

Star & Republican Banner.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA. FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

[VOL. 8—NO. 15.]

THE GABLAND.



With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens call'd with care."

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.
THE HONORED OF FAME.
A Tribute to the noble Advocate of Free
School Education.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PRIBORN.

Hon'd a glorious cloud of dazzling white,
Adorn'd with fringe of gold and purple light,
Fame's mighty Manuscript lay wide unroll'd,
Cross'd by a glittering pen of purest gold;
Wealth'd with green olive leaves, and clustering
flow'rs,

Cull'd from the everliving laurel bow'rs,
Swifter and brighter than the electric flame,
The Genius of the thousand echoes came:
She took her pen, and with a thoughtful smile,
Turn'd the bright pages of her book the while.

First on a page of pure and dazzling white
Was written WASHINGTON! in lines of light:
Thou hast no match, she said, transcendent one!
Thou standest, and wilt ever stand, alone.

She turn'd the leaf, and with attentive eye,
Survey'd an ample page of crimson dye;
On which in blazonry appear'd the name
Of those whom deeds of blood had rais'd to Fame;

From Nimrod, who first fill'd a regal throne,
Down to that sport of Fate, Napoleon.
I cannot write his name with these, she said;
They trod the earth like pestilences dread,
Till even in weakness Death turn'd away,
And the insatiate Grave allow'd the prey.

That leaf she turn'd, and there appear'd to view,
Bright names upon a page of sable hue—
I read Lycurgus, and from thence believ'd
That these were they whose laws the world receiv'd.

He must not be enroll'd with these, she cried;
They were self righteous men, of vengeful pride,
Who weigh'd and measur'd out due punishment
For crimes they should have studied to prevent.

Another leaf of blue, with letters bright
As the red lightning's track of liquid light,
Display'd their names, whose mighty minds had
striven

To grasp the rolling spheres, and balance heaven,
She mark'd her Newton's name with smile of pride,
And yet I will not write him here, she cried.
Next o'er an emerald page their names were spread,
Who studied Nature and the earth we tread:

Bright characters and noble men are here,
Yet not amongst their names must his appear.
Now on a motley page shone many a name,
Of such as handicrafts had rais'd to Fame;

She look'd then over with a beaming face,
And said, These men were a blessing to their race,
They took the grief and burden from the toil,
With which the agriculturist tills the soil,
And Mechanism smiles proudly o'er his lot,
While Manufacturer's labor is forgot.

And the wide expanse of the sea and land
Is now a point by their vast genius spann'd;
Industry blesses them, and thankless pride
Is with her trappings by their means suppli'd.

A moment as in musing mood she stood,
Then turn'd a leaf translucent as the flood,
O'er which like pearls upon the ocean's bed,
A few inestimable names were spread,
In various languages, of every clime,
From Cadmus downward to the present time.

Fathers and Nurses these of Literature,
She said, whose names forever must endure;
And yet, not even with this august band
The name of Pennsylvania's pride must stand.

All those my favorites in the days of old,
And these bright names at recent dates enroll'd,
Display'd the powers of the immortal mind,
How it may soar, extend, and be refin'd;

How high, how wide, how deep their genius went!
Strong to explore, to improve, and to invent.
Each at the goal displayed his glittering prize,
A dazzling sunbeam to admiring eyes,

And urg'd the ardent youth to follow on,
Along the dazzling path in which they run.
And many look'd with eager longing eyes,
And heart and hand, that might have won the prize,
Then turn'd with bitter feeling to their toil,
To ply their trade, or farm the heavy soil—

For Penury's cold chain lay on their breast,
And all the soul's rich ardor was suppress'd,
Full many a mind in utter darkness lies,
That might have rank'd amongst the great & wise;

For Learning's gate was lock'd, and would unfold
To none but such as brought a key of gold;
Even Native Genius, proudly suffering,
Mourn'd an uncultur'd youth, with drooping wing.

