
HAYNE'S
ORATION.



JULY 4, 1814.

SECOND EDITION.

AN
ORATION,
DELIVERED IN
ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH;
BEFORE THE INHABITANTS OF
CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA,
ON MONDAY THE 4TH OF JULY, 1814
IN COMMEMORATION OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE;
BY APPOINTMENT OF
THE '76 ASSOCIATION,
AND PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THAT SOCIETY.

BY ROBERT V. HAYNE,
A Member of the '76 Association.

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CHARLESTON:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHARLESTON CAZETTE.

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ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS!

OUR COUNTRY, at this moment, exhibits one of the most interesting spectacles, the world has ever seen. A spectacle, so august, so splendid, so sublime, that it must be grateful, to the sight of God and Man. Millions of freemen, now crowd the temples of the Most High, and offer the incense of gratitude on his holy altars. Ten thousand voices, now chant "a nations choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown." The war-worn veteran, "low-bowed" beneath the weight of years, comes forth once more to witness our joy. Assenting to the story of our nation's birth, he shakes his silver locks in mild applause, lives o'er each scene of former triumph, and offers his fervent prayer for the perpetuation of our liberties. Let us then, on this day, forgetting the cares and misfortunes of life, give ourselves wholly to our country, and like the children of one great family, celebrate the natal day of our common parent.

There was a period, fellow-citizens, when the proud emotions of this day, were not mingled with one uncongenial feeling. With the first ray of morning light, every eye awoke to pleasure, every bosom expanded with joy. The rapturous enthusiasm which encircled the whole community, gave a character to our national festival, and eloquently told the world, that we were the members of a republic. No unhallowed doubt, dared to intrude itself on our sacred joy. But have we not heard an orator* in a sister state exclaim, "that he was ready to exchange our government, for the

* A member of the Massachusetts senate.

British constitution, monarchy and all?" The benefits of our union have been questioned, and we are called upon, to establish by reasoning, what once rested on the basis of universal public feeling. It may not, therefore, be improper, on this occasion, briefly to consider the high privileges of our country.

In what then, my countrymen, does your superior lot consist? Does the verdure of your fields delight the eye? The vineyards of France and of Italy display equal beauty. Are your mountains, the objects of admiration? Visit that unfortunate, though magnanimous people, who, once like yourselves triumphed over oppression, and in the Glaciers of Switzerland you will behold nature in all her grandeur and sublimity. It is not then, the superior natural advantages we enjoy, but the happy government under which we live, the government of laws, and not of men, that eminently distinguishes the American citizen, from the subject of a king. Theorists may speculate, and slaves affirm, that monarchy is best suited to the condition of our nature, but no country can be free in which the sovereign authority does not reside in the people. It has been said that man is not capable of self-government; "how then is he capable of governing others?"

The United States of America, is the only free country on earth. In what period of the world has there existed a nation enjoying so much liberty, and so much rational happiness? In vain do we tread the mazes of history; that record of ambition, tyranny, and crime, affords no parallel. Rome in all her greatness was an aristocracy. The people possessed no privilege that was not extorted by force. The pressure of war alone, could relieve her from the convulsions of civil discord. Hence Rome became "the mistress of the world," but never was mistress of the affections of her citizens; she was great, but not happy, enlightened, but not free. Athens, with more practical liberty, had less security. The dearest rights of the citizen, were subject to the arbitrary control of a giddy multitude, who, under the influence of bad men, and bad passions, gave Hemlock to Socrates, the greatest philosopher on earth; and banished their noblest defender, because he was called The Just. Sparta, is not to be named among the civilized nations of the world. Her citizens had no social feelings, no domestic affections, which render life worth possessing. The small

republics, which have in modern times, gleamed on the eye of the patriot, like the cheering rays of morning portending the return of light and comfort, exist no longer. The descendants of Tell and Rienzi,* wear the chains of oppression. If we now turn our eyes to Europe, we behold two nations superior in power, science, and the arts, to the rest of the world. It will, therefore, be sufficient for our purpose, to compare the American government, with those of France, and Great-Britain. France, though once free, has been the footstool of a despot. Her citizens, with chains about their necks, were dragged to fight the battles of a tyrant, who, drunk with power, regardless of the cry of innocence—the tear of beauty—the voice of humanity—and the mandate of heaven, ricted in blood. Like the “blast of the desert,” he carried destruction in his train. But France has received another master. She is prostrate at the feet of her enemy. The clouds of despotism hang over her, brightened by no rays of glory. To escape the whirlwind—she has sought the pestilence. When we meet the cataract in its mighty course, we admire its grandeur, though we know our doom; but the noxious vapours of a standing pool, steal on the wings of the wind, poison the sources of life, and prey on the vitals of society. France is no more, the sun of her glory has set in blood.

