owes, to himself, to his posterity, to his country—to his God. Faction is awed, while a nation speaks. This distinguished moderation has marked the Revolution of France. In addressing itself to the sympathies of man, it presents a well grounded hope that its results will be permanent. Contrasting its influence at the present time, with the wild excesses, which deluged France with blood, and the prevalence of passions productive of effects at which Religion grew pale, and Humanity shuddered, we behold the influence of reason, attended by the train of all the virtues, and the light of intelligence beaming with a steady lustre upon the fate of nations. Humanity may now dispel her fears—displaying her attractive loveliness, where all her dictates are respected. Religion may hold her olive branch on her thousand altars, among a virtuous people, who presume not to question her blessings, or to violate her sanctuaries—In the tears which both may shed over the scene of carnage and of death, inseparable from human strife, we recognise the mysterious working of Providence; but firm in the persuasion that they will be succeeded by smiles of joy at the ameliorated condition of our nature, we mourn with them over the field of civil commotion, and exult in the return of order and peace.

But Fellow Citizens, forgetting for a moment the excesses which distinguished the first Revolution in France, we owe a passing tribute to the gallantry of her people at that distinguished era. The unrestrained passions which rioted in excess at home when directed against the enemies of her Republican Freedom, and called in defence of the inviolability of her soil, blazed forth in a series of military efforts, which astonished the world. Her armies traversed the fields of Europe, and flushed with successive conquests, seemed destined to make it but the field of France. Animated by a wild enthusiasm, which disdained restraint, they attempted the visionary notion of propagating the principles of Liberty, at the point of the sword. Like the mistaken zealots of former days, who represented themselves as the champions of Religion, in the armour of

death, they dreamed that they were doing homage to the principles of Freedom, by subjugating the nations of the earth. It was this mixture of passions—mingled with contributions from the best of virtues and the worst of vices—which roused that spirit of desperate resistance to foreign dictation, which, while its object was Liberty, its end was Despair. The admiration of their military conquests gradually diminished the spirit, with which the first efforts for Liberty were inspired—and each successive triumph of their arms made them the safer subjects for the approach of despotic sway. The Eagles of France, soared over the fields of Holland, of Germany and of Spain—looked with exultation at the tomb of the Cæsars—flapped their wings in triumph over the pyramids of Egypt, and perched in proud defiance on the palace of the Czars. But the page of history which glows with this record of her Glory—faithful to her purpose—finds in it the death blow to her freedom. In giving chains to other nations they learnt to forge their own. In the blaze of triumph which had captivated their hearts and seduced their senses, they saw not the funeral pile of their Liberties which they had bathed in blood. Too late awaking from their delusion, they found that the Revolution had ended in a change of masters, and that the spirit of Freedom had left France in despair.

The peace which succeeded the revolution of '89, and the few succeeding years, became necessary to recruit the exhausted efforts of nations. The intervals which had marked the progress of their wars, founded in the devices of their leaders were used with spirit and effect for more gigantic efforts in the field. Exhausted nature demanded repose. The spear yields to the olive. The God of War, satiated with victims, and drenched in blood, retires from the scene of his triumph.—Peace with her attendant virtues, descends from the Heavens, and takes possession of the earth. The friends of Liberty in France, weeping over her prostrate altars, bathed in the blood of their countrymen, pause over the accumulated horrors, which had desolated their happy land. Despair, with her sable train,

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