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Ottawa is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

A CHAMBER SCENE.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And, in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow-white hands together press'd—
Her blue eye shelter'd in its lid—
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose fall upon the earth did press
Like a snow-white flake, soft and mute;
And there from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her light and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh God! if souls as unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy at thy throne—
If she, upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one—
She, with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light,
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

PERU, JULY 18th, 1840.

Gentlemen: — In answer to your request for a copy of the oration delivered by me on the 4th of July, 1840, I have to say that, notwithstanding I am fully aware of its imperfections, having been able to devote but few hours to its preparation, I do not feel myself at liberty to refuse it. Hoping that the reader may hold it in better estimation than I do myself, I herewith transmit you a copy.

Respectfully,
Your obediant servant,
W. CHUMASERO.

Messrs. JOHN JOHNSTON, GEO. W. JOHNSTON, N. C. CANON, JOSHUA BROWN, } *Committee.*

Oration delivered by William Chumasero, Esq., at Homer, July 4, 1840.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

Sixty-four years have elapsed since a venerable assemblage of our forefathers convened in Philadelphia, and promulgated to the world those noble sentiments of freedom contained in our celebrated Declaration of Independence;—sentiments, the uttering of which, at that time, was at the risk of a most ignominious death, and which, if unsuccessfully sustained, would have doomed the authors to infamy and disgrace;—sentiments which, now they have been successfully sustained and acted on, have raised our country to the highest pinnacle of celebrity and honor, and made it a beacon light to guide all, who, tired of the despotisms under which Europe now groans, bear in their breasts one kindred feeling with freemen, to a home, where it is the glorious boast, that we are all of one family—all free, equal, and independent: sentiments, which have shaken the thrones of tyrants to their base, and threatened the trembling occupants with destruction; sentiments, which crowned heads have heard with terror, and which even the most ardent lovers of liberty had scarcely dared to hope would be successful. But the time had at length arrived when the accumulated wrongs and oppression of the British government had rendered forbearance no longer a virtue; when all were ready to exclaim in the words of Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death;" when men would suffer the infamy of being stigmatized as rebels, and pour out their hearts' blood like water, rather than longer submit to the tyrannical oppression of the British government—a government which could not understand their wants, and which, notwithstanding the most calm and respectful remonstrances and the most humble petitions, continued to shower down like hail upon the colonies those very grievances for a relief from which they were imploring. The Colonists had raised the voice of supplication. For wanton outrage and indignity they had returned expostulation and memorial, but without avail. Locust swarms of hireling mercenaries were sent to awe them into submission. The fair face of our land was marred by the pollution of their foul footsteps; our coast was surrounded by hostile fleets—our ports were blockaded—all commerce stopped—and ere a sword had been drawn by the Americans, or a hand raised in defence of their liberties. They were declared rebels, fortifications were erected by the British in our largest cities, and the soldiers sent to occupy them outnumbered the citizens. The sword was unsheathed in the land, and our pure streams were ensanguined by the blood of the innocent, and what had they to hope for? Where now were they to obtain that redress which had been denied them by their oppressors? What now remained for them to do? But one of two things—either to set supinely under the torturing lash and acknowledge that they were slaves, or to rise majestic, clothed in the garb of truth, with full reliance on God and the justice of their cause—at the risk of their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors—assert their liberties, to resist to the death, and to die as freemen rather than to live as slaves—with a knowledge that "a *day*, an *hour* of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole *eternity* of bondage." The latter alternative was adopted, and an astonished world beheld a poorly fed and worse clad handful of freemen, whom they had been taught to look upon as cowards, battling successfully against one of the most powerful nations in the world for those great cardinal truths contained in our celebrated Declaration of Independence, and forcing them reluctantly to acknowledge the power of truth and justice, when asserted by a people who knew no wish but that of freedom, who breathed no aspiration but that of liberty.

