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# ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT SOUTH COVENTRY, CONN.,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE

HALE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,

NOVEMBER 25, 1836.

BY

ANDREW T. JUDSON.

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## ADDRESS.

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FELLOW CITIZENS:—Is there to be found within this extended republic, one American heart emitting the purple current of life, which does not beat more quickly? Is there within this diversified climate, or upon this productive soil, one bosom which does not swell with more ardor? Is there in all this home of the brave and the free, one *patriot* whose soul is not fired up within him when he contemplates the scenes of the American revolution? When those deeds of noble daring are re-counted in his presence—when those tales of suffering and woe are recapitulated by the fire-side, or at the New England hearth, how does the eye sparkle with conscious delight, that a conflict so momentous, terminated in victory, triumphant victory! victory of arms, and victory of principles!!

What was that conflict, and who were the parties engaged? The *conflict* was for life and *liberty*, and the parties involved were the *oppressors* on one side, and the *oppressed* on the other. The oppressors were, a King with his crowned head and vast prerogatives, combined with the aristocracy and their wealth. The *oppressed* were the *people*, honest in purpose, industrious in habit, and virtuous in principle. You are the descendants of that noble race of men, and you are now enjoying the fruits of liberty, and the glorious blessings of freedom purchased by their blood. No, no all.

In surveying this large assembly, I see here and there *one*, who, himself belonged to that race—who participated in those sufferings—who, with his own ear, heard the sighs and groans—whose own arm was nerved in our defence—whose bosom was laid bare to the bayonet—and whose blood flowed out like water for his country! *Brave Men!*—choice remnant of that patriotic band of citizens whose names and deeds shall be immortal!! *You* have resisted the tyrant's power; *you* have fought the battles of your country; *you* have established her as an independent Nation; a Nation of Freemen; and we rejoice to meet you in the



full enjoyment of the blessings of that victory. So signal was your success,—so triumphant the victory,—and so happy its fruits, that we believe aged and decrepid, war-worn, and time-honored as you are, all those battles would be fought over again, in preference to submission or dishonor.\* You well remember the mother country was then the mistress of the earth and the ocean. She had soldiers and money; she had sailors and ships ready to co-operate in subjecting to the condition of vassals, the hardiest race of honest Freemen that ever lived.

Edict followed edict. Decree followed decree.—Tax succeeded tax, in quick succession, and all to stay your growth, to humiliate your pride, to break down your spirit, and to put out the light of freedom which had been kindled up in your souls!! Fetters and manacles were forged beyond the seas, and brought hither, alike for the humble and the lofty in spirit; for the young aspirant and veteran; for the poverty stricken and the rich; the one to keep forever in the dust, and the other to humble to the same condition.

By this revolutionary struggle; by these physical and moral energies; by this mighty effort of body and mind, the tyrant's grasp was unloosed, the iron fetters were dissolved, and Liberty was yours.

The splendor of that victory can only be seen, when we estimate the immeasurable difference between the parties engaged.

Let us review the troops on either side. The vantage ground is all with the enemy. *They* were strong in numbers, well disciplined, well armed, and well supplied. *This* was but an infant country, weak, undisciplined, and destitute of all those resources so essential to the existence of an army. *They* had been schooled in the wars of olden time, but the pursuits of *this people* had been around their domestic fire-sides and altars, paying their humble devotions to that *Being* whose kind *Providence* had guided them across the pathless deep, and planted their feet upon a soil destined to be free.

The causes which led you into this unequal and bloody conflict, where so many of your brethren perished, need not be repeated here. They constitute a portion of our common history. They have been made

—\*There were present, twenty-five revolutionary soldiers.



the theme of eloquent discourse by the Orator and the Statesman—by the Patriot and the Hero. They are recited in the declaration of your country's wrongs, drawn up by one whose name shall descend with it to future generations as immortal, and this has been read, and will continue to be read in every part of the habitable globe, where the light of civilization has ever shone. It has caused the cheek of many a tyrant to blush with shame and guilt, and will be held up as a warning to those who love to oppress mankind. It shall be the guide to the disciples of liberty, and a beacon of terror to those who would be their masters.

Wherever America is known, there her cause is known also; and wherever her history is read, there also will be read the tyrant's doom.

If there was any period of the struggle of which we have been speaking, more gloomy and doubtful than another—if there was any portion of the time when clouds impenetrable, and darkness invisible overshadowed the country, when even the eye of faith could not discern the portentous sky, it was in *seventy six*.

A band of bold Patriots, fifty-five in number, representing thirteen Colonies, in a manner the most solemn, and form the most imposing, had dissolved all connection with the British Crown, and “pledged their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor” for its maintenance. The step itself was calculated to arouse the lion in his den. The signal was given for the aristocracy to buckle on their armor and go forth to the rescue. You are the witnesses that the spirit of cold-blooded revenge and deep malignity characterized the arm of power, and suspended it over the abode of the innocent.

