

AN
ORATION,

DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST

OF THE

Young Men of Salem,

JULY 4, 1831.

.....
BY S. C. PHILLIPS.
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Salem :

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SALEM, July 6, 1831.

SIR,

The Subscribers, a Subcommittee for that purpose, have the honor to communicate to you the high satisfaction and sincere thanks of the Committee of Arrangements, for the excellent Oration which you delivered on the 4th inst. and to request the favor of a copy for publication.

With the greatest respect, your obedient servants,

BENJAMIN F. BROWNE,
D. PULSIFER, jr.
EBEN. K. LAKEMAN.

Hon. STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS.

SALEM, July 7, 1831.

GENTLEMEN,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of yesterday.

I am deeply indebted to the kindness of the Committee of Arrangements for the favorable opinion, which, through you, they have been pleased to express of my performance on the 4th inst. It was prepared, as you are aware, in much haste, and under the pressure of other engagements. I submit it for publication in respectful compliance with the request of the committee, and in the hope that it may serve as a slight memorial of the interesting occasion to which it refers.

I am, Gentlemen, with great respect, your obliged friend and servant,

S. C. PHILLIPS.

ORATION.



FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE day has returned, which to every American, under whatever sky he may welcome its dawn, brings with it the proudest associations that can swell the bosom of a patriot. At home or abroad—upon the ocean or on the land—amidst the scenes of peaceful freedom, or in view of the miseries and horrors of civil commotion, his first and last thoughts are this day fixed upon his country—his heart rejoices in her welfare—his memory recalls her history—his imagination portrays her destiny. He seeks for those with whom he may exchange congratulations, and share his joy: and, with a generous enthusiasm, forgiving and forgetting, for this day at least, all personal and political irritations, he hastens to greet in every countryman a brother and a friend.

Such is the feeling—spontaneous with each and common to all—the strong, natural, sympathetic emotion, which, far more than any or all external demonstrations, endears and consecrates this only holiday in our national calendar. It is eminently and universally a feeling of PRIDE. This prominent trait in the American character has always attracted observation, and seldom escaped censure. It has been reproached as weakness. It has been

derided as folly. It has provoked the sneers of the traveller, and the satire of the journalist. Foreign statesmen have affected to regard it by turns as a symptom of juvenile indiscretion, and of premature dotage.

Still the feeling has grown stronger and brighter with time. It has kept pace with our spreading territory, our growing population, and our varying and multiplying resources. In peace and in war, the trophies of our arts and arms have been but so many stimulants of our pride. It still connects itself with past events, present scenes, and future prospects. It glows with equal ardor in the memory of the Revolutionary veteran, and in the imagination of the school-boy. It is imbibed from the mother's lips by the infant in his cradle,—it is stamped upon all our systems of education—it breathes in the eloquence of the Senate-chamber, of the forum, and of the pulpit. It is a sentiment which clings to its rightful possessor amidst all changes and under all circumstances. While it is confessedly peculiar to an American, it is inseparable from him. He can never be so poor, as to be utterly destitute of the pride of country. However degraded by ignorance, or abject from vice, even if he be the abandoned tenant of the dungeon or lazaretto, the name of his country is music to his ears, and her birth-day, if he have forgotten his own, he still remembers, aye and with *pride*. He can never travel so far, nor be absent so long, that time and distance can weaken or dissolve the tie, which binds his heart to the home of his fathers and the land of his birth. So far from this, if there be a class of our citizens, who, more than any others, have felt,

and expressed, and retain the sentiment of unmixed pride and devotion to all which in their view constitutes their country, it is that intelligent and respectable class, who have enjoyed the best opportunities of comparing America with foreign nations.

Inquire, when you can, of those of your countrymen this day assembled in the political and literary metropolis of Europe, whether, when exchanging the glance of mutual recognition, and the grasp of cordial salutation, and especially when seated together around that venerable form, to their admiring eyes the personification of the early glories of their country, they have felt aught of the sentiment which I vainly attempt to describe? Inquire of them, whether, when returning, as most of them at this moment have done, from a survey of the wonderful events, which but recently have been shaking Europe to its centre, they can perceive, in the state of things antecedent to, or succeeding any of the revolutions whose results they contemplate, any thing more than an approximation to the political blessings and privileges, which mark the condition of their own country? Ask them, whether, amidst all that abounds in Europe to gratify a fine taste, and to enrich a curious mind, they have yet found it in their hearts to think meanly, and to speak disparagingly of America? Ask them whether the smiles or frowns of monarchy have seduced or terrified them into an aversion to a republic? Ask them whether they have yet found themselves capable of blushing at the mention of the names of Washington or Franklin, of Hancock or Adams, of Otis or Quincy? Ask them if they have ever yet disowned the conduct of their ancestors at Bunker-hill or

Lexington, at Trenton or Yorktown? Ask them, in short, if, as this day has returned, they have been ashamed to re-peruse the Declaration of Independence? I think they will tell you that they are Americans still. I think you will hear from them nothing but an earnest assurance, that, whatever were the predilections which they carried with them from their native land for the government which their fathers had established, they have come back with stronger faith, and brighter hopes, and warmer hearts, and are now more ready and anxious than ever to cement and sustain the only fabric, in which liberty and virtue have been permitted to dwell together on earth. I think they will tell you that your country has ceased to be an object, even of affected scorn, with enlightened minds, however determined in their attachment to different institutions; and that the time has gone by, when any foreigner, be he a hireling reviewer, or some more conspicuous minion of aristocracy, dares to inquire contemptuously for an American invention, an American book, or an American battle! I think they will tell you that although an American may be proud of his country, while he knows nothing of any other, he but little knows how much reason he has to indulge such pride, until he has discovered that there is no real benefit attainable elsewhere, which is not within his reach; and that from the unavoidable evils, physical, moral and political, which are incidental to every other country and government, he is, and, if true to his principles, may continue to be exempt.

I have supposed, my fellow-citizens, that I might safely, and not inopportunately, undertake to vindicate the national pride, to which I have alluded. If it has

been itself produced by our institutions, it has, perhaps, contributed as much as any other cause to preserve and support them; and however depreciated and even ridiculed by others, I trust the period is far distant when it will cease to be cherished and honored by ourselves. In saying thus much, I mean to reserve the privilege of judicious discrimination. I shall use the term, pride, in reference to a nation, as, in its best and true sense, we are accustomed to apply it to individuals. "Pride," says an author distinguished for philosophical discernment, "is the inherent quality in man; and, while it rests on noble objects, it is his noblest characteristic." It is, therefore, by showing that our pride as a nation does, or may, rest on objects truly noble, that I wish to present it to your consideration as a national characteristic worthy to be prized.

