

ORATION,

DELIVERED AT

THE REQUEST OF

THE REPUBLICAN CITIZENS

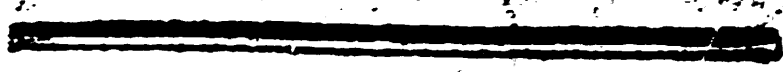
OF

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

ON THE

FOURTH JULY,

MDCCCIX.



BY JOSEPH BARTLETT.



Portsmouth.

PRINTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE,

W. WEEKS...PRINTED



THE Committee of Arrangements for the celebration of our National Independence, in behalf of the REPUBLICAN CITIZENS of Portsmouth, present their thanks to the Hon. Mr. BARTLETT, for the elegant and patriotic Oration, delivered by him this day ; and request that he would favor them with a copy thereof for publication:

We have the honor to be,
Sir, your obedient servants,

E. WENTWORTH, } Committee
TIMO. UPHAM, } of
T. W. PENHALLOW, } Arrangements

4th July, 1809.



Portsmouth, 4th July, 1809.

GENTLEMEN,

MY own wishes will ever yield to the request of "the REPUBLICAN CITIZENS of Portsmouth." The Oration is yours. Extend the same candor in the perusal, as was exercised at the delivery, and I shall be satisfied.

I am, GENTLEMEN, very sincerely,
Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH BARTLETT.

Messrs. E. WENTWORTH, } Committee
TIMOTHY UPHAM, } of
T. W. PENHALLOW, } Arrangements.



ORATION.



“ON earth peace, good will toward men,” was the proclamation of angels to a regenerate world. Equal rights, and equal laws, was the charter of freedom to the new born sons of America. Millions were born in a day, who, by the Ithuriel touch of **INDEPENDENCE**, from the enfeebled state of infancy, arose to the muscular strength and information of manhood. **“The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”**

To call to our painful recollection, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the birth and death of nations, will impress the mind with those virtues which raised them to distinguished glory and honor, and teach us to avoid those destructive measures, which caused them to languish, which accelerated their ruin. Where are the nations of former days? Where are the republics of ancient times? Where is imperial Rome? Where the wisdom of her senate? Where her heroes, statesmen and orators? Where the numerous, victorious armies of Carthage? Where the patriotic citizens of Sparta and Athens? Buried in the grave of destiny, not a wreck is left behind of all their greatness. Who can mark the place where Cicero, by his persuasive eloquence, melted into tears the firmness of a Roman senate? Who can designate where Demosthenes, by the thunder of his oratory, roused into action the slumbering energies of his country? Who can tell where Cæsar bled, or Alexander conquered? The tomb of forgetfulness has long since wiped from our memories these great and memorable events, and a sickly, painful impression rests on the mind.

Is a republican government of ephemeral growth? Cannot a constitution of equal rights and equal laws exist? Does imperious necessity demand; does the God of nature command, that millions should bow before a throne, and obey the voice of one man, governed by his passions, directed by his unprincipled, arbitrary will? The existence of our free and equal government, loudly proclaims, that virtue and information are only requisite to carry into operation, and to continue in native purity and simplicity, a government of "*laws* and not of *men*," until the angel of God shall swear "that time shall be no longer."

The AMERICAN REPUBLIC has completed *thirty-three* years; and this the joyful anniversary of its birth. On this occasion let temperate joy, and innocent mirth, be the order of the day. Let the fullen brow of the misanthrope be banished from our circle. Let intemperate party heat be expelled from our hearts. Let us consider ourselves as belonging to one common family—forget all our wrongs, and remember that we are brethren. "Let us eat our bread with thankfulness, and drink our wine with a merry heart, and praise the God of our fathers."

Can it be necessary on this day to call your recollection to the darkened scenes of SEVENTY-FIVE? when every face gathered paleness, and every heart trembled with watchful apprehension for the safety of his country; when the thunder was heard from a distance; when the tempest of war approached our dwellings; when the political hemisphere was curtained with blackness; when every friend of his country arose in his might; exposed his breast, and made bare his arm, in defence of his wife, his children, his household gods and his fire-side; when our towns and our cities were wrapt in flames; our fellow men slaughtered, left on the field exposed to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the forest; when our captured citizens were buried in prison-ships, shut out from air, deprived of food and clothing,

coolly murdered, to satisfy the deliberate malice of our immacable enemies, and sent “unanoited, with “all r sins upon their heads,” before the presence of their God—when our women were outraged and violated, and those temples consecrated to Almighty God, prophaned by the hireling troops of Britain—when a smile on the face was like a sunbeam on the ocean, which the next undulation of the wave effaces. At this awful, eventful period, when despondence even to lethargy—when despair, even to madness, had seized on every class of our citizens—our wise men discovered the STAR OF LIBERTY—it was a light to their path, it was a guide to their doubtful, trembling steps—it rested on the banks of the Potomac—it pointed them to the political savior of his country—it directed them to WASHINGTON. So long as gratitude is a virtue ; so long as the mind shall love pleasure, and shrink from pain ; until time is lost in eternity ; we will tell to our children and they to their children, until the third and fourth generation, the greatness, the goodness, and the services of a WASHINGTON.