He, whom I honor now, beheld with pain,
Amongst proud Pennsylvania's laboring train,
The bright spark smoldering in the unopen'd
mind,

And the rich metal rusting unrefin'd,
And knew how great his country's loss must be
In talent thus unwisely thrown away.
He rose in might, and nobly stem'd the tide,
Of purblind Ignorance and preposterous pride,
And Parsimony, whose low, earthen mind
Was never by a ray from heaven refin'd;

Who'd rather have one glittering coin in store
Than all the wreaths my laurels ever bore.
Firmly amidst opposing ranks he stood,
While o'er his feature's play'd the generous blood;

And the clear eye burnt with an ardent flame,
That from his lips like holy incense came,
"Till those who gaz'd and listen'd caught the glow
And felt their spirits with the speaker's flow.

He won the day, and Learning's partial door,
Is open now alike to rich and poor;
All have access to Science's holy spring,
And there's no chain on Genius' restless wing;
No more by iron Penury confin'd,
Shall the germ wither in the inventive mind;
But now Instruction's genial dew shall fall,
And her bright sun shine equally on all.

The man is great who boldly wins a crown,
And he who earns a conqueror's renown;
And he is great whose salutary laws
Restrain the bad, and right the sufferer's cause;
And they are great who gave to Science birth,
Who climb'd the heavens, and meted out the earth,
Measur'd the elements, and weigh'd the air,
And laid the mysteries of Nature bare;
And they are great who bend the inventive mind

To improve the Arts and benefit mankind—
But, he is greatest, who with honest soul,
Pursues what most may benefit the whole;
Who, nobly great himself and truly wise,
Pours light and knowledge on all willing eyes,
And sends Instruction with her magic wand,
To fledge the wings of Genius thro' the land,
Till she arise and range with extacy,
Through all Time's mysteries, to Eternity.

Then bending o'er a page of morning light,
In brilliant characters I saw her write
[Name
THADDEUS STEVENS! His glorious
Thus honor'd on the eternal roll of Fame;
And future years with their ten thousand tongues
Shall hymn that name in proud and grateful song.

LIBERTY, Floga co. Penn.
FROM THE PERRY FORSTER.
"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

O! fade not yet effulgent star,
That lured me in the morn of life,
To follow thy resplendent car,
That rolled above the vales of strife.

O, fade not yet! but while I mourn
"That Time could mar so fair a scene,
Guide Memory to the distant bourn,
Where first thy meteor light was seen.

We long to grasp the rainbow hues
Of Hope, that mock our longing eyes;
And lave us with the star-light dew
Of beauty in her earthly guise—

Or blend our spirits with the beams
Of vernal morn, or summer eve,
And revel in the lovely dreams
Which youthful hope and fancy weave;

And drain the sparkling cup of joy,
Or wear the laurel wreath of fame—
One ray without alloy—
One spark of glory's sacred flame.

How bright and beautiful appears
Even now that moment, and how vain,
And dull, and cold, the after years
Of Life's state joys that yet remain.

Now manhood mounts the steep of Fame,
—That frightful solitude of woe—
A kindred with the stars to claim,
And gaze with eagle-eye below.

But finds beyond that giddy height,
That all is desolate and lone;
The darkness of an arctic night,
Where thunders echo to our moan.

Now the soul sickens, and we bow
Reluctant to the kindless blast,
Which licks our proud aspirings low,
The heart's warm jewels of the past.

And this is Life—I weep, I weep
O'er ills which future life may bring,
And in oblivion's Lethæe sleep
The heart's worn feelings, still they sting.

Now fade for aye, wild meteor fade,
Quenched in the ocean depths of woe;
O'er blighted joys and hopes decay'd,
The tear in solitude must flow.

Bloomfield, June 16 1837.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.
She, in the working of whose Destiny
The Man of Blood and Victory attained
His more than kingly height.—[The Conqueror.

When a few centuries shall have thrown their
shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon,
and give to everything about him the tinge of
romance, the story of his first wife will seem to
the student rather a fact, than a fact; he will look
upon her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with
a deeper interest; for she, far more truly than her
lord, was from first to last "the child of destiny."

