

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

MR. SPRAGUE'S ORATION.

The following extracts from an Oration delivered in Boston on the 4th instant, by CHARLES SPRAGUE, Esq. will, we doubt not, be perused with interest by our readers:

"Way, on this day, lingers along these sacred walls, the spirit-kindling anthem? Why, on this day, waits the herald of God at the altar, to utter forth his holy prayer? Why, on this day, congregate here the wise, and the good, and the beautiful of the land?—Fathers! Friends! it is the SABBATH DAY OF FREEDOM! The race of the ransomed, with grateful hearts and exulting voices, have again come up, in the sunlight of peace, to the Jubilee of their Independence!

"The story of our country's sufferings, our country's triumphs, though often and eloquently told, is still a story that cannot tire, and must not be forgotten. You will listen to its recital, however unadorned; and I shall not fear, therefore, even from the place where your chosen ones have so long stood, to delight and enlighten, I shall not fear to address you. Though I tell you no new thing, I speak of that, which can never fall coldly on your ears. You will listen, for you are the sons and daughters of the heroic men, who lighted the beacon of "rebellion," and untroubled, by its blaze, the triumphant banner of liberty; your own blood will speak for me. A feeble few of that intrepid band are now among you, yet spared by the grave for your veneration; they will speak for me. Their sinking forms, their bleached locks, their honorable scars;—these will, indeed, speak for me. Undaunted men! how must their old hearts grow young with rapture, as they look round on the happiness of their own creation. Long may they remain, our glad and grateful gaze, to teach us all, that we may treasure all, of the hour of doubt and danger; and when their God shall summon them to a glorious rest, may they bear to their departed comrades the confirmation of their country's renown, and their children's felicity."

"Roll back the tide of time: how powerfully thou applies the promise: 'I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance.' Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unsearched. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the deafening death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze, in the lily pure that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle, whose untimely opinion was won in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot, and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

"And all this has passed away.—Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death.—The former were sown for you, the latter sprung up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted for ever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the ancient children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there, a stricken bow remains, but how unlike their untamed, unamiable progenitors! The Indian, of idiosyncrasy, and the bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind

us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

"As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the sitting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.—Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged.—They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

"To the Prors, who, in this desert region built a city of refuge, little less than to the BRAVE, who round that city reared an impregnable wall of safety, we owe the blessings of this day. To enjoy, and to perpetuate religious freedom, the sacred herald of civil liberty, they deserted their native land, where the foul spirit of persecution was up in its fury, and where mercy had long wept at the enormities perpetrated in the abused names of Jehovah and Jesus. "Resist unto blood!" blind zealots had found in the bible, and lamentably indeed did they fulfil the command. With "Thus saith the Lord," the engines of cruelty were set in motion, and many a martyr spirit, like the ascending prophet from Jordan's bank, escaped in fire to heaven.

"It was in this night of time, when the incubus of bigotry sat heavy on the human soul:—

When crown and erosier ruled a coward world, And mental darkness o'er the nations curled— When, wrapt in sleep, earth's torpid children lay,

Hugged their vile chains, and dreamed their age away.—

'Twas then, by faith impelled, by freedom fired, By hope supported, and by God inspired,— 'Twas then the Pilgrims left their fathers' graves,

To seek a Home beyond the waste of waves; And where it rose, all rough and wintry, here, They swell'd devotion's song, and dropped devotion's tear.

"Can we sufficiently admire the firmness of this little brotherhood, thus self-banished from their country? Unkind and cruel, it was true, but still their country? There they were born, and there, where the lamp of life was lighted, they had hope it would go out. There a father's hand had led them, a mother's smile had warmed them. There were the haunts of their boyish days, their kinsfolk, their friends, their recollections, their all. Yet all was left; even while their heartstrings bled at the parting, all was left; and a stormy sea, a savage waste, and a fearful destiny were encountered—for HEAVEN and for YOU."

