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For the Commencement, 1842

Sational Ingratitude
By

Pro J. Pattion - Cambridge of 4

National Ingratitude.

Stained by gross injustice, towards some of her best and ablest citizens. Scarcely can we turn over the pages of history without finding him and then scattered upon its surface marks of national ingratitude - of favour and gifty uniqually distributed, and of the wise and good unhand, we have Seen those public and private Oring whose whole living entitled them to a place high upon the gibbeh or low in the defetty of a dungen: raised to power honour and affluence, not be cause they deserved them, but be cause intrigue and deception place of them there. He our often is it, that those who are the slaws of in ordinate ambition who bine for bre-minence, have but little regard to principle or to the france by which they may accomplish their ends. or to the road in which they trad and toil to reach the goal of their ambition. In such men then is not the Smallest particle of patrolism their sole aim being the a drance ment of self. Their only and the accomplishment of sching and pland beneficial only to those who make them.

But view the other side of the becture, and what do in find?
men whose long catalogues of great and glorions and Splended Denices in
the cause of their country- whose great inventing and discoving and whom
till for free dem and man, entitled them while living to a high place
in the affection of their country pure, and after death to a forma more

mans olum in their hasty and memory; refused the gifty and honoung granted to others far less discroing. But there men han not only been refuand what they actually deserved but have been by their own country thrown into prisons, louded with chains and Sentinced to end their days by drink ing the poisoning hemlock. Oft has humanity recoiled at the himites examples of public and private oppnission, Oft has the dark and Silent dun geon the earth that Arank their noble blood called about to hea. ben for vengiance. These men Spring not up in every soil. and when they dis. which blages forth in the Still dark Sky and in A is gen; but like Stars of the first magnitude which throw their steady light a fon the entire world, an honour to the nation and a name to the age which gave them birth, Then an the men who have assured the esteem, the admiralion and the gratitude of their own Country and the whole Civilized works They lind not for themselver, but for their country and their Country's welfare. Have they received the newards they meretid? Sum to the records of the fast, and Le what flagrant instances of injustice todach mun fla Man its pages.

The great Atheren, the father of eloquene is an example. We whom view was a terrer to his crumy, moving the bots alone with

such power as the tornado heavy the bosom of the mighty ocean. and whose resistless eloquence wilded at will the fierer democracy. Shook at will thansenal and fulmend o'er Green, To flacedon and Artaxires thme" Nois country was his idel to it he Jackfield every Selfish - every andearing Sestiment, But how was he newarded? When his virtues and talents rightly appreciated? Ded he much with that rispect due to Services rendend to his country? No. That Country to arest from herself the Strotte of her Conquerer, was ready to deliver him up, and freed him to escape the ignoming of pacedinean vengeaner by a wentery death. who has not bun touched with the Limple Story of Con ridancy. How he served his country's - How he made the coward Jun term into Lo ort -Who does not remember the noblemes and magniminity of his Soul - the wisdom of his Counsel the firmmess of his partsons, and the dignity and elevation of his virtuis? But alus he who ares formest on buttle and rady to Sacrifice houself for his country; was at last hurled from his frond emenines - torn from his friends and bumbhet from his

But maris our own day, in han a bright example in the dis corrosor of the American Continuents of duck which will trans mit his name to the most distant futurity as a memento of what mind can accomplishe Then have doubtless been in all ages, men whom dis covering and inventions. in the world of matter of mind; have opened new arming to the dominers of man our the material conation; han in crased his meany or hisfaculting of Cajing ment; have raised him in nearm approximation, tethat higher and happen Con dition, the object of his discord and asperating, in his forment Italo of his existence, Columbus dis Coursed no new principle in politicy or mor als but he made that dis covery which in its land Surparing all others. and which is Sufficient to give him a place which but few hancorralturned. He deserved all and mon them prince is King Could bestown, he deserved a nation a doration. Jet how was he remarded theis life was but one Continued Incassion of broables and disappointments, and he was at last compelled to end his days in povoly lin Lung and unlamented But the his tory of our own Country - the land of the free and the asslum of the opposing" is not free from Such Stains and blemisher . Talmit Hoonry the great Chapin of leberty, has not necession the nation what his Denvices de manded During the whole Struggle for independence he remained Unshallin, was duced, antemped. Heis loy ally he Kept, his low his Leal" Nouth Still lives in our members, he yet has a place in the affection of his Country in und into have as long as time it self what last of what martly have we of a nation on me cration What have we to lite the forming strangers that we sale revenue the name of Honry No Scal plind marte mark the slave when rish his ashis. No monumental Column "a san which to insents

Commencement Oration of John Richard Pattison, Class of 1842
Transcribed by Tristan Deveney, May 2008
Edited by Sarah-Hazel Jennings, June 2008

National Ingratitude

Scarcily is there a country whose annals have not been stained by gross injustice towards some of her best and ablest citizens. Scarcily can we turn over the pages of history without finding here and there scattered upon its surface marks of a national ingratitude – of favours and gifts unequally distributed and of the wise and good unhonored. We have seen those whose public and private crimes – whose whole lives entitled them to a place high upon the gibbet or low in depths of a dungeon: raised to power; honour and affluence not because they diserved them, but because intrigue and deception placed them there. How often is it that those who are the slaves of inordinate ambition—who pine for pre-eminence, have but little regard to principle or to the manner by which they may accomplish their ends, or to the road in which they mad and wit to reach the goal of their ambition. In such men then is not the smallest particle of patriotism their sole aim being the advancement of self. their only end the accomplishment of schemes and plans beneficial only to those who make them.