I. An American is proud of his country.

He is proud, if I may so express myself, of its physical independence. The mighty ocean, which proved for ages the barrier to its discovery, must prove for ages the bulwark of its defence. Embracing already the entire breadth of North America, and gradually extending itself to include its length, all its dangers lie within itself. It has nothing to fear from foreign invasion. It possesses, too, within itself all the resources of a nation. Stretching, as we may almost say, from the equator to the pole—including every variety of climate and soil—rich, beyond precedent or parallel, in animal, vegetable, and mineral productions—intersected by navigable rivers—crowned by cloud-capt mountains—with an incomparable sea-coast, indented by capacious harbors and stored with the treasures of the deep, where

is the country, in its physical features alone, which enjoys and is capable of improving to the best purposes such an independent existence? With every facility for the prosecution of foreign trade, there is no country which is or need be less dependent on it; and although at an early period of our history, a non-intercourse with Europe was fraught with temporary disadvantages, and can never be desired on any principles of sound policy, still, under our present circumstances, what is there more certain or more encouraging than that, if, by any unforeseen events, we are to be shut out from the rest of the world, there is nothing to hinder us from becoming a world to ourselves? For what that nature ever granted to any other country has she denied to this? The necessaries, the comforts, and the luxuries of life are or may be easily furnished, in one quarter or another, in the greatest abundance and variety. Whatever is not indigenous, grows upon cultivation; and whatever labor, skill, and genius have wrought, fashioned, and contrived upon the land or water elsewhere, may be effected here.

Our country, again, is not only, for all necessary purposes, a world by itself, but it is also, in a popular and striking sense, a *new world*. It may have always been, indeed, a constituent portion of the planet Earth—it may have undergone vicissitudes of which we have neither record nor tradition—it may have been the scene of existence to successive races of animals and human beings, whose vestiges have been obliterated by time—still, however in strictness the epithet is inapplicable, the American continent exhibits to its present inhabitants the freshness and beauty of youth. Here are the land-

scapes, which for the first time have recently unveiled their magnificent scenery to the eyes of the naturalist ; here are the inland seas and cataracts, which the modern geographer has scarcely yet been able accurately to describe ; here is still the unexplored wilderness, towards which the foot of civilized man is but just beginning to advance ; here, in short, is the entire continent, which the Genoese discoverer first brought to light three centuries ago.

To this simple view of the actual state of our country I have supposed we might attach no inconsiderable importance. It is, or, rather, to our fathers it was, a country free from settlements, destitute of inhabitants, without any monuments of pre-existing institutions, rich in all the beauties and bounties of nature, and undeformed by the rude inroads of art.

I do not forget that it had inhabitants ;—and I remember, only to lament, their melancholy and irretrievable fate. Would that we might forget that we had such predecessors ! Would that the entire history of our intercourse with them might be blotted from human records, and from human memory ! The simple, innocent, helpless, harmless sons of the forest, they were here, and they are gone ! The cruel policy of extermination has well nigh accomplished its direful design. Inch by inch, tribe by tribe, they have gradually retreated before the terrors of the white man's power to the border of the Mississippi ; and now, deserted in their utmost need by the Great Father, whose arm, stayed for a time in mercy, had been vouchsafed for their protection ;—compelled, in the bitterness of despair, to renounce their incipient efforts in civilization, and to

shut their eyes upon every prospect of earthly comfort ;—now, thrust upon the brink, they are to be forced to pass the fatal stream. Alas ! better it would seem that they should perish in its waves. My friends, it is a poor consolation truly, that this catastrophe is no fault of ours. Our sympathies, our exertions have been all in vain. Even yet the last blow may be spared ; but who, in the face of recent tidings, dares hope for such an act of tardy justice ?

I know that I address an audience, who will pardon, and perhaps commend, this momentary digression. I know full well, that upon this topic I can express no feelings, which do not harmonize with your own. I say then, respectfully, but fearlessly,—others may reason for themselves,—may doubt, may cavil, may affect to contemn—but when we can forget the Indians' sufferings and the Indians' wrongs—when we can remember their past fortunes without yielding to the impulse of a generous enthusiasm and an involuntary sympathy—when we can view their present condition without blushing for our country—when we can contemplate their future destiny without the strongest emotions of sorrow and remorse—we must forget that we are inhabitants of the same continent, we must forget that we are Americans, we must forget that we are men. So long as we have minds, we must retain the consciousness of the galling injustice of which they have been the dupes and the victims ; and our hearts, while we have hearts, must bleed for their misery. If the government of our country, regardless of the public faith, solemnly plighted by Washington and Jefferson, and all their associates and

successors in the high offices of the Union—unawed by the warning voice of States—deaf to the remonstrances of so many of its citizens, the entreaties of the patriot, and the prayers of the christian, can so far suffer itself to feel power and forget right, as to extinguish the last hopes, and cut short the last days of this feeble remnant of a mighty race, we can claim no other privilege than to shed our tears upon their grave. We can only say in the language of a favorite bard of New England, who wept for the misfortunes of an earlier period, but was spared in Heaven's mercy from beholding the melancholy spectacle presented to our view—

“ Indulge, [our] native land, indulge the tear,
 “ That steals impassion'd o'er a nation's doom ;
 “ To [us] each twig from Adam's stock is dear,
 “ And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb.”

For all the purposes of the present argument, the Indians are, and were, as though they had never been. They used the country only as a hunting-ground, and when they fled from it, it was an original, unscathed wilderness. Here, then, was a scene for human operations, new, entirely new, in the history of man. Here was the new world, to which were to be transplanted the arts, the learning, and the population of the old. Here was the grand theatre, thus seemingly contrived for the display of the grandest experiment of the powers of educated man.

I ask you, whether there are not, in the view which has been presented of the physical features and primitive condition of our country, strong indications of a concurrence of extraordinary circumstances for the accomplishment of an extraordinary result ? I shall presently ask you, further, with a

presentiment of the emotion with which you will answer me, whether such a result has not been developed with astonishing, and, as it were, magical rapidity? We may, then, be justly proud of our country, as nature has fashioned it, and as Providence has fitted it for our use; and we must be destitute alike of taste and feeling, if we fail to perceive and admire its superior and peculiar advantages.

