

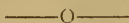
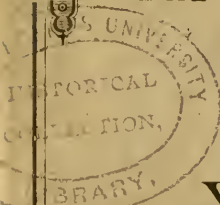
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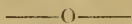
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



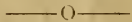
YORKTOWN

AND THE

Centennial Monument of Liberty.



BY THOMAS J. PATERSON.



Rochester, N. Y., October 1st, 1881.



ROCHESTER, N. Y.:
HERVEY H. SMITH, PRINTER,
123 WEST MAIN ST.

PREFACE AND DEDICATION.



The Monument to be erected on one of the islands in the harbor of New York, is a copper Statue of Liberty, more than one hundred feet in height, which is furnished by France, leaving to the American people the construction of a pedestal. It is well that France takes a leading part in erecting the Monument. It will perpetuate recollections of her greatest glory. The American people will never forget the noble part she took in the Revolution. It is the brightest and a sparkling gem in her royal diadem.

The meeting in Paris at which it was determined to erect the Monument, first suggested the following production, which was outlined when confined, with my vision darkened by cataracts, and afterwards written out. Not being personally acquainted with Mr. Washburn, it was forwarded to him by a friend—Hon. Alfred Ely. He returned it with the following note:

CHICAGO, April 24th, 1878.

DEAR MR. ELY.

After quite an absence I returned home to find your favor of the 4th instant, with the enclosure. I have read the article with great interest, and have submitted it to some friends. Please thank Mr. Paterson for his great politeness in sending the same to me. It is thought by my friends, as well as myself, it would be better to have it published first in the East, and then copied by the papers here. I therefore return the article, and when published shall hope to receive an early copy,

Very Truly Yours, &c.,

E. B. WASHBURN.

Hon. ALFRED ELY.

When the above note was written the Society was not ready to commence work on the pedestal, and it was advised not to publish the article until it was. The matter has been delayed longer than was anticipated, and as the article describes the closing scenes of the Revolution at Yorktown, and as the celebration there will be the last of the Centennials, it should be published now, if ever.

Meeting with approval in so distinguished a quarter, I venture to dedicate the article to the Society having in charge the erection of the monument, trusting it may be made instrumental in awakening an interest in the enterprise that will secure an appropriate, lofty, pyramidal pedestal, to a monument grand in its conception, standing as it will an everlasting sentinel, proclaiming to the world through the ages the right of all men to be free; and that in civilized nations Sovereigns and Rulers ought to be the creations of and servants of the people—never their masters.

Grand as the monument will be, a new inspiration may be imparted to it, by surmounting the pedestal with the statues of Washington and LaFayette, Counts De Rochambeau and De Grasse, Hamilton and Baron De Viomenil, making it historical and a fitting commemoration, not only of the birth of freedom in the New World and the American Revolution, but of the crowning triumph in it. Creditable not only to patriotic France and the American people, but to the great emporium of the western world, when the seat of commercial empire leaves the British Isles, crosses the waves, and rears her glittering throne within our borders, and New York becomes the Island Empress of the Seas.

THOMAS J. PATERSON.

Rochester, September 26th, 1881.

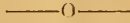
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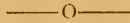
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BY THOMAS J. PATERSON.



At a meeting held some time ago in Paris, at which the Hon. Elihu B. Washburn, the American Minister, presided, it was determined by patriotic Frenchmen to erect in the harbor of, or on the coast near New York, a Monument to commemorate the one-hundredth year of American Independence, which was aided into life by generous France.

It is the Centennial Monument of Liberty in memory of the immortal birth of Freedom on these consecrated shores, around the perilous labor, toil and suffering that ushered that liberty into life.

“ A hundred years have expanded their dusky wings,”
Yet a living glory looks out on the fair time ;
When this second-born of Heaven, and child of the skies,
“ Came down to the earth bidding Columbia to glory arise.”