Peace to the ashes of our country's friend,
Lie undisturb'd till time shall have an end ;
*Till God shall wake the slumbering, mould'ring clay,
And on death's midnight pour the living day :
With power divine, reanimate this clod,
And he possess the paradise of God.

One great, one collected exertion was necessary. TO LIVE FREE, OR DIE NOBLY, was one and undivided sentiment from Georgia to Maine. The gordian knot, which bound us to Great-Britain, was cut asunder. The curtain of *passive obedience* and *non-resistance* which concealed the temple of liberty, was rent in twain, and to our astonished, enraptured sight appeared over the portal of the temple, written in capitals, and margined with gold, the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. The sentiments electrified the soul, gave strength to energy, and was as convincing to the mind as the thunders of Sinai. This

magna charta of our liberty, was written by the hand of a master. It was written by a friend to his country. By a man who put every thing at hazard on the result of that day—and so long as the pulsations of our hearts beat, towards him they will throb with gratitude. By a man whom the Americans have ever delighted to honor.

We know the man—'tis freedom's favorite son,
Our country's boast—his name is JEFFERSON.

Our revolutionary heroes and statesmen, one after another, have fallen before the all destructive hand of time—they have “gone to another and a better world,” and “the places which once knew them will know them no more forever.” Their virtues we will embalm in our grateful hearts—their patriotism we will teach posterity to imitate. The faithful historian will record their worth, and the harmonious numbers of the poet celebrate their actions. Their tombs, in future ages, will be visited with veneration by the lisping infant, and the hoary head; they will point to the spot where WASHINGTON fought—where WARREN died—where MONTGOMERY bled. They will pluck the flowers that grow around their tombs, as a sacred relic of their departed greatness.

Among the earliest and most distinguished of our revolutionary patriots, we feel a pride in enrolling the name of the second president of the union. He was in the councils of our nation, watching over the interests of his country, when many who now anathematize him, were “muling and puling in their nurses arms.” He was negotiating a loan with Holland, for the benefit of his country, when those who now revile him were calling on the rocks and the mountains to cover them from the British lion; and had America fallen, Mr. ADAMS would have been among the first sacrifices to British vengeance, whilst many, who now execrate him, would have received pensions from their *gracious royal master*. He

left the happiness of domestic life, the bosom of his country, to reside as our minister at an European court, when many, who now slander him, were embodied with the armies of our enemies, or seeking refuge under the royal banner. He was negotiating a peace, and settling permanently with Great-Britain the independence of our country, when many who now call him "*dotard*," were indulging on beds of down, and possessing the conveniences and luxuries which his early exertions procured for his country. While we tread lightly over many of the last acts of his administration, and regret that in any degree they cast a shade over any part of his well earned glory, let us recollect how powerfully he was surrounded, how forcibly he was urged. At this moment he loved his country. If mistaken in his measures, his wishes were for her happiness. The motives, not the actions, should ever have an influence on our minds.

The God of nature doth most wisely scan
The motives, not the actions, of a man.

When the patriots of our country are enrolled in the impartial page of history; when their statues grace the niches in the temple of fame, a conspicuous place will be assigned for the name and for the bust of JOHN ADAMS.

