

HOME INDUSTRY,

The most direct road to National Prosperity.

STAGES conven'd from delegating States,
Who bears the charge of unborn millions fates,
From early systems states their habits take,
And morals more than climes a difference make,
Then give to toil a bias aid his cause,
With all the force and majesty of laws ;
While you preside in useful arts direct,
Create new fabrics and the old protect.
Lo ! at your word, subdued for wondering man,
What mighty elements advance the plan ;
While fire and wind obey the masters call,
And water labours in its forceful fall ;
Teach tiny hands with engin'ry to toil,
Cause failing age o'er easy tasks to smile ;
First let the loom each liberal thought engage,
Its labors growing with the growing age ;
Then true utility with taste allied,
Shall make our homespun garbs our nations pride.
See wool the boast of Britain's proudest hour,
Is still the basis of her wealth and power ;
From her the nations wait their wint'ry robe,
Round half this idle, poor, dependant globe,
Shall we, who foiled her sons in fields of fame,
In peace add glorious triumph to her name ?
Shall we, who dar'd assert the rights of man,
Become the vassals of her wiser plan ?
Then, rous'd from lethargy, up ! men ! increase,
In every vale, on every hill, the fleece !
And see the folds with thousands teeming, fills,
With flocks the bleating vales and echoing hills,
Ye harmless people ! man your young will tend,
While ye for him your coats superfluous lend.
Him nature form'd with curious pride, while bare,
To fence with finery from the piercing air,
This fleece shall draw its azure from the sky,
This drink the purple, that the scarlet dye ;
Another where immingling hues are given,
Shall mock the bow with colors dipt in Heaven :
Not guarded Colchis gave admiring Greece
So rich a treasure in its golden fleece.
To toil encourag'd, free from tythe and tax,
Ye farmers sow your fields with hemp and flax,
Let these the distaff for the web supply,
Spin on the spool, or with the shuttle fly.
But what vile cause retards the public plan ?
Why fail the fabrics patriot zeal began ?
Must nought but tombs of industry be found,

Prostrated arts expiring on the ground ?
Shall we of gewgaws gleaning half the globe,
Disgrace our country with a foreign robe ?
Forbid it int'rest, independence, shame,
And blush that kindles bright at honor's flame !
Should peace, like sorcery, with her spells controul,
Our innate springs and energies of soul ;
To you, Columbian dames, my accents call,
Oh, save your country from the threatened fall !
Will ye blest fair adopt from ev'ry zone,
Fantastic fashions noxious in your own ?
At wintry balls in gauzy garments drest,
Admit the dire destroyer in your breast ?
Oft when nocturnal sports your visage flush,
As gay and heedless to the halls ye rush.
While tiptoe spirits buoy each graceful limb,
See down the dance the lovely fair ont swim ;
Her own neat needle-work improves her bloom,
Cloth'd in the labours of Columbus's loom.

Of savage life "know ye the bitter fruits,"
'Tis savage indolence the man imbrutes.
From industry the sinews strength acquire
The limbs expand, the bosom feels new fire.
Unwearied industry pervades the whole,
Nor lends more force to body than to soul ;
Hence character is form'd, and hence proceeds
The enlivening heat that fire's to daring deeds ;
Then animation bids the spirit warm,
Soar in the whirlwind and enjoy the storm.
But sloth begets servility of soul,
Degrades each part, contaminates the whole ;
And taints in torpid veins the thickening blood
Like the green mantle on a mire of mud.
Where converts deal the poor their daily broth,
See charity herself encourage sloth !
Though helpless some, more lazy join the troop,
And healthful beggars swell the shameful group.
Will heaven benignant on those nations smile,
Where sloth and vice are less disgrace than toil ?
With opiates drunk, in indolence reclin'd,
Unbraced their sinews, and debauch'd their mind,
Can crowds turn'd cowards, self esteem retain,
Or long unspoil'd of freedom's gifts remain ?
Tis by the lofty purpose, desperate deed,
Of men who dare for liberty to bleed,
By long endurance, fields with crimson stain'd
That independence won, must be maintain'd.