

# MR. HOOPER'S ORATION.

[CONCLUDED.]

We touched upon the dangers to be apprehended from the admixture of foreigners among us. Happily, this danger will grow less with the lapse of time. The original emigrant becomes a much more harmless citizen than he was in his own country. Oppression and poverty may have rendered him a dangerous revolutionist there, but the easy circumstances in which he soon places himself here, transform his character, and attach him to the hospitable land that has afforded him an asylum in its bosom. If he leaves children after him, they constitute a most valuable species of population, possessing the improvements brought from older countries with the patriotism of natives. Besides, the influx of foreigners must abate, as our territory is filled with indigenous multitudes. And it is to be hoped, that the example of our free institutions, together with the progress of political philosophy, will more and more meliorate European governments, teaching sovereigns that it is their true interest to respect each other's rights and to make their subjects happy. As such benign changes take place, the inducements to emigration will subside, and thousands of restless malcontents, who now sigh for elysian fields beyond the Atlantic, will then seek that happiness at home which they before thought was only to be found in the new world.

Against the danger that threatens us from servile insurrection, it surely becomes a wise people to make timely provision. If no fears were awakened by growing numbers and incurable discontent, still, the necessary degradation, and inevitable viciousness of so large a proportion of its inhabitants, would demand remedial measures from a humane and enlightened nation. That slavery is the baneful parent of the vilest morals, every virtuous family in this southern country knows full well, and deprecates that it holds within its own walls a fountain of moral poison, which, in spite of the most watchful care, is continually diffusing around its baleful influence and infecting the health of all the household; while public testimony to the same mournful fact is furnished by every jail and gibbet in the land. Many of the state governments have awaked to the importance of this subject, and we may hope that the progress of political wisdom and an increasing sense of the magnitude of the evil, will enlist the remainder, who now stand back in indifference or despair, until at length a unanimity shall be effected, by which the collective wisdom and resources of the nation shall be put into action for the extirpation of the bitter root from our soil.

A survey of the multiplied blessings which already crown our land, might seem sufficient to beget a perfect contentment, and that all we could ask of Heaven, is a continuance of the same condition. But it is certain we are not satisfied with our present attainments; and perhaps this restless desire of something better was implanted in communities as it is in individuals, to prevent the stagnation of human affairs, and to stimulate our nature to its highest capacities of improvement. Our country, rapidly as it has advanced, has not advanced rapidly enough for our ambition. In many respects we are far below the nations of Europe, and we cannot wait with patience until the gradual progress of time shall place us on a level with them. We pant for more space in the world's thought. Our homely, domestic joys, our humble, quiet, unostentatious happiness, seems tame and insipid. We sigh for some more splendid fortune. We want the world to ring with our renown—to talk with admiration of fields won by the valour of our troops, of towns and fleets demolished by the thunders of our navy, of charmed senates hanging with breathless rapture on the tongues of our orators, of the sublimity of our poets, the erudition of our scholars, the profound wisdom of our jurists and philosophers. We want to see shining cities line all our streams, the whole face of our land smiling like a cultivated garden, paved roads and canals intersecting every district, and universal wealth, like a mighty river, rolling its tide from one extremity of the empire to the other. Some of these are legitimate and laudable objects of ambition, while others are purchased at so dear a rate that a desire after them is one of the most unfortunate passions that can enter the breast of a nation. Are we smitten with a passion for glory, that noisy, reeling goddess, who drives her flaming chariot over the earth, delighted with the roar of her own wheels and the gaze which she attracts? We forget that the period of a nation's greatest glory is not the period of its greatest happiness. Its years of tranquil enjoyment roll on unnoticed. Those are too tame a theme for the historic muse, who loves to record daring achievements of valour, struggles of terrific passion, and tragical scenes of suffering. On these she lavishes her powers of description, on these she expatiates at large, while she passes over with brief and careless notice, a much longer space of a nation's existence, unsignalized by striking events, but spent in happy repose. Thus a river may flow on with a deep and quiet current for hundreds of miles, the convenient thoroughfare of the whole population, and yet never appear in the columns of a newspaper, or be honoured with a poet's song; but if in its progress it chances to dash its waters over a precipice and form a frightful cataract, that single spot absorbs all attention and wins all renown. The words of the poet are but too well verified by the history of nations as well as of individuals: that

"The peaks of glory lead but to the grave."

