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1814

An Oration, Pronounced Before the Federal Republicans of Charlestown, Massachusetts, July 4, 1814. Being the Anniversary of American Independence

Joseph Tufts

Henry Small

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Presented The
Rev. Mr Samuel Stearns
by his friend
AN Benjamin Thurg

ORATION,

PRONOUNCED

BEFORE THE FEDERAL REPUBLICANS OF CHARLESTOWN,
MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 4, 1814.

BEING THE

ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY JOSEPH TUFTS, JUN. ESQ.

.....Non minus nobis jucundi atque illustres sunt ii dies, quibus
conservamur, quam illi, quibus nascimur. CICERO.

CHARLESTOWN:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL ETHERIDGE, JUN.

.....

1814.

At a meeting of the Federal Republicans of Charlestown, July 4th, 1814.

Voted Unanimously, "That the thanks of this assembly be presented to Joseph Tufts, Jun. Esq. for his excellent Oration, delivered this day, and that a copy be requested for the press."

The Subscribers, a committee to carry the above Vote *into effect*; with pleasure perform the duty assigned them; and hope Mr. Tufts will comply with the wishes of his fellow citizens.

DR. ABRAHAM R. THOMPSON.
JEREMIAH EVARTS.
SAMUEL JAKUES. } Committee.

GENTLEMEN,

As the honourable labour which yourselves and my fellow citizens were pleased to assign me, was executed from a respectful obedience to your wishes, I can have no objection to submit the copy you request to your disposal. And, with acknowledgments for your politeness, Gentlemen, I am with esteem your obedient servant,

JOSEPH TUFTS, JUN.

DR. ABRAHAM R. THOMPSON.
JEREMIAH EVARTS, ESQ.
MAJOR SAMUEL JAKUES.

*Gift
Robert Luce
June 4, 1941*

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1814
Office

ORATION.

WITH no ordinary joy we hail the return of this anniversary. Our INDEPENDENCE, so dearly purchased, and so justly prized, has been lately rescued from the most imminent peril. Its great enemy is fallen. That monster will no more, by his influence within our country, prepare the destruction of its liberty. We shall no more fear him in our cities, in our fields, or by our firesides. His cruel power, so long exerted to fill the world with war and misery, has passed away like a distressing dream. We indeed behold its effects, and we feel them. Cities reduced to ashes, commerce ruined, wealth destroyed, fertile regions made desolate, and nearly a whole generation of men cut off in the midst of their strength, are the mournful objects which the civilized world now presents to the view. But we enjoy the hope of better days. We feel assured that peace will soon return, will relieve the suffering world; will build up the desolate places, will revive commerce, and rescue from the sword its victims.

Our attention is drawn to some of the recent events in Europe.

When the victorious Russian army first arrived at Berlin, they witnessed the miseries which they had escaped, and which Prussia suffered. This illustrious nation, which, previous to the French revolution, had been raised to a very high rank among European States, was now reduced to the last degree of suffering and misfortune. Her gallant soldiers had been compelled to join the invading army of Bonaparte, and their bodies lay frozen on the dreary plains of Poland and Russia. Prussia was not only obliged to furnish men continually to supply the places of those whom the sword or a foreign climate destroyed; but the armies of the tyrant had spread themselves over her territories. He caused the towns to decay, ruined commerce and manufactures, exhausted the treasury, watched the coast and searched the houses to confiscate colonial produce and burn English merchandise. He let loose upon the people cruel-

ty, lust and insolence, and made the government an instrument to urge on the work of ruin. He deprived the prince of all power to protect his subjects, but compelled him to oppress them without measure and without end. He compelled this insulted and ruined people under all this misery and shame to extol himself who had thus trampled them in the dust ; and to celebrate, by illuminations, his triumph over their own liberties.