II. An American is proud of the Constitution and institutions of his country.

He professes to believe, after the experience of a half-century, that in our form of government nothing is attempted beyond what is practicable, and that nothing is wanting which has been proved to be desirable. He is persuaded that equal liberty and substantial justice, which from their nature can never coalesce with the elements of other governments, are here the strong and active principles which balance and sustain our simple system of offices and laws. He rejoices to find, not only that the system is sufficiently symmetrical, but that it has proved itself adapted to the exigencies, and available to the security and improvement of the country in war and peace, in youth and manhood. He challenges the wisdom and experience of all ages to exhibit a frame of government, more capable of enduring the shocks of foreign invasion and domestic convulsion, than the Federal Constitution, viewed in its proper character as the mediatorial agent of the States and the people.

He points to the institutions of the country, as they have gradually grown up under the broad wing of the Constitution, and the fostering care of the gov-

ernment—He asks with conscious pride, where has the judicial ermine been preserved more immaculate, than in the Supreme Court of the United States, as it has descended from Jay to Marshall? Where have the principles of law and equity been more clearly, comprehensively, and immutably decided? Where have great minds achieved nobler victories in the noblest of causes than before that august tribunal?

Again he asks, and he is willing to try the question at home or abroad, where have the financial concerns of a government been more accurately adjusted and more skilfully conducted—where have exchanges been more equalized—where has a widely-extended currency been preserved more sound and uniform, than through the combined operations of the Treasury Department and the Bank of the United States?

He advances to another topic; and with an enthusiasm which he feels to be worthy of him, he asks, where is the government that better understands, or has more cautiously provided the means of its military and naval defence? Where, to cite single and recent instances, have the laurels of victory been more gallantly won, or more honorably worn, than by the American heroes of New Orleans and Lake Erie? Where is military science, exact discipline, naval architecture and nautical skill! more thoroughly acquired and more constantly displayed, than in our skeleton army, and miniature navy?

But the American is content to refrain from boasting of the exploits of war. In the institutions of the country he perceives, and here again with pride, a predominant tendency to foster the arts and

to secure the permanence of peace. In its external relations, he points to the eminent services of diplomatists, whose fame yet beams with unshorn splendor in the political galaxy where their light has been concentrated. He refers to names, which are registered with marked distinction in the archives of every court in Europe, and to State-papers which bear their names as the permanent memorials of what they were enabled to accomplish for the magnanimous and amicable adjustment of all points of contention with foreign powers.

He delights still more to unfold the domestic policy, to which the country is rapidly becoming indebted for its most certain and ample resources. With a benison to the memory of Clinton, he conducts the inquiring stranger to the scene of that magnificent enterprize, which exhibits the rare phenomenon of a successful and splendid triumph of art over nature, and which shews, what seems to have been just discovered, that the natural advantages of the country are chiefly to be valued for their adaptation to promote artificial communications and embellishments. He accompanies him through the whole series of land and water improvements on their present scale of grandeur and utility; and pointing to the rail-roads, which, starting from the sea-coast, will shortly climb the mountains of the interior, he ventures to suggest how even literally by bands of iron a nation may be compacted. He carries him to the water-falls, which have been privileged to become the first sites of manufacturing establishments, and he refers to these as a new and permanent source of national independence. He asks him to admire the astonishing rapidity, with

which manufactures, but a few years since in their infancy have attained a degree of importance, which entitles them, perhaps, to rank at the head of the great interests of the country. He exhibits the fabrics, which have distanced competition in foreign markets. He calculates for him the labor and the saving of labor, that are alike concerned in the innumerable processes, by which so much of our food and clothing, and so large a portion of our comforts and luxuries are supplied. Next he shews him agriculture, surrounding, sustaining, and, in turn, supported and enriched by manufactures—by dint of manual toil fertilizing even the rocky hill and the barren plain—converting the morass into tillage ground—dyking the flood—and clearing the wilderness. In the rear of all, he shows him a commercial marine, pre-eminently the pride of American sagacity, American skill, and American enterprize, which has borne the country's flag into every sea, and landed her productions upon every shore—which has supplied the wants of Europe, despoiled Asia of her wealth, and, in aid of philanthropy, is now planting another Carthage upon the coast of Africa. He tells him, when he leaves him, that such are the institutions, or rather, that such are the effects of some of the institutions, of which an American is proud.

You will perceive at once, my fellow-citizens, that this is a superficial view. You know full well that the root of the trunk from whose branches you gather the fruits and flowers that invigorate and adorn the exterior system, lies deeply buried in an internal soil. The primary, vernacular institutions of America are those that form the character, inspire the

taste, and fix the moral habits of the people, rather than those which minister to physical and artificial resources. The latter are but the incidents of the former. Government is well administered, justice is dispensed, the arts flourish, improvements multiply, wealth abounds, because and only because the people have been made capable of understanding their real interests, of maintaining their proper rights, and of performing their highest duties. The character of the American people has been the sole cause of their growth and prosperity. Natural advantages have been elsewhere wasted, and, in all their profusion, they might have been here. Political institutions are valueless, unless there exist intelligence and virtue properly to appreciate them. They may be as impracticable under some circumstances, as successful under others. There have existed people for whom a military despotism has proved too mild a government; who have rushed into anarchy, only that they might rush into ruin. There is not a nation of Europe that does not now possess quite as much liberty as it can bear, as appears conclusively from the simple fact that it has acquired no more. A nation that wills to be free, is free; and it is only because the people have not been ready for a change, that the progress of revolution has been so tardy, and that every government in Christendom is not now, what we can only trust in God it is destined to be, an independent republic.

