



*PINCKNEY'S*



**ORATION.**

*JULY 4, 1818.*



AN  
ORATION,

DELIVERED IN

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,

BEFORE AN ASSEMBLAGE OF THE INHABITANTS OF

CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA;

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1818.

IN COMMEMORATION OF

American Independence;

BY APPOINTMENT OF

THE '76 ASSOCIATION,

*And published at the Request of that Society.*

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A MEMBER OF THE '76 ASSOCIATION.

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*W.P. Young*  
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# ORATION, &c.

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UNDER what auspices, more propitious than the present, could we perform the duties of this sacred day? When have our rights been so respected by the fears, or so promoted by the friendship, of the universe? When has the stream of prosperity flowed so richly through our land, or when has union been so engrafted on the peace, and so supported by the harmony, of every section of our empire? Though the period is not long past, when the tempest of war was howling o'er our shores, and the heritage of our independence was fearfully vibrating between anarchy and conquest, yet the bosom of the patriot cannot but dilate with transport, when he remembers the virtue by which those evils were surmounted, and when he contemplates our country, standing, as it does, the only republic in the world, equal in power, and superior in happiness, to the proudest nation on the globe.

Would it be arrogant to assert, that the two great periods of our history, as they originated in causes nearly allied, are also assimilated in their conduct and result? Would it be vain-glory to maintain, that as we inherit the name, so we have neither forgotten the precepts, nor tarnished the laurels of our fathers? or have we not abundant reason to rejoice, that at home and abroad, in our domestic transactions, and our intercourse with others, the spirit of our country has ever been conspicuous in extending felicity, and avoiding war, in the mildness of forbearance, and the gallantry of action?

If we examine the domestic policy and internal improvements of our country, we shall find that the high privileges of freedom have not been conferred upon a people, either unable to appreciate, or inactive to secure them. The record of our progress is the highest eulogy on man. We were scarcely ushered into political existence, e're the untried scene was filled with danger. But no nation, under similar impediments, has ever flourished with similar rapidity. It is no longer a speculative inquiry, whether America will follow in the track prescribed by Europe, or whether our liberties are the destined prey of private artifice and intrigue. He, who adverts to the past, will never tremble for the future. Virtue and wisdom have ever been selected as our guides, and the vindictive jealousy, which attempted to retard, was made subservient to the advancement of our strength. America, separated from the world, wove the web of greatness from herself. The labour, which was obstructed in commerce, arose in manufactures, and the enterprize, which was driven from the ocean, expanded in the forest. Invention has called into existence a new creation of its own, and subjected the elements to its magic rule. Streams, long inaccessible to commerce, now pour their treasures at its feet, and emigration has added to our own, the skill and industry of every other clime. Refinement inhabits, where barbarism reigned, and revelation blazes on the altars of idolatry. Knowledge, fostered by freedom, has ever officiated as its handmaid, and opulence has polished, but not impaired, the sterling virtue of democracy. These are the scenes which our domestic history unfolds; and which, while they afford the testimony,

constitute the fruit, of the active patriotism, and progressive illumination of our country.

Nor is it a source of inferior gratification, that while we have advanced in liberal and beneficial attainments, the foreign transactions of our government have ever been characterized by an enlightened observance of the peculiar situation, and relative interests, of our country. In every stage of our proceedings, from the outrage on the Chesapeake, to the termination of hostilities, the influence of this principle is distinctly marked. It governed the movements, and signalized the patriotism, of the cabinet, and the people. It preferred negotiation to the miseries of war, and addressed the reason, before it contended with the prowess, of the enemy. It sustained the privations of suspended trade, and forbore to retaliate, while vengeance was avoidable. But honour, as well as tranquillity, has ever been recognized by our government, as an essential constituent of freedom. When conciliation was precluded by aggravated wrongs, and remonstrance was regarded as the evidence of weakness; when commerce was expiring beneath multiplied aggression, and suffering captivity, had implored in vain; it assumed a station, and exhibited an attitude, more imposing than forbearance, and more efficient than diplomacy. Boldly it ventured on the field of war, and wherever it encountered the myrmidons of tyranny, whether on the land, where our fathers had defeated them, or on the ocean, where they deemed themselves invincible, gave them infamy for laurels, and for their conquests, graves!

