

AN
ORATION,

DELIVERED IN

St. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,

BEFORE THE INHABITANTS OF

CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA,

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1812,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

Independence of the United States ;

BY APPOINTMENT OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION SOCIETY:

Published at the Request of that Society,

AND ALSO, OF THE

SOUTH-CAROLINA STATE SOCIETY OF CINCINNATI.

“ A Nation's Choral Hymn for Tyranny o'erthrown.”

BY WILLIAM CRAFTS, JUN, A. M.

Member of the American Revolution Society.



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Oration, &c.

AS the followers of Mahomet are wont to turn their adoration towards the place of his nativity; it becomes us, Americans, to review with admiration and delight the origin of our political rights, and the dawn of our liberties. Superstition may array in imaginary colors, and deck with false importance, a trifle or a toy. She may blend crimes and virtues in dazzling combination, and bend the knee of her votaries at the shrine of imposture. But in liberty there is nothing equivocal. No commentaries are necessary to expound, no authority to enforce, no fiction to adorn it. It is seen in the wild exuberance of nature. It swells the bosom, it warms the heart, it animates the eye of every citizen of our republic. It is our daily bread, and the subject of our annual celebration. Strike your harps, ye men of genius, and sing the praise of liberty! Unfurl your standards, ye men of war, and inscribe them with the name of liberty! Mingle it with your orisons, ye servants of the Most High, and in the sacred centers of praise, offer the incense of liberty.

The rights of man, and the origin of government, were for ages, alike buried in obscurity. Tyrants sought their power, and were content to find it in the sword. Philosophers beheld their rights,

rights, and were compelled to behold them only in their writings. The world was amused with the speculations of the one, while it was writhing under the despotism of the other, and derived from their visionary labors a mournful satisfaction. But power, founded in ignorance, and supported by fear, still overhung the earth, like a vast and mighty cloud, raised in truth by the breath of man, but falsely and impiously deemed to originate in Heaven.

O! thou Supreme Arbiter of the universe! what blind infatuation, what unthinking zeal must have warped the intellect, and chilled the heart of those, who could discover thy favorite ministers and vicegerents on earth in the cruel and bloody tyrants, that have crimsoned the records of history, in Attila—Alexander—Tiberius—Omar and Bonaparte. Rather let us trace the signs of thy favor, and the instruments of thy goodness, in those, who, in imitation of thee, have been benefactors of the human race, and have opened the gates of liberty to their oppressed fellow men. Let us rather discern thy power and vengeance in the arm of Brutus—in the prowess of Wallace—in the arrow of Tell—in the success of Washington, in the spirit, which warms, and will one day liberate the sweetest Isle of the ocean—and in the deathless lustre of the Spanish arms. History, black and bloody as she is—history, choked and smothered with crime, has still a bright and brilliant page, a lofty and immortal strain, in which she proclaims to the world—that the cause of liberty is the cause of God!

The recurrence of this anniversary is calculated
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to inspire the most exalted sensations. How grateful is it to trace the growth and progress even of inanimate nature! Who does not revert with delight to the days of his childhood, although all they afford for rejoicing, is, that they left nothing for repentance. All of us have some favorite æra to commemorate, even in the limited circle of our own existence; some achievement, dear to our self-love, and warm in our remembrance. If these comparatively unimportant events claim and preserve a place in our memory, what is not due to the chivalrous deeds of our revolution? If the lives of individuals thus abound with interest, and grasp after immortality, what ought we to feel, when our theme is a nation, when that nation is our own—and all the blessings of Heaven have descended to adorn it?

This country appears to have been created on a magnificent plan, destined for the production of great events, and the display of extraordinary powers. It came from the hands of nature, endowed with sudden and wonderful perfection. The mountains of Europe and Asia scarcely deserve the appellation, when compared with the Alleghany and the Andes. Our lakes have all the grandeur of ocean, without its turbulence. Our forests are planted almost beyond the ken of man, and the clouds find a resting place in our vallies. The grand and sublime in nature, necessarily produces moral and mental greatness. The mere contemplation of physical wonders awes, elevates, and expands the soul. Our rivers, flowing with bound-

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less velocity—our mountains, rising in awful grandeur—our rocks, braving the fury of the elements, are marked with the characters of independence, and proclaim the residence of freemen. How shall he be tamed, who triumphs over a barren and inhospitable clime, and in insular greatness opposes the ocean of human calamities? How shall his mind be bowed down and narrowed into servitude, whose eye can see no bounds to his dominion, and who holds in subjection the giants of nature?

