

legislation: To all which, we expostulated by petitions, containing the most humiliating language; setting forth our many burthens and grievances, and praying relief. Our petitions mocked, our prayers ridiculed and scoffed to derision, we were left without a solitary remedy, save that of an appeal to arms. Believing that it was base for man to suffer, when resistance is a duty, the colonies with one voice and one feeling, flew to their muskets; declaring that they would sooner die on the field of battle, than to be thus goaded and oppressed by a set of foreign *lordlings*.

Finding themselves destitute of disciplined forces, fleets and fortresses, wanting both great and small arms, they saw to be successful, that council, unanimity and moderation were indispensable; to effect which, the Convention at Philadelphia were convened, and a league entered into by thirteen distinct provinces, under the denomination of the *Old Confederation*, composed of a galaxy of heroes, patriots and statesmen, a single one of whom would have done honor to a nation—in wisdom, and virtue, and patriotism, they stand without an example on the records of time—than whom a more august assemblage, never has convened beneath the cherishing rays, of yonder's refulgent sun. Yet even they, great apostles of liberty, by such, as their lordships North, Mansfield and Northington, were denounced as simpletons, villains and traitors, demagogues and knaves,

But the result of their labors flashes refutation, in the very face of these slanders. The independence of these United States is the living monument of their deathless fame. The Declaration which you have just heard read, was conceived by their heads and emanated from their hands; a work that will be handed down to the latest posterity, as an unrivalled production of masterly genius. In a state of chaotic dismemberment, with undisciplined troops, with inexperienced generals; destitute of money, of clothing, and of all the munitions and implements of war; an attempt to establish our Independence under such circumstances, was looked on by some, as merely chimerical and visionary, by others, as an act of arrogance and consummate presumption.

To conduct us through this impending storm, while all eyes were glared, and each patriot's hair bristled on his head, (knowing that the price of their failure was a *hempen rope*,) the clash of opinion, with regard to a leader great, a man of *might* appeared—born a patriot, by birth a disciplinarian, who with a magic touch transformed the rustic yeoman into the veteran soldier—a chief whom the American people delighted to honor, in whom they reposed the most unlimited confidence—his memory is enshrined in the hearts of his country; his fame is as lasting as time—for WASHINGTON, the God-like, was his name. To him, the destinies of our nation, by universal consent were committed. Placed at the head of a raw rabble of troops, to oppose the victorious battalions of British veterans; with more than human foresight, he surveyed the whole operations of a seven year's campaign. Indeed, it is difficult to say, whether this illustrious individual excelled mostly in council, or in the field of battle: in courage, though not desperate, he was constant and irresistible—always repugnant to an unnecessary profusion of blood; in prudence, he stands not second to Fabius of *old*; in design, not inferior to the great Africanus, the boast of antiquity, and the pride of imperial Rome—such was he who commanded the Continental forces.

From the commencement of this unequal conflict, no man could have rationally anticipated its ultimate issue. Our defeats were successive and numerous. The repulse of our army at Brandywine, the capture of Charleston, the surrender of Camden, the investment of Philadelphia and New-York by our capacious enemies; the devastating and plundering of Virginia by Arnold, had damped the ardor of every patriot heart, and the struggling cause of expiring liberty, was about to be swept away from the face of the earth. Long since, had its genius been persecuted and expelled from the older world; hunted and chased out of the ancient continents, it had fled to the wilds of America for repose, and amidst forests and deserts sought relief, from tyranny and oppression.

But delusive indeed, were those soothing dreams; for its growth and prosperity soon became an object of envy to kings and tyrants. England, though first, should have been the last, to have attempted its final extirpation. But who can set bounds to a tyrant's envy, or a mercenary tyrant's revenge. Hordes of hireling troops were transported, to invade with unhallowed *tread*, the land consecrated to freedom—to butcher its votaries on its sacred soil, and to extinguish forever the remnant flame of expiring liberty.

For awhile Dame Fortune seemed to sport with their project and success to await their *hellish* designs. Our half-starved, naked soldiery, panic-struck at the splendor and equipment of their adversaries, yielding to their superior discipline, fled before them in every direction, marking their flight by the blood of their unshodden heels. Their cities and villages lying in ashes, their country pillaged and desolated by a ruthless enemy, there is no wonder that they should have conceived for awhile, that all was lost; for the stoutest patriot heart, was bent down with the afflictions of his country. The old man, in silence, wept tears of bitterness over its misfortunes; while the frantic mother, placed her tear-streaming eyes on her fresh-grown son, warm to engage in his country's cause, only as an object of prey for those European vultures, speeding her fervent prayers to heaven: O God! be with my darling boy.