Every object, then, for which our ancestors toiled, has been happily accomplished. America has approved herself worthy of the charge confided to her care. While other nations of the world,

were wasting their energies in destructive wars, she was improving in the arts of peace; and while they are bowed by the strong arm of despotism, she alone, erect and unsubdued, presents the enviable spectacle of national elevation and felicity. Where now is the impious hand which pointed to the submission and dissolution of our empire? Where now, the delusive fears which tinged the complexion of the patriot, as he repined at the injuries and vexations of his country? Is our national escutcheon tarnished by a stain? Do the awful shades of revolutionary martyrs start from their tombs, and rebuke us with degeneracy? Have we departed from justice in our intercourse with others? Have we allowed our rights to be invaded with impunity? Has the victim of oppression sought our shores, and not been granted an asylum? Has the enemy come, and not been driven back? No! The admiration of the universe attests—this auspicious festival proclaims—that the descendants of patriots are not unworthy of their origin, and that the halo of fame, which encircled our ancestors, has been brightened and enlarged by the brilliant achievements of their children.

While, however, we survey with complacency, the rapid progress, and early maturity of our country; while we rejoice that foreign hostility has been chastened into reverence, and domestic disaffection has subsided into peace; let the transports of freedom, and the acclamations of applause, ever be associated with a tender remembrance of the authors of our happiness, and the glorious exemplars of our actions. What privations have we endured, or what renown have we acquired, of which we were not furnished with the models, in the sufferings and triumphs of our ancestors?

Whence did our national councils deduce their fertility in expedients, and their constancy in danger? Where did retiring modesty learn to combat with its fears, and to sacrifice to patriotism the exclusive privileges of its weakness? Where, from what fountain of purity, did that noble magnanimity descend, which, while it rived the ambition, and discomfited the stratagems of the foe, generously cancelled his meanness in his misery, alleviated his disasters, and administered to his wants? The revolution is the source to which we are indebted for all the virtue, and all the greatness, of our country. Other nations have been celebrated for intrepidity in battle, and decision in resolve—history has depicted the triumphs of principle, and the energy of virtue—but never, until then, did history record, or genius conceive, so beautiful an exhibition of valor, moderate in success, and unconquered in defeat—wisdom, counselling with danger, and eliciting new resources from adversity—religion, planting the standard, and pouring its benedictions on the cause, of freedom—and innocence and beauty, comforting the sorrows, and partaking the perils, of the generous defenders of their country. How is the universe exalted—how is humanity dignified—by the glorious epocha we commemorate!

The age of MEN effulged!  
Of MEN, on whom late time a kindling eye  
Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read!

Why was the soil of our fathers impurpled with their blood? Why was consanguinity rudely trampled in the dust, and filial affection severed by the sword? Is there no glory, but oppression? No prosperity, but fraud? Was eloquence nerveless,

because it pleaded for humanity, and had conviction abandoned the luminous energy of truth? But gratitude should ever be commensurate with the causes which demand it. The memory of the revolution should be engraven on our minds, not less for the evils from which it has preserved us, than for the positive benefits it has so happily conferred. Imagination startles at the bare conception of the miseries which would have been entailed by continued dependence upon Britain. They are exemplified, not in a casual or temporary scene, but in every portion of her history, and every part of her dominions. They are illustrated in a government, which acknowledges no power, superior to its will; in the proverbial corruption and profligacy of her rulers; and in the political degradation of the great body of her subjects. They are witnessed in the wars of pride and conquest, which she is continually waging, and in the consequent exactions which are practised to support them. They are seen in the part she acted in the great struggle on the continent; in the corroding pauperism by which it has been followed; and in the disgraceful system which she now upholds, whose fundamental object is the debasement of the species. They are seen in the slaughter which has ravaged the plains, and crimsoned the waters of India; and in the patriot bones, which bleach, unburied, on the shores of Erin. These are the evils which have ever been identified with British supremacy and connection; and this is the spirit, which, but for the gallantry and perseverance of our fathers, would have included America in the catalogue of victims.

When, therefore, we look around us, and beholding what we are, remember what we were; when we see liberty pointing to its trophies, industry



sure of its reward, and commerce, roaming unshackled, over every sea; when we behold all this, and reflect, that had Britain succeeded in her scheme, liberty would have had no trophies to display, industry no harvest to enjoy, and that instead of humbling the pride, and conquering the power, we should have swelled the coffers, and borne the burdens, of our ancient foe; we are instinctively impelled, by the finest feelings of our nature, to recur to the æra, from which these blessings are derived. In performing this duty, we pay no servile homage to ignoble men. No prostrate captives knelt to the power, and lauded the clemency which permitted them to breathe; nor did assembled slaves, clank their fetters "in rude harmony," and eulogize the conqueror who had robbed them of their rights. Other militants in the cause of justice have succeeded in their enterprise, but none have ever encountered such a complication of difficulties, or ever exhibited such a variety of greatness. Britain, always regarded as invincible, was then in the plenitude of power. Victory had followed her banners to whatever region they were carried, and the drooping plumes of France and Spain, were recent attestations of her prowess. In a contest so unequal, and with an enemy so unnatural, every consequence was realized, which anticipation had predicted. Civilized warfare was a stranger to her code. She knew no sympathy for valor, no reverence for virtue, no compassion for distress. She strode in triumph o'er our hapless land, and carried desolation in her march. She shone in her genuine character, in a long series of massacres, and resorted to artifice, when massacre had failed. Age yielded no protection, infancy no shield; and while all that was weak, and venerable, and lovely, were immolated

