ing the streets of this city—follow them to the Heights of Harlem—among the gallant sons of Jersey—till we "breathe again" with the immortal Washington, on the southern bank of the Delaware. We see the small detachment, with which he strikes at Trenton, and look with apprehension for the preservation of a spirit, which has since presided with firm, but prudent council, over the interests of our happy land, and now appears among us the honored object of our grateful hearts. We hover around the army of Washington, while ascending the fertile banks of the Delaware, and hailing the presence of Lafayette on the field of Brandywine, we dedicate his youthful blood to the service of Liberty in France. We follow with hopes and fears, the receding ranks of our soldiers, as they are gradually pressed among the sons of the generous South, till, joining in the shout of victory, we behold the star spangled banner of our own Republic waving in triumph on the "outer walls" of York.

But the falling emblems of our country's foes, fill not our hearts. Our institutions are the inestimable trophies of that war. The Constitution of our country is the monument around which they are planted—inscribed with the names of Patriot Soldiers and Statesmen, and dedicated to the memory of the immortal Father of his country. Its blessings speak over the surface of a boundless region, holding in its fond embrace, twenty-four separate, but united, happy States, and diffusing all the blessings of life, liberty, and hope, over 13,000,000 of souls, devoted to its principles. These are the great objects, which give real enjoyment to the present, and blaze with the hopes of the future. These proclaim us the guardians of Freedom, and the hope of nations. Animated by these to all the exstacy of which nature can taste, we stand on the verge which separates Time from Eternity—implore the blessings of our fathers, and breathe them on our sons.

The great curtain of destiny is rapidly rising upon the fate of our land. Time in its resistless current, has swept away almost every living spectator of the scenes of old. Their works of virtue have followed the flight of their sacred spirits to the bo-

som of their God—and the labours of well spent lives, are the lasting records of their deeds of fame. As each succeeding year summons a portion of these veterans in the service of Liberty from the scenes of life—like the books of inspiration, their number is diminished, but their value is the more enhanced. Posterity will envy us their possession. They will cling to their neglected ashes, and will build up the spots where they lay, to incite future generations to illustrious deeds. They will hear with amazement that neglect and indifference, were ever permitted to chill the hearts of our Revolutionary Fathers, or that want was permitted to approach their doors.—They will blush for themselves and for us, when stern History tells that the very pay, which the plighted faith of their country guaranteed, is still withheld; and the petition which claims it, lies on the table, in our Legislative Hall. Will they not believe that the inspired visions of the world's Immortal Bard, gave a perspective reproach upon our land in that masterpiece of genius, which displays the children rioting on the inheritance of a living parent, and the rightful owner of their possessions, exposed to the keen results of ingratitude, and driven to despair.

Fellow Citizens:—The tree of Liberty has taken a deep and lasting root in our soil, lifting its luxuriant branches to the sky. Its blossoms of hope, wafted by the pure winds of Heavens over the land of our Southern neighbours, warmed in her genial clime, ripened in her air, and scattered the seeds of liberty and light over the whole extent of their fertile plains. Infant states reared their heads and exhibited their claims to be ranked among the nations of the earth. Their rights have been nurured in the prudent councils of our country, and we gave them the history of our own revolutionary struggles, as the model on which they might found their own. We rejoiced in the victories of their arms and mourned over the fields of their defeat. The tongues of our orators dwelt with rapture on the display of their virtues, and the excited feeling of our people would have made their cause our own. Watching with anxious solicitude their approach to the Temple of Freedom, the Genius of Ame-

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