Such, however, is America; and I proceed to state that all she is or has, she owes, more than to any and all other causes, to her systems of education and religious instruction. The fear of God and the love of virtue are the only motives which can in-

spire and nourish a sense of private and public duty; nor can any duty be well understood or properly performed without intelligence. This simple proposition contains the essence of all that wisdom and experience can extract from our national history; it is the fundamental axiom upon which the government has been reared. We say, indeed, that it is based upon equal rights; yet what are equal rights to a people unequally qualified to exercise them, but sources of faction, discord and civil war? Equal rights are inscribed upon the parchment of every constitution in South America; but, as our sister republics are proving to us by their incessant turmoils, what efficacy is there in the best of principles, inscribed no where else than on a roll of parchment? We say, again, that the sovereign power resides with the people; and so, upon all principles of justice, human and divine, it should. But who does not know, that, be the nominal constitution what it may, the people will be subjects, will be slaves, and not the sovereign, so long as the many are too stupid and inert, too vicious and degraded to restrain and control, or, at the best, to be otherwise than dependent upon the few? Indeed such is the paramount importance of the consideration, that I cannot forbear to enforce the remark, that of all the institutions of America, her free schools and her churches are the dearest patrimony we have received from our ancestors, and the noblest legacy we can bequeath to our descendants. They are the institutions, to which each and all of us must refer as directly or indirectly the sources of whatever intelligence and virtue we possess, and as through us the means of whatever good influence we are enabled to

exert upon the community. They are the nurseries, where the principles of public and private morality are implanted and reared. They are the fountains of correct, enlightened, all-preserving public opinion. I have undertaken, and it is an easy task to show, that there are many results in our political condition, of which we may be justly proud; but I ask you boldly, strike out of existence your churches and free schools,—or, what will prove the same thing, depreciate, neglect, degrade, desert them—and what will there soon be left, of which you will be disposed to boast? On the other hand, nurture, encourage, sustain, advance them—make it practicable, nay certain, that they shall keep pace with the increase of your population and the augmentation of your resources—regard and cherish them as a public and permanent interest—do this in your day and generation, and bequeath your example to posterity, and, I ask you, what can you do for which your children and your children's children shall have greater occasion to rise up and call you blessed? I ask you, what have your fathers done for which you have more reason to bless their memory? I ask you, and I put it as the question which goes to the root of the whole matter, what is there, which can be considered original and peculiar in all their institutions, unless it be the simple expedients, to which they resorted, of supplying the early and constant wants of the rational and immortal beings, who had here trusted themselves to each other and to God? This was their mode of recognizing equal rights; this was their tribute to the sovereignty of the people; this was their policy of providing for the future. Before they could collect taxes in money, they required a

contribution of the homely fruits of labor to the support of the parish church and the village school. Among the first acts of legislation, were their memorable provisions for these favorite objects. They erected no edifices for the accommodation of their government—they reared at first no halls of justice—they built no alms-houses; (for they tolerated no paupers)—they hardly procured for themselves the means of self-defence—they abandoned to their successors all works of ornament and doubtful utility; but they were not content to sleep in their graves, and scarcely even in their houses, until they had secured for themselves a place of worship, and prepared for their children a place of instruction. This was their sing'g aim; and this, let it be remembered, is their simple glory. They left no other monuments; but these, rude and unaspiring as was the original structure, may prove indeed, if future ages shall complete the design, monuments reaching to the skies and covering the earth. Their foundation, surely, is as broad as the rights and interests of the whole human race; and, to the moral and intellectual vision, their elevation is as lofty as the heaven of heavens. I repeat it, then, beyond all other institutions of our country, we may be proud of them; and may the day never come, that any shall dare to call himself a republican, an American, or, least of all, a descendant of the Pilgrims, while he shrinks from guarding, with more than Vestal vigilance, these sacred relics of patriotism and piety.

Next beyond our free-schools and churches, it will be in course to refer to the multitude of other literary and religious institutions, which, depending upon and emanating from these, are variously contributing

to improve, adorn, and elevate our social and moral condition. They have grown with the growth of the country in other respects; their progress, therefore, has been rapid, and it is still onward. We have patiently borne the reproaches of older countries for our want of scholars and poets, of philosophers and artists, until we have ceased to deserve them; and we begin to feel that without royal patronage, costly foundations, and arbitrary monopolies, we need not despair of witnessing amongst ourselves as much developement of brilliant genius and practical talent, and of contributing as large a proportion to the general stock of arts and sciences, as any who in these respects have been hitherto our superiors. Our higher schools and colleges—our University, for we may now venture to call it such—have attained to such degrees of improvement, and afford so many facilities for the prosecution even of the rarer studies, that foreign travel is no longer essential to the education of a profound scholar. It will add to his accomplishments—it will perfect his taste—it will invigorate his mind; but it is no longer, what it has been, an indispensable requisite to necessary pursuits. Instead of going abroad for teachers, such is the extent of popular patronage, such is the substantial encouragement, I may say, the peculiar attraction which a Republic affords, that we have only to intimate an opportunity of employment, and teachers from abroad come thronging to our shores; so that now, every literary seminary amongst us, that aspires to eminence, bears upon its catalogue the names of as many foreign instructors, as there are foreign languages to be taught. Our literary establishments are not, and they never can be, a few ven-

erable piles, upon which the munificence of centuries is exclusively to be lavished. They are as numerous and as various as the wants and character of our population; and although there is much of shallowness, and not a little of ostentation in their pretensions, and although, from their great number and jealous competition, they are subjected to peculiar disadvantages, it is still plain that they are in a course of constant improvement, and that, from the circumstances under which they exist, such benefits as they afford are rendered available to the greatest possible extent. When we compare them as they are with what they have been, and perceive the noble spirit which every where directs and sustains them, we must have a strange indifference to the cause of learning and the welfare of the young, not to be proud of them.

In respect to our secondary and subordinate religious and charitable institutions, where was there ever witnessed such a spectacle of zealous, untiring, exhaustless devotion to whatever has any supposed connexion with the diffusion of religion and morality—with the particular interests of each sect, and with the general objects of all? It is not for me here, or any where, to analyze the innumerable projects, which, in one direction and another, loudly call for sympathy and co-operation. It is not for me to say, that they are or are not equally entitled to consideration and respect. I refer to them only as existing institutions—as distinguishing characteristics of our country and times, and as, in part, the results of that entire religious liberty, of which this country is the only refuge. I am free, however, to say, that in their combined operations, in their broad-

est tendency, in their general spirit—in the magnitude of some of the undertakings, in the boldness of others, in the comparative success of all—I can see much to approve, much to admire, and much of which an American may be proud. If there be a country, where every heart and every hand is a voluntary and constant contributor to public and private charities, and where every citizen is made to feel that he has no right to live for himself alone, but that he must of necessity if not from choice, work with others and for others, and give and take according to his actual means and positive needs, that country is our own; and we have only to thank God and congratulate ourselves, that this law of our condition is the surest guaranty of individual and social happiness, and of public peace and prosperity.

Thus much have I attempted to recal to your recollection in respect to the constitution of government, and the political, literary, religious and charitable institutions under and amidst which we live. We may, and I have thought it not too much to say, we ought to be proud of them; for let it be seriously considered, that when they have lost their present hold upon our sentiments and feelings, we have lost our hold upon them.