With such men, professing such principles, and adhering to them unwaveringly under hardships and privations unparalelled in the annals of history, contention was useless, and, after the expenditure of much blood and treasure, England gave up the vain contest, and America was acknowledged as an independent republic by the whole civilized world. At that time gloomy were the forebodings and ominous the prophesies of its speedy downfall. But the virtue of the American people has triumphantly proved the falsity of the prediction. It has been shown that an enlightened people are capable of governing themselves.

Sixty-four years have passed away since the United States were declared to be free and independent, and the happiness & virtue of the people are proverbial. The stand she then took in the list of nations has been nobly maintained; and the pledges she made to the world have been amply and fully redeemed. Each succeeding year as it dawns upon us but witnesses the increasing strength of our republic, which has now ceased to be called an experiment.

I will not detain this audience with a recapitulation of the injuries and oppressions which led to the separation of the colonies from the British government. The path has been often trod before. Abler pens have written, and abler voices than mine have been raised on this subject, with power sufficient

"To stir a fever in the blood of age,
And make an infant's sinews strong as steel."

No American can be ignorant of the causes which led to the establishment of a country of freedom and a home for the oppressed of the world. The pen of the historian has over and over again portrayed the events of the Revolution. The orator's tongue never tires of dwelling, and the poet's pen lingers fondly upon these themes, as if unwearied with the happy and noble task of chronicling the triumph of right over power, and handing down to posterity the names and glorious deeds of those men who achieved our independence, led by a Washington to "crimson glory and undying fame;" and for this reason will I pass over those events, and turn your attention for a few moments to the blessings we enjoy, and which are the result of the institutions under which we live, and, also, to the means necessary for the preservation of those blessings.

America may truly be called the most happy country in the world. The advantages of education are open to all classes; the people are industrious and enterprising; and the press here has a power which no country but our own can boast of. By it the vices of our rulers are reproved with the utmost severity; their deviation from the path of rectitude pointed out and held up to public view with minute exactness; and they are admonished that, although for a few short years they may rule over those who have voluntarily raised them to their places of power, their race will be short as the term for which they were elected to serve the people, if they prove unfaithful to the trust which has been confided to them. And although error may for a short time blind us into a belief that *it* is right, the intelligence of the people, aided by the thousands of sentinels at the head of the newspaper press continually on the alert to point out error in our administration, and even to *see* it where none actually exists, will not suffer us long to remain in darkness with such safeguards. Error can never long prevail amongst us, and designing men are taught in language not to be misunderstood, that honesty in politics as well as in other things is the best policy. Once in four years is judgment passed upon the acts of our rulers, and each individual citizen, without fear of punishment and unactuated by any hope of personal reward or aggrandizement at the ballot boxes, casts his vote of condemnation or approval of a previous administration, and they, trembling in their seats, dare not but be honest and faithful to the interests of those who have called them to watch over them. As a means of intelligence our papers are of incalculable value. Their number and cheapness place them in the reach of all who would stretch out their hands to receive them. Even those who run may read and become informed through them of all that has transpired in the political world. The world of science and the arts—even the backwoodsman, hundreds of miles from civilization—is better informed in relation to our government than thousands of men living in the metropolises of Europe are of the despotisms under which they groan; our books and papers are sent to every quarter of the globe, giving light to thousands who otherwise would not hear of liberty, and imparting warmth to the hearts of all who feel that man was born to be free; our political movements are anxiously watched and dreaded by every crowned head in Europe; and, as link after link of the hideous chain of tyranny and oppression is exposed to view, the world is actively engaged in striking them from their limbs as fast as discovered; and in time—a short time—it is no vain or idle prophesy, to say that the people of all nations will know their rights, and knowing, dare to maintain them, and to America will be the glory of having been the first in modern times to proclaim to the world, that a people can only be free and happy when each individual, no matter how humble his condition, has an interest and a voice in the councils of his rulers, and feels that he is their equal.

Since, then, our institutions are so valuable, and the blessings we derive from them are so great, it may not here be out of place to consider on the means necessary to preserve and hand them down to our descendants as perfect as we ourselves have received them.