Let us imagine ourselves present when this document is first carried home to the *Throne!* The *Lords* are there assembled to hear the voice of the “rebels.”—The signatures are all carefully examined, and found authentic. The rebellious paper is read over! See the brow of Majesty frowning, and knitting with revenge, while the mind is running through the long catalogue of punishments to be inflicted upon such daring, presumptuous out-laws!



“These, yea, all these men were once my faithful subjects. They have long contributed largely to my treasury. Some of them have fought for the honor of my crown. They have long borne my yoke, which *I say is easy*. Lords, here are my prerogatives: here are the keys to my treasury: bring back these rebellious sons to duty and submission. *They* constitute the brightest jewel of my crown: suffer not that jewel to be plucked out. You see my sceptre is drawn, and never shall it be returned, until submission, or the last drop of their blood is poured out upon the earth.” A response the most hearty is given to this address, by the noble Lords in attendance, and thirty-three thousand choice spirits, well selected, are immediately equipped and sent hither for the work! See their ships riding upon the mountain wave!—Hear the soldiers concerting their schemes to divide the spoils, and partition out your inheritance!—Hear them consulting how to erect the gibbet!!!—They come! a landing is effected upon Long-Island, on the 2d day of August, 1776. *Washington* and his little army are there, relying upon the justice of their cause, and each heart is glowing with patriotism and zeal, while *liberty* or *death* resound through their ranks, as the watch-word of freemen.

On the 27th of August, 1776, this most unequal contest commences: and its termination has long since been recorded by the historians of both countries. It would give us pain now to look back, or dwell upon its sad details! Three thousand brave Americans were slaughtered upon the field of battle, or made prisoners by the invading army! This is not all. An English historian admits the fact, that “a body of provincials, were put to death after they had thrown down their arms and asked for quarters!” O! how relentless, barbarous, and cruel, is this blood-stained act! Here we have the *oppressors* and the oppressed face to face; the oppressed fall before the arm of power, begging for quarters!—for life! but there is neither mercy, nor quarters, nor life for them!

The Commander-in-chief perceives that all is lost, unless this position is abandoned to the enemy. The retreat from that position was peculiarly favored by Providence, and the American army take shelter in the city of New-York. This partial success of the enemy heightens their courage, and the Americans are again forced



to retreat, leaving that city in the possession of the invaders. A portion of the city is now on fire, and so ferocious still is that spirit which actuates the King's troops, that some of *your brethren* are seized, bound hand and foot, thrust into the flames, and burnt alive!!! Americans burnt alive because they aspire to freedom! Indeed this was a period of gloom! British soldiers! did you suppose that the genius of liberty would be consumed with these perishing bodies? Not so. The light of such a flame sent its rays to the remotest parts of the land. Soon, forts Washington and Lee are compelled to surrender. Their field pieces, their amunition, and all their stores become auxiliaries to the enemy's power. The little fleet built by Congress, is rendered useless, and the American army are again assailed at Harlem Heights, where the intrepid *Col. Knowlton* falls!

This general gloom and universal dismay is increased by the well authenticated fact, that hundreds who commenced the revolution, were turning back, and deserting its principles. At this juncture, Lord Cornwallis, in a communication to his own government, assured them that many were coming to the standard of the King, in despair, and abandoning the American cause as utterly hopeless.

Fellow citizens! these were the "times that tried men's souls." Truly these were days of darkness and gloom! The fond hope which so long had sustained the patriot in the pursuit of liberty, was now yielding to despair, and the anticipations of the future were heavier chains and more grievous burthens!!

We have assembled to-day, around the sacred altar of Freedom, whose foundation has been laid so deep, for the purpose of commemorating the life, character, services, and death of an American Captain, whose career was terminated during this period of darkness and gloom.—One who never faltered in the hour of peril, and one who fell a victim to relentless power, and died a martyr in his country's cause.

#### CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

May I be permitted to speak of his virtues, his bravery, his fidelity, his honor, and his devotion to that *cause* which has illumined the world? For considerations like these, *this place* is peculiarly appropriate. This



was his birth-place on the 6th of June, 1755. Here were his kindred, some of whom survive, and are now gratified with the respect you pay his memory. Here he received the first rudiments of a polished education.— Here was that *mother* to whom he would have sent back, in sweet accents of love and tenderness, his latest aspirations. Here, upon this very spot, and in this very church, he paid his earliest devotions. Before *this altar* he first bent the knee in reverence to the God of his fathers. Among this community he first inhaled that fervent and glowing spirit of patriotism, which conducted him to the field of battle. Here was his abode when the first blood was shed at Lexington. When that intelligence reached him, he *resolved* to defend his country.— This noble resolution was kept, but his life became the forfeit! Will you not love to dwell on his memory?— When a patriot dies we admire to count over his achievements—to enumerate his sufferings—to bear his lifeless corpse on our shoulders—to linger about his grave, and water it with our tears. When a soldier dies defending his country—defending our rights—our interests—our homes and our altars, we should venerate his memory. It is but just and proper: it makes us better men and better citizens; we retire from such contemplations with elevated thoughts and enlarged hearts.

