

AN  
ORATION,  
PRONOUNCED  
*July 4th, 1805,*  
BEFORE THE  
Young Democratic Republicans,  
OF THE TOWN OF BOSTON,  
IN  
COMMEMORATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY  
OF  
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

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BY EBENEZER FRENCH.

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SECOND EDITION.

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FREEDOM, without whose charms, e'en Peace would be  
But a dull quiet slavery.....D. Y. DEN.

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BOSTON:  
Printed by J. BALL, No. 12, Congress-Street,

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1805.

AT a Meeting of the Young Democratic Republicans, -  
sembled at Mrs. MAREAN'S Hall, on the 4th of July, 1805.—

VOTED—That the Committee of Arrangements be a Com-  
mittee to wait on Mr. FRENCH, and return their thanks to him for  
his patriotic and spirited Oration, pronounced this day before them,  
at their request, at the Universal Meeting-House, upon the *Anniver-*  
*sary of American Independence*, and request a copy for the Press.

JOSEPH GLEASON, JUN. *Chairman of the Committee.*  
JASON HALL, *Secretary.*



BOSTON, JULY 4, 1805.

GENTLEMEN,

CONFIDENT of your candour, with a steady hand, I  
submit this juvenile production to your disposal.

E. FRENCH.

*To the Gentlemen Committee.*



## *Oration, &c.*

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**J**OYOUS be the Birth-Day of our Nation—let every countenance be adorned with smiles—let not a frown be seen on your brows, to evince displeasure at its celebration.

THE establishment of the Republic of America, registers not only a new, but the fairest leaf in the annals of nations. Almost every people on earth, have something recorded in their history which gives rise to an annual celebration, and which is the cause of a yearly rejoicing. But why do we rejoice? Why are we at this moment convened together? Why doth every countenance look cheerful? Why doth every heart beat with rapture?—Need I say—'tis our NATION'S NATAL DAY!—



Now let us, with uplifted hands, and joyful hearts, hail the twenty-ninth anniversary of the epoch of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE—nor let us forget to return thanks to Almighty God, the great Father and Ruler of the Universe, for this particular, together with all supernumerary blessings daily conferred on, and administered to this YOUNG, but HAPPY PEOPLE.

SOUND loud, to-day, the carols of Joy and Liberty—let sonorous strains, exultingly toward Heaven ascend—let grief be banished from our mind's view—let every heart and voice unite—let shouts of joy distinct be heard, to evince, by gladness, our thanks to the King of Heaven.

ON this auspicious return of a day so glorious—previous to which; events were so distressing—the day, which was ominous of so ambiguous a futurity—the day, which, in experiment, has proved so prolific of Liberty; what heart, that is encircled in a patriot's bosom, that does not palpitate with the purest joy.



I AM now about to descant on a subject, which is worthy of the pens and tongues of the greatest authors and orators of antiquity. Had DEMOSTHENES or CICERO exercised their talents on this subject, at the conclusion of their productions, the former had *fretted*, and the latter had *wept* at the feebleness of their powers :—But THEY are gone, and none above the surface of the earth remain, who can do justice to the subject. Where is now the pen that can delineate the *blessings of Liberty*? Or, where is now the tongue that can describe the *miseries of Slavery*? The miniature of Liberty or Slavery, when taken by the most skilful limners in oratory, or drawn by the greatest adepts in the science of composition, when put in comparison with the original, which is pictured by feeling, is like the portrait now drawn of a celebrated ancient character, which, though it may have the appearance of a man, falls short of the beauty or deformity of the great original. Even the pen which was plucked from the wing of the Genius of Liberty, which was wielded by the hand, and guided by the head of the



