

ANNIVERSARY
OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
JULY 4, 1840.

Celebration in the City of Rochester.

The general committee of arrangements, consisting of Delegates from the Corporation, the Fire Department, the Military corps, the Literary Associations, and the Citizens generally, respectfully announce that the following *order of ceremonies* was approved at the final meeting of the committee, at Mechanic's Hall, on the evening of the 1st July:

ORDER OF CEREMONIES.

1. Sunrise on the morning of the 4th will be saluted with thirteen guns from a detachment of the troops.
2. The National Standard and other flags will be displayed at the same time, in various parts of the city.
3. The bells will commence ringing at the same time, and be rung during the firing of the old federal salute. It is understood that the *Fire Department* will turn-out at this early hour, as customary in former years.
4. The presentation to the Rochester Cadets, of a Banner prepared by the Ladies, will take place at the Rochester House, at 9 o'clock. The presentation will be made by Gen. Stevens and staff, in presence of all the military corps of the city.
5. The General Procession, preparatory to the oration, &c. will be as follows: The formation of the line to be effected at 10 o'clock.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

1. Martial Music.
2. Military Escort, consisting of all the uniform companies in the city, and the U. S. troops
3. Field and Staff Officers.
4. Clergy, and Chaplains,
5. Orator, the Reader of the Declaration of Independence, and the Readers of the Patriotic Odes composed for the occasion.
6. Revolutionary Soldiers, for whom carriages will be furnished.
7. Rochester City Band.
8. Common Council, with the Mayor, Recorder, and other city officers.
9. Fire Department, headed by the Chief Engineer and his Assistants.
10. Mechanics' Literary Association.
11. Rochester Athenæum—Young Men's Association.
12. Citizens generally.
13. The National Salute of twenty-six guns will be fired at noon.

The Procession will be formed at 10 o'clock precisely, in North Fitzhugh st., and will march through South Fitzhugh st. to Spring st.—

Through Spring to Exchange street;
Through Exchange to Buffalo street;
Through Buffalo and Main to Clinton street;
Through Clinton street to WASHINGTON SQUARE,

Where the *oration* will be delivered.

1. Capt. Lowd, of the United States Army, will officiate as Marshall of the day, assisted by his Aids.

2. The Rev. Glezen Fillmore and Rev. Washington Van Zandt have been requested by the committee to officiate as chaplains on the occasion.

3. Address to the Throne of grace.

4. The Declaration of Independence will be read by Chancellor Whittlesey.

5. One of the Patriotic Odes, (written for the occasion by Miss Abby C. Pratt of this city, by W. H. C. Hosmer of Avon, and by D. W. Chapman of Rochester,) will be read. Myron Holley and Judge Childs are selected as Readers.

6. An Oration will be delivered by Capt. P. G. Buchan.

7. Another Patriotic Ode will be read.

8. Concluding address to the Throne of Grace.

9. A National Salute of twenty-six guns will be fired at noon, by a detachment of the troops.

10. A Public Dinner will be prepared at the Rochester House, at 3 o'clock precisely, for the reception of such as choose to remain there, (of which notice is given elsewhere,) after the dismissal of the procession in front of that place.

11. The following gentlemen will act as officers on the occasion: Gen. JACOB GOULD, President; Hon. F. WHITTLESEY, Col. JOHN ALLEN, ELIAS POND, Esq. and Hon. ISAAC HILLS, Vice Presidents.

Suitable seats will be arranged at Washington Square, and a Committee will attend to secure seats for the Ladies.

By order of the General Committee of Arrangements,
HENRY O'REILLY, Chairman.
J. GRAHAM KLINCK, Secretary.

The following Odes will be read on the occasion:

ODE,

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1840.

BY MISS A. C. PRATT.

Written by request, for the Celebration at Rochester.

Hark! to the nation's shout,
Swelling o'er land and sea—
Voices in gladness are ringing out,
'Tis FREEDOM'S JUBILEE!

Freedom! triumphant word,
Stamped on Creation's dome;
'Mid the wild scenes of nature ever heard,
Where the free and unfetter'd roam.

It comes from the ancient hills,
From the towering forest tree;
And the sudden gush of a thousand rills
Tells of the joyous FREE.

'Tis heard in the mountain stream,
While gliding to the sea;
Its ripples dance in the sun's bright beam,
And join the song of the Free.

The bird as it soars on high,
Carols it forth in glee;
Clouds, as they float on a summer sky,
And the winds, speak loud of the Free.

Hark! to that distant sound
Borne from the viewless past!
It comes like a joyous echo's bound,
Or like thrilling notes—the last.

'Tis the shout our Fathers raised,
When was burst their galling chain;
And the lighted Fires of Freedom blazed
Far o'er the heaving main.

They fought, and bled, and won
The laurel-wreath we wear;
And the high deeds wrought beneath that sun
Their notes of triumph bear.