Fellow-citizens: it would be vanity beyond *compare* in me, to attempt a description of the ineffable feelings and sufferings of our forefathers at that particular crisis. Our greatest statesmen had their misgivings, and the profoundest doubts shrouded both great and small. For awhile, great WASHINGTON paused. Arnold had already deserted our flag, and with fire and sword was spreading desolation and death throughout our country; butcher-like traitor,

refusing quarter to all sexes, alike to the innocent and the brave. Till then our drooping spirits had been held together, only by the victories of Saratoga, Stony-point and Monmouth.

But the news of the Cowpens, the capture of Clermont, the triumph of Eutaw, again began to revive our dejected nation; and amidst their distresses, they seemed to gain strength from the pressure of their calamities. The victories of Hastings, Poitiers and Agincourt; Badajos, Victoria and Salamanca; Austerlitz, Marengo and Waterloo, were the victories of *living* tyrants—but the sacred day of Yorktown, on which England's blood-stained *hirelings* laid down their arms, above every other, upon the face of the earth, was the most glorious, the most sublime. On that day, did the long silenced trump of freedom blast; with speed, it sent its heraldic harbingers north, south, east and west, proclaiming in a loud voice, the triumph of constitutional liberty and national freedom. The transports of joy are unutterable. On the recital of this news, widows and orphans, and matrons and virgins, and hoary fathers sprang from their seats, commingling their response to heaven: All hail! Columbia, Columbia is free! The paroxysms of transport, as an electric shock, spread alike through the city, the village and the cottage—the *yelling savage* ceased to scream; the *tramp* of the war-horse was no longer to be heard—from every church, from every chapel peals of joy and pœans to heaven arose, in gratitude, to the great deliverer of our country. From the metropolis down to the lowly *hut*, illuminations blazed forth, eclipsing the brightness of the lunar rays, and converting the gloom of midnight into solar day.

Will this be thought an exaggeration? when I say, on the enunciation of these blissful *tidings*, at the door of our National Congress, one of its officers swooned away, and bid adieu to time and to mortality.

Fellow-citizens: such is but a feeble delineation of facts, and the emotions witnessed on that momentous occasion. Liberty, indeed, is a word which we all use with familiarity; the lisping tyro, the adult, and proficient politician, the sable slave and Ethiopian savage; but its costless price is known but to few. It is of luxurious growth, in a healthy climate, but withers amidst corruption; a tender plant, but cannot flourish amidst noxious weeds; a boon, which we have inherited from the noblest race of man. It has been left to us and our posterity to say, what culture it shall have, how long it shall flourish.

To preserve it unalloyed and in its pristine purity, requires much vigilance, and a continual application to its first principles; subjected to be operated on by all the turbulent passions of human nature, it is never secure from revolution and annihilation. If we doubt this, let us for a few moments turn our eyes on the histories of other nations, that once professed to be free and to enjoy liberty. "Let us unveil the causes of their misfortunes, and be taught true wisdom. Let the experience of past ages become a mirror of instruction to the present and future generations."

Ask, where is Thebes, with her hundred gates and hundred palaces; once the cradle of science and metropolis of the commercial world? Where Tyre? Where Babylon, Palmyra, with their thousand spires piercing the very heavens? "Ye solitary ruins! ye sacred tombs! ye silent and mouldering walls! all hail! I invoke you? Where those busy multitudes, that once infested your cities and thronged your streets? Awhile ago, the whole world bowed the neck in silence before your powers, and acknowledged your dominion—where your once boasted liberties? Buried and gone forever, beneath the desolated ruins of your empires—the solitary abodes of scorpions, and serpents, and poisonous *toads!*" Say, has all this not been effected by designing and corrupt man, aided by the withering hand of party spirit?

Let us not stop here—we have other instructive lessons. Where the liberties of Greece? The democracy of Rome? The Republic of Carthage? Alternately have the liberties of each been sacrificed to the demon of party rage. Enervated by civil discord, they presented the most flattering prospects of conquest to the barbarian invaders. The sons of Epaminondas and Leonidas, the immortal heroes of Marathon and Thermopylæ, have degenerated into the slaves of the Musselmen, and for four centuries have submissively worn the *yoke* of the descendants of Mahomet. The pride and patriotism of Grecian Thebes, of Athens and Sparta, have cringed and chuckled at the feet of the lordling *Turk*.