The flames of liberty that first illuminated Greece and wrapped Morea's hills in fire, lighting up the Italian plains, and shooting their meteor flashes from the star-crowned peaks of the Alps, were going down

in everlasting night, when the pilgrims, fleeing from persecution, caught the sacred flame, and, inspired by Heaven, committed their lives and fortunes to the mercy of the winds and waves, crossing a tempestuous and pathless ocean, seeking freedom of conscience and a home upon the bleak and storm-swept shores of a New World, where they pitched their tents and reared their altars, devoted to the service of the ever-living God, upon immortal camping grounds. In front was a boundless wilderness untrodden by civilized man, full of beasts of prey and savage red men, as wild as they. In the rear foam-crowned mountain waves, lashed into fury by the wintry tempests, keeping up a perpetual roar. Their cabin fires had scarcely lit up the forests, frightening the wolf from their doors, when savage war, pestilence and famine beset them, the destroying angel doing his dreadful work at noonday as well as at the midnight hour. With an unflinching trust that their mission was Divine, and would be favored by Heaven, they cheerfully entered an inhospitable climate, buffetting fearful storms and terrible winters, with insufficient food and clothing, resisting the merciless assaults of savage tribes, encountering sickness, sorrow and suffering, such as the world had not witnessed—perils greater than those of the Children of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai, or in their passage through the Red Sea. Inspiration from on high was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, that led them in all their wanderings in the wilderness, spiring them on to battle and victory over the Indians, conquering peace and securing treaties that gave them rightful possession of the country, which were too often violated by treacherous Indians, leading to other wars and more frequent massacres, which ever made the red man the terror of advancing civilization: coming as he did when least expected, flitting through the darkness of night like ghosts from the infernal regions,

striking down unprotected women and children, whole families and neighborhoods with the war club, tomahawk and scalping knife.

Nothing could long check the march of empire. Strong arms subdued the forests; cultivated fields produced the manna upon which the people subsisted. With added numbers new settlements sprang up in every direction, organized for self defense, often in little openings in the woods, oases in the desert that made the wilderness bloom and blossom as the rose. Churches were formed and schools everywhere established, which became nurseries of freemen, after generations of whom, mingling with kindred spirits, determined to be free, coming down from noble contributions of Holland and other lands. Stretching with them their arms around Virginia, clasping hands with the descendents of the Huguenots, the planter pilgrims of the South, who were driven from happy homes beyond seas, to wander and suffer in the wilderness for opinion's sake, cementing a union that enfranchised an Empire. The colonies in their infancy were neglected, and when struggling for a doubtful existence left without aid. But when it became certain they would become a power in the world, the strong arm of the mother country was stretched over them, and they were held in an iron grasp. They were refused representation and oppressed with taxes, that unresisted would have made them slaves. Free Trade was prohibited, manufacturing discountenanced, and establishments for producing the simplest articles of necessity raised to the ground. Every privilege was denied them calculated to make them prosperous and happy. Royal governors were sent to preside over them, followed by swarms of petty officials, inflated with the importance of their mission, to aid in enforcing parliamentary exactions, who were quartered upon the people, eating out their substance, greatly irritating and tyrannical.

izing over them, some of whom were transported beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses, others made prisoners and forced to fight against kindred and country. The injuries imposed upon the people were innumerable, against which remonstrance after remonstrance, with humble petitions asking for redress were placed at the foot of the throne, and presented to Parliament, which were answered by still more tyrannical impositions. Insurrection was excited, laws suspended, and the tribunals of Justice closed. The seas were plundered, coasts ravaged, towns burned, and the Indians incited to massacre, greatly exasperating an already indignant people. The lightning flashes from Lexington and Concord heralded the approaching storm. The battle of Bunker Hill was a clap of thunder in a clear sky, waking up the people and teaching them they must fight if they would be free.

The colonial mothers, matrons of the Revolution, long before caught the inspiration, and were mighty instrumentalities in setting in motion the wheels of revolution. They saw the tyrannical rule would degrade their sons and daughters, and no sacrifice was too great for them to make in resisting it. They rejected British merchandise and the tax-cursed tea, their dearest beverage, that more than sparkling wine and all things else limbered their tongues and made their evenings happy. In the absence of their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers defending the country, they planted the fields and gathered in the harvests. They emulated the Spartan mother, by arming their sons and sending them forth to battle, not to return until their country was free, but wounded or in the arms of glorious death, or bearing the honors of immortal victory.

