Let this day be sacred to the memory of our ancestors, whose pious and magnanimous exertions laid the foundation of our present numbers and greatness!

The shades of our fathers and brethren, who fell in the cause of Independence, shall find repose in the sympathy and gratitude of the day. Ye bloody fields! Ye crimed heights of America! "Let there be no dew; neither let there be rain upon you; for there our mighty are fallen in the midst of the battle!"

Ye daughters of Columbia, come, weep over the brave, who perished in the high places of the field, for you. But for them ye had not been clothed in scarlet, nor had ye put on your ornaments of gold. Alas! No. Deprived of every thing dear, by the lawless violence of tyranny, ye had sitten upon the ground, wringing your hands with dolorous moans, and wafting to heaven the truthful story of your sufferings! Call to mind the fatal 17th of October, 1775. On the 16th, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Moet laid his armed vessels before your defenceless town, and threatened to destroy it in two hours. By many entreaties your fate was suspended, 'till 9 o'clock the next morning. And what a night did you pass! women fainting dead on the floor, and their little children screaming...
ing around; or, lost from their parents, their cries were heard in all the streets. Some, who had more self-command, were employed through the night in carrying off the sick and the aged and their most valuable effects; while others, confined, fled, and left every thing behind. Women in childbed weaknesses were compelled to fly, with their tender infants in their arms, some of whom were expiring, before they could find shelter. At 9 o'clock in the morning the flippings opened upon the town. You saw the flames kindling upon your pleasant and elegant habitations, and in a few hours nothing but their solitary chimneys were standing!!! Yesterday in affluence and safety,* To day, alas! not where to lay your heads; nothing left, but the bitter remembrance of departed prosperity; the wretched satisfaction of weeping over the ashes.

* Several worthy families in easy circumstances never recovered from the ruins of this conflagration. Some of the old cellars remain to this day "where the thistle shakes its lonely head, and the rank grass waves around." While the pen of ingenuity and the tongue of eloquence have often, by their moving descriptions, drawn tears of compassion from the eyes, and relief from the hands of public and private charity, for the sufferers of other conflagrated towns, those of this place, for the most part, have been left to all the rigors of their destiny. Should not those sufferers, who are now living, and have had nothing but hard fortune, since the fatal 17th of October, 1775, partake of our charity on the 4th of July? A hint for doing good, to the humane and charitable inhabitants of Portland, is sufficient.
ashes of former enjoyments! Cursed *ambition*! if this were the introductory, what must have been the concluding scene of our sufferings, hadst thou succeeded in our subjugation!

But whither are we driven! This is the festival of philanthropy. While the design of the day, justice to our cause, and piety to *Jehovah* oblige us to review the commencement, progress, and final issue of the revolution; the distressful scenes, through which he hath marvellously conducted us; to relate them to our children and children's children, that they may know the meaning of this ordinance; yet it is also the communion of charity in which we *forgive* all the past. "*Enemies in war; in peace, friends.*"

While our hearts beat high with gratitude to God, for his wonderful interpositions, on our behalf, let us offer up to him our united prayers, for all, who are not as happy as ourselves. Let intercessions be made "with groanings, which cannot be uttered" for the speedy redemption of our *dear brethren* in chains and dungeons at Algiers; for those, who are exposed to the hatchet of the wilderness, that they, and their Indian neighbours may have a good understanding, and mutually cultivate the arts of peace; for our whole nation, that God Almighty would still have it in his holy keeping, with our two sister Republics, France and Holland;
Holland; that he would hasten the descent of that powerful angel from heaven to enlighten the earth with his glory; who shall cry, mightily, with a strong voice, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen! and proclaim redemption and liberty to all enslaved nations "whose cry, incessantly, rises to heaven; but rises in despair."

O Thou, who hearest prayer, and to whom all flesh should come, may we live to see the whole family of man happily reconciled; and join in the grand Jubilee, which shall commemorate the enfranchisement of the world. Federal America, as the elder tribe, "in the new order of things" shall have the honor of precedence, in conducting the whole assembled throng to the Temple of Concord.