

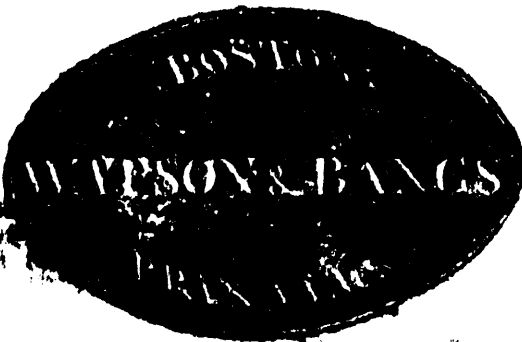
AN

ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT STIRLING,

JULY 4, 1811.

BY E. DEANE, PHILO.



ORATION.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

At length there was about five score
Agreed to quit their native shore,
And try the boist'rous waves ;

Tempestuous storms attend the rout,
Which fill'd them very much with doubt,
The sea would be their graves.

V.

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.

VI.

Now they thought proper once to try,
And push their ship tow'rd's western sky,
Though they had many a shock ;
At length with difficulty reach
The shore now called Plymouth beach,
And land upon the rock.

VII.

Now here's the place which God design'd
That holiness 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.

VIII.

But two interpreters were found,
Who welcom'd English to this ground,
Though natives void of rage :
Thus our forefathers furnish'd were,
To deal with natives who came there
In treaties to engage.

IX.

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.

X.

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.

XI.

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.

XII.

Now Samoset 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.

* Indian Interpreter.

† Indian King.

XIII.

Then 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.

XIV.

Now Massasoit leaves his seat,
 And with his guard doth Carver meet ;
 Salutes by joining hands :
 With royal cushions nicely plac'd,
 While mutual love each other grac'd,
 While they unite in bands.

XV.

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

XVI.

The traitors hir'd the 'gansett tribe,
 While they with them were strong ally'd,
 To form a powerful band ;
 The traitors four in number were ;
 Of punishment they had their share,
 When banish'd from the land.

XVII.

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.

XVIII.

Now freedom's temple here is plac'd,
 And with pure morals finely grac'd,
 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.

XIX.

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.

XX.

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.

XXI.

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.

XXII.

Now let us contemplate the deed,
 By which our country has been free'd,
 And sav'd us from the plot,
 Which British parliament hath laid,
 To make our sinking souls afraid,
 May it not be forgot.

XXIII.

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.

XXIV.

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 !

XXV.

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

XXVI.

But when we grew to such a size,
 The British court a means devise
 To curb our growth and pow'r :

They send their troops with gen'ral Gage,
 And in a civil war engage,
 In an unhappy hour,

XXVII.

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 steer,
 To drive these traitors hence.

XXVIII.

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,
 Pursu'd them close at flank and rear,
 And chas'd them to the shores !

XXIX.

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

XXX.

What rapt'rous sounds salute our ears,
 Gently dispersing gloomy fears,
 Of war's destructive scene !
 Mantled on yonder silver cloud,
 It was Columbia cry'd aloud,
 And peace was all her theme.

XXXI.

Sound the immortal trump of fame,
Let every note aloud proclaim

An end to war's alarms :

Ye friendly angels, join your voice,
Assist my heroes to rejoice,
For their victorious arms.

XXXII.

In vain have haughty villains 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.

XXXIII.

In vain have cunning statesmen strove,
To trample down the olive grove,

Where ev'ry blessing springs :

But lo ! you rising spreading sail,
Driv'n beneath a peaceful gale,
Which the fair blessing brings.

XXXIV.

America thas spoke and rose,
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 !

XXXV.

Now see the goddess, see her rise :

Glitt'ring in the western skies,

A constellated queen !

See the dazzling crown she wears,
 Grac'd with eighteen glittering stars,
 And reathes of evergreen.

XXXVI.

The voice of our forefathers' 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 beauteous town,
 Their offspring for to save.

XXXVII.

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 ha'nt courage to turn out,
 With valour in your heart.