The early inhabitants of America heard not the name of king, felt not the arm of tyranny, until they were cursed with the ferocious civilization of Europe. As the Athenians had no law against parricide, the Americans had no name for despotism, and the one were free from nature as the other were dutiful from principle. They were connected by the only lawful ties of government, community of feeling and interest—they obeyed the only legal sovereign, superior worth and ability. However, the pride of intellect may teach us to despise, and the pride of power, justly incensed, may induce us to oppress the remnant of these savage warriors, we must admire their dauntless intrepidity and characteristic independence. We must exult, that we have succeeded to no inheritance of infamy nor crime,—that we have no royal villainies—no patrician privileges—no Gothic stains—no religious cruelties—to efface from the early history of our country. It is the picture of liberty, wild, fearless, desperate, heroic—hunted down by the blood-

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hounds of Europe—pursued to her deepest recesses, chased to her forests of eternal gloom, but still unconquered, resolute and bold.

Have we preserved, in their purity and lustre, the feelings and spirit, which actuated the untutored Indian? Have we proved ourselves worthy of the soil on which we live, and of its former unfortunate inhabitants? Answer, thou Genius of the American Revolution, that, nurtured at the bosom of liberty, strong in infancy like Hercules, and vigorous like Antæus from defeat, didst sustain and throw off the load of oppression, and bear thy parent, liberty, beyond the reach of Ambition. Answer, ye shades of the departed heroes, who achieved the glorious work of independence. Answer, ye living monuments of valor, that decorate the triumphs of your country. Spirit of the immortal Washington, father and founder of our Republic—I appeal to you—Ill fated monarch of Britain! weeping over the dismemberment of a mighty empire, with no taunting feelings, I appeal to you. Wretched and unhappy France! lost and bewildered in the attempt to imitate us, to whom the lightnings of desolation seemed the holy flame of Liberty, and “who would have seen the things, which we have seen, but could not,” I appeal to you! Let the world, which was enlightened by their example, astonished by their valor, temperance and wisdom, bear witness to the high minded deeds of those, who, surrounded by adversity and peril, laid the foundations of this extensive empire, whose strongest cement is

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their blood, and whose chief ornament, their actions.

A minute detail of the events of the Revolution would ill accord with the enthusiasm of this day. We are not assembled to study the anatomy of liberty, but to praise, to cherish and embrace her. In her infancy, she was the love and admiration of the world. Supported by the gallantry of France, upheld by the dignity of Spain, and blest with the sympathies of all, she enlisted under her banners the choicest spirits of the age. It was, indeed, a mighty tournament—the contest was between power and right, between ambition and justice—the nations of the earth were the spectators—the prize was the privilege of self government, and the judge was the Almighty God. Splendid as was the victory, shall be the fame of those, who fought for its attainment. Some fell in the pursuit, theirs is the bed of glory; some have survived the conquest, theirs is the harvest of renown. All have deserved of their country a debt of gratitude, which can only be appreciated by a contemplation of the blessings we enjoy under the Constitution of the United States, and the government of just and equal laws. And here, my friends, what a theme for panegyric! What a subject for triumphant eulogy! for that sedate and sober joy, which is the result of minute examination and scrutiny, and that overwhelming applause, which hastens to crown the models of taste and beauty.

Admiration, however, is the province of weakness. It is the net in which tyrants catch their prey ;