patriotic PAINÉ, falls short in tracing the various beauties of its owner. However, the man of sensibility can *feel* the blessings of the one, while in imagination he *knows* the miseries of the other. But the humane mind, in attempting to do justice to Slavery in the delineation, would revolt with horror at the *cursed* picture ; and the happiness and enjoyments derived from Liberty, are of so superlative a nature, that the author, in attempting to give it a proper colouring, would drop his pen in rapture, and cry, *all hail, to heaven's choicest blessing.* But if imagination cannot picture instances to awaken the feelings—or if our hearts are so callous to every feeling of humanity, that we cannot conceive the miseries of a foreign fellow-mortal, let us cast our eyes towards Tripoli—see our countrymen in prison—see them dragging out a miserable existence, perhaps in irons ! See the cruel, unfeeling, unrelenting Mahometan tyrant, with his uplifted whip, just about to inflict a lash on the sun-burnt back of a Christian!—While this thought draws forth the pearly drop of exquisite sensibility from our eyes—while



it opens the avenues of our hearts to feel, let us view the Africans in our own country ! Let not the sable colour of their skins blacken our hearts ; for although black, they are like us, the children of the living God, and know, and pine for the blessings of Freedom. Nor do I view this in a political light, but in the light of humanity—in the light of virtue—in the light of patriotism—and in the light of consistency, when contrasted with our present proceedings. It is, however, superfluous to enlarge on a subject, the bare recital of which, is sufficient to melt any heart that is not formed of adamant.

INDEPENDENCE is a copious subject, and might be swelled to voluminous extent ; but owing to the confined limits of orations and addresses ; and to the necessity of mentioning the most important events of the Revolution, there is ever a certain degree of sameness which characterizes every production of this nature. What then can be expected from me—from a youth, who, though bred in the school of Republicanism, cannot, like

most of his predecessors, boast of the advantages of education ?

HOWEVER, with a tedious introduction, let me not tire your patience, but meet the subject, which, if clothed in inferior language, must still be pleasing to an American ear.

REVOLUTIONS arise from various causes, and may properly be classed under distinct heads : But the instinctive, which prompted the American people to rebel against their mother country—which incited them to resist, and, in fact, repel the force of Britain, was oppressive tyranny : in short, it arose from England's declaring she had a right (*not only to tax*) but “*to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever.*” Bind the Colonies ! The most precious diamonds in the crown of Britain ! No—the people of America were never doomed, like the unhappy sons of Ireland, to wear the manacles of despotism.—Virtue plead their cause to GOD ! And although their actions evinced their intent of putting their despicable plan of “*binding the*





*Colonies,*" into execution ; although their practice bore mark of being in perfect union with their theory ; although every advantage seemed placed in their hands, yet their despotic plans, schemes, and projects, were all frustrated by the Great Majesty of Heaven : He lent a listening ear to our prayers, and fought our battles ; he refused at that period to forsake a people who had so long strove to avoid the calamities of war. After repeatedly petitioning to the crown and parliament for an alleviation of their grievances, WASHINGTON was made, by GOD, an instrument to sever the blade of the "*Ultima Ratio Regum.*"\*

KNOWING the justness of the cause ; confident he was fighting the battles of the Lord ; feeling secure under his impenetrable armour of virtue ; feeling that genuine patriotic love for his country, which ever characterizes humane and virtuous heroes ; knowing that the sword of anarchy was aimed at the thread by which the continent was suspended—and that had it been severed, the

\* THE sword is "*the last reason of kings.*"



nation must inevitably have dropped into the whirlpool of despotism ; in short, knowing the cause to be the cause of God, he drew the *Sword of Liberty* as an obstacle to impede the ravages of the *Sword of Anarchy*.

LET us now dismantle ourselves of all party feelings and prejudices, and for a moment look through the retrospective telescope of time ; let past occurrences usurp the place where present thoughts would dwell ; let not the present omens of our future prosperity, emit one ray of light to deprive the horrid picture of its sombrous hue.

Now sounds loud the trump of war—all nature seems convulsed ! Look at the crimson puddled plain of Lexington ! see the blood which now emerges from the bosoms of our independent yeomanry, hath not forgot to boil for Freedom ! Cast now your eyes towards the sacred mount of Charlestown, and see the heroic \*private General WARREN ex-

\* “WARREN had been appointed on the preceding 13th of June, a *Major-General*, but not to any particular command : on the 17th, his zeal led him to the scene of action, where he fell a private soldier. This anecdote, so honorable to his memory, is not generally known.”

tended on the earth. *Behold the crimson fluid streaming from its native fountain, to rob our mother earth of nature's hue.* Now see the town on fire! See the sombrous smoke arise; see the red flames enter the windows of heaven! 'Tis a burning offering made to God for Freedom; and he receives it unpolluted from our hands!—Now let us turn our eyes towards Quebec, and see the brave MONTGOMERY die.

