



AN
ORATION,
DELIVERED,
In St. Philip's Church,
BEFORE AN ASSEMBLAGE OF THE INHABITANTS OF
CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA,
On the 5th Day of **JULY, 1819;**
(THE 4TH BEING SUNDAY)
In Commemoration of
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

BY APPOINTMENT OF THE
'76 ASSOCIATION,
AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST.

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A Member of the '76 Association.

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1819.

ORATION, &c.

WHIERE can we behold so sublime a spectacle, as the American people present on this day? Nations may celebrate the births of their princes, and the achievements of their warriors; but where shall we see one of freemen, with an united voice, offering their thanks to the ALMIGHTY in the Heavens? Where do the altars of the Deity burn with as pure an incense as with us? Where is the sacrifice as dear, as the blood that is shed in LIBERTY'S cause? We alone, my countrymen, sound the praises of freedom. We alone, celebrate her victories. Our happy land alone, shines with the foot prints of LIBERTY. Here alone, the hand of Benevolence is extended to the forlorn EXILE, and weeping misery soothed by smiles of Charity.

Excited by the causes, and in pursuance of the principles held forth in the Declaration, you have just heard read,* the United States of America rise into free existence. Disdaining the servile state of satellites, they shoot forth into the free expanse, and shine bright constellation. They stand on the defensive. Their oppressor moves on with an immense force, to over-

* The Declaration of Independence, agreeably to the rules of the Society, had been read previously to the delivery of the Oration, by JAMES S. JOHNSON, Esq.

whelm them, and attempts their strongest part. The British king, calculating on disaffection among us; the want of military skill and pecuniary resources, and above all, on the principles held out by all enslavers of nations, “that a country claimed as a colony could not be communicated with by a foreign nation without an hostile infringement of their rights,” collects and lands his forces—to meet such hostility, the American mind had been prepared, by frequent acts, which had led to several conflicts.

Can we, fellow-citizens, cast our view back and behold the sufferings of our fathers, or recall the situation of our beloved country, when her widows mourned, and her warriors fell, and not execrate the heart which caused them? Half a century has nearly elapsed, but the same spirit which achieved our independence, yet burns to defend it—as at Lexington and Ticonderoga—as at Bunker’s-Hill, a name synonymous with heroism, and immortal in the hearts of Americans; where the invaders of our soil first felt the force of Freedom’s sword. There did the minions of the tyrant bend beneath the mighty arm of him, who fought for liberty, and the land his soul adored:

“ True courage but from opposition grows,”

“ And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves, matched to the sinews of a single arm, that strikes for liberty;” that strikes to save his fields from fire, his infants from the sword, his couch from lust, his daughters from pollution, and his large honour from eternal infamy.

By a repetition of barbarous and oppressive acts, were these States thus severed from Great-Britain; and all accretion with her totally destroyed.

And now the clangor of war echoed from state to state, the hero in embryo panted for a name, the philosopher devoted himself to his country, and the plain citizen, took a firm and manly stand for LIBERTY.

That Heroic Soldier, who at the defeat of BRADDOCK on the banks of the Monongahela, by his prudence and bravery preserved the whole British army from destruction, and arrested the tomahawk of the merciless Savage; GEORGE WASHINGTON, now a Delegate from Virginia to the first Congress is elected General and Commander in Chief, with the solemn pledge of Congress, to assist and adhere to him as the leader of the army, for the maintenance and preservation of AMERICAN LIBERTY, with their lives and fortunes.— Under auspices the most unfavorable. an empty treasury, the absence of military skill and subordination throughout the army, a deficiency of arms, ammunition and military stores, did this great man meet his appointment. No mercenary views governed his magnanimous soul. Love of Liberty, and adoration for his country, impelled him to deeds of valour. All compensation for his services were refused, and his country's happiness the only reward he wished.

“ His name shall stand above the waste of memory.”

He soon found that he had under his command, the materials for a good army. A great number of men, able bodied, active, zealous in the cause, and of unquestionable courage. Such was that army, which he led to victory and glory, and which won the prize of freedom for their country.

