

## ORATION,

Delivered at Williamsburgh, Massachusetts, July 4, 1803.

BY NOAH BODMAN, ESQUIRE.

*The following production having been presented to the Public in a very incorrect and indecent dress by the instigation of a few designing characters, who have aggravated and multiplied the errors which had crept into the manuscript, in such manner as to make the author and his work appear ridiculous—he feels it a duty incumbent on himself, to give the candid public an exact copy of his Oration as spoken, submitting its merits or demerits to their judgment. The reader will recollect, that only one hour's notice was given to prepare the draft; in which time, it could not be expected that a volume would be written, or the greatest attention paid to grammar and punctuation, even by men of far greater abilities than your humble servant.*

THE AUTHOR.

**H**AIL Columbia! Hail America! Sons of the new world, reflect back to your infant state, when, even when your mother Columbus first concerted the plan of a new world on this side the vast, the roaring Atlantic—How did his generous soul petition one monarch and power of Europe after another to second his glorious enterprizes? What unremitting exertions fired his angelic soul in petitioning the sovereigns of the east for some small assistance? At length the great Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Spain, lent a helping hand to his assistance for a short time, and he, with his ships and crews, after passing almost infinite dangers, at length made one of the islands of the new world—Though Americus, afterwards, through the treachery of the Court of Spain, fraudulently gave this country the name of America, therefore she now does, and ever will bear the name of America. Then let us ponder a moment and consider this vast tract of territory under its new name, designed by the God of heaven to be the great paradise and garden of God. And to this end, see armies from Europe emigrating, the servants of Christ removing, savages in America flying, the thunder of Jehovah roaring, the swords of Seraphs waving, Ensigns of heaven glittering, the arm of the Lord revealing, and all to prepare the way for the first christian settlers of the western world, then a dark and dreary region the very suburbs of hell.

But hark! Our forefathers have now landed on the shore of America, and set up the standard of the Lord of hosts, now hear the diabolical yell, the infernal war-hoop, of the more than infernal savages, hear the shrill, shrill echoes of those demons of hell, half glutted with blood, perhaps of a neighbor, a husband, a parent tom-

ahawked to death and crying, O neighbor! O wife! O child! here I lie mangled to death, the Lord avenge me, heaven protect you, O my parting soul must bid you a long, long farewell. Contemplate a moment the awful sacking, and burning of the town of Deerfield. What bright horror, what conflagration, what distress filled the souls of the poor inhabitants, when they found themselves intirely in the hands of their merciless enemies. At this time, the whole French nation was engaged in the general massacre; Satan poured in his Myrmidons upon America from every quarter.—But hark! Glorious news! A Wolf breaks forth from the military of England, the thunder of our parents rolls toward the north-Canada, that den of monsters trembles, the plains of Abraham quake, the heart of Montcalm palpitates, his body bows and does obeisance, and seems to respect our hero; Wolf thunders in his ears resign Quebeck! give up in a moment your darling project of enslaving America; of glutting your blood thirsty souls with the carnage of American innocents.

Terms of an honorary battle are concluded, no cannon are to play, caution possesses the mind of brave Wolf, placing his infantry in front, he very wisely concealed his artillery in the rear, so that as soon as the battle began, Montcalm opened his wings, and his artillery began to roar, and our brave hero ever prepared for the worst, opened a tremendous fire on the French, which from both armies, caused a destruction of twenty thousand men, in the term of twenty minutes. Then fell that horrid papal power, in that part of the world—Let us notice the intervention of the God of battles; and in this event, glorify his name to proceed on from Revolution, to Revolution, when God was our safe guard, and protector. Let us proceed on our way, marking the foot steps of Jehovah, and thanking the angel of his presence, down, down to the American Revolutionary war, till which time, the kings and queens of England had been nursing fathers, and nursing mothers, to the American world.

But hark! Nature is now changing! The crown and cabinet of England are turning monsters! George the third sends his demands, and threats in case of non-compliance: His majesty sends forth his Sir William Howes, his Clintons his Caltons, his Cornwallises, his Burgoynes, to ~~save~~ the American people to submission; and his Thomas Gages to govern them. But see, the spirit of seventy five arises, the electric fire catches from Georgia to the Maine, resistance is the word, the British cabinet contemplate, enterprising generals council, ensigns fall, drums beat swords glitter, musquets play, bayonets leap, ~~cannon~~ roar, Lexington groans, Bunker-Hill be-

comes a scene of carnage, a general horror reigns through the land. The word conquer or die, our rights are invaded. Until in the important struggle, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy six, on this same 4th day of July, we were in the face of all Europe and the wide world, declared a free, sovereign, and independent people. What infinite mercies and privileges, have we since that time enjoyed?

See! now a bright, and effulgent star arises? with refulgent beams, to enlighten our dark and political hemisphere—and whilst the proud powers of Europe, are coming forth against us, with all their shields, and helmets of brass, and of iron, like Goliath of old, we march forth under our new leader with only a sling and a stone. Yes, O Washington! for thy name alone is a host! Under this heroic and sun of the west what battles have we fought? what glories achieved? what armies conquered? what nations humbled? what wealth amassed? what happiness accumulated? what energies sustained, what ~~popularity~~? what popularity? what firmness and glory among the nations of the earth?

O Washington! Washington! How didst thou step forth and thy services offer, and thy invaluable blood proffer to America, when thy circumstances were infinitely independent? How didst thou lead forth the little American army to victory, from one time to another, until the war was happily concluded. And then how didst thou grace the presidential chair of state? and what a father hast thou been, ever been to thy country? How didst thou consider the weak and infantine situation of the state governments? And how did thy noble soul beat with ardent desires, to rear a firm, and confederate, system of government to leave as a legacy to thy sons. But after thou hadst so completely performed the part given thee of God, to act as the saviour of thy country, we are constrained to say, (yes, the mournful scene is realised from Georgia to Maine;) Washir-ton the great is dead, is dead! Let us follow the steps of this great and good man—Let us rally round the standard of Independence, revere the name, and practise the virtues of a Washington. Let religion, the religion of our fore-fathers, be our pole Star, unanimity our creed, benevolence our practice, war our last resort, happiness our end, and glory our reward.

F I N I S.

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