

AN
ORATION,

PRONOUNCED

AT

TIVERTOWN,

JULY THE FOURTH, 1804.

By C. Deane, Esq.

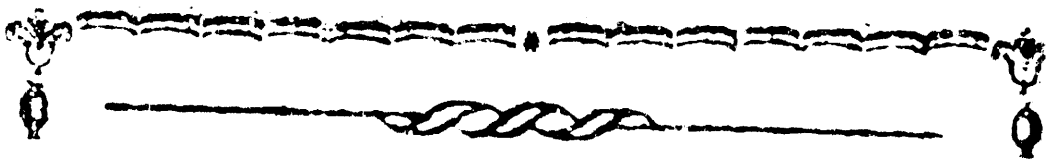
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A N
O R A T I O N.



ORATIONS have been spoke in prose,
Until a tiresome burden grows,
The truth for to rehearse ;
But I would here attempt to say,
What I've to speak another way,
As you will find, in verse.

Dear Friends, and Fellow-cit'zens all,
For your attention now I call,
To what I here have penn'd ;
And let your hearts unite in praise,
To celebrate these halcyon days,
Till time shall have an end.

When our forefathers, fired with zeal,
For to perform God's holy will,
They left their native land ;
To *Germany* they did repair,
To seek a quiet resting there,
From *James's* cruel hand

But finding not their rest complete,
 They contemplate a new retreat,
 Across Atlantic sea ;
 To try the deserts of this land,
 Tho' they were but a little band,
 If they could but agree.

At length there was about five score,
 Agreed to quit their native shore,
 And try the boisterous waves ;
 Tempestuous storms attend the rout,
 Which fill'd them very much with doubt,
 The sea would be their graves.

At length they reach the sandy shore,
 The like they never saw before ;
 Cape Cod the mournful scene :
 Where nought but sands the shore compose,
 And *Indians*, savage were their foes ;
 There was no grain to glean.

Now they thought proper once to try,
 And push their ship to'rds western sky,
 Tho' they had many a shock ;
 At length with difficulty reach,
 The shore now called *Plymouth Beach*,
 And land upon the rock.

Now here's the place which God design'd
 That holyness and virtuous minds,
 Should have a safe abode ;
 No Savages could here be found,

The pestilence had clear'd the ground,
Done by a holy God.

But two Interpreters were found,
Who welcom'd English to this ground,
Tho' Natives void of rage :
Thus our Forefathers furnish'd were,
To deal with Natives who came there
In treaties to engage.

Then *Carver* ask'd those friendly men,
How they learnt English talk, and when,
They got the social tongue ?
One Captain *Hunt* stole us away,
And to *Great-Britain* did convey,
Those we have learnt among.

Then *Carver* ask'd what tribe is near ?
Who is their king, or need we fear,
Hostilities from far ?
The king is wise and values peace ;
A powerful tribe who doth increase,
Will aid you in a war.

Now *Samoset* * was ask'd if he
Willing a messenger to be,
T'invite the king to come,
And make a treaty with us here,
That we no future wars should fear,
When shelter'd in our dome.

* *Indian Interpreter.*

Now *Samofet* propos'd that one
 Of *Carver's* men with him go on
 To *Massasoit's* † fort ;
 Invite the king with his strong guard,
 If he is willing and prepar'd
 To come to *Carver's* court.

Now *Carver* ask'd his council round,
 Which of them wish'd to see the ground
 Where *Massasoit* dwells :
 Brave *Winslow* gives his service free,
 I am the man will go with thee,
 And visit royal cells.

Now *Massasoit* leaves his seat,
 And with his guard doth *Carver* meet ;
 Salutes by joined hands :
 With royal cushions nicely placed,
 While mutual love each other graced,
 While they unite in bands.

Thus the first part was ended well,
 But at the next ah, what befell ;
 The scene is sadly chang'd !
 Treason appears with brazen face,
 Which soon turn'd out to their disgrace,
 Tho' boldly made a range.

The traitors hired the '*Gansett* tribe,
 While they with them were strong alli'd,
 To form a powerful band ;
 The traitors four in number were,

† *Indian King.*

Of punishment they had their share,
When banish'd from the land.

Our sages now at freedom's seat,
Join in a council where they meet,
To frame a code of laws ;
As free and unrestrain'd they act,
To form their laws by a compact
To suit the common cause.

Now freedom's temple here is placed,
And with pure morals finely graced,
To guide the infant tribe ;
The rulers rule with sincere heart,
Nor do they act the despot's part,
While free from ev'ry bribe.