Can we then, in the English constitution, discover that freedom of which the Briton boasts? Britain has no great fundamental principles above the control of her rulers. The trial by jury, “magna charta” and even “habeas corpus,” like the most insignificant statute, may be repealed by an act of parliament. Every privilege of the subject can be wrested from him; his happiness may be immolated on the altars of ambition, with all the forms of the constitution.* And

* A. D. 1347. “Nicholas Rienzi, a private citizen of Rome, but an eloquent, bold, enterprising man, and a patriot, set himself up as the restorer of Roman liberty. Proclaimed Tribune by the people, and put in possession of the capital, he declared all the inhabitants of Italy free. But these convulsive struggles of long expiring freedom proved ineffectual. Rienzi, as he attempted to imitate the Gracchi, met the same fate, being murdered by the patrician faction.” Russell’s modern Europe, 1 vol. p. 554.

* “The law, (says Blackstone, 1 vol. p. 246), ascribes to the king in his political capacity *absolute perfection*. The king can do no wrong.” And in p. 242, he says “hence it is likewise that by law the person of

will his fate be less severe, because, like the victim, he is led to the sacrifice, adorned with garlands, and attended by music? But it is said that parliament are the representatives of the people. This is a fundamental error. The people have a voice only in the choice of the commons, and an insignificant portion of the English nation, send a majority to that house. What security then have the great mass of the people against the encroachments of power? But even were the practice of the English government, equal to its theory, what is there for an American to admire? It admits of orders of nobility—power like wealth is the subject of inheritance. What a monstrous violation, of the natural rights and equality of man! That spirit must be slavish, which is accustomed to acknowledge any order but that of merit. To bow down to infamy or weakness, must prostrate the noblest feelings of the soul. We hold it as an undeniable truth, “that all men are created equal,” ours is the nobility, of wisdom and of virtue. We can boast of a constitution, superior even to the laws, which creates the government, and confines each department to its proper sphere. In the pursuit of happiness, we have no restraint on our inclinations but the innocence of our ends. Every avenue is opened to enterprise—genius and industry have no bonds to break, no obstacles to remove, no difficulties to surmount. Here, the ruler holds his office for a limited period, at the expiration of his term, he becomes again a private citizen. Washington descended from the chair of state, like another Cincinnatus, to cultivate his farm, and Jefferson, unambitious of

the king is sacred, even though the measures pursued in his reign be completely tyrannical and arbitrary; for no jurisdiction upon earth has power to try him as a criminal, much less *to condemn him to punishment.*” Thus it is in the power of the king to destroy by his *own hand the life* of a citizen, without being answerable for his conduct. “The king has also the sole prerogative of making war,” 257, “and he has the sole power of raising and regulating fleets and armies,” 262. The practice of impressment, which has been acknowledged in England, subjects the *liberty* of the citizen to every petty officer of the crown. Parliament can divest him of his *property* without his consent. “A few thousands of electors send in the majority of the House of Commons.” See Burgh’s Political Disquisitions, 1 vol. p. 80, 81. According to this writer, (1 vol. p. 45.) it appears that 254 members of Parliament are actually elected by 5723 votes, the whole number of representatives being 558. Newton and old Sarum have each *one elector* and *one representative*, and Marlborough two of each. Let it be remembered too that Parliament is said to be “omnipotent.”

power, is now an humble philosopher, adorning the paths of private life.

In England they have an established religion, and though bigotry has ceased to persecute with fire and sword, yet one class of christians only, are admitted to a full equality in civil and political privileges; and can that country be happy or free, in which men dare legislate for heaven, and would intrude the opinions of a sect, between the soul of man and its creator? How mild, how benign, how beauteous is the countenance of Religion, in this happy land. Here we behold man, bringing to his maker the fruits of his heart. In the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, we exhort, entreat and persuade men, we persecute none;—thus truth triumphs over error, and even infidelity must reverence the doctrines of the cross. Should the sins of this people provoke the vengeance of the Almighty, may we not hope, that this beautiful trait in their character will intercede for them, and stay the uplifted arm. Would not the recording angel, as he writes down the history of their offences, drop a tear and blot them out forever?

Such, fellow-citizens, is your greatly happy lot. Such is the legacy bequeathed to us by our fathers, in trust, however, for millions yet unborn.