Told, while yet unmarried that she would be a
wife, a widow, and then Queen of France—the
entire fulfillment of the first part of the prophecy,
gave her courage to believe in the last part also,
when under sentence of death. When her bed
was taken from her, because she was to die in the
morning, she told her weeping friends that it was
not so, that she should yet sit upon that throne on
the ruins of which Robespierre then stood triumphant,
and when asked in mockery, to choose her
maids of honor since she was to be queen, she did
choose them, and they were her maids of honor
when half of Europe looked up to her. On that
night, which was to have been her last on earth,
Robespierre fell. Had he fallen a few days earlier,
her first husband would have lived; had his fall
been but one day later, Josephine herself would
have been among the ten thousand victims, whose
names we have never heard.—But he fell on that
night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon, and through her, and as
her husband, he was appointed to the army of
Italy; step by step they rose, till, at last, the crown
rested upon her head—the second part of the
prophecy was proved true, and she began to look
forward to that loss of power and rank, which had
also been foretold,—and which was to close the
strange drama of her life.

And he that had wedded the child of destiny
every day more strong, and more grasping.
In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition,
and chasten his aims; he was an emperor, he wish'd
to found an empire, and by slow degrees he
made himself familiar with the thoughts of putting
her away.

When the campaign of 1809 was at an end,
hardened and narrowed, the general came back
to his wife; his former kindness was gone,—his play-
fulness was checked, he consulted her but seldom,
and seldom stole upon her private hours, with that
familiar look that had so often made her heart leap.
She saw that the hour drew nigh.

It was the evening of the 20th of November; the
Court were at Paris in honor of the king Saxony.
Josephine sat at her window, looking down upon
the river, and musing on the dark fate before her,
when she heard Napoleon's step at her door. She
sprang to open it, using her usual exclamation
"mon ami." He embraced her so affectionately,
that for an instant all her fears and woes seemed
vain. She led him to a chair, placed herself at his
feet, and looking up into his face, smiled through
her tears.

"You are unhappy, Josephine," said the em-
peror.
"Not with you, sire."

"Bah!" said he quickly, "why call me sire!
these shows of state steal all true joy from us."
"Then why seek them?" answered Josephine.
The emperor made no reply. "Are you not the
first of men," she continued "why not quit war,
turn ambition out of your councils, bend your

thoughts on the good of France, and live at home
among those who love you?"
"Josephine," said he, turning his face from
her, "it is not I, it is France, demands the sacrific-
e."

"Are you sure of that, my lord?" said his wife;
"have you probed your heart to the bottom? is it
not ambition that prompts you to seek reasons
for repudiating me? for think not, Napoleon, I
misunderstand you; are you sure it is the love of
France?"

Every word that she spoke touched him to the
quick; and rising hastily, he replied, "Madam, I
have my reasons; good evening."
"Stay, sire," said she, taking hold of his arm,
"we must not part in anger. I submit. Since
you wish it, I submit cheerfully. It is not in my
nature to oppose your will. I love you too deeply.
Nor shall I cease to love you, Napoleon, be-
cause I am to leave your throne and your side.—
If you still go on victorious, I shall rejoice with
you; if reverse comes, I will lay down my life to
comfort you. I will pray for you, morning and
night; and, in the hope that sometimes you will
think of me."

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his
wife deeply and long, and his submission to his
stern resolve—her calm but mournful dignity—
her unshaken love moved even him; and for a
moment Affection struggled with Ambition. He
turned to embrace her again. But in that moment,
her face and form had changed. Her eye was lit
with a fire like that of insanity, and her whole
person seemed inspired. He felt himself in the
presence of a superior being. She led him to the
window, and threw it open. A thin mist rested
upon the Seine, and over the gardens of the palace;
all around was silent; among the stars, then be-
fore them, one was far brighter than the rest—she
pointed to it.

"Bonaparte," she said, "that star is mine; to
that and not to yours, was promised empire; through
me, and through my destinies, you have risen; part
from me and you fall. The spirit of her that fore-
saw my rise to royalty, even now communes with
my spirit, and tells me that your fate hangs on
mine. Believe me or not, if we henceforth walk
asunder, you will leave no empire behind you, and
will die yourself in shame, and sorrow, and with a
broken spirit."

He turned away sick at heart, and overawed by
the words of One, whose destiny had been so
strangely accomplished. Ten days were passed
in resolves and counter-resolves—and then the
link that bound him to Fortune, was broken.—
Josephine was divorced—and, as he said himself
at St. Helena, from that hour his fall began.

