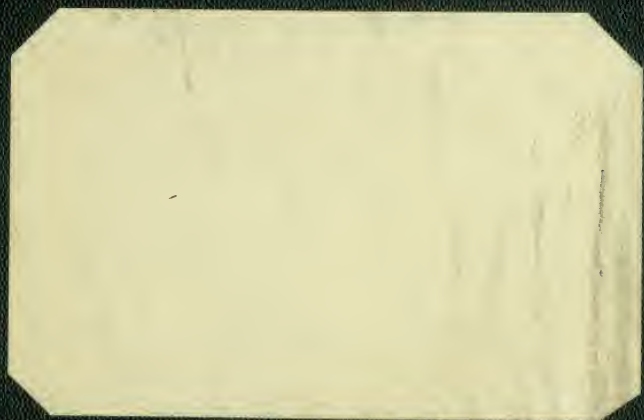


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# EULOGIUM

ON

Leating Lewis Simons,

(Late commanding the 29th Regt. of South-Carolina Militia,) 368  
940

Who Died on the 1st Sept. 1819.

PRONOUNCED IN CHARLESTON,

ON THE 13TH SEPTEMBER,

BY APPOINTMENT

*Of the Officers of the Seventh Brigade,*

AND PUBLISHED AT THEIR REQUEST,

By WILLIAM CRAFTS, Jun.

BRIGADE MAJOR.

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# EULOGIUM.



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“ he kept  
“ The whiteness of his soul ; and thus men o’er him wept.”

GREAT and good men belong to their country. Born for the blessing of mankind—they illustrate duty and maintain right—guide us in the path of usefulness and honor—animate us to labour—defend us in peril, and grace us in prosperity.—They form brilliant spots in history, on which the eye reposes with delight. They constitute the golden chain, along which the ethereal fires of genius and glory pass from age to age, enlightening and purifying earth.

When they disappear, their memory stands in the place of their presence—although cold they still are luminous—and, having gladdened us, like the sun in the meridian, they yield, from the night of the grave, the

chaste pensive and consoling splendour of the stars.

What do we not owe to them? To the Legislators and Sages, the Soldiers and Philanthropists, the Scholars and Divines, who have elevated and adorned our nature and exhibited, by precept and example, the redeeming influence of piety and virtue.—Is there a Scholar, since his day, that is not indebted to CICERO, whose mighty mind was made the Ark of Eloquence and Literature, in which they might survive the deluge of the dark ages, and be preserved for posterity? Is there a Soldier who does not love the shade of LEONIDAS, with which he communed in infancy, and in manhood hopes to emulate? Is there a Statesman who cannot find a model in SOLON and LYCURGUS—a Patriot, whom SÓCRATES and CATO have not taught to suffer for his country; or an humble follower of the Christian Cross, whose faith has not been excited and confirmed, in life and in death, by the example of “the glorious Company of the Apostles” and “the noble Army of Martyrs.”

Such are the examples of the mighty dead. The death even of the obscure, excites a melancholy interest ;—we are chilled and sorrowful as we behold the earth close over the mortal relics of those whom we knew not, and to whom the grave may have been a welcome refuge from toil and misery.

What do we not suffer when the inmate of our bosom, a friend or a relative, falls into the tomb ? What ought we not to feel, when he whom we all knew and loved—estimable alike for private and public virtue,—our model and delight—is torn from his disconsolate relatives, his weeping friends, and his afflicted country ? When a common grief over-shadows our city, and the object of universal esteem becomes the theme of universal sorrow.

Ah ! how little, my friends, are we subjects of envy, with all our princely domains and rich savannas—DEATH stands at the portals of our city, aiming his arrows alike, at those who enter, or who leave it. We live, indeed, in fear and tribulation. The hearse is familiar to us—and the mournful tones of the organ.

mingling with the sepulchral dedication of "dust to dust," still vibrate in our ears.—The Stranger, far from his unconscious family and smiling home, finds a grave among us; and the fond eyes of his relatives are dim with gazing on the ocean that should yield him to their arms. Alas! how many suns shall revolve—how many moons shall pass away and he shall not come to them.—Is it not afflicting my friends, that our city should be identified with the anguish of bereaved love—of sorrowing friendship, and of orphan infancy—deploring it as the grave of their hopes and affections?

