THE EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE: BEING A FULL REPORT OF THE EVENTS OF THE DAY IN THE CITY OF BOSTON. JULY 5, 1858

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BOSTON COURIER

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C. E. Bliss,

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THE

EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE:

BEING A FULL REPORT OF THE

EVENTS OF THE DAY

IN THE

CITY OF BOSTON,

TOGETHER WITH THE REVISED ORATIONS OF RUFUS CHOATE AND JOHN S. HOLMES, AND THE SPEECHES AT THE FANEUIL HALL AND REVERE HOUSE BANQUETS.

JULY 5, 1858.

REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON COURIER.

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EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

OF

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The Eighty-second Anniversary of American Independence was observed with more than the usual spirit and splendor. Of crowd, bustle and clamor, there was much the same excess as at any time the past ten years; but the entertainments provided for the public amusement and edification were far superior to any ever before prepared. There were the eloquent orations of Messrs. Holmes and Choate, and their attendant events of interest; there were sports for the children and mammoth concerts for all,—two features hitherto unknown and capable of being vastly improved upon; there was a regatta—in any form comparatively a novelty—surpassing any preceding exhibition of the kind. The other displays—fireworks, processions, balloon ascensions, &c., &c., all passed off with admirable effect. The city was crowded with a larger host, perhaps, than has ever before gathered within its walls, and most happily, the joyous freedom of the day, which was bright, and clear, and mild, as if specially prearranged by contract, was marred by no disturbing tumults, no perceptible prevalence of drunkenness, no accidents, excepting two or three of slight account, which might have occurred on any other day. On the whole, the celebration was the most satisfactory in every respect, and the most thoroughly enjoyed, within our recollection. We trust it may ever be equally so.

THE FIRST EXPLOSIVE DEMONSTRATIONS

Were called into life by a midnight alarm of fire, which, not serious in itself, aroused the cheap patriotic sentiment of every fire-eater throughout the city. By one o'clock in the morning the voice of the multitude crying "Sleep no more," had been almost everywhere heard. Tired Nature's sweet restorer stepped out. The combined clatter of gunpowder

variously dispensed, in cracker form, from pistols and from cannon; of tin horns, of drums, of voices mellow with emotions of national pride and so forth; of huge rattles à la watchman, (a new invention of diabolical ingenuity,) of bells and other machinery of mad jubilation, agitated the town for hours before daylight. With the first peep of dawn the flood of strangers began to pour into the city, filling the thoroughfares, clustering in vast masses on the Common and the Parks, and gaily looking forward to the events of the day with high anticipations—perhaps destined to disappointment; it is almost always so. At sunrise the bells of all the churches pealed harmoniously forth, uniting in a grand choral of rejoicing with the voices of cannon sounding from every quarter. . Soon the conveyances from the suburbs began to flock in, swelling the huge crowd to ampler dimensions. Metropolitan cars loaded beyond precedent, omnibi likewise, wagons ditto, stage coaches the same. Never were such reeking, smoking, seething swarms. As far as reportorial observation could extend, the best possible temper prevailed. Crushed corns, crumpled crinolines, battered bonnets, torn trousers, and various other alliterative woes were borne with Christian meekness. Patriotic meekness, we might better say, under the circumstances. Fourth-of-July meekness. Men did not dig convulsive elbows into shrinking ribs, in return for fancied invasion of personal rights. Women did not assail with shrill accents of fierce vindictive scorn those of their own or any other sex who happened to get entangled with them in the tortuous windings of the mazy multitude. At the early hour of which we write, content and good will reigned in every bosom.

THE ANTICS AND INTOLERABLES

Made the first organized demonstration of the day. At about six o'clock the distinguished body known as the Dog Island Fillibusters marched up State Street, representing among them every eccentricity of politics, including woman's rights, Henry C. Wright's, and opposition to marriage rites, as recently expressed in the agreeable vocabulary of the Rutland Convention. Another collection of Antics and Intolerables (which we take to be a decided improvement on the old form of title) paraded with great effect and a stunning variety of costume which distended the optics of all beholders to a dangerous degree. This formidable array was said to be the Bourbon Whiskey Reformers—a name which affords unlimited field for agreeable speculation. We are happy to be able to announce that the reports which circulated freely relative to the presence of certain distinguished gentlemen in the ranks of the Antics and Intolerables, were incorrect. It is not true that President James Buchanan, now of Washington, was the principal drummer of the Dog Island Fillibusters, neither is there the slightest foundation for the popular belief that Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, otherwise known as the Sage of Concord, carried the

banner of the Bourbon Whiskey Reformers, although that gentleman's extensive connection with reformers of various sorts might naturally give rise to some such impression. The statement that Gov. Banks was the man with four heads and a Briareean assortment of arms, looking anxiously in every direction, and grasping at all sides unceasingly, we know to be false in every particular. The Governor was in Waltham at the time, superintending that national salute which he had reluctantly ordered in compliance with the agonized and repeated entreaties of a deputation of his townsmen. As for the rumors of participation in these orgies by the Turkish Admiral and Theodore Parker, we do not believe a word of them. The Antics and Intolerables flourished for an hour or so, and then subsided, and were no more seen among men.

