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SEPT 9 - 1922

ORATION

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AMERICA.

PRONOUNCED AT KENNEBUNK—July 4th, 1893.

By SAMUEL EMERSON, A. M.

Printed by S. SEWALL, Kennebunk (Maine.)

1893.

SIR,

I AM directed by the Committee of Arrangements, to press to you, in behalf of themselves and others, who attended the celebration of this Anniversary, their acknowledgements, for your ingenious patriotic Oration ; and to request a copy for the press.

JOSEPH MOODY, *per Order.*

Kennebunk, July 4, 1803.

Dr. Samuel Emerson.

To the Committee, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

TO meet the approbation of my fellow citizens was ever my highest ambition. This very pointed expression through so respectable hands, calls for my most grateful acknowledgements and commands a compliance with your very polite request, however contrary to my decided intention. Accept then, my cordial thanks, and with the enclosed short effusion of the moment, dedicated to the candor of, I feel a too partial audience, as a testimony of the affectionate regard and high esteem for you and them, which will ever animate the heart of your
their

Obliged and respectful Friend and Fellow-Citizen,

S. EMERSON.

AN ORATION, &c.

UNEXPECTEDLY, Fellow Citizens, I rise to congratulate you on the return of another anniversary of your Independence. Liberty still hovers her lovely plumage over our country, and the sun rises this morning upon these States, still the freest, the happiest, the most pre-eminently blest of any spot of earth within the limits of his annual circuit.

To look back to that dark point in the horizon of time which has been moving now twenty-eight years towards the oblivion of past ages, and summon up to your view the strong images which then impelled your fathers and brethren to deeds of immortal fame, shall be the subject of the present address: that laying aside the political prejudices of the moment, all may join heart and hand, like the true sons of liberty in '76, in grateful effusions to the memory of entombed virtue, exalted merit and celestial protection.

Would to heaven my abilities were equal to the task of awakening in your breasts the sleeping principle that insulated America from all the world:—when, in the morning of our revolution, our parent country shook over us the rod of unlimited power:—when the parliament of Britain declared she had a right to tax us in all cases whatsoever, without allowing us the privileges of Englishmen:—could I do this, you would then feel as every true patriot ought to feel on the fourth of July.

What can be done?—was in every mouth : remonstrance upon remonstrance, petition upon petition, prayer upon prayer had been kicked with contempt from the footstool of a throne, at that time surrounded by sycophants, corruption and venality ! No more could be said, because no more would be heard. The despair of America raised her eyes, in solemn appeal from a court of tyranny on earth, to the judgment seat of heaven, and her weak infantine hands implored, with elevated devotion, the protection of the KING of Kings!—HE heard, and the lightning of true glory electrified the soul of every American.

No sooner were the plains of Lexington stained with innocent blood, by the hands of the slaves of power, than ever ploughshare became a sword, and every pruning-hook a spear. The long musket which before had obeyed the hunter's eye, fatal to the prowling beast of prey, now obeyed, with equal fidelity, the eye of the patriotic yeoman, single for his country's safety, and fatal to the prowling blood-wolves of oppression !

At Concord bridge the American spirit first burst forth : a precipitate flight ensued—the trees seemed armed with missile death, and strewed the road with the bodies of British troops like leaves of autumn. Here lay a train of dying wretches ! There blazed a peaceful farm-house ! There shrieked a ravished virgin ! and there bled a wounded son of liberty, encouraging his companions, and uttering a prayer for his beloved country with his last groan ! *Courage* was there, but the chariot of war, drawn by foaming steeds, and lashed on by temerity, needed the reins of discipline. Order fled from the dust of confusion, and the pursuit was like the thousand little torrents in the midst of a shower, be-

fore they are collected into a channel. The shout of battle was heard from Mississippi to St. Croix, and an unmarshalled multitude confined *Gage* and his cut-throats to the metropolis: to organize this wonderful collection was a task like that of creating a world out of Chaos. Where were your resources? You had none! Where were your arsenals and magazines? Secured by the enemy, and beyond your reach! Where was your system of taxation to supply the public exigence? Anarchy and confusion! Good God! is America now free? Can you believe your senses when you contemplate the broad stream of civil liberty and public felicity which overflows its banks like the Nile, fertilizing every part of this vast continent, and bringing forth fruit in richest perfection? Yet all this is true! Let me then call to your recollection the names of those worthies who purchased with their lives this inestimable treasure.