The life of *Captain Hale* was short but eventful. Its termination was under rare circumstances of intrepidity and cruelty, but it was for his country, and it yet remains for that country to do justice to his name.

The Report of a select Committee of the House of Representatives, in the 24th Congress, has afforded us a sketch of his public services, and early death, in the following language:\*

January 19, 1836.

The Select Committee, to which was referred the petition of the citizens of the town of Coventry, in the State of Connecticut, praying that a monument be erected to the memory of Captain Nathan Hale, have attended to the subject referred to them, and now beg leave to Report: That Nathan Hale, a citizen of the town of Cov-

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\* The Select Committee were composed of the following members: Mr. Judson, of Connecticut, Mr. Pearce, of Rhode Island, Mr. Lane, of Indiana, Mr. Hunt, of New-York, Mr. Dickson, of Mississippi.



entry, Connecticut, had just completed his collegiate studies, when the battle of Lexington kindled within his youthful bosom, a spirit of patriotism and love of country, which immediately conducted him into the field for their defence.

Before arriving at the age of twenty-one, a captain's commission was tendered him, and he soon became an efficient officer in the continental army, where his activity, zeal and ardent patriotism commanded universal admiration. The company under his command, participating in the same spirit, and being influenced by his glowing patriotism, submitted themselves to a system of discipline, before unknown to the army, which produced very beneficial results.

In the summer of 1776, the main body of the American army was called to the defence of the city of New-York, and its vicinity. The public enemy had effected their landing upon Long-Island, embodying a force far superior in numbers and discipline, to those engaged in defending this country. General Washington found it necessary to withdraw the American army from the island, and that movement was conducted with singular ability and success, on the morning of the 30th day of August, 1776. Captain Hale's company were among those who thus fortunately escaped capture. This was a period of deep interest to the whole country. But a few days previous, the colonies had assumed the high responsibility of independence, an event in its nature calculated to arouse the British army to deeds of desperation.

The American army sought refuge in the city of New-York, and while there, it became important to ascertain the numerical force and contemplated operations of the enemy; for upon that knowledge depended the safety of the American army, and perhaps the American nation.

The commander-in-chief, at a crisis so important, summoned his officers to meet in council, and the result of that council was, to send some one competent to the task, into the heart of the enemy's camp: and Col. Knowlton was charged with the selection of an individual to perform this service.

The nature of the service admitting no delay, a proposition was submitted by Col. Knowlton to the officers, when young HALE was the only one to be found ready to



meet these perils. His youth, intelligence, learning, polished manners, discriminating judgment, and fidelity, all combined to recommend *him* to the commander-in-chief; but his personal friends, perceiving the inevitable fate of a brave young man, in the event of discovery, interposed their kind remonstrances: but it was enough whatever danger awaited him, that Captain Hale should know that his country demanded his services.

General Washington's humane feelings were so predominant, that he would only invite these services, but not command them, and when tendered, in the person of **CAPTAIN HALE**, his instructions were communicated by the Commander-in-chief.

With these instructions, Captain Hale effected his landing upon the island, and, with great caution, proceeded to the encampment, and there he made a minute examination of the *lines, posts, and numbers* of the enemy, together with their contemplated movements.

This having been accomplished, he left the encampment, cherishing the fond hope that in a few hours he would be in the presence of the commander-in-chief, with information important for his countrymen, in the preservation of their lives and liberties.

It was with animated step he proceeded to the river's bank, and the moment the boat was leaving the shore, **CAPTAIN HALE** was seized *as a spy*, taken back to the British commander, who ordered him *hung the next morning!*

This peremptory order was carried into effect, in a manner cruel, barbarous, and revengeful, by a *refugee*, to whom his person had been delivered for that purpose by the British commander.

Such were the circumstances of the death of a brave young officer, whose last words were expressive of deep regret, "that he had but *one* life to lose for his country."

Succeeding events developed the great importance of those services committed to this unfortunate young man.

The British army, following up their temporary success upon Long-Island, took possession of the city of New-York, and on the 16th day of September, 1776, the gallant Colonel Knowlton, at whose instance *Captain Hale* became a volunteer, fell himself in battle, at Harlem Heights, fighting gloriously in the same cause.