prey; it binds men to the throne of an usurper. When the heart follows the eye, what more effectual security for despotism, than the lustre of a crown—the purple insignia of royalty—the illumination of a city—the smiles of an empress—or the ornaments of a cradle. These are the food of admiration, and admiration is the price of slavery. These are the guards of Mamelukes, that protect unlawful power, and raise the clamors of applause from the bosom of wretchedness, as meteors are exhaled from the damps of corruption. Let others boast the splendors, which relieve the gloom of misery and enlighten the blackness of despair; ours be the simple gratulations of freemen, unrestrained and universal. Happy, almost beyond the visions of fancy and the scope of rhetoric, ought to be the citizens of these United States. In what other part of the globe shall we find such individual security, connected with such admirable provisions for the public good, such undisturbed tranquillity in the possession of those comforts, which are the charm of existence? The singular and awful changes, which have convulsed almost every political system, have brought the ferocity of savage, into the scenes of social life, and the arts of society have but given a keener edge to the scythe of desolation. Amid the wide spreading contagion of moral and political pestilence all that was noble, and beautiful and fragrant is blasted and withered around us. The world has been resown by Cadmus, and soldiers are the produce of every soil. Spirit of humanity! whither shalt thou fly? Where shall the innocent sufferer find an asylum? Here, my friends, in this western

wildernefs, this "new and better world." Here "the oppreffor fhall ceafe from troubling, and the weary be at reft." Look abroad, Americans, unfold the records of hiftory, and you fhall feek in vain for a people fo favored as yourselves. Which of you hath been torn from the couch of refofe, from the fweets of domeftic life, bleeding victim of military ambition! to fight the battles of an ufurper? Which of you, O monftrous courfe of perfecution! hath been proferibed for his religious opinions, and compelled to abandon his confcience, or his country? Which of you is poor, and may not, by induftry, become rich? Or rich, and his wealth is infeure? Who is fo high, that he can fet our laws at defiance? Who fo low, that he is oppreffed and dares not fpeak, or fpeaks, and is not heard? Which of you hath an honeft fentiment, that he may not promulgate, profefs and enjoy, openly, in the face of day, before God and man? Which of you hath a laudable ambition, and he may not aspire to the honors of his country? Where are our nobles, but the VIRTUOUS, THE PATRIOTIC, AND THE BRAVE, titles acknowledged in heaven? Where are our Plebeians, but the vicious, the coward, and the traitor, claims too often recompensed on earth.

It was a custom of the Abyffinians, to beat every ftranger, who was prefented at their court, to prove, that they were the moft powerful people in the world. Let it not be faid of us, that we are content with vaunting of our liberties, nor wanton in displaying, nor carelefs in preferving them. Let us refpect the natural divifion of things.

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There are limits, which confine even the wanderings of the ocean. There are rules, which, while they check the licentious, secure the rational exercise of power. Other nations have to look for them, sometimes in the feeble illumination of a superannuated monarch—in the wild ingenious feelings of a young and headstrong prince—or in the heterogeneous confusion of almost forgotten laws. The constitutions of the governments of Europe, if ever they had any, have been dreadfully shattered. Their life is the occasional excitement of fever, yielding to the apathy of cold and ague. Sometimes submission is goaded into resistance and power into tyranny. A land is deluged in blood to attain one doubtful point, or appease one daring spirit.

Here all the principles of correct government are embodied in the fundamental laws of the state. Our rights descend from no uncertain source—they flow through no obscure channel—their origin was the collected wisdom, their aim is the collective happiness, and their guardian the collective virtue of the people. Imagination and feeling have attributed to certain objects a sacred, and sometimes, a singular reverence. The Reptiles of Egypt are watched with studious veneration; Rome selected her purest virgins to guard the fires of Vesta; and the trembling Indian sees the image of his God in the waters of the Ganges. Reason, reflection, experience, call on us, Americans, to cherish and revere the Constitution of these United States. It contains all our rights, it reflects all our privileges—it should be sacred

facred and inviolable. The waters of the Ganges the fame day may ftain and purify—a new generation may fupply the decayed deities of Egypt, and fun-beams were collected to renew the flame, which the carelefsnefs of beauty had fuffered to expire. But the fabric of our rights, when fallen, what architect fhall rebuild? The waftef stream of independence what fountain fhall replenifh? Who fhall revive the extinguifhed fires of Liberty?

“ But once put out thy light,
 “ I know not where is that Promethean heat,
 “ That can thy light relumine.”

