



RICHARDSON'S
ORATION.



JULY 5, 1813.



AN
ORATION,

DELIVERED IN

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,

BEFORE THE INHABITANTS OF

CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA,

ON MONDAY THE FIFTH OF JULY, 1813.

(THE FOURTH BEING SUNDAY,)

IN COMMEMORATION OF

American Independence;

BY APPOINTMENT OF

THE '76 ASSOCIATION,

And published at the Request of that Society.

BY J. S. RICHARDSON, Esq.
A MEMBER OF THE '76 ASSOCIATION.

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1813.

Oration, &c.

HOW masterly the hand that formed the declaration you have heard.* Remembrance triumphs at the impressive and commanding eloquence, which streamed from the patriotic lips of its manly advocates: how comprehensive their reasoning, how just their conclusion. As our pillar of fire, they shed a radiant light upon the glooms of the revolution. Jefferson, Adams, and six more of the great framers of the declaration, you so justly prize, still live, and their pervading wisdom and example, as our sheltering cloud, will still shield us from a foreign nation, which seeks, even now, with baleful influence, to blight the harvest of our dearly acquired heritage. How nobly firm was the spirit of our fathers—matchless their decision! Hurling defiance in the teeth of success, with courage growing from opposition, and with Roman fortitude, they would have sold the encampment of the enemy. As in ancient Sparta, our only walls were courage and unanimity. America had no ramparts but union, no watch-towers, but the vigilance of her leaders; and her only bastions were the arms of freemen. We may search, but search in vain, for an instance of decision, spirit, and motive like theirs: the annals of Greece and Rome, afford no parallel. In vain

* According to the rules of the Association, the declaration of Independence had been read, before the Oration was delivered.

we look for it in the martial Swede, indignant at his slavish subjugation ; and emerging, with the great Gustavus, from the mines of the Dalecarlia, to repel the fell Dane. In vain, in the mortal conflicts of the Swifs, all strenuous, and laboring, with the spirit of the immortal Tell, to protect their native vales, and their bleak hills. No where can be found such noble firmness, animated by a concert so wise, exercising such preventive forecast ; and crowning success, at once, with national liberty, self-government, and the principles of equal law.

Prompted by the love of liberty, their design was security ; security through union ; their object, end, and aim, our country, her emancipation, and man. To live, under growing oppression, with all the experience of ages before our eyes, were wilful slavery : and yet, you have seen, that the language of argument had been exhausted ; and the force of reason used in vain ; for it was not before the scales had been wrested from the hands of justice, and the bandage torn from her eyes, that the vengeful spirit of freedom rose. Then was the magna charta of the United States ratified ; ratified amid the din of invasion, and the shrill clangor of hostile arms, followed by an awful scene of unprovoked devastation. Americans, it was the spirit of '76 ; the spirit to live in freedom, or die with honor, which rose equal, ever equal, to the importance of the hour ; superior, greatly superior, to the pressure of misfortune.—Placed within the rules of warfare allowed between independent nations, America was erected

into a separate commonwealth, self-moving, uncontrolled, and free : Unfettered, she felt the expansive power of independence : The scrupulous were reconciled ; fortified by self-approbation, every bosom breathed his country's cause : The sword was sanctioned, and every wrist was nerved.

The gates of war were before unlocked, now,
 ——— “ open fly
 “ With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
 “ The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 “ Harsh thunder !”

But after man had been the victim of despotism, oppression was overcome. After a long night of terrors, the storm of war was dispersed ; and a serene horizon followed ; freedom was secured, independence breathed, agriculture raised its drooping head, and commerce began to diffuse her blessings. Justice and beneficence, forbearance and charity, succeeded to injustice and persecution, tyranny and bloodshed. The vestiges of despotism were effaced, and mildness reigned. Your brows, fathers, were crowned with unfading wreaths. You, mothers, you, who saw and felt the heart depressing scene, beheld the blissful change ; * * * * * and we all received a rich inheritance, the social zest of property ; and all that adorns and renders life delightful.

“ Heaven opened wide
 “ Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
 “ On golden hinges turning.—

Americans, whence the great success of our fathers? It sprung from their unanimity, and their unyielding spirit, which, when once roused, disdained the terms of peace, offered at the price of submission. It was this spirit which bore them triumphant, through an unequalled revolution; and which gave birth and vigor to independence—our treasure, our birthright, and our pride—the brilliant gift of heaven to the republic. How are we to perpetuate the blessings, for which they fought? Let us turn to another great subject of this stated commemoration, which, though not the prime cause of our emancipation, is yet the bond of our union, the consummation of our independence, and the hallowed ark of our liberties.

