

A N
ORATION,

PRONOUNCED

A T

HAMPDEN,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY---1803.



BY ANDREW MORTON, Esq.



Disguise thyself as thou wilt, SLAVERY! still thou art a bitter draught, and tho thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. LIBERTY! thrice sweet and gracious Goddess, thy taste is grateful, and ever will be so till Nature herself shall change--no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. [YORIC.]

HAMPDEN, (Me.)

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Ms. V. 16-69



To ANDREW MORTON, Esq.

SIR,

WE are appointed by the Inhabitants of *Hampden*, a Committee to wait on you with their thanks, for your ingenious and appropriate Oration pronounced this day, and request a copy for the Press.

CHARLES ELMER.

JOSIAH KEDDIE.

OLIVER CURRIER.

Hampden, July 4, 1803.



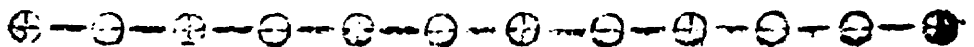
GENTLEMEN,

YOUR request was unexpected. But thro your hands, the world is welcome to take charge of the puny offspring of an hour of lassitude, in which no object presented to fire sentiment, or inducement, to direct politics.

ANDREW MORTON.

The Gentlemen of }
Committee. }

Hampden, July 4, 1803.



A N
O R A T I O N.

— *Longa est injuria, longa
Ambages ; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.*

Fellow Citizens,

HAD the duties of the day been divided as usual, you would have been furnished with more instruction, and I oppressed with less embarrassment. The lightness of one part of the performance might have been sheltered under the solemnity of the other, and the dull narration of the Orator forgotten in the lively zeal of the Priest.— But I stand alone—your candor is secured.

The Declaration of American INDEPENDENCE was not the faint whisper of pusillanimous philanthropy, dying in the ear, without force to descend to the heart ; nor the timid sigh of disconsolate virtue in thralldom, hiding her tears and shrinking from the echoes of her own grief :—But the bold, the embodied thunder of dauntless Patriot

rism, uttered in the face of Heaven, which awakened all the energies of America, and rolled round the world, rending chains from the oppressed, and rocking Kings from their thrones. Its multiplied reverberations are, this day, breaking from the Orator's tongue, and bursting from the cannon's mouth, in almost every city, town, and village in the union. The sound shall measure down the long range of time, reach remotest posterity, and re-echo, while there is a heart to beat the response of Liberty, or a tongue to shout the raptures of Freedom. Americans will never cease to revere a deed so bold—to celebrate a day so glorious.

Here in America, on every anniversary of her birth, Liberty beholds the multitude of her disciples thicken, and the number of her altars increase. Suffer me, fellow-townsmen, sincerely to lament, that, in your first appearance at her shrine, your election of a speaker has fallen on one, whose clumsy address and inferior ability may insert an air of awkwardness into the whole performances of the day, or throw over them a shade of suspicion, that they are entirely devoid of

frincerity. The honesty of your patriotifm, I trust, will atone for the imprudence of your choice ; and that zeal in the caufe of Liberty, which confults its own refources lefs than the ends, to which it is directed, excufe the vanity of his acceptance.

We borrow fanction from the customs of no foreign countries to juftify a celebra- tion of this Anniverfary. When other na- tions look back to the morning of their ex- iftence, they behold it breaking from the night of carnage, and blackened with the fmoke of flughter. If they explore their origin, it is polluted with butchery, and darkened with crime. Do they fearch the foundation of their greatnefs, it is laid in vi- olence and cemented with blood. Should they unravel their title to foil, or examine their fecurity for happinefs—their tenure is but the right of conquest, their freedom, the will of a tyrant.

Our morning hemisphere was hung in different colors. Our beginning furnished from a purer fource. The basis of our glo- ry funk with cleaner hands, and formed of

less perishable materials. Our inheritance was the "free gift of Heaven,"—our character sealed with the finger of GOD.

