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DISCOURSE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

CITIZENS OF NORWICH,

ON THE

CENTENNIAL BIRTH DAY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON,

1832:

BY JAMES LANMAN,

Mayor of the City.

NORWICH:
PUBLISHED BY W. FAULKNER.

1832.

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NORWICH, March 1, 1832.

THE Committee appointed by the City for the purpose of making arrangements for the Celebration of the Centennial of Washington's Birth Day, request you to favor them with a copy of your Address delivered on the occasion, for publication.

HON. JAMES LANMAN.

Signed by the Committee.

JOHN T. ADAMS,
SAMUEL TYLER,
WILLIAM PHILLIPS, } *Committee.*

GENTLEMEN,

Agreeably to your request, I send you a copy of the Address delivered on the Centennial of Washington's Birth

With entire respect, I am, Gentlemen,

Your Obedient Servant,

JAMES LANMAN.

JOHN T. ADAMS,
SAMUEL TYLER,
WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Esqr's. }

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DISCOURSE.

My respected Friends and Fellow Citizens—

The course of time has brought us to a consecrated period, in the age of our common country. With kind affections, and grateful hearts, we meet to mingle our joys in the recollection of years that are passed away, and pay our voluntary homage to a national Benefactor, at the altar of friendship.

The wisdom, courage, and virtue exemplified by the ancestor; the venerated institutions, which have secured to a people prosperity and peace; the resolute resistance, by which the ravages of war have been withstood, are all recorded lectures of the aged, to caution, stimulate, or console posterity.

It is indeed both pleasing and useful, to pause upon the airy hill-top, and ponder and gaze upon the vale below. To review the eventful voyage of life; its calms and tempests, its hopes and its fears, its disasters and escapes from the peaceful haven at home—fills the bosom with mingled sentiments of joy, resolution and gratitude!

The lapse of time, as a natural occurrence merely, is always the same. When marked with great events, however, in the developement of striking changes in the physical system, or the wonderful display of human character, admiration and esteem are excited. Their novelty, magnitude or excellence, exalts the mind to the veneration of every virtue. We are early told, on the display of creative power, "that when the founda-

tions of the earth were laid, the morning *stars sang together;* and when the corner stone thereof, the sons of God shouted for joy."

In the celebration of Birth Days, much of the *religion* of the ancients constituted. Then, they offered sacrifices to their gods. Then, they *took omen* of the plenty of the coming year; wrote, and chanted panegyrics; struck medals; made presents; feasts; and vows; displayed gaudy dresses; played public games; and exhibited their joys in all the forms of extravagance. Those who were distinguished for probity and justice; for knowledge and wisdom; or famous for exploits in arms, were extolled in most flattering eulogies. These were made and heard with unbounded enthusiasm.—Thus a love of glory was fondly kept alive, like the vestal fire, and flourished in their view in all its purity. For want of an authentic history of their origin, most Pagan nations have ascribed it to their gods: and by a kindred sentiment have enrolled among their gods, the most distinguished of their Heroes, Sages and Benefactors. In this manner, it is believed, with little of piety, but much of ignorant devotion, they have yielded to Heaven, the source of civil government, and referred to its kind Providence the exalted deeds they attempted to make immortal.

It is not with thoughts so ignoble and earth-born as theirs, we hope, but with intelligent, and reverential awe, that the illustrious event, of which this day reminds *us*, is ascribed to Almighty God, in his infinite mercy: that here in this holy temple, we now humbly acknowledge, not his Birth only, but the whole scope of Washington's parental prowess, and care, as the Savior of his country, in leading it to greatness and glory, to be due to the same Benign Source.

In the Commonwealth of Virginia, in the year of

our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two, and on this day of that year, GEORGE WASHINGTON was born. His parentage, though not affluent, was ancient, and respectable, and let that suffice.

Virtue alone is true nobility. Without it we look in vain and worse than in vain, for the glory of illustrious ancestors, *in this Republic. Here*, none shine in borrowed light. *To warm*, as well as *irradiate*, lustre must be primary and original. Though it be true, that to such of noble birth, as in any country, are precluded from patriotic exertions, in the Cabinet, or field, respect is *paid*, with promptitude, it is *won* by those alone, whose high influence, is devoted to the purposes of benevolence. To a line of descendants, Birth imparts a succession of being, but not of glory.—Persons, and events, victories and discoveries, extraordinary merely, occur in every age of the world. It is these which give instruction and ornament to the historic page: and call forth the eulogism of philosophy and eloquence. But subjects like these, and even more imposing, in which the bravest of an unconquerable soul, have added splendor to human fame, fall far below our mark, on this sublime occasion.

