

MR. HOOPER'S ORATION.

We took up the subjoined Oration, delivered at the late Commencement of our University, with a view of making an extract from it, but we were so delighted with the whole, that we cannot think of abridging it. We give a portion in to-day's paper, and the residue shall appear on Thursday.

An Oration delivered at Chapel Hill on Wednesday, June 24th, 1829, according to the annual appointment of the two Literary Societies, belonging to the University, by WILLIAM HOOPER, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages in the University.

My respected Audience.

I had hoped that this annual office of addressing you would have always fallen upon one of the alumni of this College, whose political standing, or whose space in the eye of his country, would have attracted public attention and curiosity. An annual appointment which would thus draw within these silent and sequestered precincts some of our distinguished citizens, might confer several important benefits on the institution, by awakening afresh in their bosoms the recollections of youth, and brightening the links which bind them to their alma mater—while to the youth receiving their education, the presence and the addresses of such visitors would be received as a mark of attention, highly flattering, and fitted to inspire a noble emulation. I need feel no mortification of pride in informing the audience, that if the first wishes of the young gentlemen making the appointment could have been gratified, you would have had the pleasure of listening, this day, to some distinguished speaker from abroad; nor would the members of the University have had one selected from their body to fulfil a task which seems more gracefully and appropriately committed to a stranger. But the failure of their applications in our quarters having devolved the duty upon me, I shall be happy if I am able, in some slight degree, to fulfil the wishes of the literary body who have done me the honor of making me their representative on this occasion, and to compensate this polite auditory for the favor of their presence.

The subject to which your attention is respectfully solicited, is one which I know must be acceptable to every American ear: THE PROSPECTS OF OUR COMMON COUNTRY. If there is any topic which, more than others, is selected as the theme of those who aim, either by the voice or the pen, to captivate the hearing and the hearts of this nation, it is the splendid anticipations of its future destiny. On these we all love to dwell; and while we lose ourselves in fond prophecies of our country's fortunes, we find a soothing oblivion, or at least alleviation, of any chagrins which her present imperfections may have inspired. So far the effect is happy. But it may be doubted whether the American citizen, by indulging too sanguine hopes of the future, is not led to depreciate the value of his present blessings, and thus to deprive himself of that fullness of contentment and gratitude, which is called for by the already auspicious results of our government, under the smiles of Providence. This dissatisfaction with the present, and this longing after some good in reserve, to live for posterity—is to make ourselves anxious, that they may be exempt from anxiety. But should we taste with indifference the sweet fruits which a bounteous heaven is now dropping into our lap, or thrust them aside with disgust because they are not as large or as luscious as we imagine might be yielded by the same tree when brought to a higher state of cultivation? And are we sure that the future is to surpass the present? Are we sure that our country is not now in its meridian of happiness and glory, and that no subsequent age will be as prosperous as this? Let us take a view of our present condition, and indulge in some speculations on what we have to fear and what to hope, from the revolution of years.

When we compare the history of our country since its attainment of independence with that of all other nations, we see so much of national enjoyment with so little alloy, that our very felicity begets suspicion and alarm. Our condition appears too happy to be lasting. We are ready to apprehend that a long continuance of such untroubled existence is more than any one nation ought to expect from the favor of heaven; and we sometimes heave a boding sigh, lest our reverses are to be as rapid and calamitous as our prosperity has been early and bright; and that this is to be equalized the distribution of providential gifts, which hitherto seem to have been heaped upon us with a partial prodigality. That a people should have been permitted to settle down in the bosom of a boundless continent, without any territorial limits to stint their growth—without any jealous neighbors to crush or cripple their feeble infancy—that they should have grown, in spite of impolitic legislation, to the stature of manhood, and then have been goaded by increasing misrule to try their stripling strength against the gigantic might of the parent nation—that they should have persevered in the unequal contest for seven long years, and at length have gloriously triumphed—that they should have escaped the usual fatality of revolutions, and did not find a master and a tyrant in some one of the chiefs who led them to victory—that with a magnanimous calmness and deliberation never before witnessed in any people, they elected a council of their wisest senators to