America was discovered at an eventful epoch. The art of printing had spread the revival of science, with inconceivable rapidity. The invention of gunpowder had changed the art of war; breaking the Roman legion, and shattering the coat of mail, it opened to the soldier untrodden fields of renown, and spread, before the statesman, new scenes of glory. The mariner's compass had stilled the dangers of the deep, and extended the empire of commerce; levelling "the mountain wave," astonished Europe beheld the way opened to a new world. While the facility of navigation brought distant nations home to each other, and science was diffused through printing, the sum of human knowledge was enlarged, and philosophy received a founder improvement than in all the preceding ages of the world. While the mind

was strengthened by the easy interchange of improvements, and the introduction of new views; prejudice, too, became softened by the attrition of various communication; and the reformation in religion, instilled into the human heart, peculiar boldness, self-possession, and vigor: In an age so improved, America has been peopled.

We had been taught by the annals of the old world, that nations arose from the gradual increase of population, the accession of neighbouring states, or acquisitions by conquest: that principles of state were unfolded, and state constitutions formed, as emergencies suggested successive expedients. It was reserved for an era of the world, abounding in great events, and left to an age of improvement, for a people, widely spread, to erect themselves, at once, into a sovereign and independent nation; and to form and adopt a constitution, wise, comprehensive, energetic, and free. Yes, equal and impartial as the dew of heaven; for while it tolerates no inequality among men, it affords to talents, to conduct, and address, the amplest scope; and to disinterestedness, industry, and virtue, the richest rewards; and, drawing no distinction in women, it leaves their superiority to that spotless purity which heaven acknowledges and extols. It peculiarly becomes a people, who owe so much to wisdom, to conduct, and to courage, to recur with gratitude to the past; to buoy up virtue, and incite to laudable exertion, by a grateful recurrence to heroic achievements. It is this grateful sense which assembles these United States, at this moment, to pay the homage due

to departed worth—to raise the triumphal arch to the strenuous, the unsubmitting MORGAN—to see, in lively thought, the laurel wreathed graceful about the brows of the generous STEUBEN, the good DE KALB, the accomplished MERCER—the avenging sword lightning in the nervous grasp of the invincible LAURENS—Laurens, “fitted to shine in Courts,” or stem the tide of war—the dread PULASKI, rushing on his fate—the hardy PUTNAM, daring hosts of foes—the wondrous MONTGOMERY, with more than human fortitude, opening his way through trackless deserts, known but to the blood-stained savage, and the beasts of prey—in strong conception the august shade of GREEN, in graceful majesty bound into the car of fame—and the soul of the self-devoted Regulus, in voluntary bondage revived in the elder LAURENS. But where, O matchless WASHINGTON! where, amid the croud of patriots, should we place, and how exalt, thy sacred shade! Language is impotent. And yet, to exalt the heart of posterity—to rouse the genius of his country, and to strike the breast of man, with all the force of glowing example, we discern him at every step—he accomplished all; and leaving Columbia to repose on the work of his hands, our statesman, our patriot, our father, took his flight to heaven. Where was his triumph? Above:—

The shades of war-worn veterans around him throng,
 And bear, enrapt, their honored chief along,
 While Angels, trumpet-tongued, proclaim thro' air,
 Due honors for the first of men prepare.

Where his requiem? Within—He was lulled to eternal rest by conscious rectitude. Where is his monument? No stone tells where the father of his country rests; but his deeds are inscribed in the rolls of time, and will speak in the voice of ages: embalmed in the love and gratitude of the good and virtuous, he lives in the veneration and respect of his mourning people. These are his monuments—they scorn the sculptured stone; the finest parian marble presents its flaws; thy fame, transcendent chief, knows none. The awful fathers of ancient Greece rose from the chair of state to invoke the manes of Thermopylæ—of Marathon, and Platea. Let us, too, listen to the shouts of Saratoga; and, while we enthrone in our hearts liberty and our country, give to GATES the meed he fairly won. Let us ascend the heights of Trenton, and press to our beating hearts the banner of independence, which trembled on the frozen Delaware. Let us traverse the Eutaw field, and, while we hail the returning beams of Liberty, which, from that great day, dispersed the lurid casts which had overshadowed the fortunes of the South, “invoke the nymph, sweet Liberty,” to deck the grave of CAMPBELL with all the laurels of King’s mountain.

Sacred shades! we cannot forget you. Perverse must be the judgment of him who could pass lightly over plains, tinged with your blood; hollow and false his heart who could lurch your manly honors; weak and unnatural the taste which could turn from the contemplation of our own liberties.

Americans, your will forbids all foreign themes; and though the tragic spectacle upon the bloody arena of Europe, has drawn the deep regard of man, and it has not been unusual to pay that people a brief tribute of respect on this day, yet I have for them but the words you have heard, "our enemies in war, in peace our friends." In friendship or in enmity among themselves, let us have no entangling alliances, and in both be this our individual and national feeling, as we are ready to look up to their virtues and improvements, let us be careful to hold an elevation, ever ready to look down upon their errors, their vices, and their crimes. To illustrate our true history requires no foreign aid; its intrinsic truth penetrates every bosom, and holds a secret correspondence with the finest feelings of the human heart. Its subject is the successful labors of the virtuous and the emulous for emancipation, for liberty, and the equal rights of man. Let us then indulge the recollection of scenes equally dear, and mutually interesting. While Rhode-Island drops the heartfelt tear upon the descriptive monument of the immortal WARREN, the first great martyr to his country's cause, and erects the temple of American glory upon the firm basis of Bunker's-Hill; Massachusetts, dispensing the meed of high renown, assigns to GREEN, the great compeer of WASHINGTON, a distinguished niche in the splendid dome. Carolina, emulous, but just looks thro' the lengthened vista of her country's laurels, and distinguishes the ennobling palm of Virginia, waving its triumphant foliage upon the ramparts of