Great talents are called forth only by great exigencies. In ordinary times, they slumber unknown, or expend themselves in quiet schemes of domestic usefulness. And shall we regret that no calamitous event occurs to throw these talents into bolder prominence? Shall we wish a whole nation's mighty body to writhe in a convulsive fit, that we may have the pleasure of seeing the action of its larger muscles? Let us remember too, that the same trying times which provoke into public view talents that are valuable, also rouse those that are noxious. If an inglorious tranquility deprives us of the delight which we should receive from sublime exhibitions of virtue, it may save us the pain and the horror of witnessing gigantic powers employed only to destroy. Who of us could desire a volcano to burst forth in our neighborhood, because perchance it might send forth from its bowels some lumps of gold? Do we pant for military renown? Alas! let us consider what rivulets of blood must be shed to nourish the laurels of a single hero. Let us cast our eyes on Rome in the days of her Julius and her Cato, on France in the days of her Louis XIV and her Napoleon, on England during the campaigns of her Marlborough and the exploits of her Nelson! Would America be willing to earn such celebrity at such an expense, and pour out, like water, the blood of her sons, and the tears of her daughters, merely that she might boast of a few splendid victories? Heaven defend us from such accursed ambition, and such "bad eminence" in the production of misery!

Do we burn with emulation to give birth to illustrious orators? These too, are the product of a nation's throes. It is impending dangers, it is keen sufferings, which alone can furnish the requisite subjects, or kindle the requisite passions for the display of eloquence. The brilliant thunderbolt is the child of the storm. When was it, let me ask again, that appeared the immortal speakers who have illustrated their respective countries, in ancient and modern times? Greece heard not the thunder of her Demosthenes till the Macedonian conqueror was on the march with chains in his hands to put about her neck; nor did the tongue of Cicero utter its most powerful notes till his country trembled or smarted under the treasons and spoils of Calpurnius, Verres and Anthony. France never knew what it was for the voice of a popular debater to command the bayonet of a nation till the concussions of her Revolution struck out the corruptions of Mirabeau. And when was it that the British parliament bowed to the resistless force of human speech, and every Englishman, year after year, gloried in the clamor.

"That Chatham's language was his mother tongue."

It was when the British fleet was battering down our towns, and the British legions were carrying havoc through our fields, when the bloody trophies of the Indian tomahawk were shamelessly leagued with British arms, that the indignant spirit of Chatham electrified the senate of his country with such bursts of overpowering eloquence as it had never heard before, and perhaps will never hear again. When was it, that the pen of Burke ruled the free minds of his countrymen, like the wand of a magician? It was when the frightful apparition of the French Revolution, starting up by his side, awakened all his energies, that he snatched the harp of prophecy and remonstrance, and poured upon the ear of his country such a tide of soul-subduing song, as bound in trance her restless spirits till the season of danger and infatuation was over. To come to ourselves, if the American bosom has ever beat to the powerful strokes of senatorial eloquence, it was when the expected horrors of war and servitude fired the hearts and the lips of our Henry and our Ames.

Let us not therefore sigh because our Congress-hall does not continually ring with strains rivaling the noblest effusions of Greece, Rome and England. Our race of great men is not extinct, nor is their influence unfelt when their voices are not heard in the Capitol. It would be an immense mistake to suppose that all the eloquence and all the wisdom which we own, is collected in our Congress, or that those either in Congress or out of it, who make the most noise, are the most important personages of our nation. To borrow an illustration from Mr. Burke, let us not imagine, "because half a dozen grasshoppers make the field ring with their importunate chink, that they are therefore the only inhabitants of the field, whilst thousands of great cattle repose beneath the shadow of the oak, and chew the cud in silence." It is perhaps as well or better for our country, that in her tranquil days, her great men should be distributed through various parts of the empire, than collected at the metropolis. Our national debates may be less splendid, the world's gaze may be less attracted, but perhaps the nation is a gainer. These valuable characters are the salt of the republic, whose utility depends not on its accumulation in one spot, but on its diffusion. They spread a wholesome seasoning through the general mass. While they are quietly engaged in the pursuits of private life, they are the ornaments of their several neighborhoods, they diffuse around them the mild radiance of civic virtue, and are the focus of light and heat to their little spheres—at the bar, on the bench, or in the pulpit, maintaining the laws and watching over the morals of their country, setting an example of honest, intelligent patriotism in the midst of their fellow-citizens, correcting their erroneous opinions, liberalizing their narrow minds, staying their headlong passions, teaching them to appreciate the blessings of freedom, introducing among them the improvements of the age, stirring them up to generous enterprises, founding and fostering seminaries of learning, and thus lighting up new suns to illuminate their country when their own last beams shall have sunk in the west.

They may, too, without appearing in Congress, be pushing forward the general well-being of the Union by leading useful measures in the Legislatures of the several States. Meantime, should any public exigency call for their services, they are ready, at the summons of their country, to guide her councils or to wield her sword.