Whilst we, fellow citizens, celebrate, on this day, the anniversary of our revolution; whilst we contrast our dignified and happy situation with the dependent colonies of Great-Britain and imperial France, we should sacredly preserve, without violation, the constitution of the United States; which protects our persons, secures our property, and defends our lives. We should surround this palladium of our civil and religious liberties, solemnly covenanting with ourselves and with each other, that we will preserve inviolate this glorious confederacy, against every encroachment, whether carried on by open violence; or secret corruption. Like the ark

among the Israelites, it should never be touched by unhallowed hands. Our government was a voluntary association of our own. It was formed by wise and honest men, delegated from among ourselves; and who had at heart the best interest of our common country. They considered the habits and the genius of a great and powerful people. They calculated it to restore to health and vigor our national debility. This constitution is the parent of liberty, the patron of learning, the nurse of heroes, and the dominion of the laws. By this constitution, every citizen, possessing the legal qualifications, can elect or be elected to office. All sovereignty rests in the people. They make and unmake at pleasure; and so long as the right of suffrage is independently exercised, Americans will remain free. The moment this principle is shaken, our rights and our liberties must be prostrated, and an elective government will be a mere dead letter in Freedom's calendar. It is the ~~foundation~~ ^{basis} of an elective government, that the right of suffrage should be uncontrolled by party heat, private hate, or interested views. We should unite and swear, like Hannibal on the altar, that we will support this great principle of our government in its native purity, with our lives, with our honor, and with our fortunes—and frown indignantly on every man who dares to violate it. Break down this altar of freedom, and the tree of liberty which our fathers have planted will wither, and no fruit, in favor of the rights of man, ripen on its branches. Men of sound republican principles—men of chastised correct morals—men of enlarged views and intelligent minds, should ever command your support.

A well directed jealousy, in republics, may be considered as the grand basis on which they stand, and must be continued. The moment this sleeps, rulers will become tyrants, freemen vassals. Public men, and public measures, every citizen has an unalienable right to examine. This scrutiny has been carried to

a degree of licentiousness, in our nation, unequalled in any country, among any people. The robes of office have been held up to public view, at which every envenomed assassin has been suffered to point his poisoned arrow. The heyday frolics of boyish days, the foibles of maturer years, have been exposed to the mercy of a merciless world—and the social circle, and the friendly fire-side, has been destroyed by bitter party invective. If one spot has been discovered in the character of man, it has, by misrepresentation, or more direct falsehood, spread like the leprosy over the whole mass. “No might, no greatness in mortality can censure scape—back wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes.”

The tide of party zeal has risen high. By its desolating waves, social intercourse has been driven from our houses—friends have been estranged—families divided—our executive traduced—our administration censured—and our government threatened with ruin. A few restless, disappointed men, have dreamed of crowns, mitres and diadems, and thought no heads were fit to wear them but their own. Thank God, the virtue of the American people has nobly resisted every attempt to subvert the liberties of our country. With the illustrious MADISON to command the ship of the union, aided by the veteran CLINTON, and supported by the republican congressional phalanx, we may laugh at the impotent threats of the designing and ambitious.

We may, fellow citizens, felicitate ourselves, that should the standard of rebellion be unfurled in our country—should our shores be invaded by a foreign power, distinctions would die; our country's good our only aim. Should the tempest of war, which has so long desolated Europe, roll towards our shores, we would unite in forming a firm mound against its destructive waves. We would cheerfully relinquish our particular callings, to assist the general safety.

The hardy yeomanry of our country would readily quit the plough and the pruning hook, and assume the instruments of war, to reap a rich harvest of military glory. The merchant would leave the mart of trade, to pay a tribute due to insolent invaders. The professors of law, would exchange the forum for the camp, to plead the cause of their country, with the voice of the cannon, and the eloquence of the sword. The physicians, would resign private practise to dress the wounds and administer to the comfort of the warrior—and the clergy, would obtain leave of absence from the pulpit, to pray in the field to the God of armies, to give victory to the troops of his country, and to preach and practice the virtues of soldiers. “What nation on earth is equal to this people!”

The year eighteen hundred eight was an eventful era in the history of our country. Britain and France, feeling power and forgetting right, destroyed our commerce, pillaged our property, impressed our seamen, and threatened our independence. We witnessed with indignation their insults to this government—their falsehoods and calumnies against the administration. There never has been a period since the memorable 1776, when wisdom and firmness was more requisite in our administration—virtue and self-denial necessary in the citizens. To save the country from the horrors and destructive consequences of war—to defend our hardy seamen from capture and imprisonment, and to secure our property in our harbors, stern necessity commanded a suspension of commerce, until those kingdoms, who had violated the rights of nations, should feel and do justice—see and be ashamed of their piratical aggressions. The embargo was severely felt by all orders, and by all classes of our citizens. Commerce was dead—agriculture paralyzed—industry was languishing in our towns, our cities and our counties. The president was anathematized, in public and in private, by thousands. He was “armed so strong in honesty,”