York-Town; while the Orator of Virginia, turning to the South, fixes upon the Palmetto Fort, and yields to MOULTRIE the ægis of his country: uplifted with the proud recollection, he exclaims, another Themistocles triumphed over opposition, and repelled the invading force before they touched the shore;* and again has a confederate republic been shielded from foreign domination by the wooden walls of another Athens.

While, on this day, marked out as sacred to our independence, we conspire to lift up virtue by excitement, drawn from those great examples which have given name and dignity to our common country, in breathing the spirit of a constitution which, like a kind parent, unfolds its gathered stores with equal hand, and upon whose preservation depends that individual liberty we prize so highly—we bow to heaven in gratitude, and pledge ourselves to transmit to posterity, pure and inviolate, the inestimable boon now confided to our hands. This is, indeed, the sacred duty of each successive age. And already are we destined to meet the trying conflict for our rights; for again has reiterated injustice forced us into a war with the same strong power, who would invade, anew, the choice prerogative won with so much blood and treasure. In the faithful discharge of our duty, in every situation, consists the dignity of human nature; in its neglect, the foulest disgrace. This is

* When Moultrie proposed to defend Charleston by means of the Palmetto Fort, it was warmly opposed, upon the supposition that such a defence would be inefficual.

at once the precept of reason, and the lesson of sound morality. By a compact, freely adopted, these states stand mutually pledged to each other. If to lurch a confidence raised, be the foulest treachery, to break our faith, thus interchanged, how foul! Expression would be vain.

Americans, we have taken up arms for our enslaved seamen and our ravaged commerce, for violence actually offered, and insult beyond the forbearance of the most peaceful nation on earth. The "gentlest children of the Sun" saw not their blameless coast invaded, their towers in flames, their Inca fettered, and their gold extorted, with half the forbearing patience that we have seen our wide-spread commerce swept from the face of the ocean, by two ruthless powers, who, "pale with envy at each others greatness," trample upon all law to put down a rival, and regard no sanction when the object is their own exaltation—the blood of our countrymen wantonly shed upon their own decks, within our own territorial sanctuary, and our seamen forced to bondage; and these unparalleled aggressions were continued till forbearance ceased to be a virtue.

When war was declared by the constituted authorities; declared by our friends, our brothers, our fathers, men who would for no trivial cause, expose their own children to all the dangers of the embattled plains, to be neutral were infamous; to oppose, and thereby to "aid and comfort" the enemy—for such our mother tongue has no fit name.

Americans, as I regard myself, respect you, and love my country—as I revere the exquisite morality of revealed religion and truth, I had no gall nor rancorous spirit against that people; on the contrary, as our fathers made them atone, I had forgiven their cruelties. As an American, I have a just feeling for our ancestors, and Europe is dearer to me than Asia or Africa. As a citizen, I acknowledge the abundant conveniencies that Britain interchanged for the productions of our soil, which gave leisure to our wide spreading agriculture—and I cherish an unenvying admiration of her national pre-eminence. But, my countrymen, upon the principles and energy, the union and success, with which this war is conducted, depend our happiness and prosperity at home, and our character abroad. I hold, too, with moralists, that war is allowed to man, only when the object is peace and safety; and such alone, in my conscientious belief, is the object of the war America has declared. Yet, it has been said, that since the revocation of the Orders in Council, though withdrawn with a reservation, needless, if not insulting, “that we present the novel spectacle of a nation at war without an object.” Laying aside just retribution for past insult, spoliations, and blood-shed, the incentives applied to the savages, and the degenerate mission of Henry, which, though disavowed by their government, I am strongly persuaded to believe, from their evident attempt, even since the war, to license the vessels of one port of the United States, in preference to the other; a base distinction, which must make

every honest Yankee's blood boil in his veins; and which, though unavailing and fallacious, shews the secret hopes and expectations of the enemy.

Laying aside these, and the unnatural extension, in practice, of the privilege of blockade, beyond all allowed principles, let us consider the ultimate object and the great cause for war. Who does not know the progress of the iniquitous principle by which our seamen are impressed, under the character of English sailors? It was, at first, exercised under the pretence of searching for deserters; next for their seamen generally; then they assumed, in practice, the right of dragging any subject from an American vessel; and their people, flying from poverty and oppression at home, met worse than death upon the ocean; and what the Minister, the King, and the Parliament dared not attempt upon the Thames or Shannon, was executed, without law or mercy, in an American bottom; and, with their own subjects, the natives of the United States were yoked in bondage.