See *Prescott* entrenching on the heights of Charlestown. Anon five thousand veterans, headed by three Generals, march to attack him. *Howe* led the van: the descendant of old *John* of Gant, the boaster who afterwards met the fate his pride deserved, was next: Lord *Percy*, who reckoned his lineage back to and now enjoys the hereditary honors of the hero of Chevy-Chase, the third. The flames of a flourishing town and the shrieks of defenceless women and children form a dreadful symphony to the full chorus of horror which ensued! Three times the enemy's line was broken and retired! The Americans performed prodigies of valor! They fought till every ball was gone, and every kernel of powder burnt. *WARREN*, bravest among the brave! Then was the high meridian of thy glory, and thy great

Master called thee from labor to refreshment :—a sprig of never-fading cassia grows from thy grave, and shall flourish till the three great Pillars shall cease to enlighten, strengthen and adorn this sublunary world !—The slaughter of freedom's sons for a few moments was dreadful indeed ! Full well I remember the bloody scene—and well I may—for

———“*quæque ipse miserrima vidi*

Et quorum pars minima fui !”———VIRG.*

Notwithstanding our defeat, it was undoubtedly of vast importance to our cause ; it taught Britain the spirit of her insulted colonies, and struck her troops with a pallid panic that for a time paralyzed every exertion.

WASHINGTON comes—and with him system, order, discipline. GOD made him what he was, and blessed be his holy name.

Must we now follow the hero of Abram's plains through his glorious conquest of Canada ? Gladly would I lead you to St. Johns, Chamblee, Montreal, but ah ! I must stop at Quebec.—There he lies with his friend *M'Pberson* and almost all his brave companions, fallen low in the dust, a glorious sacrifice on the altar of Liberty : but the smoke arose on high and called for vengeance.

Now opens the darkest scene of our political drama.—Driven by the wisdom and forethought of our commander in chief, the British army flies from Boston and attacks Newyork.

A black cloud from the north of Europe, where tyranny clanks his chain and trafficks in human blood, a black cloud of

* The classic reader will excuse the use of the word *minima* for *magna* in the original—as the one was applied to the Trojan chief, the other to a boy of less than eleven years of age. The Author was then enrolled in Col. William Prescott's regiment, but was not in the engagement on account of his extreme youth for a soldier.

myrmidons augment their already formidable phalanx, and threaten, at a single stroke, to hew down the tree of liberty; and burn her beauteous branches in the furnace of despotism, now heated, like that of Babylon, to seven-fold rage.

But look, fellow-citizens, at a spectacle which has justly astonished every beholder. When this gloomy tempest was bursting, and its lightning in mid volley, see the Congress stand up and make a solemn declaration of INDEPENDENCE and the rights of humanity!—In this we glory—in this we boast a band of patriots which stands prominent on the picture of human greatness, and leaves Greece and Rome in the back-ground! The die is cast!—Liberty or death is stained on every feather of our Eagle in blood. This is the day we celebrate: this the charter our fathers bled to maintain, our brethren fought to establish! British rage now drives on the horrors of war with ten-fold fury. One fortress falls after another—our country bleeds at every vein—our army weakened and disheartened, naked and starved, flies before it! What remained? *Washington* alone for a time braved the whole. Trenton and Princetown witness him wresting the laurel from the grasp of victory herself.

Soon the morning dawns, and a brighter sun gilds our hemisphere; the whole country rise to arrest the rapid invasion from Canada; thousands flock to the standard of *Washington*; a permanent army is organized, and discipline reduces the chaos to order; Saratoga sees *Montgomery* most amply revenged; a whole army commanded by the first military character in the ministerial list, surrenders to *Gates* and *Lincoln*; the cordon is broken, and victory every where perches on our standard; Europe sees our success

and arms in our favor ; *Clinton* shrinks away before superior greatness ; *Green* conquers at Eutaw Springs ; *Cornwallis* retires to his prison in York-town ; *Sullivan* drives the tories and savages beyond the lakes ; the French fleet block up the Chesapeake ; *Rochambeau* joins *Washington* and Britain is humbled.