Arnold's treason followed these events, and the cases



of CAPT. HALE and Maj. Andre have been deemed parallel. In some respects they were so. The nature of the service was identical. Both were young—both well educated—both ardent and brave; one for his king, and the other for his country; and each fell a victim to the rigorous laws of war; and yet how different were those laws executed upon the two individuals, and how different have the respective nations regarded their memory! Before officers of honorable rank and character, *Major Andre* was allowed an impartial trial; his last moments were soothed by tenderness, sympathy, and tears; *his* letters were preserved, and delivered over in sacred trust to his kindred.

By an order of His Gracious Sovereign, *his* ashes have been transported across the Atlantic, assigned a place with the great and the brave in Westminster Abbey, and a proud monument has been erected to his memory.

It has not been thus with *Captain Hale*—a victim in our cause, a martyr to our principles! Arrested and delivered over to a *refugee*, Captain Hale was immediately executed, without even the form of a trial. Educated in a christian land, taught to venerate the religion of the gospel, in this trying hour the refugee denied him the use of a Bible, and refused him the consolations of its ministers. He was indeed permitted to consecrate some few of his last moments in writing to his mother; but as soon as the work of death was done, *this* testimony of affection was destroyed by the hand of the refugee, assigning as the cause, “that the rebels should never know they had a man in their army who could die with such firmness.”—And well might the refugee, whose part had been so conspicuous in this scene, desire to conceal from “Washington’s rebels,” the last aspirations of an American soldier in the cause of freedom.

The Committee, being deeply impressed with the opinion that such services and sufferings in the war of the Revolution, demand the remembrance, and should receive the gratitude of the nation; therefore they respectfully recommend the adoption of the accompanying resolution:

*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,*

That the Governor of the State of Connecticut be, and he is hereby authorized to employ some suitable person to erect a monument, with appropriate inscriptions, within the public cemetery in the town of Coventry, Con-



necticut, commemorating the *services* and *death* of CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, in the war of the Revolution : *Provided*, That the expense thereof shall not exceed the sum of One Thousand Dollars.

A fact, interesting as it is important, has come to the knowledge of the person now addressing you, since that Report was made to Congress, and I rejoice to be able, in this public manner, to communicate that fact to this audience, and the country, that it may be added to the list of brave actions already known of Captain Hale.

As I have the fact from one of your respected fellow-citizens, whose life has been preserved to the present occasion, and who is now in your presence, I am at full liberty to make the statement.

Among other causes of distress in seventy-six, the American army were short of provisions and clothing, suited to their wants. While the two armies were in preparation for the engagement already alluded to, of the 27th of August, it was ascertained, that an *English Sloop*, with supplies of these essential articles, had arrived in the East River, and lay there, under the protection of the *Ship Asia*, mounting ninety guns. Captain Hale conceived the bold project of capturing this sloop and bringing her into the port of New-York. He soon found a sufficient number of bold hearts and stout hands, to make the trial.

At the hour appointed, they assembled, and crossed the river in their faithful little bark, skimming so lightly over the water, as to excite no alarm from any quarter. They passed cautiously down by the shore to a point of land nearest the sloop, where they ceased to ply the oar, and waited for the moon to sink below the horizon. It was at the dead hour of the night, and all was hushed in silence, excepting only the watchman on the quarter-deck of the *Asia*: his voice came in the breeze, "all is well," when Captain Hale's men "pulled away" for the Sloop, and soon found themselves alongside, and in an instant more she was boarded, and away she came with Captain Hale at the helm, and the British tars in the hold! When she struck the wharf this new commander and his American crew were received with three cheers, and soon the liberal hand of Captain Hale distributed the prize goods to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of our own army.



There is another fact connected with Captain Hale's history, not generally known by the American people. When preparations were making by General Washington to send Captain Hale over to the camp of the enemy, to obtain information of their position, and future movements, an intimate friend, an officer of the same rank, but much older than himself, interposed his advice. Interested as he then appeared for young Hale's welfare, the advice came with high claims to his deliberate consideration.

The service required, he said, was peculiarly hazardous. Discovery was almost certain, and then death would be inevitable. He urged and entreated Captain Hale to reject, altogether, General Washington's proposition,—but no! the Commander-in-chief had made an appeal to his officers for the immediate performance of this service: true, the service was delicate, and imminently hazardous, but its importance must out-weigh every other consideration.

This advice came from Captain William Hull, afterwards General Hull, who, at the commencement of the late war, surrendered the American army at Detroit.