Since the declaration of war, the British minister acknowledged to the House of Commons, that the Admiralty had ascertained, in January, 1811, "that 3,500 sailors, actually employed in their navy, claimed their discharge, on the ground of their being American seamen;" of which number he admits, "that 16 or 1700 may have some rational ground for demanding their liberation, on proof of their being subjects of the United States." This his lordship deems of little moment; and, on their part, a "paltry and miserable

object,"* as if the enslavement of 16 or 1700 citizens, avowed by the organ of their government, were no cause for war; so easy it is for the heart of man to become unfeeling, corrupt, and debased. Suppose that minister, and the Prince Regent, who is no more than a subject, were impressed and avowedly detained in our navy, or any portion of their people openly reduced to slavery, would the British government remain in peace?

That alone is a free government, where a deliberate injury, offered to a single citizen, becomes the cause of all; and they alone deserve to be free, who are as ready to resent the insult, and to rescue the oppressed, as the immediate sufferer himself. And unless such sentiments are practised, as well as cherished, protection becomes an empty-idle name; and our confederacy, our union for safety and individual liberty, are but the footstool and the ladder, by which the ambitious may rise upon the necks of a suffering, unprotected people. But, in the place of hundreds, thousands have been impressed; and that too, to fight her battles, without our own will, without reason, without law, and against their own country.† The British Minister, in his candor, ought to have added, that since the declaration of war, these impressed Americans have been literally forced to fight, and have shed their blood, and lost their

* Lord Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, 18th February, 1813.

† Among other instances, see the account given by Richard Tompkins, at Poughkeepsie, 17th April, 1813—that of C. Thomas, of the Vixen—the letters of Bainbridge and Lawrence, published in the *Intelligencer* of the 22d April, 1813.

lives, fighting for Great-Britain, against America. Some few have been discharged from service, upon their open refusal to fight; but, when discharged, what was their fate? To be immured in prison ships.* Such are the rights and privileges acquired by two years service in the British navy. These are facts, my countrymen, that cry to heaven. Every sailor must hold his liberty and life at the discretion of a British officer. Can we view the progress without horror and indignation? Who does not perceive that the attack on the Chesapeake, in 1807, was deliberate and preconcerted, further to extend the galling encroachment; and though the universal resentment of the United States repressed the audacious design, yet like the Indian tomahawk, it was buried, but to wait a fit opportunity to rise in savage terror. Is there a man, of moderate forecast, who does not perceive, had this been borne, that it was but an easy step to impress her pretended sailors, in our towns; and you would then have seen your sons wrested from before their parents eyes; and soon your daughters with them. "I would sooner be a dog and bay the moon."

The value of every right, is in proportion to the security with which it may be enjoyed: and when the essential rights of a people become insecure, through foreign injustice and violence, it is not the hand of man alone, but the finger of heaven that points to war. "War," says an independent and judicious statesman of Carolina, "is

* City Gazette of the 30th April.

just and necessary, when waged to protect and defend the violated pecuniary interests of a country; or, to defend and secure the sovereign rights of a nation; or, lastly and principally, to support and maintain the national honor."

Now, if the citizen be subject to foreign impressment, he cannot be safe in the enjoyment of any pecuniary right; unless secure in his personal liberty, the sovereignty and independence of the nation, would be terms invented by the crafty, to impose upon the credulous. Every individual case is an invasion of our sovereign rights; and the nation would be lost to all sense of honor, who would not wage war, to rescue her citizens from imprisonment and stripes. Every instance is national degradation.

The monstrous assertion then, "that the war is without an object," is as irreconcilable with truth, as it is abhorrent to the example, and unworthy the spirit of our ancestors. They fought, not more to stop the current of oppression, than to dry up the polluted source, whence so much evil was to flow. It was the principle assumed, not the duty of three pence upon tea, which roused the bold and reflective. They foresaw that the lowest point of human degradation must ensue, from the system of injustice and oppression, adopted by the British parliament.

Statesmen may differ upon the policy of a war, or upon the time when it is to be declared; but, when once proclaimed, and for such a cause, how they can differ upon the necessity of a vigorous prosecution, or the grand principles upon which

it must terminate, I have yet to learn. The spirit which could prosecute the war with vigor, while hostilities exist, is peculiarly compatible with the sincere desire of peace. Is there an American, who does not wish it to end speedily, with advantage, and to our honor; but is there one who fights for peace, without independence and safety? None—then let us pursue it, with one heart, and support it with united hands. To waver in the firm vindication of our rights, is to acknowledge the monstrous pretension of the enemy; a pretension of indefinite extent, and of alarming consequences. To yield, is to receive the yoke. Can we— dare we recede?

Americans, while heaven allows us to be a nation, we have great duties to fulfil. While we regard justice, or character; while we exact obedience from the citizen, we cannot, we dare not refuse him protection; for obedience and protection are reciprocal, and dependent upon each other. No—while we have virtue, we will resist this outrage upon morality, religion, and human nature.