It were needless for me at this time to repeat the American History, which is open to the inspection of every individual; therefore I shall conclude this part of my subject, by requesting you all to soften for a moment your hearts, and impress into them the names of WASHINGTON, HANCOCK, and ADAMS; MONTGOMERY, WARREN, and MERCER; PUTNAM, FRANKLIN, and LEE: then at some future period, if that period should ever arrive, when you are about to sacrifice those precious liberties; if that period should ever arrive, when you no longer detest a monarchy; if that period should ever arrive, when generosity becomes so prominent a feature in

your bosoms, that you are willing to sacrifice one tithe of your income to the support of a ministry ; or if that period should ever arrive, when you become so degenerate as to swerve from those *principles* which inspired your fathers to resist the power of a king—let haggard conscience stare you in the face ; let her extend her hand, to ward the blow, which will be necessary to deface those HONORABLE NAMES, before the American Altar of Freedom can be transformed into a *monarch's throne*, or the people subjugated to the will of a tyrant.

LET us not, however, omit, while speaking of the American worthies, the name of THOMAS PAINE ; a man, who is now detested by monarchists, but whose literary labors, in the cause of Republican Freedom, will place his name on the immortal list. This is the man, who at the time of the Revolution, stood on the Altar of Freedom, wielding the pen of Liberty in defence of America's rights. A quotation from a work of his, written during that period, may perhaps, prove my assertion.

“ THESE are the times which try men's  
“ souls ; The summer soldier, and the sun-

“ shine patriot, will, in this crisis, shrink  
 “ from the service of his country ; but he  
 “ who stands it *now*, deserves the love and  
 “ thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like  
 “ hell, is not easily conquered ; yet we have  
 “ this consolation with us, that the greater  
 “ the conflict, the more glorious the triumph.  
 “ What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too  
 “ lightly ; 'tis dearness only, which gives ev-  
 “ ery thing its value. Heaven knows how  
 “ to set a proper price on its goods, and it  
 “ would be strange indeed, if so celestial an  
 “ article as *Freedom*, should not be highly  
 “ rated. Britain, with an army to enforce  
 “ her tyranny, has declared, that she has a  
 “ right (*not only to tax*) but *to bind us in all*  
 “ *cases whatsoever*, and if being *bound in that*  
 “ *manner* is not slavery, then there is no such  
 “ thing as slavery on earth. Even the ex-  
 “ pression is impious, for so unlimited a pow-  
 “ er can only belong to GOD.\*

\* I MUST apologize to the public for making one more quotation from PAINÉ'S Crisis, which however would not do to omit :—“ I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories. A noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with



HAS gratitude, the fairest feature in the bosom of man, got entirely erased from the bosom of Americans ?

ONCE more lift the glass of retrospect, and view the American Army, travelling through fields of frozen snow ! The snow hath lost its wonted colour ! 'Tis blood, drawn from their feet by the incisive ice !—Now let your sympathetic tears flow freely ; flow in despite of

as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as most I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this un-fatherly expression : “*Well ! give me peace in my day.*” Not a man lives on the Continent but fully believes that a separation must sometime or other finally take place, and a generous parent would have said, “*If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace ;*” and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man may easily distinguish in himself between temper and principle ; and I am as confident, as I am that GOD governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the Continent must in the end be conqueror ; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal never can expire.”



shame. Let us in imagination drop tears of blood in every foot-step. Tears of sympathy evince generosity of soul, and are the primary proofs of feeling and humanity ; and these qualities add dignity to the man, but when perceived in a hero, they place him nearly on a level with the gods !