No wonder then, that the gallant Prussians, relieved from this despotism, mindful of their former military renown, and stung to the heart by the ignominy they had endured, should rise on their oppressor. Their indignation did indeed break forth into a glorious flame. The new levies, arrayed by their illustrious and venerable captain, the aged Blücher, seemed endued with more than mortal energy. In the summer of 1813, the standard of Prussia was seen on the right and left flanks and in the front of the public enemy. Her battalions, badly protected from the inclemency of the weather, but always cheerful, joined themselves to those of the Austrians, the Russians and the Swedes. This united force on the 18th of Oct. met the tyrant at Leipsic, totally overthrew his army, and forced him to fly toward France with the broken remains of his forces.

The great armies of the allies, with resources continually enlarged and numbers daily augmented by the accession of nations recently disenthralled, advanced, relying on Heaven, impelled by one wish, and glowing with one resentment. They poured onward like a vast flood, not to lay waste fertile fields, not to sweep away the works of art, and to destroy the children of men, but to fill regions of sorrow and death with life, and peace, and hope, and plenty, and joy. Their approach dispelled a night of dreadful gloom. They were hailed with songs of gratitude and gladness. They were borne along like a tempest, but their thunders appalled only the tyrant.

Before them lay France, one immense scene of ruin, one widely extended realm of tears. There were in that nation more than twenty millions of human beings divested of almost every thing except the consciousness of their sufferings, compelled to yield one tenth of their young men annually to the sword. There was not one glad heart in this vast multitude, not one who had not been bereaved of some kinsman or friend. Yet no one dared to complain. Through this great field of death no voice of mourning was heard ; sorrow festered about the heart, and was felt, but not seen.

Such was the prospect before the advancing armies. Far different was the scene behind them. They had burst the chains from around the prince, the noble, and the peasant. They had wiped away the tears from every eye. They had given the tranquillity, the calm delight, which comes on the mind suddenly relieved from suffering and danger, and fills it with unimaginable tenderness and joy. They saw indeed throughout Germany the footsteps of ruin, the deep marks of the revolutionary fire they had so recently extinguished. But they beheld also the symptoms of returning prosperity, like signs of spring, like nature reviving on the ravages of winter.

The allies next entered Switzerland and relieved it. That country, for many centuries the favourite abode of Liberty, respected by all the nations of Europe, was early betrayed into the hands of revolutionary France, and stripped to the naked rocks. The mountain nymph was scared from her hills and wilds, and the mountain echoes had long been mute to every sound, but that of sorrow.

The allied armies then entered France by way of Switzerland. About this time Bonaparte, perceiving his resources failing, and his army daily melting away, while that of his enemy pressed forward with increased strength, declared that he renounced all thoughts of further conquest; that is, that he relinquished the continental system. Soon afterward Mr. Madison, taking into consideration the declaration of Bonaparte, and also the reasons on which it was founded, recommended to Congress the repeal of the restrictive system, and it was accordingly repealed. Thus perished what in Europe was called the continental system, but in America, the restrictive system. During the latter part of its existence, it was attended both in Europe and America with unheard of barbarity, cruelty and tyranny. In Germany,* a few months since, an instance occurred in which women of all ranks and ages, the daughters of free and warlike ancestors, were compelled to labour in the open air, on fortifications, and subjected to the whip of a French driver. At the same time females, whatever might be their title to esteem and respect, were exposed to the punishment of felons. If any four were found conversing in the streets, they were condemned to be whipped in open day, and in the face of a large city.

In America during the last stages of the restrictive, or continental system, personal property, if found moving in any direction, was made liable to arbitrary seizure. All communication by water between different parts of the same

* At Hamburgh, by command of Davoust.

state was prohibited. The public roads were infested by men clothed with executive authority, who were watching to plunder the innocent traveller. The people were forbidden to retire from these oppressions, and were confined within their own borders. This unequalled tyranny was felt severely by Massachusetts. This state, mindful of her ancient fame, proud of her strength, and conscious of her resources, seemed determined, after all hopes of other alleviation should fail, to make one great effort to relieve herself from this accumulated ignominy and oppression.

Ought we not to exult? ought we not to be filled with unspeakable gladness, that the success of the allied armies has swept from the earth the relentless and cruel power so fatally exerted to render us miserable; has without our efforts broken our chains before they were completely rivetted, and dispelled our well grounded fears of oppressions, still more dreadful than those we endured?