The British orators labour to persuade us, that such impressments are allowable; and at the same time, artfully magnify the importance of the practice to their nation; to terrify, with the belief, that being essential to her safety, she can never relinquish it. But, believe me, my countrymen, whenever we prosecute the war with such energy, as to make her feel the burthen; and Britain shall perceive that our determination is firm, undaunt-

ed, resolute, and fixt, to defend our sailors from all thralldom, she will yield the principle and the practice, with all its pretended importance, to the full extent of our just demands. One united, manly, and persevering effort, secures us victory, justice and peace. As the fruit of virtue is happiness; activity is her flower and glory. But upon whom does it fall, to breast themselves to the immediate shock of war? Upon us, the second generation of independent Americans, whose mothers bore us, in and since the great epoch, when the pulse of our fathers beat high with liberty and success. To us they have left the honors, and the labors of defence; with us, they have deposited the splendid boon, for which they fought: and shall we not transmit it to their grand-children? 'Tis an act of gratitude, and a debt we owe to our fires; 'tis an inviolable duty to our country; the voice of posterity calls aloud; and the eyes of nations are fixed upon the sole remaining republic. We will defend the rights, for which our fathers bled, and the soil where they repose. It belongs to us to resist all attacks from without, and to put down all tumults within. It is our peculiar province to quiet the fears of mothers; and to give security to the aged, to the innocent, and to the infant.

Americans, could I catch the flame which shot from Chatham's eye, when to a parliament, astonished and amazed, he exclaimed, "America must and will be free;" invited by your confidence, it should animate and make your heroism blaze before your country's call.

Formed by the sovereign hand of nature, for a mighty empire; it is not the jealousy of the old world, which can arrest our high career: Our life and death are in our own hands: "united we conquer," divided——I will not suppose the unhallowed libel. No, my countrymen, America shall be free, independent, and great. In such a cause heaven will spread its broad shield over the banner of justice :

"The God of battles will stimulate your arm,"

"And fire the soul, with ardor not its own."

To the great destinies of the nation, the precepts of our fathers shall persuade, their example lead, and their experience direct us with unerring aim.

We have seen an infant nation, by unanimity, rise with gigantic strength, and achieve its independence, in despite of the proudest kingdom of the old world, whose force was deemed irresistible, and whose resources were unlimited. Appreciate then your union; call not upon reason alone, but array feeling on its side. It must not depend upon the constitution alone; though resting upon that great compact, it must be nourished by this annual celebration; and cherished by our thoughts and habits: Truths the most palpable, require to be invigorated by salutary practice. Without practical devotion, vain is the influence of our benign religion. Without the ready interchange of kind offices, friendship, the sunshine of life, is darkened with suspicious lowering: neglect his claims, or meet them with cold averting indiffer-

ence, and that brow which seems the arch of heaven, contracts in frowns; that eye which shed benignant light on every gloom, will lose its lustre; and that bosom, the refuge in adversity, its cheering warmth. Let our union be the tie of brothers who were nourished at the same maternal breast, fed at the same board, and tutored by the same paternal hand, though, in riper years, they yield to destiny; the one ploughs the hazardous main, and builds in distant climes his fame and fortune; the other presides at home, and directs the councils of his country: though apart, a reciprocal correspondence unites their sacred friendship, and preserves the earliest impressions of their hearts; still familiar with each other's thoughts, each acts upon the other's plans, and friendship forms the relish of their souls.

Americans, in the great hour of our struggle, when every movement in the new, filled the old world with expectation, the public good was the sole great object; and every private motive, a mean consideration. Those, who since were rivals, knew no division. The approach of danger was the signal for union; and each, according to his peculiar skill, became the leader, the Miltiades of the day; and all, just as Aristides, yielded, not to his superiority, but from true virtue, which is always forbearing in her claims.

And you, my countrymen, who pant for fame, believe me, such are the men whom posterity will know; such names alone will live with time.—They overlooked a little temporary popularity, to make future ages all their own.

We are at war; and tho' no disciple of the philosopher, who supposed it the natural state of man; yet I cannot perceive the necessity for an inglorious peace, at the expence of a single essential right. Nor does it require profound sagacity to foresee great national advantages arising from our present situation. Besides an incalculable improvement in the manufactory of every article of domestic convenience and prime necessity, which is daily growing out of the exclusion of British manufactures; besides this acquisition so essential to true independence; to be happy at home, we must make ourselves respected abroad. Nor will a great object of national incitement injure our union.

Such, in man, is the restless love of admiration, that if you deny him food for this passion here, he will look for it elsewhere, and having fixed his affections abroad, the character of his own country becomes insensibly lessened in his estimation. Still, unwilling to avow national degradation, or unconscious why, he casts the gill of contempt, not upon the nation, but upon some portion which he undervalues, and deeply reproaches them as unworthy and degenerate. Hence party feelings have been embittered, and have risen to a pitch, which not only seriously invades our peace, but encourages our enemy.