'The objects of pride with which the hand of nature has diversified and adorned the face of this Western continent are material, and so far permanent. We may cease to admire them; we may grow weary of and forsake them; yet here they will remain, mutilated and defaced, perhaps, by the ravages of time, but substantially and constantly the same. It must be reserved, at least, for the volcano, the

earthquake, and the flood, to change essentially the physical features of America.

Not so our institutions; they are the results of moral and intellectual causes. The wisdom of our fathers conceived them; morality and piety have sustained them; and the blessing of Heaven has thus far prospered them. Still they are but the sport of public opinion. Luxury may undermine them; licentiousness may not tolerate them; refinement may fritter away their substance; ignorance may blindly surrender them; even prejudice may overthrow them. When they cease to be objects of interest, of confidence, and of pride, alas! they have perished.

How much then does it become us to watch and guard, to purify and enlighten this source of all danger and all power—public opinion! As much as the life of man is a state of moral probation, beset with temptation and exposed to evil, the existence of this republic must be a perpetual struggle with the lusts of ambition and avarice, with sedition and profligacy, with fraud and corruption. We have comparatively nothing to fear from open enemies without; we have every thing to fear from disguised enemies within. Our safety is in our fears; there never is more danger than when we imagine ourselves secure.

Be it our pride to stand firm to our principles; to cling to our institutions; to frown indignantly upon every attempt to weaken their value, or to abate the veneration with which we have been accustomed to regard them.

Be it our pride to maintain at every hazard the Federal Union, in which our institutions centre, and

which is the only guaranty of the National and State Constitutions. By timely forecast and abundant precaution, let us seek to prevent evils, which the past and present admonish us it may be a hopeless undertaking to attempt to remedy. In the constant strife of local interests, let us feel the necessity of mutual dependence, and exemplify the benefit of mutual forbearance. In the jar of personal factions, let us be seasonably reminded, that principles, and not men, are the proper objects of primary regard—that private merit is the only test of public virtue—that present usefulness is rather to be regarded than former fame—and that a republic may become as odious as a despotism, if despots, civil or military, are encouraged to assume the reins and wield the influence of government. Let it appear conspicuously in all our public proceedings, in the policy we advocate, in the measures we propose, in our selection and support of candidates for office, in our adherence or opposition to any administration, that our sympathies, our views, our immediate and ulterior ends are purely patriotic and thoroughly American. Regardless of personal considerations—willing and ready to forego local and temporary advantages—content to share necessary burthens, let us contend only, upon fair and liberal principles, for such encouragement of foreign commerce, and protection of domestic industry, and promotion of internal improvements, as the people, the whole people, have a right to expect, and, in justice to their various and multiplied interests, are bound to require.

Let us not be misled even by the spirit of the age. Distrustful of visionary speculation and rash experiment, let us doubt the policy of sudden change,

hasty innovation, and indiscriminate reform. Whether under the pretext of renewing what is old, or of attempting what is new, let us least of all permit ourselves to tamper lightly with the fundamental laws, with established systems, and wholesome usages. Because in the old world every thing once stable is yielding to revolution, let us not foolishly imagine that here also the political foundations must be upturned, and that amongst us a new era of fancied improvement is to be hurried forward by the arts of popular excitement. Let us rather have the wisdom to perceive, that the professed object of all changes abroad is to obtain what we are singly concerned to secure; and that we owe it to others, as well as to ourselves, to prove by our example, that our career may be as steady as it has been brilliant, and our institutions as permanent as they have been successful.

Let us be on our guard against fanaticism in every form—against profligacy under every disguise—against corruption wherever it may insinuate its influence—against ambition whenever it grasps its sceptre—against party as soon as it shews itself a monster;—against the government lest it should pervert its functions—and even against the people, lest, in an evil day, deceived, blinded, ensnared,—the dupes of their own ignorance, the victims of their own folly—no longer warned by the fate of other republics—without a thought for their ancestors, or a sigh for their posterity—they should sink their glory in their shame, and prostrate in their downfall the hopes of the world.

III. An American is proud of the character of his ancestors.

What would have been the country, but for the sagacity, the prudence, the noble disinterestedness, the intrepid fortitude of its first settlers? Repelling by its austere climate, its bleak coasts, and its sterile soil all common adventurers, New England might for a long time have continued the undisturbed abode of the savage, and here and elsewhere might only now be traced the rude beginnings or the tardy progress of feeble and dependent colonies.

Where would have been the institutions, which now spread the shade of their protection from the Atlantic to the Pacific, unless there had been such minds to conceive the grand design, and such hands to lay the broad foundation? They might, so far as the effect of circumstances is considered, have been looked for any where sooner than here. In the old world, for ages, the science and the art of government had been subjected to every test of inquiry and experiment; schools of philosophers had risen and disappeared; political economists were striving in vain to solve the problems which they had themselves proposed; statesmen and heroes were showing how by fraud and force kingdoms might be lost and won; yet, wonderful as is the fact, what the collected wisdom and experience of the old world had in vain attempted to discover or to invent, it was reserved for the first settlers of the new to devise and undertake. Upon this point, there is but little risk of exaggeration. If our government is, what we represent, and what few deny it to be, an unique and perfect model, the merit of the original conception belongs indisputably to the Fathers of New England.

And who were the men, whose acts have been rendered thus memorable by their consequences?

They were men of whom the old world was not worthy; and they came here to enjoy opinions and to concert a policy, which there it was heresy to avow, and treason to execute. Their opinions comprized the first principles of civil and religious liberty; and their policy provided for the practical recognition of these principles in all the concerns of Church and State. The statement of their design is the best illustration of their character. They came not for conquest, nor for wealth. They came here to be free—politically, morally, intellectually free—and the moment their feet touched the Rock of Plymouth, that moment they were free!

I need not say to you that adventurers of such bold thoughts were men of strong minds—that they who could thus cling to the objects of their devotion must have had warm hearts---that martyrs must have been honest---that the Pilgrims were pious. They had no faults but what may be considered the excesses of virtue; they had no weakness from which humanity is ever exempt. They subjected themselves to a discipline of mind and body, which never fails to produce energy, patience, fortitude, and perseverance. They were remarkable alike for self-control and self-respect. Their condition, as well as their principles, inculcated equality---an equality of duties as well as of rights, of obligations, as well as of privileges—and it is the crowning excellence of their character, that in this, as in all other respects, they conformed to their condition, and adhered to their principles.