With grateful hearts let us unite,
The greater favors to recite,
Of which we were deny'd ;
How our Forefathers under God,
Perform'd to free them from the rod
Of British haughty pride.

Let us with pleasure contemplate,
How we've escap'd the cursed fate,
Which George had doom'd for us
Imposing duties, which so large,
We were not able to discharge,
Unless he took our purse.

But we at length our freedom gain'd,
A blessing which we have attain'd

By God's assisting hand ;
May then due praise to God be giv'n,
While he such favors sent from Heav'n
To free this happy land.

Now let us contemplate the deed,
by which our country has been freed,
And saved us from the plot,
Which *British Parliament* hath laid,
To make our sinking souls afraid,
May it not be forgot.

With heart-felt gratitude let all
Unite in praise, both great and small,
Because the wars are o'er ;
The anniversary of days,
Which we would celebrate in praise,
Till time shall be no more.

Can any contemplate the loss
Of blood and treasure, and the cost,
The *British War* has laid ;
And not with gratitude be fill'd,
For all the blessings which we held,
When *Independent* made !

What people so exalted high,
With ev'ry needful want supply,
To furnish well our board ;
The field a treasure doth afford,
By which our garners well are stored,
And more laid up in hoard.

But when we grew to such a size,
 The British Court a means devise
 To curb our growth and power ;
 They send their troops with Gen'ral *Gage*;
 And in a civil war engage,
 In an unhappy hour.

We had no discipline nor arms,
 For to defend from *British* harms,
 In GOD was our defence ;
 But we alarm'd by sudden fear,
 Could not devise what course to fear,
 To drive these traitors hence.

At length the British sally forth,
 And take their tour to the north,
 To spoil our warlike stores ;
 But our young men devoid of fear,
 Pursued them close at flank and rear,
 And chased them to the shores !

The country now alarm'd as one,
 Send for the great, the *Washington*,
 To head their little band ;
 By his superior skill and aid,
 He made the hostile foes afraid,
 And drove them from the land !

What rapt'rous sounds salute our ears,
 Gently dispersing gloomy fears
 Of wars destructive scene !
 Mantled on yonder silver cloud,

It was *Columbia* cry'd aloud,
And Peace was all her theme.

“Sound the immortal trump of fame,
Let ev'ry note aloud proclaim
An end to war's alarms :
Ye friendly Angels join your voice,
Assist my heroes to rejoice,
For their victorious arms.

“In vain have haughty Christians strove
To seize the sacred olive grove,
With thousands in their bands :
But see fair Virtue and her train,
Crowning my sons on yonder plain,
Where Freedom's temple stands.

“In vain have cunning statesmen strove
To trample down the olive grove,
Where ev'ry blessing springs :
But lo ! yon rising spreading sail,
Driv'n beneath a peaceful gale,
Which the fair blessing brings.”

'Twas thus *Columbia* spoke and rose,
Th' avenger of fair Freedom's woes,
Ambition's envied prize :
Soft on her sweet maternal breast,
She lull'd her darling Chief to rest,
And plac'd him in the skies !

Now see the Goddess, see her rise !
Glitt'ring in the western skies,

A constellated queen !
See the dazzling crown she wears,
Graced with *Eighteen* glitt'ring stars,
And wreaths of ever green.

The voice of our Forefather's wound,
Cries to you from the tilled ground,
" My Sons, scorn to be slaves !"
In vain they met the tyrant's frown ;
In vain they built the beaut'ous town,
Their offspring for to save.

In vain they cross'd the boist'rous sea,
To find a place for Liberty,
If we don't act our part ;
In vain they toil'd, in vain they fought,
If you have'nt courage to turn out,
With valour in your heart.

Now if you with united zeal,
Will act your parts with hearts of steel,
And liberty protect ;
You will enjoy a happy rest,
Nor by those tyrants be oppress ;
Your duty don't neglect.

If you perform your part, you must
Have strongest confidence to trust,
That the Almighty God,
Who hath protected us so long,
(His arm still bare and still as strong)
Will save us from the rod.

In government we have done well,
 Republican and Federal,

In all the world the best :
 May we enjoy the blessing long,
 And foreigners unto it throng
 Its blessings for to taste.

Th' astonish'd world beholds the growth,
 Of male, or female, or of both,
 Increase beyond the trees ;
 The wilderness out-blooms the rose,
 Which is surprizing to our foes,
 The numbers more than bees.

