cause of Liberty, it was only that in the progress of human affairs, we might mark more distinctly, the endearing periods of his most eventful life. The dignity and decision, which have signalized the late scene of his labours, and the influence of his commanding name, have hushed into calm composure the elements of passion and feeling which threatened to burst in a storm of desolating vengeance, over the streets of his once devoted city—At his approach the friends of good government rally round him, and the enemies to order and peace, fly from his presence.

The principles of Washington have been illustrated with beautiful effect in the practice of his thrice happy, pupil and friend.—He who might have aspired to wear the crown, animates by choice the councils of a Patriotic King. The throne is shorn of its rays of glory, and the crown of its honor, while the universal voice of the present age, proclaims La Fayette the benefactor of man. With that title, friend of our Revolutionary efforts we greet you this day—You have mingled with our fathers, in the bloody scenes of their day, and beheld the fruits of your youthful exertions, in your recent triumphal entry to our shores. May the choicest gifts of a merciful Providence bespeak its approving smiles. May your days be crowned with peace, and your nights with sweet repose. May you long live to behold France united and happy; and oh when your spirit shall be summoned from the scenes of Earth, may you be permitted to behold from the realms of Hope, countless generations, breathing blessings on your memory, and pointing with exulting pride to that page of History which shall be the record of your life.

Here, fellow-citizens, we turn with fond admiration to the envied institutions of our own dear land. From the period of its existence, we have enjoyed in an unbounded measure, the blessings of a merciful God. Our march to the point of honor and prosperity, which we behold this day, has confounded the powers of numbers, and made prophecy dumb. But little more than 350 years, and the continent of which we form so important a part, existed only in the spirited imagina-

tion of the ill-fated Columbus. His inspired visions of the Western World, supposed the coinings of a "mind diseased," awaked no spirit of enquiry but his own, till warmed by the glow of emotion with which he urged his theory, he was furnished by Royal bounty with the means of testing its truth. Like the great Prophet of Israel, he had seen in imagination the promised land, but more blessed by Heaven, after enduring all the trials of affliction, he was permitted to touch its happy shores. The glowing destinies of this continent are the records of his fame, and a world is the monument which covers his tomb.—This event which was destined to give a new turn to the great current of time excited but little feeling in the Eastern world. The gradual rise of our continent from the ocean of uncertainty and doubt, gave it a place on the chart of the Earth, but excited little other desire with the people of Europe, than to make it the instrument to contribute to their avarice and swell the boundaries of their Empires. But man soared not into the regions of Heaven, nor pierced into the inscrutable means by which the wise purposes of Providence are effected. The beams of the same great orb which in its daily revolutions gilded the Kingdoms of Europe, pierced the dark forests of this land, and inviting the industry of man, promised to bless the fruit of his labours. Imagination lend me your wings, while I skim the surface of the great events which gave presage of the destinies of America, and proclaimed to the world that she would be great. Let your boldest flights animate our theme, and paint the approach of our fathers to the shores of this thrice happy land. Let us behold them, on the broad waves of ocean, flying from the persecution which dwelt in the hall of their fathers, and the thousand fires which the rage of phrenzied zeal kindled in their land. Show them in search of the promised clime, where conscience might whisper safely with its God. Bring us back to the great temple of nature, where the untutored savage heard God in the wind and worshipped him in the sky, while the humble christian at his side, lifting the eye of faith to the Throne of Mercy, recognized the fertile source of all blessing to man. Point us to the cabin of the poor Indian—retreating before the

MdHS 1974 [1351-1087]