From a survey of these blessings, we are naturally led to consider, the causes which have produced them. America was destined by Heaven as the land of freedom. The enterprising genius of a Republican, led the footsteps of Europe to this unknown region. Christopher Columbus, a native of the republic of Genoa, “introduced the old world to an acquaintance with the new.” Here the children of nature roamed at large, free as the air they breathed. The European settlers fled from oppression, preferring the toils and dangers of a wilderness, to all the comforts of society bereft of freedom. Yet even here, they were not permitted to enjoy, the blessings they had secured to themselves. Britain reared in the school of oppression, extended the arm of power across the Atlantic, and struck at the dearest rights of the colonists. It does not suit a freeman’s spirit, or a patriot’s pride, nor is it congenial with the proud feelings of THIS DAY, to tell the degrading story of past wrongs. Our fathers drew not the “reluctant sword” against the mother country, until she had left them nothing they could call their own. Entreaty and remonstrance had been exhausted, in vain, to divert her from her cruel and bloody purpose. Such then, was the

origin of our glorious revolution. At the first sound of the tocsin a nation flew to arms—the banner of freedom was unfurled, and planted on the ramparts of our country. Around it, was rallied, genius, enterprise, and courage. In the front, youth emulous of glory, marched to battle—in the rear, age silvered o'er by time, moved with slow but steady pace;—while remote from the bustle of the camp, was to be seen Beauty, shedding tears over the wounds of the soldier, and Religion pouring out her soul in supplications to heaven. Never has there been displayed on earth, such noble enthusiasm, such exalted patriotism, such wonderful unanimity. If we enter into the councils of our statesmen, or trace the march of our armies, we find that “equal in action as in high resolve,” they conferred immortal honor on the American name. The Congress of *seventy-six*, exhibited a constellation of talent, that commanded the admiration of the world. We are assembled, to celebrate the anniversary of the great day, when that august body solemnly declared that “these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine providence, mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour.” All “head to counsel” and all “heart to act,” they at once resolved, and made a nation free.

The soldiers of the revolution, were not actuated by the common motives that lead men to the field of blood. They were not the humble instruments of a despot's vengeance; they did not follow the car of the conqueror, triumphing over the liberties of prostrate and bleeding nations. With them “mercenary murder” was no trade. The soldiers of liberty, fought for their altars and their firesides. The temple of Janus was not thrown open, until propitiatory sacrifices had been offered in vain. But when submission to the claims of Great-Britain, was the only condition on which peace could be preserved, they flew to arms. Then it was, that rallying around the standard of their country, and “appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions,” they marched to the field as citizens, fighting for themselves and their posterity

“Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
The approving smiles of heaven.”

Equally distinguished was the conduct of every class in

the community. Even in prison and in chains ; the dungeon and the prison-ship, the patient fortitude of the American captive never once forsook him. And even they, who cast in nature's finest mould, sway with resistless power, the best affections of the soul, cheerfully encountered poverty and wretchedness, without a tear. Their beloved country, deluged by the waters of affliction, offered no peaceful olive, in which, the frightened dove, could find safety and repose.

In the progress of a revolution, where all performed so much, there are still examples of men, who pre-eminently distinguished themselves in the cause of liberty. On every return of this great day, they have lived in the affectionate remembrance of their country. Envious time, cannot snatch their names from the rolls of fame. They "sleep in blessings," their memory embalmed by a grateful country, their names registered in our hearts. They demand no eulogy, but the recollection of their virtues; no tribute, but the imitation of their example. Yet when the achievements of our glorious revolution, or the high privileges of our country, are the subjects of contemplation, we must offer the tribute of gratitude to the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. The name of WASHINGTON, is associated with all of these subjects, he was the child of liberty, he led us to triumph in war, and secured us the blessings of peace. "His soul was firm in danger, his arm like the thunder of heaven." Methinks! I see him now, as on that day when the sword of America was committed to his care.

" See what a grace is seated on his brow !
 ———— the front of jove himself,
 An eye like Mars to threaten and command
 A station like the Herald-Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
 A combination, and a form indeed
 Where every God did seem to set his seal
 To give the world assurance of a MAN."

But who can follow this hero in his glorious course ? My pen refuses its office :

" Come then expressive silence muse his praise."

The peace that succeeded the revolution, soon recruited the exhausted strength of the country, and taught us the value of rational liberty. Enterprise, freed from the restraints of

power, found out new channels of usefulness; and industry, secure of its reward, was led to greater exertion. Commerce once more reared her drooping head, unfurled her sails, and whitened the surface of the deep. Already had the assuaging hand of time, soothed the wounds of the revolution, and the same weeds of woe, been exchanged for the garments of joy. Cities emerged from the ocean, the "wilderness blossomed as the rose." Seated under "our own vine and our own fig-tree," we beheld the convulsive struggles of Europe, without being drawn into the vortex, and treated all the world "as enemies in war, in peace friends." But short was the duration of our repose.