The sons of such men were worthy of their sires. What was sown in weakness was raised in power. The Revolution completed what the settlement be-

gun. It was no change of principles, of purpose, or of character. It was the same work, the same spirit, and the same success. England refused freedom to the Pilgrims at home; they shook off their chains and fled. England refused freedom to the Colonies abroad; they broke their chains and achieved their independence.

The great men of the Revolution !---Silence perhaps is the most expressive praise. To name them---to eulogize their merits---to recount their services, will answer better at some future day when time shall have effaced the vivid impressions that may now be traced in every memory. If indeed they were born for the times in which they lived, the feeling of honest pride can yield to no other sentiment than that of pious gratitude. If they created the occasion which has immortalized them—if they scented oppression in the tainted breeze—if they periled life, fortune, and honor in the conflict for liberty—if with an electric enthusiasm, which spread without spending itself from Massachusetts to Carolina, they resolved, *shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand, to sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish* for THEIR COUNTRY, THEIR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT THEIR COUNTRY—if, twining the laurels of the hero in the civic wreath of the statesman, they gave to the world the only example that the first in war might become the first in peace, I appeal to you whether they, and such as they, should not be ever first in the hearts of their countrymen? It was well said by Burke—“a great empire and little minds go ill together”—but it was also for his powerful imagination to conceive, what it is our pride to realize, that a great empire, the work of great minds—

reared, sustained, adorned, exalted by great minds alone—might arise before his own eyes in a savage wilderness, and advance by rapid strides to the pinnacle of earthly power and glory.

IV. An American has peculiar reason to be proud of the condition of his own country, as compared with the present situation of other nations.

Look where we will—from one end of Europe to the other—from one end of South America to the other—throughout Asia—throughout Africa—and then look at home; and what is the contrast?—England struggling with accumulated debt—her population restless under a system of taxation, which has tasked the ingenuity of every Chancellor of the Exchequer to shift its burthen and at the same time to increase its weight—her agriculturalists demanding relief in Corn Laws—her manufacturers turning out for wages—her bankers dictating to the treasury—her nobility compromising for their privileges—her Church establishment grown odious and intolerable—her foreign possessions neglected and disaffected—Ireland abandoned to famine, unappeased by concession—and, to leave the picture without completing it, reform just preparing the way for revolution!

And then for France—beautiful France—the favorite of nature, the emporium of art—her sons the flower of chivalry, her annals the romance of history! How into one short year has she compressed the events of a century! The anniversary of the THREE DAYS is at hand. The same month which marks our own, is, just now, alike memorable as the era of her Independence. It commences with thanksgivings here—it will terminate with rejoicings there. But it

is for France to rejoice with trembling. At the festival of liberty, she perceives the sword of revolution suspended by a hair. Filled with combustibles, the torch of discord may at any moment spread a general conflagration. The policy of the government wavers with every change of ministry. The influence of her purest patriots is no longer trusted; she fears to express her sympathy with her suffering neighbors; to the faint cries of priest-ridden Italy she turns a deaf ear, and from the wounds of bleeding Poland an averted eye.

But the Poles are free! A second Kosciusko has appeared for their rescue! The legions of the Czar retreat before the Scythe-men! The passer of the Balkan violates his pledge before he reaches Warsaw! Courage vanquishes despair. Hope perches on the crest of victory. Alas! it may be a short-lived delusion. There is no succor near. Poland may be yet dismembered. Diplomacy and force are combined to crush her. A martyr to her constancy, a victim to her principles, she will fall again, if fall she must, amidst the shrieks of freedom!

I proceed no further. These, as we look beyond our hemisphere, are they not the brightest spots which have emerged from the night of despotism? Of these how dim and flickering the lustre? And upon our own continent—from Mexico to Patagonia, from Peru to Brazil—within the immediate reach of our influence, in the nearest view of our example, where our people and government have sent so many tokens of encouragement—what is the result? Anarchy, bigotry, bloodshed; any thing but liberty, peace, or happiness.

Let us turn our thoughts homeward. Here, but

no where else, is the good we seek. Here, but no where else, in a true and liberal sense, is the mind or body free. Here, but no where else, are men enabled, voluntarily and fearlessly, to form their own opinions, to choose their own condition, to fix their own destiny. Here, but no where else, is government "a compact by which the whole people covenants with each citizen, and each citizen with the whole people." Here, but no where else, is education the birth-right, and religion the free choice of all. Here, but no where else, is the march of improvement,---physical, intellectual, and moral---steady and sure. Here, but no where else, is peace to be prized or expected as a permanent blessing.

Well, then, may we be proud of the Federal Republic---of its natural advantages---of its admirable institutions---of the character of its sages, heroes, and saints---of all that it is and is destined to be, in comparison with all the world besides. Well may we respond to the millions of our fellow-citizens, who are revolving in their minds the same topics of congratulation on this happy day. Let the day be given, as it always has been, to the free and full expression of the sentiments and feelings, which bind our country to our hearts, and our hearts to our country. Let us feel that it is a day which possesses an equal interest, and an equal charm for all. Let the old and young, the rich and poor, the grave and gay, unite in its celebration. Let it be every where a truce to labor, a respite from care, a festival of joy. Let the tocsin wake its dawn, and the curfew toll its knell. Let the brightness of noon be reflected in glittering decorations, and the evening twilight be illumined by artificial splendors. Wherever our

navy rides, or our commerce floats, let the air resound with the cannon's peal, and the star-spangled banner be unfurled. Let the military parade, with its clustering associations, bring back to view the image of "the times that tried men's souls." Let the civic procession—the mechanics, from the time of the Tea-plot sturdy defenders of republican prerogative—our gallant tars, who in their country's cause nail their colors to the mast, and never give up the ship—the Firemen, 'always ready, at a moment's warning,' to protect the property, lives, and rights of their fellow citizens*—let the civic procession, the most attractive emblem of political and social harmony, honor the day. Above all, let the doors of the temple be unclosed, and piety and patriotism kneel together in blessed union at the altar of their common faith.

YOUNG MEN OF SALEM! The day is ours. With all its treasured recollections, it is a portion of our inheritance; in its bright but fleeting moments, it is a part of our existence. It is ours to commemorate, to enjoy, and to improve. It is ours to dedicate anew to the holy cause of liberty and patriotism. It is ours as young men, who desire no better lot than to live *in* the country, and aspire to no higher honor than to live *for* the country. It is ours in trust, as the successors of one generation and the representatives of another. Be it ours, then, by such a faithful, resolute, and independent discharge of all the duties of good citizens, as that, while we do not fail to be proud of our country, our country may have early, constant, and increasing occasion to be proud of us.