to her fury, the accursed tree was glutted with the blood, and floating dungeons were gorged with the bodies, of our patriots and heroes. But freedom, born in persecution, found its element in danger. The virtue of our fathers, severely tested by every species of trial, was ever brightened by the roughness of attrition. No terror could appal, nor subtlety beguile them. The hopes of posterity were ever present to their view, and led them, like a star, through all the horrors of the storm. The spirits of our martyrs, watched o'er the fortunes, and fought the battles, of our country. Loss was regarded as an offering to freedom, and misfortune welcomed as the evidence of duty. Patriotism moved in its loveliness, and valor in its might; and a young, undisciplined, and scattered people, conquered the wealth, and knowledge, and experience of a state, whose garland was formed of the rifled honors of the world, and whose name had never been written, but in the annals of renown.

An æra, like this, should never be forgotten. Genius should cast its tall man "o'er the cerements of the tomb," and call back the dead to animate the living. Nations, who had little of our virtue, and are not more entitled to renown, have been endued with immortality by its consecrating aid. We see Rome surviving in architecture and in song, and the mantle of Apollo enshrining the ruins, and hallowing the memory, of Greece. We saw France deify the valor, and eternize the wisdom of her heroes and her sages; and forgot the arrogance, as we listened to the music, of the bards of Britain. But no generous strain arose, to tell the story of the emancipation of our country. No living canvass gave our fathers to our view, to remind us of the glories and perils of our birth. No speaking

marble fought o'er again the fields of death, and shewed us the battles, in which our liberty was won. The spirit of gratitude, however, is awaking from its trance.\* The heart melting period is fast approaching, when the surviving patriots of the revolution, will meet the eye, & hear the voice of their departed friends. The halcyon hours are now upon the wing, in which succeeding senates will be graced by the presence, and inspired by the counsels, of the glorious founders of our liberty. Oh! who could behold their venerable forms, and not feel his spirit kindle at the sight? Who could perceive our revolutionary congress, magnanimously resolving the deed of freedom, and not feel, in all its force, the virtue, and wisdom, and boldness of the scene? Who could observe our leaders, capturing the armies, and breaking the sceptre, of a tyrant king, and not determine to defend, what their valor has bequeathed? Who could contemplate Washington, dedicating his laurels on the altar of his country, and not resolve to preserve them, by an imitation of his vir-

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\* It will be recollected, that agreeably to a resolution of Congress, Colonel Trumbull of Connecticut, has undertaken the performance of four grand national paintings, of which the subjects are, the Declaration of Independence, the capture of Burgoyne, the capture of Cornwallis, and the resignation of General Washington. It has been recently announced, in the public prints, that the first of these paintings is so nearly completed, as to induce the expectation of its appearance during the next session of Congress. It is also understood, that Colonel Trumbull has intimated an intention, to have them engraved in Europe, by artists of the first celebrity, should he find a corresponding ability in the patronage of the public. It is hoped, that the munificence of the people generally, and particularly of the corporations of the different cities in the union, will be extended, to what the reputation of the author warrants us to pronounce, exquisite specimens of native genius and taste.

tue? Perhaps, had this national oblation been sooner paid, no painful recollections would now obtrude upon our joy. Perhaps, no heartless calumny would have impugned the motive, and destroyed the peace, of the faithful soldiers of freedom.\* Perhaps, no shameless opposition would have infested our councils, nor degenerate servility have pleaded for the foe. They would have frowned the daring sacrilege to silence. They would have stood, like present Gods, to guard the sanctity of freedom.

Now that the war-note has ceased, and the destroying angel has paused for a moment in his dread career, we can look back, with calmness, to the wondrous scenes, which have so lately been enacted on the arena of Europe. The retrospect is interesting from other causes, than its intrinsic fascination. The revolution of France was occasioned by the independence, and the events, which followed, were intimately interwoven, with the fortunes of our country. They composed the conflict, in whose sanguinary vortex, the contending rivals endeavoured to embroil us, and from which we were so long defended by the moderation of our government. They were connected with the system, equally novel and illegal, by which the belligerents assailed each other, through the medium of neutrals; they were the cause of the restrictions, to which we were necessitated to resort; and they formed the school, in which those insatiate ravagers were trained, who afterwards attempted the subjugation of our country. It is not consonant with the feelings of a freeman, to eulogize power, or