Americans, we wanted a bond of national glory; and that glory opens to the fight, it dawns auspicious on the deep. Future ages will turn, with kindling eyes, to the exploits of HULL, JONES, DECATUR, BAINBRIDGE, and LAWRENCE, as giving a

new character to the Republic. The name of the *Constitution* will give vigor to the sailor's arm, and the *United States* will shed a radiance before his eyes. Can there be a stronger instance of what has been said? Lately, our navy was the subject of more than a mere difference of opinion; now, that she has nobly done her duty, and revenged her country's wrongs, prejudice and opposition have been laid upon the altar of patriotism. ~~Our navy has become the rallying point~~ for the affections of the nation; and when men regard, esteem, and love the same great and meritorious object, from that moment they begin to regard, to esteem and to love one another. Is there aught in which America, from New-Hampshire to Orleans, is more united, than in the love and admiration of our infant navy? Is there a heart which does not feel with exultation that she is the common property? Americans, I essay in vain to do justice to a theme so important, of such feeling—characterising my country: Upon this there is an impotency in language, and thought mocks the aspiring wish—I cannot reach the elevation due to our naval victors. Is there an American who does not catch for himself a beam of their glory? Is it dissipated upon the ocean, where it has covered every *Gun-Boat*, and instilled itself into every *Letter of Marque*? Is it bounded by the joyful coasts? Is it limited to the triumphant cities? No, it is spread over the interior, it pervades the heart of the country, it strikes the mountains tops, and undulates upon the extended waters of the West. But painful

now becomes the task—exquisite every emotion. The funeral pall of LAWRENCE obscures Columbia's fight. Type of thy nation's fame! Thy noble, daring, ardent heart, has lost thee to thy weeping country. Short has been the career of LAWRENCE, but brilliant and energetic—dear to America. He was cast in the very mould of heroism:

“ His form was of the manliest beauty,

“ But death”—this, this was thy unkindest cut.

He fell with the spirit of Charles XII, who, when a bullet pierced his brain, instinctively the hero clinched his sword: In the fever of his mortal wounds, when delirium seized his brain, the unconquerable heart of LAWRENCE still beat with unabated ardor: “ Fight on, my fellows—save the ship,” he cried. The foe has honored him, and yet that foe has meanly stolen a wreath he cannot wear. Yes, when the lieutenant of the Shannon raised the British colors above our own, which none had dared to strike, it was an *American*, whose noble soul, indignant at the sight, and stung with his country's wrongs, could not brook the degrading spectacle, and levelling his winged vengeance at the offender's heart, laid the British officer lifeless on the deck.*

LAWRENCE, LUDLOW, and their Spartan band, yielding but with the last pulse of life, shall form

* The British accounts of the action state, that their officer was shot by one of their own crew, because he inadvertently was placing the British colors *under*, instead of *over* the American, which is incredible; and the conclusion, that he was shot by an American, is irresistible.

our naval star. Their brilliant example, like the sweet watch-light of the pole, shall guide and direct the emulous navy of their country.

Wherever our soldiers have had an opportunity, they too, have done their duty. The knell of PIKE pervades the ear: "As if an Angel spoke, I feel the solemn found." But can he be unfortunate who died, like Epaminondas, and like Wolfe, in the arms of victory? The Roman fathers dwelt, with grateful praise, upon that Cocles, who, to impede a pursuing enemy for a single moment, while his retreating fellows razed the Sublicean bridge, devoted his generous life, a voluntary sacrifice, to save his native city from dishonor.— And the muse of history pours out the very soul of rapture upon the Grecian soldier, who, pursuing a flying host from the plains of Marathon to their ships, seized a Persian galley, and having his hands severed, in succession, from his body, still strove, with desperate efforts, to impede the foe, and seized the vessel with his teeth.

Dauntless PIKE! Avenging bolt of war! Give me the glittering compass of thy sword: how else, describe the halo of thy glory; how exalt that spirit, which while the hand of fate pressed hard upon his ebbing life; still disdaining self, and yielding all his soul to valor, even in the convulsive throes of death, still urged his soldiers on, and bade them save their country's honor. When the standard of the enemy was brought to assure the wounded hero of their flight, a sacred triumph lighted up his dying eyes: He laid his hand upon his brave heart, to attest the feelings of his soul. "I die

contented," said the magnanimous warrior, and expired without a groan. A dread example to the foe: He was the plume of war: The Marcellus of his country, crowned with early laurels: Like Marcellus, the fame of PIKE had risen with a rapid and vigorous ascension: Like him, too, he opened the way to victory, and his renown increased in magnitude to his fate, like the declining sun which broadens upon the horizon. He is gone—but sweet is his death, who dies for his country: With his blood he seals the doom of tyrants. The prayers, the tears, the thanks of weeping beauty waft his soul to heaven, and his ashes form the soil where freedom germinates.—The merit of success is in proportion to the difficulty, the danger, and the means of achievement.