This early developement of General Hull's character, *may* go far to furnish the true cause of an act so disgraceful to our arms, and so withering to his name and prospects. This *act*, by many, has been attributed to *bribery*, but perhaps you will rather consider it as the result of weakness and *cowardice*, both so early exhibited in the advice proffered to Captain Hale. Fear of death, in the mind of Hull, overbalanced duty and honor.—“Death,” said he, “will be the inevitable consequence of discovery.” Hear the reply of a brave man: “A soldier should never consult his fears,<sup>f</sup> when duty calls. In this case my Commander-in-chief deems the service essential to the preservation of the American army, and, perhaps, the nation. I cannot stop to calculate the chances of danger,—I go!”

What a misfortune that Hull did not profit by this sentiment. Instead of surrendering to General Brock, he should have met him on the line of his country, and captured the British army. Then, how much treasure, and how many precious lives might have been saved the United States?

The influence of that single act of Hull was apparent



upon the councils of the British nation. The northern frontier was immediately selected as the great theatre of war operations.

Our soil *had been* invaded, and our army surrendered without the discharge of a single gun!

To re-establish our name and character, we are obliged to fortify—to build a *Navy* on the Lakes, and the blood of our own brethren must be poured out at Queens-ton, Erie, Bridgewater, Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and Niagara. And this blood must *continue* to flow, until the soul-stirring words of the dying Lawrence, "dont give up the ship," and the emphatic language of the gallant Perry, "we have met the enemy and they are ours," become the prevailing sentiments of the nation, and *then* the conquest is easy. This language, how patriotic and bold! Contrast it with Hull's language, "here is my sword, and here are the American soldiers."

A brave man and a coward stand at the two remotest points—at the fartherest extremes from each other. *Hale* served his country fearlessly and died a brave soldier. *Hull* was convicted of cowardice, and sentenced to be shot. The memory of the one is *beloved*, and the other *hated*. The name of one shall *adorn* our history, and the other forever remain a disgraceful blot.

Let me invite you to go back to the day of Captain Hale's trial and execution.—Trial, did I say? He had none. He was arrested and carried into the camp of the enemy, and not allowed the privilege that the meanest coward enjoys, of being arraigned before officers of rank and character: of asserting his own innocence, or of appealing to their magnanimity. The Provost General assumes the power to pass the sentence of death, and for execution he delivers him over into the hands of a cold-blooded barbarous Refugee, whose heart, by deserting his country's cause, had changed into the *coldest marble*, and whose fiend-like revenge could not be satiated until his hands should be imbued in the blood of innocence and honor.

See this *traitor* as he prepares the halter for his victim!—waiting with feverish impatience for the moment—for the sun to rise, that he may be sure of adjusting the rope in a manner that shall cause the greatest agony.

That there may be no unnecessary delay in this work of death, he goes early to arouse his victim. He finds him



just sealing *that letter!* He snatches it from his hand, tears it in pieces, and commits the scattered fragments to the flames, and leaves him still another moment or two, for sadness and reflection.

The Refugee returns to announce that all things are ready, and, as he may have other work to do, *this* must be despatched immediately. Young Hale is now upon his bended knees, imploring the presence of his *Savior*, while he shall pass through the dark valley, and his intercession too at the throne of grace.

“Come, young rebel! put on this halter, it will soon despatch you, and test your *pretended* love of country!”

“O, my country! that I had another life for thee!!!”

It is done!—it is done!! The spirit of your beloved friend—your companion in arms—your neighbor—the pride of your State—the *confident of Washington*, is launched into eternity, and his body is covered with a scanty morsel of earth! It is not enough to murder the son, but the very heart strings of the adoring parents must be riven assunder. His dear mother shall not be allowed the consolation of seeing his “*farewell*,” traced with his own hand at the moment of his exit. This letter!—she never shall deposit the sad relic in her bosom, nor bind it around her aching heart. Would that I could read you that letter to-day, to show you how a patriot could die for his country.

Such were the services, sufferings, fidelity, character, and death of the Soldier whose death we have assembled to honor. Removed, as you are, but one generation from him, and the events connected with his history, you know the story, and can tell it to your children. But such events demand more. Their relation and connection with our liberties are too important longer to remain neglected. These events must be perpetuated.

Mr. President, and the members of the “*Hale Monument Association*.”—Your Society has been organized for this laudable, this praise-worthy object. It will not only interest you individually, but it will awaken an interest in this whole community. It will interest the nation.