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\* See the debates in Congress relative to the petition of Paulding, one of the captors of Andre.

extenuate ambition. But whatever may have been the injustice of France, in adopting the deportment of her enemy towards us, the tempest, which swept the dominions, and shook the palaces of kings, was excited originally by the folly of their owners. If there be any thing pure in principle, and obligatory in law, it is surely embodied in that sacred rule, which forbids interference in the domestic transactions of a nation. They, who violate this holy sanction, offend, at once, the dignity of man, and the ordinance of God. It was a presumption of this kind, which forced our fathers to leave their dwellings for a camp, and which turned against the allies the concentrated vigor of the French. But, when private jealousy was merged in the superior importance of national preservation, and France imitated Rome, in the choice of a dictator, she laid the foundation of a system, of which no parallel was found in the conquests of antiquity. The acquisitions of ages were surpassed by Bona- parte, in the limited compass of a single life. There was a grandeur in his projects, and a celerity in his movements, which, while they excited, confounded curiosity. Fortune appeared, not merely to favor, but to fear him, Like the lightning of heaven, he dazzled as he flew, and where he struck, destroyed. The delineations of geography, and the records of history, could no longer guide the traveller, or instruct the student. The populous Netherlands were incorporated with his government, and the wealth of Holland was subjected to his will. Italy and Spain moved in the circle which his sword had drawn, and Austria and Prussia fought beneath his banner. The grandeur of Switzerland withered at his touch, and Germany beheld new systems created, and revolving in its orbit. Nor did the magnitude of his empire

seem inconsistent with its safety. Submission had, every where succeeded to resistance, and a conviction of the inutility, was fast impairing even the inclination, to revolt. The chain of subordination was extended over all; and though Britain persisted in the prosecution of the conflict, yet at the period, in which reiterated aggression forced us to the field, his dynasty was established on a base, which appeared to defy the possibility of ruin.

Where now is this mighty hero? Has the lustre of his sword forgot to shine? Does his burning car no longer ride in triumph o'er his prostrate foes? Though he has lost by his temerity, all which he had accomplished by his valor, and the elements have broken, what confederated nations were unable to affect—though victorious legions no longer follow him to battle, nor crouching tyrants tremble at his nod—though he appealed to the justice, and has been ignominiously sacrificed to the terrors, of his enemies—yet what can limit the duration of his fame? Posterity will learn with admiration, the romantic vicissitudes of his life, and history will wonder at itself, as it relates the extraordinary combat of an individual and a world!

In this eventful drama, it was equally our wish, and our interest, to assume no part. We recollected the miseries by which our independence had been purchased, and were desirous to avoid a repetition of the scene. We saw our country progressing in the road to wealth, and we knew that war was equally the enemy of improvement, and the great demoralizer of national sentiments and habits. Nor to an individual, whose estimate was grounded upon an impartial observation of the situation of Great Britain, and upon the exalted attributes, with which mercenary adulation had

adorned her, would it have been easy to discover, either in her wisdom or her justice, the smallest reason, for the violation of our rights. He would have expected to have traced, in all the operations of her policy, an acute discernment of her interest, a consummate capacity to profit by experience, and an intimate acquaintance with the true economy of greatness. He would, naturally, have concluded, that a position, like ours, which, if it did not detract from the resources of her enemy, contributed, notwithstanding, materially to her own, would have afforded to her councils, if not a source of gratulation, at least no pretext for hostility. He would have treated it as chimerical, that an unworthy prejudice would have communicated its complexion to the measures of her government, and that a nation, whose peculiar element is trade, would have considered our prosperity as inconsistent with her own. He would not have believed that her ministry, pressed, as they were, by an adversary, with whom they were hardly able to contend, would have provoked the vengeance, instead of conciliating the friendship, of a power, which, while it was regarded as pacific, must also have been known to be tenacious of its rights. He would not have believed, that while her fiscal resources were declining, and national bankruptcy impended on her schemes, she would have wantonly obstructed the principal channel of her revenue; or that she would so far have forgotten the successful issue of the efforts of our infancy, as to contemn the probable energy of our maturer years. Nor, when events had convinced him of the folly of her policy, would he have relinquished his confidence in the generosity of her character. He might have admitted ambition, or a mistaken view of interest,