Exertions were immediately made to supply our wants. Powder was procured, even from within the British forts, on the coast of Africa, and obtained by the seizure of the magazine at Bermuda. Manufactories of arms, ammunition and military stores were established, and pecuniary resources discovered.— The army being formed, officered, and disciplined, took the field with the AMERICAN CINCINNATUS, who obtained their unbounded confidence. The country was inspired with hopes and spirits. A bold attempt was made on Quebec, where our troops exhibited a character, wor-

thy of veterans. Had not the gallant and accomplished MONTGOMERY fallen in the assault, complete victory would have attended the enterprize. A grateful country will acknowledge and proclaim his deeds, in Freedom's cause; and though she cannot boast his birth, yet shall he rank among her sons. A SON of ERIN, attracted by the voice of Liberty, and panting to be foremost in the ranks of freemen, here fell, in asserting the dearest rights of man. Though thy harp, O Erin! is shrouded and has lost its note—though the oppressor's arm, lays heavy on thy breast, still the fire of Freedom burns in the hearts of thy sons—though unable to raise the altar of Liberty in their native land, we see them first of Freedom's sons, in foreign climes; and where her monuments of glory stand, we see their names emblazoned.

A determination to rivit on us their paper chain of oppressive taxation, and to lay America prostrate at their feet, brought the enemy to our own doors. Having crossed the bar, and expecting little opposition, from the struggle of free and virtuous patriots, an attack was made on Sullivan's Island. On the memorable 28th of June, 1776, the gallant defenders of Fort Moultrie, exhibited to their enemy and to the world, a scene of bravery, unsurpassed, and a zeal in their country's cause not to be subdued. The conflict ended in the total discomfiture and disgrace of the enemy, and they were compelled to abandon their object, with immense loss. The issue of this battle confirmed the military character of Carolina; gave vigor to our friends, and assurance of final success to our struggle. Yes, my countrymen, a scene of valour was exhibited on that glorious day, which penetrated the hearts of our Northern friends, and buoyed them up in the midst of the trying difficulties which beset them. For their liberty they were under no apprehension. It had taken root, was verdant and flourishing, and must soon, they knew, grow to a hardy and durable tree; but they saw suffer-

ings, which the fate of war must necessarily bring on them, from a strong and unfeeling foe. At all events they knew there was no corner of the globe, to which they would not have fled, as their fathers had done before them; or died in the ditch, rather than submit to the tyranny which had oppressed them.

How shall he, whose sacred task is to relate the brilliant exploits of those who reared the fabric of American Independence, be able, with calm and steady hand, to raise the curtain of time, which overshadows them, and place them bright before your view. A sudden blaze of glory bursts upon him, and he is lost in its effulgence. The glories of '76, and the matchless deeds of the American brave, form a galaxy, which dazzles the sight of the astonished world. The fields of Saratoga remain a monument of the glory of the veteran GATES; and the memory of PULASKI, is as ceaseless as the wave that washes the shore on which he bled.—Every spot has been hallowed by the victories of freemen, or the blood of the Patriot. Every stream bears attestation of the bright days that are past, and recalls the memory of our fathers. Can we tread the sacred plains of Camden, and forget that the spirit of the brave DE KALB there winged its flight to heaven; and shall we not remember thee too, O, CAMPBELL, who like conquering PIKE, “slept in the arms of victory.” In the bright firmament of American heroism, shines the constellation of Carolina, the invincible PICKENS, MARION and SUMPTER—inflexible as the oak under which they watched—pure as the mountain stream which refreshed their fainting limbs.

The Southern section of the United States, suffered much, in our Revolutionary struggle. Our cities wore the gloom of servitude, and our fellow-citizens were banished from their homes, or oppressed with the exactions of the military despots, who, by the hand of violence, had robbed us of our possessions. All inter-

course between the inhabitants of the upper and lower divisions of the States was destroyed; misery and desolation presented themselves in every direction; HOPE had nearly lost its spring in the Patriot's breast, and the cruel hand of oppression, was dashing to the ground our fairest prospects. The warrior, returning from the field of battle, worn with fatigue, and faint with loss of blood, in the fond expectation of finding consolation and support, in the tender and delightful scenes of domestic life, beholds the lovely partner of his bosom, driven from her place of rest, and exposed to all the hardships and cruelties of a fierce and unfeeling soldiery. Scenes like these, the impolitic enemy of our liberty, had conceived would bend the firm and inflexible heart of the Patriot, and reduce him to submission; but the Sons of America had drunk too deep of the sweets of Liberty, to resign it, while a pulse yet beat, or a nerve remained to wield the sword.