* The Salem Charitable Mechanic Association, the Salem Charitable Marine Association, and the entire Fire Department of the town, appeared in the procession on this occasion—See Appendix.

APPENDIX.

The fifty-fifth anniversary of American Independence was celebrated at Salem with unusual demonstrations of public spirit. The following sketch of the proceedings may prove an interesting record to those immediately concerned.

A meeting of **THE YOUNG MEN OF SALEM** was held at the Town Hall on Friday evening May 20th, of which Col. **FRANCIS PEABODY** was chairman, and Mr. **S. W. STICKNEY** Secretary. At this meeting a Committee of Arrangements was appointed, who proceeded to take the necessary measures for a public celebration. The gentlemen who acted upon this Committee were

**MESSRS. GEORGE PEABODY,
BENJAMIN F. BROWNE,
STEPHEN P. WEBB,
DAVID PULSIFER, JR.
WILLIAM SUTTON, JR.
JED FRYE,
EBEN. K. LAKEMAN,
WILLIAM PEELE,
CALEB FOOTE,
JEREMIAH S. PERKINS,
JAMES CHAMBERLAIN,
JOHN G. BROOKS.**

The Arrangements, when concluded, took effect as follows :

Salutes were fired at sunrise, noon, and at sunset, and the bells of the several churches were rung at the same time.

A procession was formed at 11 o'clock, A. M. on Washington Square, under the direction of **THOMAS DOWNING, jr.** Esq. Chief Marshal, assisted by Messrs. **SAMUEL W. STICKNEY** and **SAMUEL R. HODGES** as Aids, and the following gentlemen as Marshals :

Messrs. Benjamin S. Newhall, Messrs. Joseph Hale,
 Albert G. Browne, Israel Ward, Jr.
 Ebenezer Slocum, Jr. Isaac H. Frothingham,
 T. Putnam Derby, Henry Lemon,
 Richard P. Waters, William Brown, Jr.
 Charles Osgood, William Hunt,
 Ebenezer Seccomb, Jr. John W. Clark,
 William P. Pierce, Edward Hodges,
 John Jewett, Samuel G. Rea,
 Stephen B. Ives, Wm. R. L. Ward.
 William Kimball,

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

1. Military Escort, composed of the Danvers Light Infantry under the command of Capt. WILLIAM SUTTON JUN., and the Salem Mechanic Light Infantry under the command of Capt. JEREMIAH S. PERKINS—accompanied by the Salem Band led by Mr. WILLIAM E. SMITH.

2. Chief Marshal and Aids.

3. Committee of Arrangements.

4. Orator and Officiating Clergymen.

5. Town Officers.

6. Clergy.

7. Instructors of Youth.

8. Members of the National and State Legislatures.

9. Salem Artillery, under the command of Capt. SKINNER, with side arms.

10. Salem Charitable Mechanic Association—the officers bearing the Society's large and elegant banners.

[This association is composed exclusively of mechanics, and numbers about two hundred and fifty members. They have always taken an active part in the celebration of this anniversary, and appeared on this occasion with well filled ranks.]

The following are the officers of the association for the present year—

NATHANIEL FROTHINGHAM, *President.*

JOHN RUSSELL, *Vice-President.*

THOMAS NEEDHAM, *Secretary.*

BENJAMIN BLANCHARD, *Treasurer.*

EBENEZER SLOCUM, jr

JONATHAN KENNEY,

DANIEL MILLET,

DAVID PULSIFER, Jr.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,

DANIEL RUGG,

S. H. CURRIER,

} *Directors.*

11. Salem Charitable Marine Association.

☞ This Society is composed for the most part of those who are, or have been active seamen. Most of the members who were on shore, attended in appropriate costume. The officers for the present year are

JOHN C. VERY, *President.*
 MATTHEW NEWPORT, } *Directors.*
 NATHANIEL APPLETON, }
 JOHN A. FROST, *Secretary.*

12. Fire Department.

☞ This was the first public exhibition of this numerous and efficient body. They brought out all their engines, hose-carts, sail-carts, &c. in the most perfect order, and tastefully decorated. The number of members in attendance is estimated to have been but little short of four hundred. They took the station assigned to them in the procession in the following order—the whole Department being under the direction of JOHN STONE, Esq. the President of the Board of Firewards.

President and Secretary of the Board of Firewards.
 Board of Control.

Engine No. 1.—*Reliance*—Nathaniel Very, Director.

Sail Carriage No. 1.—James Gavett, Director.

Engine No. 2.—*Rapid*—Benjamin Farless, Director.

Engine No. 3.—*Federal*—Ezra Osborne, Director.

Engine No. 4.—*Lafayette*—Jonathan Kenney, Director.

Hose Company No. 1.—John M. Clark, Director.

Engine No. 5.—*Essex*—Oliver Parsons, Director.

Sail Carriage No. 2.—Ira H. Patch, Director.

Engine.—*Union*—Henry O. Stone, Director.

☞ This is a very small Engine, which has not been used by the Department for several years. Although of small power, it is uncommonly well-constructed, and is remarkable as being the oldest Engine in town, having been imported from England in 1748 by several wealthy individuals at their own cost, and by them placed in the charge of the town. It was managed on this occasion by a volunteer company of lads, who were dressed in a neat uniform, and evidently took great pride in performing the duty assigned to them with spirit and propriety.

Engine No. 6.—*Exchange*—Daniel Hammond, Director.

Engine No. 7.—*Adams*—Eleazer Pope, Director.

Sail Carriage No. 3.—Richard Austin, Director.

Engine No. 8.—*Active*—Stephen Symonds, Director.

☞ Two Firewards are ordinarily attached to each Engine, several of whom attended in the procession at the head of the respective Fire-Companies. The appearance of the entire

Department was such as to extort universal applause, and it will be remembered by many as the most interesting incident connected with the celebration.

13. Strangers.

14. Citizens.

The Procession, thus formed, moved through Pleasant, Essex, and North Streets, to the NORTH CHURCH, where the following exercises were performed—

I. Voluntary on the Organ.

II. Anthem.

I.

O God! from the house where thou dwellest, we raise,
With the voice of thanksgiving, a chorus of praise.