Hard would be our hearts, and insensible to our own situation, and destitute of sympathy for that of others, should we refuse to join with emancipated Europe in bestowing the tribute of hard earned praise to Alexander the deliverer.

This Christian conqueror entered Paris on the 31st of March in triumph. But here were seen no features of the Roman triumph. He had no kings chained to his chariot wheels; but he came to restore monarchs from long exile, and to confirm the independence of kings. No captives marched in his train, laden with chains, pressed down with despair, and condemned with their posterity to perpetual slavery; but many a martial band followed with joyous step, newly redeemed from unrelenting and merciless oppression; and many a martial banner, but lately unfurled in the cause of tyranny, now, washed from its stains, waved in the cause of truth, with all the pride of ancient chivalry. He showed no spoils of conquered provinces, no plundered monuments of art, no stolen wealth; but in their stead, men rescued from death, and disengaged from the work of ruin. The solemn pomp did not proclaim a kingdom subverted, or a province laid waste, but it announced that twelve nations had regained their ancient rank, and liberty, and happiness. This martial splendour did not appear, that men might be excited to deeds of war, but its last radiance here shone forth as a sign, that the last battle had been fought, the last victory won, the last tyrant conquered; that the dreadful voice of war was hushed; that the long and heavy storm had ceased; that a happy and sweet repose awaited a wearied world.

Where is now the dreadful conqueror at whose name the world trembled ; whose armies Europe was exhausted to form and support ; who had carried his arms into two continents, and his influence into both hemispheres ? A small island of barren rocks is now his dwelling place. He who commanded kings, is now a pensioned subject. He who for seven years held the commerce of the world in chains, dares not now restrain : boat in the harbours of Elba. He is tortured by unavailing desires of revenge. Remorse has settled around his heart and fixed therein a sting, whose pang knows no mitigation. Unavailing regret, and inexpressible guilt have taken their abode in his desolated mind, and dwell there like the owl and cormorant in deserted Babylon. He hears the imaginary sound of chains, and recollecting the numberless private injuries he has committed, he starts at the fancied footsteps of assassins. The visionary forms of the murdered Pichegru and D'Enghien haunt and terrify his slumbers.

Henceforth let not man distrust the justice of Heaven. This is a great moral lesson to mankind. For there is no solitary mountain, no deep and retired valley, no remote forest, no obscure cottage throughout Christendom, where the power of Bonaparte has not been felt. Let his admirers and imitators, if any yet remain, beware how they continue their defiance of truth and Heaven. For the sun will fail in his course, sooner than punishment shall fail to overtake persevering guilt.

Had the American government disregarded the command of the tyrant, that there should be no neutrals ; had it adhered to the determination of WASHINGTON, and kept itself disengaged from the politics of Europe ; we should have seen our commerce continue to flourish, many millions of property gained, and more saved. Many thousand valuable lives would have been preserved. The constitution would have remained unviolated, and our national honour unimpaired. We should have preserved the reputation acquired by the revolutionary war. We should have been respected for wisdom, as well as honoured for courage. Our joy at this moment would not be chilled by regret, nor overshadowed by fears. While the immense multitudes of Europe unite in one solemn hymn of thanksgiving, which reaches to Heaven ; we too could have joined our voice to theirs, and swelled the joyful sound, without being compelled to weep for ourselves, and to mourn over our departed glory.

In Europe the continental system was one of the last evils that followed in the train of the tyrant, and the bitter

fruit of all the rest. Its approach to a devoted kingdom was usually announced by the entrance of a hostile army, which always drew its subsistence from the invaded country, and in a few days made it a desert. The tyrant foraged and laid waste the fields, searched the houses for money and provisions, stripped the churches of their ornaments, and burned cities and villages. He would fight a disastrous battle, break down the spirit of the country, and destroy its soldiers. The next day he would dethrone the prince, drive the ancient nobility into exile, and scatter the ancient constitution to the winds. Then he would erect this pillaged and ravaged country into a new kingdom, place on the throne a new prince of strange language, and exalt all the worst men to office. Afterward he would disperse his myrmidons along the shores. Last of all, the continental system would rear its giant form from among these extended ruins, and darken with its withering shade this wide scene of blood, and pillage, and mourning.

