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1812.2

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE Thirth-sixth anniversary of American Independence will be celebrated by the Republicans of Salem.—A Procession will be formed, and an Oration delivered on the occasion

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

- Escort.
- Orator and Clergyman.
- Civil Officers.
- Military Officers, in uniform.
- Committee of Arrangements.
- Citizens and Gentlemen from the neighbouring towns.

The Procession will be formed in Court-Street, at half past 9 o'clock, under the direction of Major White and Major Barstow, Marshals of the Day, and will pass from Court-Street thro' Lynde-Street, North-Street, Essex-Street, Newbury-Street, Church-Street and County-Street, to the Rev. Mr. Turner's Meeting-House, where an Oration will be delivered by John Pitman, jun. Esquire.

The Meeting-House will be opened at half past 8 o'clock. The Wall Pews below, and the Front Gallery Pews, will be reserved for the Ladies—and none but Ladies will be admitted till after the Procession has entered.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCE.

- 1 Hymn.
- 2 Prayer.
- 3 Ode.
- 4 Declaration of Independence, Manifesto and Declaration of War.
- 5 Select Music by the Band.
- 6 ORATION
- 7 Select Music by Band.

GIVEN.

Tune—OLD HUNDRED.

ALMIGHTY GOD! to thee we raise
The voice of joy, the song of praise;
Thine arm protects the Patriot just,
And smites th' oppressor in the dust.

When in the days of deep distress
Our fathers fought the wilderness,
Thou didst their guardian God appear,
Their paths illumine, and wanderings cheer.

When, at their country's call, the brave
Unsheath'd their swords, its rights to save,
Thy succouring power the battle led—
And victory smil'd, and slavery fled.

O! may 'tis realm forever be
UNITED, INDEPENDENT, FREE;
And may its arts and virtues shine
Through every age, with light divine.

ODE,

By JOSEPH STORY, Esq.

Welcome! Welcome the day, when assembled, as one,
Our gallant forefathers proclaim'd us a nation,
When Liberty rose, as from chaos the Sun,
To illumine our realm with the rays of salvation.
Heard in triumph, her voice
Bade her children rejoice,
And defend by their valour the laws of their choice.
Let the slave bite the dust, who to power bends the knee;
The gods shall protect those, who dare to be free.
'Mid the perils of war, 'mid the darkness of death,
Our Sires forc'd their march through the wilderness dreary,
In vain famine and sickness shed pestilent breath,
They grew by defeat, and their zeal ne'er was weary.

Liberty's Light

Thro' the tempest shone bright;
'Twas their cloud by the day, and their pillar by
night.
Let the brave ne'er despair, for, tho' myriads oppose,
The arm, nerv'd by freedom, shall conquer all foes.
Shades of heroes departed! the perils ye bore,
The fame of your deeds, to your offspring descend-
ing,
Shall swell thro' each vale, and enkindle each shore,
From the spring of the morn to the day's western
ending.
Your country to save,
'Mid the battle's dire rave
Ye bled—and the laurels have cover'd your grave.
While we mourn your sad doom, not unblest be the
sigh:
'Tis sweet—'tis sublime, for our country to die.
Where Liberty dwells, lo, what beauties arise!
Arts, science and virtue enjoy her protection;
E'en the soil feels fresh nurture distil from the skies,
And pours from its bosom the fruits of perfection.
Beneath her mild reign,
Commerce freights the free main,
And the loves and the graces disport on the plain.
Then perish the coward, who shrinks to a slave!
Heav'n gives its rich blessings to nourish the brave.
Such blessings are ours—with our honours content,
We ask but our rights in their peaceful possession—
Not vainly we threaten, not lightly resent;
Our hearts leap in union to combat oppression.
When perils are rife,
We decline not the strife—
Our altars and homes are more dear than our life.
The land of our fathers ne'er nourish'd a slave—
TO DIE or be FREE, is the right of the brave.