

Here is a lesson for the ambitious—here the patriot delights to learn. It teaches the wide difference between the glory & happiness of generations of free-men and that of mere personal, and monetary aggrandizement. It shews that the honest applause of free citizens is the soul ennobling object, and sure reward, of virtuous ambition. While the reward, if not the object of the other, can only manifest, like the ruins of Carthage—disgraceful, or fallen splendour. Many warriors, like Cæsar and Pompey on the bloody plains of Pharsalia, competing for the mastery of the world—or like Buonaparte, fighting for the mastery of Europe, become renowned only for conquering each other, or subjugating nations. During a few splendid years such men may awe every nation on earth—but in the end, they often become friendless—strip of imperial power, and cut off from all the endearing sympathies of our nature, they are sometimes inurned alive, or exiled to a rock; die, and are only remembered for the ruin they engendered—“like trees on fire by lightning—with ethereal flame, kindled they are—and blasted.” This often is and always ought to be, the fate of sinister ambition. While the course pursued by Washington, has secured to his memory the love and admiration of mankind—given to it fame eternal as creation, and it is to be hoped, provided for his everlasting abode, a residence in the highest mansion of the heavens.

After resigning his command, and stripping himself of the almost unlimited power with which he was invested, Washington returned a private citizen to Mount Vernon, where he had been but twice during the war—once on his passage to the siege of York and again on his return from the capture of Cornwallis. He immediately resumed his long suspended occupations, repaired the ravages committed during his long absence, and his extensive possessions were soon restored to order. But in private concerns his soul was not absorbed—he did not forget our country in his retirement. He soon saw with grief, that many of the states were neglecting their federal duties—making conflicting regulations—generating distrust—and almost prostrating the rights of property. He also saw the faith of the nation violated to the patriotic army whose murmurings he had appeased. The good & the wise throughout all the states, feared the consequences of this state of things—and Washington joined them in strongly urging a convention from the several states, to correct these accumulating evils. Fortunately for our country, their recommendation was adopted. The august assemblage of statesmen met in convention—Washington presided—and from their wisdom emanated the unequalled constitution which now rules these United States. But vain was the adoption of a constitution unless the nation by a wise and firm administration, derived relief from the evils by which they were divided. Where was to be found that weight of character, that love of country, that purity, that solid wisdom, taught in the schools of trial and adversity, sufficient to control conflicting passions which threatened to annihilate social order? Where but in the firm, the pious, spotless Washington? We therefore find him again called to public life by the unanimous voice of his country, to fill the station of first chief magistrate of the regenerated republic. He obeyed the call, and assisted by the courage and the wisdom of the nation in congress, his administration soon revived the drooping spirits of the states, and restored harmony, confidence, and prosperity.

Foreign nations beheld with astonishment a change so sudden, and so grand, and their respect was manifested. At home there was not a corner of the union so remote, to which the happy effects of the government did not extend. When his first presidential term expired, Washington was re-elected, and at length, his second term about to end—seeing the nation safe by the firm establishment of a free, wise and energetic government—at peace with all nations, prosperous and respected, he rejoiced that it was in his power, consistent with those ties “which bind every good citizen to his native or adopted country,” to seek again the peaceful abode of private life. He accordingly declared this determination in a solemn address to his fellow citizens—and after another eight years laborious servitude, he was accompanied to his home by the gratitude of his country, and the plaudits of an admiring world. His farewell address should be in the heart, and hand of every citizen. It contains the wisest and most emphatic mentions for the conduct of our affairs—particularly pressing the importance of union, religion, and the education of youth, as essential props to sustain our happiness. That his advice has been influential, the

present situation of our country exem-
pifies. But to enable us to judge and
appreciate the blessings we enjoy—and
still more correctly to appreciate the ser-
vices of Washington, let us pause, and
take a cursory view of other countries
and people compared with our own.