As you revere the wifdom of your ancestors, as you regard the hopes of your pofterity, I conjure you, adhere to your conftitution and laws. Innovation is not amendment. Change is too often the creature of difcontent, and ferves only to fhift the fcenes of wretchednefs. Imaginary evils may afflict, enthufiafts may fire, and ambitious demagogues miflead you, until what was imaginary fhall become real, enthufiafm fhall fink into defpair, and a crown fhall arreft and fatisfy ambition. Had the people of France been content with one of the numerous conftitutions, which arofe out of their political chaos, the Sun had not ceafed to fhine on their republic. But with them nothing was conftant but change. They were impelled by every breeze, until every breeze deserted them, and they were forced to refofe in the calm of defpotifm. The lurid torch of revolution difplayed a rapid fucceffion of terrible phantoms,

phantoms, until at last came one, who treble
sceptres bore,

“ His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
“ Sat horror plumed.” MILTON.

To preserve as long, as may be consistent with human destinies, our invaluable rights; to extend, as far as we can, the duration of our happy Republic, should be the constant aim of every American. Under the pressure of time the most beautiful and solid fabrics must eventually yield. “ *Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus Dardanice.*” He flatters you, fellow-citizens, who does not warn you of your dangers. You can remain free and prosperous, only while you cling to the original principles of your government, and scrupulously preserve the regularity, the order, the separate and independent action of a system, which approaches nearer than any human institution to the harmony and beauty of the universe. A union of confederated states, into one nation, sufficiently independent for the regulation of their peculiar interests, and sufficiently connected for the preservation of their common rights, each pursuing its own course, all governed by the same general laws, and revolving round the same centre, is not an inapt emblem of the Sun, enlightening by his beams, and restraining by his attraction the orbs that surround him. Let not this happy equilibrium be impaired by a derangement of its parts. Let not the nation swallow the states, nor the states desert the nation. Neither dissolve the confederacy,
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nor consolidate the government. Let union direct our relative, and prudence our absolute motion. Let us not be driven from our spheres to describe the eccentric path of a comet, nor to illustrate the falling of a star. Let us feel and exhibit at home the principle of virtue, and abroad the principle of independence.

Where all are lovers of their country, where the ambitious seek and exercise power for the great purposes of patriotism and philanthropy, where the people are prompt to discern and eager to reward merit, the republican form of government is best calculated to attain the happiness of man. But when factions usurp the state, and render it the victim of their miserable passions; when the love of power presides over the love of country, and the love of self over the virtues, that should direct it; it is a tyranny, more grievous and intolerable than the authority of a monarch, inasmuch as one despot is better than a thousand.

What, think you, but the turbulence, and inconstancy, the folly and presumption of the Roman and Athenian commonwealths, so fatally illustrated in their history, brought those states into decay, and the very name of republic into disrepute? What, but these, could have produced and justified the severe sarcasms, with which the wisest philosophers of antiquity were wont to deride the government of the people. And what is there in our atmosphere or situation, what, but the wrecks of those illustrious republics, which still lift their shattered fragments above the waters
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of oblivion to warn us of our dangers, what is there in a peculiar manner to preserve the political integrity of our states? Nothing, nothing but the virtue of our citizens can afford us a bulwark or a barrier. This is our refuge from domestic, as the spirit of the nation is our shield against foreign usurpations. The Spartans lost their liberties, when they relinquished the severe institutions of Lycurgus. The battle of Cannæ proved the prevalence of corruption at Rome, when Varro was preferred to Fabius, and the power of Carthage was sacrificed to internal divisions. How shall I speak of Athens—that seat of faction and science, of wisdom and anarchy, of elegance and disorder; that theatre of polished men and manners, stained with wild and licentious excesses; of men of taste, who had no taste for virtue, and scholars, whose conduct was a disgrace to learning? What was that state of society, where honesty was unpopular, and men were candidates for honors, when they had lost their reputation? The example of this infatuated people will, I trust, never be followed among us. If any man here have the rigid integrity of Aristides, or the fearless virtue of Phocion, let him not experience the ostracism of Athens. Let modest merit be dragged from the obscurity which it loves and honors, and the arrogant and assuming be driven from stations which they seek without adorning.