The dawn at length appears—the horizon brightens in the East—a joyful day comes on: France declares for America—Minerva casts her gallant warriors, welcome, on our struggling shores; and Neptune glides with favorite gales her friendly navy to our distant seas—CORNWALLIS droops his crest. This petrefied colossus that would bestride our land, crumbles into dust, leaving an eternal monument reared by the gratitude of American hearts on which is indelibly inscribed, “Achieved by the aid of Frenchmen.” In after years when dire convulsions and cruel discord, bore their sway in France, her unhappy citizens found a friendly and joyful assylum here; joyful to them, because in all our cities, and throughout our land, they met with names accustomed to their ears,—the names of former France—descendants of an ancient race of Frenchmen,—still proud of their origin,—like them driven from their native land by cruel persecution; and who too, like them, found an assylum here; joyful to them, because in a distant land and at

a gloomy hour they met with souls by nature and by name congenial. The power of the French would have been everlasting, had not civil discord armed them with rage against each other. This is the only destroyer of powerful states, setting limits to the duration of mighty empires. Though her throne has fallen and her pride wounded,—though the rod of strangers hangs over her, and her sons bend beneath the tyrant's stroke; the day will come when France shall break the chains now rivitted on her, by foreign despots; and, rising in her might, hurl them to destruction. Then will the LION, enthralled by treachery, and enticed by Britain into her toils, at the majestic call of the nation, be released, shake his noble mane, and roam at large to the terror of the enslavers of nations.

To pass in detail through the trying scenes which our Fathers sustained with determined resolution and bravery, would be an unjustifiable intrusion on that portion of time which can reasonably be expected, to be allotted to me—sometimes indeed triumphant, but at others shadowed by the glooms of privation and adversity, but always Americans! Shall I call to your recollection how groaning PRISON SHIPS at death's toll, ejected their loads of Patriots, whom the tyrant or his minions doomed to misery, and found a refuge in the grave,

“ Royal spoiler,

“ Give us our fathers, give us back our kindred,

“ Give us the fathers of ten thousand orphans,

“ Give us the sons in whom thy ruthless prisons

“ Have left our widows childless.”

Ours they were, and every Patriot's, whose heart bleeds with his country's woundings.

You have beheld the beloved HAYNE, torn from the bosom of his friends, and dragged to an ignominious death, when tears were seen on many an iron cheek, when groans were heard from many a resolute heart—you have heard the agonies of the IMPRESSED SEAMAN when writhing under the lash for refusing to fight

against his country. Shall I call to your recollection the courses that have been pursued, by our old enemy, to stir up against us the remorseless Indians; and the insolent attempt at Ghent to establish an *imperium in imperio* in our very territories; an attempt, which calls afresh to our memory their former tyranny—how they have associated to their arms, the tomahawk and scalping knife, and called into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods; delegating to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and encouraging him to wage the horrors of war against us.

The elevated rank which our country has attained among the nations of the world, must swell the heart of every American with love and gratitude for those great souls, who have so eminently contributed to it.—We have proved ourselves superior in arms to the proudest empire in the world, and we are rivalling her in the arts.

In former times to be a Roman Citizen, was one of the highest honours that could be conferred, it was an ægis against the oppression of the tyrant, and a passport to distinction; so, in our age, to be an American is to be honoured and esteemed;—The countryman of WASHINGTON, is richer than the titled slave of a king.

When we contemplate the grandeur of the scale, on which the Almighty, has fashioned his works in this Western World, we must conclude, that he had destined this country, to become the chosen residence of man, and that he intended to plant here in the fullness of time, some of the hardiest and ablest of his children. The American nation, when viewed with candour and impartiality, will discover the elements of uncommon intellectual as well as physical greatness. They are an active, enterprising, and energetic people, and what is there (notwithstanding the calumnies of the uncandid and illiberal spirit of our foreign enemies) what is there, in the nature and constitution of things, that would lead

to a degeneration of our race, from being transplanted to the New World? Does nature act with less creative and informing energy, in the New World, than in the Old? Does she robe her external form in less magnificence and beauty? Do our mountains lift their heads above the vales, in less awful grandeur; and our lakes and rivers, pour their tides to the ocean, with less majestic sublimity? Does the sun diffuse in our clime, a less genial and animating warmth, or the showers and dews of heaven, descend upon the earth with a less enlivening and fructifyng influence? Do our fields yield a more reluctant harvest to the toils of the husbandman, or our temperate zones string his nerves with less elastic vigor? On the contrary, nature is here arrayed in her brightest dress, and the beauties of every clime are ours.