On this day, the memory of age is not so frail as to forget, nor the bosom of youth so cold as not to catch, the spirit of the scenes, that preceded the American Revolution. Had its history been recorded nowhere but in the sand of the sea-shore, enough would have descended, in bleeding, uneffaced fragments, to posterity, to preserve in their minds a sleepless jealousy, and rivit in their souls an eternal antipathy, of that nation, who, after having oppressed their forefathers into exile, was attempting to charm them into a love of slavery, with the tender names of "parent and protection," on her tongue, whilst her chastest embraces were but the sting of scorpions, and her fastest banners, the shadow of death:—Whose lips were honyed with the sounds of "generosity and benevolence," whilst her heart was pining with avarice insatiable as the grave, and throbbing with malice implicable as hell.

Turn off your eyes, for a moment, from the present face of America, now brightened with peace, burthened with plenty, embosomed in happiness, and flooded with glory. View a wilderness measuring half the line from pole to pole, stretching from the ocean West where the journey's of no traveller but the sun have yet ever reached, tenanted with savages numerous as its leaves, full on as its gloom, and untameable as the tempest on its mountains, maddened with thirst for the cup of christian slaughter, scenting the footsteps of civilization, and trained to no humanity but the ingenuity of torture:—with here and there a handful of defenceless, wandering, undirected pilgrims, dreaming of Liberty, but never yet refreshed with her presence, wasting with want and thined with pestilence, cut off by distance, and refraining thro courage, even from the dreary commerce of sighing their sorrows to each other. This is but a broken outline, a colorless sketch of the prospects that presented, of the scenes that surrounded, of the gloom that enveloped, of the dangers that assailed, of the horrors that encompassed, the first

emigrants to America. As soon as the breast of valor had crowded the savage foe from an inch of soil, and the hand of industry dressed it with culture, that creature, under whose wings the Colonists had so often been invited for shelter, snatched the first of its produce, and knotted it in her talons. Before they had once ever seen even the shadow of competence, a foreign article much in their use, but which it would be a burlesque to call by the name of luxury, was singled out as such, and forbidden them unburthened with duty, to their mother country—and to set them a pattern of her own perfidy and corruption, she even taxed their obligations to honesty.

Schemes of tyranny were devised, and mandates of terror hurried across the atlantic, swift as the winds that swept its surface, and successive as the waves that rolled on its bosom. Allegiance long suffered the most outrageous abuse, and loyalty the cruelest oppression. When America first ventured to complain to Britain, her remonstrances were but the half uttered accents of beggary and distress; and the first weapons for her war

fare no more than the pen of philosophy. When that could neither enlighten the stupidity of the Monarch, nor reform the wickedness of the Ministry, she retreated even to the brink of destruction before she threw it down, lifted her arm in self defence, and buckled on her armor. The trumpet of Independence was blown. A swarm of domestic traitors crawled from the vitals of their country. Youth leapt from the precinct of its sports into the encampment of Mars, and Age shook off its decrepitude and flew to the field. The Miser opened his treasures, poverty became rich, and avarice felt generosity. All was surrendered, a willing sacrifice, in support of the common cause, even to the widow's mite and orphan's crumb.

A long, a doubtful, a bloody contest ensued. At length "the gleams of glory opened round." The world astonished beholds the proudest nation in Europe at the feet of America. "Peace returns to bless." But a war begun without resources could not fail to leave the nation nothing. Government had no energy : Society no bands.

Genius was on the wreck for an expedient, philanthropy overwhelmed in despondence, and patriotism sinking in despair. Faction unveiled her hydra head. In this hour of anxiety, in this period of gloom, the Federal Constitution rose in all its majesty. To the world, a monument of wisdom that will endure forever. To Americans, a fortress of safety that shall never be demolished: A temple of salvation, which the strongest currents of treachery can neither undermine, nor the wildest tempests of faction ever shake down.

On this day, we call for the principles that originated, the manners that moulded, the feelings that conducted, the American Revolution. When we look back on its history, we plunge into a vast current of events, that long rolled on its dark and troubled waters, but at last spent itself on America in a sea of glory.

Should your speaker attempt to charm you with the emptiness of eloquence without the reality of sentiment, he would have the strong hold of principle for an en-

castlement in air, and incur no approbation of his audience, but their reverence of his talent at appearing ridiculous. Should he plume the pinions of fancy and flit away into the regions of imaginary bliss, he would forsake the possession of real felicity, for the chase of fantastic amusement. An attempt at novelty would be acknowledging that we have forgotten the toil that purchased our Freedom, and already disgust its enjoyment.