Need I trace the intimate connection, which our liberties maintain with our learning? Need I say, that ignorance is inconsistent with national
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freedom, that it is the food of tyrants, in which they dip their vulture beaks and fasten their remorseless fangs? Need I expose the base arts of popularity, the false and unmeaning professions, with which cunning and ambitious men seduce and enslave the honest but uninformed citizen? How they frighten his imagination with pretended conspiracies, fill his mind with unreal apprehensions, slander the virtuous, blacken the character of the patriot, and build their own upon its ruins. Alas! it is the fate of ignorance to be deceived, happy if its errors are not immortal, and its slumbers those of death.

To the virtue and intelligence of the people, so necessary and effectual to maintain our internal tranquillity, we may successfully look for those rules and maxims, which should govern our intercourse with foreign nations. It is too late to inquire whether pastoral should not be preferred to commercial pursuits, and the oaten reed and song, emblems as they are of love and innocence, supplant the labors of the mariner and artisan. The Fauns and Dryads would behold with amazement, if not alarm, the sons of Neptune piping through the woods in honor of Pan, or "sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, or playing with the tangles of Neæra's hair."

The idea is too visionary, even for philosophy, that it is not our interest to navigate the ocean, and that the policy of the Chinese is a fit model for our imitation. The sea sparkles with gold around the prow of commerce. It affords no resource to pampered indolence, its treasures do

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not waste in their pursuit the energies of nature, but reward the labors of bold and honorable enterprise—fill the coffers, foster the arts, and maintain the independence of nations. In this school of wealth and glory, the United States were trained and strengthened into manhood. The intrepid seamen of America appeared in every clime—the speed of ages was outstripped in a few years of active industry; and the flag of the republic waved in splendid satire among the tyrants of the east. The wilderness was civilized, our villages expanded into cities, and our cities became numerous and elegant. The government was supported by a very small portion of the profits of commerce, and the nation, pursuing an impartial neutrality, was respected abroad. I allude to the administration of Washington. It was governed by the purest motives, and displayed the most consummate wisdom and sagacity. It was just, spirited, unbiassed by fear or affection, founded on the consciousness and supported with the firmness of virtue. It was the policy of that great man, to avoid, if possible, the ruinous wars which desolate Europe, destroying one generation to make room for another. But he was aware, that peace can only be preserved by a readiness for war—that the respect of foreign nations is not half so treacherous as their friendship, and that the spirit, which supports reputation, seldom survives it. Every attack on our rights he resisted at the threshold, not allowing it to grow into a precedent, nor to be enveloped, until it was concealed, in the mazes of diplomacy.

The sword of Washington was drawn under his successor, to vindicate his own principles, and the public honor. Both were protected—renewed—confirmed—and the country, grown stronger by the conflicts of adversity, was found in the “full tide of successful experiment.” I cannot continue the recital, for my soul sickens at the reverse. I cannot dwell with patience on the injuries we have received, and the meekness which endured them. I cannot follow commerce to its charnel house, the embargo—nor unravel the non-intercourse to discover a latent principle of courage. It is unnecessary to discuss the wisdom of measures, which are universally abandoned; and it would be insulting the heroes of the revolution to stain their memorial with so terrible a contrast.

Rise, Glory, rise in all thy charms,
 Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms;
 Stand, LEXINGTON, before our eyes,
 And YORKTOWN and CORNWALLIS rise.

A new æra commences in our history,—the errors of the past, if they cannot be atoned for, can never be renewed. There is a magnanimity in WAR, which makes even defeat glorious. Let us hear no more of those temporizing measures, which have consumed our strength and wasted our reputation. Let us awake to a new, an honorable system, not of empty inconsiderate threats, but of bold, decisive action. Where our rights are, let them be protected. The shield of the porcupine is nothing without his sensibility. Local prejudices must yield to the general good. The man on the Pacific must not deem himself secure,

cure, when his brethren of the east are attacked ; nor must an imaginary difference of pursuits create a ruinous disregard of our mutual rights, and a real division of our people. Agriculture and commerce are inseparably connected, and “ those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.”

