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Gleason, Joseph, Jr.

An Oration . . . Boston.

Boston, Oliver & Munroe, 1806. 24 pp.

MWA copy.



MR. GLEASON'S

*O R A T I O N,*

JULY 4, 1806.

AN  
ORATION,  
PRONOUNCED ON THE  
THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF  
American Independence,  
BEFORE THE  
YOUNG DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS,  
OF THE  
TOWN OF BOSTON,  
AT THE  
SECOND BAPTIST MEETING HOUSE,  
July 4, 1806.

.....  
BY JOSEPH GLEASON, jun.  
.....

.....“*Non passibus æquis.*”——VIRGIL.

“The voice of your fathers’ blood cries to you from the ground, my  
sons scorn to be slaves.”WARREN.

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BOSTON:  
Printed by OLIVER & MUNROE, No. 78, State-Street.  
.....  
1806.

**BOSTON, JULY 5, 1806.**

*AT a meeting of the Young Democratic Republicans, July 4, 1806—It was unanimously voted, that MOSES HALL, jun. S. G. SNELLING, and JASON HALL, be a Committee to wait on Mr. JOSEPH GLEASON, jun. with their thanks, for his animated Address, on the 4th of July, and request a copy for the press.*

**MOSES HALL, jun. Secretary.**

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*To the Committee of the Young Democratic Republicans,  
GENTLEMEN,*

*With all the defects of an infant production, the Oration is submitted to your disposal.*

*I am, Gentlemen,*

*Your's respectfully,*

**JOSEPH GLEASON, JUN.**

# O R A T I O N.



TO be called by my Young Republican Brethren, on this glorious occasion, to delineate the blessings of that INDEPENDENCE, which, we are here assembled to commemorate, is indeed a pleasing reflection, and my heart rebounds with gratitude for the honor they have conferred.

Conscious of my inadequacy to do justice to the *cause of freedom*, and having nothing to boast, but a common education, and the age of youth which I have not yet put off. This I presume will be a sufficient apology for my not discharging the duty to that degree of perfectness, which might be expected from one, whose years are more, and on whom, the rays of fortune have more bountifully shone.

From the first era of my remembrance, I have always been instructed in the principles of *Republicanism*. An attachment to that cause, and the love of patriotism, have been the only *inducements*, for me to comply with the request of my respected young friends.

In commemoration of our *National Independence*, we have this day assembled, and come forward to evince, by the most grateful marks of reverence,

that we still retain the principles of Republicanism, and have a sacred regard for the memories of those Heroes, who “fought and bled” in defence of the freedom and Independence of our country; that our love of the sacred trust committed to us, to be handed down to posterity, is not abated; but that we feel a growing attachment with every increasing year.

The reasons for which we celebrate this day, with increased enthusiasm, are too well known to every American to need a repetition, but the vast contrast, between the situation of our country now, and past times, is so truly interesting, that it is impossible to pass it over in silence.

A government, like that of *Great Britain*, where the most unrestrained, and wicked impositions are daily put upon the people, and where men are born to be the conductors of the public welfare; it will readily be perceived, was not calculated to gain the support of those, who believe man was *born free*, and capable of governing himself, and that they are indebted to none but the *Almighty*, for these blessings.

Such was the belief of our pious ancestors who first landed on these shores, at the time of their emigration from *Europe*.

They preferred a barren wilderness, and the friendship of the uncivilized Indians, to all the magnificence, and splendor of Monarchy; they preferred to worship God, in their own manner, in a wilderness,

rather than be compelled to worship with those, with whose creed, they could not conscientiously coincide. Such was the situation of the first settlers of New-England, they explored the tempestuous ocean, in an unfavorable season of the year, and after combating the many billows of adversity, which had often threatened their destruction, they landed, on *forefather's rock*, Plymouth. 1620.

In a barren wilderness, peopled only by the rude untutored savages—where the Indians yell and the warhoop rung in constant succession, in the dreary season of the year, when the face of the earth was not discernible, and the roarings of the beast of prey, struck terror to the soul of man. In such circumstances did our pious and venerable forefathers lay the foundation of New-England.

Through all difficulties did they persevere, aided by that Providence, which had guarded them across the watery element, and protected them in this inhospitable, and uncultivated region :—they rose with every encreasing year, in magnitude and happiness.

But Heaven had ordained that their happiness was not to be perpetual. The mother country had taken to herself “ *the right to tax them in all cases whatsoever,*” and had so far extended her parental authority, that in compliance with what she had claimed as her right, she levied the *stamp act* upon the Colonies.

The resentment, *irritated* by this act, and the repeated remonstrances of the Colonies against it, were

very serious—and viewed by Great Britain with a jealous eye.

At that time commenced the most enlightened publications in vindication of the rights of the American People, and the spirited conduct of *James Otis, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren* and *Patrick Henry*, at that period, shone conspicuous. They hesitated not to deny the right of Great-Britain to tax and oppress the People.

The bloody and inhuman *mussacre* in State-Street, on the *5th of March, 1770*, will be recorded as one of the leading events to the American revolution. If cowardice was ever witnessed, *State-Street* was the spot where it appeared *most valiantly*. A body of men armed, and prepared for a ready attack, had the bravery to fire on the *unarmed*, and innocent citizen. See there the street bespattered with the brains, and bedewed with the blood of our patriotic and venerable fathers.

From thence we can trace them to *Lexington*, when a well disciplined and regular British army was compelled to fly before the hardy American yeomanry. Here opened the scenes of bloodshed and slaughter ! Here commenced the American war ; and *Lexington* will ever be revered, as the spot, where fell the first martyrs in the cause of American Freedom !

Again we behold them, on “ Bunker’s awful mount,” and thousands pressing forward to offer their lives in defence of Freedom and Independence.