It is not the Stranger only, who demands our grief—Death, with cruel ambition, assails the summit of our hopes, and has slain our Commander in the heart of the citadel. He sleeps in his coffin—on the pillow of his laurels.—KEATING LEWIS SIMONS is at rest.

The last melancholy and imperfect tribute now awaits his shade. Let us linger awhile at his grave, and pour forth our hearts in manly sorrow. His heart would have bled for any of his friends, and was open and

alive to all human nature. Let us praise him as he deserved, and yet modestly, lest we offend his noble spirit—for he passed over his own deserts as if he knew them not, while he loved to display and to appreciate the merits of others.

In attempting to describe his character and our loss, what can I say that you have not anticipated? What can I omit that you will not supply? Where does his Eulogium commence, where does it terminate?

If I pause to contemplate his domestic virtues, the first and latest charities of life, his clients draw me to the forum to witness his indefatigable zeal in behalf of Justice and of mankind. I cannot praise the strength and capacity of his natural talents—without being reminded of his unceasing toil and anxiety to improve them. While I would relate the charm of his society to his delighted friends and associates—the Soldier interrupts me with the narrative of his intrepid spirit, the chivalric courtesy and dignified command. From the picture of his civil life, on which the citizen shall love to

linger—the Statesman hurries me to the Senate, and shews me the theatre of his splendid and patriotic efforts. Honor weeps at her afflicted altars—Religion confesses the benefit of his example and the purity of his heart, for every virtue loved to regard him, and saw itself reflected in his image.

The name of SIMONS, (*a*) is with the people of Charleston, “*clarum et venerabile nomen*”—great in Science, great in Medicine, great in the Law, great in Divinity, and amiable in all the duties and charities of life. Our friend was destined to adorn it—to plant it deeper in the heart of our city—to multiply its fruit—to expand its foliage, and to leave, in its ample shade, the shelter of his venerable father, and the glad inheritance of his infant offspring.

KEATING LEWIS SIMONS was born and educated in South-Carolina, where, indeed, the whole of his days were spent.—We have the undivided honor of producing and rearing this finished specimen of a high minded gentleman. He might have obtained

abroad better means of instruction, than our State at that time possessed ; but his love of country could have gained nothing, nor could his heart have been made better. He might have been estranged from our climate ; and, premature as is now the sad occasion of our tears, they might have fallen on a greener grave. It was his merit so to have improved his humble opportunities, that, although unaided by those artificial and scholastic methods, deemed so necessary in learning ; yet did he appear to have enjoyed them all. His mind was stored, and his imagination refreshed with the pictures of antiquity ; and when in the cause of liberty, and of his country, he invoked with ardent enthusiasm, the shade of the illustrious Roman—it seemed as if CATO, on earth, was addressing CATO in heaven. He must have studied, with youthful ardour, the lives and characters of those heroes, who taught the heathen world how to act and to suffer—the grace of patriotism, the beauty of disinterestedness, and the holiness of virtue.



ALEXANDER slept with *Homer* under his pillow, full of admiration of ACHILLES.—Thus must our friend have cherished *Plutarch*, for he there saw in EPAMINONDAS, PHOCION and CICERO, how intimately the spirit of eloquence—of virtuous liberty and immortal heroism, are allied with each other, and with the happiness of mankind.

Possibly we may trace some of the features of his character to the period of his birth—This was at the commencement of our arduous Revolution. His infant eye caught the nodding plume of the soldier of Liberty—he was caressed on the knees of the victorious Patriot—the trumpet and the artillery were the music of his boyhood.

His guide, in his professional studies, was a gentleman conspicuous in the war, and high in the counsels, and familiar with the history of our infant Republic. The son of PHILIP had not a better preceptor than Mr. EDWARD RUTLEDGE. (b) In his society, and that of his illustrious brother, the mind of our friend grew up into the ripeness which it afterwards displayed; and his heart im-



bibed, with its other excellent sensibilities, a boundless and undying regard for his benefactor.