But none of these savage rites preceded the introduction of the continental system into America. To the very moment of its appearance our merchants were prosperous and our commerce extensive. The people had not been called by the government to make any desperate resistance : no swarms of foreigners lined our coasts. But the system was enforced by men, speaking the same language with ourselves. No foreign standard had waved over our fortresses. Our temples remained entire. The youth had not fallen on the high places of the field. No marks of desolation were to be seen. No footsteps of an invading army were visible within our borders.

It is true the fathers of the constitution, the friends and companions of WASHINGTON, the venerable soldiers of the revolution, had been displaced from the government. It is true their places had been supplied by men of a different character, more distinguished by their love of Bonaparte than by their love of truth and virtue.

I shall not enter into the disgusting detail of the evidence of the connection which existed between our administration and Bonaparte. Even now their praises of him have hardly ceased. The adulation of some of their adherents followed him to Elba, and mingled in strange dissonance with the curses of all Europe. The institutions and the resources of this country were devoted to the cause of the tyrant. The constitution, endeared to the American people by the recollection of twelve happy years, and which seemed to have been reared like some fair tree to

endure for ages, to nourish by its fruit, to refresh by its shade, and to be a protection from every storm; this noble monument of wisdom, which appeared to have been framed to be invulnerable and immortal, has, under the hands of its enemies, its present masters, been converted as it were by magic into a formidable engine of tyranny, adapted to carry into effect the cruel system of the French ruler.

The press poured forth unceasing praises of the tyrant. In this flattery all joined, who opposed the adoption of the constitution, men of dark and restless minds, who felt an instinctive love of the gloomy and fierce character of Bonaparte. He was praised by all who were dazzled with false grandeur; by all who were in haste to obtain office, by those who longed for an unrestrained indulgence of vicious propensities; by all who longed for the spoils of war; by the timid, who thought submission would be safety; by men ambitious of distinction; by the feeble minded who had been deceived; and by a great body of honest uninformed men, under the influence of party spirit, and who thought their leaders infallible.

Such a mass of men joining with one voice in their loud admiration of a military adventurer, stained with murder, and blackened with every crime; who proudly triumphed in his iniquity; who, with horrid blasphemy, had claimed the attributes of the Omnipotent; who had enlisted all the bad principles of human nature in his service, who was at the head of the greatest combination of vice against virtue the world had ever seen; was an object truly alarming to the minds of good men. The great foundations of society seemed to be broken up. Some were ready to believe, that an Eternal Providence had entirely withdrawn its regard from mortal men, and that a great moral chaos was approaching, where truth and falsehood, fraud and honesty, order and anarchy would be mingled in wild confusion, and left to a strife without termination. But the ways of Heaven to men are now vindicated. The spoiler has restored his spoils. The exile returns to his inheritance. He whose power protected and whose success encouraged every species of wrong and outrage, now lives a more awful example of divine justice, than he had ever been of prosperous guilt.

While the continental system was pressing heavily on every portion of America, the administration were engaged in ceaseless efforts to beguile the nation into a war with England. It ought not to be forgotten by the American people, it certainly will be remembered by pos-

terity, that the present war is the sanguinary offspring of a single wilful error, from which it sprung, like sin from the head of Lucifer, full armed for the work of our ruin. The proof is on record.

On the first of May, 1810, a law was passed, which had been prepared by the President's own hand, having the appearance of impartiality, but intended by the assistance of other manœuvring, then going on, to be used to withdraw the nonintercourse with France, and continue it against Great Britain. It declared that the nation repealing its decrees before the third of March, 1811, should be relieved from the nonintercourse, which should be revived against the nation refusing a repeal. A series of skillful artifices had been commenced the preceding month of December, which was at length crowned with success, and produced the letter of the French minister, dated August 5th, 1810, repealing the Berlin and Milan decrees, provided England would repeal her orders. Every step of these proceedings is deeply interesting, because every step led directly to the needless effusion of human blood. With this letter before him, the President must have seen that he had only to be silent and peace would continue, that he had only to say the decrees were repealed absolutely, and the nation would be plunged into that war, which had been the darling object of his long and laborious stratagems. He chose the latter, and proclaimed that the decrees were repealed.