Look through the immense continents of Asia and Africa, and where is learning, or liberty to be found? Some missi-
onary schools at Bengal & Sierra Leone, are all we know of the former—of the latter, alas, we can find nothing. Egypt, the fountain head of letters and of genius, is now ruled by fanaticism, and over-
spread by the darkest ignorance. The
sable descendants of Ham, under little
more controul than the sand on their de-
serts before the hurricane, breathe under
the vile despotism of nominal chieftains—
and are sold and sent to every clime—
the wall that defied Persian valor has
mouldered into dust—and even the city
of Babylon has disappeared. We find
Europe divided into many states and go-
vernments, whose interest and language
are dissimilar, and prognosticate a melan-
choly destiny. In her political horizon,
there is not one azure spot to cheer the
patriot. The land of our forefathers, in
which some of us were born—the country
of Hampden and Sydney, persecutes
liberty abroad—while her subjects at
home boast of their own, although op-
pressed by debt and corruption. France,
exhausted by false ambition, and wild in-
temperance, is now in leading strings,
dreaming of the imaginary splendour of
times past. Spain is improving; but
Poland is a dead martyr. Italy, the
home of the Cæsars, is overcome by des-
potism, and manifests a disregard for
correct principles of morals or govern-
ment. The Ottoman slave is now mur-
dering the superstitious Greek, and the
field of Marathon, and the strait of Ther-
mopylae, are commanded by an iron sce-
pere.

‘Tis true those nations had originally,
to contend with many calamities from
which the U. States were exempt. The
god of nature peopled America with white
men, in an age of civilization when she
had a choice of her habits, and laws from
the best examples. But to what an ex-
tent has this “land of Washington & sky
of Franklin” improved upon them? con-
trast our situation at this moment, with
theirs. Here, we are free, our rights
both civil and religious, guarded by a
code of just and impartial laws—we af-
ford a home to the homeless, and a refuge
to the oppressed—a field for honest enter-
prise, both mental and bodily, with
honor and encouragement to the merito-
rious—equal rights sit enthroned upon
the altar of justice, and no titled or ficti-
tious greatness can overcome the author-
ity of the public voice.

Thus situated, progressively improv-
ing in all the means of moral and politi-
cal excellence, our country moves as
Washington desired it should—on an ele-
vated orb, giving life, vigor, and hap-
piness, to every sphere of human industry.
The contrast in prospective is still greater,
for if we continue to practice on the
principles of Washington, and be guided
by his advice, who can set bounds to
the prosperity to which our country is
ascending?

Her reputation like his own, is not con-
fined to the negative praise of being free
from stain, it is brilliant with glory—like
him she not only respects the rights of
others, but causes others to respect her
own.—Only a few years since she emer-
ged from a second contest with Britain,
in which the splendor of her arms, and
the thunder of her ships, have extended
her name, and that of her Pike, and Law-
rence, and Jackson, and Harrison, and
Decatur, and many others, to meet that
of Washington in the remotest corners of
the world.

Our national happiness and renown, are
not however built upon the decline, or
downfall, of other nations—as philanthro-
pists we pray for their happiness, at the
same time will continue sedulously
watchful to preserve our own. Wash-
ington whose fame like eternity, has no
limits, in his farewell address, distinctly
points o many of the evils we should
guard against. Indeed the whole produc-
tion affords beacons to guide us in safety,
and buoys warning us to shun the quick-
sands of error. “The common & continual
mischiefs of party spirit” he observes
“are sufficient to make it the interest
and duty of a wise people, to discourage &
restrain it”—again he says, “citizens by
birth or choice of a common country, that
country, has a right to concentrate your
affections. The name of American,
which belongs to you all in a national ca-
pacity, must always exalt the just pride
of patriotism, more than any appellation
derived from local discriminations.” He
well knew that party names, and party
influence, have ever been the bane of free
governments—that sanctioned by such