'Twas not the frenzied song
Wrung out by the wine-cup's power;
Nor the deaf'ning shout of a festive throng,
Borne up at the midnight hour.

No!—there were grateful hearts,
With rapture beating high;
And with pride such as conscious worth imparts,
They sang of Liberty.

Those noble men—our sires—
On Freedom's fresh soil stood,
And kindled Devotion's glowing fires
To their Deliverer—God!

Quench not the sacred flame,
Let it lumines all our land;
Sound not alone blest Freedom's name,
But let its pillars stand

Where'er the foot may tread,
Or pleased eye wander o'er;
That of us it may with truth be said,
OPPRESSION REIGNS NO MORE.

ODE

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Written by request for the Celebration at Rochester.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER, OF AVON.

AIR—Marsellois Hymn.

Ye sons of sires who gathered proudly
Our flag of stars and stripes around,
When rang the dread alarm loudly,
And paled Oppression at the sound—
Bless God the Just, the Everliving,
Who guarded with his mighty shield
Young Freedom on the battle field,
And shout an anthem of thanksgiving!
Cheer on—cheer on—the march
Of mind throughout the globe,
'Till wit and worth enoble man,
Not crown and purple robe!

The ground is holy where one martyr
For sacred Truth contending dies,
And vile are they who dare not barter
Gems, gold and blood for such a prize!
Oh! dark the doom is of that vassal,
Lost in a maze of mental night,
Too abject to maintain the right,
Who hungers that his Lord may wassail.
Then cheer—cheer on the march
Of mind throughout the globe
'Till wit and worth enoble man—
Not crown and purple robe.

Our Nation's dark and stormy morning
Hath brighten'd into cloudless day,
But notes of deep and fearful warning
Call on the wise to "watch and pray."
From mount, from vale, from cavern lonely—
From Bunker's height, from Monmouth ground,
Breathes forth a voice of solemn sound
"In Union there is safety only!"
Cheer on—cheer on—the march
Of mind throughout the globe,
'Till wit and worth enoble man—
Not crown and purple robe.

A beacon on our coast is lighted
That kindles up the gloom of Earth,
And guides the wanderer benighted
To Freedom's altar-stone and hearth.—
Would not our sires, entombed and sleeping,
Leap with their rusted brands from dust
If we prove faithless to the trust
Sternly committed to our keeping?
Yes! yes!—then cheer the march
Of mind throughout the globe,
'Till wit and worth enoble man—
Not crown and purple robe!

Written by request, for the Celebration at Rochester.

**AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
AN ODE.**

BY D. W. CHAPMAN, OF ROCHESTER.

A beam of brightness lit the gloom
That dimm'd our country's midnight hour!—
A voice, as from the bursting tomb,
Rang in the startled ear of power!—
And wider spread th' increasing light,
And louder roll'd that gathering voice,
'Till, rising in their curbless might,
The FREE in their own rights rejoice.

On Lexington's ensanguined plain,
On Concord's consecrated ground,
On Bunker's Hill, whose crimson stain
Tells where their hallowed graves are found;
The ashes of our martyr'd sires,
Each in his sleep of glory lies—
They kindled Freedom's altar-fires,
Then gave themselves a sacrifice!

No proud mausoleum veils their dust—
Their deeds no sculptur'd column tells;
But, glorying in our sacred trust,
In every breast their memory dwells:
And bright in his unsullied fame
As is the noonday's cloudless sun,
Still lives, through time's long years the same,
The world's immortal WASHINGTON!

When he led forth that patriot band
That gather'd at their country's cry,
No trampling legions shook the land,
Nor flaunting pageant swept the sky—
But with firm tread and souls resolved,
They met the haughty hosts of power,
Whose serried ranks like snow dissolved,
And Freedom hailed her dawning hour!

Be ours the solemn charge TO GUARD
WHAT THEIR UNYIELDING VALOR WON.
Proud heritage! which, unimpaired,
Transmit we still from sire to son.
Let coming ages, as they fly,
Our never-ceasing vigils see,
With ready arm and sleepless eye,
Above the birthright of the free.

When light and knowledge shall have shed
Their beams the world's wide regions o'er,
And kingly power and wrong have fled,
To blight and desolate no more—
When truth along its radiant flight
Shall banish darkness with its beams;
And from each wave and mountain-height
The star-gemm'd flag of Freedom streams—

O! then shall man beneath the yoke
Of tyrant man no longer groan,
His weary night of bondage broke—
Then he the sceptre, crown and throne,
And all that would to human lust
And human power his soul enslave,
Shall dash indignant to the dust,
To moulder on the despot's grave.

And ever, as we gather still
To hail the day of Freedom's birth,
Let thundering valed and answering hill
Exultant shake the gladden'd earth;
'Till 'wakened millions listening round
Join in the strain with heart and voice,
And farthest realms shall at the sound
Of Liberty's high hymn rejoice!