

AN
ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT WASHINGTON HALL,

IN

KENNEBUNK, MAINE,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1811.

BY DR. SAMUEL EMERSON.

KENNEBUNK, MAINE,
PRINTED BY J. K. REMICK.

1811.

KENNEBUNK, JULY 5, 1811.

THE Committee of arrangement, in the name of the Federal Republicans of Kennebunk, have the honor to present the thanks of the assembly, to Samuel Emerson, Esq. for his patriotic Oration and request a copy for the press.

Per Order, I. C. PRAY.

Mr. I. C. Pray,

Samuel Emerson, returns his respects to the Committee; if the Oration will afford any entertainment, it must arise from the partiality of a very benevolent audience, which, in his opinion, ought to be gratified.

ORATION.



THE request of my Fellow Citizens, ever sacred to my feelings, has again drawn me from the pursuit of my profession, to assume, contrary to fixed intentions, the attitude of a public speaker.

For thirty five years you have been habituated to hail this morning as the joyful era of your independence and to call to mind the vast national blessings which owe their existence to the transactions of the glorious 4th of July, 1776. Though clouds and thick darknets seem to enshroud in gloom your political hemisphere, yet my friends, be not too much dismayed, there are great and invaluable blessings yet remaining, to raise your spirits, and gladden your hearts on this Anniversary.

The extended shores of Europe, from the Baltic to the Levant, are lined with the whitened skeletons of the victims of pride and ambition, fallen in the defence of the ancient institutions of civil polity. The rolling streams of the east, from the Danube to the Nile, are crimsoned with the blood of millions of the human race, sacrificed to the monstrous Molock of universal Monarchy!—What an age for strange events!—At the very time your Fathers were laying the platform of Liberty, which they secured to their children, by the wisest, and

most salutary guards to defend it from the inroads of licentiousness—the vile projectors of confusion were sitting in cursed conclave, on the other side the atlantic; forging out the dread machinery, which was one day to be put in motion, by those horid engines, the Jacobin clubs to tear up, from their foundations, the systems of order in every portion of Continental Europe.

No sooner had peace returned to these shores, than revolution began to smoke in France. The enthusiastic love of liberty, glowing in the bosom of every American, kindled a gleam of pleasure in every cheek, when the Bastile tottered to its base, before the avenging hand of an oppressed and injured people; and all hailed the day, as the harbinger of that glorious time, when the shackles of tyranny should fall from every limb, throughout the world, and debased humanity again stand up and display the dignity of man from pole to pole. But loon the bright vision disappeared, and the rosy morning changed to a terrible tornado, that swept every thing before it. Faction butchered Royalty and then fell a sacrifice to a still blacker faction:—One broad wave of blood and murder followed another—inundation rolled on inundation, till all was made one wide waste, ten thousand times worse than the deluge of vandalism, which, a few centuries since, swept over the same territories, and before it the stupendous fabric of the Roman Empire, with all its tall columns of arts, science and civilization was torn piecemeal by the besom of ignorance and barbarism!—Out of this fomenting mass was hatched a Cockatrice, whose sting, falsely dubbed imperial sceptre, extends beyond the conquests of Cæsar and distills a poison more deadly than the nothern blasts or southern pestilence!—The German league is dissolved, the throne of the great Frederick overturned, the hardy Russian like the bear of his forests, when taken from his native haunts, only dances over the hot hearth of French intrigue, and grumbling

grates his grinders on the chains he tamely suffered to shackle his tawny limbs. Ruin and wretchedness stalk, like midnight spectres, over the fruitful fields of Bohemia, and grin horribly at the ghastly ruins of Sicilian vineyards and Italian cornfields.

From all this terrific picture, you Americans are yet exempt—you can yet sit under your own vines and fig-trees—you can yet regale on the luxuries of your fruitful fields and see your chaste wives and blooming daughters unviolated by lawless conquerors. Let us enjoy it while we can. Your civil institutions though wounded by the dangerous hand of innovation, are yet entire.—The freedom of election yet is yours, though the salutary distinctions of character and property, have recently been touched by the unhallowed scourge of unprincipled licentiousness:—Your alters yet smoke with sacred incense, though avaricious Atheism has attempted to rob them of the peace offering of piety—The golden candlesticks are not removed from the temple, though party parcimony is striving to purloin the oil which feeds their lustre. The brilliant luminaries of science yet shed their plastic beams on the plants before them, and who can say but young cedars may yet arise, and firm oaks grow up, for the glory and defence of this garden of God?—Let the smoking mountains of the south, pour out its streams of pestiferous lava, let these streams infect the ocean and breed worms to eat the hull of commerce—Let squalls from its angry brow rend your sails and splinter your masts, these eruptions and these squalls cannot last forever, they are in their nature momentary—The lava will cool and grow solid that a rich soil may produce fair crops and plentiful harvests, when they are buried deep in oblivion—The foul winds will cease and give way to a glorious sunshine of patriotic light and rational liberty. The true yankee spirit yet circulates in your firm arteries, and the whining speeches of superannuated

ambition cannot deter the Eagle of Independence from your halls of consultation:—Like Hutchinson and Gage, let them issue their writs of *Mondamus* and fill your tribunals of justice with the creatures of Tyranny—the ghosts of your fathers will hover over your capitals from Bunker hill, and pale dismay paralyze their puny projects.