But I said there were legitimate and laudable objects of our ambition. These are the culture of our native soil and of our native minds—the bringing to the highest pitch of beauty the face of our country and the intellect and morals of our citizens.—Be these the aims of American ambition. Let us yield without envy to others the glory of having slaughtered more thousands of our fellow men than we have; of being more shrewd than we in the intrigues of diplomacy. Be it ours by industry, frugality and the hand of art, by a diligent improvement of the blessings of peace and freedom, to make every part of our land smile like the garden of Eden—pressing from the earth's full bosom the greatest possible quantity of nutriment for the increasing millions of her children, and, by every facility of transportation, to send all the proceeds of our labor with ease and rapidity from the mountains to the ocean and from the ocean to the mountains—these are achievements which we may attempt and hope for without guilt and without presumption—victories over impassable matter—the lights of science detecting, and the arm of industry wielding, all the latent faculties of nature, till the subjugation of the inanimate as well as the animated world to the will of man, shall make good the charter allowed him by heaven, of "having dominion over the works of God's hands."

But there is yet a nobler subject than the surface of the earth for us to meliorate and polish—the ethereal mind. It seems to be an admitted doctrine, that the best guarantee we can have for the permanence of our free institutions, is the intelligence of our people; that the more light they have, the better will they appreciate and the more zealously defend, the precious inheritance bequeathed us by our fathers. Proceeding on this principle, most if not all of the members of our confederacy have taken some measures for the promotion of education; some indeed have got greatly the start of others in this race of honor, and are now reaping the fruits of it in those liberal and magnificent public works to which public intelligence will infallibly give rise—while some are left at a mortifying distance behind, retarded by the heavy clogs of ignorance and sordid parsimony. Make a people intelligent, and you make them enterprising. They learn that a judicious expenditure of the public money is the truest economy, the best art of growing rich. But an ignorant community, with the very spirit of a miser, will lie stretched upon its useless hoard, not having the heart to take from it more than farthing by farthing, pining in the midst of abundance, thrusting away in disgrace, & spitefully growling at every counsellor that would persuade it to an enlightened application of its resources, while it entrusts with its keys and chooses as its sentinels the dragons who will guard the precious deposit with the most wakeful eye, the earliest hiss, and the fiercest talons. We may be sure that such a suicidal policy is the offspring of popular ignorance—an ugly child of an ugly mother; and that the surest and speediest means for producing a fairer progeny is to let in light upon the common mind. Has North-Carolina the means of doing this, and will she neglect to improve the most valuable of her possessions? Is she so anxious to have all her resources developed as to send the skillful geologist to climb all her mountains, and explore all her caverns, that she may learn what mines of precious metal may lie hid, or what minerals more useful than they, may be transmuted into gold by the hand of industry? And will she be careless of a much richer treasure, the native genius of her sons, that which sheds more lustre on a nation than the gilded palaces of nobles or the gems that sparkle in the diadems of princes? It is by her great men, her men of cultivated talent, that she is to acquire rank and influence in the Union, and draw to herself that share of the national respect and the national treasure to which she is entitled. Is it not to the talents of her advocates on the floor of Congress, (talents which this College has the merit of having nursed) that she now owes the means of opening her harbors and enlarging her commerce? How knows she but among the rude sons of her peasantry lie concealed "hearts pregnant with celestial fire," which wait only the breath of education to make them shed rays of glory on their native State! Why does she not look with the eye of a mother on her languishing University, and make it the exuberant nurse of her youthful genius? This she must do, if she would rear within its walls a race of vigorous & majestic growth, and not a breed of dwarfs and starvelings.

The means now in operation throughout the United States for the dissemination of the rudiments of knowledge, have given us already one of the best informed communities in the world, foreigners themselves being judges. But this diffusion of moderate intelligence among the throng, is by no means all which our fortunate circumstances warrant us to expect, and prompt us to aspire to. All the heights and depths of philosophy, & all the flowers of elegant literature lie before us, and Europe beckons us to a generous competition. Happy is it that there are so various and so alluring walks in which the restless mind of man can harmlessly employ itself, and not be tempted to seek requisite excitement in the disturbance of society. This is one vast advantage when the genius of a nation takes a literary turn. All its activity is noiseless, all its projects are pacific, all its trophies are unbloody. So many minds find in this way pleasurable exercise and repose, either as writers or as readers, that it is past calculation what a sum of public happiness is thereby earned, and how much

national tranquility is thereby promoted. Many a daring and active spirit that would otherwise have made cannon balls and human heads the toys of its amusements, has, by receiving an early direction towards literature, passed through the world without wielding any more noxious weapon than the grey goose quill, or shedding any more costly liquid than the contents of the ink-horn.