It is a well known and melancholy fact, that all governments have had their rise, decline, and fall. Rome, imperial Rome, "which sat on her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world," and Greece, "sad relic of departed worth, immortal though no more"—where are they? They live but in history; their power has passed away like a dream, and we know them but in name;

"Oblivion will steal silently the remnant of their fame.
Beside the eternal Nile the pyramids have risen.
Nile shall pursue his changeless way, those pyramids shall fall,
Yea, not a stone shall stand to tell the spot whereon they stood;—
Their very site shall be forgotten, as is their builder's name."

History proves that all nations have had their rise and downfall. Some have existed for a longer time than others. It is true, some have withstood the shock for centuries, while others have passed through an ephemeral existence of but few days' duration; and republics, especially, have been of short duration. But our own republic differs from all others that have ever existed, and upon the intelligence, industry, and virtue of the people, it may rest with a well founded hope that it will be perpetual. But what is necessary to ensure a continuance of it?

In the first place, I consider that it is necessary that we should form habits of industry, economy, and sobriety, without which no people can be happy or virtuous. It cannot be denied that luxury is one of the most ruinous vices that a people can indulge in. It is ruinous alike to body and mind. When we revert back, and seek for the causes which have aided in the dowfall of nations, we see amongst them luxury stand pre-eminent. Its approaches are silent, but no less certain. Let us, then, discard it as the most deadly enemy of freedom. Let us not only by precept, but by example, recommend economy in all things, and, most especially, in articles of foreign luxury. In our own land we find all the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life. Why, then, should we impoverish ourselves to enrich foreign nations?

What, it may be asked, is the cause of the great pecuniary embarrassments under which we are now labouring? Why is it that every individual in this land is now suffering under the convulsive throes of a pecuniary revulsion? What but want of economy—but the inordinate desire showed by all classes of the community to become rich at once without giving a proper equivalent of industry for the wealth they expected to obtain by speculations the most extravagant ever entered into in any age or country besides our own? If every one who, after years since, quit a lucrative business where the gains, if slow, were sure, had become the rich man he anticipated, the world would scarce have sufficed to contain the riches which would have been accumulated. The consequence naturally was, from the sudden and utter stagnation of productive industry, that an immense amount of foreign goods were imported into the United States, not wheat enough was raised for home consumption, and an immense foreign debt contracted in favor of Europe, which yet remains unpaid.

There is no doubt, that pecuniary embarrassment has a deleterious effect on the moral character of individuals. It deadens the moral energies and faculties of man, destroys gradually all sense of honor, and renders him incapable of enjoying happiness or liberty. If, then, we would retain our independence, we must repress this fond desire, this anxious longing for riches without expending the industry and toil necessary in ordinary times to obtain them. We must be economical, live within our means, till our own land, raise our own grain, manufacture our own wearing apparel, and, in fine, live as much as possible within ourselves, and we must be prosperous, we must be happy.

But one of the chief means to perpetuate the blessings we enjoy, is to support our colleges, academies, and schools by every means in our power,—to increase their number, and place their advantages in the reach of all from the rich to the most humble, so that all may drink of the waters of knowledge at the same spring. Where each man has a voice in his government, how important it is that his mind should be informed and cultivated; how important is it that the light of knowledge should be generally diffused amongst us, that it should be extended from the inmates of the palace to the cottage of the humblest individual in our favored land. To you, parents, is committed this great trust; upon your descendants do we place our reliance. In your breast remains it to decide, whether your children shall be virtuous, happy, and intelligent by affording them these aids to advancement in the paths of virtue and honor; or whether, under the blasting effects of ignorance, you will doom them to infamy and disgrace. How great, then, the responsibility you have upon you! I know, when I gaze around on this assemblage, that these remarks might well be spared. I am convinced, and I thank God for it, that these remarks are little needed. All are, I know, satisfied that education is an incentive to noble action, and adds an impetus to industry, which nothing else can. The poor man then will not remain in ignorance, when he feels that his single vote (be it cast for good or ill) may be the means of the perpetuation or destruction of the principles which he holds to be correct.