frame for them a system of government, binding the several parts into one harmonious confederacy, making "e pluribus unum"—that they should have adopted this government with so marvellous unanimity (the usual selfish and turbulent passions that might have been expected to mar such a work seeming to lie dormant or extinct)—that half a century of almost uninterrupted peace, and the exclusive ownership of an immense territory, should have afforded them the most propitious opportunity of making an experiment, how a nation could succeed under so free and popular a government—that the experiment has succeeded, and that during that half century we have had nothing to do but to grow and spread as rapidly as amplitude of room & exuberance of plenty and incessant immigration could make us—all these things compose such a rare aggregation of political blessings, as may well awaken fears that we have already had more than our share of good among the members of the human family, and that we must now expect our due portion of those misfortunes which have fallen to the lot of all other nations. We are now in the simplicity and innocence of youth. Necessary industry yet keeps our manners incorrupt. Overgrown wealth has not yet introduced overreaching luxury with its train of vices. Our citizens, thinly scattered over the spacious continent, enjoy, on their extensive farms, all the ease and plenty they could wish. They are not tempted by desperate circumstances to aim at revolution; their wits are not sharpened to crime by hard necessity, and the rude collision of multitudes struggling for the same objects. What can we expect in reserve for us better than is already in our hands? Ought a nation to desire more than that a vast majority of its population should possess an easy competence, and the safe enjoyment of life, liberty and property? Can we wish or hope for more unrestrained freedom of thought and action, for lighter taxes, for more undisturbed repose? Shall we value it at a cheap rate that our youth are not called out to shed their blood in foreign battle, that we know nothing of invading armies passing through our land, sending panic before them, and leaving carnage and desolation and mourning in their rear—that every citizen has the fostering hand of government to encourage his industry and protect him in its products, while he is asked but a pittance in requital—that he should be able thus to accumulate wealth all his life, and bequeath it as he pleases to his children?—These features in our political condition seem to exemplify that image of national felicity, depicted by the expressive language of Holy Writ, when in every part of a land is heard "the voice of joy and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride."

Would not every political economist and reformer of Europe think his country happy if it could just enjoy what ours has enjoyed for the last fifty years? Would he not consider his darling projects consummated, if he could only reduce the complicated and oppressive establishments of the old world to the simple model of this young republic, and leave man, as he is in America, to the free pursuit of happiness, untrammelled by taxes and monopolies and prescriptive rights and privileged orders? Europe looks on with amazement and with envy at a nation so free and yet so tranquil—so safe without the overawing presence of military force—at the spectacle of a government sustained almost without taxation, and religion flourishing without the succour of the national arm, or the aid of the national purse.—Her subjects who visit us, and traverse our land, behold with admiration a people spread over a vast empire, contentedly pursuing the arts of peace, and, at its most distant extremities, gracefully according spontaneous homage and obedience to the mild sway of a government, which loves to draw with silken cords, and to hide, till hateful necessity reveals it, the strength which can enforce its requisitions.

Historians admonish us, that nations, like the sun, have their time of rising, of meridian, and of decline; and we are familiar with the comparison of a whole people's existence to the life of a single individual, which has its youth, its manhood, and old age. It is natural for each nation, while it contemplates the transient date and the convulsive deaths of its predecessors, to imagine that itself will have the wisdom or the good fortune to avoid the usual causes of political destruction, and to hope that the season of its glory will be indefinitely extended.—And must we believe all such expectations to be merely the pleasing illusions of self love, destined to certain disappointment?—Must we adopt the desponding sentiment of the Roman poet

— omnia fatis In pejus ruere, et retro sublapsa referri. that all human things tend by a sad fatality to degeneracy and dissolution? Must we, in the case of our own dear country particularly, admit the belief that the bright vision we have been contemplating will speedily vanish? that these numerous blessings are but dew drops which silver the morning of our existence, as bright and as transient too? Shall we, by unfriendly analogies drawn from vegetable and animal life, where whatever is most rapid in growth soonest hastens to decay, presage, from our early maturity, a briefer term than ordinary of national duration? No. Let us rather choose to entertain brighter hopes for the destinies of the world. Let us hope that the lessons derived from the melancholy wrecks of fallen empires will not be lost upon the present generation. Let us indulge the delightful belief, that the active opera-

tion of the press, the consequent diffusion of intelligence and freedom, and above all, the kindly influence of christianity, controlling the passions and cheering the hearts of men, furnish a security for national permanence and improvement, unknown to preceding ages.

While, however, the American patriot is glad to cling to such consoling hopes, it is impossible for him not to feel some solicitude on account of certain frowning spots in our bright horizon.