From the time when the vengeance of tyranny's arm
Drove our fathers, for shelter, across the wide sea,
Thou did'st guide them, and guard them, and shield them from
harm;

Thou gav'st them a refuge,—this land of the free.

O God! from the house, &c.

II.

With gladness, with mirth, with rejoicing, we come,
To give thanks in thy temple, that here is our home.

From that day when the pilgrims, our forefathers, crost,
With a hope not their own, thro' the ocean's dark way,
Whose waters disclosed them a desolate coast,
The Lord was their refuge, our God was their stay.

Oh God! from the house, &c.

III.

“Bring timbrel, bring harp, bring the soft swelling lute,
On this day of our joy no string should be mute.”

In the hour when the horrors of war were abroad,
When a trembling, a terror, possessed e'en the brave,
Our fathers reposed all their cares upon God—
Thou God! did'st preserve them, and still thou dost save.

Oh God! from the house, &c.

III. Prayer by the Rev. Lemuel Willis.

IV. Hymn.

I.

Begin the high celestial strain,
My ravish'd soul, and sing
A solemn hymn of grateful praise,

To heav'n's Almighty King.
 Ye circling fountains, as you roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.

II.

Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain;
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it oft again.
 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
 To distant climes away;
 And round the wide extended world
 My lofty theme convey.

III.

Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the evening skies.
 Let harmless thunder roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain;
 And answer from the crystal vault
 To every flying strain.

V. Oration by the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips.

VI. Ode—written by Edwin Jocelyn, Esq.

TUNE—*Marseilles Hymn.*

I.

Wake, Freemen, wake the song of glory;
 Join, join in soul to swell the strain!
 Still shall it proudly bear the story,
 Our father's deeds in hall and plain;
 And still shall mem'ry grateful turning,
 With silent step, the tribute shed
 O'er all her country's honor'd dead,
 And feel their noble spirit burning;—
 Then wake the song anew,
 To worth and valor due:—
 Swell on! swell on the chorus high,
 The anthem of the Free!

II.

Bless'd Freedom, far thy beams are spreading
 O'er nations sunk in slav'ry's night;
 Unholy pow'r thy day is dreading,
 And man awakes, rous'd by thy light!

See fallen kings their thrones deserting ;—
 Say where are now your "rights divine,"
 To crush the soul and chains entwine ;—
 Your equals now see bold asserting ;—
 Their rights ! their rights ! the cry,—
 All rule unjust, defy ;—
 Spread on ! spread on ! free spirit, spread,
 'Till, prostrate, despots lie.

III.

Long, long, the reign of wrong has lasted,
 And man, oppress'd, in fetters sigh'd ;
 The spoiling foot the earth has blasted,
 Her fairest climes in blood has dyed ;
 Her sons beneath the yoke degrading,—
 Chain'd at their birth—in darkness nurs'd—
 Base life dragg'd on—existence curs'd ;—
 But pale thy crimson star is fading ;—
 Red pow'r, thy cruel throne,
 A downfall just, shall own ;
 Sweep on ! sweep on ! avenging sword,
 Till ruin marks its fall.

IV.

Sweep on, sweep on, to God appealing,—
 To Him who made you equal, free ;—
 Not suppliant man to mortal kneeling
 In abject soul, was His decree ;
 Dark bigotry with terror shrouded,
 In thraldom long has held the mind—
 The heav'nly spark, to guide, designed,
 Has Superstition quench'd and clouded ;—
 But lo ! Truth's holy ray
 Breaks forth o'er thy foul sway ;—
 Break forth ! break forth ! oh, light divine !
 Beam on the nations' way.

V.

My country's youth, with bosoms swelling
 High in the love of Freedom's cause,
 See Europe's sons their chains repelling,—
 Each patriot arm now sternly draws ;—
 Life, held in bondage, glad resigning ;—
 Death—death, prefer'd that will unbind
 The tortur'd limbs, the shackled mind,
 And free the soul in dungeons pining ;—
 Cheer ! cheer the noble band,—
 Give voice, and heart, and hand !
 Cheer on ! cheer on ! 'till broad day bursts
 The shout, the earth is FREE.

VII. Prayer by Rev. John P. Cleaveland.**VIII. Anthem.**

Lift your voices !
 Earth rejoices !
 Let the song of triumph sound ;
 Man awaking !
 Despots quaking !
 Fall'n their sceptres to the ground.
 Light is springing,
 Freedom bringing
 Nations long in fetters bound ;
 Banish sadness,
 Strike in gladness,
 Loud the notes of triumph sound.
 " See, advances,
 With songs and dances,
 All the band of freemen's daughters—
 Catch the sound, ye hills and waters"—
 Praises breathing,
 Chaplets wreathing,
 Glory's day with pride to crown.
 Might of thunder,
 Rend asunder
 All the strength of tyrant power ;
 Rise, ye nations,
 Take your stations—
 Swell the triumphs of the hour !
 " Cow'r, ye haughty monarchs now,
 Low before your conquerors bow ;
 Pride of princes, strength of kings,
 To the dust, Jehovah brings ;
 Freedom ! Freedom ! exulting nations shout
 For Freedom ! for Freedom !

IX. Benediction.

After the exercises at the Church were concluded, the audience separated without formality. The residue of the day was devoted by a portion of the citizens to public religious services, and by others to social intercourse and private amusements. Good feeling and good order were every where manifested, and no incident occurred to disturb the harmony, or to mar the enjoyment, which ought ever to characterize this national holiday.

The two military companies proceeded to Danvers, where

a handsome entertainment was provided by the DANVERS LIGHT INFANTRY, of which the SALEM MECHANIC LIGHT INFANTRY partook as guests. An opportunity was thus offered and improved, of strengthening the feelings of good neighborhood, which the inhabitants of the two towns, mutually connected in their opinions and interests, have constantly sought to cherish.

Before joining the procession, the members of the Fire Department partook of a collation at the Town Hall, which had been liberally provided by two of the Fire Insurance Companies in the town.

In the evening, there was a brilliant display of rockets and other fire-works from different parts of the town and neighborhood. An illuminated balloon, prepared by a skilful artist, attracted particular notice and admiration.

Such is a brief sketch of the principal incidents connected with the celebration. It will be seen, that although the arrangements were under the immediate direction of the YOUNG MEN, they were cordially concurred in by the authorities of the Town, by public associations, and by the citizens of all ages and classes. On no occasion have the mass of the population participated more directly in the public proceedings; and in no instance, have the necessary arrangements been executed with greater facility and convenience.