

CAMDEN



GAZETTE.

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Volume I.

SOME ACCOUNT

Of the discovery of America, and its settlement, connected with a short sketch of events that have occurred since.

[CONTINUED.]

We are now led to the contemplation of a subject, which has excited our indignation, kindled the latent spark of patriotism, and shewn to the world a thirst for revenge, and a wish to defend the rights of our country. Prosperous in the enjoyment of an uninterrupted peace, for several years, our commercial enterprise became a source of envy, jealousy, and persecution. Tenacious of her supposed birthright, England instituted schemes for giving a check to our hopes, by curtailing foreign trade. France evinced an equally unjust disposition, and the seizure of our property in an acknowledged friendly port was followed by confiscation. Thus was pacific America again annoyed by the injustice of foreign powers, and a retrenchment of spoiliations could only be accomplished by imposing an obnoxious embargo. Involved in a long and ruinous war, they of course laboured under all the extremes of national exigency, to which belligerents are exposed, and long accustomed to the sovereignty of the seas, they had lost sight of that right and justice which the law of nations so wisely requires. They had violated our flag, seized our vessels, taken our seamen, and as I have already said, confiscated our property, not in the exercise of an acknowledged right, established upon the law of nations, against an enemy, but a municipal prerogative on the one hand, and in violation of unprecedented decrees on the other. Remonstrance and expostulation were vain; personal impotency availed nothing; and national interposition was wholly ineffective.

The discussion, agitated with such warmth between our government and the French and English, claims our attention also. Their unprecedented edicts were a source of great complaint to us. Under the specious garb of retaliation, they imposed blockades, to the destruction of neutral commerce, unsanctioned by the legitimate customs and usages of civilized powers. In vindication of those novel, arbitrary, and unjust prohibitions of trade, both belligerents flew to priority of aggression in the competitors, as a shield of protection from national infamy. France, on her part, finding her coast nominally blockaded, from *Brest to Elbe* by an Act of May, 1806, on behalf of England, declared that power and her dependencies in a like state of blockade. Not contented with her decrees, Great-Britain by an Act of May, 1807, proposes, in a most sophisticated manner, our carrying on a trade through her ports, to France, by paying a duty previous to clearance of vessels, prohibiting indirectly thereby a commercial intercourse, because the decrees of Berlin and Milan expressly forbade the entrance of a neutral vessel quitting an English port. In the correspondence of Mr. FOSTER and Mr. MUNROE, we find the former alike deaf to reason, remonstrance and fact, endeavouring to maintain the legality of the Act of May, 1806, although unsupported by an adequate naval force. Hence it appeared that national was supplanting individual depravity; chicanery usurping the honest and unambiguous throne of reason and candour. From the very threshold of our existence have they endeavoured to rob us of that freedom which shines effulgently, irradiates the minds of slaves, and kindles a desire to

realize its benefits. Here then let us pause for a moment; view their conduct from our earliest existence, and see whether they have ever received us as brethren in anxiety or not. The reflection is painful indeed. Influenced by policy, and possessed of the most dangerous duplicity, they have been friends when convenient, enemies when advisable. Our prosperity rankles about their hearts, and suggests a deadly opposition. This has caused the blood of the innocent to crimson the glittering tomahawk of the relentless savage, and mouldering scalps yet bear the dreadful tidings to our common father.