Britain could not behold the sudden prosperity of the United States, without recollecting, that they were once her colonies. She looked with an eye of jealousy, on the rising greatness of a new republic. Long had she declared herself the "Mistress of the Seas," and to "Rule the Waves" was regarded by her as an inherent right. A determined spirit of commercial monopoly, presided in her councils, and dictated all her public measures. This spirit, had once before arrayed her against "a world in arms;" and was now again displayed, in the violation of our dearest rights. Our commerce was subjected to her arbitrary decrees; new and monstrous principles of blockade were promulgated; our ships were captured on every sea; and our citizens were enslaved.

To submit to insult, ever invites aggression. France readily followed the example of her enemy, and the nations of Europe shared the spoils. It was impossible not to see, that resistance had become necessary, to the preservation of our independence. Now all national resistance must terminate in war, unless its cause be removed. At every stage of these proceedings, we remonstrated without effect, and negotiation was continued, until that word was hateful to the ear.

But there is a point, beyond which, national feeling cannot be outraged with impunity. The blood of our seamen, slaughtered in the cowardly attack on the Chesapeake, had ascended to heaven. The cries of thousands of our fellow-citizens, immured in the floating dungeons of Britain, had pierced our ears. Even now while I speak, behold the impressed American treated as a slave! Despair sits enthroned upon his brow, horror gleams in his eye, he casts a "longing lingering look," towards those happy shores, he is destined to behold no more. The wind now whistles in the shrouds, and the careless watchman, declares that "all is well." We look into his

dungeon, and behold the torture of chains; the lash of tyranny, employed in reducing to obedience, the free spirit of the impressed American. Lacerated, and in despair, he at length submits. Hard is his lot. To fight the battles of his enemy—to dye his sword in a brother's blood,—to raise a parricidal arm against his country, and “like a Cockatrice, sting the bosom that has given him life.” Is this fancy? Have we not beheld the tear which started in his eye, as he thought of the joys which were past, and, beholding it, have we not felt “what kind of sickness of the heart it is, which arises from hope deferred?” Have we not beheld the lifeless body of the American citizen, slain by his own countrymen, his precious blood streaming on a British deck? Who with the feelings of a man, can fold his arms at such a scene, and say “’tis well?” It is in vain to say that Britain wants not our seamen, and only seeks her own. The assertion is contradicted by the well-known fact, that she claims the subjects of other nations, who have entered into our trade. The immense number of Americans impressed, the absurd pretexts on which many of them have been taken, and the fast hold by which they are detained, speak a language not to be misunderstood. But even this pretext has been removed; the American government has, by an official act, declared that they would exclude British seamen from their service. Yet such offers are vain. The practice of impressment in fact, originates in the wants of Great Britain, and its exercise will be limited only by those wants. But it is not for us to enquire into the motives of Great Britain. It is enough for us to know, that an American citizen has been enslaved, and we are bound to restore him to freedom. We are not to enquire, into the alledged necessity of the practice, for the preservation of the British navy. Have we no country of our own? No liberties to preserve? No rights to secure? No flag to protect? In the best days of Rome, the name of a Roman citizen was a passport through the world; and shall we, so jealous of our rights, permit the sacred character of an American citizen to be outraged? We are not worthy of the constitution under which we live, if a wrong inflicted on the meanest individual of our country, is not felt as an injury to the whole community.

Can that war then be unjust, which was waged for the preservation of our commerce, the honor of our flag, and the liberty of the citizen? Our fathers flew to arms to resist the operation of a tax, and shall we do less for the personal

rights of the citizen? they purchased with their blood the independence of their country, and shall we surrender it without a struggle? Forbid it heaven! The spirits of our departed heroes, would mourn over our degeneracy, and liberty shed tears at the apostacy of her sons. What means the distinction that has been made, between the citizen who enriches his country by honest industry at home, and him who more adventurous finds a home on the "mountain wave?" Are they not equally entitled to our care? Our gallant tars, have proved themselves worthy of protection; their bosoms have been bared to the sword of the enemy; they have bled for us. And where is the American, who would surrender to his enemy the heroes who have humbled his pride? The war in which we are engaged my fellow-citizens, was called for by public feeling, it was sanctioned by justice, and demanded by public necessity. This is not a war of ambition; we can have no such end to answer; it was not waged for conquest, but in defence of our essential rights.

In the conduct and result of this war, what noble subjects, will be furnished to the bard of future times; what a theme for the orator; what facts for the historian! The "tide of song" will swell again with the tale of other times, and the harp of another Ossian, will sound the praises of the heroes who have sunk in the dark blue wave. The orator of our anniversary will point to the tomb of the warrior, and kindle the fires of patriotism as he recounts the deeds of our heroes and the triumphs of our arms.

Bear with me fellow-citizens, while I dwell on the animating theme. It would be unpardonable on this occasion, to pass lightly over the events of this interesting period, or to forget those, who have fallen in the cause of their country.