Of all the sources of virtue, that of an elevated, unconquerable mind, which can contemplate, without dismay, the extinction of life; and, with Cato, see unmoved "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," is the most attractive and glorious in its course. This instant hour calls upon the hidden patriot: The mind of the hero sees new glory in every obstacle, and displays his greatness in adversity. Upon what would the fame of our ancestors depend, but for the disappointments, perils, and disasters of the Revolution.

In the fifth year of the war the British forces were directed to the South. Charleston was reduced, and Lincoln captured. The defeat of the unfortunate Gates left no bounds to British triumph. The country was given up to systematic

plunder, and we felt the scourge of unprincipled warfare: Our churches were wrapped in flames, and every unbridled passion set at large, and every enormity committed, that could strike with terror, break the spirits, or bend the mind to submission.

The British army was a collection of aliens and natives, whose audacity was unbridled; the very sons of havock, "their waste was wealth, their birthright plunder; and this, their holiday, torn out from peace and sacred to disorder." Ancient barbarity was revived; and, woe to the conquered, became the order of the day. Private ruin marked their footsteps; "so enormous indeed," says the pithy historian of the revolution, "that those who lived at a distance, will scarcely believe what was attested by thousands of eye-witnesses." The enemy met no effectual opposition till the war approached the Western frontier, and roused those hardy sons of America, whose limbs the mountain air had knit. Animated by the sacred duty, "whom all in public, or in private, worship," and led on, in the first warmth and fervor of their souls, by the gallant CAMPELL, they hasten to the foe: Steep is our mount, the manly warriors said — upon its rugged heights Ferguson seeks his fate.

But notwithstanding this brilliant exertion of untutored valor, and the splendid victory at Cowpens, over a greatly superior force, MORGAN, whose indignant courage had led him to an adventurous length, was compelled to retreat through infinite hardships, and Cornwallis assumed the conquest of the three Southern states. In Roman arrogance, Cornwallis Caroliniensis already founded in his

ear. At this gloomy period Carolina's patriots shone with unrivalled lustre.

Sumter and Marion, by a succession of decisive actions, upheld the arm of opposition. Wherever they moved, their followers were inspired with unconquerable courage. GADSDEN counselled his countrymen with profound sagacity: the PINCKNEYS set a noble example of disinterestedness and patriotism; and the RUTLEDGES, in the true spirit of heroism, diminished every peril, exalted all hopes; and by the noble eloquence of undaunted truth and magnanimity, fanned the declining flame of Liberty. Buoyed up, by the Godlike principles which had led them on, their courage rose in the front of danger; unshaken, and unyielding, they stemmed the torrent of national calamity; despising all danger they stood forth the bulwark of independence, and by their firmness left fortune alone in fault. What, but the impulse of correct principles, actuated by a bold yet reflective spirit, could have sustained our fathers, against such disastrous events, and such fell deeds; and though we should draw a veil over a monster, so hideous and desecrated, as the depravity of man, and the generous heart would exclaim, humanity was suspended, not lost; yet weak indeed were the nations, which would not learn wisdom from dear-bought experience.

The facts related are written in the blood of our ancestors; and the smoking ruins of Havre-de-Grace, French-town, and Hampton, again declare, in agonizing terms, the principles of our inhuman foe. To what end have these

harmless villages been burnt? Have we, in a single instance, provoked the outrage? The deed is unexampled in modern warfare, and can be attributed but to the degenerate councils of a nation, who to the scalping knife, red with human gore, adds, without remorse and without cause, the relentless firebrand.

But there is one other deed perpetrated at Hampton, by this unprincipled foe, at which every generous and manly feeling of the human breast recoils with horror; a deed which even barbarous nations abhor, and conspire to proscribe. Britons, if you weep not blood for this, then degenerate indeed is the man of the new world. Then did the wanton host, who over-ran the country, when the fathers of America fled for safety to the mountains, enforce our chaste mothers and beget a degenerate race, who boast the name, but are not warmed by the blood of heroes. No, my countrymen, the genuine blood of your fires, the crimson which leaps into your manly cheek, the indignant flash from every eye forbid a galling thought. Think of Hampton and her violated daughters. Courage of my country, rest thou upon this atrocious deed. Image not the form of one exciting cause but this, till thou canst meet this dastard foe.

At the darkest hour of the Revolution, when the bosom of Carolina had well-nigh sunk beneath the settled gloom which overshadowed her political expanse, and despondency lowered on every brow, the voice of seraphs whispered hope within. Nothing, indeed, can shew more strongly

