So that he may 'scape the smart,
    Seeing he's a hundred.

And with solemn, grateful thought
Of the deeds that he has wrought,
Guided, cherished, favored, taught,
    Till he's reached a hundred.

Let us, as we vaunt his worth,
Mingle solemnity with mirth,
While we shout to all the earth:
    "Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

CENTENNIAL ORATION.*—Henry Armitt Brown.

The conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our path—way the dangers which surrounded them. These men were few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you. You have a Government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing-press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that

* From the oration delivered upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the meeting of the first Colonial Congress in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.
commerce whitening every sea! Stand by yon gates and see
that multitude pour through them from the corners of the
earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem
mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and
swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied
music from an hundred tongues. You have a long and glori-
ous history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ances-

Il of lofty and unperishable examples. You have passed
through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sad
low, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety
through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea
of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not
faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new
government, but of the preservation of one already old; not
of the formation of an independent power, but of the purifi-
cation of a nation’s life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe,
but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to
rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the
greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by
the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius.
The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of
self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of
faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth—
these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the
enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest
the camp; and the danger was far less when Cataline knocked
with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smil-
ing in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face;
in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to
amor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between
them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back.
it is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation
can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We
must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal law—we can
not change it.

The country that is opening is all our own. The years
that lie before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe them
as we will. The future of our country rests upon us; the
happiness of posterity depends upon us. The fate of hu-
manity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked
with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken to deaf ears, is
lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consist-
ent, true to the teachings of our history, proving "divine
descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous—build-
ing up public virtue by private worth; seeking that righteous-
ness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic—lov-
ing our country before all other things; her happiness our
happiness, her honor ours, her fame our own. It asks us,
in the name of justice, in the name of charity, in the name
of freedom, in the name of God.

My countrymen, this anniversary has gone by forever, and
my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed
from us: the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old
century is dead. The American Union hath endured an
hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the
voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall
be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage;
temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for
our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of
thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath
our feet, and century follow century in quick succession.
The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of
yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this
yesternoon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall
not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers ani-
mates their sons.

THE END.
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A number of boys and two females.
A number of boys and two females.
A number of boys and two females.

For three males.
A for a number of years.
A confusion behind the scenes.
A number of boys and two females.
A number of boys and two females.
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A number of boys and two females.
A number of boys and two females.

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