This has not been an inglorious war. Our misfortunes on the land, have been compensated by our victories on the ocean. Yet let it not be supposed, that we can boast of no trophies at home. Had not the exploits of our soldiers, been eclipsed by the splendor of our naval victories, the patriot would have found abundant cause of triumph, in the achievements of our army. Must we not survey with delight, the spirit that led our western and southern brethren, in numbers limited only by the wants of their country to encounter all the horrors of savage warfare? The prayers of * Carolina at-

* A regiment from South-Carolina, under Col. Nash, were attached to Gen. Pickney's army employed against the Indians, and are still on that service.

tend them to the field—her sons are with them. How animating to behold the youthful Croghan, like another Leonidas, with one hundred and forty followers defeating twelve hundred of the enemy! And to see the venerable Shelby his silver locks streaming in the winter's blast, leading once more to the field the soldiers of liberty? Does the defeat of Proctor and the triumph of Harrison, afford no subject for congratulation? Is the battle of Sacket's harbor, where Backus nobly bled—are the exploits of Johnson, Mitchell, Holmes, Forsythe and Appling, worthy of no eulogy? Yes! these furnish abundant cause of triumph; and were they the only trophies we could boast, this had not been an inglorious war.

Let it be considered too, that the nature of our government, and the habits of the people, were unsuited to war. The people of the United States, inhabiting a country rich with every earthly good, were instinctively led to the love of peace. The principles of free government, do not inculcate that rigid, blind obedience, which is the life of military enterprise. The citizens of a republic, can hardly be persuaded to put on their armour, before they are marched to the field.* For more than thirty years, had the sword slept within its scabbard, when the thunders of war sounded in our ears. The citizen became at once a soldier—the sword of the revolution was unsheathed—but its blade was to be freed from the rust of thirty winters.

From these causes, the commencement of this war was marked by many unfortunate reverses. At the heights of Queens-town, untutored valor had been forced to yield to the disciplined numbers of the enemy; at the river Raisin, the incautious Winchester had been ensnared. The cowardice of Hull, had surrendered a gallant army to the enemy. But their's was "a victory without a battle, trophies without danger, and success without glory." The pride and spirit of freemen, which with elastic force ever rises in proportion to the greatness of

* This is an answer to the argument that war was declared without sufficient preparation. To support large standing armies in time of peace would be impolitic, and experience has shewn it to be impracticable to enlist men extensively except in time of war. Every man in this country has some ready means of support, he is attached to his home; in Europe it is otherwise. It is believed the United States were in as great a state of preparation as could have been attained in one or two years. It had been already industriously circulated, that there was no serious intention of declaring war. This must have been believed had it been longer delayed, and then all further preparation would have become extremely difficult if not impossible.

the pressure, now mounted to a noble elevation. Though despondence was here and there visible on the countenance of timidity; and disaffection impiously pretended to see the finger of heaven pointing to a dishonorable peace, yet the great body of the American people, locked anxiously around for some Washington to lead their armies to victory. It was at this moment that the IMMORTAL PIKE joined the standard of liberty. What tremulous emotion is that, which at the mention of his name, plays around the heart? It is the "secret sympathy" which binds us to the tomb of the patriot-soldier, whose life was virtue, and whose death was fame. To dwell on the history of departed worth is "softly pleasing though it saddens the soul." Who on this sacred day, could refuse the tribute of his affectionate remembrance, to this hero of deathless fame? If we contemplate the character of general Pike, the mind is as forcibly struck with the remarkable incidents of a life devoted to hardship and danger, and enriched by the constant display of unexampled fortitude and perseverance, as by a death, which singular in all its attendant circumstances, conferred immortal honor on the American name. He became the chosen leader, of a patriot band, destined to turn the scale of war. To judge of the noble feelings which animated the bosom of our chief, let us behold with reverence, his last adieu to a beloved parent. As a tribute of affectionate regard for an aged father, he thus writes.*

"I embark to-morrow, at the head of fifteen hundred choice troops on a secret expedition. If success attend my steps, honor and glory await my name, if defeat, still shall it be said, we died like brave men, and conferred honor even in death, on the American name. Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, will you not rejoice, oh! my father? May heaven be propitious and smile on the cause of my country! But if we are destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe's, sleep in the arms of victory."

You all know fellow-citizens, the history of that day, which eventuated in the capture of York. You well remember that dreadful explosion, which spread death and devastation through our ranks. Yet our unpracticed troops, catching a spark of that patriotic fire which glowed in the bosom of their leader, stood undismayed "amid the mighty ruin," and marched forward to victory. But their beloved commander was des-

* See "National Intelligencer" 2d July, 1813. Letter communicated to the editor.

tinged to fall. Yet was he gratified in his every wish. Heaven *was* propitious," and *did* "smile on the cause of his country"—he *was* "destined to turn the scale of war," and his death "like that of Wolfe, *was* sleep in the arms of victory." See the Godlike Man! As ebbing life flows from his bleeding wounds, invoking the blessings of heaven on his country, and breathing his last sigh over the sufferings of his patriot band! The standard of the enemy, at once the evidence and reward of victory, is placed beneath his head—he dies content. "The tears of his countrymen will be his perennial monument, and heaven will shed her holiest dew-drops on his grave."