It is otherwise in despotic governments, where the poor man has no voice, where all power is in the hands of the aristocracy of nobles, where the nod of a despot is the law of the land. What interest has the poor man there in becoming conversant with the government, where his voice can neither be of avail in preventing wrong or in redressing it; where whatever knowledge he may acquire but shows him the more forcibly the abjectness of his condition? He feels the truth of the old maxim, "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and groans and sweats under a weary life, until death relieves him from his burden. But in America, happy land! it is different. It is the interest of both the rulers and the ruled, that the people should be enlightened, that knowledge should have wide spread through our land; that the general influence of education should be felt by all alike, warming into existence, as it does in a free people, those high objects for which man was created,—ushering into full life and activity the cause of morality, purity, and virtue, and, consequently, adding to our happiness. Education to the freeman is, in the words of Phillips, "a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament;—it chastens vice, it guides virtue, and gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is a man? a splendid slave! a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes; and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation.

Reverse the picture, and from a scene of gloom, misery and degredation, we behold the glorious sun of freedom shining upon an enlightened—upon a happy people; he no longer rises to his course and lights a race of slaves—his last beam no longer falls upon a slave. Man is changed from what he was—he no longer bows abjectly to the power of an hereditary line of despots—he becomes what his Creator designed he should be, a free, a happy being; he views all things with a different eye; he no longer basks in the sun like the beasts of the field, his only gratification arising from the indulgence of his sensual passions, heedless of all that passes before him;—no longer does he rise from his couch to go reluctantly to work, knowing that his earnings will be wrested from him, to pamper the luxuries of his oppressors, but with a feeling of independence he rises cheerfully to his labor, with the assurance that what he acquires by the sweat of his brow is his own, and cannot be taken from him even to pay the taxes necessary to the support of his government, without himself having had a voice thro' his representatives in the imposition of those taxes; and in his hours of relaxation from toil, he sits by his own hearth, and by reading improves his mind and renders himself capable of understanding and properly appreciating the blessings which he enjoys. Take away this feeling of independence—this interest in the government, and you at once sap the very foundations of industry, enterprise, virtue and morality—you destroy all incentive to noble exertion; vice and immorality raising their hideous front, would stalk unblushingly and triumphantly through our land, and men's necks would again be prepared for the yoke of bondage from which ages have scarcely been able to redeem them. Industry must be promoted, or the fabric of our government be hewn in pieces, and the land become a prey to all the horrors of civil war, in the attempts of designing and unprincipled men to seize the power. An industrious people alone can be virtuous and pure, and in the purity and virtue of the people is the greatest strength and safety of a Republican Government like our own; destroy these, and the Republic must fall and a Despotism take place. The transition from one to the other is easier by far than most people imagine, or are willing to admit. Under the genius of our free institutions, America has already become one of the greatest commercial nations of the world. Every sea has been whitened by the sails of American ships. Our star studded ensign is treated with respect by all nations, and the activity, enterprise and ingenuity of the American people, are universally known and acknowledged.

To the list of eminent men, what a proud array of names has she added! A Washington—a man whose like was ne'er before beheld; in whose character his enemies could not point out one stain: whose name no patriot mentions without a holy emotion, and in whose hearts he sits enthroned in all the majesty of virtue; a man of whom it was proudly and truly said, "That he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" a man without ambition, save to serve his country; of spotless reputation; inflexible integrity and unblemished virtue; respected by his enemies; beloved by his friends; his deeds will never be mentioned by posterity without gratitude, or his name without emotion. Like Napoleon, he was instrumental in freeing his country from a kingly power; but the comparison here ends—he freed not again to enslave. The one filled the world with the cries and lamentations of orphans and widows, whom his inordinate ambition had made desolate. How different the other! A world of freemen prayed for the success of his arms. Mothers armed their children, and wives their husbands to fight with him for freedom; and when, after successfully achieving a country's liberty, he laid down his arms and retired to a private station followed by the prayers and gratitude of a nation, who, through his instrumentality, had been made happy. To his name may be added those of Franklin and Fulton, whose names require no panegyric. The one, the profound philosopher and upright statesman; and to the ingenuity of the latter, are we indebted exclusively for the art of steam navigation. A host of other names, great and glorious in war, in science, and the arts, might be enumerated; but these few are sufficient to make every American heart glow with pride as he says, "I also am an American Citizen."