On this day, can gratitude withhold its tribute, can patriotism refuse its homage, to the memory of those, who bedded themselves in death to procure salvation for their country? The revolutionary soldier has a more faithful record of his sufferings, than the scars of his breast. They are embalmed in the gratitude of his country—they are registered in Heaven. He has a better reward for his services than a handful of depreciated scrip, forced into his pocket by governmental necessity, and filched from it by speculative fraud. Tho' the sun of prosperity never beam on his footsteps, tho' he is doomed

to pace the plains of poverty, he leaves to his posterity, an inheritance incorruptible, and a wreath of glory that will never fade away.

First on the list of revolutionary worthies stands the NAME, before which the proudest eloquence must bow. WASHINGTON's worth was as much above praise, as his weakness beyond discernment. In his course, steady and luminous as the sun. In manners, pliant as the reed. In courage, resolute as the tempest. Measured in view, and controlled in feeling, his ambition took no fire from the shouts of victory, and his fear no alarm from the sighs of defeat. Let a tear to his memory sanctify our joys ; and if we wish him to pass to ages untarnished with tradition, our silence only must speak his eulogy.

On this day, we have to look back on the conduct of those, who have been at the head of our national concerns, and if we are unable to do justice to merit, at least, take care we do not hand down to posterity a political hypocrite accompanied with our

approbation, & a tyrant *revealed* loaded with our praise.

The Anti-revolutionist and Apostate in politics have nothing to do in the business of this day. They may force an awkward, unwilling compliance with the ceremonials of the occasion; but the heart has no participation, feeling no luxury, principle no triumph. With them, there is no union but the harmony of conspiracy—no felicity but the rapture of repining.

It is not a time to lash the flame of party spirit with the whirlwind of reproach. The occasion carries us back to a season when every one was seeking a refuge from his fears in the bosom of his neighbor. But it is a time to single out the enemies of our constitution and revilers of our government, and seal them for rejection from office. To draw domestic treachery from its covert, and point the indignation of our country at its head. To unite that we may hurl from their stations men, who have crept to eminence under the darkness of intrigue, or mounted to power by the strides of corruption, and be bold “to despise the

man who would advise to more moderation.”

At the head of our national government is the man, who first spread the declaration of American Independence on paper :— Whose practice and pen have never once been at war. Under whose administration the principles of the Revolution are restored. In whose character qualities unite, hitherto deemed contradictory. Who indulges the profounded researches of rational philosophy, without plunging into the reveries of the sophist ; and soars to the boldest heights of genius, without losing sight of the minutest concerns of state.

In the heads of department, we have the most free, uncontaminating channel of foreign communication ; the closest and most salutary system of finance ; the most ready, exhaustless fund of legal intelligence ; the most judicious arrangement for perfecting our militia and embattling the field.

Under a political firmament flooded with the light of these constellations, what cloud of misfortune can shade, for a moment,

the bright face of America? With these prospects of prosperity before her, what can impede her career in the race of glory? In this clear sunshine of success, what can lose her in her flight to the summit of empire? Should domestic enemies rise up to disturb the harmony of government, or foreign foes assail the rights of our nation, her vengeance is in store. The hearts of American Soldiers will never pant for blood, nor shrink from danger; but should war invade, the handful before us would swell to millions, and smile defiance to the world in arms.

To the aged patriot, whose locks were bleached in the storms of our revolution—to the true American in the noon of life, whose bosom is bursting with courage—to the green youth, whose heart has been hallowed by the reception of Republican principles, the duties of this day are solemn. They are bound to resort to the temple together, and after having recognized principles so precious, recounted sufferings so severe, and re-kindled a spirit so unconquerable, as led to our Independence and glory, to lay their

hands to the heart till they feel it throb in unison with truth, and then lift them to heaven and swear, by the blood of the Martyrs to Freedom, that the earth which embosoms their ashes shall never be pressed with the foot of a tyrant, nor the winds that sigh over their tombs be burthened with the groans of a slave.

P I N I S.