The numerous and unparalleled wrongs, which the belligerents have inflicted on this unoffending country, while they have excited the indignation of freemen against both, have produced a Declaration of WAR against GREAT-BRITAIN. Wrongs, which we might tolerate in silence, if we had never learnt the choral song of freedom, nor fought the battles of independence. The wretched vassal of Europe or Asia may lose without a murmur the rights, of whose value he is ignorant ; and a change of masters can scarcely affect him, who is doomed to be a slave. But submission never was nor ever can be one of the alternatives of the American Nation. We cannot choose between life and liberty, but are destined, like the oak, to contend with the violence of the storm, while others bend beneath it. Rive us with thy own lightning, king of terrors, scatter our foliage to the winds of heaven, tear up the roots of our prosperity, and lay us prostrate in the dust—but give us not to be wasted and consumed by the destroying insects of faction. One would think, that this was no time for division, and yet, involved as we are in foreign war, there are some, who would excite among us the rage of civil fury. The proud spirit of national honor is to be degraded

graded by the association of party feeling and personal revenge; and the war, which is to carry terror among our enemies, is to light the torch of discord among ourselves. I have ever distrusted the pretensions of the man, who aims at an exclusive reputation for patriotism—nor can he be a friend to his country, who, violating public liberty, denominates opinions, crimes; and demands confidence and respect for himself, only so far as he can wrest them from others. No, my fellow-citizens, the insinuation is slanderous, that you or any of you love any country but your own. We abhor—we deprecate—we detest the idea, that any freeman would renew the chains of colonial dependency, and sink into the vassal of Britain; as much as we dread, abhor, and detest the thought of an alliance with that sanguinary monster, who like the tyger, crouches before he leaps, and conceals under the mask of friendship, the deep designs of perfidy and death. We have no affections, but for our own country—we have no object, but the public good—we have no hope, but to remain free! Let your accusers meet you in the hour of danger, and test your patriotism in the day of battle. They will find you supporting the constitutional edicts of the nation—fighting manfully in defence of her rights, and careless of life in the cause of liberty. I feel, that I have said too much on a subject, where words prove nothing. “*Non tali auxilio eget nec defensoribus istis.*”

The destinies of the United States are with the representatives of the people, and they have decided

decided that there shall be WAR. It is the duty of every good citizen to support the declaration, without any regard to the feelings of party. All are equally concerned in the preservation and security of our civil and political institutions, in defending our shores from invasion—our commerce from plunder—our seamen from slavery—our liberties from ruin. All are required to maintain the character of a nation, which has been adorned and consecrated by the valor and virtue of the Washingtons, Hamilton, the Rutledges, Gadsden, Moultrie, Marion, and a host of Patriots. Faction can never contaminate the lover of his country. He will defend the tree of liberty, although its fruit be given to others, and it bear no laurel to adorn his brow.

With an universal sensibility to injuries, and a determination to resist them, we cannot fail to regain and surpass our former prosperity. The ocean, the common highway of nations, shall no longer witness the conflagration of our ships to gratify the brutal rapacity of France, nor their capture to satiate the commercial avarice of Britain. The haughty insolence of foreign courts shall be repented and punished. The hatred of the world, indeed, we cannot avoid, because of our republican institutions, which endanger its thrones and satirize its slavery: but the contempt of the world, if we incur it, we shall deserve; and we shall escape it only by a firm reliance on ourselves, and a manly and unalterable pursuit of our rights. We cannot, it is true, with our enemy, plant a sentinel on every wave, but we may sta-
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tion them along our coast, to protect, at least, that industry, which bathes in our waters.

For the sources of that spirit and unanimity, which are to direct us at the present crisis of affairs; which are to sustain us through the perils of war, making it glorious, as it is necessary; and to produce a new race of heroes to avenge our wrongs, where can we look with a better or a holier hope, than to the soldiers of seventy-six. Some of them can afford us only the influence of their example, the memory of their achievements.—Illustrious inheritance! Unfading immortality! Who of our young soldiers, panting for honorable fame, shall forget thee, Mercer, or Laurens, or Pulaski? Who shall dare to retire with disgrace from that field, which witnessed the stranger's heroic devotion to his adopted country, and where the spirit of Montgomery still hovers to direct her arms? Who, if he be unmindful of the mighty dead, will not follow the living veteran to battle? Happy, indeed, is he, who survives to serve his country twice, and whom his country does not forget! whom the public eye follows into the privacy of unambitious retirement, and the voice of the people designates, as the leader of its armies.