One evidence of the enterprise of the people is the wide spread of civilization over the whole expanse of our vast continent. The Rocky Mountains have witnessed it—no spot has been left untrod—no nook, however sequestered, unexplored. Gorgeous cities have risen in desert places; and where a few short years since the haunts of wild beasts and the wily savage alone could be found, may now be seen cultivated fields and fine farms. Truly has the wilderness and solitary place become glad, and the desert been made to rejoice and blossom like the rose. No longer does the hardy settler start from his midnight slumbers at hearing the shrill sound of the Indian war whoop, and wake to find his dwelling encircled by the devouring flames—his wife and children cruelly murdered before his eyes;—no longer does he rush from the thickening horrors, the dangers by which he is enveloped, to meet perhaps a more cruel fate at the stake of his captors, than the death which seemed to him inevitable. No, all is happiness and industry. He goes to his rest at night, with a certainty of protection from just laws, convinced that his life and property are safe under the protection of wise government and equal laws, which he himself has assisted in forming; and this alone is to be attributed to the feeling of independence and freedom which we enjoy.

Our armies have ever been successful in war. Our navy has covered itself with imperishable glory; and in peace the most barren wastes and rugged places, by the industry of a hardy yeomanry, have become cultivated fields, teeming with the luxuriance of the crops they bear. The sun shines

"O'er vales that teem with fruits. Romantic hills,
Whereon to gaze the heart with joyance fills.
It is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land;
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree;
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand."

Manufacturing establishments have sprung up in all parts of our land. American skill hath clothed us in the most costly fabrics of our own manufacture; and the extensive rail roads and magnificent canals, will remain lasting monuments of the enterprise and activity of the American people.

But our own darling West ought not to be passed over without giving utterance to the thoughts which must arise in the mind of every dweller in it, when he hears it mentioned. And our own State, our much beloved Illinois, the Giant of the West, intrudes itself more especially on our observation. We have a climate unsurpassed for beauty in the world—a soil of unequalled fertility. No state in the Union can boast of possessing finer land; or in the same number of acres of territory, as much land which can be brought under cultivation. But a few years back, and the broad and boundless Prairies, which the eye aches with gazing on, were tenanted alone by the herds of Buffalo, which formerly roamed over them. The richness of the soil, and the beautiful aspect and apparent natural advantages of the country, induced a few individuals to emigrate, and the number of inhabitants has now swelled to over half a million.

The most striking features of our state, are the boundless Prairies, stretching away on every side far as the eye can reach, and covered with the most luxuriant verdure.

"These are the gardens of the desert. These
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
And fresh as the young earth ere man had sinned.
The Prairies! I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows freed
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No! they're all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye:
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges."

It is a country which the pen cannot describe. The naked truth can convey no idea of its beauty. It must be seen to be appreciated.

Who, with a feeling of patriotism in his heart, can view our country—its rising greatness—its immense natural advantages and boundless resources, without feeling a noble pride in being the citizen of such a country, and an anxious solicitude to preserve uncontaminated the genius of our free institutions; and on this day—the natal morn of a country's freedom, are we not called upon especially to rejoice, and re-echo from shore to shore the glad shouts of the millions of freemen who are now raising throughout this great country the voice of exultation, until the sound shall be conveyed to the utmost bounds of the earth, until at last as it recedes farther and farther, becoming more faint as the distance increases, it shall die away on the portals of Heaven.

"This day," said one of the signers in a letter written on the day after the Declaration of Independence is dated: "ought