

MR. HUBBARD'S ORATION.

ORATION,

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By JOHN W. HUBBARD.



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ORATION.

THE light of this auspicious morn first gilded the skies of Independent Columbia. At the important crisis when triumphing tyranny was polluting the throne of Freedom; when Liberty was retiring before the blood-stained sword, and the few remaining Republics were hastening to destruction a spirited, though dependent, people, urged by the bloody hand of oppression, declared themselves free, and bid defiance to the enemies of man.

This, Fellow Citizens, is the glorious event which we have assembled to commemorate. 'This confirmed to us freedom as a Nation, and man's "unalienable rights" as individuals. Reason teaches us that joy on such an occasion, is but a suitable tribute of gratitude for Heaven's inestimable gifts. Scarce had we from helpless infancy, risen to such a degree of importance as to become noticeable by the prying eyes of European ambition, when England, who ought to have been the protectress of her offspring, stretched over us the arm of despotism, grasping the chain

of bondage. Our fields drank the blood of an invading foe, mingled with that of our dearest citizens. The flame of our towns brightened the midnight cloud, calling for the vengeance of Him, under whose auspices our ancestors explored the land which was now the seat of devastation. The cry of oppressed innocence was heard, and the vaunting expectation of the oppressor disappointed. That chain which was intended to bind the arm which should dare to resist a lawless invasion, served but to strengthen our newly-gained liberties.

The effects of this unparalleled revolution were not confined to the scene of its accomplishment. It restored her ravished sceptre to the lenient hand of Freedom, and snatched the laurel from the Tyrant's brow. Nothing save the panoply of Liberty, could have defended a few infant, undisciplined and divided Colonies against the British arms; those arms, which in the Nation's infancy, stemmed the destructive torrent of a Danish invasion. This it was which supported a little band of Spanish Goths when surrounded for centuries by warlike Saracens; and this alone enables their gallant posterity effectually to resist the world's ambitious despot.

When peace, like the unclouded Sun, had again illumined our bloody shores, and the surviving invaders and desolators of our country had re-crossed the Atlantic, it became necessary to bury our then system of government in the same grave with the authority of its Legislators and former Executors. A system of laws, without which freedom and bondage are alike oppressive,

was to be formed, suited to the dignity, dispositions and circumstances of a free people. The eyes of the world were upon us. We were denounced by foreign politicians, as well as by many among ourselves, as wanting strength, firmness and decision, sufficient to profit by what we had gained ; as being about to plunge into that abyss into which France has since been precipitated.

Instead of establishing an imperious monarchy, a bigoted hierarchy, or a puerile aristocracy, our "wise forefathers" placed the sole authority in the hands of the people, its rightful proprietors. Thus was a government established, founded on equality, nature's first law, and "formidable to tyrants only ;" yet commensurate in its duration with the virtue of its subjects.

Some whose necks were inured to the yoke of despotic authority, asked with a smile of derision, "How long will America exist under such a government?" The question to us is interesting. History may well be said to be a book of prophecy. There may we trace the destruction of nations to its cause. There find the bane of each form of Government, and learn to shun the snares in which others have been taken. In the history of Republics, *we* may enquire as at a Delphic Oracle, our destiny as a nation.

These in every period of the world, when engaged with an enemy, when hovering armies threatened them with destruction, or when a hostile voice was heard in their borders ; in short, when self love was inseparably connected with patriotism, have been united, brave, unconquera-

ble. On the other hand, when blessed, or rather cursed (if exemption from real evil can be called a curse) with peace abroad, they have fallen ; not by the machinations or valor of their enemies, but by the diabolic spirit of party—by political suicide.

Rome had her Sylla, Marius', Brutus, Pompeies and Cæsars, each the factious leader of his *party*, and that Nation which had extended its conquests from sea to sea, and which the united force of the world could not resist, fell upon its own sword.

Where now are the modern Republics of Switzerland, Genoa, Venice and Holland ? Gone, I might almost say, the way of all the earth. Reduced by their own folly, under the yoke of the modern " Royal Murderer."