"Fear not party zeal, it is the salt of your existence. There are no parties under a despotism. There no man lingers round a ballot-box; no man drinks the poison of a licentious press; no man plots treason at a debating society; no man distracts his head about the science of government. All there, is a calm unruffled sea—even a dead sea of black and bitter waters. But we move upon a living stream, forever pure, forever flowing. Its mighty tide sometimes flows higher, and rushes faster than its wont, and as it bounds, and foams, and dashes along, in sparkling violence, it now and then throws up its fleecy cloud; but this rises only to disappear, and as it fades away before the sun-beams of intelligence and patriotism, you behold upon its bosom the rainbow signal of returning peace, arching up to declare that there is no danger.

"And now, it is no vain speech, to say, the eyes of the world have been long upon us. For nearly fifty years we have run the glorious race of empire. Friends have gazed in fear, and awe in scorn; but fear is lost in joy, and scorn is turning to wonder. The great experiment has succeeded. Mankind beheld the spectacle of a land, whose crown is wisdom, and whose mitre is purity, whose heraldry is talent; a land, where public sentiment is supreme, and where every man may erect the pyramid of his own fair fame. They behold, they believe, and they will imitate. The day is coming, when thrones can no longer be supported by parchment rolls. It is not a leaf of writing, signed and sealed by three frail mortal men, that can forever keep down suffering millions; those will rise! they will point to another earth; to that of

whose bold signers our times\* remain; our THREE, whose "alliance" was, indeed, a "holy" one, for it met the approving smile of a Holy God!

"Many must suffer defeat, and many must taste of death, but freedom's battle will yet be fought and won. As heaven unbids the intellect of man, his own right arm will rescue his body. Liberty will yet walk abroad in the gardens of Europe. Her hand will pluck the grapes of the South, her eye will warm the snow-drifts of the north. The crescent will go down in blood, from the "bright clime of battle and of song," for which he died, that noble Briton, and warrior-hard, who raised his generous arm like LAFAYETTE, who struck his golden lyre to Lafayette's great LEADER!

"And to this young land will belong the praise. The struggling nations point to our example, and in their own tongues repeat the cheering language of our sympathy.—Already, when a master-spirit towers among them, they call him their WASHINGTON.—Along the foot of the Andes, they breathe in gratitude the name of CLAY;—by the ivy buried ruins of the Parthenon, they bless the eloquence of WEBSTER!

"I would not, for I need not, use the language of imitation; but the decree has gone forth; and as sure as the blue arch of creation is in beauty above us, so sure will it span the mightiest denunciation that ever shook the earth. Imagination cannot outstrip reality, when it contemplates our destinies as a people. Where nature slept in her solitary loveliness, villages, and cities, and states, have smiled into being. A gigantic nation has been born. Labor and art are adorning, and science is exalting, the land that religion sanctified, and liberty redeemed. From the shores to the mountains, from the regions of frost to the valleys of eternal spring, myriads of bold and understanding men are uniting to strengthen a government of their own choice, and perpetuate the institutions of their own creation.

"The germ waited over the ocean, has struck its deep root in the earth, and raised its high head to the clouds. Man looked in scorn, but Heaven beheld, and blessed

Its branching glories, spreading o'er the West. No summer gauds, the wonder of a day, Born but to bloom, and then to fade away, A giant oak, it lifts its lofty form, Greens in the sun, and strengthens in the storm. Lo! in its shade shall children's children come, And welcome earth's poor wanderers to a home. Long shall it live, and every blast defy, Till time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky."

[FROM THE NEW-YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.] Extract of a letter from one of the proprietors, dated London, May 8th, 1825.

Liverpool is a beautiful town. The docks are wonderful indeed, particularly the new dock. The approach to Liverpool is hazardous in the extreme. They want the bay of New-York. The Exchange in this town surpasses that of any in Europe. What astonished me most, was the immense size of the cart horses, their cars, and the loads they draw. The cart itself, I think, weighs more than a New-York cart, horse, hhd. of sugar, and the cartman in the bargain, and on one of these ponderous vehicles I counted twenty-six hales of cotton, drawn by two horses with great ease. The people look very much like New-Yorkers, and are quite sociable. Their living is twice the price of living in New-York; and what I hate above all things is, after having paid the landlord double fare, one is obliged to pay the servants—for transient persons the rule is nine pence a day for the head waiter, six pence a day for the chamber maid, and three pence a day for boots, as he is termed. Then come the coaches—the fare outside from Liverpool to Birmingham is one pound two—then comes the guard, he must have his shilling for such a distance, and the coachman must have his—if the guards or coachmen are changed, you must pay the new ones. Servants pay their masters large sums of money, in some cases, to wait upon gentlemen in the public houses, and they must be remunerated by passengers. Coachmen, guards, and all indeed live, not from wages, but from gratuitous presents; and one is bound to comply with their custom.