Thus fitted with honor, learning and sensibility, Mr. SIMONS entered the forum, which he was destined to elevate, to grace and to purify—to fill with the sentiments of his lofty soul—to enrich with the treasures of his capacious mind, and decorate with the trophies of his honest triumphs. Are there any of his clients in this assembly? Why do I ask?—I am surrounded by them—of these I would inquire—Did they ever know a Lawyer more disinterested, more laborious, more devoted to their interests, and more worthy of their confidence? Did he not defend the poor gratuitously? Did he not embark his whole soul in the cause of the oppressed; and, with a zeal and industry that wore him out, and wore him down, did he not faithfully serve mankind?—Alas! how much more than this?—far beyond the portrait of my feeble efforts. Is there a gentleman of the Bar, in this assembly, who had the happiness to be contemporary with

our distinguished friend?—Was he not delighted with his society? He was a Lawyer whom you could oppose without collision—who brought into the contests of the forum a lofty courtesy, worthy of the immortal cause of Justice and of Virtue, and banished thence as far as he could—for his soul disdained and trampled on them—the cavilling, quibbling and chicanery, which the artful and designing weave out of their own bosoms, like spiders, and spread around them to entangle and destroy. Whatever of liberality of practice subsists at our bar, arose in a great measure, from his example. He respected forms so far as they were essential, or auxiliary to justice; but never, otherwise, availed himself of them. He disclaimed those conquests, which were not obtained in fair and open combat, but resulted from stratagem. He shed upon debate all the learning which applied, and all the light of which it was susceptible.

He loved the labours of his profession—his eye was bent on its loftiest eminence, and he toiled with noble ambition up its

steep ascent. In no one department did he particularly excel. Familiar with them all, he was the common oracle of our community. It is said that men who aim at power endeavour to conciliate the young. What is stratagem in others was artless benevolence in him. He knew the weakness and despondency of unfledged youth; and cheered it in its flight, and sustained it on his ample pinions. He encouraged the young orator to launch his fragile bark on the tumultuous waves of the forum—gave him his parting blessing, and stood on the shore to welcome his return with smiles and congratulations. With an exquisite sensibility to the feelings of others, he never injured nor assailed them—no sarcasm ever escaped his lips, and no vain boasting stained his superiority.

Is there a Judge in this assembly? Will he not confirm and pronounce the justice of this eulogium? Does he not mourn with our afflicted State the bereavement which has stricken from the Bench (just then within his reach) the learned, dignified and im-

partial Judge—the friend the associate, and the worthy successor of CHEVES. (c) The sorrows of the Bar have been already heard. Struck by an abler hand, they have been re-echoed from every bosom, and the forum is in tears.

It was not to be expected that the comprehensive mind and acquirements—the unsullied purity and devoted patriotism of Mr. SIMONS, should escape the notice of his fellow-citizens in the selection of their law-makers. He filled, for many years, a seat in our Legislature with much usefulness and honor; and, if the period of his able services was ever interrupted, it grew out of those unhappy dissensions which agitate, more or less, every political community, and never affected the high sentiment of personal reverence, which was universally felt towards him. He was popular in spite of his opinions; these he was too magnanimous to conceal—too conscientious not to avow, and too much convinced to abandon. He walked in a straight path, and saw nothing but God and his country. Fearless of dan-

ger, regardless of odium—he never stooped, nor turned, nor faltered, although place and power stood at his side, ready to crown his aberrations.

The period of his retirement from public life having expired (and which of you does not regret that it was so long?) he was recently elected again to our Legislature, and became again one of its most distinguished members. He was now the NESTOR of our councils. His long experience and commanding character sanctioned his opinions and gave him an influence, which I know to have delighted him, because it increased his ability to serve his country. This was the object nearest to his heart.

Oh! my country! what hast thou not lost? The glories of thine infancy pass rapidly away. The champions of thy cradle sleep on their laurelled beds, or linger, like setting stars on the horizon of life. And now the ornaments of thy manhood fade—thy lofty hopes wither in early disappointment—and thy labourers die in the vineyard, ere the harvest yet is ripe. May heaven bind up

thy wounds and compassionate, and spare thee!

