

see that liberty is the handmaid of genius and virtue—that under her fostering care, feelings and sentiments, embodied in national literature, spring up and knit men together as one family, and for a time give them an almost unconquerable might—and lastly, that the loss of national sentiments and national independence, whether commencing in decay from within or violence from without, is alike followed by moral and physical desolation.

We study to little purpose, if while we unroll the history of past time we look but at one side of the portraiture of our race. If we read in it the maxims of wisdom, we find also the annals of crime. If great actions have shewn man's high capacities, the sins and follies, by which all history is blotted, prove also the feebleness of his purpose. We may find in every page the records of selfishness—the desolation produced by the jarring interests of faction. We may see that the foulest crimes have oftentimes been enacted under the fairest forms of government; and that in all conditions of a state (from its beginning to its end) corruption of manners is ever incompatible with true liberty. We may trace the history of a vast empire, from its first beginnings—find it, after many mutations of fortune, rising to great power by the exercise of great virtue—and during the lapse of ages, see its citizens jealous, even to a crime, of their civil freedom. We may then go on, and find the same people becoming willing tools in the hands of bad men, and, at length, so utterly corrupt, as to rush, with one consent, into the basest servitude: and in those evil days, we may find that even the best men were willing to surrender their inheritance, and to seek, in the despotic authority of one, a