

AN
ORATION,
PRONOUNCED AT AUGUSTA, (MAINE)
BEFORE THE
YOUNG REPUBLICANS
OF AUGUSTA AND HALLOWELL,
ON JULY FOURTH, 1806,
IN COMMEMORATION OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY SETH JONES, JUNIOR.

The name of AMERICAN....must always exalt the just pride
of patriotism.

WASHINGTON.

Res non magnopere indiget philosophiâ.

CICERO.

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AUGUSTA, JULY 5, 1806.

MR. SETH JONES, JUN.

PERMIT us, by the request and in behalf of the young republicans of this town and its vicinity, to tender you our sincere thanks for the honor which you did them, in the pronunciation of the spirited and patriotic Oration, on the fourth inst.... And we assume the liberty of requesting a copy for the press.

We are, Sir,

With sentiments of sincerity,

Your very obedient servants,

BENJAMIN EDES,
JAMES WILLIAMS,
JONATHAN PERKINS.

} COMMITTEE OF
ARRANGEMENTS.



GENTLEMEN,

FEELING the weight of your respectability, and highly impressed with a sense of your candor, I humbly accede to your request. Though its imperfections may be many, yet the author thinks the language of invective ought not to be severe, as it was not the study of a week, but a hasty, lucubratory production.

Yours, &c.

SETH JONES, JUN.

JULY 5, 1806.

AN
ORATION.

YOUNG AND RESPECTABLE FELLOW-CITIZENS,

WITH diffidence, I appear before you. A diffidence, founded not on the demerits of the occasion, but on the weakness of my abilities....Conscious debility produces a tremor. My tongue falters....my heart desponds. The solemn stillness, the unspeakable decorum of this respectable assembly, "fill me with an awe hitherto unknown, and heighten the sense of my unworthiness to fill this sacred desk." But the deviation from merit is not my own. The clemency of my constituents must atone for my defects....I must have recourse to the bosom of adolescence. I come not to shake your minds with "cataracts of declamation," or to touch your sensibilities in rills of Ciceronian eloquence, but to address you in language decked with simplicity.

We are convened on this auspicious day, not to celebrate the lineage of a despot, but to commemorate the day, consecrated to the cause of freedom. On this day, the ornate heralds of liberty proclaimed our emancipation, and sang, to the echoing skies, the joyful Pæan. The twinkling fulgidity of inborn freedom, irradiated the "dark and benighted corners" of AMERICA...."All with uplifted hands hailed the heavenly light"....Flinty tyranny inurned her horrid head. And while the young patriots surround the altar of American freedom: they will not forget that this glorious era was obtained

by the cruel sufferings, yea, by the blood of our fathers. They will remember the cruelties of baneful persecution. The resolutions of our ancestors for conscientious liberty, were irrevocable as the mandates of God.

THE territories of a German emperor were, at first, their chosen asylum. The craggy cliffs of the towering Alps, for a while, sheltered them from the storms of persecution. Their unremitting orisons perforated the profundity of *Harlem-mer*. Perseverance is the pillar of the soul. The wealth of India, could not dissuade the votaries of freedom. Intrepid valor, conscious integrity, and christian humility characterized our worthy ancestors. What tongue can speak the gratitude their achievements demand ?

INFLUENCED by still more virtuous motives, they resolved to leave the Eastern Continent, and seek a residence unmolested by the *bagborn** vices of Europe, in the uncultivated forests of America. Let the imagination of a VIRGIL be employed to paint the magnanimity, the fortitude, of these heroic adventurers. With bended knees and suppliant heart they passed the day, proleptical to their memorable exodus.

HAD I a voice of iron and lungs of brass, I should recede from the task ere I had enumerated the hardships they encountered. Under the imprecation of a tyrannical adversary, amid the perils of a boisterous ocean, assured that "freedom is a dearer property than gold," they bent their way to the rock of *Plymouth*.