"America, after a peace of nearly thirty years duration, found her children somewhat enervated under an enjoyment, which had lasted almost too long for her prosperity, and she began to fear the corruption of older countries. Her subjects were denied the respect their fathers claimed; they knew not what were their resources beyond an overflowing treasury, and an increasing population. Their capability of resisting the tempest which, at some period or other, visits every nation, could only be estimated by the uncertainty of conjecture. They praised the valour of foreign heroes, and sung the glories of distant lands. The farmer smiled upon his abundant crops, and the merchant exulted at his crowded harbours; unacquainted with want, and allured by the serenity of peace, they wished not for glory. But the day did come to chasten and instruct. The fulfilment of time and the destiny of nations brought war to this asylum of peace. Not merely the distant war of maritime contest, nor border skirmishes that invite the venturesome spirit as to a tilt or tournament; but war pressing into the heart of the country with all its horrors, till it rejoiced round the fire-sheeted capitol and the home of a president. Scarcely had the favourite bird dropped the olive-branch from his talons, and displayed his arrows, before he soared above the ocean, and victory thundered beneath him; his far darting eye flashed upon the flag of Britain, and it drooped and fell from the mast-head. There was not even competition. The strife was the justice of David against the strength of Goliath. Fortune was in the breeze, by which these foundling colonies ascended on high to lead captivity captive, and the world gazed in absolute amazement, at the repetition of what could not depend upon chance, nor arise from aught but the chivalry of free born heroes prospering in the pleasure of the living God. How proud was that day for America, which was to swell the calendar of her gallantry, with an almost endless list of intrepid spirits, who proclaimed her glories at the cannon's mouth, over every sea; and added to the roar of the great cataract on her frontier, the rivaling echoes of victory? These are realities which in her fondest dreams she did not dare to expect, and which will teach the most impressive lesson to the lovers of peace.

The causes of war, whatever they may be, are always regarded in different lights, by different persons; prejudice lends her aid to fix a stigma upon the justest measure, wherever hopes have been disappointed, or expectations blasted. Assent or disapprobation may be expressed for the soundness of the policy. This contention I leave to those who are fond of discussion. Look to the moral consequences, and regard it as an effort of the national character. If it were only a contest upon a point of honour, I still should consider it with favour, because the effects would be the

same, and the country's enthusiasm would be as great. For I sincerely believe that wars originate in a higher fiat than the declarations of man. I believe they are the agents of an Almighty providence, which disposes of the affairs of this world in conformity to a vast scheme of benefits, which the limits of human comprehension cannot embrace. They are always pregnant with good, and in the reasonableness of just calculation, they are the price we should pay for its enjoyment. America, as she must feel it to be such, must apply her wisdom to make every advantage of it. She has felt the privations of war: her citizens have become inured to camps; they have learned to watch the progress of an enemy without emotion, to meet him without dismay, and to die without fear. Defeat has taught her sagacity; practice has given her skill; confidence has been followed with success. By repeated trials she has been enabled to separate the gross part of her dependence from the pure, and to stand in an unshaken attitude before the foe. She has spent some valuable blood, and much treasure: the property of many of her citizens has been desolated; her commerce has been stagnated; her resources crippled, and herself involved in heavy debts. Such are the ordinary evils and advantages of all wars. But let us look still farther. In every man's bosom glows a stronger attachment to his country: the perils he has encountered give a double value to this sentiment, and he cherishes it with the devotion of religion. The husbandman, between the handles of his plough, contemplates the high favour he enjoys in the possession of the annual produce of a soil for which he fought and bled.

Every subject of the nation celebrates with rapture the glories of his country in the actions of some favoured hero. The records of the time transmit to posterity on a blazing page, the subjects of panegyric, and every heart throbs in most harmonious sympathy with one general, united, lively feeling of veneration for the country. Opinions of foreign origin, which a long peace had engendered and extended over every portion of the territory, are rendered disreputable; the productions of all other countries less favoured than our own, domestic virtues more admired, and domestic worth more proudly recognised. The surest road to national happiness is found in attachment to country. To promote an universal sentiment of patriotism, should be the great aim of every lawgiver, because the most genial influence of the laws is derived from the affections of the people; what they approve from considerations of utility they will exact; what is suggested by the patriotism of the law-giver, will be cherished with fondness by patriotick subjects. Thus the great link which in all countries connects the happiness of the sovereign and subject, is the mutual esteem which exists between them; the unsuspecting confidence of virtuous men; a firm reliance on the integrity of both.