As the public mind advances in intelligence, we may hope that the dominion of reason over the wills and actions of men will gain ground. While society is in its infancy and the minds of men are dark and rude, every thing is carried by brute force. But just in proportion as society advances in refinement, mental powers acquire an ascendancy over corporeal strength. What an inducement this, to bring our minds to the highest state of improvement, that we may possess so powerful an engine for moving the multitude of mankind! How flattering the idea, how stimulating to generous exertion, that in this enlightened day, by the agency of the press, one potent mind can send abroad its thoughts, as on the wings of the wind, to light upon ten thousand other minds, moulding their opinions, determining their pursuits, & like the harp of Timotheus, now kindling their passions into transport, now lulling them to sleep!

Here, young gentlemen, opens upon you, a glorious motive for pushing your intellectual improvement to the highest point, and also for studying with care the art of elegant composition. As the age advances in refinement and vigor of intellect, its taste will demand the most finished style. No books but those of surpassing merit both in thought & expression will have any chance of public favor or influence. But these will exert a sway over successive generations, serving, like the works of Bacon, of Newton, of Locke and of Adam Smith, to effect the most auspicious changes in the researches of philosophy and the administration of governments. A still more sacred use and still prouder achievement of mental power will it be, if you can, by the medium of the voice or the pen, restrain the vices and purify the morals of your country. What avails our free government, our plentiful and unmolested fruition of every earthly good, if we are the slaves of vice? How is that man the happier for American privileges who makes no better use of his ease and plenty than to imbrute himself by intemperance, reducing his family to shame and want? And is it not a melancholy fact that there are thousands of such wretched men, and of families made wretched by them, in these happy United States? Now if so, of what use to them are all the envied privileges of American citizenship? Less unhappy than these are the toil-worn subjects of an oppressive government, who eat a scanty meal in a mud-walled cottage, and have neither the time nor the means to be intemperate. Thus does vice blast all the fruits of the patriot's battles and the statesman's counsels, and turn the milk and honey of a land into gall! What tribute of national gratitude would repay the merits of that writer who should, by the irresistible force of argument and persuasion, give a death-blow to intemperance, that foe to all the peace and charities of the heart, that scourge of our country, that agent and factor of death and hell? If Rome bestowed her highest badge of honour, the civic crown, upon him who had saved the life even of a single citizen, what garlands shall be an adequate recompense for the countless lives saved by him who should dry up that fountain, whose malignant waters not only destroy myriads of the present generation, but threaten to roll down upon posterity a stream of poison about which thousands yet unborn shall gather to "taste the wave and die." Should the writings of Beecher work such a revolution; should their success, so happily begun in the formation of two hundred and twenty Temperance Societies, continue its triumphant career until the whole nation shall be sworn to the virtuous compact, his reputation will mount "above all Greek, above all Roman fame;" future generations will rise up and call him blessed; his country will hail him as the vanquisher of her most dangerous enemy; her matrons will chant his praises while living and mourn him when dead, as the preserver of the lives and morals of their children, and history will rank his services to mankind above the exploits of Hercules and Theseus, as having rid the earth of a more pestilential monster than any which fell beneath their arms. Similar honours await those who shall overwhelm with the weight of argument, the pathos of eloquence or the flashes of wit, those sins of the honourable and genteel classes, duelling, gaming, profligacy and dissoluteness, which maintain credit from the rank of those who practise them, but which ought if possible to be rendered contemptible like the more vulgar vices of lying and stealing.

But doubtless these are changes too vast and doubly to expect from the force of reason or the charms of literature. Will these be able to stem that torrent of voluptuousness and effeminacy which will be apt to pour in upon us from a long course of prosperity? Look at Rome, in the first century of the christian era—mistress of the civilized world, queen of arts and elegancies; yet, by the indignant confessions of her own writers, loathsome for every species of flagitiousness and execrable for every atrocity of crime. And if you prefer a more modern example, look at France, just before her revolution; the chosen seat of learning and philosophy, the proverbial model of gentle manners and social refinement. But see her passions once let loose, and perhaps no barbaric nation ever exhibited a parallel of savage fury and insatiate appetite for blood. No; in spite of all those favourable circumstances in our situation which have been detailed, we shall, it is to be feared, go

\* Vide Horace and Juvenal, passim.