HERE we must pause. The imagination becomes inert. The impulsive feelings of sensibility fall in despair. Where shall we find a parallel of valor and fortitude ? In vain, would the *zetetic* † spirit of a practitioner, labor in etiology. Listen to

* SHAKESPEAR.

† From the Greek word *Zeteo*, to enquire.

the declarations of reason, explore the arcana of nature, and your minds would revert in cold confusion.

WE behold our pious, our venerable forefathers, well-nigh exhausted with toil and hunger, landed in a howling wilderness, and surrounded by the midnight yells of vociferating animals. "Pestilence and disease had thinned their ranks." Yet, to them, the umbrageous grove was far more pleasing than a tyrant's park. "Tis *liberty* alone that gives the flower of fleeting life its lustre and perfume." With this blessing of Heaven they were happy. They grew....they flourished.... They *arose*....they *shone*; for *their light was come and the glory of the LORD had risen upon them.*

....."CÆSAR, with a Senate at his heels,"

could not rival them in serenity, tranquillity, and internal peace.

THE mind, levitical within itself, can better conceive of the happy consequences of their pilgrimage, than the tongue describe. Liberal indeed are those laws whose basis is equity. They established a "system of civil policy, unfettered by the arbitrary institutions of the old world." Unity of sentiment gave energy to their endeavors. Towards their mother nation they cultivated a spirit of affection....They rejoiced in her prosperity. "Long and unremitting were their mutual labors in the advancement of wealth and honor....Long did this harmonious intercourse continue, undisturbed by the encroachments of arbitrary power, or the discordant clamors of sedition." Their sensations of ecclesiastical oppression were well-nigh buried in oblivion. With eyes of filial affection they viewed their maternal state. "They did not erect to themselves colossal statutes upon the pedestals of human bones, to provoke and insult the tardy hand of heavenly retribution."

THEIR sons were educated in the circles of humanity, social virtue, and patriotic principles, and were taught to re-

vere the rights of man. They formed a government mild in its nature. Under the banners of love,

“ *Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.*”

BUT must the scene be reversed....Must the mind be struck with the rapacity of a MOTHER! The unjust oppression of a colony reduces its cohesion, destroys its allegiance, cramps its prosperity, and sullies its eclat.

“ NATURE will maintain her wonted course.” The *Sparrow*, on some lonely mountain’s top, will tell her mournful tale. The unfledged *Papilio*, with golden pinions, flies the tyrant’s grasp. Can we behold the timidity of the *Leveret*, and not be moved with tender emotions? *Willows* shoot from the brinks of the river. The *Owl* blinks at the radiance of the sun. The *Emmet* rages, when her peaceful haunts are molested. What *ear* but would be displeas’d at the shrieks of the *dying*? What *subject*, however pacific in his nature, would not resent the unjust taxation of *his country*? A CATO could, with his own hands, tear out his *vicere*, but an *American* would not submit to the yoke of a *British* tyrant. A RANDOLPH or a SHIRLEY, could project a plan for taxing the *colonies*....but an *American* FRANKLIN could, for a while, repel the effort.

GREAT-BRITAIN, crushed by the distresses of a tedious war, thought fit, at this time, to subjugate the *provinces* to a heinous taxation, to administer to *her* necessities. This began to deracinate the principles of liberty. A BILL for taxing *America*, wrought by the hand of a GREENVILLE, was brought into the House of Commons. Though TOWNSEND, the paragon of tyrants, proved to be its powerful advocate, yet BARRE strenuously opposed it, in enriching streams of oily rhetoric. By the Stamp Act, the Colonists were coerced to a degree of duress, repugnant to the principles of equity.