as the reason of the one, but would have been unable to conceive a motive for the foul pollution of the other. He would have thought, that humanity had taught her, that the blaze of conflagration reflects but little lustre on her throne, and that the groan of agony is no necessary music in the celebration of a triumph. He would have thought, that religion had taught her, that innocence and infancy are no acceptable sacrifices on her altar; and that her pretensions to refinement would have been otherwise evinced, than by the barbarous destruction of the depositories of science, and the monuments of art. Now savagism may bear its pardon in its ignorance, but what can palliate the systematic atrocities of Britain? Have we forgotten the insidious artifices, by which she endeavoured to dismember, and the criminal enormities by which she attempted to subdue? Has the smoke evaporated, which spread, like a pall, over the ruins of our towns? Has the yell of the savage retired to its cave? Does no ear retain the sound which rose to heaven with a mother's wrongs? Or does no eye yet weep the torture of the gasping babe? But let us bow in grateful acknowledgement to God, that sensibility, while it melts with the sufferings, can also kindle with the glories, of our country. Washington, when he resigned his sword, felicitated his compatriots upon the full fruition of their rights, and the patriot-sage,\* with whom our constitution had its origin, has lived to witness its triumph, and partake its fame!

On the conduct of our second struggle, then, it would now become us to expatiate; but the

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\* The first motion for a National Convention, was preferred by Mr. Madison in the Legislature of Virginia.



mind, while it would attempt to analyze, is at once repelled by the splendor of the theme. We were not called, at long and tedious intervals, to celebrate an exploit, which, like a solitary gleam, shone for a moment through contending clouds, and was as soon extinguished in accumulated gloom; no! though our political horizon was long overcast, yet the first ray of hope which played upon its bosom, was instantly swallowed in the expanded fulness of a flood of light. In what manner, then, shall our achievements be rehearsed? What eye can rest upon a single star, unmoved by all the wonders of the firmament? Should we recite the maiden effort of the modest Hull, which, glorious itself, was the harbinger of glory, would not the pleasing duty be interrupted by the remembrance of the tribute which is due to Bainbridge? Should we pay to Decatur the well-earned homage which his services have won, would not our tardiness be upbraided by the equal gallantry and devotedness of Jones? To what object, then, shall our attention be directed? Shall we fondly linger at the tomb of Lawrence, and strew our garlands on his honoured dust; or shall we obey the summons of that sacred shade, which points in triumph to the walls of York? Shall we imbibe the ardor and enthusiasm of Scott, and follow, where he leads, through all the mazes of destruction; or shall we pause to contemplate the civic crown, which blooms, in deathless verdure, on the brow of Warrington? Shall we turn with rapture to the shores of Erie, and admire our hero, as he flies, like the Spirit of the Lake, from vessel to vessel, and reclaims by his valor, the falling fortune of the day; or shall our praises be enlisted by the signal merit, and pious bravery of M'Donough, his equal in virtue, his competitor in fame?

Shall we dwell on the actions, and testify the claims, of Shubrick and M<sup>c</sup>Call? Lo! the bay of Valparaiso passes in review, and presents a scene of dauntless courage, and consummate skill, which takes from victory its title to applause, converts loss into gain, and captivity into triumph? Shall we advert to the dextrous and resolute defences of Baltimore and Stonington? Lo! the thunders of New-Orleans burst upon our ears, and attract our notice to that wondrous spot, where succeeding columns perish as they move, and where Britain, writes, in tears, the final ruin of her scheme. Indeed, there is not an action which is not distinguished by the devotion of our champions. The ardor which stimulated Burrows, is equally apparent in the fall of Covington, and the action at Plattsburgh, though more conspicuous, is not more honourable than the minor feats of Sandusky and Mobile. Our battles differ only in degree; and if, of those battles, many are compelled to remain untold, it is not, because of themselves they are destitute of interest, but because, like lesser stars, their attraction is diminished by the superior radiance of others. Such, and so exalted, ever be the destiny of our country!

But, while we retrace with pleasure, the meritorious exertions and signal successes of our arms, it is neither in them, nor in the eminent felicity, by which we are surrounded, that we find the principal cause of national exultation. Victory may enhance the enjoyment, but can never supersede the necessity, of freedom. Commerce is valuable, as it exchanges the products, and promotes the aggrandizement of our country; but while domestic ingenuity may compensate its absence, in vain would it open all its stores, if it only afforded means for rapacity and extortion. Nor are we indebted

for our welfare to locality or accident. We reside, indeed, at a distance from the troubles and perplexities of Europe, but in vain would ocean throw his strength between, if, when our ancestors dissolved the supremacy, they had not also abjured the principles, of monarchy. Nature, too, has arrayed our country with a lavish hand, but in vain would our aspiring mountains raise their heads on high, if they alone bore the impress of divinity. We could not rejoice in the amazing extent, and exquisite richness of our soil, if, while it yielded to our labour, it were not permitted to repay us with its fruits; nor could we commend the genial temperature and unclouded beauty of a sky, of which every sun that rose, rebuked us with its brightness. How infinitely grateful, then, should this country be, that the great extrinsic advantages by which it is assisted, and which, of themselves, would enable it to rival, if not to surpass all others, are only subordinate agents in the production of its happiness; and that while the world is brightened by the reflection of its deeds, and every clime contributes to its wealth, it can boast of circumstances which throw its military and commercial greatness in the shade, and from which, indeed, both fame and fortune derive their value! These circumstances are developed in our civil and political immunities.