War is the touch-stone of merit. The capability of the man to withstand the shock of tempestuous times, is demonstrated by his deportment through the danger. If his reputation does survive the conflict, it appears like the gem which has undergone the ordeal, more brilliant and more durable; like the cannon which has been proved, more fit for the battle. In the stern encounter, all minor geniuses sink from their ephemeral elevation into nothing, and the state is freed from its connection with men who had only wit enough to become factious villains, or despicable minions. At the conclusion of a war the cares of men are naturally directed to a reparation of those fortunes which inevitable neglect, or the ravages of the enemy, may have impaired. This is the season of industry; repose soon follows these efforts, and nothing of war is left but its remembrance—the sweetest remembrance which engages the attention of men: let those, who have the power, prolong this feeling; for in that remembrance is found a more agreeable substitute for the real existence of the war, and the greatest stimulus to honourable action. "My father fell, on board the Constitution," would cry the tar of a future day, while he prepared for fight. The tear of memory would steal down his cheek, and his father's spirit would conduct the animated son to victory and triumph. The memory of heroes of the present day, will enliven the dormant spirit of future Americans; and the hallowed emulation of a patriot would lead on American armies to a successful resistance of the proudest band

that could be sent against them. Americans where are your warriors who have already fallen? Are they lost in the envelope of the tombs? Or does their better part still live in memory? Does not the sainted spirit of your romantick Pike, present itself before your admiring vision, rolled in the banner of your conquered enemy? Shall your Lawrence be forgotten? Fame tells the story of his death with sorrow. Happy hero! he has received the condolence of his friends and his enemies. Pardon me, respected shades, thou hadst no enemies. It was thy country's foe bewailed thy loss, as sincerely as thy country's friend. Expiring in a hostile land, a foeman's veneration was reserved to thee. Great was the sacrifice thou madest, and worthy the fairest nation on the globe. Thine was the self-devotion of a Roman soldier, and the greatness of an American. While I close thy obsequies, let not the kindred virtue of Columbia's Ludlow be neglected. Venerated spirits, may the course ye have winged to heaven be ever clear and bright above thy country's head: may thy protecting forms, with those into whose presence ye have flown, still hover round the altar of your Independence, and when your country's youth are animated with that ardour which carried you to glory, may their most enraptured accents, be devoted to the memory of Pike, of Lawrence, and of Ludlow.

"'Tis a tribute I owe to merit wherever it is found, at least to drop one tear to its excellence. I claim here that privilege.—I am not alone—I have a nation's feelings on my side, and I ask a nation's sympathy."

A man in New York has been sent to the Penitentiary six months for stealing newspapers at the subscriber's doors. The offence is mean enough; yet the punishment is too severe.

In a Southern paper James Brick is announced as a candidate for Congress. It is highly probable that he is a follower of Mr. Clay.—Mr. Potter of Rhode-Island is not elected to the next Congress.
Carolina Observer.

A Sentiment.—If you ask me, said Lavater, which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or even egotism? No, I will say *Indolence*. He who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest.

An old coquet and slanderer, is like a rose bud in winter, the flowers and leaves are decayed and nothing remains but the thorns.

INDUSTRY.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Must either hold himself, or drive.

Remorse.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows;
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison!

SHERIFF SALE.

By virtue of Sundry Executions to me directed, will be sold on the first Monday and Tuesday in October next, before the court house in Camden, within the legal hours of sale.

One lot situate on York-street with a Blacksmiths shop thereon—also, the lease of the lot, building and improvements thereon, situated on the south-east corner of Broad and York-streets, likewise a prime negro boy that has worked some time at the Blacksmith's trade, all levied on as the property of Alexander M'Rae, at the separate suits of Seth Tibbles and John Doby.—Conditions cash, purchasers to pay for Sheriff titles and bills of sale.

FRANCIS S. LEE, Sheriff.
Camden Sept. 16, 1816.

Just Printed,

And for sale at this Office, price 12½ cents,
A DISCOURSE,
Delivered at a conference held in Camden,
BY
George Daugherty, Elder, M. E. C.
Sept. 12.