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UNHAPPY is that people, whose rights are constrained by laws, climacteric in their consequences. Though at one time, bells rang peals of joy, yet at another, melancholy was the state of our country. The *tea* act, with many other parliamentary authorities, roused them from reveries to full-blown feelings. "Tired of vain expostulations, the *American* people arose, shook the manacles from off their hands, rent the dark veil of ancient days in twain, and the hot bolts of tricenè vengeance hurled. Though the heights of *Bunker* smoked with blood, though the flames of *Charlestown* gleamed on the face of Heaven, yet their invincible souls remained firm and unshaken in the cause of freedom."*

SHOULD a chariot, "winged from the armory of God," have hovered over the important drama, and seen the streets of *Lexington*, drenched in the blood of our fellow-countrymen, would he not have discharged the volleys of his wrath, to strike with green-eyed death, the infernal villains!! The villains who perpetrated the deed!! Why does not pale Diana pour down torrents of tears upon the ground, made hallowed by the blood of WARREN? Why did not the sacred *manes* of their departed souls, appear, with wounds streaming in gore, to affright the authors of this horrid murder! Why did not the *red right hand of intermitted vengeance* open her stores, and the firmament of hell spout her cataracts of fire, † to hurl these infernal monsters from earthly existence, and purge "creation of its dross?" Why did not some *Tartarian* prince call home these sons of *Moloch*, ere they had convolved their inventions to strip virtue of its charms, and rob innocence of purity ineffable? The sufferings of our fellow countrymen were beyond calculation. "Language is too feeble, the voice of man too weak," to speak their hardships.

THEIR maritime borders invaded with a numerous fleet....their commercial towns plundered with unfeeling bra-

* *Mr. MORSE's oration, July 4th.*

† *MITCHELL.*

tality...the peace of their matrons disturbed by the cold-hearted wretches...their fields laid waste...and their happiness destroyed by the unrelenting, mercenary havoc of an enemy. The conflagration of *Norfolk* and *Falmouth*, "Swift as an eagle cuts the air," ascended, to testify in the courts of Heaven, the unrighteous acts of **DUNMORE**.

SUCH were the horrors of the WAR ! These rehearsed, not half are told. Here is a rotund miracle of scenes,

" Its lowest round high planted on the skies."

IF there be any in this assembly, any veteran of *seventy-five*, to him I speak. Great is your reward....Your honor, your glory, shall put on incorruptibility....You should not sit unentertained, if the convolutions and Reduplications of Roots and Augments could furnish the speaker with words to express his feelings.

YE venerable shades of departed PATRIOTS ! Yours was the happy lot to hear the *British Pluto*, as if from the pale shades of EREBUS, pronounce *America FREE*.

Restored Euridyce !! Restored Euridyce !! Then echoed along the banks of the *Kennebec* ! And the mountain tops from distant mountains bent the living joy. *America* was no longer controlled by an *European* monarch.

YE MAIDENS ! wave your handkerchiefs ; and ye VIRGINS, weep for joy !! Come with your "mild acclaims," shout songs of joy to *Empyrean*....indite your names upon the golden sceptre of refined freedom. Let the fascinating charms of high-smiling liberty be impressed upon your delicate memories. Your fathers were its vendees, by the sacrifice of their blood. Let the radicality *lae patrie* be written upon the tables of your hearts *with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond*.

THROUGH all these scenes *America* was conducted, was fostered, by the hand of WASHINGTON!!! "Hearken, for all nature speaks aloud:" A name, as immortal by its achievements, as it is revered for its virtues. "His praise deserves a better tongue than man's."

*"His was the first of fortune's gifts to claim,
 "And his the triumph of unbounded fame,
 "Indulgent nature, emulously kind,
 "Gave to his form, the graces of the mind,
 "While his bold stature towers supremely high,
 "And like his genius claims the lifted eye,
 "The kindly features, peace and truth impart,
 "Calm as his reason, open as his heart."*

But death, who calls "daily for his millions at a meal," bade him home. Attendant angels, in solemn obsequies, convoyed him to his peaceful abodes.

*"..... Heaven's wide
 "Her ever during gates
 "On golden hinges turning."*

to receive, amid the acclamations of surrounding SAINTS, the applauded HERO.