Congress was an embodiment of patriotism, intelligence and wisdom the world had not before witnessed. There were giants in it. Jefferson, the author of the

Declaration of Independence, that immortal instrument that lit up our pathway through all the gloomy hours of the Revolution, waving on high his blazing locks, indicative of the patriot fires that burned within. Adams, the illustrious prophet of liberty, who saw through faith's transpiercing eye, that with strong arms, determined spirit and unity of purpose bright years of hope and a never-fading crown of glory might be secured to his country. Franklin, the prince of ambassadors, the patriot statesman and philosopher, who in storms and tempests, amid the thunder's roar, curbed the lightning's flash. Hancock, a princely merchant, with an earldom at command if he would adhere to the interest of the British Crown, but whom the wealth of the Indies could not purchase, having "millions for defense but not a cent for tribute." Morris, the accomplished financier, who, next to Washington, was the most important spoke in the wheel of our political salvation. Samuel Adams, the most perfect inspiration of disinterested patriotism, intelligence and wisdom in all its simplicity and purity the country has ever produced. Peter Hopkins, whose signature to the Declaration was traced with a trembling hand, not from fear but from the infirmities of age. Roger Sherman, a disinterested patriot and able royal plebian, one of the noblest works of God—an honest man. Robert R. Livingston, one of that immortal phalanx which first proclaimed to an astonished world the right of all men to be free, and ushered into life an empire that is free. Richard Henry Lee, whose Resolution launched the bolt that broke the chain that held the world in bondage. Elbridge Gerry, Cæsar Rodney, Arthur Middleton, Rush, Rutledge, Chase, Stockton, Morris, Wythe, Wolcott, Bartlett, Hooper, Hall, Huntington and Carroll, with other unbending patriots, the equal of the ablest and the best in that peerless body, having under consideration the Declaration of Independence,

the most momentous political question ever agitated among men.

It was a fearful thing to break off the connection with the mother country, and in view of the fearful, the tremendous responsibility they must assume, with a price upon their heads and a gibbet staring them in the face, all seemed in doubt, when Richard Henry Lee rose in the awful stillness that prevailed in the Hall of Independence, and advocated the adoption of the Declaration with an eloquence as resistless as the voice of blood, and in strains unequalled Adams touched anew the golden harp of freedom, speaking in words that burned of the violated rights of the people, of the gross infraction of the mother country of every principle of justice to the colonies, against which they had remonstrated in vain, asking for a country and the hope of that country freedom, when nerves that trembled were made strong, and spirits drooped revived, and were ready to go bound to the altar already reeking with the blood of precious victims, conscious that legions would rise from their ashes to maintain the liberties of the people, vindicate their motives and avenge their wrongs.

The work was done. The Declaration was adopted and the genius of liberty that had been hovering over the hall in doubt if she would be permitted to take up her abode here upon earth, or be compelled to wing her flight back to her native Heaven, expanded her pinions and winged her flight over a thousand hills. The Declaration could only be maintained by fearful sacrifices. "We must fight; I repeat, we must fight! There is nothing left us but an appeal to arms and the God of Hosts!" "Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" was an inspiration from on high, and the eloquence of Henry became a battle cry of freedom. Eloquent voices were everywhere arousing the people, and calling them to arms. They came from populous districts and scattered for-

est homes, from mountains, hills and valleys, by narrow passes and winding forest paths—free men, uncontaminated by luxury or vice, who knew their rights and were ready to defend them. They were in costumes varied and ludicrous, such as inspired “Yankee Doodle” for ridicule, which became a mirth-inspiring national air.

Washington, who was called to the great command, seemed destined by Heaven to work out for himself and his race a higher and a nobler destiny than the most gifted and exalted among men. The bright promises of hope awakened by the virtuous training of youth, were more than realized in after years. From the cradle to the grave he seemed an object of Divine protection. At the defeat of Braddock, who, with his officers, were killed or wounded, Washington alone escaped unharmed, although in the thickest of the fight, with several horses killed under him and many bullets shot through his clothes. Indian warriors who took deliberate aim and shot repeatedly at him, became convinced that he was not to be killed by the hand of man; that the Great Spirit had thrown around him an invisible shield, which, as afterwards, protected him from every shaft of death. When in the depths of the forest he was cast among broken ice in a turbulent winter flood, his escape seemed as miraculous as that of Moses in the bulrushes. Clustering around him, or in the field, were his chosen leaders. Warren, one of the first and noblest victims sacrificed upon the altar of American Liberty, had gone before, and was followed by Montgomery and his aid-de-camp—McPherson, lofty and heroic spirits, the glory of New York and of the Emerald Isle; and by the brave Herkimer, calm and undisturbed when commanding in the embrace of death; the ill-fated Nash, Thomas and Davidson; the gallant and heroic Worcester, and the noble Mercer; by the martyred hero DeKalb, and the gallant and dashing Pulaski,

who were noble contributions of the Orient, and by Colonels Knowlton, Francis, Haslitt, Fleming, Colburn, Paris, Cox, Mathews, Bonner, Green, Dennison, Potter, Porterfield, Ford, Ledyard, Williams, Campbell, Scammel, Lawrence, and many other noble victims and heroic leaders, who perished that we might live; some of them by the death most desired by all the brave, whose martyrdom was the seed of liberty.