The political chaldron is boiling with hideous ebullition and all the scum and filth of society swells big on its disgusting surface:—but this very ebullition will finally purify the body politic, and its boiling over, quench the flame of revolution and put out the fire of unprincipled zeal.

Eleven years have passed away since a *wonderful man* declared that the Federal Constitution was in the full tide of successful experiment—successful experiment did he say? Most clearly he spoke the truth. The great machine of the federal Government, had been put in motion by *Washington!* With reverence let us name the first, the best of men!—By WASHINGTON, and its progress had exceeded every calculation. Earth and Sea bore loud testimony to the transcendent wisdom of the profound design and the no less transcendent prudence of the execution. Your canvases wafted the American flag to every bay and river in Neptunes realm, and wherever seen it commanded respect. Your treasury was overflowing and your markets generous. What more was there wanting to stamp *Successful experiment* upon the whole national economy?—Why then put the ship about? Why steer a different course, if wind and tide were exactly right? But the scheming Visionary must try it—about the ship must go, and has been labouring ever since, against wind and tide, till you now see her plump upon the rocks; and Captain, Mate and all hands, unmindful of the bottom, are squabbling without, discipline or system for the cargo! What a picture is this! What an account could be given, if the fainted

spirit of your Father Washington were permitted to visit his beloved country? How must they tremble at the frowns which must wrinkle his sacred brow? How rapid must be their flight to some hidden recess, away from the consciousness of their paracidal crimes like the coward of Carrers cave, with Tailton and the British cavalry in full cry.

One continued scene of cringing sycophancy to the great Emperor—No exertion but to oppress the honest merchant, and tear the last plank from your once flourishing commerce! Proclamations issued under the great seal to add weight to, and render more mischievous, the punic faith of St. Cloud—Laws solemnly enacted to give falsehood all the consequence of truth, in civil decisions, which must bring many a wealthy industrious citizen to beg his bread! Universal corruption taking place of honest plain dealing, and public confidence lost forever! The Constitution trampled on by the heedless huff of ignorance and crime, and the ancient usages of your venerable Sires, thrown aside as the vile rubbish of a conflagration—Your important offices given as doccurs to electioneering runners, and honest worth spurned out of sight to make way for unprincipalled sycophants.

Until of late, one honest Compatriot of Washington, and his bosom friend, held his seat about the national fire; like Lot in Sodom, to restrain the torrent of destruction from sweeping the mad multitude, with the besom of awful Justice. Now *he* retires. Methinks I see the Eagle on the Capital droop his wings in profound respect, as the *venerable Sage* turns his back on the councils of the nation! See the good old man, after having enjoyed the first stations in government, moving in poverty to his native home! Glorious poverty—more to be envied than the gilded trappings of all the venal state-robbers on earth! I reverence thy hoary honesty, and bow to thy unbending integrity; unborn millions will recount

with admiration thy exalted virtues, and faithfull history shall write the name of *Pickering*, next *Washington*, in the catalogue of Fame !

I am sick said an Athenian democrat, of hearing Aristides the just—and Arestides was banished ! But the devouring deluge of Democracy, was soon overwhelming Athens and Aristides was recalled to save his infatuated country ! Cheer up my friends, the good sense of America will yet return, like that of the Grecian Republic, and we shall again call Aristides to the helm ! Your Samsons have been sleeping in the lap of indulgence, but their locks are not shorn. There is thank God a vast weight of talent which has subsided out of sight in this great political ebullition, it is high time to awake from your lethargic slumbers ; your ship is sinking ; arise before it be too late, put a good commander and crew on board and a few voyages will replenish your coffers.— Learn wisdom by misfortune and you will gain by the loss ; let every one do his duty and all may yet be well. What avail your priviledges, if you never use them ? Lay not your talents in a knapkin, but occupy according to your masters will and deserve to be hailed with, “ well done good and faithfull.”

The great body of Citizens mean right, but the apostles of discord have deceived them. You, who have sight in your souls, diffuse it ; shew them their mistake and they will do right ; unveil the arts of designing demagogues ; the times will soon press hard and with care the public mind may again be set right ; and if this important end is once gained, the deceivers, the Jacobin gullar will be disarmed and find the task vastly more difficult in a second attempt.