The first danger which meets his view and excites the most dismal apprehensions, is DISUNION. When he contemplates the immense extent of our empire, his mind will sometimes be agitated with serious fears that its parts cannot long cohere, but must fall asunder, by the mere effect of unwieldy greatness. This spacious territory he sees intersected by many grand geographical divisions, large rivers and high mountains, forming natural boundaries for distinct nations. He asks himself what moral ligaments sufficiently strong, can bind together regions which nature seems to have intended should be separated? The arm of a powerful despotism, fixed in the centre, might, he could suppose, wield so long a sceptre. By the dispersion of devoted legions and servile satraps through the numerous provinces, discontent might be hushed and every rebellious murmur stifled. But how, he will say, can a government which allows such unbounded freedom of thought and action, which actually exemplifies the fair theory of freedom conceived by Cicero, that "men may think what they please and speak what they think," how can such a government control the free wills of so many myriads, and restrain the natural wantonness of the human mind, in loving innovation, and, while already in possession of much good, seeking for something better by a change?

The common danger of dissolution, to be dreaded by every overgrown empire, he sees increased, in our case, by the heterogeneous materials of which the mass is composed. Were our people, he will say, all of one blood, had they grown up in the same habits, and been attached to our institutions by a long course of filial nurture, we might cherish the hope that the evil day would be long delayed, if it could not be finally averted. But mingled among us as are thousands and tens of thousands from all parts of the old world, and some of them materials of the most dangerous and explosive character, bringing from their respective countries minds hardened by desperate circumstances, and familiar with bloodshed, intrigue and revolution, how can the most hopeful prophet anticipate permanence of union? Such a combination might be said to resemble the ill compacted image in the vision of the Babylonian monarch, whose head was of gold, while its legs were partly of iron and partly of clay.

Of all these perilous elements of foreign mixture will he contemplate with chief alarm, that race, whose complexion, at once a banner of union and of vengeance, must forever forbid amalgamation, and whose exclusion from all the blessings of the government must, make them wish for its overthrow. The intermixture of these ingredients with the whole mass of our population, he cannot but perceive, produces among us a state of mind much the same with that of a man who has gunpowder stored away in his cellar. It is a contemplation of these dangers, particularly the last, which gathers on the patriots brow the cloud of care, which extorts from the father a sigh of solicitude for the fate of his children, which startles with terrific dreams the slumbers of the mother, and makes her press her tender babe more closely to her bosom.* Every father of a family, while he muses on the probable issues of futurity, may indeed hope, from the broad foundation of our national edifice, and from the excellence of its main materials, that it will withstand many a rude shock of the elements, and preserve safe the bulk of its inhabitants. But at the same time he may anticipate with shuddering agony of his children who shall inhabit it, while the storm is howling over their heads, and the probability that they may be overwhelmed by the fall of some interior part of the fabric. A large majority of the family is saved, but the part dearest to him is crushed. The last act of his country's drama he has little doubt will be brought to a happy conclusion, but what if the calamities of his own children are to constitute the tragedy of the foregoing scenes!

Let it not be said that these are gloomy spectres conjured up by a distempered fancy, or the idle alarms of a timorous spirit. They have disturbed the breasts of some of the soberest and firmest statesmen of this country. Nor do we show superior courage or sagacity by laughing at such apprehensions. True courage is evidenced by daring to contemplate danger as it is approaching, and providently adopting measures to avert it. Timidity on the other hand, works itself into a heat, refuses to listen to cautionary advice, dares not to stop and deliberate lest its blood should cool, but rushes forward holding its hand before its eyes, lest it should see the evils which it has not the nerve to contemplate. Let us not be so fond of indulging gay visions of our country's certain glory, as to be exasperated if any one whispers that the contrary is possible. The infelicity of monarchs in being doomed never to hear the truth, is proverbial. But it is quite possible for republican ears to become as intolerant of unpleasant communications as those of kings; and a reference to history might show, that the chief danger of democracies consists in yielding themselves up to

the flattering counsels of venal demagogues, rather than to the faithful admonitions of their honest patriots.

Let us then, instead of shutting our ears with incredulity and resentment against all prophecies of evil, rather like a wise and prudent people, consider whether there is any redeeming virtue in our fabric of government and the character of our people; or whether timely means may not be adopted which may prevent the apprehended mischief.