Of *Independence* when we boast,
 And make resistance on our coast,
 Oppose the *British* foe ;
 We state the facts as they do rise,
 Which is surprizing in their eyes,
 When we pronounce their woe.

Of *Independence* this the date,
 The years amount to twenty-eight,
 Since we the Standard rais'd ;
 May we enjoy the blessing long,
 And distant nations join the throng,
 To celebrate the praise.

Shall *Independence* always last,
 To latest times without a blast,
 Where seated firm and strong ?
 Where are the laws of *Rome* and *Greece* ?

Did they support their joy and peace ?
Shall ours last as long ?

Is this thy lot *America* ?
Shall after ages point and say,
 'There liberty was placed ?
And shall destructive ruins be,
The saddest fate of history,
 When we are fore disgraced ?

Is there no balm that may be found,
Within the compass of the ground,
 Where *Gilead* did stand ?
Does no physician there appear,
To chase away our gloomy fear,
 Which doth disturb the land ?

Can we no evils now avoid ?
By which some others were destroyed,
 And free us from the yoke,
By which we all were fore oppress'd.
Who had no hope, nor joy, nor rest,
 Evade the fatal stroke ?

Do we not violate our rights ?
And prostitute them without fight,
 To low degrading vice ?
The office-seeker lays his plan,
For to degrade the rights of man,
 And forfeit all that's nice ?

Let virtue always find applause,
Elected to support the laws.

With influence be crown'd,
 Let wisdom always join the hand
 To be supporters of the land,
 And all its deeds renown'd.

From whence do all these blessings flow,
 Where is the man will let us know
 What bounteous Heaven has done ?
 'Tis God exalts our comforts high,
 When we behold him from the sky,
 Beneath the rising sun.

Now let us praise our fathers' deed,
 Who from their bondage have been freed,
 By our Forefathers aid :
 Next let us celebrate the day
 Which caused us to approach this way,
 Is *Independent* made.

If then our heritage is good,
 And our salvation understood,
 Let's keep the day with care :
 Now let each character be free
 From every blot that we can see,
 And free from every snare.

Let vain amusements be deny'd,
 And lowly counsels screen the pride
 To shun the crooked way :
 Let peace and harmony attend,
 And let each one his ways amend ;
 Let virtue bear the sway.

The government we now support,
 Did not proceed from foreign court,
 For it was made by us ;
 Then be contented as it is,
 If we should think it some amiss,
 Lest we should get a worse.

The storm of revolution's past,
 And population gains so fast,
 Surprising is the growth ;
 The States already grown so large,
 We need not fear the *Pope* or *George*,
 The one or even both.

We are enabled to sit down
 In cities and in country town,
 Where none shall us degrade ;
 Under the apple-tree and pear,
 When we no dang'rous rumors hear
 For to make us afraid.

But if imaginary ills,
 Many vain apprehensions fills,
 Are suffer'd to exist ;
 They foolishly will introduce
 Disunion, call it an abuse,
 And show their clownish fist.

The natural ills are few in life,
 Compared with those are made by strife,
 And introduced by passion ;
 The idle, profligate and top,

Should be employed in the shop,
For to support their fashion.

Now let each passion be subdued,
And ev'ry virt'ous act pursued,
To regulate our life :
Then shall our peace like rivers flow,
And by our conduct plainly show,
That we are void of strife.

Take care that you are not deceived,
By those who mean to be believed,
Altho their conduct's bad ;
They'll try themselves to introduce
To office for their country's use,
If disappointed, mad.

With care now give your votes for such,
Whose virtues recommend them much,
And not the vicious plan ;
Then peace will likely be your lot,
When you've escap'd the sordid lot,
Who sought to be the man.

But if you let your passions rule,
For to elect a vicious fool,
Who acting without knowledge :
Your privilege, the worth of gold,
(Like *Ejau*) you have vainly sold,
All for a mess of pottage.

Of good economy I muse,
Is what each one should always choose,

Who wishes to gain wealth :
The best of favors which we have,
Are so subverted by the brave,
As to destroy their health.

“ Vain man on foolish pleasures bent,
“ Prepares for his own punishment,”
Tho’ not regard effect :
“ What pains, what loathsome maladies,
“ From luxury and lust arise,”
’Till conscience gives the check.

“ The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
“ Yet drowns his health to please his taste,”
Seeks not his life to save ;
“ Till all his active pow’rs are lost,
“ And fainting life draws near the dust,”
And almost in the grave.