THE BRASS CONCERT ON THE COMMON

Was an event of great attraction. We call it "The Brass Concert," because the instruments employed in it were peculiarly and extensively brass, including cannon. Thirty or forty thousand people assembled upon the great hill of the Common, and perhaps ten thousand more around the enclosed space in which the musicians were stationed. Of all these, possibly the tenth part were able to hear the music. A concert in the open air must always be a failure, when attempted on any large scale. What are eighty performers in the vast infinitude of space? The thing might have been arranged with care and discretion, and a little expense, so as to have produced sublime effects; and another year we hope it will be done. If those in power do not find out how before that time, we will tell them. For the few within hearing, the concert was interesting; the concluding piece peculiarly so, as developing certain possibilities of effects novel and stupendous, by the introduction of cannon. The idea is not new, Handel having contemplated it in his time; but no opportunity of observing the result has ever before been afforded here. We may observe in this connection that the musicians played "Hail Columbia" in the usual hurried, slap-dash manner. It is to be hoped they will discover the absurdity of doing so some time. "Hail Columbia" rapidly played is nothing; properly harmonized and rolled forth in stately measure, it is grand. The rest of the concert amounted to nothing particular. "Yankee Doodle" was perpetrated with extensive solo operations, by leaders of the different bands. "Wood Up" was again exhumed from the obscurity in which it ought to be permitted forever to rest; "Washington's March" was played; "The Anvil Chorus" was pounded out on eight diseased anvils; "The Star Spangled Banner" came next, to afford a sufficient pretext for the sudden unfolding of the stars and stripes from a temporary flagstaff; then "God Save the Queen," for a similar purpose respecting the development of the Union Jack; afterwards "La Marseillaise," to accompany the unfolding of the tri-color; in turn, "The

Russian National Hymn," with a spread of bunting supposed to represent the Romanoff ensign; subsequently "The Turkish March,"—that same old Turkish March—on the strength of which the crescent was revealed from a fifth flag-pole; ultimately "Hail Columbia," hereinbefore spoken of.

YOUNG AMERICA'S FROLIC AT THE GARDEN

Was quite a pleasant affair, and naturally attracted very much attention. But the excessive crowd made it less agreeable than it ought to have been. The Public Garden was opened at seven o'clock in the morning, and was not closed until seven in the evening. During those twelve hours thousands upon thousands of visitors entered the enclosure, examined into the condition of affairs, and left. At nine o'clock, A. M., the time of our first special observation, the human tide streamed in at the narrow gateway with a rush and turbulence appalling to witness. The officials were bewildered, and couldn't stand it at all. Ticket or no ticket, it was all the same. Fortunately in the gasping crowd at the entrance, there were none of the "children" for whose particular entertainment the garden had been opened; their little lives would have been almost crushed out. The entrance accomplished, however, all was comfortable, though warm. The juveniles were amusing themselves by swinging, dancing, and so forth. Under a capacious tent the Germania Band furnished the music, to which the merry little footsteps kept time. In various parts of the garden, cameras obscuras, mammoth kaleidoscopes, and other mechanical mysteries were exhibited. In the morning some fancy dances were indulged in, and at noon the song written by Dr. T. W. PARSONS was sung. On the whole, however, the celebration was not what we had hoped to see. There were too many children of a larger growth constantly interfering. It did not appear to be devoted to the juveniles, or to meet their wants. They could not have enjoyed it to any great extent, and as their enjoyment was the professed object, the project was rather a failure. May it have better luck next time.

THE CITY CELEBRATION.

PROCESSION.

Very punctually at ten o'clock, the signals for the city procession to move were given by the Chief Marshal, Colonel JONAS H. FRENCH. The escort, members of the City Government, invited guests, the fire department, city officers, and private citizens had assembled at and near the City Hall, whence they marched in the order set down upon the programme, a section of mounted police going in advance to clear the way. The Brigade Band preceded the escort, which consisted of the Boston