"Yet o'er his tomb, let no weak tears be shed,
The common tribute, to the common dead
But let the great, the gen'rous, and the brave
With noble envy sigh for such a grave."

What blest spirit is that, which rises from the snows of Canada, and wrapt in clouds of glory, wings its way from earth! It is the shade of COVINGTON! Spotless as the snows on which he breathed his last; bright as the cloud in which he ascended to heaven. See! it points to the walls of Quebec, and seems to beckon his countrymen to follow him to glory. When the American eagle shall be planted on the plains of Abraham, may thy spirit, illustrious chief! hover over us; and with the same devotion to our country, which led you from the scenes of domestic ease, to brave the perils of war, we will march to victory or death.*

There is one theme connected with this war, that cannot fail to delight the heart of every American. The glory that has attended the career of our little navy, has shed a lustre on our land. This is the sun-beam, that will gild the darkest cloud of national adversity. In paying a just tribute to the achievements of our naval heroes, I know that I carry with me the sympathies of all. Correctly to estimate the importance of our victories on the ocean, we must advert to the character of the British navy. In the beginning, when the

* Gen. Covington was a man of highly cultivated mind and elegant manners. He was blest with an amiable wife, and several young children, and was master of a large fortune. He left all of these when he thought he could be useful to his country. He was attached to Gen. Wilkinson's army during the last campaign, and was killed in Canada at the battle of Williamsport. He was an excellent officer, very much beloved by those who served under him.

heavens and the earth were created, and the spirit of God moving on the face of the deep, divided the high land from the waters, the limits of human dominion, were fixed by bounds, as immoveable as the foundations of the earth. When God created man, and gave him dominion over all the earth, he limited to the "fish of the sea," his power over that element. Consistently with the will of the Creator, nations have acknowledged the freedom of the seas. It was reserved for modern times, pregnant with strange events, to oppose the decrees of heaven. "Britain," says an eloquent orator, "presumptuously entered into a contest with God, and called the Sea her element." A thousand ships of war, were necessary to support the supremacy of this self-styled "Mistress of the Seas." Her giant navy, had triumphed over the maritime rights of the world. The fleets of Spain, of Holland, and of France, had been destroyed. Already, had this haughty tyrant, enacted a code for the government of her conquered territory, and, like Xerxes, cast a chain upon the ocean, to bind the waves obedient to her will. Europe, as if spell-bound, moved only in the magic circle prescribed by her. It was at this moment, that we were called upon to wage a maritime war with this powerful enemy. Never had victory been known to desert the British mast; the world acknowledged her invincible at sea. Yet with a few scattered vessels, we sought the conflict. "We met the enemy, and they were ours!" The trident was rescued from the grasp of an usurper,—the assumed empire of the waves was overthrown. In our astonishing success on that element, God himself has proclaimed the justice of our cause. "Never," says an enlightened statesman,* "had a nation, when first obliged to engage in the defence of naval rights, by naval means, never had such a nation, the advantages and successes of ours. The naval glory of other states has risen by continued effort, and by slow gradation; that of the United States, almost without a dawn, has burst upon the world, in all the splendor of a tropical day."

The history of our naval conflicts, is replete with incidents of the most interesting nature. Around the brow of every hero, the wreath of victory is entwined, each however distinguished by some appropriate emblem, which characterizes the conflict, in which he subdued the enemy. The glory of

our country is formed of the achievements of her heroes, as the rainbow, is composed of the various bright colors that give it beauty.

The first laurel graced the brows of the modest HULL. His was more than a common triumph—it was the morning-star of victory, the harbinger of a glorious day. The messenger that informed us of the victory of JONES, told us that he was a captive.* DECAUR first brought into our ports a British frigate. BAINBRIDGE rendered more glorious the name of the “Constitution,” and reaped a rich harvest of renown, in subduing a chosen vessel of the enemy. And how enviable is the lot of WARRINGTON!—he defeated an equal enemy, and restored to his country her valued sons, not one untold. All—all survived to receive the gratitude of their country—to share her rich rewards. In other conflicts, the triumph of the hero, has been checked by the tear, that is shed in honor of the heroic dead. The memory of a comrade who expired by his side, must cast a shade over all his joy, and mingle with every emotion of pleasure. But here all was transport—no sigh half suppressed, checked “the genial current of the soul”—no private grief, darkened the countenance of patriotism. If the Romans were right, fellow-citizens, in bestowing the highest rewards on those who saved the life of a citizen, what honors are due from Columbia to her hero, who in an arduous conflict with a valiant enemy, by his skill and courage preserved every citizen for his country!

