

W. W.

AN

ORATION,

DELIVERED ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1816,

IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, S. C. BY APPOINTMENT OF THE
'76 ASSOCIATION.

BY WILLIAM LANCE,

A MEMBER OF THE '76 ASSOCIATION,

[PUBLISHED BY THEIR REQUEST]

ILLA PREMENDO SUSTULIT.

Ovid. Epis. IX.

IBI INGENS

JURATUR BELLUM

TUM PRIMUM GRÆCIA VIRES

CONTEMPLATA SUAS: TUNC SPARSA AC DISSONA MOLES

IN CORPUS VULTURUMQUE COIT.

Stat. Achil. Lib. 2, v. 455.

CHARLESTON:

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AN
ORATION, &c.



FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

DELIGHTFUL are the emotions inspired by the occasion which convenes us. We divert our thoughts from the ordinary scenes of life, to salute its recurrence with a sacred exultation. It is identified with the grandeur of heroism, the splendor of chivalrous honor, the fortitude of philosophy, the beauty of exalted virtue, the enthusiastic ardor of patriotism, the august and glorious triumph of liberty. It is signalized by the display of unequalled greatness of soul, by the complete victory of the purest principles, by the honorable trophies of spotless ambition. It is consecrated to the tutelar genius of America, to mighty achievements in a most righteous cause, to an event of which it may be written that "the earth was lightened with its glory."

Could there be a heart that does not beat with impassioned zeal and glow with fervid transport at the recollections now crowding on our minds, it is unanimated by the fine sensibilities of our nature, and colder than the fountain of Dodona, whose frigid waters could light a torch. A conscious pride unsullied by the ostentation of vanity, unmingled with the intemperance of rancor, now elevates the soul of

every American. The season demands the generous effusions of gratitude. No rapture can now be extravagant, no gratulation excessive. To abstain from the gratification of the feelings awakened, would be an offence to the manes of our ancestors—The current of sublime passions flowing through our land, springing from the most pleasant source, must glide unchecked and unruffled in its channel.

On this eventful day, the fires kindled by the breath of valor on the altars of freedom, spreading with an unquenchable blaze, consumed the yoke of foreign dominion long imposed on our country. In this joyful conflagration was destroyed the shrine dedicated by ancient prejudice and by millions of his own race, to the adoration of a human being. The idol which superstitious habit had sanctified, was now overturned. The sceptre of kingly power was broken. The gorgeous ensigns and the pageantry of monarchy were trampled in the dust. Behind the curtain uplifted by fearless and manly resolution, were presented the unsightly features of a British government over the American people. No longer did the delusive glitter of a diadem attract their gaze, enchain their admiration or strike them with awe. No longer did a throne seem the rightful seat of power, or a king an indispensable part of a nation. Hereditary magistracy was stripped of its venal attractions. Artificial influence ceased to allure to submission, to captivate to loyalty, to seduce to obedience, to entice to servitude. The light which glimmered around a crown was eclipsed by the effulgence of natural sovereignty. No more was the regal majesty which swayed the destinies of an island in the old world deemed the requisite *ægis* of a vast and populous region in the new.

At this memorable period was exhibited a spectacle novel in the sight of mankind, sudden in its appearance and as beautiful to the eye of political taste, as to the fanciful vision of antiquity was the form of Venus emerging into life from the waves of the sea. On the ruins of royalty there arose in magnificence the popular supremacy. An ignominious bondage was abolished—a gallant and magnanimous people effected their deliverance from slavery.—There was an instantaneous transfiguration of British subjects into American citizens. The sun which rose upon *vassals* set upon *freemen*. In a moment an embattled nation was self-created, to be self-governed. Like the daughter of Jove dissevered from a parent, it started into existence and sprang upon the political orb, arrayed in the panoply of war, and ready for the conflict. Wisdom was assimilated with its nature. On its helmet was the olive crown the symbol of peace to be won by warlike prowess. In such a cause the clang of arms was as the enchantment of music—

“ Men grew heroes at the sound,
“ Infiar’d by glory’s charms.”—

A people injured and oppressed became impatient for the combat and exclaimed to an imperious foe,

“ I’ve no words,
“ My voice is in my sword.”—

Oh, my Countrymen, how luminous and dazzling an era ! Can we look back upon it without the agitations of the holiest ecstasy, without the excitement of all our exquisite sympathies ? How is time decorated by so splendid an ornament ; the history of man embellished by so precious a record ! How is greatness exalted, heroic virtue aggrandized, fame magnified, by such adventurous hardihood—such an exploit of refined valor !