With respect to that event so much to be abhorred and dreaded, the disunion of the States, are not we warranted in entertaining goodly hopes for the confederacy, from our unprecedented advantages for a fair experiment of government? In most countries that have ever existed, the bulk of population, the physical strength of the nation, was not interested in the permanency of the established sovereignty. They saw in that establishment little more to them than a system of restraints and incumbrances, while all the benefits of the social order were concentrated upon a few privileged classes.—Hence they were led to hope an amendment of their circumstances from every revolution; and as soon as any favorable conjuncture presented the promise of success, or some bold demagogue blew into a flame their smothered discontent, or some popular hero showed them their collected strength and offered them redress by the sword, they rose and overthrew their government without scruple or remorse. Such governments were edifices resembling inverted pyramids. They stood critically on a point, while a vast superincumbent weight hung tottering in the air. So long as cunning statesmen could manage by their dexterity to maintain the delicate equipoise, by balancing one part of the structure against the other, so long the building stood. But let any untoward accident, any breath of wind, or the push of a foreign hand, cause a leaning to either side, and the whole cumbrous mass came thundering down and whelmed every thing in ruin. Happily for us, our government is based upon the will of the governed. It was framed by the people, it is administered by the people, & for the people. Nor does it arrogate to itself perfection, & like the laws of the Medes and Persians, forbid all change, but contains in its structure provisions for pacific and legitimate amendments. Should experience, therefore, prove any existing ordinance to be grievous, there needs no political convulsion to throw it off. The people who feel the grievance have but to say to their delegated authorities, remove it, and straightway it disappears.

Besides the contentment and tranquillity likely to pervade the popular mass from the immunities so fully enjoyed, we have much to hope for our permanent union from the peculiar form of our federal government—its happy adaptation to our circumstances—the state governments supplying all the exigencies of local legislation, while the united strength of the confederacy spreads the broad shield of its protection over the general concerns, and gives dignity and weight to all our foreign operations. It would seem that if so wide an empire can cohere under a free government, the system we have adopted must be the one which promises it. What rare calamity shall overthrow a structure resting on so broad a basis! What deep infatuation shall ever prompt a people, in quiet possession of such unparalleled blessings, to hazard them all for the certain horrors and the precarious profits of a revolution! Never had a government such claims to devoted attachment, never were a people so deeply interested in the perpetuity of the constitution under which they lived. They have tested its virtues by a half century of safety and prosperity. They have found it to yield them all the advantages of freedom, while it secures them from the turbulence of licentiousness. The more they are enlightened, the more clearly they will see how happy they are, compared with other nations, and the more dear to them will be their own institutions. To show them the value of our union, that it is the hinge on which hang all the grand interests and destinies of our country, deserves the efforts of the wisest heads and the most able pens of the nation. Every thing ought to be done which has a tendency to strengthen the confederacy; every thing ought to be religiously avoided which threatens the disruption of our political ties. Let the farewell admonitions of our common father, Washington, be written in letters of gold on every wall, and in indelible characters on every memory. Let every American believe, let every child be trained up to think, that as soon as the chain of our union is broken, this continent, hitherto so peaceful and harmonious, will become what Europe has long been, the bloody arena of perpetual strife between neighbouring nations; that our rivers and mountains, which now serve like so many arteries and bones to brace the frame and circulate the juices of our healthful system, will then be the boundaries of watchful foes, lined with garrisons and frowning with horrid battlements—that our sons will be drawn from the academic shade and the endearments of home to grasp the sword and the bayonet for mutual slaughter, while the willing aid of envious foreigners will be called in to help on the work of fraternal butchery. Then will our peaceful nights be startled by the peal of the drum; our plentiful fields, hitherto gathered without a partner, shall then become the foraging ground of an invading army, and the heavy exactions which each petty sovereignty must necessarily impose, will devour the remnant that the enemy has spared. Let these premonitory notes be rung in the ears of the people. Let them be persuaded that, compared with these inevitable consequences of disunion,

all the inconvenience and privations which have ever suffered from our federal compact—direct tax, embargo, war, tariff, are light as air, & that the golden chain once snapped, we shall look back with bitter but fruitless regret upon our once slighted blessings, and curse the madness which drove us to cast them away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LOST CHILD.