The interest which *we* immediately felt in the deceased, arose from one more, and not an unimportant relation of life, which happily subsisted between us.

In a Republic, where standing armies are dangerous, and in an unambitious Republic, like our own, where they are almost unnecessary, the military art becomes a subject of general attention, and its duties fall upon the citizens at large. Each of us should, in his turn, lend his time and his talents to the assistance and perfection of this cheap, safe and natural defence. Every man, like CINCINNATUS, should deem the protection of his country a part of his profession. So thought the gallant deceased, and in the variety of his complicated duties—amid all his splendid and laborious avocations, he found leisure to accept that command in the militia, his sad removal from which is the cause of this address.

He was a warlike man. His tall and athletic form—his manly and erect counte-

nance—the rapid glance of his eye—the powerful compass of his voice, and his cool self-possession, fitted him for all the exterior of command. His intrepid and refined spirit—his enthusiasm—his dignity, and on a level with them all, his exact knowledge of military discipline, qualified him for all its dangers and its duties. We saw him only in peaceful scenes. It was not given to him to wet his sword in blood, nor to face the enemy in battle. But, let it be remembered, that war can only display what has been acquired in peace.—Battles are not requisite to decide, and very often afford imperfect criteria of military merit. Their flames and their artillery may test the nerves, but they seldom elucidate the capacity of a Soldier. Was JACKSON less of a general before the battle of New-Orleans, or PERRY less of a hero before the conflict of Erie?—It is but due to the deceased for us to state, what we have every reason to believe would have been the success, assured as we are of the abilities of Colonel SIMONS. We believe that the military part of his charac-



ter, like a rich and untried field, would have yielded an abundant harvest of renown to himself and his country. We believe that he would have fought his battles like CONDE, and managed his campaigns like TURENNE. We believe that, among all the honorable distinctions which he coveted, it was not the least, that of being foremost in the ranks of his country, and exposing his life for her safety and honor. And we hoped, that he might have lived for all these achievements, if the Almighty should again visit us with the calamities of war. And now that all these hopes are torn down and are prostrate, and earth beholds him no more, shall we not celebrate the fallen hero with the funeral notes of war?

“ Such honors Ilion to her hero paid

“ And peaceful slept the mighty Hector’s shade.”

The duties of a Soldier, a Lawyer, or a Statesman are only occasional, but those of a Citizen are of daily occurrence and exercise. They are the common habiliments by which we are known and recognized; and, where did they appear so advantageously as



in the demeanour of our deceased friend.—  
 If temperance and self-denial—if firmness and integrity—if the love of man and reverence of the Almighty be the massy foundations of a good character—on these his reputation rests immovably. If generosity, disinterestedness, courtesy, public spirit, and romantic honor, be the Corinthian ornaments of this life, these were his living wreath, now, alas! the withered garland on his grave.

Individuals confided to his guardianship, their dearest interests, their happiness, and their honor; and, in seasons of public danger, the wise took counsel of him. When popular phrenzy seized the unthinking multitude, who, like he, could stay the agitated waters, and spreading over them the tranquillity of his own bosom, restore Reason to her helm. Who, like he, could sooth and pacify the sensibilities of the young, incensed by erroneous conceptions and burning for revenge.

If it were only known, my friends, what disputes he has terminated—what personal

conflicts his wisdom and humanity prevented: how many wives would bless him for their husbands—how many sisters for their brothers—how many mothers for their sons, saved from the snares of false honor, for life and eternity? He who preserved the life of a Roman Citizen was rewarded with a civic crown, and the brightest trait in the character of the Emperor of Russia, is the solicitude with which he sought, successfully, to restore the life of a peasant, who apparently was drowned. But actions, as useful and heroic as these, were frequently occurrences in the life of SIMONS. He would have graced any throne upon earth—none of its sceptres could ennoble him. And when such a man falls and the shadows of the grave thicken around him—when such a renowned pillar tumbles from its base and lies in splendid fragments at our feet—while we weep over its ruins, let us examine its materials.