the latent sparks, which, even under the heaviest damps of misfortune, inspired Carolina's sons, than the conduct of their fair partners, whose hearts throbbed in unison with the chord of events. They shunned the festive board of the conquerors, and the attractive mazes of the ball, and retired to weep over their country, or heal the wounds of the stigmatized rebel. The glossy silk was exchanged for the mantle of grief; yet their fibres were nerved by the necessities of the day; and their eyes, beaming with kindred courage, diffused a secret fortitude, and buoyed up the falling confidence of man. In the midst of ruins this gem appeared: In a night of Gothic darkness, this crescent shone. "Their fortitude (says the veracious Moultrie) gave firmness to man: They despised those who were not enthusiasts in their country's cause, and submitted to hardships and difficulties, with a heroism, which has never been excelled:" "and (continues the patriot foldier) I can with safety say, that their conduct, during the war, contributed much to the independence of America." And is there now no strong arm to defend their couch from lust, and their daughters from pollution? At the thought the genius of America reddens with uncommon wrath; the arm of these sister states will now conjoin all their force, and the sword of Washington will leap from its sleeping scabbard, keen, fierce, and terrible. What cause has failed in which you were united? But let me not urge that gentleness, which is the sentinel of woman; and which surprised, leaves virtue much exposed; nor invade

that delicacy, which is her buckler, and which, laid aside, leaves virtue half subdued. And yet if ere the sons of freedom wooed, with honest vows, the maid of eloquence, come as when the fervid Grecian won thee for his country; or as when thy presence graced the forum, and shed the Roman eloquence, sweet as thy sister's song, O! come inspire this short appeal: teach us to trace the gentlest mazes of the soul, and to enlist for my country the chastest virtues of the heart. Would you who take the "imprisoned soul" of youth, and "lap it in Elysium," emulate the heroic worth and valor of your mothers; and, unfurling the standard of independence to the lover, bid him hasten, with her eagle's flight, and win you, beneath her bands of union and her stars of fame; or tell him, dauntless at the clash of swords, to earn his country's thanks, and woo you, kneeling at the shrine of patriotism.

Matrons of the revolution, as you invited by your example, still teach them by your precepts, not to love your sons less, but their country more. Chaste partners! Need we persuade you? You, whose happiness is our precious object, whose virtue the bright reward of toil? No, for it is enrolled by the merits of your mothers: It is inscribed in our hearts by the sanctity of your own virtues; you will be the fair exemplars in our cause, and yielding to your country's dearer claims, own no sense beyond the common welfare, the public union, and the nation's glory.

Let me not offer to American eyes, the Roman arm, rising, still victorious, from the fatal fields of

Cannæ ; where the slain were not numbered, but the insignia of fallen knights measured in the bushel ; but suffer me to remind you of the unyielding fortitude and perseverance of our fathers : I would exhort you by their great example, and inspire you with that radiant patriotism which, at their country's call, was aiming singly at their country's good.

While battles shall be renowned, not so much for the numbers engaged, as for keen and composed courage, and persevering fortitude, that of Bunker's Hill will continue to attract the notice of history. It was to characterize a people unused to arms ; and our fathers weighed their own example. They moved to battle, serene and cheering as the morn ; descending on their country's foes, they were terrible as when the collected thunder of the evening breaks. It was your Thermopylæ and your Leonidas, and a chosen band were the price we paid. Warren fell, as the spear of Hector from the shield of Achilles ; though fallen, still glittering in the dust ; the son of Peleus might tremble at the gleaming fragment.

In '76 the British parliament redoubled every effort, and ordered a triple attack. Burgoyne, aided by the blood-polluted savage, emerged from the forests of the North ; but Gates, poising on his own arm the fate of war, appalled all force, by able opposition, and made the yelling savage and the boasted lion crouch. Clinton and Parker hurled the British thunder in the South : Here the sword of Carolina, raised by the gallant Moultrie, received their *brutum fulmen*, to point

it harmless to the deep. The Howes directed a hireling host to the centre of the union; and Washington, skilled "in all the calls of war's vast art," retired before superior force, but recoiling on the haughty foe, struck the coup-de-main of Trenton; and by his brilliant success at Princeton, dispelled the evil fortunes of his country.

Americans, it was no common conflict—on one side a kingdom was the prize, on the other, the independence of a nation. Heavens! had you seen him and his little band, when the infuriate Cornwallis pressed upon 3000 ragged troops, the hope of independence. How little were they known by the costume of war; but fearless at the post of danger—how well, by their manly fronts, and their fixt brows. Recoiling with an energy that no pressure could subdue, Washington recrossed the Delaware. Silent our warriors walked—"the fullen march was dumb;" no trumpet's sound was heard—the spirit-stirring drum was hushed; no banner waved, and all the pomp of war was silenced. The hardy sons of '76 were traced through frozen roads by the blood which issued from their naked, lacerated feet. Vengeance, sedate and stern, was brooding on the slaughter of their country: and the gloom of midnight encreased the maddening horrors of the scene. But brothers and tried companions filled the steady bands.—The wrongs of martyred Jersey waked a lion in the soldier's breast; hunted in his own forests, he felt all his native energy uproused; his stature towered; his crest grew lofty, and his piercing eye gleamed

upon the foe. A band of luckless Hessians met his fury ; rout was instant, wide, and wild.

Could I, my countrymen, pronounce those thrilling accents of the magic spell, which ope the grave and start the dead, the spirit of our fathers should hover over us at this eventful era, and animate the country. Their courage should exalt, their patriotism inspire, and their example swell the hearts of our admiring posterity.