At the appearance of this phenomenon, the possession of *all power* with no prospect of its abdication by the *people*, despots were dismayed. With trembling solicitude they marked the velocity of its progress and the direction it took. It portended the confusion of their sanguinary schemes, the exposure of their conspiracy against the inalienable rights, and the forfeiture of their elevation on the necks of mankind.

When the universe resounded with a proclamation of liberty, the eyes of other nations were drawn towards the western continent whence it issued, and intently fixed on the people whose happiness it promised. With a deep concern in all liberal minds for the fate of a new-born republic, was combined an amazement at the constellation of talents which shone in its creation. The bright assemblage whose dauntless decision executed the grand design conceived by their country, astonished the age. Their avowal of Independence, announced by a declaration of human rights, seemed like the discovery of their native land, the offspring of immeasurable intellect. This Congress of the wisest and bravest men, never shrunk from the perils which encompassed them. They stood as unappalled by the storms of adversity, as the ashes in a temple of Juno were immoveable by a tempest though exposed to its violence. In the gloomiest night of disaster, the lustre of their virtues was undiminished—and like the Babylonian stone emitted beams of light amidst surrounding darkness. But the highest admiration was excited by the unrivalled hero, who fought at the head of our armies and in front of our battles; who with limited experience in the art of war, was soon the most consummate general of modern times. He ap-

peared chosen by Heaven to lead his compatriots against the ferocious invasion of the rights of mankind, to command the pious crusade against the enemy of his own and his country's liberties.

He was

“ The noble nature
 “ Whom passion could not shake; whose solid virtue,
 “ The shot of accident nor dart of chance
 “ Could neither graze nor pierce.”—

He was afterwards the Chief Magistrate of the people in whose revolutionary fortunes he had embarked, and was as conspicuous as a statesman as he had been great as a warrior. Over the resplendence of his fame, a cloud never passed—his name and memory are immortal as the cause of America.—When he descended the horizon of life, his glory like the sun at his setting seemed larger.

Fellow-Citizens—In commemorating a revolution the most splendid in the annals of the world, accomplished by the most enlightened people, it is a pleasing remembrance that our commonwealth though bred in camps, and reared amidst the tumults of warlike convulsion—though decked from its entrance into national life with wreaths of martial glory, yet secured the equal immunities of all its citizens inviolate from the danger of military encroachment; and as soon as the blessings of peace were added to the delights of liberty, joyfully put off the armor which was buckled on in infancy. Our fathers did not break asunder *their* bonds to forge others for *posterity*. Disentangled from a connection with monarchy, they permitted no *privileged* orders, no *distinctions* of rank, no *degrees* of right, to tarnish the *natural equality* for which they fought and conquered. The change was complete—they purified our land from the contamination of royalty, as the Greeks

extinguished all the fires in their temples polluted by the presence of the barbarians.—When the branch of a kingdom which had spread over this quarter of the earth, was lopt from the trunk, every vine that had entwined around it was cut away, and with it withered. On the tree of liberty which rapidly grew in our soil, not a scion of arbitrary power was grafted—the clouds of aristocracy could not float in the atmosphere, or over-cast the clear sky of democratic pre-eminence. If any lingered on the horizon and threatened to collect and blacken the heavens, they were soon dispersed by the radiant light which had gained the ascendant. Should there have been any, who in contributing their efforts to emancipate America from external control, never contemplated the omnipotence *of the people*, the successful issue of the revolution must have chilled the warmth of their mis-conceived devotion; and put out the illusive light which had falsely glared as the vivid flame of patriotism.—The re-assumption of those equal rights which alone enoble our nature, by making all feel its dignity, the return of the golden age in a popular autocracy, though hailed by the unanimous acclamations of warriors whose swords were unsheathed by the electric impulse of freedom, could have brought only mortification to the aspiring vanity, the arrogant and guilty aims of disappointed ambition.