Oxford is a beautiful city. The colleges, some of which were built in the 13th century, have rather an odd look—somewhat wrinkled and furrowed—but gothic and magnificent in the highest degree. Indeed, as the colleges are scattered all over the city, it appears as though there were no other buildings there; between 3 and 5000 students at present are at this ancient place of learning.

\* John Adams, Charles Carroll, Thomas Jefferson—the surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Nothing pleased me better than a visit to the house in which Shakspeare was born, in Stratford upon Avon. The coachman gave us half an hour for dinner at this town, and although quite hungry, I postponed the dinner to pay a visit to the birth place of the celebrated poet. The house is on the main street, the lower part occupied as a butcher's shop. It is a miserable looking place, very narrow and low, and roagn enough for a stable. The room in which Shakspeare was born, is about 14 or 15 feet square, low ceiling, and built as though it was intended the house should last forever, as most of the English houses are built.

I found the walls, sides and over head, written so full of names, that it was quite difficult to find a space sufficiently large to put down mine. On passing through the butcher's shop (he occupied the first story) I looked sharply at his meats, for there seemed to be music in the very bones of the joints. For ten miles before you get to Birmingham, the coal smoke suffocates one. I have often heard of their inventions for consuming their own smoke in England—they must mean by the inhabitants, for each one appeared to me as though he had been assisting in the consumption.

I am delighted with the appearance of the country. All England is like a flower garden—indeed it is so highly cultivated and so beautiful, that one gets almost fatigued with seeing such a continued sameness of beautiful fields and hedge fences. Above all, nothing can compare with the neatness of the English cottages—they look so neat, and are enlivened in their appearance by such a profusion of flowers, which are to be seen in every window, as in their gardens—and then, too, the smiling and healthy countenances of the cottager and his family, with cheeks as red as the rose, and eyes as bright as a new sovereign—one has little time for any thing but admiration at such scenes as these. England was never so prosperous as at the present moment, and the most perfect good will, and most friendly feeling, exist towards America. The people speak of our country with admiration, and so far I have found them agreeable, and social to such a degree, that a blush is constantly put upon American manners.

I was not very much surprised at any thing I had seen until I had reached London. I entered this world of a metropolis at Hyde Park corner, the fashionable and west end of the town. To describe to you my feelings I cannot. It was at the moment when all the fashionables and gentry were in motion. It appeared to me that what I saw was magic—that the whole world had met in a single street—thousands of carriages, with servants in splendid gold and silver livery, elegantly dressed with white coats, red plush breeches, buckles in their shoes, cocked hats laced with gold and silver, two servants behind a carriage, with staffs in their hands—then the beautiful horses and the glittering harnesses—these carriages were coming from the various streets towards the main street, and add to these a thousand vehicles of different descriptions, men on horseback, and the great mass of foot passengers—my conscience! what did I expect but that every moment a tremendous rush would be made, and horses and carriages and people all be dashed to atoms—yet they passed each other like magic without apparently a touch, although the space through which a carriage would pass, or a heavy wagon with six horses tumbling, appeared to be not half large enough for a wheel-barrow.

From the Salem Gazette.