How is the mind astonished when it looks into the history of our country. But a few centuries ago, our forefathers found it a howling wilderness, inhabited by beasts of the forest, or by savages more fierce and untameable than they; and now look at our cultivated farms—our fields, whitened with flocks and herds—our numberless roads and canals—our beautiful villages and magnificent cities. The country was a desolate wilderness before our forefathers, behind them it is the garden of Eden. The cultivation of the arts and sciences is the effort of an advanced period of society; this period is now approaching, a thirst for improvement and a taste for letters, are evidently arising among us. Let us resort to every possible expedient, to minister to the refinement and gratification of this rational and noble appetite. Let the productions of genius be encouraged among us, by a large and liberal patronage of the public, and literary men be stimulated to industry and application, by the prospect of high and exalted rewards. Let our institutions of learning be richly endowed, and provided with able professors; and thus ample means of instruc-

tion extended to our youth, in order that at this early period of life, they may lay the foundation of their future usefulness and eminence. Let the citizens of the Republic, be animated to signalize themselves in her service, by the distinguished honours, which are conferred upon the public benefactors in their life, and after their death. Imitating the example of the Greeks, let us resort to the same expedient, to excite among us a noble emulation, to excel in the service of our country. Commencing with WASHINGTON, and our Revolutionary Heroes, let monuments be erected, to perpetuate their memories, that our youth may learn from the contemplation of them, to imbibe the ardours of patriotism, and catch the sacred inspiration of genius. Let these things be done, and the Americans will soon teach the nations of Europe, that they can become as distinguished in the arts, as they have already shewn themselves in arms; and that they have wanted only the opportunity, to render themselves, as formidable competitors and rivals to them in the Sciences and Literature, as they are at this time, in Commerce, Agriculture and Manufactures.

After the Revolutionary war, the trade of America, had increased beyond all calculation. Our ships were seen on every ocean, and our flag in every port; our country overflowed with rich abundance, and thus the jealousy of an enemy was excited. A course of sacrifice of every generous national feeling, took place, to purchase peace with a power, whose insolence increased with its prospect of spoil. Our ships were searched at pleasure,—our Merchants plundered,—our cargoes confiscated without control,—our Sailors enslaved and tortured with impunity—our flag insulted,—our navigation restrained, and the dominion of the seas usurped, until the whole nation was roused and inflamed;—the streets echoed with the clamors of the people, and the most profligate in politics became ashamed. The eyes of all were opened, something was necessary to be done:

a minister was dispatched,—from which resulted the celebrated Convention. A Convention so fully discussed, so generally remembered, and so universally condemned, that it would be an unjustifiable prodigality of time to expatiate on it—suffice it to mention, that one article, prohibiting the exportation of Cotton from America, shamed even the British Ministry, and they rescinded it. The Convention, so far from satisfying, only exasperated the people, and paved the way for a new order of things.

It fell to the lot of the venerable ADAMS, to whom his countrymen owe a debt of gratitude for his Revolutionary services, to guide the helm of state, when political intrigue had rendered it ungovernable; “on evil days, on evil days, though fallen,” he has survived those enemies who had by their schemes attempted to cast the blame of their own measures upon him, and overwhelm him with the odium of their political iniquity.