names and influence individual and pub-
lic rights have been often disregarded.
Yet since his day there have been men,
who professed but did not practice re-
publicanism, to inculcate a different doc-
trine. They contended before the pre-
sent happy era, I mean before the two
leading parties of “democrat” and “fed-
eral” became amalgamated in the present
administration, that party spirit was ne-
cessary—that it imparted watchfulness to
public officers—that it served to promote
enquiry—and that it prevented the politi-
cal pond from becoming stagnant and cor-
rupt. But our own experience, and the
examples of other nations, have proved
too plainly by the desolating ravages
committed under its banners, that it in-
evitably leads to intollerable evils, more
than sufficient to counterbalance all such
arguments. Many of my auditors may
be able to call to mind the feuds, and agi-
tations which have been nurtured and
matured by the demon of party—at one
period in some of the states, the name of
“democrat,” or “federalist,” would inci-
pitate the most honest & capable in the
eyes of the opposite party—and some a-
mongst us may have witnessed how feel-
ing and friendship are annihilated, and
honest men hurried away by its perni-
cious and devious influence. President
Jefferson appeared disposed to quench
the flame, when in accordance with the
mandates of Washington, he declared
“we are all federalists—we are all repub-
licans”—but it burned too fierce at that
day to be extinguished. The glory of ac-
complishing its extirpation is due to the pre-
sent administration of the general
government and the good sense of the
people at large. President Monroe was
elevated to that station when the storm of
party rage had abated—when the nation
had enjoyed a fair opportunity of duly
appreciating party professions, and had
become almost sick of party turmoil. A
soldier of the revolution, his politicks had
been formed in the school of experience
—and his first act conciliated the adverse
partizans. He made a tour of the country
along the seaboard, and through the interior—visited and was received by
both parties—and invariably declared
himself free of party prejudices and pre-
dilections. His public and private acts
since, have demonstrated the sincerity of
the declaration—and a bright page in the
history of his administration, will record
the glorious consequences.

In that inestimable farewell address
Washington tells us also, “to avoid the
necessity of overgrown military establish-
ments”—He goes on to say that “our union
ought to be the main prop of our liberty”—and that “the love of the one
ought to endear to us the preservation of
the other.” We all know that the general
government have acted most rigidly upon
this wise injunction—the military es-
tablishment has been reduced to a mere
skeleton of its former bulk and is now
barely sufficient for garrison duty
—But how has this injunction of our
immortal chief been acted on by the
brave citizen soldiers, on whom our pro-
tection must devolve, in case of war or
invasion? Are they in a state of prepara-
tion?—are they equiped for the field,
and trained to perform duty?

It is proved by all facts and known by
all experience, that courage and good
will alone, do not suffice in war. These
qualities were not sufficient during our
revolutionary struggle until our patriots
were inured to discipline—and without
that we have reason to fear they would be
less effectual now. Men and things
have changed as relates to war, since
that period—our last war proved this, for
it no more resembled the revolutionary
war, than those wars themselves resem-
bled the wars of Attila.—When deserts
served our brave forefathers as ramparts
with Washington to direct their move-
ments, and a *Warren*, and a *Green* and a
Lincoln, and a *Hamilton*, to teach dis-
cipline, the enemy could do but little harm.
Now our deserts have almost disappeared
our cities have increased, our coasts and
our country are covered with habitations,
and consequently more difficult to pro-
tect. The enemy would now suffer less
in his marches, because he could com-
mand refreshment every where—whilst
we in an unprepared state have not aug-
mented the obstacles to his approach.
His first engagement would inform him
of the state of our tactics and equip-
ment and he would avail of our cher-
ished “security”—which in what regards
war Washington has said “can never be
productive but of the greatest evils”