Peace with her smiling train again blesses the world : we see a fair field extending from east to west, from north to south, comprehending every climate from the torrid to the frigid zone. Every vegetable grows in it, from the ivy on the wall to the lofty cedar of the forest ; every necessary that the wants of man require ; every delicacy that the sickly appetite can crave ; every luxury that sparkles on the table, perfumes the air or blushes on the sideboard. The Atlantic rolls his waves upon the front ; the Mississippi washes the right ; a chain of inland seas with advantages annexed to them unknown to the old world, bounds the rear ; the St. Croix closes the left, and opens to a source of wealth inexhaustible as the ocean.

But, at the close of a destructive war, this fair field laid waste by fire and sword, exhibited but a wretched picture. As yet there was no barrier to defend it from the predatory inhabitant of the desert or the more dangerous trespass of civilized intruders. Wisdom, enthroned on the eternal principle of Justice, devises a way. America again saw her sages assemble, and the illustrious body look up to *Washington* as its head. The work goes on and when complete exhibits to view an impenetrable wall, built with materials more beautiful than parian marble, and more dazzling than the burnished front of a Mexican temple. This wall encloses the whole. Its cement true Patriotism ; its founda-

tion Righteousness ; its capital Liberty ; its cornice the unalienable Rights of Man ' A glorious arch extends from one end to the other. On the key-stone is written *Power*, through which a golden staple suspends a just balance, the beam of which extends from the rising to the setting sun. A machine hangs by a ring set with the richest brilliants, exactly from the central point of the beam, the motions of which are regulated by a long pendulum, on the face of which is engraved *Public Good*. This machine is full of wheels, yet all move with the most perfect exactness :— four dials adorn the four sides ; on one side you see in prominent letters *Agriculture*, on the opposite *Commerce*, on another *Education and the Sciences*, on its opposite the *Arts and Manufactures*. The whole is surrounded with a glory in the radiant point of which blazes *The All-seeing Eye*. Nations have gazed on this stupendous fabric, and unite to name it *the eighth wonder of the world*.

Fourteen years have now rolled away since our great Political Father was called by the unanimous voice of all his dutiful children, to take his seat upon the key-stone under the *All-seeing Eye*, and put this grand machinery in motion ! The work answered the great design beyond the most sanguine anticipation. The good old man saw it move, till our Commerce had whitened with her canvass every sea from Indus to the pole ; our Agriculture had wielded the mattock the spade and the plough—till the wilderness blossomed like the rose—till Science had erected her Colleges and Academies and filled them with wisdom and knowledge, till the Arts had set their cunning workmen to labor, clad them with wealth and cheered them with prosperity—then

like old Simeon he said—Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!

Let us, Fellow Citizens, imitate this exalted pattern by standing firm to the principles of the Constitution—by cherishing a true patriotic spirit. Let love to our Country be the moving principle of all our actions, unbiassed by any sinister motive unworthy the dignity of the true sons of Freedom and the admirers of genuine republican virtue.

You have seen the price of your blessings delineated, but in faint imperfect tints—you have seen the struggle in the contest—you have seen the exertions of your fathers and brethren, and seen them crowned with the most brilliant success. You have seen this fair inheritance secured to you by that stupendous fabrick, the Federal Constitution, so that nothing can hurt you from without. Let us take care that no intestine broil shall ruin us within, no mine be sunk to blow up the glorious structure, no volcano collect in the bowels of our country from the scum of foreign realms or fermenting discontent and ingratitude at home, that may explode and shatter the walls of our Jerusalem. But having duly estimated the invaluable treasure in our hands, rally round the Constitution, and transmit it untarnished to latest posterity.



A HYMN for the FOURTH of JULY, 1803. By JACOB FISHER, Esq.