This day is devoted to the memory of *one*, a Fellow Citizen too! on whose glory time with his hundred years, rolling onward through the universe, has fixed his authentic stamp, and ratified his claim to immortality. The Century has passed away from our vision, and now reposes with the years beyond the *Flood*. It is numbered with the ages of Eternity.—But it is marked too, in the annals that slumber there, with an eminence which divides it, from every other age but *one*. With honest pride, may we affirm, that in no bold feature of manly majesty; in no beauty of moral cha-

racter; in no charm of heroic brilliance which has rendered glorious, the era which is past, has history recorded an event, in its results so illustrious as that we celebrate this day. Like the Star which precedes the morning light, it darkens by contrast the shades of retiring night, while it lends an effulgence to the noon-tide of future time.

Placed then, on an eminence so high, with the image of the Father of our Country distinctly before us, what emotions are too deep, or sacred to be enkindled? what pleasing self respect too coy to be excited? what gratitude to Heaven, too pure to be invoked, to do its homage here!

We stand indeed, I repeat it, on an elevated spot! We look hence, through a vast and shadowed vista, by which three generations of our race have passed to their long, long home!!!—Wars! desolations! discords! deaths! oh, how many! chequer over the dismal expanse! Mental energy flags before the scene!! while even a glance at the bold figures, which stand in relief in the last eventful Century, allure and elevate the mind, the protracted gaze, terminates in such a sinking of the heart, as almost unfits it for a day so glorious as this. Nations have risen! fallen! Crowns have been reft of their radiance, or dashed to atoms! The depressed have been advanced to glory and power! The chivalrous trampled down, and led in chains to abject and hopeless slavery, elsewhere! The mourning eye of sympathy may have wept tears of scorching bitterness in other climes.—Scenes have past, awakening the noblest feelings of the human heart at one moment; at another, clothing its ardent hopes in sackcloth, for a suffering world. Topics like these, befit not the pleasures, and the prospect of this day of ours!

The entrance of a new world, upon the highway of nations, wending its course of honor, wisdom and power, among the older countries of Europe, and struggling with all the known and unknown trials with which youth is always environed, and expect no less than a joint summons of all its capacities. The character and progress of such a people no less than its origin, belong to our hemisphere.

I trust it will not be deemed unbecoming to add, that under Heaven, most of the glory of the enterprize is not less our own, while to us has been allotted the display of events in civil and martial history, pre eminently suited to unfold the human character, and adapt it to establish and adorn the name of a Republic. We hail a day, so full of recollections joyful, and soothing to the soul! Hail it as the birth day of Him who won for us our Empire—maintained by valor, consecrated by virtue, and fortified by the blood of patriarchs and warriors, registered in the rolls of Fame.

To turn the eye backward, and condense into a single hour, the mingled scenes of by-gone ages, which crowd upon its vision, is a task to be achieved by history alone. The limited time in which your kind attention will be engaged on this occasion will admit but little of detail, less of personal than public character, and still less of history than of the broad cast views of one who was *distinctly* first in War, in Peace, and in the hearts of his countrymen.

The die of our national destiny has been cast. She has recovered from the languor of extreme exertion, and risen from her repose, refreshed in every limb. She stands forth in the full gaze of the world, which is delighted to mark her fair proportions, the rounded muscles, and steely sinews of her youthful, but Herculean strength. The pride

of place we enjoy among nations, even should it betray us into exultation, will receive at your hands, a ready pardon, when it occurs that whatever of civil power, whatever of Territory, whatever of Liberty, whatever of Independence, and Self Government, this Commonwealth can call its own, have an aspect towards the personage whose Birth this day proudly proclaims.—A day which even seraphs might have sung, was ushered upon the world, attended with no unusual signs to mark it in the calendar. Although he was given to the world to accomplish the Independence of the Colonies, no public indication of it then distinguisned the chronicles of the concurrent times. The Colonies vied with each other then, in acts of virtuous loyalty to the Parent State. They had no other struggle.