LET us now pass from this subject, and and give place to the first, greatest, and most important of all, the **DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.**

BEHOLD the Congressional Convention—composed of such men as the world never beheld before ! A Convention formed of the most illustrious sages of the times ! Statesmen, whose talents were of the first magnitude. It was they who had the supreme felicity and honor of proclaiming to the world the will of GOD ; it was they who declared the United States **FREE and INDEPENDENT.**

HONORABLE names ! Immaculate author of the Declaration ! Illustrious patriots who sanctioned it—**JEFFERSON, FRANKLIN, LEE, and HANCOCK ; ADAMS, GERRY, and THOMP-**



son, with their brethren in council ; they shall be the wonder, astonishment and praise of an admiring world, even to the latest posterity.

LET US now be brief and unparticular—for were I to measure only my confined abilities in particularities, yon glorious orb of light, which cheers and illumines the face of nature, which makes the day more pleasant and healthful, had traversed its daily course, and left me to conclude my labor by the light of artificial luminaries. In concluding this subject, it may be necessary to say, that Oppression excited to Resistance ; Resistance prompted to Victory ; and Victory rode triumphant in the Car of Liberty !

Now see the sons of Freedom returning from the field of battle, with WASHINGTON at their head, to enjoy the repose earned by their patriotic labors. They enter again their abodes of peace, and are welcomed by their faithful wives and prattling innocents—The trump of war is again mute—The sword, which has for years known no scabbard but the bodies of men, enters again the door of its proper





home, the scabbard of Peace. Smiling Peace again extends her olive branch, which was severed by the sword of war. Great WASHINGTON, the lustre of whose name is a gilding to the nation, ascends the chair of State. On the one side stands the Genius of America, chanting an air to Freedom; on the other the Genius of Liberty, uttering forth praises in honor of her chosen son; behind stands the Goddess MINERVA, nodding to FAME, who stands in front, twining a wreath of never-fading laurels round his brow, to proclaim at once, his sapience with his valor. WASHINGTON was at once the valiant hero, and the able Statesman; great in the cabinet, but greater in the field—Humane, yet just; valiant, yet politic. But, alas! he is dead! Shall we again renew the tears which we shed when the news of the illustrious WASHINGTON's death reached our ears? Shall the partly dried fountains of our eyes, again pour forth their watery burthen, to ease the throbbing heart for the death of the Saviour of his country? No! Let us rather rejoice than weep! that he has escaped the calumny and capricious malice of those artful, intriguing



characters, who have since aimed at a monarchy in America—A junto, that triumphed for a while, but at last DUG A “HOLE” to bury their own iniquities.

AFTER President WASHINGTON had fulfilled the duties of his office, with integrity, justice and honor, for eight successive years, he retired from the highest post of honor, to a private station, to give place to his immediate successor, President ADAMS. It would be superfluous to follow the Government through its various changes and fluctuations during his administration. Suffice it to say, had it continued until this period, the “NOBILITY HOLE,” had, perhaps, become the NATION’S GRAVE.

AFTER the triumph of anglo-federalism for four years, the immortal author of the DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, was called, by the voice of the people, to the chair of State. THOMAS JEFFERSON, a man whose private virtues rivals his public conduct ; a man, at whom the shafts of calumny are daily aimed, through the medium of every aristocratical, prostituted press, from *Maine* to



*Georgia* ; a man, whose fame rises on the wings of censure ; a man, under whose benign and politic administration, the people enjoy more permanent felicity than they have ever hitherto done. The country is no longer infected with *national diseases*, such as *Stamp Acts—Excises—Land Taxes—Additional grades of Circuit Judges—An additional number of Foreign Ministers—Alien and Sedition Acts—Eight per cent. Loans—Insurrections—Indian Wars—Hostilities with France and Spain, for a right of deposit at New-Orleans.* All these things are done away ; union and harmony prevails at home ; our Navy on the ocean, is honored, feared and respected ; our Commerce and Agriculture, in the most flourishing state ; our Finances conducted in a manner which does honor to Mr. JEFFERSON, and to the correct and able financier at the head of the Treasury Department. Yet how often has the anglo-federal stream of abuse been poured on Mr. JEFFERSON, for following the steps of his illustrious predecessor, WASHINGTON, in placing at the head of this Department, a Foreigner !\* Mr. GALLA-