their curses fell harmless at his feet, and he fast to his integrity. The passions of the people inflamed and excited—they had confidence in their rulers, and obeyed the laws. The fortunate result, must be convincing “as proof of holy writ,” to the most inflexible partizan, the most obdurate unbeliever. They must confess, that it was the only measure, which could have produced so happy an effect—removed the restrictions on our trade, given employment to our citizens, and restored our beloved country to its former high and prosperous situation. We feel a confidence, that we shall again navigate the ocean, free from insult, capture or robbery, from any nation under heaven. Our ships will in future, ride safe, in every quarter of the globe, and meet with a friendly reception, in every clime, and from every nation; and the victorious stripes, wave triumphant in sight of the once terrible, now passive, flag of Britain. President MADISON, with a magnanimity which does him immortal honor, declares, in his message to congress, that his illustrious predecessor was always ready to receive the same terms of accommodation from Great-Britain, which the present administration accepted.

Agriculture will ever receive the support of the fostering hand of government. It is an antient, an honorable employment. God planted the garden of Eden, and in a state of innocence placed man. It was the favorite occupation of the first consuls of imperial Rome—and the cultivated heights of Vernon, will evidence the attachment of the first president of the union. A government should ever be cautious in imposing those taxes, which fall most heavily on the cultivators of the soil. Happy yeomanry of New-Hampshire! no rapacious landlord have claims on your industry. No *dry* tax-gatherers can wrest from you the reward of your honest labor. Being industrious, your lands will yield its increase, and a plentiful harvest of good things await you, and

only those drones in nature's hive, will ever say, "what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed?" See, the lofty hill, the lowly plain, the fertile meadow, and the bending forest, all invite you to labor. Planted by you, the hills shall be loaded with fruit, and covered with flocks and with herds. Cultivated by you, the plains shall be white with harvest. With your care and attention, the meadow will yield a more abundant increase. In those places where once sprung the thorn and the nettle, now shall grow the rose and the lily. "The mountains shall rejoice and be glad, and the little hills clap their hands with delight."

To support the constitution, in its original simplicity, the Mechanic Arts must be encouraged and patronized, by every individual of our country. This will lessen our imports—increase our exports—find bread for the poor—increase the property of the rich—reward the industrious citizen for his exertion to diminish the luxuries of Europe, and prevent our streets and our houses being loaded with the expensive manufactures of foreign climes. To produce this happy change in our nation, the example of LADIES, ever had, and ever will deservedly have, the happiest and most efficient effect. "Nature, when unadorned, is adorned the most." Nature, in russet, is superior to affectation in embroidery. Expensive decorations never made a form agreeable, that was once deformed—or made a face more lovely, that was always charming. Should any man be hardy enough to refuse following so excellent, so patriotic, so praise-worthy an example, a frown from our charming countrywomen will restore him to his senses—a smile be esteemed a generous reward.

The respectability, the happiness, the existence, of a free, equal, and independent government, rest with safety on a well regulated, disciplined militia. In war they save the nation—in peace they check the licentious, daring, ambitious individual, from raising

his hand against the liberties of his country. They repel foreign invasion, and render useless, that curse of civilization, that scourge of all free governments, a permanent standing army. In all countries in which such a body of regular troops exist, liberty is a mere name; and the subjects, although nominally free, are actually slaves. They are as fatal to every vestige of freedom, as the tree of Java, to the vegetables of the field. They are mere machines to the tyrant who governs, and dance and march to any tune he plays. Thank heaven, our citizens, are soldiers—our soldiers, are citizens. They cultivate the arts of war, to preserve the blessings of peace. To-day they point the cannon, unsheath the sword, and direct the arrow, being ready to make them drunk, with the blood of the enemies of their country—tomorrow, they exchange the destructive instruments of war, for the peaceful implements of husbandry and the mechanic arts. America united, may defy all the powers on earth.

Should Europe's hosts again, once more unite,
Land on our shores, and rashly dare to fight;
We'd rise a column on th' extended plain,
Chastise our foes, or perish with the slain.

The union of the States, must and will be preserved. This will ever secure us against insurrections at home, or aggressions from abroad. Is there any man among us so rash, so desperate, so traitorously inclined, as to dare advocate a severance of the States? Let him recollect, the continual wars between Athens and Sparta—let him reflect, if an event so greatly to be deprecated, should ever arise, there could be no resting place for mild peace on our shores. She must wing her flight to some other ark of safety, and the bloody flag of civil discord be unfurled, in the centre of this continent. Licentious and unprincipled men, hurried forward by the fever of passion—excited by intemperate ambition, and blinded by the jaundice of dominion, would each strive, either by

the sword, or by their intrigues, alternately to govern some section of the union. Darkness and horror would overshadow our country, until some aspiring citizen would "ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm;" and, like the fortunate Corsican, rise to the head of a great and a powerful nation. "What God has joined together, let no man attempt to put asunder."