With but a glance at the cabinet, whose tyranny *hastened* a dismemberment not prematurely for America, but unseasonably for the interests of the British empire, we can distinctly perceive the commencement of a jealous aversion to the rising importance of our States. England in her scheme of a national assassination, was agitated by the fears of the Theban king, who warned of danger from his own progeny,

sought to avert by the death of his destined destroyer, the stroke of the fatal decree. She should not have forgotten that this unnatural effort was abortive, that the hero in embryo survived the wound of parental inhumanity, *and fulfilled the oracular prediction.* In this foreboding tremor, the sacrifice of a growing rival was solemnly determined—To assail its affluent resources was the first hostile blow. A financial experiment was tried, but its authors like the foolish companions of Ulysses, indulging an avaritious curiosity, raised a tempest whose fury they had not skill to weather. The ship of state driven far out of its course, was dismantled and wrecked upon our coast. Against a venture so hazardous, and against the war of conquest shortly after waged, the superior mental might of their kingdom rose in its colossal magnitude. But the reason of Great-Britain was deaf to the voice of wisdom—her rulers were self-deluded by the visionary hope, that the western Star was but a meteor shooting across the hemisphere, or a comet soon to disappear, and not a newly discovered planet shining with a steady blaze, and revolving in its own orbit. From the repose of this fallacious security, the thunders of Chatham's eloquence could not awake them—Not even by the lightning of Burke's genius which illuminated the whole political expanse, could they discern the path they were to tread. At length after an obstinate prosecution of hostilities for seven years, they sunk under the weight—Democracy was unconquerable.

It might reasonably be presumed, that England by a conciliatory conduct, would have endeavored after a revolution she could not prevent, to cultivate

the friendship of America, and assuage the angry passions her own folly inflamed. The wound of Telephus was cured by the same hand, and the same weapon which inflicted it. But it was soon evident that what had been yielded by compulsion, was not viewed with complacence—Revenge rankled in the bosom of the late foe, as the implacable resentment of Juno pursued Hercules through life, after her attempt to crush him only rendered him celebrated. Our hearts at a subsequent era were engaged in the struggles and our sentiments in unison with those of a nation where the sparks of our patriotic fires blown over the Atlantic, had fallen and lighted up a revolution, in its beginning like our own. The *Republic* of France could not but meet the cheering smiles and applauding congratulations of the Republic of America. It was equally consistent that England should be the foremost against the strength of sight of her own shores. The light of the flames of a throne burning so near her monarch and his ministers—In this interesting effort, their call on the cabinet against freedom, their plainness into the cruel league even this countenance the irritation of our feelings not yet the cessation of warfare. At a distance of our history the voice of his conduct to the executive office a great man devoted all his life to public service, and his talents unerringly to the promotion of the cause: Need I name the illustrious JEFFERSON? the retirement of private life, enlarged popularity, not lessened by a loss of power, and unimpaired by time? The altered the constitution, the ill will

of England towards our prosperity was daily increasing. She may have calculated on impunity, when the opinion was expressed among ourselves “ that “ the time might come *and that speedily* when an opposition to a British alliance would be *treason against American Independence*.* Friendly remonstrance against her aggressions, was unavailing. Insult was accumulated upon insult—Her rulers mistook the mild and pacific policy of the republican administration, for a timid aversion to hostile resistance—they were soon to be undeceived. The faithful servant of the republic was succeeded in the chief magistracy by the polished orator, the virtuous and patriot statesman, who had aided in arranging the interests of the people in consonance with their wishes. A redress of the long catalogue of grievances engraven on the memories of us all, could be attained only by an appeal to arms. The call for war was now loud—the Eagle screamed to seize again the Lyon in its talons. Our nation resolved that another return of the day of its nativity should not find it further receding before the enormous strides of British injustice.—The President of the United States, and their other valiant Representatives obeyed the call ; and on the 18th of June 1812, the American swords again flew from their scabbards to teach England how well we could protect the Independence our fathers had made her acknowledge. Scarcely had the notes of the clarion echoed through our land, when Neptune snatched his trident from the self-nominated ruler of his domains, and fixed it in the hands of the republic. The sound of our cannon on the high way of nations and our shouts for victory, were conveyed abroad almost by the same gales which wafted our

* Fisher Ames' Works.

voices for war. Europe soon heard that the American Frigate **CONSTITUTION** had engaged the **GUERRIERE** of England, and that the flag of our liberty waved in proud triumph over the ensign of its inimical kingdom. In swift succession were achieved the gallant victories of the **WASP** over the **FROLIC**, the **UNITED STATES** over the **MACEDONIAN**, the **CONSTITUTION** over the **JAVA**, and the **HORNET** over the **PEACOCK**.

