



## THE WHIG FESTIVAL ON THE FOURTH

### CELEBRATION OF THE PEOPLE.

The gathering, they're gazing in wistful eyes,  
The noble in soul, and the fearless in heart;  
At freedom's stern call, to the contest they start;  
The rush whilst a scat she stirs can impact.

The day of trial from the heavens is sent—  
"Around it they rally, to pluck its baleful fruit;  
And well may the foes of corruption be bold,  
In the glory and strength of our HARRY CLAY'S

name!"—and the laurels of victory!

Arouse them, true hearts, to the little one more!  
And the Cross shall quail at the gallant army!  
Despair's last shelter us—Hope's morn Davis be!  
Honor, to-morrow!

It will bring in full soon to a shadowless day!

The celebration of "the 4th" by the Whigs of this country was every thing that the most ardent friend of "Liberty or the West" could have wished—certainly far greater than the most sanguine thought of expecting. On all hands we are informed that it far surpassed in numbers, spirit and full-hearted enthusiasm every demonstration of strength ever before attempted in this county! Our opponents had a celebration comprising a much greater show of strength than is usual with them and yet our gallant army of whigs out-numbered them more than two to one! It was an array of strength that no less rapturously surprised every whig than did it mortify, confound and dismay our opponents.

It was the first grand blow struck in the campaign, and if we mistake not has fallen upon the foe with a stunning force that will carry proudly home for HARRY CLAY and Victory!

The morning of the 4th dawned brightly, with a cool, elastic air that infused new life and vigor into every heart, and its dawning was no less auspicious than was its closing glories, for the good whig cause! At a very early hour could be seen indications that the day was to be marked with more than usual manifestations. The new whig Reading Room, our future head-quarters in town, was gaily decorated on the occasion with flags and other devices, and a splendid star-spangled banner flaunted proudly in the breeze over the street in front. At an early hour carriages, small wagons and horsemen commenced rapidly pouring in from all directions, bringing reinforcements to both parties in town—the majority, however, being Whigs. About nine o'clock an enthusiastic company of staunch whigs of Mechanicsburg arrived in a car freighted for the occasion, with banners flying and music playing a cheering strain. They were greeted with enthusiastic cheers, by the crowd assembled at Head Quarters. An hour after a train of several cars came in from the upper end of the county, each one densely crowded with gallant whigs from Shippensburg, Newville and other places, who were in possession of various tokens of welcome. The delegation from Shippensburg numbered at least fifty whigs "good and true," and bore several banners with appropriate inscriptions. The crowd around Head Quarters now became immense and a joyous spirit of hope and triumph pervaded the assembled multitude. Cheers rent the air as the whigs from every section of the county rapidly poured in, every moment to swell the throng, and music lent its exhilarating strains to enliven the occasion. The astonishment and pleasure of the whigs was no less excited by the immense numbers congregated, than were our opponents disheartened and chagrined at our signal triumph. It was a glorious manifestation, a fit herald of the triumphant victory that awaits our cause at the ballot-box.

It was not intended to march in procession to the ground, but so unexpectedly large was the crowd, and so intense was the enthusiasm of the people, that by a single and spontaneous impulse the throng assembled at the Reading Room formed into procession at the clock, and took up their march to the ground designated for the celebration of the day. A fine band of music from Hagerstown, preceded the procession, inspiring its march with swelling strains of national and martial music—flags and banners displayed their rich emblazonry in the sun-light—fair faces blushed with pleasure as they beheld the spectacle, and every heart in the long array of the procession throbbed with "joy" and patriotic emotion. Enthusiasm and delight pervaded all hearts, and sparkled in every countenance, as the procession moved through several streets and thence to J. Henderson's Grove, a beautiful enclosure of woodland about half a mile from town. Here a plain sub-tent was prepared by the Committee of Arrangements, and speedily disposed of that the more important part of the festival might be entered upon. The assembly then gathered around the grove temporarily erected, and was called to order by L. G. Brandenburg, Esq., who nominated the list of officers given below.

The Declaration of Independence was read by S. Duncan Adair, Esq., which was followed by the reading of the regular Tonic, and a general hymn.

Addresses were now successively delivered in compliance with the call of the assembly, by J. Henderson, Esq., Dr. J. Adams, Esq., Gen. S. C. Armstrong, and Rev. Mr. Jackson, and a number of others.

The Discourse of the Rev. Mr. Peter and Jonathan Hart, Pastors of this Society, was the principal feature of the service.

After the Discourse the people adjourned to the grove, where they were entertained by a series of addresses, and a variety of performances.

Volunteer Toasts.

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