Although Washington was less distinguished by education, than the strong powers of his mind, the gravity of his character, dignified mien, and noble port of his person, yet he was early designated, as a youth of uncommon promise. The State in which he was born, had produced eminent men, but none had appeared whose elevation to future rank and confidence, had been deemed more certain and secure than his. The shadow of his future celebrity was cast deeply before him. To the wise and penetrating observer, he disclosed certain nameless premonitions and bright promises of worth, which pledged him to the service of mankind.

At the age of ten years, he was fatherless. His boyhood was the charge of a kind mother. She fostered his tender years, and never was maternal care requited with reward so rich. Here his manly mind was braced at school, with a good share of mathematical learning, while his bold form was moulded by labor, for the efforts and

hardships of maturer life. Like another Moses on the plains of Midian, he deemed the concerns of husbandry and the shepherd, not beneath his care. Here too perchance, in the solitude of the field, he might have seen in perspective vision, some Burning Bush, casting its mild radiance of celestial glory on the untrodden path of his future greatness.

At fifteen, he caused himself to be enrolled a Midshipman in the Royal Navy. The solicitude of his mother, on account of his early age, perhaps her loneliness, perhaps the aid he contributed to her comfort and support, united however to withdraw him from the service, and he yielded his ardor for martial Fame, to the milder dictates of filial love.

At nineteen, when ordinary youth is just casting an eye forward into the field of manly life and activity, we behold young Washington an Adjutant General of the great State of Virginia, then twice its present territorial size. In this mark of public confidence, may be seen an impress of his greatness, which was well sustained, by his glorious and successful life. Early trained to encounter danger with coolness and confidence; submit to trials with patience, and the vicissitudes of life which await us, without dismay or wavering, his mind was balanced on its centre. The solidity of his judgment, and the perseverance with which he met the most disheartening difficulties, fitted him for action in the greatest exigencies which try the soul.

At twenty-one, all these difficulties were abundantly tested and exemplified. Louisiana and Canada were then domains of France. By a line of posts from the Ohio to the Lakes, an attempt was made to unite them. Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in order to prevent the Cordon, found it necessary to despatch a mission to a French

officer commanding on the frontier. It was an adventurous service. A prospect of its perils, were enough to sink the spirits of the stoutest heart.—A dense wilderness intervened, giving echo to no sound but the horrid howl of the panther, and the war-whoop of the painted savage. The distance was immense and untrodden.—The endless ridges and inaccessible cliffs of the sky-bearing Allegheny, frowned between; while sinking morasses, dry prairies, and bridgeless streams multiplied the perils of the dangerous way. Young Washington alone, was found to encounter it.—Grim Winter was before him, to crown the terror of the fearful enterprize. He received the despatch, and on the self same day, passed into the forest, not knowing what would befall him there. With the unyielding intrepidity of a soldier, a hunter, and a sage, he traversed the pathless depth, delivered his message, and to the admiration of Dinwiddie, returned in safety. His journal is on record. Remarkable as it may seem, the same region which he now visited with so much danger to his life, was soon to become the scene of his military prowess!

In the midst of his perils, the site of the City of Pittsburgh was pencil marked in his notes. It now rises, unrivalled in its mart and manufactures, beneath the gloomy grandeur of its surrounding mountains, and will hand down to unborn ages the evidence of his solid judgment, strong forecast, and unblenching courage.

For some time he defended the helpless frontier settlements against the ruthless Indians. In some scenes of their calamity, he was so melted with compassion for distress beyond his power to relieve, that he could write, in the bitterness of his heart, to the authorities in Virginia, in terms like these:

'When surrounded by suffering women and

supplicating tears, I am melted with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease.'

This is the language of him too, whose nerves were of iron, and his sinews of brass, in the cause of his country. Colonel Washington was soon after appointed Aid-de-camp to Gen. Braddock. From the battle field of this brave, but unfortunate soldier, sprung the glory which thenceforward brightened around his brow, until it was clothed with immortality, we trust, in another and a better world.

The Battle came on near Fort du Quesne. On the day before its occurrence, Col. Washington, who had been sick during the whole march through the wilderness, and was still weak, left his covered wagon and joined his General on the field. The army met. The Americans bore manfully the onset, and sustained with equal courage the havoc and carnage which ensued. The colonial troops were said to "fight like men, and die like soldiers." Soon after the conflict commenced, no aid but Washington was left to bear the orders of Braddock on the field. Two horses fell under Colonel Washington, four balls thridded his coat, but *he* remained unhurt.