Carolina, too can boast of her sons. SHUBRICK, has thrice encountered, and thrice subdued the enemy; and the gallant conduct of M'CALL is distinguished from that of all others in this, that notwithstanding the fall of his commander, the heroic BURROWS, victory never once hovered over the British flag though *nailed to the mast*. And we too, Gentlemen of the '76 Association, can rejoice in the valor of our brother, yet that joy is chastened by the tear that consecrates the memory of the lamented EDWARDS.* He was the com-

* As soon as Captain Jones had taken possession of the Frolic, a '74 hove in sight, and both vessels were taken by her and carried to Bermuda.

* Lieutenant John J. Edwards of this city, son of the late Major Edwards. Commodore Perry in his official letter makes honorable mention of the services of Lieut. Edwards in the battle of lake Erie. An elegant sword with suitable devices, prepared for him by the '76 association, of which he was a member, had just been completed, but he did not live to receive it.

panion of PERRY—he bled freely in the memorable battle of the tenth of September, and while we were preparing for him the offering of love, death, the cruel spoiler came, and snatched him from our view. Yet his fame is immortal—it is associated with the battle of Lake Erie.

In these conflicts how much precious blood has been shed, how many heroes have been torn from the wishes and hopes of their country! Among them the fate of ALLEN, is peculiarly entitled to sympathy. He had already gained a name in battle. A mystery hangs about his fate, which time only can reveal.* That he did his duty, no American can doubt. We know that he fell in the cause of his country; we must lament however, that he should have fallen among his enemies, “by strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.”

America had just witnessed her fifth naval victory, when she was called to register in tears a hero's death. With a noble daring known only to exalted souls, LAWRENCE had encountered a superior enemy, in the presence of another and equal foe. As the forked lightnings of heaven, rend the lofty oak, blasting in a moment its branching honors, so did the thunder of our cannon, humble the pride of Britain. The muse of history, will with delight record of our LAWRENCE, that he lost more men in a noble effort to rescue the unfortunate, than in the battle-storm. “The sword of Fingal, was never stained with the blood of the vanquished—it never pierced a fallen foe.†” How bright the contrast with the conduct of the enemy. His steel is crimsoned by the blood of the prisoner—he invades the security of sleeping innocence, and violates the sanctity of beauty's tears.

LAWRENCE, on his return, was met by the love and grati-

* No official account has yet reached us of the circumstances attending the loss of the *Argus*. From some hints which have appeared in the English papers it is believed that her surrender was hastened if not occasioned by the near approach of a ship of the line.

† When the *Peacock* struck her colors she was in a sinking state, and so great was the exertion used to save the crew, that nearly the whole of them were preserved. When she sunk a few gallant Americans who were still engaged in the noble work went down with her. The number exceeded those lost in the battle. But when the *Chesapeake* was captured by the *Shannon*, Lawrence's crew were shot down after resistance had ceased, and “Midshipman Livingston, a small boy, (says an officer of the navy in a letter to his friend,) was murdered while clinging to the shrouds.” When the schooner *Asp* was captured the official letter states that quarter was refused.

itude of his country. He was soon advanced to a station, which opened new avenues to glory. His preparations for sea were not complete, when the enemy appeared in view. His ardent soul, impatient of insult—alive to honor—anxious only for battle—urged him to the contest. You well remember, fellow-citizens, the anxiety of the whole country for the fate of our chief, and the deep gloom which settled on every countenance, when our anticipations were realized. No event since the death of WASHINGTON, had excited so much feeling. To the fall of the commander alone, can be attributed the result of that dreadful day. Oh! had some kind spirit hovered over him, and like Venus before the gates of Troy, shielded her favorite from the assaults of fate, the result of that day would have added another trophy to our arms.*

LAWRENCE was born a hero. History affords no example of a ruling passion, strong even in death, worthy to be compared with that of our illustrious chief. Sweden's favorite king, in the convulsive struggles of death, instinctively grasped his sword. But the soul of the hero had fled, and the action proved only the martial habits of the man. Behold our expiring chief!—though reason has left her mansion in his breast, still speech is not denied him—his soul wrapt in visions of duty and of glory, is intent on defending at every hazard, the ship committed to his charge. "DONT GIVE UP THE SHIP"—are the last words that hang upon his dying lips. How interwoven with his very soul, must have been the sentiment of glory! Americans! cherish his memory,—let it be "dear to us as the flag which was his shroud, bright as the stars which adorn it."