The first concern should be to look out the spot where the mortal remains of this Patriot were left by that barbarian, the Refugee. It is now sixty years, and no stone has marked that spot—no chisel has sketched even the day of his death. How long shall such deep ingratitude



be written against us? Bring his bones hither, whitened as they may be by Time's rapid current, and deposit them in yonder consecrated cemetery, that their dust may mingle with the dust of his kindred. Let the soil of his own native town be their gentle covering. But alas! I fear your search may be in vain! This service I know you would undertake cheerfully, could there be the remotest prospect of success. The fatal tree, years gone by, has been hewed down by the wood-cutter's axe, and a city has been erected over the "camp ground." Perhaps the unconscious traveller is heedlessly walking over his dust, or treading upon his ashes: or, possibly, the earth itself has been deeply excavated, and cast into the sea, and has become the sport of the waves!! What then will you do? Every voice responds the answer, *we will erect a Monument to his memory*, and that answer shall be heard by every freeman whose rights are sealed with the patriot's blood. Let its base stand on freedom's soil, for he died in its defence.

We will first invite every surviving soldier of the revolution, his brother in arms, to join in the work. Your ranks are rapidly thinning, and, in a few years more, it will be said of you all, "they are gone," and what last work can you perform more gratifying than this? We will invite the Patriot also. If he love his country, he will no longer delay this work, for it was by such sacrifices that he calls America the "home of the brave."

We will invite every citizen of his native town. *You* must see that this work goes on. He was your pride and boast. The soil you inherit, was made free by his death!

We invite the citizens of the County and State, under whose banners he fought. Yea, we invite the Government of our country, rich and powerful as she is, *to place the foundation stone*. For without such services and sacrifices, we might still have remained the vassals and slaves of a tyrant.

The bill which received the unanimous sanction of the Committee, is now before Congress, and will present itself for their consideration and action, at the coming session. That bill proposes an appropriation to this object, and your association is to co-operate in the measure.

Captain Hale captured an English Sloop, of much value, and distributed its cargo to feed the hungry and clothe the naked soldiers. He served his country without pay,



and died in her defence : and as yet she has never given a dollar to afford him a christian burial !!

Can it be supposed this duty will long be neglected?— It is for the *interest* as well as the honor of the country, that good faith should be maintained with those who may have been called to its defence. Do we not all remember the immense cost of recruiting the army during the late war? Congress was obliged to stipulate with the soldier, to pay him large bounties in land and money, and to pension the widow and the orphan, in case the soldier should die in the service. These heavy charges came upon the country, because the soldiers of the revolution had been speculated upon, and cheated out of their honest wages. They were forsaken, to live in poverty and die in forgetfulness. Had the war-worn soldier of the revolution been met with fidelity and justice, the nation would have found much less difficulty in filling up the army in the last war.

Here were the *old veterans*, with their fortunes spent,—their constitutions broken! Here were the widows and orphans, begging their bread, and the country was in the full enjoyment of the services of the husband and parent, through a seven years' war! While such objects met the eye, who could expect others to fight our battles?

Feed and clothe your soldiers—pay them justly—honor their memory when dead, and there will be no lack of numbers to rise up in your defence. Starve them while in your service, and send them naked away, and who will again come to your standard? It was the great secret of Napoleon's success, that his soldiers received their just reward.

Since 1818, this country has been attoning for that immense injustice toward the soldiers of the revolution.

Will it be said that Monuments for the dead are so many marks of superstition? What then? It is not my business to hold a controversy with any one, about mere names. If the tendency of monumental inscriptions is to perpetuate great *national events*, or to excite patriotism and love of country, be it superstition! It has been the custom of all nations to resort to the erection of monuments, and to monumental inscriptions, to transmit from one generation to another, events connected with their glory. Possibly I may be now addressing some who say that events like these may be transmitted by history.



But let history stand corroborated by the imperishable marble. Because the mind or the heart may be improved through the medium of one faculty, are we to discard every other? May not the heart be softened, the memory strengthened, and patriotism warmed by visible mementos as well as by historical representations? Why are the fine arts, painting and sculpture, ever patronized and studied, but for these very objects? Who visits Bunker-Hill, and beholds that rising monument, without renewing his allegiance to his country? The events of the 17th of June, 1775, trace themselves anew on his memory. Around this spot, consecrated by the blood of so many of his fellow-men, he finds numerous associations and recollections dear to the patriot's heart impelling him onward in that cause so early espoused, and so zealously defended.

Is he a citizen of Connecticut, what are his impressions when he visits Groton Heights, and reads the inscriptions upon that monument? Will they not tell him, in a manner which history can never do, of the fall of Col. Ledyard and his brave companions? Yes, they will tell him too, of the conflagration of New-London and point him to the foot-steps of the traitor Arnold. He will love his country and detest the Traitor.