Had gold any thing to do with the beautiful column of SIMONS' renown? No! my friends, this is no trophy of the rich. Did

it rest on the pride of ancestry? No! it had not so decayed a foundation. Was it a momentary offering for a solitary achievement? No! my friends, it grew by day and by night, by the constant accretion of his virtues. It is a solid column, and will bear, (in the language of *Junius*) all the laurels that adorn it.

If grief flows in a thousand channels through our city, and our whole community mourns his loss—what, think you, are the sorrows of the friends of Mr. SIMONS, who were close to his heart, and drank of that pure fountain of benevolence? The friendship of a great man has been called a blessing of heaven. Is there a friend of Mr. SIMONS who did not so regard it? Is there one who did not feel ameliorated in his society—honored by his countenance and charmed by the artless sweetness of his manners? He was, indeed, a friend. His counsel—his sympathy—the best wishes of his heart—the proudest efforts of his eloquence, were his gratuitous offerings at the shrine of Friendship. He threw himself,

magnanimously, out of view, when he contemplated the necessities of those he loved. He lifted his arm—he bared his bosom—he exposed his life in their defence—“*non ille pro caris amicis nec patria timidus perire.*” His affections were warm as the vital stream of his heart—coldness belongs only to the grave! He is cold now! Alas! he is in the silent tomb. The green sod is on him! We cannot awake him!—if we could, how would his manly heart mourn for the sorrows of his friends, and, for our sakes, he might wish to return among us.

If not for ours, yet for the sake of those nearer and dearer objects of his affection, who being entwined around him, and gazing on him with delight, and looking up to him with reverence, are fallen with him and are desolate. Once more to unbend himself in his darling home, to listen to the artless prattle of his little innocents, and to cheer the sight of his venerable father.

Be not afflicted, excellent old man—thy griefs are thy country’s. Our citizens clung around thee, and intercepted the arrow in-

tended for thy bosom—we have all thy sorrow, but none of thy consolations. Thou wast his father!—CORNELIA had not half the reason to boast of the GRACCHI, that thou hast to praise thy son. We cannot restore him to thee—we cannot supply his place; but all of us will be to thee as children. Be not afflicted, there are blessings in death. The Greeks thought those blessed who died young, the heathen world apotheosized the great, and our holy religion cheers the dying Christian with the promise of eternal bliss. Nothing but a firm faith in that religion, and those promises, could have enabled our friend to meet death as he did. His whole life was governed by Christian humility, nor have we any reason to believe that ever his conscience reproved him twice.

Where is he?—where his ethereal part?—his soul? Suppose, that on this day the earth should be annihilated, the heavens rent asunder, and the SON OF GOD should appear to judge us for our deeds. Methinks I see my friend arise in white garments at

the Bar of Eternity—he is silent, but his actions plead for him—they only are orators. The angels are his witnesses. May we not hope that the Judge of Heaven and of Earth will decide in his favor, and that SIMONS lives forever and is happy?

We survive to mourn him, and not *him* only; but, as if there was not in the magnitude of our affliction enough to excite and overwhelm our sensibilities, the same day, the same hour, the same moment, tore from us the kindred spirits of SIMONS and of RUTLEDGE. (*d*) Here is another and a fruitful source of tears. While memory fondly lingers on the unfinished portrait of one departed friend, she is called away to retrace the faded beauties of another. It would do them wrong to separate the memorial of those, to whom the Almighty gave one heart, one existence, one grave. Allied in principle and in affection—allied, also, in their military career, they leaned upon each other like NISUS and EURYALUS, with brotherly ardour, and like them they died together.—Heaven was kind to both, in as much as

it allowed not either to know the fate of his friend. It was cruel to them, because it denied to both the eulogy of either.

' They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they  
 " were not divided. They were swifter than eagles—They were  
 " stronger than lions. How are the mighty fallen ! and the weapons  
 " of war perished."

For myself, my friends, if you will bear with my private griefs at the death of these distinguished Orators and polished men, and able Statesmen—here would I speak of them for myself.

They were my early guides and counselors. I loved and followed them, "*haud æquis passibus.*" I sailed under their convoy, bore their flag, and little did I think, that these two magnificent vessels would, in one miserable hour, founder on either side of me, and leave my little skiff surviving at the mercy of the winds and the waves.