You possess all the means of national happiness ever given by indulgent Heaven to the most favoured people. Separated from the belching volcanoes of the old world, by the ample Atlantic, you are in no danger, with pru-

dence, of being overwhelmed by their eruptions. The tyrant of the earth and murderer of man dares not brave the Sea, for God has said to him, "hither to shalt thou come and no farther!" Your hills are covered with oak and your vallies with towering masts for a thousand Admirals. Your climate embraces every necessary, convenience and luxury, sufficient to supply every mart on the three oceans—Your rivers afford the most superb prospect of internal convenience—Your Colleges and seminaries of learning are in high prosperity—Your manufactories are as flourishing as is possible in the present state of your territory—You have vast abilities at command, both in church and state—Health reigns in your borders and plenty in your palaces. You want nothing but wisdom to improve the distinguished blessings Heaven is showering in copious streams upon you. Rejoice then, and while the incense of gratitude is smoking on a thousand altars, on this Anniversary, let us humbly invoke a gracious Deity to open the eyes of the people that they may see their true interest; warm their hearts with gratitude to their true friends; pull off the mask from their insidious deceivers; a true spirit of patriotism inspire into all ranks of Citizens; that all may be up and doing before the night political Death shall envelope these blessed shores in slavery and ruin! and may the temple of the most High be raised to a glorious elevation, the true Religion be revived and roll through the land on the chariot of love, and peace be upon the whole Israel of God!

SONG

Composed and Sung at Kennebunk, on the 4th of July, 1811,

BY STEPHEN SEWALL.

THAT all have their Hobbies' a doctrine not new,
Trace man from Creation, you'll find it most true,
The Hobby of Eve, was an Apple she twich'd,
From Knowledge fair tree, and her daughters bewitch'd,
To mount on Hobbies, &c.

She blush'd at her Hobby with deep crimson'd face,
But her Hobby was Adam's he run the same race,
'Twas a Hobby that fill'd the whole world full of woe,
And a sad introduction to Hobbies I know.
Oh, sad Hobby, &c.

For all kinds of Hobbies was Solomon fam'd,
But he vanity, vanity most of them nam'd,
Still on a good Hobby, the good feel a pride,
And this is the Hobby, we all ought to ride.
All on Hobbies, &c.

England's Hobby is Ocean with all its proud waves,
The Leviathan mighty, the Mammoth that braves;
The whole world on a blaze sets the Corsican's ire,
And England all Ocean spouts down on the fire.
That's her Hobby, &c.

Bona's Hobby is boundless ambition and pow'r.
The thunder of Mars and Venus' soft bow'r,
But to o'erthrow Britannia, he'll find it demands,
The proud locks of Sampson, and Hercules' hands.
Oh vain Hobby, &c.

The Presidents' Hobby was known long ago,
Bona's trumpet before him did Jefferson blow,

On the Merchant a false proclamation is sham'd,
 And America with a nonintercourse dam'd,
 All to please Bona, &c.

The Fed'ralists Hobby is Washingtons school,
 His laws, Constitution, and Counsels their rule,
 From this strong foundation they ne'er will be driven,
 Till the chain of Creation afunder is riv'n,
 This is their Hobby, &c.

The Democrat's Hobby's to get into pow'r,
 With an Office that reigns down the silvery show'r,
 With Courts of Justice they trifle, and play with as toys,
 And in Legislation they're A B school boys,
 Self's their Hobby, &c.

Gore's Hobby's the Patriots' Hobby well try'd,
 Of old Massachusetts the glory and pride,
 Let the Jacobins rage, swell out and look big,
 They burst before Gore, the staunch full blooded whig,
 We'll ride his Hobby, &c.

Gerry's Hobby, is Hutchinson's folly and rage,
 Like him he deals threats, would exile, or engage,
 May the strong Fed'ral caustic all over him stick,
 Till his Frenchifi'd sores are burnt quite to the quick.
 Oh vile Hobby, &c.

New-Hampshire's proud Hobby's the hero of Rye
 But no great things at all was he e'er in my eye,
 Yet New-Hampshire has chosen the rotten old wythe,
 Instead of the firm federal stately oak Smith.
 Oh lame Hobby, &c.

Connecticut's Hobby the whole world must admire,
 A Hobby that burns with true liberty's fire,
 She has fought her way thro' has held out to the last,
 And her democrats thunder-struck, shrink back aghast!
 A glorious Hobby, &c.

Be America's Hobby to live free or die,
Her Independence be written, with Stars in the sky,
There shine, till high heav'n's glorious orb, veil his rays,
And unbounded Creation is wrapt in a blaze.

This be her Hobby, &c.

FINIS.