XXXVIII.

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.

XXXIX.

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.

XL.

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.

XLI.

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

XLII.

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 surprising in their eyes,
When we pronounce their woe.

XLIII.

Our independence now arriv'd,
The years amount to thirty-five,
Since we the standard rais'd ;
May we enjoy the blessing long,
And distant nations join the throng,
To celebrate the praise.

XLIV.

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 ?

XLV.

Is this thy lot, America ?
 Shall after ages point and say,
 Their liberty was plac'd ?
 And shall destructive ruins be,
 The saddest fate of history,
 When we are sore disgrac'd ?

XLVI.

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 ?

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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,

L.

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 them from the sky,
 Beneath the rising sun.

LI.

Now let us raise our fathers' deed,
 Who from their bondage have been freed,
 By our forefathers' aid :
 Next let us celebrate the day,
 Which caus'd us to approach this way,
 Is independent made.

LII.

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.

LIII.

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.

LIV.

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.

LV.

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.

LVI.

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,
 To make us sore afraid.

LVII.

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.

LVIII.

The natural ills are few in life,
 Compar'd with those are made by strife,
 And introduc'd by passion ;
 The idle profligate and fop,
 Should be employed in the shop,
 For to support their fashion.

LIX.

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

LX.

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

LXI.

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 escaped the sordid sot,
 Who sought to be the man.

LXII.

But if you let your passions rule,
 For to elect a vicious fool,
 Who acting without knowledge ;

Your privilege the worth of gold,
 (Like Esau) you have vainly sold,
 All for a mess of pottage.

LXIII.

Of good economy I muse,
 Is what each one should always choose,
 Who wishes to gain wealth :
 The best of favours which we have,
 Are so subverted by the brave,
 As to destroy their health.

LXIV.

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

LXV.

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

LXVI.

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.

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

“ 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 sooth'd him to sleep.

LXIX.

“ 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.

LXX.

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

LXXI.

Among false hearted patriots,
 Are there not some like sordid 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.

LXXII.

Among them may we not suppose,
That some are inadvertent 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.

LXXIII.

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.

LXXIV.

If virtue, wisdom, honour, 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 ?

LXXV.

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.

LXXVI.

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.

LXXVII.

Now of such men you always must
 Promote with care to power 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.

LXXVIII.

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.

LXXIX.

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 ?

LXXX.

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.

LXXXI.

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.

LXXXII.

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 !

LXXXIII.

Now poverty and want are fled,
Confin'd 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.

LXXXIV.

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.

LXXXV.

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

LXXXVI.

Although the time has drawn the shade
 O'er many a worthy ancient head,
 Exhibited in war,
 Yet sufficient has been trac'd,
 To serve as lessons on the place,
 The distance is not far :

LXXXVII.

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.

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

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.

XC.

If now 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.

XCI.

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.

AN ODE.

I.

ONCE more on freedom's hallow'd day,
 Columbia's sons rejoice ;
 Once more we join the festive lay,
 And tune our grateful voice.

II.

Come ye who love the smiling train,
 That meets throughout this land ;
 With one accord adopt the strain,
 And let our joys expand.

III.

Hail Independence ! Joyous hour,
That gave true liberty,
Unloos'd the grasp of British power,
And spoke a nation free.

IV.

Columbia felt the inspiring shock,
Yet trembled, till she saw,
Her empire founded on a rock
Of government and law.

V.

See distant Asia bound in chains !
See Afric sunk in gloom !
See Europe bleed at all her veins,
While armies throng the tomb !

VI.

While here sweet peace maintains her stand,
Here plenty spreads her charms,
And MADISON now rules this land,
Which once was sav'd by arms.

VII.

Come, then, and let us all rejoice,
Nor fear a tyrant's rod ;
Let's join to bless, with heart and voice,
Columbia's guardian God.

VIII.

And while we drink the stream that flows,
To cheer the free born mind ;
Let's drop a tear for foreign woes,
And pray for all mankind.

FINIS.