The ocean was brightened by the Star-spangled banner streaming aloft "through the azure deep of air" in this galaxy of splendid feats. Our tars fought under their standard of "**FREE TRADE and SAILORS RIGHTS**" with the animated confidence of the army of Constantine, when the labarum of the Cross appeared in the heavens with the propitious sign "*Under this Conquer.*" The names of their commanders **HULL**, **JONES**, **BAINERIDGE**, **DECATUR** and **LAWRENCE**, were blazoned in the escutcheons of fame. Such a scene of extraordinary performances in little more than half a year, shed a gleam upon our Navy unclouded by any intervening shadow. It was not until the calends of the same month in which we had taken up arms, that the foe seeking with studious care an alleviation of the stings of disgrace, could tell of a successful attempt on that element which he had claimed as the sphere of his undisputed sway. Then it was that the lofty soul of **LAWRENCE** could not brook the sight of the red cross flying in defiance of the American stripes, to which it had so often been compelled to strike. When he exclaimed "*don't give up the ship,*" the modesty of his nature was unconscious that on his life rested her safety. But we soon regained the palm, of which chance only deprived us for a while. After the En-

TERRIFIZER had vanquished the BOXER, and we be-
 moaned the fall of BURROUGHS, but not with the
 melancholy we had grieved for LAWRENCE, our ears
 were ravished with the intelligence of a British fleet
 subdued on the inland waters by the Republican squa-
 dron under the guidance of PERRY. The battle of
 Lake Erie clothed America in celebrity. In this novel
 species of combat, where the billows of a small sea,
 were incarnadined by the life-blood of those who
 dwelt on its opposite banks, there was manifested
 by our champion and his daring mariners, a master-
 ly skill, a deliberate courage, a patriotic devotion ne-
 ver surpassed. Never was a more romantic gallan-
 try crowned with such decisive success. The cir-
 cled year had just come round from the date of this
 action, when its likeness was seen on the waves of
 Lake Champlain: M'DONNOUGH'S flotilla rode tri-
 umphantly with the Cross of St. George under the
 pendant of America. To close the war with equal
 brilliance that it commenced on the spacious main,
 the fortunate ship which had marshalled the tract of
 victory, engaging in the handsomest style at the same
 instant both the CYANE and LEVANT, made them
 strike the colors of their king.

Against these and numerous other instances of
 our invincibility on the liquid realm, what had the ad-
 versary to oppose? A few captures by superior force,
 by the lawless violation of the sanctity of a neutral
 port, and by a whole squadron in pursuit of one ship!
 This was the Navy which had been derided as the
 fir-built boats of America. The parliament which
 laughed at what they conceived our folly in carry-
 ing on a maritime war against England, soon wept
 at what they felt the abundant source of their own
 woe.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—Though our career on the land opened with a different prospect from that on the water, the return of peace found our soldiers deserving as well of their country as our sailors. In reverting to the shameful surrender at Detroit, every honest heart feels indignant, that cowardice or treachery lurking for its prey, should pass into an American garrison, enter the quarters of a general, and compel him though instigated to opposition by a band of heroes, to capitulate with the trophies of Saratoga before his eyes.* This foul stain on our arms, was wiped off at Queenstown, when its heights were carried by our forces after a most desperate contest. But future times will listen to the relation as to a fabulous tale that in the heat of action, within the compass of victory, Americans could suffer their countrymen to be taken prisoners, while they were coolly debating whether the law could oblige them to pass what to brave men should have been an imaginary line.

A scene of ruthless atrocity now rises to our remembrance. After a detachment under general Lewis had defeated the foe in a skirmish at the river Raisin, fortune deserted our colors, and Winchester was overpowered. Then were displayed those tragical horrors, which not even the waters of Lethe can consign to oblivion. Can we forget that our citizens who had surrendered, were massacred and butchered, that their bodies mangled by savage barbarity, were left to be food for swine? With these bloody outrages, which no colors can paint too deeply for truth, contrast the magnanimity of our soldiers when they repulsed the attack on Sandusky—

* The brass Ordnance which had graced our arms on that very day thirty-five years

Even during the conflict they throw their canteens from the Fort to allay the thirst of their wounded foes in the ditch.

Our failures called forth an accomplished General, our lamented PIKE, "the hero without vanity or passion," "the knight without fear and without reproach." He planted the American Eagle on the walls of York. But the rosy dawn of his glory was the evening of his days. While the genius of Liberty was decorating his brow with a garland of bays she shrieked at seeing it interwoven with the Cypress. His spirit departed without reluctance.—His "death was swallowed up in victory." This auspicious effort was followed by the capture of Proctor's army—The ally of Tecumseh escaped by precipitous flight. The promoter of the scalping knife and the tomahawk dreaded the punishment of appearing in the presence of a civilized warrior.