Josephine was divorced—but her love did not
cease; in her retirement, she joyed in all his suc-
cesses, and prayed that he might be saved from the
fruits of his foul ambition. When his son was
born, she only regretted that she was not near him
in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to
Elba, she begged that he might share his prison,
and relieve his woes. Every article that he had
used at her residence, remained as he left it; she
would not let a chair be moved. The book, in
which he had been last reading, was there with the
page doubled down, and the pen that he had last
used was by it, with the ink dried on its point.—
When her death drew nigh, she wished to sell her
jewels, to send the fallen emperor money; and her
will was submitted to his correction. She died
before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts
were of him and France; and that last words ex-
pressed the hope and belief "that she had never
caused a single tear to flow." She was buried in
the village church of Ruel, and her body was fol-
lowed to the grave, not alone by Princes and Gen-
erals but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had
been made glad by her bounty.

Her marble monument bears only this inscrip-
tion:
"Eugene and Hortense to Josephine."
What a fund for future writers, in her character
and fate; and what a lesson to all of us, whether
in prosperity or adversity. J. H. P.

Eloquent Extract.—The following happily
expressed and admirable sentiments of Sir Hump-
frey Davy, have been handed us, and we are
sure we could not better devote the space they oc-
cupy:

"I envy," says he, "no quality of the mind or
intellect in others—not genius, power, wit, or fancy
—but if I could choose what would be most de-
lightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should
prefer a firm, religious belief to every other bless-
ing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; cre-
ates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and
throws over the decay, the destruction of existence
the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even
in death, and from corruption and decay calls up
beauty and divinity, and makes an instrument of
fortune and of shame the ladder of ascent to Para-
dise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes,
calls up the most delightful visions of palms and
amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security
of everlasting joys; where the sensualist and the
sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and
despair."

THE QUEEN THAT IS TO BE.—Victoria is in her
eighteenth year; in the bud of womanhood—beau-
tiful in person, and brilliant in intellect. Her
uncle, the king, has far advanced in years, and the
princess, in all probability, will soon wield the
destinies of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Vic-
toria upon the throne of Britain, Donna Maria upon
that of Portugal, with Isabella of Naples, would
form a new era in the courts of Europe, remind-
ing us of the days when the Catharines and Eliza-
beths governed the people of their charge as well
and wisely as the ablest monarchs of the world.

THE SUN TALKS.—The editor of the Boston
Advocate says of the present state of things, "All
the world owns all the world more than all the
world are worth, and all the world call upon all
the world to pay. All the world, therefore, are
in reality worth just as much actual wealth as they
were before all the world failed."

FEMALE FORTITUDE.—Much has been said and
written about the superiority of women in their
power of patient endurance; but few persons have
added the just, though melancholy reflection, that
the power of endurance in women is but the faith-
ful measure of how much they have to endure.

LITERARY PROPERTY.—Mr. Hood, in an article
of singular humour, states that the phrase "repub-
lic of letters," was hit upon to insinuate that,
taking the whole lot of authors together, they have
not got a sovereign among them.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Fourth of July.

Agreeably to previous arrangement, the
Sixty-first Anniversary of our National In-
dependence was celebrated by the Gettys-
burgh Guards, Citizens' Band, and Citizens
generally.

At 10 o'clock, the procession entered the
Evangelical Lutheran Church, where an
able address on Temperance was delivered
by the Rev. Mr. KRAUTH, after which, the
procession, under the command of Capt. S.
S. McCREARY, marched to Culp's grove,
near the borough, where they partook of an
excellent repast prepared for the occasion.

The cloth being removed, on motion,
WM. W. BELL, Esq., was appointed Pres-
ident, J. B. DANNER, Esq. Vice President,
and R. W. McSherry, Secretary.

Mr. ORTH was called upon to read the
Declaration of Independence, after which
the following toasts were drunk, accompa-
nied with appropriate music by the Citizens'
Band:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *The day*—Our National Sabbath; may it
never be broken by the misguided zeal of
political partizans. [Hail Columbia.]

2. *The Signers of the Declaration*—
Every returning anniversary sheds a new
lustre of glory around their immortal deeds,
and imprisits the recollection of it more firm-
ly in the hearts of their countrymen.

3. *WASHINGTON*—May his memory be
cherished as long as liberty and virtue shall
find a place on earth. [Silent & Standing.]