To illustrate the nature and excellencies of the high privileges we enjoy, it is not necessary to institute a parallel between the government of ours and of any other country. The only systems which have ever afforded a similitude, have long since ceased to benefit society. The laws of Rome have always been represented as conducive to her welfare, and the licentiousness of Athens evidenced its freedom. But of the republics of antiquity, and even of

those which have since arisen in Europe, to relieve for a while the Cimmerian darkness of her sky, no trace remains but the melancholy recollection. Reform may be wanting elsewhere, but the hand that innovates, would annihilate us. Where is the grievance we could wish redressed? Where the defect we could wish supplied? Are our citizens unassimilated in language, divided by interest, and dissimilar in customs? Is foreign war necessary to the preservation of tranquillity, and taxation imposed at the instigation of caprice? Is power regarded, not as the palladium of the general weal, but as the legal instrument of ambition and of avarice? Is the poverty of a multitude degradingly contrasted with the luxurious splendor of a few? Is religion established as the criterion of politics, and the passport to employment; or are the lives, and liberties, and properties of millions, meanly dependent on the humour, or magnanimity, or justice of a king? No! Other governments may be founded on the fears, but ours subsists on the affections of the people. Here, no ambition "wades through slaughter to a throne," and smiles at the blood with which its power is cemented. Here, no curses, "not loud but deep," pursue the footsteps of a public foe, while cringing flattery trembles as it fawns. The foundation of our government is the equal rights, and its principal ornament, the universal happiness, of all classes of our citizens. The federative principle, neither disproportionately strong, nor insignificantly weak, secures and promotes the prosperity of the parts, while each part finds, in the general welfare, the cause and safeguard of its individual greatness. National measures, emanating from the people, are always resolvable into the public will, and no burden can

be imposed upon a part, which is not equally partaken by the whole community. No servile judiciary prostitutes justice to the uses of authority, nor do the guardians of freedom corruptly abandon the privileges they are designated to protect. No barrier is opposed to enterprize, no honour withheld from virtue, and ease and competence are universally possessed. The press is as free as the wandering fancies which rise uncalled; equality is secured by the entire abolition of the rights of primogeniture, and of all the hereditary and unnatural distinctions and privileges of nobility; property is defended by the inviolable purity of the trial by jury; liberty is preserved by the almost unlimited extension of the right of suffrage; and as for religion, it depends for its support, not on a mystical union between Church and State, but on the fostering care and beneficence of Him, to whose protection it properly pertains.

These principles have triumphed. Political speculation will no longer assume it as an axiom, that a republican constitution is inadequate to the management of an extended empire. Experience has proved that equal laws neither paralyze mind, nor take from man the faculty of appreciating and pursuing good. The progress of our country has overthrown the theories, and ridiculed the ignorance of Europe. Since the æra of the revolution, the limits of our confederacy have successively advanced, until our national government has embraced a range, of which the additions have nearly equalled the original population and extent. And in what particular have the predictions of its enemies been verified? Is liberty weakened, because it is diffused? Does our government totter beneath accumulated weight? The tree of liberty

has not only expanded its foliage, but confirmed its roots. Every accession of numbers has been happily accompanied by a proportionate increase of national fidelity and strength; and it would be difficult to enumerate the territories to which the blessings of our union have been given, without reflecting on the services by which those blessings have been paid.

Those services, so illustrious in themselves, are rendered still more memorable, by the contrasted apostacy of other sections of our empire. It is not necessary to review the causes from which that apostacy arose. We have no pride to gratify, no antipathy to indulge. Britain has been feelingly convinced that her arts are as powerless as her arms, and no severer comment can be offered on the folly and fanaticism of our brethren, than the atoning recantation, in which they have found, at once, their pardon and their punishment. The circumstance is alluded to, not to recall "the degrading story of past wrongs," but because it has afforded a satisfactory solution of the most momentous problem in the theory of our government. Indeed, the difficulties under which we fought, appeared peculiarly designated to prove its capability for war. The great contest of Europe had finally subsided, and Britain, revelling in the spoils of freedom, marched in confidence to a new harvest of renown. To this appalling power, what could our government oppose? We had no veteran warriors, flushed with the overthrow of the greatest captain of the age, nor did our navy sail in triumph the undisputed mistress of the seas. All that is formidable in war, and all that is venomous in faction, were combined against us. Our armies were sacrificed by cowardice and treason, local authorities

