dwellings of the white man, and well digested notions of Government realized in the clusters of families, which sparkled on the shores of our rivers and our bays. Here let us realize attachments engaging all the broader appeals to our nature, and rapidly rising to the highest sympathies of our hearts which make country—home. Civilization penetrates the forests, and cultivation smiles upon the abundant produce of the field. Institutions reared on the broad basis of religious freedom, begin to live in the land, and scatter the fruits of knowledge and the seeds of happiness over the face of our chosen realm. Her history is attended with all the qualities of fiction, and her existence at the present hour, seems to be accompanied with all the doubts of a dream.

Fellow-Citizens:—Liberty is the inhabitant of no peculiar age or place. Its principles are coeval with the world, coextensive with its limits. Where intelligence meets them they speak—where ignorance sleeps they are silent—where order and system govern they live—where discord triumphs they die. When the floods of desolation and misery covered the face of the old work, like the faithful messenger of the Ark, they ranged the earth in search of the emblems of Peace. Here they arrested their flight, and here they established their home. They invigorated the air, which our fathers breathed; and as distance broke the chords which had fastened their affections to their native soil, they cemented the bonds of attachment which bound them to this. Persecutions of all kind are nearly allied. They are members of the same great family of instruments, with which the rich oppress the poor—the guilty, the innocent—the powerful, the weak, and the tyrant, the slave. The boundaries of nature upon which they separately act being to us invisible, the sympathies which awaken, at one form of oppression, wait upon them all. Our fathers in the school of religious freedom, had tasted of the fruits of political equality. The cruelty of Governments had convinced them that they were guided by man—all the moral attributes of whom they possessed in themselves. Here was the first dawn of that spirit of resistance to oppression, which finally severed their connection with Europe,

and dictated the noble array of "self-evident truths," which gave spirit and life to the great principles of the American Revolution. A common origin, mutual wants and common defence, had long been binding round the thirteen colonies of America, all the ties of national feeling; and when the period of the revolution approached, had taught them to wield their united energies with force and effect.

The declaration of Independence was their appeal to mankind. When the assembled fathers of our liberties placed their seals upon its face, they pledged their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors" to its immortal use. Its illustrious author, with its ablest advocate, have been gathered to their fathers; and of that circle whose honored names it bears to immortality, but one exists—Like the lonely pillar of some ancient temple, sketching to the passing eye the splendor of a structure which it once adorned, he stands the envied representative of all.

Fellow Citizens:—We are allowed but little time to realize the interesting progress of that great era in our history, or the lasting results by which it has affected the family of nations. We are forbidden by Time to invade the pages of history by any detail of the distinguished events, which successively animated and depressed the spirit of our Fathers in that memorable struggle for their liberties. They have been faithfully preserved, and are familiar to your ears. They are mterwoven with the tales which enliven our childhood and form the text book of our schools. We lisp them in our infancy, and linger over the page which records them in the bloom of life. We see them in attractive perspective through all the courses of our ascent to the hills of knowledge—till they are disclosed to us by education in bold relief, arresting all the feelings of nature, and embracing all the avenues to the human heart. Animated by the theme of our joy this day, we are only permitted to touch, in the moment of enthusiasm, a portion of the sacred soil, on which the battles of our freedom were "fought, and won." We may pause for an instant—hear the cannon roar on Bunker's Hill—and with trembling fears for Liberty, see Warren die. We may accompany, with agitated hearts, our little band of patriots leav-

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