As freemen will never take up arms to in-
fringe upon the rights of others, it is
clear that Washington expected, every
citizen would acquire the knowledge of
a soldier, to defend his own. With time
there is no doubt we should learn our du-
ty, but this time after the commence-
ment of hostilities, may not be allowed to
us.—Undisciplined as many of us are at

present—with peace and plenty, and com-
fort smiling around us, in a country where
“we call no man master upon earth,” it
requires an effort of patriotism to submit
to be instructed—but our citizens recal-
ling to mind the heroism displayed at
Tippicanoe, will seek to learn, and sus-
tain the gallant character so nobly ac-
quired. At this moment the duration
of peace is uncertain—although the come-
dy now playing by the monarchs of Eu-
rope is much more pleasing to philanthro-
py than former scenes of carnage. We
have too much reason to think that the
mutual fears, which led to the mutual
declarations, of the nick named “Holy
alliance” will not lead to the universal
peace dreamt of by the good Abbé St.
Pierre, but die with Buonaparte who ex-
cited them—if so, the present comedy
will serve only as a prelude to new trag-
edies, which may produce changes ma-
terially affecting ourselves. What then
should be our duty as citizen soldiers?
—universal history can answer the ques-
tion.—It furnishes us so few examples of
governments founded on the reasonable
wishes and proposing the real happiness
of mankind, that we cannot be too soli-
citous for the safety of ours. On this
point you will pardon my candor—re-
membering that the example of Wash-
ington points to the course I have re-
commended, and will serve you for in-
structions in every situation of life—tis
an example that shews, the uniform sac-
rifice of every selfish passion, to patri-
otism, and to duty. But to dwell more
particularly on his sentiments the pre-
sent occasion will not permit. Soon af-
ter his retirement from the presidential
chair, a difference of a serious nature
took place with the rulers of France,
under the presidency of Adams. This
caused a small navy to be equipped
immediately, which soon afforded safety
to our commerce, and glory to our flag
and laid the foundation of our present na-
vy, which has caused liberty to “walk
like a god on the waves.” France hav-
ing menaced us, preparation became pol-
icy, and the voice of the nation again
summoned Washington to lead our ar-
mies. Ever obedient to his country’s com-
mands we find his aged frame again
cloathed in the habitments of war—& as
if destiny had decreed that his public ser-
vices should only terminate with his ex-
istence, he soon afterwards departed this
life in the fulness of years and of glory.
The spirit of this illustrious emanation
of the Deity, returned to heaven, on the
14th December, 1799.

His monument is in the heart of his coun-
trymen, & his unequalled merit has been
acknowledged by a “mourning world.”
His fame, deathless as eternity, will contin-
ue the subject of just eulogium until time
shall be no more. The theme is inex-
haustible; but cannot be pursued fur-
ther, without trespassing on this occasion—indeed the powers of man are inade-
quate in an address of this nature, to do
justice to his memory—and I cannot pre-
sumptuously hope to be an exception—
What I have uttered is but the faint echo
of the voice of millions. It would not
be more difficult “to gild refined gold—
to paint the lily—to throw a perfume on
the violet—or with taper light to garnish
the beauteous eye of Heaven,” than it
would be to add one good, or noble qual-
ity, to those of the godlike Washington.

Citizen soldiers, each in his sphere,
can admire and imitate—with all the rever-
ence of the Peruvians who worship
the glorious Sun—“the king of day,”
and view the changes of the atmosphere
as a manifestation of the predominating
feeling of their Deity, but without their
blind superstition—you should view
the public acts of your public servants,
and note the least deviation from the track
pointed out by Washington. Obey, but
scrutinize—place yourselves in that atti-
tude of defence necessary to perpetuate
the freedom and happiness of our coun-
try. Remember that the eyes of the
lovely comforters which beamed with del-
ight at the dawn of continental freedom,
have been transmitted in all their potent
splendour, to the ladies of our day—that
those eyes and features which communi-
cated their animation to the founders of
the republic, yet shine upon you—that
the recording angel has added to the long
register of virtuous and patriotic deeds
performed by them, the transaction of
this morning, when the glorious star-
spangled banner, now floating on my
left, was presented by female hands—
and if you require to be inspirited to do

*Miss. Sarah Johnston, supported by
many other ladies, had this morning pre-
sented, in a very handsome and becom-
ing manner, a stand of colours to Capt. James
Smith, who received them in behalf of
his company with appropriate gallantry.
—See the address in to day’s paper, with
some account of the proceedings of the
day.

Editor.