But a hero still survives to do us honor, whose name like that of NELSON, will outlive the assaults of time—a hero idolized by his countrymen, and admired even by his enemies. The mind instinctively turns to the hero of Lake Erie. It is usual when "fields have been won," to bury in the cold grave of oblivion, the exploits of the private soldier, and if he fall, he descends to the silent tomb "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." The laurels reaped by all, often grace the brows of one man. Reason, and feeling, cry aloud against so great a

† It has been declared by some of the officers of the Chesapeake that had there been *twenty men* on the quarter-deck, the boarders would have been repelled. Can any one doubt that had Captain Lawrence remained unhurt, this would have been the case. At the time of the capture the Shannon was in a worse condition than the Chesapeake.

wrong. Yet, if in any instance, a commander could claim for himself all the honor of victory, PERRY is entitled to that distinction. Our officers, and seamen, were brave, they did their duty. The blood that crimsoned the waves of Eric, sufficiently attests their heroism. And yet, had not PERRY lived, their efforts must have been unavailing. He was the guardian-angel, that hovered over them in the hour of despair. To him, the survivors looked for support and protection—the eyes of the wounded were rivetted on him—while the last effort of the expiring sailor, was to die by his side. Wonderful man!—his gallant crew lay bleeding around him—the *Lawrence*, (a name destined to be great and unfortunate) is incapable, alike of annoyance or defence. But the fluctuations of the battle, were like waves about a rock. The hero stood unmoved. Like CÆSAR he committed himself and his fortunes to a frail bark, and soon we again behold him breaking through opposing squadrons, and retrieving a battle that was lost. But when he could exclaim “the enemy are ours,” we see him bringing to the footstool of his God, the humble offering of a grateful heart, and devoting himself to the service of the captive. What reward does he claim from his country? Let it be recorded in our hearts—let it be proclaimed to the world, to the immortal honor of the gallant PERRY, that the only favor he had to ask of a grateful country, was that his enemy, the unfortunate BARCLAY, might be restored to freedom.* How does mercy, that attribute of God himself, adorn the character of the hero! Surely

—————nature might stand up
And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN.

Let not, Fellow-Citizens, these bright examples be lost. While we pay the tribute of respect to those who have nobly conquered, or more nobly died, let us resolve to follow their example. We all have duties to perform;—the most sacred are those which we owe to God, and our country. He cannot be a virtuous man, who is not a patriotic citizen. Our country is at war—and that state brings with it peculiar and most sacred duties. It is a duty, to love our country in every sit-

* Commodore Perry solicited as a personal favor to himself the release of the commander of the British fleet without his parole—which was done accordingly. Commodore Barclay has on a late public occasion declared his opponent a *generous enemy*.

uation; but when she is overclouded by mi-fortune, we ought to adhere to her, with the most filial devotion. True patriotism, "like ivy to the ruined tower, clings most closely to its object, when tottering in the blasts of adversity."

The recent events in Europe, are awful warnings to us. By a revolution more extraordinary, than that which subjected kings to the sanctions of the law, France has again received a Bourbon to her throne; Spain has reclaimed her Ferdinand; and the chain, which bound the continent to the will of Napoleon, has been burst asunder. Britain presides in the councils of the French—monarchs are subservient to her will—"thrones, principalities, and powers," bow down before her. One REPUBLIC only, does the wide world contain, and she ALONE, stands up for the universal rights of man. OH! MY COUNTRY, "THOU MOVEST ALONE, who can be the companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall—the mountains themselves decay with years—the ocean shrinks and grows again, but THOU art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course!"

We must, Fellow-Citizens, be prepared for the worst. The veteran legions of the enemy, are even now, leaving the fertile fields of France, to reduce us to "UNCONDITIONAL SUBMISSION." Is there a drop of blood in the veins of an American, that boils not at the debasing thought? "When the spoiler shall come, cursed be he, that keepeth back his sword from blood." Yet true to ourselves, we have nothing to fear. National difficulties should be shaken from the mind, as "dew-drops from the lion's mane." We have offered the olive-branch, and will rejoice to receive a pledge of its acceptance. But could we submit to the claims of the enemy, "what peace would be left us but the peace of slavery, what refuge but the grave?" We are fighting in a righteous cause. Humanity and justice, march with us to battle. The enemy has armed the savage for the fight, and with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, wages war against innocence and beauty. Remember the massacre at Raisin—think of the scenes exhibited at Hampton.

"Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
And what are fifty—what a thousand slaves
Matched to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for freedom."

Let us resolve then, my countrymen, to brave every danger, to encounter every difficulty;—and if a hostile foot shall touch this sacred soil, let us with patriotic ardor, fly to the standard of our country, let our bodies be her ramparts, and HEAVEN ITSELF WILL BE OUR SHIELD.

FINIS.