

"Let the people praise Thee, O God; Yea, let all the people praise Thee."

Who that remembers the most important features in the history of these United States, but breaks forth into hearty thanksgiving, when contemplating her early struggles with an unjust and powerful monarch? How beautiful to America was the dawning of that day, when the weapon of death lay unlifted and the clarion notes of war were hushed. Then every hope of deliverance realized, and every aspiration glowing with new vigor, and the hands so valiant in the fight, were found quite as proficient in promoting the blessings of Peace. Then how marvelous the advancement of a once unhappy people. Far-stretching forests disappeared before the efforts of the pioneer. Habitations were reared where, but a little time before, beasts of prey held carnival. The wilderness became fruitful fields, wherein the ungarnered grain moved to and fro, swayed by the gentle breeze. Commodious bridges were seen spanning crystal streams, and the time-defying oak and lofty pine contributed to the building of ships. See, as the stately bark weighs her anchor into the harbor, with every sail given to the breeze, with bounding hearts and adventurous spirits aboard, she sweeps gracefully onward to foreign climes. And as the nation advanced in prosperity what a mighty agent steam became towards effecting American

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enterprise. See in their factories, work-shops and engine-rooms, where wheels move within wheels, and boiler, shaft, cylinder, valve and band assist in securing its invaluable services. There is yet a brighter share to be noticed in the path of American progress. 'Tis this sublime and ever-truthful idea, on which the minds of the fathers dwelt with strong endeavor, that it is impossible to enslave a virtuous and enlightened people. And in harmony with this impulse, temples were erected to the God of Armies, and when the day of rest came, with its chiming bells and sacred influences, it called the hard sons of toil and the patrons of pleasure, the sire and son, the matron and the maid, to the habitation of His Majesty. There they were taught their duty or made to rejoice in un-failing promises, in listening to the teaching of the patriarchal age, when their greatest blessing was seen in the offered Isaac; in hearing repeated stories of divine vengeance, as viewed in fitful gleamings from the blazing tract of prophecy, or witnessing the going forth of that Divine Light, which shall forever shine with undimmed refulgence. The courts of their academies and universities rang with the merry voices of childhood's glee. The minds of their hitherto untutored youth grasped the laws of existence, and traced the handmaid of religion in her intricate operations. So

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grew the nation in power, wealth and influence. Fair as were the proportions of the young republic, there was, with the body politic an indwelling evil, that has shaken with violence the pillars of the nation. Remember how the serpentine coils of slavery, like those of the deadly copra, were bound around the heart of the nation, and the life-sustaining current that gave vitality to the peculiar institution flowed through its channels.

The rendition of Anthony Barnes, by the free expenditure of the United States Treasurer, and the aid of Federal bayonets, is but one of the many unalloyed evidences that slavery was national. Lives that man in Christendom, who can look upon the destruction of Carthaginian prestige, or the desolation of the seven billed city, and then not agree that corruption is the cause of the fall of States? Reason says no! Thanks to the living light of history's eventful page, tat when the hydra-heart of this rebellion exhibited its diabolical hideousness, to those so deeply interested in the permanency of these American States, they saw through the telescope of ages that, without repentance, the blood of the patriots was shed in vain. And when, in the great council, the question was eagerly asked, Who has been the foster-mother of this rebellion! A thousand voices answered Slavery! Slavery!

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The vehemence of the answer, and the vindictiveness of the expression, caused the Capitol to shake from the turret to the foundation-stone. Then the world looked on with steadfast gaze, to observe whether or not these American States contained within themselves sufficient of Deity to perpetuate their existence. The decision was, rather let the chains and fetters of every bondman become one immense pile, the torch of liberty be applied, and the flames thereof mount and burn within the limits of the spheres, than the institutions of America come to nought.

And when the chief executive (heaven sustain him,) wrote, "Return to your allegiance, or see the foundation of your fabric sapped by the tumultuous waves of time," every well-thinking man joined in giving thanks to God for the magnanimity of that heart which conceived the noble idea—for the hand that, on conditions, promised to break the "spell of ages"—for the lips that fain would sing the requiem of oppression. For more than two years was the strife continued, and to-day freedom goes marching on. We hear its songs in the crowded city, at the fireside, bounding along the smooth surface of our limpid streams, coming along the distant plains, like meteor-glances of the mystic future, treading with dainty feet the bosom of smiling valleys, or elate with joy, taking the wings of an eagle, directing its course to the mountain

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craggs of time, there becoming a welcome guest of the "goddess of liberty." Great as has been the former glory of these States, it is no more to be compared with their present position, than the zephyr to the hurricane, or the light of Mercury to the full blaze of the noon-day sun. "Let the people praise thee, O God!" Yes, the despised people who have so long trod the ground beneath the intolerable burden. Let melodious voices sing in praise to Thee, for untying the Gordian knot. And you, who cannot join in the harmony, whose voices have become enfeebled by the waste of years, breathe into the ear of the mightiest, heartfelt thanksgiving from the chambers of the soul.

For the horse and his rider are seen struggling with the immensity of the over-coming wave. Let all the people praise Thee. Wisdom still pervades the halls of Congress. The voice of religion continues to cheer the hearts of those who commune at American altars. The labors of the husbandman are crowned with success. The bleating of sheep are yet heard in our meadows, and the lowing of cattle by our water-brooks. Our native hills afford materials for manufacturer and architect, for all of which let the people praise Thee now, henceforth, and forever. Amen!
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