refused co-operation, and organized cabals were plotting to destroy us. But the dangers we encountered, like the eccentric motions of the planets, only proved decisively the sustaining power of the system. When was our government expected to succumb, and did not rise superior to the crisis? When did our enemy exult in the anticipated accomplishment of her hopes, and those hopes not suddenly recede? She observed the readiness with which the Russian mediation was accepted, and arrogantly ascribed it to the operation of our failures; but never was our character so little comprehended, as when the desire to determine, was conceived incompatible with the spirit to prosecute, the contest. She fired the Capitol, and saw in its flames, "the funeral pyre of freedom;" but never was freedom less subdued, than when it rose in brightness on the ruins of its temple. She watched the progress of conspiracy, and fancied the fragments on which royalty would rise; but never was separation more remote, than when the emissaries of intrigue shrank abashed before the awful majesty of virtue. Who now despairs of the destiny of the republic? Who now will reason upon the probable durability of union? The same tablet which records our trials, will also perpetuate our triumphs, and the treaty of Ghent may enlighten the ignorance, as it has mortified the pride, which rejected our overtures for a conference at Gottenburgh!

It is not designed, then, to undervalue the advantages in which this eventful conflict has resulted, when we regard them, less for their own intrinsic worth, than for the evidence they furnish of the future greatness of our country. Those advantages, indeed, are too important in themselves, not to eli-

cit the warmest admiration. Our late war has raised us to an eminence, from which we can look with pity upon the proudest portion of the globe; and should we never be higher than we are, our position would afford us ample cause for joy. But how is that cause augmented, when we consider this position, distinguished as it is, only as the base of a superstructure which is yet to come. The capacities of our country have been only partially unfolded, and the impulse which is already felt, succeeding ages will continue to enhance. There is no nation on earth which unites in itself so many principles of greatness. Nature and art—genius and enterprize—every thing friendly, and every thing hostile—conspire to exalt us. And where is the heart which does not glow with the animating thought? Where is the eye which does not anticipate the fields in which new laurels will be won, and see the trident seated at our prow? Where is the wilderness which will not “blossom as the rose;” where the prejudice which will not disappear; or what the obstacle which will not be surmounted? Who can estimate the ultimate amount of our population and our wealth? Who can conceive the public undertakings, which will beautify, and endear, and enrich us; or who can limit our improvement in manufactures and the arts, in legislation and in science, and in all the materials of national prosperity? God, who formed our country on the grandest scale, evidently designed it the receptacle of grandeur; and when we remark the unprecedented conjunction of moral and physical causes in our favor; the nature of our institutions, the character of our people, and the incalculable facilities which are afforded by our situation, our climate, and our soil; surely it is not visionary to



suppose, that the sun of our greatness has not attained its height, and that all that we witness, cheering as it is, is but the faint precursor of a "perfect day :"

Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight !  
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !

From a picture like this, which, while it exhibits the present, opens a vista to the future greatness of our country, it is painful to advert to scenes, of which the actual, will probably be deepened by succeeding, gloom. No aid, however, which can be given to freedom, should ever be omitted ; and if, on beholding the sorrows of a numerous portion of our race, we discern an additional motive to prize the blessings we enjoy, and to cling with ardor to the inestimable institutions from which they flow, then, indeed, should the condition of Europe be ever present to our view, to impress, in its most striking form, the radical cause of human misery and degradation.

This cause, it requires but little observation to trace, to the strength and prevalence of arbitrary power. When the overthrow of Bonaparte was finally effected, and a new order of affairs was about to be established, the world was invited to rejoice in the approaching dawn of millennial felicity. Confidence was created by the protestations of the allies, and philanthropy pictured the full realization of its dreams. Injustice and oppression seemed banished from the earth, and equity and concord substituted in their room. Princes reposed on the affections of their subjects, and nations were happy, under rulers of their choice. Departed republics, re-invested with their rights, illumined the hemisphere with their former light.

The hymn of thanksgiving ascended to the skies, and all nature gladdened at the vivifying change. But philanthropy mourns the evanescence of its hopes. The tempest has agitated, but not purified the atmosphere; the waves have overrun, but not fructified the earth. Political anomalies, totally subversive of the rights of nations, have been solemnly recognized as legitimate principles of government; and the victorious monarchs, not satisfied with the depth to which their victims have been hurled, have, like Jupiter on the Titans, thrown mountains upon them, to confine them there. What is the Holy League, but the device of tyranny, to prevent the rising of the human mind? What is the deliverance of Europe, but an aggravation of its sufferings? What its repose, but the stillness of despair?