But view the other side of the picture, and what do we find? men whose long catalogues of great and glorious and splendid services in the cause of their country – whose great inventions and discoveries and whose [one word illegible] for freedom and man entitled them while living to a high place in the affection of their countrymen, and after death to a proud mose

mausoleum in their hearts and memory: refused the gifts and honours granted to others far less deserving. But these men have not only been refused what they actually deserved but have been by their own country thrown into prisons loaded with chains and sentenced to end their days by drinking the poisonous hemlock. Oft has humanity recoiled at the humble examples of public and private oppression. Oft has the dark and silent dungeon – the earth that drank their noble blood called aloud to heaven for vengeance. Wise men young not up in every soil. and when they disappear have no trace of their existence. They are not as the as the red melon which blazes forth in the still dark sky and in an instant is gone like stars of the first magnitude which throw their steady light upon the entire world, an honour to the nation and a name to the age which gave them birth, These are the men who have assumed the esteem the admiration and the gratitude of their own country and the whole civilized world. They lived not for themselves, but for their country and their country's welfare. Have they received the rewards they merited? Turn to the records of the past, and see what flagrant instances of injustice to such men blazon its pages.

The great Athenean, the father of eloquence is an example. He whose voice was a <u>terror</u> to his enemies, moving the populous with

such power as the tornado heaving the bosom of the mighty ocean: and –

whose resistless eloquence

Wielded at will the fierce democracy.

Shook at will-th'arsenal and fulmined o'er Greece,

To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne"

"His country was his idol to it he sacrificed every <u>Selfish</u> – every <u>endearing sentiment</u>, But how was he rewarded? When <u>his virtues</u> and <u>latent</u> rightly appreciated? Did <u>he</u> meet with <u>that respect</u> due to "services rendered" to his country? No. <u>that country</u>, to avert from <u>herself</u> the stroke of her conqueror, <u>was ready</u> to deliver him up, and <u>freed</u> him to escape the ignominy, of Macedonian vengeance by a voluntary death.

Who has not been touched with the Simple Story of [one word illegible – Govilancs?] How he served his country? – How he

----- "made the coward

Turn lesson into sport"-----

Who does not remember the <u>nobleness</u> and <u>magnimimity</u> – of his Soul – the <u>wisdom</u> of his counsel – the <u>firmness</u> of his purposes, and the <u>dignity</u> and <u>elevation</u> of his <u>virtues</u>? But alas he who was foremost in battle and ready to sacrifice himself for his country; was at last hurled from his proud eminence – torn from his friends and banished from his country.

But nearer our own day, we have a <u>bright example</u> in the <u>discoverer</u> of the American continent, A deed which will transmit <u>his name</u> to the most distant futurity as a <u>moment</u> of what <u>mind can accomplish</u>. There have doubtless been in all ages, <u>men</u> whose <u>discovering</u> and <u>inventing</u> with world of matter or of mind; have opened <u>new avenues</u> to the dominion of man over the material creation; <u>have increased</u> his means or his faculties of enjoyment; have raised him in near approximation to that higher and happier condition, the object of his desires and aspirations, in his present state of his existence. Columbus discovered no new principle in politics or morals, but he made that discovery which in its kind surpasses all others, and which is sufficient to give him a place which but [for rancour?] attained. He deserved <u>all</u> and <u>more</u> than <u>princes</u> or <u>king</u> could bestow. he deserved a <u>nation's adoration</u>. Yet how was he rewarded. His life was but <u>one</u> <u>continual succession</u> of troubles and disappointments, and he was at last compelled to end his days in poverty. <u>unsung</u> and <u>unlamented</u>.

But the history of <u>our own country</u> – "the land of the free and the asylum of the oppressed" – is not free from such stains and blemishes. Patrick Henry, the great champion of liberty, has not received from the nation what his services and talents demanded during the <u>whole struggle for independence</u> he remained

"Unshaken, unseduced, [untempted?]

His loyalty he kept his love his zeal"

[one word illegible – though?] still living in our memory, he yet has a place in the affections of his countrymen and into here as long as time itself shall last. Let what marks have we of a nation's veneration? What have we to tell the passing stranger that we still murmur the name of Henry. No "sealed blind marble" marks the place where rest his ashes. No "monumental column" upon which to inscribe his deeds and his virtues.