It might be questioned whether such an assertion at the present day, now that truth has regained the ascendancy in Europe, would be successful. But at that time political falsehood was honoured because of its success, and respected because of its power. It marched in the train of conquering armies, and proved its assertions, like Mahomet, by the sword.

The proclamation was believed to be true by a very large majority of the nation. The greater part believed it, because it was Mr. Madison's proclamation. Some believed it, because they were determined never to doubt in any case the infallibility of the supreme political pontiff. The more intelligent were deceived by the wilful mistranslation of the French letter. The few of the war party who saw the artifice, approved and admired it. It was in vain that Federal writers proved repeatedly, and in every possible way, that the decrees were still in force. They had the same success as the soldier in Ossian, who drew his sword against the wind. They, like him, could pierce, but could not wound. The fatal error triumphed over argument.

Well then, more than half the American people believed, that the Berlin and Milan decrees were repealed, while all the rest of the world knew they were not; knew that since the proclamation, they had been declared the fundamental laws of the French empire; knew that the seas were still bright with the flames of denationalized American vessels.

Seeing this error firmly fixed in the understanding of the people, the administration thought it was time to quicken it into life by kindling their passions. Accordingly, having demanded of England a repeal of her orders, which they had previously taken care should be refused, they made a loud cry that France was just; that England, proud and vindictive, persisted in her orders in council, was determined to ruin our commerce, and trample in the dust our independence.

War having been declared, the administration seemed to themselves to have gained their object. They could now emerge from their works of darkness to behold the storm they had excited. They could now lay aside the cloak of the magician. They could throw away the wand of Prospero, and seize the club of Hercules. *Their* victory was won before the nation began to bleed. Their triumph was celebrated before a battle had been fought. They had placed the nation on the footing of one the States of the confederation of the Rhine, weakened by the same restrictions, fighting in the same cause, beneath the auspices of the same master. They had placed the nation in a current that would bear it to ruin, without their assistance. Relieved from the labour of deceit, they had leisure to behold the delightful prospect before them. And surely a more splendid vision never met the eye of a tyrant. They saw in imagination, large armies of conscripts pouring like a deluge upon the Canadas, the American standard waving over the ruins of Quebec, and the continental system binding the Lakes and the St. Lawrence in bonds more firm than the polar ice, with chains not to be dissolved by the breath of summer. From another part they seemed to hear the shouts of victory, and listened while the last cry of the last persecuted Indian died away into the silence of death.

Their distempered fancy beheld one more scene; the noble spirit, firm in the cause of truth, chained in its clay tenement; every tongue frozen by terror, the lip of eloquence mute, and every heart that would not yield to them its integrity, yielding its blood.

It was one of the first principles in the tyrant's system, that its persevering opposers were unworthy of property and of life; that other crimes were to be encouraged, this of opposition always to be punished. Our rulers therefore, in the first of the war, caused it to be proclaimed in effect, that it should be a capital offence for a Canadian, in some cases, to defend his own house; so that, if taken fighting his invaders in his own dwelling, provided an Indian should assist him, he might be killed in cold blood, even on his own floor, in presence of his wife and children, without trial or judge.

The progress of this war has displayed one more scene of cruelty, before which all its other enormities appear like tender mercies.

Against the Creek nation, an ancient people, inhabiting an extensive and fertile country, a most merciless and exterminating war has been waged. The invading army fell upon that feeble nation, like the destroying blast of the desert. They burned every house, destroyed, or carried away all provisions, slew multitudes of women and children, and at the first of the onset killed every man of the hostile part of this nation within the reach of their arms. But a more dreadful fate awaited those who survived. They are in a vast forest destitute of food. The children and the aged swoon away with hunger, as if wounded.