Let us now turn our eyes to our own country. Hitherto we have trodden the same path which led Venice and Lacedæmon, Genoa and Athens, Holland and Rome to their graves. Few of our citizens feel themselves disgraced by the cursed name of partizan. Popularity can scarcely be gained by one, whose name is not *adorned* by this ignominious title. We boast of patriotism ; yet scarce an individual in the community, will sacrifice the base passion of party revenge at the shrine of his Country's safety. An account of the existing political divisions, will blacken many a page of our history, and give occasion for our enemies to heap reproaches upon the sacred name of Freedom. In this are we forging a chain for our own neck ; and that, when our inveterate enemies are seeking to enslave us. In this, are

we divesting Liberty of her snowy robe and enduing her with a vesture of sackcloth. The seeds of destruction which are springing up in our own breasts, not the sword of an enemy, will destroy us.

From abroad, the Belligerent Powers of Europe, ever jealous of neutrals, rejoice at our intestine broils, which free them from the fear of having in us, a powerful opponent. England, like a Lion driven unwilling from his prey, yet feels the pain of that wound which our separation inflicted, and behold us with a revengeful eye. Although she has dealt more justly with us than her great enemy and rival, yet our countrymen are confined in marine Bastiles and compelled to risk their lives in her service.

But what shall we say of France? From her generous assistance in our struggle for emancipation, and her subsequent vows of eternal fidelity, we surely had no reason to expect the treatment we now patiently receive. Remembrance of former friendship adds a sting to present indignities. We are insulted, despised, and oppressed by that People, who, but a few years since, offered us the hand of fraternal affection, and to whom we were so fondly partial at the time of their revolution. And why? Have we enraged that aspiring Corsican who rules their destinies? Yes! In this have we offended him. We have not aided his attempts to overthrow the only barrier between him and the sceptre of the world. We have not openly approved his ambitious views; rejoiced at the destruction of nations; and joined "heart and hand" in his hellish schemes of de-

vastation. In fine we are neutrals. The instigators to these vile returns of friendship, are his insatiable ambition, and his hatred of England. His mind racked by jealousy, the constant attendant of vice, is tortured with the fear of a coalition between us and his rival. Nothing will be left undone for the attainment of his "grand object." If we stand in the way of his march to universal dominion, we must not expect to escape the vengeance of that vindictive arm, which, for the same *crime*, has laid half the world in ruins.

Since no reliance can be placed on the equity of foreign Nations, let us, Fellow Citizens, adopt the only mean of safety---let us be united---let us put away political rancor. This is the bane of Republics---this has destroyed without exception, every Free State whose ruins deck the crown of Anarchy---and it is this, O my Country ! which will cause thee to mingle thy tears with the dust of Rome, unless thine own endeavors (under God) preserve thee. Could every party feeling be eradicated from our breasts, and unadulterated patriotism rule in its stead, future ages might throng the Temple of Freedom, on this birth day of our Independence, till earth return to chaos.

Though few of *us*, were personally concerned in those scenes, whose issue we commemorate, yet are we no less interested in the preservation, than our Fathers were in the attainment, of our liberties. Theirs was the task of forming a Constitution, a bulwark of our rights, ours is that of defending it. No one may sit down in sloth, and because his Country is exempt from war, imag-

ine that no duties devolve on him as a citizen. Such an one is worse than a mere dependent on society. Let him remember, that each individual, has a service to perform for the benefit of the community.

Virtue is essential to the existence of a Republic. Let us then, as we value our freedom, be virtuous, virtuous as our privileges teach us to be, as the examples of our ancestors require. Hence, the barbarous ages of antiquity were so ungenial to freedom. One kind of freedom indeed, most prevailed in the darkest ages, this was that of a plunderer, an assassin, an outlaw, as unfriendly to Republics, as the authority of a tyrant.

The time is come, Fellow Citizens, when we must cherish that kind of freedom which is worthy of man, which has its foundation in knowledge and virtue. Shall we forsake that standard which our Fathers erected for our security? That standard by which a WARREN and a MERCER fell? No! Let none be wanting in endeavors to preserve the boon of our ancestors, and as long as the Patriot's breast, cherishes the love of liberty; as long as his virtues are admired, and his name revered, **WE SHALL BE FREE!**