\* “ Mr. HAMILTON was born at St. Croix, in the West-Indies, and came to the United States at the age of



TIN'S talents and abilities would do honor to any nation ; and his being a foreigner, and exercising his talents in this country, has frequently drawn to my mind, the following original simile : *The Rose, cull'd from its native thorny bush, and placed in the bosom of a Fair, shews with redoubled lustre.*

HOWEVER, let us leave political subjects for a moment ; and while recounting the virtues of our valiant progenitors ; while of them with rapture we speak ; and, with enthusiastic energy, we strive to imitate their patriotism, let us not, with unprecedented neglect, omit to say a few words to the American Fair.

WHILE casting my eyes around the interior of this sacred inclosure, and observing on every female countenance, that look of cheerful ease, complacency and sensibility, eighteen. Mr. GALLATIN was born at Geneva, and came to the United States at the age of nineteen. They both performed personal services in the Revolutionary War. They were both citizens at the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Mr. HAMILTON had been in the United States from about the year 1771 to 1788, (seventeen years) when appointed Secretary. Mr. GALLATIN had been in the United States, from 1780 to 1801, (twenty-one years) when appointed to the same office."



what a contrast presents itself to my view, between the ladies of this, and those of other countries. Where shall we find women more enlightened, than the women of America? And is not the reason obvious? In some countries they are treated as slaves; in others, as inferiors; but in America as equals. Why not as equals in all countries? Ought woman, the last best work, and master-piece of God, to be considered as subordinate objects? Ought they, in any unreasonable degree, to be rendered subservient to the will of man? Do we not often find women, whose intellectual powers depreciate but little, when put in competition with the intellectual powers of man? Look round our native town, and its vicinity, and we shall find women whose names rank high on the list of Literature.\* Yes! And, should necessity now urge, they would buckle on the armor of war, and America would produce her amazons. In this country it is *love* which excites to marry; *affection* prompts to instruct, that they may

\* Mrs. MURRAY, of Boston; Mrs. ROWSON, of Newton; Mrs. MORTON, of Dorchester; and Mrs. WARREN, of Plymouth.



become the social partners and companions of our leisure hours ; that, if in trouble, they may be enabled to pour the balm of consolation in our ears. Not so in other countries ; women are kept in prison-seraglios, to gratify the lecherous, senseless, beastly passion of an unfeeling tyrant. Marriages are formed to secure titles and honors, and hence arises discord in families. But, thank God, these instances are few in America—Our women all *know and value the blessings of INDEPENDENCE ; value our fathers, who fought for it, and value the sons, who will strive to preserve it.*

#### YOUNG REPUBLICANS,

You, whom I have the honor of particularly addressing this day—to you I speak—Look around, and you will see some veterans present, who fought, and perhaps, bled for their country. Do you observe their wrinkled brows ? Some of whom, are now tottering on the verge of the grave ? Do you observe when they walk the streets, that a greater part of them are assisted by staffs ? Well, are not these prognostics, that at some future period, perhaps some twenty years hence, we shall be



deprived of all ; the bridge of life, which now trembles under them, will part, and launch them into eternity's abyss. Then, when we would introduce a candidate for office, to public notice and confidence, what can we say of him, as a recommendation ? Hark, the Genius of Liberty would speak—say, says she, he is a lover of the precepts of WASHINGTON, HANCOCK, and ADAMS ; say, he is a staunch believer in the political creed of a JEFFERSON ; say, that the political writings of *Plain Truth*, *Common Sense*, and *Old South*, are perfectly congenial with his feelings ; and these will be substantial recommendations, even to the end of time. Ever strive to walk in the path of Republicanism ; and, if a monarchy should ever be aimed at, or the basis of a throne ever be established, swear, on the Altar of Freedom, that it shall be tinged with your blood, and that you will all die martyrs in the cause of Liberty.

GOD PRESERVE THE NATIONAL COMPACT.