Throughout our extensive frontiers, the scenes of so many recent conflicts, there is but one spot where the eye of an American can rest with satisfaction. It is where the battle was fought with federal armour, and guided by a federal hand. It is the spot where *PENAR* conquered.

Happy would it be for America, if her present rulers could repent of their crimes. If, warned by the sudden and awful fall of the tyrant, they could turn from their labours of deception to the paths of truth and justice. But this cannot be. Bad rulers never repent till they are punished, and their punishment often places them beyond the reach of repentance. When they once entangle themselves in the mazes of cunning, when they once enter the paths of iniquity, they never return. The harp of Orpheus could not recall them. They won their power by artifice; and by artifice it has been supported, and must be supported while it continues. Should they leave their deception, those whom they deceive would leave them.

But this foundation will most assuredly fail them. Let them poise themselves ever so skilfully upon their high pinnacle; let them fill the country with false reasonings and unfounded assertions; let them use the greatest

endeavours to accommodate themselves to the fluctuations of public opinion; let them continue their accustomed flatteries; let them alter the constitution in some points, and violate it in others; let them every year adopt new states:—all this will not in the end avail them. It may prolong their power, but it cannot establish it. They know the time is approaching when the splendour of their power will fade, like a meteor, to be seen no more. They know the hour is coming when their friends will fall away from around them. No free people ever continued for a great length of time to support a political system of artifice and deception. It is impossible. For either the people will recover their wisdom and afford a remedy by their suffrages, or the violence and oppression which always attend such a combination, will at last raise an opposition that will sweep it from its sandy foundation.

We still have war, but we do not fight for independence, nor is our independence attacked.

The war will doubtless be continued if the people will support it. But whether the people support it or not, Mr. Madison must yield the ground he has taken, the new and unjust principles for which he seems still disposed to contend. He cannot remain on that ground. He is encamped there alone, since the fall of Bonaparte. When peace does come, it will come free. It will not come in chains. It will not come to destroy what the war has spared.

Although Massachusetts has always expressed her abhorrence of this contest, yet she could not expect an exemption from its calamities. Danger at length presents itself to our view. While this state beholds the war burning along her shores, she remembers the character of her militia, and looks to them with confidence for safety. When the enemy attacks, she will not inquire by whom he was sent. She looks to you, soldiers, as her ornament and her defence. She is not unmindful of your correct principles and exact discipline. In defending the soil, your feelings prompt you to be the last to pledge life, and the first to give it. You did not form your Phalanx to assist in extending empire, to obtain wealth, or to acquire fame; but to exert, like the great man whose name you bear, your first and last efforts in defence of your country. You wish for no laurels, but those, which like WARREN's can be gathered on our own hills, by protecting our own soil.

Two years ago our minds were filled with the most gloomy forebodings, and our lives were burdened with

unceasing anxiety. Such was the state of the world at that period as to render it almost certain, that we should be subjected in a short time to all the horrors of the tyrant's power. We thought of our independence, of the battles that were fought, of the sufferings that were endured in obtaining it. We thought of the patriots, those pure and lofty spirits, now in heaven, who, with more than paternal care, led America through distress and danger, to peace and happiness. We thought of our country once respected by all Europe. We remembered our former hopes, that the liberties of America would be immortal. When we recollected these things, the expectation of slavery seemed too painful to be endured. It threw a gloom over the last moments of the dying. To many the thought of seeing a French army on our shores seemed insupportable. They determined when that hour should arrive, to make one last and desperate effort for their dying country. Short and unavailing they knew would be the contest, but the thought of death at such a moment was soothing to the agitated mind, and reviving to the overburdened heart.

Others, more disposed to hope, turned an anxious eye to New England, full of inhabitants, abounding in institutions for the support of science and religion, from the beginning fond of liberty, and not destitute of military fame. Surely, thought they, the tyrant will find resistance here. This conquest will not be the work of a day. The Southern States "like so many dying sparks" will soon be extinguished, one after another. But *these* hills and mountains will be slow in yielding to the fate of Holland and Germany. But when they recollected that even New-England was already half conquered; that the poison of Bonaparte's principles had ascended her hills, and crept along her valleys, they too despaired.