The battle ceased.—The Colonial troops were nearly exterminated. With the help of Capt. Stewart, he bore on a tumbril the dying Braddock from the field. How true is it always found, that conscious virtue nerves the hero's heart. He, whom so lately you witnessed, mingling his tears with the wretched borderers, is now wading in the field of blood. How strangely compatible are firmness and tenderness. Surely, to be without fear, is, like the chivalrous Bayard, to live without reproach.

Fain would I detail more particulars of the illustrious character,—*then* the pride of Virginia, and since the pride of an age illustrated by his name and deeds of glory. The incidents of his whole life were but the emanations of an excellent name. I spare detail with reluctance.

Having imparted to the troops of Virginia a knowledge of discipline, and a spirit of gallantry, he resigned, at the age of twenty-six, the office of their Commander-in-Chief. In retiring to his seat at Mount Vernon, now bequeathed to him by a deceased brother, he carried with him their deep personal regret, and highest esteem for his military worth. Here, in the bosom of tranquility and affluence, he enjoyed a dignified repose, until the year 1775, interrupted only by his duties in the Legislature, and the command of the Independent Troops of the State. He was then elected to Congress. This election placed him directly before the nation, on the salient point of the amazing hazard they were about to encounter. A crisis had arrived, requiring such a man. Such a man was superior to every crisis. Such were the dignity of his deportment, the confidence inspired by his talents, probity and firmness, that he was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the troops (raised or to be raised) in the United States. With great reserve and modesty, declining all reward for services, pains or privations, he accepted the appointment, and entered upon its momentous duties.

And now my friends, here pause!—Pause here!! Ye in whose veins is flowing the blood of American fathers! ye whose hearts recoil at the name of dependence! and kindle at that of Freedom and glory! Pause at this sublime point in the character of this exalted Soldier!!! There are *those*, nay, Generals of the highest rank and merit

too (and I honor the service) who have engaged in war for pay, for plunder, for fame.—There are those who fill the ranks of an army for ambition, for bread to supply the cravings of a reckless life. To their bosom no disquiet is brought by the ravaged and desolated field of the husbandman, or the smouldering ruins of his happy home!

Before *him* whose birth we celebrate, what domains could his country spread before him, as the price of his victories! what coffers of wealth to be pillaged! what stars and garters to be won for his reward! Poor in every thing but unsullied honor, they had *then* nothing to give—no, nothing! Surrounded as we are now, with every blessing, our *Fathers* were poor, destitute! oppressed! and afflicted! they had nothing to give! Yet *he* turned his back upon a princely manor, smiling in all its rural loveliness, from the banks of the noble Potomac; he left the beloved wife of his youth, family, friends, and fortune, behind him. He bared his bosom to the stern storm of war, lowering in terror over the very being of his beloved country. His anxieties and solicitudes were every thing! but nothing his fears of impending ruin.—Reposing on the integrity of his motives, the purity and justice of the cause, he heard the sighs of violated right and suffering Freedom, and his full heart responded to the cause of his country. No offer met his ear, but that of being chief sufferer in the cause of a suffering people. No tender, but that of foremost rank among those who watched and toiled and bled for their inheritance. He too, like the shepherd of Midian, counted the reproach of the patriot greater riches than the treasures of Kings, not accepting deliverance until the armies of the aliens were all turned to flight.

How are our minds struck with the ingenuous-

ness, self devotion & disinterestedness of his heart, when reading his reply to the first address of Massachusetts. That all these blandishments are renounced, arduous duties assumed, and perils encountered, "to emulate their public spirit" in support of the rights of mankind, and their common country. "That his highest ambition was to be the instrument of vindicating those rights, and restoring that devoted Province to Peace, Liberty, and safety." This noble act secures to gratitude and praise an immortal claim. Well might we hope, that to such a benefactor, songs of joy would be sung while memory and time should last.

It is wisely provided in the dispensation of heaven, that the mass of realities which lie concealed by the shadowy scenes of Futurity, be unmasked to our view, only as we are able to bear them. Thus, the awful rapidity of their flight loses its terror, and in place of despair leads to diligence, confidence, and unwearied occupation.—The past as it glides away is full of experience. Events over which we had no control, unfold to us often the maxims of wisdom.