WORLDLY celebrity must burst the shackles of parsimony, must lavish the laureate gems of immortality, to bestow upon his memory, praises, adequate to his virtues. On *his* breast *America* leaned her head. Him for the cabinet, kind nature formed weighty and judicious; for the field, politic and intrepid. To attempt to speak of all the excellencies of this worthy of our land, would be like blowing through a straw to assist Æolus in tempesting the sea.

By a political rotation, the supreme executive office of the nation remained to be filled, when an *****
 *****. But I forbear.

AT this time, we are far from kindling the flame of discord, or putting fire to the spirit of faction. On an occasion like this, it would look like madness, to awake the sleeping apprehensions of a happy people. But the Hiatus must be filled.

*“ Earth trembled from her entrails as again
“ In pangs, and nature gave a second groan.”*

BUT, *those days were few, and full of trouble.* Well may we rejoice at this day. An American METELLUS, *with an integrity that shuddered at corruption,* soon retrieved the affairs of the nation. He has lightened the burdens of the people.... enlarged our territories....diminished the public debt....and heightened the dignity of our government. It would shock common sense to see a people ungrateful, at a time when they have *“ beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise, for the spirit of heaviness.”* When we see the strength of our country increasing, *we cannot help yielding obedience to its supreme authority.* Though the administration of our government be mild, yet it is calculated to protect our rights.

THE friends of *Roman* liberty now weep at the tomb of AUGUSTUS. He was a monarch; yet, *“ he indulged his subjects in the pride of seeing the appearance of a Republic.”* So in a Democratical government, where the supreme power is invested in the executive, the hand that sways the lenitive sceptre, augments the felicity of the nation.

THE prospects of *America* are flattering. Well may we anticipate the happy period, when every branch of royalty shall be obliterated....when party spirit shall be done away....when the dissolution of tyrannical oppression shall commence with redoubled fury....when the heights of *Columbia* shall be decked with refined splendor....when *America* shall be arrayed in the

beautiful garments of unclouded glory, and epidemical philo-
shall overshadow the globe. Then will

“..... *one nature feed*

“*The vital flame and fr: the genial seeds.*”

YOUNG REPUBLICANS ! YOU I address.

“ THERE is a spirit in man.” Happy for him, who puts
a value upon the gratuity ; unhappy for him, who esteems it
as nugatory. A deficiency in the appropriation of its virtue,
is a highviced delinquency.

APOSTACY is the bane of all political happiness. A
strict attachment to the principles of truth, a firm adherence
to undeviating rectitude, will ever crown *juvencility* with unfad-
ing laurels, and “stem the torrent” of slander and abuse.
Active in the cause of freedom, persevering in the protection of
our rights, will be each of us who, this day, come forward to
touch and live. For us the earth drank our father’s blood....
sacred and unpoliuted shall it be by our protection.

WE have a *cause* for rejoicing. The affections of the
people have centered and recentered in the *Republican guardian*
of our liberties, the lover of our people. And though the
shafts of malevolence fly thick around us, though the haggard
anathemas *Misanthropōn* fall thick upon us....though we be af-
flicted by the rancorous abiloquence of frenetic demagogues....
and the *phialæ* of opprobium be vented upon our heads ; yet,
let us assume the indefatigable resolutions to shun the pesti-
lence of bilinggate, and ensrine the *thesis* of resistance. Thus
shall we flourish like blossoms at noon day.

WITHOUT a spirit of arrogance, we may suppose, that
when young “SQUATTERS” is applied, young REPUB-

LICANS are meant. The term is appropriate to our feelings.

We ever *did*, and we ever *will*, live under a free government.

“ We’ll sooner part with life than let it go.”

We be FREE, or we *live not*. Do we swear by Heaven?
YEA, BY GOD HIMSELF.

* * * * *
 * FINIS. *
 * * * * *

ERRATA.

Page seventh, fourth line from the bottom, for *statutes*,
 read *statues*.

H.G.