There is not a nation which offers an exception. Britain, with much of the exterior, possesses nothing of the reality of freedom. The power, which was wrested from one, is exercised by hundreds, and every effort to dis sever, has only eventuated in a confirmation of her bondage. Patriotism and virtue are denounced in Spain, and genius and valor driven to the tomb. Superstition has again enkindled the sacrificial torch, and reared the bloody altar; and the manly zeal, which, having won independence in the field, endeavored to perpetuate it in deliberative assemblies has been frozen by the bigotry which was indebted to its ardor, for the power to oppress it. Genoa and Ragusa have been given to their enemies; the fall of Poland has been aggravated by the debasing offer of the shadow of her rights; and the shade of Tell, as it mingles its murmurs with the forest moan, beholds no vestige of the Alpine star.

But what land is that, where every muse is seen to mourn, and chivalry weeps the remembrance of its trophies? Can it be true, that France is degraded to the depth of slavery? Can it be true, that Talmucks and Cossacks riot on the spoils, and revel in the sweets, of the garden of the world? Can it be true, that a nation, which knew no scene but triumph, and no language but success, has tamely submitted to the domination of a minion, who holds his throne in vassalage to others, and whose only conquest is domestic blood? Is there no energy in hope? No elasticity in wretchedness? Will she bow forever to a yoke, more ignominious than that from which her revolution had its rise; and is there no spirit left, which will drive oppression back upon its source, and re-act the glories of Lodi and Gemappe? But though France has fallen, her wrongs may yet be expiated in the sufferings of tyrants; for, while most of the governments, exhausted by success, demand a long series of quiet, to recruit their vigor, and recover their embarrassments, conjecture speculates upon the probable explosion of a fabric, whose safety is threatened, not less by the artificial and incongruous principles upon which it is constructed, than by the gigantic power, and prospective policy of a State,\* which, increasing in civilization, as it grows in strength, may yet design to shake it from its base.

But while we review, more with pity than with pride, the degraded condition of the communities of Europe, we cannot but feel that there is one thing wanting to the consummation of our happi-

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\* Russia. See Sir Robert Wilsons Sketch of the Military and Political power of that empire.

ness. The people of this country can never indulge in unalloyed festivity, while they alone are the inheritors of freedom. The shrine at which we effuse our gratitude, for the distinguished blessings we enjoy, has ever attested our prayers for the amelioration of mankind. We had hoped that the example of our revolution, would have wrought its image, in some other clime, and that the elevated spectacle which we offer to the world, would have been seen reflected from some other sphere. And is there no spot where the bonds of usurpation have been burst, and redeemed humanity rises in its strength? Is despotism ordained to pervade all nature, and bind down those whom the Creator has divided? Can no seas obstruct? No barriers oppose it? Because France is trampled, is the principle of regeneration utterly extinct? Because Orr and Emmett are no more, did the genius of freedom perish in their fall? No! Exiled from Europe, it again finds a refuge in America! See! It ascends the Andes, and calls upon the universe to witness the virtues, and promote the efforts, of our gallant brethren of the South! And where is the bosom which does not combat in their cause? Who does not hope, that the "tide of experiment" may gather vigor as it flows, and overwhelm oppression with resistless force? Who does not hope, that as they have magnanimously conceived, so they may successfully execute, the great design of freedom, and that the etherial spirit, which guides their warriors "on the ridge of fight," may prove to their enemies a consuming fire, and to themselves, and their children, a protecting light? Now, when moral darkness overspreads the earth, and the freedom of Europe lies low and bleeding at the tyrant's feet, the eye of philanthropy is fixed in-

tently on this noble region of the globe. Not because nature has adorned it with magnificence and beauty—not because its mountains emulate the skies, and its majestic rivers roll down gold—not because it is the source from which wealth will rush, in numberless channels through the world, and where new avenues will be opened to enterprise and industry—but because it is the spot which freedom hath chosen for her temple, and her throne, and where that sacred altar has again been reared, at which mourning humanity may relume its hopes. Who knows but the blood which flows from the bosom of that injured land, may rise in retribution on some other shore? Who knows but the period may yet arrive, when the Glaciers of Switzerland shall resume their grandeur, and the harp of Erin sound its long lost note; when the fields of Gallia shall flourish in their native pride, and the dejected Tiber roll his stream with joy; for if heaven has in store a scene, which shall strike confusion to the heart of tyranny, and stimulate man to struggle for his rights, it will be, when the new world is released from the thraldom of the old, when the chorus of freedom shall re-echo from the Mississippi to La Plata, from the heights of Bunker to the vallies of Peru, and when millions upon millions, and hosts upon hosts, shall exclaim, with one enthusiastic burst of thankfulness and rapture, **ALL AMERICA IS FREE!!!**