the way of all nations that have preceded us, who fell a prey to their own vices after repelling the attacks of all outward enemies, unless some more powerful principle of self-preservation than any of them possessed, operate in our behalf. And most happily for us such a principle exists among us, and is now in active operation—and that is, the Christian Religion. Never was there a land where that solemn, sober heart and purifier of morals existed so safe an asylum, and was taught with greater perfection and success. Let its influence once become general, and those vices which are the destruction of a nation will be rooted out, while those virtues which promote its happiness and stability will spring up and flourish. It would seem, from the prophecies of scripture, to be the intention of the Almighty Disposer of earthly affairs, that the state of mankind shall go on to improve, until the earth shall exhibit brighter scenes of happiness and virtue than have ever yet adorned it. If so, that nation may, without presumption hope for enduring favour, which shall lend itself to forward the purposes of Omnipotence; but win to every people, who shall by depraved morals or armed hostility stand in the way of these benevolent designs. Here rest the fairest hopes of this country. It appears to be instrumental in the hands of God in accomplishing his designs of "peace on earth and good will to men." If we build upon this rock, it will be a sure foundation, on which we may rear the tower of our national greatness until it reach the skies, whose over-hanging bolts shall be guided innocently off by its cloud-piercing spire. Ten righteous men would have saved a city once from the impending vengeance of heaven, if so many could have been found within its walls, and a ship's crew of two hundred and seventy-five souls saved from the devouring deep by the sacred presence of an Apostle.\* We may then hope that the day of calamity will be averted from our land, or if it come will be alleviated, for the sake not of the ten, but of the ten thousand righteous, whose prayers are unceasingly offered for the nation's welfare, and whose strength and wealth are unsparingly devoted to the advancement of that cause for the consummation of which heaven protracts the date of this terrestrial scene. Now, my country, begin to conceive less trembling hopes of thy preservation. The holy cause of heaven is delegated to thee, and thy person is therefore inviolable. "What dost thou fear," said the vain glorious Roman to his dismayed pilot, in the storm: "thou bearest Cæsar and his fortunes." But "behold a greater than Cæsar is here." The ship on which Christ is embarked can never sink.

Nil desperandum Christo duce, et auspice Christo.

Winds and waves may toss and vex it, but dare not destroy. Enemies may attack the gallant bark, but there are legions of self-devoted hearts on board, who, on the trial, will gather round the Sacred Freight, and vow to each other never to "give up the ship."

This, then, is the glory which we ought to covet for our country—the glory of moral excellence—the honour of being the most virtuous nation on earth, renowned for justice, for humanity, for truth, for temperance, for industry, for pious gratitude to God, for matchless beneficence to man, making happy every heart within its own spacious boundaries, and feeding from its overflowing abundance the needy of other hemispheres—the umpire of contending nations, the peace-maker of the Universe.

\* I trust it will not be deemed too serious for the occasion to refer the reader to the following passages of scripture as an illustration of the above remarks and of the dealings of Providence with nations: Gen. xviii. 32. xix. 22. Acts xxvii. 24. Matt. xxiv. 22.

## For Sale or Rent.

THAT Valuable stand on Fayetteville Street, recently occupied as a Grocery, by Allen Sims, and formerly by John F. Gonsky, as a Confectionary Store. Apply to W. R. GALES.

Raleigh 20th Aug.

## NOTICE.

MRS. SARAH GLENNING, late of Greenville county, formerly resident in Raleigh, has lately died intestate. Many of her next of kin reside at a distance from this place, and I do hereby notify all persons concerned, that at the expiration of two years from the 1st May, 1829, as prescribed by law, I shall be ready and willing to settle the said Estate.—The Administration of said Estate having been committed to me by the County Court of Greenville county in May 1829.

I will attend to all communications (post paid) which may be addressed to me at Raleigh, N.C. PARKER RAND, Adm'r. Wake county, 21st May, 1829. 74 6m

## NOTICE.

ON the 22d day of September next, will be sold to the highest bidder, at the late dwelling House of John Davis, deceased, several valuable Negro Slaves, all the stock of Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Sheep, Corn, Flour, Oats, House hold and Kitchen Furniture, Plantation Tools of every description, Waggon & Gear, Blacksmith's Tools, and other articles too tedious to mention. A credit of six months will be given; Book and undoubted security required. The Sale will continue from day to day until all are sold.

JOHN LIGON, Adm'r.

Wake county, 18th August, 1829. 100 3c

## Further Notice.

THE Subscriber having qualified as Auditor of the County of 1829, as Administrator of the Estate of the late John Davis, deceased, all persons indebted to him, requests all persons so indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the Estate to bring them forward authenticated as the law directs, in this notice will be paid in part of their recovery. JOHN LIGON, Adm'r. Wake county, 18th Aug. 1829. 107 3c

## BLANKS

For sale at this Office.