## NOTES.

(a) Our city is familiar with the early and uncommon acquirements in Natural Science of the late Professor CHARLES DEWAR SIMONS, of the College of South-Carolina: It will long cherish with fond regret the memory of his brother the Rev. JAMES D. SIMONS, the pious and persuasive Rector of St. Philip's Church: And it does not require me to name the remaining object of this allusion, who happily still lives to achieve the triumphs of the Medical art, and in the death of his distinguished relatives to mourn over its defeat.

(b) MR. EDWARD RUTLEDGE, (at his death, governor of this State) was distinguished by his early devotion to the cause of American Independence. He was one of the ablest Statesmen of Carolina, in that untried and perilous hour, when liberty was to be won, and to be secured through the jeopardies of civil war.—The powerful advocate of public rights in the Senate; at the Bar he defended with equal ability, the rights of individuals. He was gifted with a graceful and dignified exterior, and spoke with a soft and silver eloquence.

(c) There was a humble youth, without family, fortune or favor, who broke through the shadows of obscurity, and by the light of his talents, virtues and industry, came to shine out upon us with a cheerful lustre. While some were picking pebbles on the sea-shore, and others gazing idly on the billows, he was climbing, unassisted, from cleft to cleft up the rocky precipice of renown, whose towering heights seemed to frown upon, but

could not intimidate him. He mastered them all, and his native State enjoyed the fruit and the honor of his labour: But, as he rose, unfortunately for us, he became more conspicuous—Born for a wider horizon, he was demanded for a larger sphere, and So. Carolina gave him to the wishes of the union, with pride and with reluctance. When Mr. CHEVES was thus taken from his high judicial station among us, the eyes of the State instantly turned towards KEATING LEWIS SIMONS, as to a kindred mind and spirit, to wear his honored robes; and the line of Virgil, occurred to every one—“*uno avulso non deficit alter.*” They had been contemporary at the Bar, and in the Legislature, enjoying equally the esteem of each other and of the public. Like GLAUCUS and DIOMED, they were friendly even in their contests—each of them appearing anxious to yield the triumph to his opponent. The youth of our city looked up to them both as models and instructors. Now, alas! they have lost them both.

The absent may be eulogized as well as the dead; but it is not with any view to praise, but merely to give to a good action whatever little circulation this feeble memorial may afford it, that I relate one of the instances of the high-minded generosity of Mr. CHEVES, in his profession:—Having understood that a young member of the Bar was about to make his *debut* in an Insurance Case, on the opposite side to Mr. CHEVES—that gentleman waited on him, and expressing much interest in his success, tendered to him his own notes, containing his arguments and authorities that he might, if possible, anticipate and reply to them—thus sweetly lending his own learning and labour to the youthful necessities of his friend.

Anxious to mingle with the memorial of Mr. SIMONS the fragrance of every virtue, I have thus endeavoured to unite the names of those, who were alike worthy of the affection, which each bore to the other.

(d) General JOHN RUTLEDGE, commanding the 7th Brigade of South-Carolina Militia, died in Philadelphia on the 1st Sept. 1819. Those who knew him, and he enjoyed a general acquaintance, and had many friends throughout the union, will not require this humble notice to remind them of his various talents and virtues. Those who knew him not, brief as it is, may yet learn from it, how much they have lost who were denied the happiness of his society, and lived not within the influence of his fascinating manners. His person attracted the attention, which his conversation never failed to reward. There was a manly dignity in his air, with which his mind and his heart accorded. He was brave and generous, and so exceedingly polished that he gave new charms to society, for which he was most happily designed. He studied the comfort of all within his sphere, and was fruitful in cheerful and consoling topics, so that he appeared to wish for every one what every one wished for himself. Blest with powers of keen observation, a strong memory, an expressive countenance and a winning elocution, all classes listened to him with delight—for he could adapt himself with facility to them all. He was an Orator. Nature had fitted him for persuasion, and his senatorial efforts are incorporated with those of BAYARD, of MORRIS and of AMES, among the specimens and models of American eloquence. Such is a faint miniature of General RUTLEDGE. Farewell gallant spirit !

“ Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus have paid,

“ Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade.”















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