MY COUNTRYMEN—The campaign of the year preceding the peace excelling in prodigies of valor and in the momentous consequences of our victories equalled even the wonders of the revolution.—The purple had been torn from an emperor of gigantic talents. Europe in confederation against one man of whom it was in awe, had precipitated him from the meridian altitude of power. England had no enemy but America—veteran armies were transported to our shores: A war of extermination *was* *crowed*. Then was again demonstrated what seemed to have been effaced from the memory of the foe, since our revolutionary contest, that a *Republican government* roused to its physical energies, is the most powerful and formidable in strength.* Then

* Hume says, "Notwithstanding the late wars and bloodshed, and the present factions, the power of England had never in any period, appeared so formidable to the neighboring kingdoms as it did at this time in the hands of the commonwealth."

did our army conquer the victors flushed with the conquest of the conquerors of Europe. Under the thunderbolts of war, BROWN and SCOTT, the legions of freedom shewed how they could beat and discomfit the disciplined mercenaries of a monarchy. The battle and sortie of Fort Erie, the battles of Chippeway, the forced retreat of 15,000 British troops from Plattsburg, defended by only *so many hundred* of our regulars and the yeomanry of the vicinity, are enrolled in the tablets of endless renown. A reputation won by such a phalanx of heroic freemen must even

——“ Fold in

“ This orb o’ th’ earth.”

Such laurels are imperishable—their green can never fade.

It was in the summer the army had thus covered itself and our country with glory, that we were visited by the misfortune which befel the Roman republic: In the vicissitude of war, the seat of the national government was invaded—To the everlasting dishonor of the enemy, the wanton excesses then committed, rivalled the licentiousness of an uncivilized banditti. America was indignant but could not be surprised, that the warfare which at Frenchtown sanctioned murder, at Hampton and Havre-de-Grace, rapine, plunder, sacrilege and —— what my lips cannot utter, should not spare the elegant and stately monuments of art. The incendiary of the Capitol did not hesitate in disdaining the usages established in every age and nation, for the mitigation of the evils of war. His name can be eternized only by the infamy of the Ephesian who fired the temple of Diana. If generosity had not been exiled from his breast, he might for the good of his own country have remembered, that Scipio beholding the destruc-

tion of Carthage, burst into tears at the thought which flashed on his mind, that in the mutability of human affairs, the same calamity might afflict Rome; and repeated from the father of poetry, the prophecy of Ilium's fall

“ The day will come, that great avenging day,

“ Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay.”

He might have reflected, that though at a remote time, the fears of Scipio were realized, when the Goths and Vandals pillaged the great metropolis which had awed the world. Intoxicated by the occupation of a village for one day, the enemy vainly imagined that cities must fall before him. The repulse of his “demonstration” by the active and gallant defenders of the capital of Maryland, did not remove his presumptuous temerity. This effect was reserved for the discomfiture of his grandest expedition, the overthrow and rout of a prodigious armament which, vaunted as irresistible, was to effect a communication with his forces in Canada, and enclose “the Americans as prisoners at large in their own territory.” Your thoughts, my countrymen, anticipate my words in the mention of the triumphant glories of the battle of New-Orleans—The British army composed of 18,000 choicest troops, commanded by generals of the first talents, were confident of wresting from us an important member of the union, and of erecting the authority of their king on a river which, like the Pactolus, rolls down gold. But they received the most signal defeat in the records of war. The abilities of Pakenham, Gibbs, Lambert, and Keane, dwindled into insignificance before the genius of JACKSON. Their deeds on the plains of Europe were thrown into obscurity

by the miraculous exploits of the American General on the fields of Louisiana. Attacked by the bold enterprize of undisciplined militia, the boasted heroes of Wellington could not withstand their charge of bayonets—a column of 9000 led twice to the assault of the American ramparts, and stimulated to the duty of soldiers by disgraceful and barbarous incentives,* was as often overwhelmed and scattered by the citizens of the youngest state, and the hardy sons of the west. The ground of freedom on which the invaders had dared to march, was strewed with their bodies and drenched with their gore—The survivors of the multitudes, who with their commander in chief lay prostrate, experienced that the line manned by freemen, is impregnable. Was ever a nation more indebted for so brilliant a victory, to the personal efforts, to the undaunted perseverance, to the warlike mind of a single individual than America to the saviour of New-Orleans? Can comparison illustrate either his achievements or his worth? The excellence of his nature proved him the perfect soldier, when he nobly granted the request of the enemy's general for his sword lost in battle.†

* What Voltaire humorously wrote of the British army in their attack of *Orleans* in France, may in some respects be applied to the real conduct of our enemy at New-Orleans, particularly their *watch word*.