Norfolk, August 12th. Lost Child.—During the religious exercises at the Taylor's Ground Camp Meeting on Sunday last, a very painful sensation was produced by the disappearance of a child of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, from Norfolk, an interesting little girl about two years of age. She was not missed by her parents until two o'clock, and all the information they could obtain by their inquiries was, she had been seen near the meeting about two hours before, and was supposed to have wandered into the woods to lose herself. The agony of her bereaved parents may well be conceived, when after a thorough search through the woods by nearly an hundred persons, until darkness rendered further efforts fruitless, no tidings had been obtained of the little wanderer. Early the next morning the search was renewed, and continued till near noon, when a report was spread, which could not, however, be satisfactorily traced, that the child had been met by a gentleman in a gig, who took her up and carried her to Norfolk. This had the effect of relaxing for a time the efforts of those who were scouring the woods, but at the entreaties of Mr. Crowder, one of the preachers, who represented the uncertainty of what had been reported, and the danger of every minute's delay should it not prove true, a still larger number sallied forth in all directions, and at 4 o'clock that afternoon, one of the party came upon the little innocent in a swampy part of the woods, about a mile and a half beyond the Camp Ground, between Deep Creek road and the river.—She was lying very compositly on the ground, with her head resting on a piece of wood. As soon as she saw her deliverer she exclaimed, "O, I want to go to mamma." He caught her up in his arms, and without losing a moment hurried her away to her distracted mother, the agitation of whose feelings as she strained her little darling to her bosom, beggars description. "It was," says our informant, "the most affecting scene I ever beheld, and one that excited the liveliest sympathy in the multitude who witnessed it. The child's looks were much lacerated by the briars, but we do not learn that she had suffered much in consequence of her long absence from food.—Herald.

Melancholy Occurrence.—Departed this Life in Nauseamond County on Sunday the 9th inst. after an illness of a few hours, Elisha Copeland, Esq. in the 34th year of his age. The circumstances of his death should be a warning to those who are in the habit of keeping and administering medicines without exercising the utmost caution. Mr. Copeland had two large vials of nearly the same size, one of which was filled with Calcedined Magnesia, and the other with Tartar Emetic. He complained of feeling a little unwell, and thought of removing it by a dose of magnesia; but unfortunately took two table spoons full of Tartar Emetic. He instantly discovered the mistake, and rushing into the adjoining room where his wife was, cried out in agony that he was a ruined man, and in a short time he was a corpse. Mr. C. was a gentleman of mild and conciliating manners, and was universally respected and beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He has left a wife and two children to mourn their irreparable loss. Norfolk Herald.

FOR SALE.

A TRACT OF LAND, in Wake county, lying on both sides of Dutchman's Branch, containing 397 acres, and another Tract lying on the south side of Swift Creek. The Tracts are contiguous, and were purchased some years ago by the late Wm. Gilmour of Wm. Brown. Apply to the Editors of the Register, who are authorised by the owner to sell said lands. August 15, 1829.

State of North-Carolina.

Guilford County. In the Court of Equity. Curtis Jackson, v. Jno. Anderson, Lydia Anderson, James Anderson, Phoebe Anderson, Mary Anderson. Heirs at Law of M^r Anderson, femo coec^o d.ceased. IN this cause, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendants are inhabitants of another State: It is therefore ordered by the Court, that a publication be made for six weeks in the Raleigh Register, for the Defendants to appear at the next Superior Court of Law and Court of Equity, to be held in and for the County of Guilford, at the Court House at Greensborough, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the Complaints Bill, or the same will be taken pro confesso, and decree made accordingly. Teste. A. GERREN, C. M. F.

FOR SALE!

I WISH to sell the place within a mile of Hillsborough, on which I now reside. There are 205 acres, about one half cleared, ten acres Meadow land and the balance in wood. The improvements are all new, and finished in the best manner—they consist of a Dwelling House containing eight rooms with fire places, beautiful passages, closets, &c. a large Barn and Stables, and other necessary Outhouses. There are several never failing Springs, of the best water on the tract, and a large and well selected Orchard. I will sell this property on the most liberal terms—either for money on easy credits—or on exchange for Negroes or Western lands. Application may be made by letter to the subscriber, at Hillsborough. W. ANDERSON. Nov. 15. PRINTING. Of various descriptions neatly executed at this Office.

* Judge Toomer was first elected to represent the Diocesan Society, but on account of his health, declined the appointment.

* Et trepidæ matres presere ad pectora natos. Vno.