Let men who love full flowing bowls;
Forbear to drown immortal souls,
With liquor so immense :
And ladies too their tea forbear,
And live on homely country fare,
Might save a vast expense.

The next which my attention draws,
Is money which we spend in laws,
Which might as well be saved.
The influence of a set of men,
Who love to be employed then,
Because that cash is craved.

“ A thick twisted bush,
“ In the time of a storm,
“ Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep ;
“ So snug for a while,
“ He lay shelter'd and warm,
“ It quietly footh'd him to sleep.

“ The storm now subsides,
“ The winds are at peace,
“ The sheep to his pasture inclin'd ;
“ But ah ! the fell thicket,
“ Lays hold of his fleece,
“ His coat is left forfeit behind.

“ My friends, who the thicket
“ Of law never try'd,
“ Consider before you get in ;
“ Tho' judgment and sentence
“ Are pass'd on your side,
“ By Jove ! you'll be fleec'd to the skin.”

Among false-hearted patriots,
Are there not some like fordid sots,
 Know not what's good or bad ?
May they be pardon'd for their crime,
At such a quiet peaceful time,
 When succour may be had.

Among them may we not suppose,
That some are inadvertant foes,
 Who know not false from true ;
May we have charity for such,

Who o'er their bowls will prattle much,
But know not what they do.

Learning and wisdom, virtue too,
Are the best characters we knew,
To hold the reins of laws :
Now may we always aim to act
With prudence, for to hold compact,
And to defend our cause.

If virtue, wisdom, honor, pow'r,
Will not protect us in the hour
When we may run aground ;
If christian virtues and the laws,
Will not defend the righteous cause,
Where shall we succour find ?

When talents good, and virt'ous mind
Is with good learning firmly join'd—
This is the man to rule ;
Not the profane, the rash, the rude,
Is capable of doing good,
Because he is a fool.

Don't suffer prejudice to rise,
For to reject the learn'd and wise ;
Subdue your sordid lust,
And let your reason guide your choice,
Where you have leave to give your voice
Let virtue be your trust.

Now of such men you always must
Promote with care to pow'r and trust,

For that's your wisest way ;
If you would live secure in peace,
And have your happiness increase,
Let virtue bear the sway.

But if you liberty pervert,
And give your votes for merely sport,
Destroy politic body ;
You will deservedly be sold,
Not for the silver or the gold,
But for a mess of toddy.

Did our Forefathers do what's right,
Who spent their money with delight,
The Colleges to build ?
Did they erect such stately funds,
To educate their offspring sons,
And be with learning fill'd !

A part of our imperfection,
To be uneasy with protection,
While prosper'd in our way ;
But if adversity comes on,
Then vain amusements cease to throng,
And reason bears the sway.

When we to consequence attend ;
What was the means and what the end,
What rapture fills the mind !
Our country rose to eminence,
Resources in great abundance,
Mechanic arts were join'd.

What famous works, erecting bridges,
And turnpike roads thro marsh and ridges
Vast extended canals :

What large extended domes so great,
Both for our churches, and for state,
No nation doth excel !

Now poverty and want are fled,
Confined to their appointed bed,
The idle and the vicious ;
The vicious that may rise or risen,
May be confined in the prison,
Lest they should be malicious.

The present prosperous station,
Which we enjoy as a nation,
Should fill our hearts with love,
For all the blessings we enjoy,
Lest otherwise we should destroy
The influence from above.

When we consider present peace,
How happiness may much increase,
'Tis pleasant for to tell,
How our enjoyments hourly rise
The astonish'd world for to surprise,
And as they rise they swell.

Although the time has drawn the shade
O'er many a worthy antient head,
Exhibited in war,
Yet sufficient have been traced,

To serve as lessons on the place,
The distance is not far :

And teach us how we may defend,
What our Forefathers did us lend,
Our liberty to save ;
The declaration of our peace,
May we support till time shall cease,
Or we hid in the grave.

Let us take pattern by the wise,
Tho they are gone to upper skies,
And contemplate the good ;
Let WASHINGTON the pattern be,
Whose character from guile was free,
When rightly understood.

In all our Courts may God preside,
Nor suffer Councils to divide,
While arguments are free ;
May liberty pervade the land,
Find virtue always at our hand,
While we the light can see.

If but industry may thrive,
We soon should store this mighty hive,
Of these United States ;
Let Agriculture lead the van,
And each Mechanic lend a hand,
To fortify her gates.

If these dark hints were minded well,
Much might America excel

In glory and renown ;
And they might all the world defy,
To interrupt their liberty,
While glory shines around.