Had we seen, from the battle of Lexington to the fall of Cornwallis, the events at a single view, which awaited our infant Republic, what bosom could have borne up under the affecting vision? In retrospect, what scenes of sorrow and exultation burst upon the mind. In a period of eight years which tried the souls of men, what portion of our broad land brings not with it the stamp of want, devastation, or blood! Thanks be to heaven that the Saviour the Country was raised up.—Washington appeared. The confidence inspired by his name, raised the spirits of Congress, re-assured the nation, ultimately allied us to a friendly power, aud confirmed our hopes. The Clintons, and Rawdons, Burgoynes and Tarltons, Howes

Cornwallis's and Carltons came, and saw, and bore testimony to the world that a people resolved to be Free, could never be conquered. But what prophetic eye could have foreseen the variety and end of its miseries! Who could have descried the Pisgah height whither our Moses was bending his glorious way with his associates in arms?

But the time time will fail me, to traverse the field of our sufferings or triumphs. Nor is it my purpose! I deal with the Father of our country: with mine! with yours! a topic, absorbing all my powers! nor can I do it justice. A great man, struggling with the storms of fate, is always a sublime subject. It puts at fault, faculties far loftier than I can boast. With a trembling hand, a few only of the features of the conflict will be sketched.

In the year 1779, an impression pervaded both the country and its councils, that our Independence was achieved; that our alliance with France had made it certain, and the nation might rest on its oars. This flattering delusion, by distracting the opinions and interests of public men, had well nigh lost us the stake for which we fought. The nursling in the cradle had almost perished through neglect. Washington saw with deep anxiety the disastrous effects of such an error to relax our efforts, and paralyze onr energies, and his big heart yearned over the Republic. With what tenderness and wisdom did he press upon Congress, and through them on the people to repel the flatterlng hope! How persuasively urge them, by all the sufferings of the past, the bright but distant hope of the future, and the sacred claims of posterity to believe no beguiling tale; yield to no amusing measures of the Parent State, whose denial of justice had been surmounted by the aid of savage auxiliaries. He feared not the *arms*, but the *arts* of the gift-bearing Greeks, but feared most of

all, the remission of efforts still in our power. His voice was heard. It prevailed.

Four years, four weary years, under such counsels, did he watch, and toil, and persuade and struggle for our deliverance! How long and faithfully he watched, none but the Guardian of his sleepless nights, could ever know.

Valiant and skilled in arms, as his talents and experience taught him to be, in the whole round of his matchless labors, Washington resembles less the ambitious General, than a faithful father, transmitting to his sons a fair inheritance. His bleeding heart oft wept at others' woe, but meekly bore its own.

With becoming reverence, may the grateful heirs of such an inheritance adopt the language of another sufferer, long since crowned with glory, in view of the nights of vigilance and days of care he endured on earth: "In patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in tumults, in labors, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, and by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, he is approved to us" the minister of heaven, to emancipate and adorn our favored country!!!

An eight years' war is now over. We pause again.—Not with the back toward Mount Vernon, leaving all the delights of life.—Not towards the whitening fields of our native land, teeming with harvests, for the hand of the spoiler. No. We rest now at the barrier of the battle field, to enquire, how calmly he bears the triumphs of the war.—Not merely over a foe whose thankless departure for a distant shore had left an ocean between us, but his triumphs in the bosoms of exulting millions! And it is *thus* he bears it:—Sheathing the long drawn sword of his glory, he says to Congress, with all the modest dignity peculiarly his own:—

"That having confided in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the Union, and the patronage of heaven, the great events on which his resignation depended, were accomplished. Independence and sovereignty were confirmed. The trust committed to him was discharged, and he claimed indulgence to retire from the service of his country!"

The States responded with tears in their eyes:

"Sir: You have defended the standard of Liberty.—You have taught to those who inflict, and those who feel oppression, a useful lesson. From the great theatre of action, you will retire, with the blessings of your country. But the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your career in arms. It will continue to animate remotest ages."