Ce beau Breton, cet enfant de la guerre
 Conduit sous lui les braves d'Angleterre,
 Allons, dit-il, genereux guerans,
 Portons par-tout et le fer et les flammes
 Buons le vin des paltrons d'Orleans
 Preons leur or, baisons toutes leur femmes.
 Jamais Cesar, dont les traits eloquens,
 Portait l'audace et l'honneur dans les ames,
 Ne parla mieux a ses fies combattans.

† General Jackson, in a letter to the Secretary of War says, "I believe it is a singular instance of a British general solliciting the restoration of his sword fairly lost in battle."—Latour says, "Notwithstanding the assertions of General Keane, it was believed from circumstances that this was Pakenham's sword."

While local envy and discontent in Louisiana withheld from this distinguished man, a tribute of legislative thanks for his services, he was rewarded by the grateful acknowledgments of millions of freemen. His conspicuous valor has the best and highest testimonial of which a soldier can be proud. The protector of their countrywomen at Orleans obtained the applause and esteem of the daughters of Carolina. At receiving the memorial of gratitude on which is inscribed by their hands "8th January 1815," what must he not feel who made that day an epoch in his country's annals? In this polished Vase, posterity will see at once a monument which shall swell the heart of bravery, and a chaste emblem of female patriotism, ornamented with taste, and presented by the beauty and virtue of her *native hero*.

Carolinians! Would it be vain-glory America considers our patriotic exertions of this city, as a pledge that had advanced to its attack, Charleston would have saved the Republic as Baltimore and Orleans.

Such, my Countrymen, were the fruits of a just and necessary war, declared and conducted with honor. No prospect or thought of foreign alliance is the war which wild conceits and unmanly apprehensions would loosen the foundation of the federal constitution, dissolve the cement of union, and plunge us into anarchy. Its termination has left us still a flourishing and united people, happy and increased self-respect, in the conviction that we are worthy the palladium transmitted us by our fathers, and in having gained by our own example a lesson for the exact defence of it from our children, and the enjoyment of future generations. Th

he congress whose unshaken firm-
arduous a labor, are justly entitled
itude of the nation, while the pusil-
ed convention organized under our
ncies, for objects which if not trai-
viewed by the enemy, will be exe-
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se who consulted the oracle of Tro-
embers and advocates of such an
e affected with a gloomy dejection
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idea rendered familiar by factious
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Could the time ever arrive when the
sovereignty is rated by the standard
eneracy of the age will be able to

When the American people esti-
of their liberty by the comparative
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r a republic to be unambitious of
arms as the last resort, to avoid the
file collisions if possible—but it can-
nrial harmony. It should calculate
ty of peace may be disturbed, and
crisis. We had just resented the in-

when our wooden walls were o-
e the insolent pirates of the Medi-
now that concord is restored, tho'
rate their recollection, yet we are
unrelenting vindictiveness over the

as is for nica nation twice our open enemy, has
twice been amply punished. If England is sincerely
solicitous of amity, Americans again declare to her ci-
tizens, as on this day forty years; "we hold them as the

rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends."

FELLOW-CITIZENS—In our annual celebration of the demolition of monarchy in these states, there is a reflection which obtrudes upon our minds, and mingles the regret of philanthropy with the glad rejoicings of patriotism. *This Republic stands alone in the universe.* It exists as the bird of classical fable, the only one of its kind. A solitude so distinguishing to Americans, is melancholy for the rest of mankind. We are on a lofty summit which commands a wide and extensive survey of all the political world—From this eminence, in most nations we see the misery and wretchedness of abject slavery, and the inferiority of the people tenaciously maintained in all. Usurpation has subverted the power which emanates from the Deity, the power of his creatures to govern themselves with no earthly subjection but to their own laws—with allegiance only to their Creator. Banished from the ancient world, freedom has fled for safety to our land, as Latona forbidden an abode on earth, sought an asylum at Delos from the persecution of the Python. If the arrows of Apollo destroyed this monster which watched to prevent his birth, the natural rights of man may yet annihilate despotism. These rights are known only to America—she must cherish and protect them, or they become extinct—their safeguard is independence—the impenetrable armour of our national independence is UNION—union is the brand on whose preservation depends the life of Meleager. As soon as it is cast into the flames and is consumed, he expires. Let us then keep it with the veneration, and guard it with the vigilance, the Romans bestowed on the shield which fell from heaven, as the pledge, that *our Republican empire shall be perpetual.*