It is a disgrace to the cause we support, to the country we inhabit, to have the existence of any *foreign influence* in our nation. We are AMERICANS! We love our country—we own no sovereign but our GOD—we are obedient to no authority but that which we clothe with power, and the laws which govern us. Thank GOD, no sceptered blockhead is clothed with imperial purple, or shakes his rod of oppression over our happy land. Thank HEAVEN, no pampered prelate lords it over our consciences. We pluck the fruit from the tree of liberty, which is planted and flourishes in nature's garden, which has been fostered by the hands of freemen, and watered by the united streams of equal LAWS, and equal RIGHTS. Let this tree forever flourish—let it be guarded like the tree of life, in Eden's garden, to protect the fruit that grows on its branches, from the unhallowed, withered touch of tyranny.

Our national prosperity, since the adoption of the federal constitution, is without a parallel, in antient or modern story, and unequalled by any nation under heaven. This chosen quarter of the earth, contrasted with either of the others, is like Benjamin in the house of the Egyptian lord, whose portion was five times as much as the rest. We possess, Americans, a continent in which is contained all that will delight the senses, all that will gratify the investigating, philosophic mind—a variety of soil, difference of climate, an extensive sea-coast, large and navigable rivers, bearing on their bosoms, all that our imagination can paint, all that our necessities can require, into

the heart of our country. Is there a man here present, who wishes for an exchange of countries—the destruction of our present government? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 'Tis as I expected—we love our country—we are AMERICANS. Are there any here who do not love their country? if any such, let them be transplanted to the European shores, where, if they are not blasted, with the pestiferous breath of oppression, they will languish for the friends they have left—for the government they have deserted. Yet all these advantages within our reach, will vanish, as the “baseless fabric of a vision,” unless we respect the laws, and choose wise and honest men to administer our government. Men who have been our friends in the worst of times—men who possess sound republican principles—men whose heads are blanched by time, and whose minds are matured with understanding—men who court no applause but that of their God—who ask no office except the praise-worthy one of serving their fellow-men. Of men, who, when they retire from office, will receive the thanks of a grateful people, “with all their blushing honors thick about them.” Let us all, my friends and fellow-citizens, feelingly unite to preserve our constitution, and our laws—then will America avoid the desolating scenes of horror witnessed this day in Europe. Will you, my friends, in imagination, visit with me the crimsoned fields of war. See the frantic mother, stalking with all the madness of despair, over the field of battle. Hear the father, like David, in the agony of his soul, lamenting the death of a favorite son. See the fond wife, clinging to the body of an expiring, affectionate husband, anxious to catch the last word that flutters on his lips. See the tear rolling down the furrowed cheek of age. Hear the unbidden sigh bursting from the heart. View thousands agonizing in the arms of death. See those who once rolled in luxury, “fared sumptuously every day ;

“clothed in scarlet and fine linen,” houseless and forlorn, having not where to lay their wretched heads. That God of mercy, who “tempers the storm to the new shorn lamb,” will preserve them. View those fields in which the grass waved luxuriantly, laid waste by those sons of plunder. The fire seizes the lofty palace, and the lowly cottage, and they are buried in one undistinguished ruin. “Is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the store of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the men,” who glut themselves with blood, and revel on the destruction of their country.

These are some of the *bleſſed effects* resulting from hereditary governments, and standing armies—these the advantages arising from the feverish intemperate ambition of purpled emperors, and sceptred kings. Let such rulers be as loud, and as boisterous as they please, in favor of LIBERTY, and the EQUAL RIGHTS OF MAN—who will give credence, when their actions speak more forcibly than words. Although Europe is drenched with blood, and each man’s hand is raised against his brother, Americans will possess peace, and the blessings flowing from rational liberty. We look forward with an eager, prophetic eye, to the happy time, when our shores shall become an asylum to the persecuted and oppressed of all nations, and a safe refuge for every son and daughter of distress—when scions shall be taken from the tree of liberty, and engrafted in every quarter of the globe, where they shall bud, blossom, and bear fruit—when kingdoms, empires and nations, shall be solemnized in viewing those EQUAL LAWS, and in admiring those EQUAL RIGHTS which has given to AMERICANS the first place in the MAP of the WORLD—and to our CITIZENS, the most distinguished rank among the NATIONS of the EARTH.