The multiplication of penal laws, and the establishment of armies, the usual methods by which weak governments become transitory and uncertain, were resorted to,—supports, which the first blast of general discontent, drove before it, and which had a tendency to produce that opposition, which they could not furnish the means of resisting. The gloom, which hung heavy on our affairs, was at last dispelled, and both the Legislative and Executive branches, bleached by the menstruum of election. Mr. JEFFERSON is elected President. The noble and bold stand he took, to sustain and preserve his country's honour,—protect our Commerce,—encourage our Manufactures, and secure our Liberties, has placed us where we now are, in the plenitude of national felicity. A new political creed commences, the citizen is no longer considered disaffected, who declares the opinion of the people; who conceives their interests and rights as the great basis of society, the general end of government, and the parent of law. It is now no longer pro-

ductive of prosecution, to state that they have a right when they conceive themselves injured, to complain, and have a hearing when they complain. It may now be safely declared, that they who have grown insolent in office, with whatever contempt they may look on their fellow-citizens, whose only wealth is the product of industry, are the servants of the people, and accountable to them, for the abuse of their office.

If it be the highest happiness of man, to contemplate himself with satisfaction, he whose courage has made way amidst the turbulence of opposition, whose vigour has broken through the snares that have been laid for him—whose fortitude has encountered dangers—whose prudence has surmounted difficulties—whose integrity has been attacked by temptations, may receive the gratulations of his own conscience. This is the aged Chief of Monticello, who

“ With lingering glories bright,
“ Yet lives to grace this gorgeous west.”

His days are nearly run, and in the calm evening of a glorious life, he waits the arrival of the angel of peace, whose words will be—“ well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Thirty-six years, had not extinguished the hostile spirit of Britain towards this country, when her total disregard of all national honour, and the injured rights our citizens, compelled us to resume the habit of the warrior, and shew to the world, we still loved the memory of our fathers, and valued the examples of glory which they bequeathed to us. It is the proud boast of the virtuous MADISON, to have presided over the destinies of his country, when she arose in her might, and crushed the wicked designs, of the enemy to her prosperity. His weight of moral character, superior talents, strict integrity and pure patriotism, gave assurance of the happy effects which resulted from his administration—ranked him among the fathers of his

country, and placed him in the full enjoyment of a name, which a monarch would envy.

The extent of our coast, and the manner in which it was assailed by maritime forces which moved from place to place with expedition and facility, gave an opportunity to the enemy to execute in part the barbarous plans of the British ministry; to burn and destroy our rising Capitol, with all the collection of the fine arts and literature; but the danger in which they were placed by this attempt, compelled them hastily to retreat. Baltimore was next selected, as the scene of their barbarities, where its gallant defenders, amid the sound of battle ringing in their ears, and sights of death before their eyes, withstood with resolute bravery a brotherhood in whom all turbulent vices were let loose, determined to save their City with STEEL, and not with GOLD. Vengeance long withheld went forth, a single arm, A YOUTH not yet enrolled on the military list of his country, reached the heart of the Leader of these violators of the laws of nations, and offered him a sacrifice for Washington! Then it was that the assailants stole like thieves in darkness from the field of battle.

Our last contest with our ancient foe, has deprived her of her boast, and swelled the triumph of the Patriot—the roll of fame, has again been brightened with the names of the SOLDIERS OF LIBERTY; the mountain wave has been gladdened with the victories of our TARS. The tenth of September has become an anniversary, instituted to celebrate the victory on LAKE ERIE, a day conspicuous in the annals of heroism, and a glorious epoch in that war, in which our NAVY acquired unrivalled glory; when Neptune, indignant at his station, transferred his trident from Britannia to America. And now the shades of our Fellow-Citizens, who were sacrificed on board of British Prison Ships, victims to the impiety of the LYCAON of the age, whose cause became more

fortunate after their death, than during their lives, after roaming through so many seas in search of vengeance, hovering around the triumphant flag of their country, and cheering the arrival of Neptune, rested in peace.

While we linger in admiring the bright halo which surrounds the temples of HULL, BAINBRIDGE and DECATUR, while we delight in the gallantry of JONES and MACDONOUGH, and exultingly behold the once haughty Mistress of the Ocean, compelled by the youthful M'CALL, to tear the nailed colour from the mast; while we listen to the sound of the wave that softly murmurs the praises of our SHUBBRICK; we must stop and pay tribute to the splendour of that genius who has gained these glories for us, and whom Carolina places first among her great. Every glory of our Navy is his; and while Columbia entwines the laurel for the conquerors on the deep, she adds a lustre to the wreath that encircles the brow of her CHEVES!