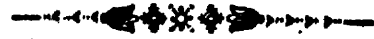


WHAT time the northern barbarous
 race,
 Delug'd the South from Spain to Greece,
 Fair Liberty long vex'd on earth,
 Took wing and claim'd her heav'nly birth.
 Full many a darksome age roll'd on,
 Nor lord nor slave with'd her return ;
 'Till mov'd with blest maternal care,
 To Jove she thus address'd her prayer.
 " Look down on man, *great source of good*,
 Intent on ruin, rapine, blood ;
 Behold yon vast—yon boundless sea !
 There make a world for Liberty."
 He spake ! and lo, America
 Arose from lowest depths to day !
 Ocean gives up his ancient bed,
 Huge Allegany rears his head !
 The Goddess view'd her new-born grant,
 Teeming with every Life, and Plant ;
 Yet mourn'd her fate with men to live,
 More savage than the northern hive.
 Her humble plaints are heard again,
 Daring Columbus cleaves the main,
 Opes a wide passage to her court
 For every Science, every Art.
 Fell Envy from her cavern hies,
 With pallid lips—corroded eyes,
 Urges the Giant, Tyranny,
 To wield his club, and cross the sea.

Great Washington now firmly stood,
 Like Atlas, braving storm and flood :
 Or, mid the dark, *death crowded fields*,
 " Chains victory to his chariot wheels."
 A potent charm the Goddess gave,
 To fire her sons—to rouse the brave ;
 July the Fourth.—Time seiz'd the theme,
 And bears it downward on its stream.
 Hail ! glorious Independence hail !
 Inspir'd by thee, the coward pale
 Bears martial red—arms, seeks the plain,
 And adds " his thousands to the slain."
 Should bold invaders murderous band !
 Mark hostile footsteps on our land ;
 " May he be spurn'd of man and God,
 Who quenches not his sword in blood !"
 Yet, mighty GOD, thy power dispense,
 For naught but *true** Omnipotence,
 Can turn from war, the rage of man,
 To pristine Peace and love again.

* Whatever power may be attributed to the heathen gods : none but the *True GOD* can still the passions of mankind.

An ODE for the FOURTH of JULY, 1803, By S. SEWALL,



WHEN Albion Columbia's just rights dar'd invade,
 She disdain'd to submit to the vile degradation ;
 The magnanimous spirit she nobly display'd,
 Gain'd her Europe's applause, and a world's admiration !
 Behold her arise,
 And appeal to the skies !
 See her chains melt away, at the blaze of her eyes !
 Whilst her heart's living lyre, to fair Freedom is strung,
 And with pow'r independence bursts forth from her tongue.

And when in War's pomp, came Britannia's dread host,
 As a whirlwind terrific the forests assailing
 Pour'd havoc and death through our flourishing coast,
 Did Columbia look back, was her spirit found failing ?
 No—to arms she appeal'd,
 Forc'd the proud foe to yield,
 Whilst her sons bravely fought, bled and died on the field !
 A new Charter behold ! to such valor is giv'n,
 By an Angel brought down from the Temple of heav'n.

But to whom does our country her dignity owe ?
 What invincible Hero, Britannia's hosts battled ?
 With true martial fire, taught the nation to glow,
 When the thundering storm on the Continent rattled ?
 Say, who was War's Son,
 That her Armies led on
 Till the triumph was gain'd, and the glorious prize won,
 The Charter of Rights by *Omnipotence* giv'n,
 To our Empire brought down from the Temple of heav'n ?

Columbia to glory 'twas Washington rais'd,
Brav'd the War's whelming shock, to atchieve her salvation ;
Inspir'd, till in Freedom's effulgence she blaz'd,
Bursting forth as the Sun, on the storm's desolation !
He was War's peerless Son,
Who majestic led on
Her all-conquering Host and the Prize nobly won,
The Charter of Rights, by *Omnipotence* giv'n,
To our Empire brought down from the High Court of heav'n,
But where is the Hero, our Sire, Guardian, Head,
In Wisdom unrivall'd, in Arms all victorious !
Are his Counsels forgotten ! He lost with the dead !
And perish'd his Deeds so transcendently glorious ?
No—our heart is his shrine !
There his virtues divine,
Till creation dissolve, shall eternally shine.
For He was the Angel, 'sent down from high heav'n,
With the Charter of Rights by *Omnipotence* giv'n.