There was yet another incentive to glorious action, which fired the Spartan youth, warmed the American Soldiery, and glows in the bosom of the patriot Spaniard. It was found in the participation of their toils and dangers by that sex, whose softness might well shrink from the tempest of war—in their sympathy with the sufferings of
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the brave, and aversion and contempt for the timid and wavering. The women of Sparta carried their jewels into the public treasury, and became "when unadorned, adorned the most." The Maid of Orleans has found her rivals on the plains of Iberia; and the narrative of our revolution is alternately ornamented with female constancy and manly achievement. Here would I pass a merited encomium on virtues, which deserve not the obscurity they so modestly seek; and, in my tribute to the past services of my countrywomen, would anticipate what posterity shall say of my cotemporaries. But how shall I touch the sensitive plant, and not disturb its tranquillity? How shall I praise with delicacy, those who are too delicate for praise? On the imagination of the poet, and the warmth of the lover, on pencils dipped in the Castalian fountain, and tongues warm with the fires of genius, devolve at once the portrait and the eulogy!

GENTLEMEN OF THE CINCINNATI,

Companions in arms of Washington—Soldiers of the Revolution! Accept the congratulations of one who beholds you with exulting enthusiasm, not merely in the page of the historian, and on the canvas of the artist; but in the influence of your living example, and in the practice of your numerous virtues. How would the degenerate Roman, who thinks that he has found the tomb of Virgil, and plucks a berry from the laurel that o'er shadows it—how would he kindle into poetic fire and phrenzy, could he behold the

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poet himself, and hear that heavenly lyre, whose song is destined to catch the latest glance of time ! Posterity shall enjoy the fruit of your labors, but they will look in vain for the patriots who performed them. They shall come to the feast, but the guests, who gave it hilarity, will have departed.

Even now another avenue to glory is opened for you, and you are called to rally, a second time, around the standard of your country. Your arms, which the rust of time hath not tarnished, shall again be bound with victorious wreaths. This section of the union, and your own association in particular, cannot but feel an honorable pride in the recent summons of one of your members to a most conspicuous public station. Well may it inspire the confidence of the nation, and the fears of its enemies, when Cincinnatus* quits his retirement.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens—Whatever difficulties may arise out of the present situation of our affairs, whatever may be the issue of our appeal to arms, let it find us an united, and it must find us an independent people. These states, while they are united, may defy the world. Times of danger are not without their use, as they serve to develop the real talent and patriotism of a country, test the sincerity of many a clamorous partizan, and elicit from obscurity many a statesman

* The *Carolinian* cannot fail to recognize in this allusion, the talents and services of Major-General THOMAS PINCKNEY, long and deservedly beloved. In this gentleman are combined as many of the qualities of WASHINGTON, as, perhaps, the world is ever destined to behold in the person of an individual.

man and soldier, whose poverty was an obstacle to his advancement, or whose ambition was content with being unknown. In times like these, doubtless, there are many of our citizens, who will rise, and some there may be, who will disappear. In any event we can reap from the seeds of disaffection, only the harvest of disgrace. American in sentiment—American in feeling—American in action—let us convince the world, that whatever shades or colouring of party may appear on the surface of our political system, exist only on the surface; like the tints which make the marble beautiful, without impairing its solidity.

Let us encourage the principles of union and independence—Let every individual forget himself in his country. Fathers, instil into the bosom of your sons the contempt of wealth, the love of liberty, and the carelessness of danger! Mothers, exercise over your children, the influence of the Spartan women, and bid them court glory in the face of death! Remind them of the valor of their ancestors, teach them the lessons of patriotism, and implant the spirit which is to protect your daughters. Let us all, fellow-citizens, keep perpetually in view the life and example of the immortal WASHINGTON. Let us engrave on our heart, and cherish with the sympathies of freedom, the magnanimous and heroic sentiment of our own townsman, the friend and disciple of Washington—“*MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE—BUT NOT A CENT FOR TRIBUTE.*”

So shall we be for ever free, prosperous, and happy—So shall our empire flourish with the rival
glory

* See Volume of Pamphlets of E. M. D. O. A. B. A. D. 1812

glory of arts and arms. So shall our happiness extend to millions, and the visions of splendor and magnificence be realized, which fill the bosom of prophecy.

May the God of battles prosper us, as we adhere to thee, *SACRED CAUSE OF LIBERTY!*