4. *LAFAYETTE*—The partner of Wash-
ington. Although a Frenchman by birth,
yet an American in feeling. While we re-
member the former, let us not forget the lat-
ter. [Silent & Standing.]

5. *JEFFERSON*—May his noble example
teach those who profess to be his followers,
what it is to act a magnanimous part.
[Silent & Standing.]

6. *The Glorious "Thirteen"*—May they
prove bright and shining lights to guide their
younger sisters on their way to future great-
ness. [Star Spangled Banner.—6 cheers.]

7. *The Union*—Let it be cherished by
every lover of his Country, as the palladium
of his rights, the only safe-guard of his political
existence. [Boston G. March.]

8. *The President and Vice President of
the United States.* [President's March.]

9. *The Governor of Pennsylvania.*
[Governor's March.]

10. *The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*
—If her sons prove true to their trust, and
do not basely and wittily surrender her in-
terests into foreign hands, she will still con-
tinue to hold the proud eminence she has
hitherto enjoyed, increasing in strength as
she waxes in age.

[Capt. Partridge's March.—5 cheers.]

11. *The Army and Navy of the United
States*—With the Star Spangled Banner
over their heads, and the deeds of their gal-
lant ancestors before their eyes, they will
ever prove efficient means for the preserva-
tion of our National Honor.

[Star Spangled Banner.]

12. *Universal Education*—Let Educa-
tion be universally diffused through all classes
of society, and then will the people no longer
be the "ready hinges of the knee" at the
nod of power, and then will vice bow to
virtue. [4 cheers.]

13. *The American Fair*—Unsurpassed
in beauty, virtue and intelligence may they
remember the powerful influence they are
destined to exert either for the weal or wo
of our young Republic.

[O! never fall in Love.—4 cheers.]

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.
By the President: May all the banks in
the United States resume specie payments;
and the reign of shin-plasters, of course will
be brief.

By the V. President: Peace while peace
is honorable—but war when peace is dis-
honorable.

By the Secretary: The heroes and sages
of the Revolution, sacred be their memories.

By Wm. Withers: May banking be
done on a sound principal.

By Samuel Lohr: Independence—Dearly
purchased by our fathers, and a rich inheri-
tance to us their children.

By John Ziegler: *The day we celebrate*
—May its annual return be ever hailed by
our freemen, exulting in the joys of freedom.

By Christian Doehler: *The Union*—Formed
in solid column, may its ranks never be
broken by the assaults of its enemies.

By John H. Bieghly: *The spirit of Repub-
licanism*—Throughout the world may it
go on conquering and to conquer, controlled
by prudence and wisdom.

By a Printer: May the enemies of the U.
States be battered into pi by the quin mat-
lets of Uncle Sam until they see stars.

By Silas Norris: *The Army of the U.
States*—May the swords of our soldiers no-
ver be drawn in an unjust cause, or sheathed
in a just one.

By Thomas Martin: *The Press*—The
great sun which lights the path of our coun-
try to honor, glory and happiness.

By J. B. Livingston: *The American Co-
lonization Society*—The only politic means
by which the degraded sons of Africa can be
restored to the land of their ancestors.

By Charles W. Hoffman: *The Citizens'
Band*—First rate, and never better than to-
day.

By J. Sarbaugh: *Washington*—May all
who love his name obey his precepts.

By Capt. McCreary: *The American Fair*,
"What signifies the life of man,
If 'twere not for the Lassies O!"

By A. Maury: *The day we celebrate*—
May the enjoyment of its blessings be as per-
petual as the fame of its declaration.

By W. H. Picking: May the tree of lib-
erty be planted around the world, and every
being partake of the fruit thereof.

By Robert Tate: The will of the people,
the law of the land.

By John Odell: *Agriculture, Manufac-
tures and Commerce*—May each be amply
protected, & enjoy uninterrupted prosperity.

By James White: *Gen. Geo. Washington*
—Who in fame stands unrivalled, who con-
quered the conquerors of Europe, and set the
sons of Columbia at liberty—may his fame last
when that of others shall be sunk in oblivion.