Who can stand by the banks of the Niagara, as that mighty current rushes by, and behold the monument erected on the spot where General Brock fell, and not be sensible that a King can be grateful for the services of a faithful soldier and brave man? A Republic should surely be as grateful as a monarch. In the present case, the citizens of this State make no unreasonable demand. The sum required is by no means extravagant, but it is ardently desired, that it may be known, that Captain *Nathan Hale*, one of Connecticut's brightest ornaments, perished in the cause of his country, while executing an order of his Great Commander. It will be no new precedent. Congress will find upon their own records, repeated instances of the same character, having the same tendency. The example was first given them by the old Congress, and no appeal can be made to a source more elevated and pure. That body ordered monuments to be erected to the memory of *General Montgomery*, *General Mercer*, *General Nash*, and *Baron De Kalb*. Five thousand francs were paid in Paris, out of this nation's trea-



sure, for General Montgomery's monument, which, on its passage to this country, was lost at sea. In 1787 the monument was erected at the cost of 300£ sterling.

Eldridge Gerry was a soldier of the revolution, and Vice President of the United States. The gratitude of the nation marked the spot where his remains were deposited,—and that monument cost the Government One Thousand Dollars.

Major General Brown, a soldier of the late war, has a monument erected to his memory, which cost the Government the same sum. Congress have purchased a marble bust of Mr. Jefferson, at the cost of four thousand dollars, and have placed the same in the National Library, that every pilgrim who may go there to read the history of this country, may be sure to know who it was that penned the Declaration of Independence.

Should you happen to pass into the Supreme Court Room, there is a Marble Bust of Chief Justice Jay, and perhaps now one of Chief Justice Ellsworth, ordered by the Congress of the United States. During the last session, it was a gratification to give my own vote to appropriate five hundred dollars for a Bust of the late *Chief Justice Marshall*. It was John Marshall, then a representative of the people, who announced the death of General Washington, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen:" and now the sculptor's chisel is employed to tell the world that he is dead! In front of the Capitol stands a marble monument to commemorate the intrepid services of Sommers, Wadsworth, Richards, Caldwell, Israel and Dorsey, at Tripoh. This was originally erected by their brother officers, yet Congress have paid the sum of twenty-three hundred dollars for its removal to that place, and re-building the same.

Under the magnificent dome of the Capitol, are placed four National Paintings, executed at the cost of thirty-two thousand dollars, commemorative of the four great historical events—Signing of the Declaration—Surrender of Burgoyne—the surrender of Cornwallis—and the resignation of General Washington's commission.

What are these but monuments of glory, national glory? A resolution has also recently been adopted by the Senate to fill the remaining pannels of the Rotunda, and the expense will certainly not be less.

Perhaps it may be said that in surveying this whole



county, we can find no monument to commemorate the deeds of Washington. We must wait until the nation shall have done his memory justice before we proceed to pay that tribute to the memory of his confidential friend.

The task is so mighty that we have not dared scarcely to approach it. To do justice, the base of such a monument should sink to the centre of the earth, and its top reach the sky.

But we have been making some advances. A resolution was adopted by Congress, in 1799, "that a Marble Monument be erected by the United States in the Capitol at Washington, *designed* to commemorate the great events of General Washington's military and political life."

This would have been long since accomplished, but Virginia—chivalrous Virginia, chose to retain the sacred relics upon his own native soil. They claimed the high trust of protecting his ashes.

There is now in the Representatives' Hall, a *Painting* of General Washington, which cost \$2500. I can also communicate to you the intelligence which I know will not be unwelcome.

A Pedestrian statue of Washington is now in execution in Italy, which will cost Thirty Thousand Dollars: one third of which has already been paid.

These Monuments are to co-operate with history, in celebrating the name of the Father of his Country, and to corroborate that history through all coming time.

There is a long catalogue of cases, having the same tendency, and are allied to these.

Since the days of the gallant Truxton, it has been the constant usage of the Government, to reward acts of bravery on the ocean, by some imperishably memento. If dead, the memory has been honored. The language of the resolution, by which Congress ordered a gold medal to be struck in honor of Commodore Truxton, is peculiarly apt:—"Because he exhibited an example honorable to the American name." Ought not the nation to say as much of Captain Hale?

For similar reasons Congress have voted expensive gold medals and swords to Preble, Decatur, Hull, Perry, Bainbridge, Elliott, Jones, McDonnough, Warrington, Stewart, and Biddle.

These are emblems of the nation's gratitude. Simi-



lar resolutions have been passed for the officers of the army. Costly gold and silver medals have been ordered for gallant actions on the land.

Five thousand dollars were appropriated the last session, to purchase medals and swords for Colonel Crogan and his officers.

In this way have been honored, General Jackson, General Ripley, Colonel Johnson, General Scott, General Harrison, General Gaines, General McComb, Colonel Shelby, General Miller, and many others.

Those emblems of gratitude havn borne the approbation of the country to the living, while the block of marble or granite shall speak with equal fidelity and honor of the dead.