The contentions of Marius and Sylla, of Pompey and Caesar, of Brutus and Anthony, reduced Rome to a state of degradation; drenched with her own blood, sickening at her multiplied misfortunes, her best patriots, for a servile and dishonorable peace, willingly bartered the last remnant of Roman freedom. On the plains of Pharsalia and Phillippi, went down the sun of Rome's much boasted liberties, to rise no more. The great schisms in the Republic of Carthage, proved equally fatal to her freedom. With the fall of Hannibal, fell mighty Carthage; beneath the ashes of that imperial city, now lie buried forever the liberties of Africa.

I ask, if the same causes are not likely to produce the same or similar effects now? Is fire not as hot now, as then? Does not water quench fire, as soon? Is not a pierce of the dagger to the heart equally moliferous and productive of death? Is man not equally avaricious and ambitious? In fine, is not man naturally the same in every age and clime? Agitated by their own passions, men, whether in their individual capacity, or as collective bodies, always impatient and improvident, passing from one extreme to another, from freedom to tyranny, from tyranny to slavery, from pride to abjectness, from presumption to despair, have been the eternal instruments of their own misfortunes. A hundred diverse nations, a hundred powerful empires, in their incessant vicissitudes, have read again and again these instructive lessons to all mankind; yet these lessons are much forgot-

ten, and the diseases of past times have again appeared in the present age. It is for us to say, how far it shall prove an epidemic amongst us, or whether we shall apply to it, the great catholicism of disinterested patriotism, and frown upon its first dawnings, its unchasteled authors into the shades of eternal obscurity.

Ours is an infant Republic, but of a day's duration; we, probationary republicans, an experiment we are about making; the history of mankind is before us, and is against us; the durability of such a government is, and has been doubted and mooted by the wisest and profoundest politicians.

Shall we then behold, with criminal indifference, the operations of this, the only free institution on earth; and see immolated at the shrine of party spirit and corruption, the dearest rights and liberties of man? O! slumbering patriots! Arouse! I invoke you, from that phlegmatic state of indifference:

"Bid thy loved country, shake off that gloom,
Which binds her feeble temples with disgrace,
And like the bold, but deathless chiefs of old,
Entwine everlasting laurels in its place.
America! my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent;

Long may thy sons, of rustic toil,
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content."



Tarborough,

FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1828.

☞ The Celebration at F. Philips's, will appear in our next paper—also, that of the pupils of the Female School at Hyde Park, in Halifax county.

☞ We are requested by KENETH HYMAN, to withdraw his name from the list of candidates for this county.

Mr. Adams.—We see by some remarks in a late Washington City Telegraph, that Mr. Adams is to be presented with "a portion of the bitter waters which his dependants have prepared for his illustrious rival"—in other words, an attack on Mrs. Adams is contemplated. We regret that such a course is to be adopted; in our opinion, this is the only step that can be taken to check the *re-action* which now progresses so rapidly in every direction, and which will in a few months carry Gen. Jackson to the Presidency by a triumphant majority. No: let it be for that party, and that party *only* in this country, which boasts of embracing "all the wealth, all the intelligence, and all the respectability," to invade the domestic sanctuary and sport with the sensibility of females. The same reckless course was pursued by the party that supported the Elder Adams, when the "factious opposition" was headed by Mr. Jefferson, that is now the distinguishing feature of the Administration party, in the contest between President Adams and Gen. Jackson; and we doubt not, but it will be attended with similar results. Then as now, wealth, intelligence, and respectability were arrayed against integrity, patriotism, and eminent services—then as now, the fireside was invaded, private disputes magnified, pecuniary transactions distorted, and fraud and forgery called in to aid the dominant party in misleading the honest yeomanry of the country. Then John Quincy Adams was foremost with his tongue and his pen in ridiculing and abusing the "Islam of Democracy," the immortal Jefferson; but, notwithstanding he mingled with his own hand some of the "bitter waters" which were presented to that illustrious patriot, we would not present him in return with the same potion. No: for the honor of our country—for the respect due to the station he occupies, however reprehensible the means resorted to in obtaining it, or the inability manifested in the discharge of its duties, we would not say, forbear.