The Sisters of America assembled on this joyous day, are now delighting in the praises of their heroes. While Massachusetts tells the tale of other times, when her elder ADAMS shone bright in the glories of his country, she triumphantly beholds the luxuriant SCION* of her majestic laurel, and contemplates with joy, the exalted station which it is destined to adorn, Virginia hears in the loud roars of Niagara, the triumph of her SCOTT, and the cannon of Erie sounds the victory of her GAINES. Carolina, rejoicing in the genius of her CALHOUN, points to the MAN OF ORLEANS, and claims him as her own. While the handmaids of Liberty crown him with the laurel of Victory, the Mississippi rolls with his GLORY, and the West re-echoes with his PRAISE.—The Veteran of Waterloo drops his sword, and the Wild Child of the Forest, lays his war-club at his feet.

* JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Secretary of State.

And well may Georgia too, proudly boast her CRAWFORD; now sustaining the weight of the Fiscal concerns of the nation, and daily rendering such services to his country as give a future claim to the highest post of honour. Public concerns alone, do not embrace his attention. A scene of individual embarrassment pervades not only our own country, but all the maritime world; arising from private contracts made at excessive valuation of Merchandise, Public Funds and other Property. To him we look for relief, and when Economy, Industry and Domestic Manufactures shall restore in some measure our strength, and the violent concussions of our Banks have ceased; aided by the fertile resources of the Secretary of the Treasury, we may hope for a restoration of individual credit.

We should fail in performing the sacred duties of the day, were we to pass unnoticed the virtues of those, who in forms of Heaven, cheer the gloom of our distress and give to Liberty all its sweetness.—The glory of the Patriot is vain, and the Conqueror, though he boast his fields of fame, feels his triumph cold and senseless, when not illumined by the charms of Beauty. The Daughters of Columbia possessing accomplishments the most attractive, see them serviceable only, as they adorn Piety, Charity and Patriotism. The Fatherless and the Widow—the wounded Soldier, and the neglected Man of merit—the wretched and the sick, trace the angelic hand, extending as from Heaven, those blessings asked in the prayer of misery, which could reach the ear of Him alone who has blessed Creation with this his greatest work.

To the energy and wisdom of President MONROE, we owe the treaty, ceding the late valuable acquisition of territory, affording extensive confines to our Southern States; thereby rendering them more secure from European invasion, and closing the scene of barbarity

in that quarter. Soon shall we hear that the merciless tomahawk, and bloody scalping knife, have been arrested from the hand of the Savage, and the Plough and the Bible substituted in their stead. Then may we see the unresisting friend of peace, fearlessly roam, where whole armies a short period before, were necessary to defend an opulent adjoining State. The products of every clime, from the torid to the frigid zone, now gladden the face of nature throughout our extensive territory; and many of the luxuries of former years, now by habit rendered necessaries of life, will soon be produced in abundance, and all dependence on foreign countries for supplies removed.

But as far more important, do I view the acknowledged right to immense territory on the North-West Coast of America; the result of the wisdom of the same illustrious man—

“ Qui tot sustinet, et tanta negotia solus.”

The time is not far distant when these lands, now in the rudest state of nature, will exhibit bountiful harvests; splendid cities shall rear their heads, where the forest now echoes with the war-whoop; and roads and canals, as by enchantment, approximate the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean—when the enterprising and warlike Sons of these States, shall, in immense numbers, with facility translate themselves thither; when the Ship-Wright shall enter the majestic wood, level the stately oak and lofty pine, construct the bark, and wed it to the ocean. The hardy Tar shall waft it to the West and the Merchant drive and extensive and prosperous trade. Then shall the wealth of China and the Indies, reverse its course of supply to the world, and Europe look to America, for that which Great-Britain was wont to compel us to receive from her. Should Orders in Council, haunt us in that quarter, the towering forest shall launch forth a Navy that will drive the Leviathan from the deep;

break the chains of despotism, and give Independence to the most ancient, most populous, and most delightful portion of the world. Then may the olive branch be again displayed on the mountain of Ararat, and the garden of Eden resume its spontaneous course; and when Civilization shall have encompassed the Globe, and true Religion unrestrained by Sects, pervaded the world; all the creation with one accord, will hail the MILLENIUM.