My appeal, then, is to you all ; do justice to the memory of a brave and gallant young officer, who sacrificed his precious life at the shrine of liberty, for his country, and for you.

Thus I have endeavored to establish , from *justice* and *precedent* both, that in the case before us, something is required at our hands, and from the goverment, and I confidently anticipate that all deedful aid will be afforded.

Having done this, the present occasion will not allow me to dwell on other important periods of the Revolution. If it would, pride and honor should lead me to speak of the position occupied by our own native State, in the early councils of the nation and in the battle field. You know, already, that Connecticut and her devoted sons were among the first in that conflict. Her geographical position rendered the assaults of the enemy easy, and the dangers great. The open, undisguised and bold assertion of her principles and her determination to maintain those principles, increased her perils. I could remind you of the smoking ruins of Danbury, East Haven, Fair Haven, Norwalk, Fairfield and New-London. The inhabitants of the sea-board could come up hither and tell you that most of their towns and villages were sacked and plundered.

I might repeat the language of one historian who has published some of these depredations :—“ At New-Haven,” he says, “ an aged citizen who labored under a natural inability of speech, had his tongue cut out by one of the Royal army. “ At Fairfield the deserted houses of the inhabitants were entered, desks, trunks, and closets



were broken open, and robbed of every thing valuable.— Women were insulted, abused, and threatened, while their apparel was taken from them. Even an infant was robbed of its clothes, while a bayonet was presented to the breast of its mother !”

I could point you back, also, to those who were slain in battle. Knowlton and Ledyard and Worster : but I am compelled, by the exclusive occupations of this day, to pass by all these topics, interesting and exciting as they are, and leave them to a more fit occasion, and to abler hands.

We have one consideration left. This day is the anniversary of the evacuation of the city of New-York. On the 25th day of November, 1783, the King’s troops withdrew from their last post.

Your minds will naturally contrast two important periods in our history,—seventy-six and eighty-three.— When *Captain Nathan Hale* fell on the 21st day of September, *seventy-six*, you saw nothing but the forebodings of despair ! In *eighty-three* a seven years’ campaign of blood and carnage is ended. The Patriot’s work is done,—the treaty of peace is signed,—and the news of freedom flies to every corner of the earth.

A new era has opened upon the world. “ Gloom has been exchanged for glory,”—tyranny for freedom. Every living man, and every volume of history, bear testimony that this era is the greatest and best the world has ever known, since the christian era. Consider what must have been the feelings of the American people on that day, as they beheld the British army gathering up their implements of death, and departing from the land they could not conquer.

The Commander-in-Chief,—the Father of his country, upon whose responsibility had so long rested the destiny of a confiding people, who can speak of *his* sensations, when he saw his armed foe, beaten, subdued, and prostrate, leaving America free ?

What sentiments of approbation crowd the minds of those signers of the Declaration of Independence, when they contrast that day with seventy-six ! The world bears witness that they were *wise* and patriotic,—and the gibbets erected for them are now harmless things.

Tell me, brave soldier, what were *your* joys ? for you then were a living witness of those scenes. You were



present, too, when the conquering Chief assembled his own army to re-possess the city thus evacuated.—See the triumphant march of free-born Americans, as they enter!—How glorious?

Before you all, the great leader of your armies takes a retrospect of the dangers you had passed, and the victories you had won. No wonder that his heart is overflowing with gratitude when he bids you a final adieu. It was indeed a proud day for *him*, for *you*, and for the Country.

And now this contrast grows brighter and brighter every year. Then, the population of the thirteen Colonies was only three millions: now, we have ten millions added to that number, and twelve new States to the confederacy. Then, there was no bond of union, excepting only *a common interest*: but *now*, we have that bond which resulted from the profoundest wisdom,—that *bond* which increases its strength with its years. Then, a soldier's blanket could not be made in all the country: and even the arms which had defended us, came from the other side of the Atlantic: but now we can manufacture for half the globe.

To carry out this blessed contrast to its final results, we should anticipate the future—draw away that curtain which separates us from coming time.

With the fertility of our soil—the diversity of our climate—the industry, ingenuity, perseverance, intelligence, and moral courage of our people,—and with our free institutions, I enquire what shall be the condition of America in the next century? Here, I confess to you, the capacities of my own mind are inadequate, and I leave your imaginations to supply the answer—to fill up the picture.

If you will have it what it should be, reward the PATRIOT, and do justice to the memory of the BRAVE.



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own staff to review the day that was past. — See the  
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was indeed a proud day for you, for you, and for the  
Country.

And now this country grows brighter and brighter  
every year. Then, the population of the seven Colo-  
nies was only three millions; now we have a million  
added to that number, and look a few States of the con-  
federacy. Then there was no kind of union, no common  
only a common interest; but now we have that bond  
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