By R. W. Keech: *The President and
Heads of Departments of the United States.*
By G. Orth: *Our country, our whole
country.*

By the Citizens' Band: *Our absent Mem-
bers in Millerstown.* [Tune—Yankee D.]

By Wm. H. Miller: *Our Army and
Navy*—Our defence in War, they should
not be neglected in Peace.

By John M. Evans: *The Fair Sex of
Gettysburgh*—May they be as sincere as
beautiful.

ORATION,

Delivered at Fairfield, Adams County, Pennsylvania,
July 4, 1837.

By Dr. John K. McCurdy.

Called on, as I have been, Gentlemen, by
the kind feelings and partiality of friends to
revive the associations of this day—the anniv-
ersary of the birth of American Liberty, I
must claim the favour of your indulgence. I
am thankful for the kindness, which prompt-
ed the selection. But unaccustomed as I
am to perform the part allotted me—unused,
as I have ever been to scenes like this, from
which the practised orator would seize his
theme, and, with his heart touched by the
occasion, would charm and instruct his
hearers, I would scarcely venture on your
patience unless I were, to some extent, sure
of your indulgence.

Gentlemen,—the occupation in which I
have embarked calls me to mingle with my
fellow citizens in a manner different from
the present meeting. The duty that I am
called on to perform, is not before the admiring
and applauding crowd; but it is in the
chamber of the afflicted and in the midst of
anxiety and sorrow. And the scenes which
I witness touch a different cord of the human
heart, from that touched by the sound of
mirth and of joy, which are bursting around
me. This theme to me is new ground. But
there are occasions on which there is a unity
of sentiment. There are scenes, which must
kindle a glow of feeling in the very coldest
breast; and although that feeling be not of
the same intensity and ardor in all, it is yet
the same kindred feeling; because lit up and
fanned by the same object.

Such, I trust, is the case on the present
occasion. I see around me many of my fel-
low citizens, and when I ask the cause of this
assembly, the response is made from every
lip,—that it is to celebrate the birth of A-
merican liberty and American greatness!

To keep in remembrance the time, when
on this infant nation the deepest clouds of
darkness hung, and the grandest spectacle
of human greatness and daring ever presen-
ted to the world, was seen in the Declaration
of Independence: That it is to cast back
our thoughts, but a little more than sixty
years into the past, to dwell on the gloom
and discouragements of that period, and to
compare them with present advantages and
present prospects, to be conscious of what
we now are. We have, I trust, met this
day in American feeling. We stand on
American soil; and have cast aside every
angry feeling that would disturb our harmo-
ny. The lines of party I know have divided
us. I recognize those, who, in the contests
of party, which appear to be destined to rage
without end, are arrayed on adverse sides;
but different as may be our sentiments on
the various political questions which agitate
our country, we have forgotten, I trust, for
a while, that difference, and mingle to-day
as members of the same great political fami-
ly. We have not come to proclaim the
triumphs of this party or that party; but we
have come to mingle our gratulations, and
to shout hosannas to the goddess of Ameri-
can freedom. We claim the proud title of
Americans—ALL; and celebrate, to day, as
Americans citizens.

It is not my intention to attempt any thing
like a historical narration of the events that
have brought us to what we now are. Suffer
me to remark, however, that the events con-
nected with America have always been full
of interest to the great and the good. Ever
since the time, when

"The heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
And a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore,"

this has been considered the asylum of the
oppressed. The exile fled from oppression
in the old world, and he has raised here an
edifice for the oppressed of all nations, and
for the admiration of the world. He fled
from religious intolerance there, and here in
the wilderness erected the altar of religious
freedom, and sung the anthem of religious
liberty. Our land can boast of being the
first spot of earth where that liberty of con-
science, of which we all boast, was first pro-
claimed to the world. Its infant voice was
first heard rising on the blast, amidst the
forests of the western world. Here it still
lives; and, as Americans, we glory in its
American origin.

But, interesting as every thing connected
with the early history of our country is, the
associations of this day carry us back more
particularly to the period of the revolution.
And on the story of American wrongs and
American struggles, I can add nothing new.
The simple tale, told by the gray-headed
veteran of '76, such as one of the Vice Presi-
dents,* who does honor to this day, however
undor'd with the charm of novelty, pos-
sesses still a magic interest. I delight to