Let us rejoice, this day, that we have lived to behold the termination of these distressing fears. The storm that seemed ready to burst upon our heads, that seemed to come more near every moment, has suddenly passed away. It has disappeared. It is gone. It will never return!

ODE.

BY HENRY SMALL.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION, AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

WHILE the morn of blest LIBERTY dawns in the east,
And sheds on the nations a welcome resplendence,
May its rays chase the vapours that darken the *West*,
Till the world sees the day-spring of bright INDEPENDENCE :
 May the blood-crimson'd car
 Of the demon of *War*,
 Recede from the shores of *Columbia* afar,
CHORUS. While oppression, aggression, and tyranny cease,
 And *Man* hails the empire of *Freedom* and *Peace*.

From the plains, vales, and mountains, where myriads of slain,
Laid low by the *Scourge of the earth*, are reposing,
How rapt'rous and sweet flows the soul-cheering strain,
While the *spirits of heroes* their forms are disclosing !
 They awake from the grave,
 To rejoice with the brave,
 Who dared the bold enterprise, *Europe* to save :
CHORUS. There oppression, aggression, and tyranny cease,
 And *Man* nails the empire of *Freedom* and *Peace*.

O dark is that breast, where no sympathies dwell !
And cold is that soul which glow'd not, with devotion,
When, hurl'd from his height, the fierce *Corsican* fell,
Whose crimes kept the world in unceasing commotion ;
 Now his legions no more
 Desolation shall pour,
 Nor his *eagles* shake terror o'er *Europe's* blest shore :
CHORUS. For oppression, aggression, and tyranny cease,
 And *Man* hails the empire of *Freedom* and *Peace*.

Though wide o'er *Columbia* War's horrors are spread,
And the patriot and sage, in despondence, are mourning ;
Yet not from her realm has fair *Liberty* fled,
Still she lingers to welcome her splendours returning :
 And her *WASHINGTON's* name,
 Shall rekindle the flame,
 Whose light led our nation to glory and fame ;
CHORUS. Bade oppression, aggression, and tyranny cease,
 And *Man* hail the empire of *Freedom* and *Peace*.

Hail, morn of blest Freedom ! we welcome with joy,
The all that remains of thy ancient resplendence ;
For erst, when loud pæans arose to the sky,
They were wak'd by the glow of *unsoil'd Independence*.
 Then the ocean's vast breast
 Was by *Commerce* impress'd,
 And by *Ceres* each valley and mountain was drest :
CHORUS. O soon may oppression and tyranny cease,
 And return the bright era of *Freedom* and *Peace* !

HYMN.

BY HENRY SMALL.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION, AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

WHEN first our Sires, a pilgrim band,
The dangers of the deep defied,
And sought, in distant, barb'rous land,
The FREEDOM in their own denied ;

To thee, Almighty God ! their prayer,
Of deep and pure devotion, rose ;
Here they invoked thy guardian care,
To save them from their savage foes.

Beneath thy smile, how soon around
Glowed fields, by skilful culture drest ;
Rude forests bowed ; and furious sound
Of hostile tribes was hushed to rest.

Where once, in woods' umbrageous green,
The Indian lit his lonely fire,
Now countless multitudes are seen,
And cities spread, and domes aspire.

Where error, ignorance, and guilt,
Poured their chill torpor on the mind,
Science hath splendid temples built,
And useful Arts have man refined.

Where, darkling, o'er this western world,
Stern Superstition held her sway,
The Christian banner, see ! unfurled ;
See ! bursts the dawn of GOSPEL day.

O Thou ! before whose view sublime,
All earthlings but as nought appear ;
Still, to the latest hour of time, .
Dispense thy bounteous blessings here :

So shall succeeding ages raise,
As did their fathers, famed of yore,
The choral song of grateful praise,
Till nations' names are known no more !