His eyes having seen the salvation of his country, this public servant departed in peace from the field, crowned with laurels, to the shades of private life. His repose was short. He had here fondly hoped, when toils and cares should have passed away, that he might rest his war-weary head on the lap of his native soil. But this could not be. Independence and Peace were indeed acquired; but even these soon wore an unpromising aspect. Clouds began to lower, and public establishments were disturbed by the prejudicies and jealousies of the people. A heavy war debt, with weak financial means and exhausted resources, threatened most calamitous consequences, and required timely aid to avoid them. The fiscal system which had expired soon after the war, Congress could not restore. Provision for the public debt, the regulation of commerce, and the military force, became all-absorbing topics of public interest. Yet so well founded and habitual was his hold on public confidence, that all eyes were turned upon him to sustain them on the tem-

pestuous trial. The Father of his Country had not ceased to watch its gathering perils, and fortify his mind against them. A Convention of the States was called to be holden at Philadelphia in 1787, and General Washington was unanimously selected to preside over its deliberations. Aided by his wisdom, experience and firmness, a new political system was devised and duly adopted by the States. Out of chaos was deduced order, and light sprung out of darkness. His unfeigned preference for private life, gave him no exemption, and General Washington was called by an undivided suffrage to execute the government under the Constitution. Obedient to this repeated call to civil power, he left the ambrosial shades of Mount Vernon, to enter upon the momentous service. When arrived at Alexandria, on his way to the seat of government, his fellow citizens met, saluted, and bade him Farewell. The terms in which it was done are so rare among the great, that they cannot be suppressed. They would not have been addressed to him, without a conviction on their part, that he yielded to duty, less than ambition, in assuming the Chair of State. They say:

"Not to extol your glory as a soldier: not to pour forth our gratitude for past services: not to acknowledge the unexampled honor conferred on you by the unanimous suffrages of three millions of people: nor to admire the patriotism which directs your conduct, do your neighbors and friends address you! Themes less splendid, but more endearing, impress our minds. The first and best of citizens must leave us.—Our aged must lose their ornament—our youth their model—our agriculture its patron—our commerce its friend—and, our poor their benefactor.—Farewell!—Go, and make a grateful people happy! To that Be-

ing who maketh and unmaketh at his will, we commend you. When the arduous business to which you are called shall be accomplished, may He restore you to us again, the best of men, and most beloved of citizens."

Fellow Citizens, he did go, and carried with him the same balmy and health-giving influence which had always breathed around his path. He did go, and lent himself anew to his country, to prove to an admiring world, that he was no less wise in counsel, than wonderful in action.

Here let me remark, (and it is done with no disrespect to the moral worth of my countrymen) that such were the angry clouds that hung upon the brightest morning that ever dawned on the world, had it pleased heaven to have withdrawn Washington from the earth during this ominous period, our sun would have gone down at noon, perchance in blood. Jealousy, intrigue and ignorance would have accomplished what was impossible to Britain, and domestic discord filled up the measure of our blighted hopes. On this side of the ocean would have been seen, not the sceptre, but the fragments of Empire. Thank Heaven, he was preserved! and the chair of State was sustained, with all the firmness and prudence required by the most eventful and trying period of our history.

Credit was established; union was fostered; commerce secured and extended; rebellion suppressed; the laws sanctioned and obeyed; party spirit discouraged; neutrality maintained; public force demonstrated; genius cherished; the respect of Foreign Powers elicited; the faith of the nation amply redeemed; domestic quiet restored; the unexplored field of Civil Power measured and defined; and the success of the Federal Government made triumphant.

Although a high sense of honor and susceptible

feelings, exposed him to occasional ebullitions of party rancor, and the envy of malicious and misguided men, his character was a bulwark to reproach, and turned calumny backward, blushing on its track.

Sighing for rest, he declined a third election to the Presidency, persuading himself, that his presence at the head of Government was no longer indispensible. With a frankness suitable to his integrity, and a force that bespeaks greatness, he displayed the motives and principles of action which had governed his conduct, and his confidence in such as would secure the public prosperity. His Farewell Address admonishes us with the solemnity of the tomb. It comes thence, laden with the richest experience of a long, laborious, and unsullied life. Having been dedicated to the nation and to Him who ruleth it at His pleasure, his life was closed in peace, with a prayerful hope that his country might be perpetual. Illustrious through the world, his auspicious days ended in 1799.

In the hearts of a grateful people he can never die! His honor is deposited, where misfortune can never mar, nor malice sully its lustre. Magnanimous even in death, the gloom of the grave could not obscure its radiance! With the point of a diamond, his virtues stand engraved upon every page of American history. With the same bold hand may they be transcribed on the hearts of the joyous millions who this day celebrate his Birth.

Erratum.—Page 2d, the name of Asa Roath, should be added to the Committee.

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