Col. Allen McLane.—Among the surviving heroes who witnessed the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument, no one was better entitled to attention than Col. Allen McLane of Delaware, who is 81 years old, and is the father of the distinguished member of Congress, Louis McLane. We take this occasion to introduce the following extract, of which he is the subject, from the work of a late writer on the Revolution: it will give pleasure to all who honor the valiant and chivalrous:

"The details of this veteran's combats, skirmishes and adventures, are so numerous, as well by sea as by land; they are so complicated and various, and so interwoven with the military operations immediately under General Washington's orders, that they would furnish interesting matter for the historian; and I shall at some future day give them to the public. He was engaged, and had men actually killed around him, at the battle of Long Island, and every successive action in which General Washington commanded, from that of the White Plains, to the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

After four pitched battles under General Washington; eight heavy attacks, including Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Stony Point, and Pawles Hook; eighteen brisk skirmishes, numerous affairs of pickets, and one sea fight as captain of marines, on board the Congress, in which the British sloop of war Savage, Captain Stirling, was taken—the revolutionary soldier, having spent his patrimony in the service of his country, retired to the bosom of his fellow-citizens, content with the result of his perils, sufferings and sacrifices, for which he was rewarded by an approving conscience, the patronage of President Washington and Jefferson, and the following credentials from the hand of the first man in the world:

"Allen McLane, Esq. was appointed captain in one of the additional continental regiments of foot in January, 1777, and by his activity and industry, soon joined the army with a full company. He commanded a party of observation under my instructions, until July, 1777, when he was annexed, by a resolution of the honorable continental Congress, to Major Lee's legion, to command the dismounted. From the certificates which Major McLane is possessed of, it appears that he was very early active in the cause of his country; and from the time of his joining the continental army I can testify that he has distinguished himself highly as a brave and enterprising officer.

"Previous to the siege of Yorktown, he was employed to watch the movements of the British army at or near New-York, as well as in Virginia, and he was entrusted with despatches of the first importance to his excellency Comde Grasse, which commission he executed with great celerity, and was afterwards very serviceable in reconnoitering and gaining intelligence of the strength and disposition of the British army.

"Given under my hand and seal, at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, Nov. 4th, 1792. GEO. WASHINGTON."

The following anecdote of this partisan officer, for audacity and presence of mind has been seldom equalled, and cannot be surpassed, nor should it be forgotten.

On the 6th of June, 1778, after day break, captain McLane, with two dragoons, was moving on the Bustletown road, toward Frankfort, and near that village, fell into an ambuscade of infantry, who fired on him, and forced him into the field on the right toward the Oxford road, where he discovered a party of British dragoons galloping toward him. To silence the fire of the infantry, he placed himself between them and the dragoons, and approached the latter until within 20 paces, when he suddenly wheeled to the right, passed them, and gained the Oxford road.—Two dragoons were detached in pursuit of him, and, to escape them, he turned off the road to his left, and pushed for a branch in his front, which he crossed, and was ascending the opposite height, when the dragoons came up on his right and left, and, believing he had surrendered, dropped their swords to the straps. McLane had a pistol in his right hand, with which he fired into the right breast of the dragoon on his left, who fell; he at the same time, seized the tassel of the dragoon's sword on his right, and struck him with his pistol a back-handed blow across his nose, which he repeated until he disabled and brought him to the pommel of his saddle, and then rode off with a wound on his left hand, which he received as the dragoon attempted to draw his sword, the tassels of which he had seized. "On this occasion, the Marquis de la Fayette, wrote him the following letter:—

"Valley Forge, 14th Decr. 1778.

"Dear Sir—I have received yours concerning the Indians, and will mention your desire to his excellency, and make no doubt but that he will send them to join you, as seen as the enemy take up their intended march through the Jerseys; the Indians will do well with you in the pines. I give you joy for your escape from the British ambuscade, and the cleverness with which you have despatched the Mr. English dragoons; I have felt great pleasure in hearing that your wound is a slight one.

With the most sincere esteem and attachment, I have the honor to be, dear sir, your most obedient servant. LAFAYETTE."

It is now understood, that Gen. Lafayette will return to France in the *Bonaparte*; and that he will postpone his departure till the middle of September, in order to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine. He is now on his way to Virginia; will pass through Fredericksburg, &c. &c. Richmond Enquirer.

\* There is a drawing of the Bunker-Hill Monument, in the National Gallery, London.