And there was Green, another Joshua, who if the fates had declared against the great commander, would have led the people over Jordan. LaFayette, the youthful hero and noble Frenchman, the friend and favorite of Washington. Hamilton, his lieutenant and right arm, the peerless warrior, statesman and skillful pilot, who aided him in conducting the Ship of State over boisterous seas. The devoted, generous and gallant Knox, his war minister; Kosciusco, Warsaw's last champion, and the noble-hearted Steuben—hero warriors, who came to the rescue from beyond seas; the self-sacrificing, generous and magnanimous patriot Schuyler, Lincoln, with clouded fortunes, yet honored and trusted by Washington, Sullivan, Sterling, Poor, Moultry, Clintou and other distinguished and able leaders of patriot citizen soldiers, the bulwarks of liberty. And there were the heaven-protected and lion-hearted champions of freedom, Morgan, Stark, Putnam and Wayne, the "mad Anthony," and a terror of the Indians. With those intrepid Sons of Mars, Sumpter, Pickens, Williams, Gist and Smallwood, Sumner, Stevens and those heroic, dashing and gallant cavaliers Lee and Washington, with the matchless and immortal Marion; Allen, who commanded "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The veteran Pomeroy, with Generals Maxwell, Paterson, McDougal, St. Clair, Parsons, Nelson and the noble Huger, with other untiring patriots, and that son of glory, the lion-hearted Jasper, the model soldier and immortal

standard bearer, with Colonels Prescott, Warner, Willetts, Gansovert, Meigs, Fleury, Smith, Reed, DeBuyson, Tilghman, Sever, Shelby, Clark, Cleveland, Campbell, White, Kirkwood, Howard, Henderson, Hampton, and many other devoted champions of freedom, the pride of New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia and the Carolinas—some of them frontiersmen, forest warriors, whose deeds of valor electrified the people.

Then there was Bidwell, who perished, Paul Jones, Barry, Barney, Rathbone, Nicholson, Talbot, Whipple, Wickes and Coyningham, with other youthful Nelsons of an infant Navy, who rode the waves triumphant. And there was Patrick Henry, Jay, Clinton, Lawrence, Rutledge, Quincey, Otis, Gadsden, Drayton, Pendleton, Madison and Mason, with many other illustrious civilians whose indelible footprints are on the sands of time; with other military chieftains now numbered with the mighty dead, who, with all in the bright array are entitled to a shining record high up upon the scrolls of fame. They were brave spirits, ready for any sacrifice, living for their country, humanity, their families and glory, aiding or following the great leader through that baptism of fire and blood, when war's red tempest swept around our borders, lit up the seas and wrapped the States in sheets of battle flame.

There was no North, no South, but, as decreed by Heaven, one Country, seeking a common destiny. Washington's great arms rested upon the centre and the remotest sections, and they never deserted him. New York and Philadelphia had fallen, and the tidal wave of victory that rolled down the Hudson from Ticonderoga, Bennington and Saratoga was checked. At the battles around New York and at Montmouth, Princeton, Trenton, Germantown, Brandywine, New

England, Canada and the South, fortunes were varying, alternating between victory and defeat.

The war ran through long years. The States were impoverished, the cause imperiled by avarice, treachery, defection, and doubt. Gloom and despair darkened the midnight of the Revolution. Many were the perils the great leaders had to encounter in conducting the Ship of State. They could not create. Washington recognized the situation and husbanded his slender means, which might have been sacrificed in a single battle, without the probability of acquiring more before all would have been lost. Exhibiting as much of greatness on the retreat as on the field of victory, combatting as he was an empire with boundless means and large and well-appointed armies, with but few troops, poorly clad, indifferently equipped, reduced often to a state of starvation, tracking blood over the frozen ground with their bare and lacerated feet, exhibiting a devotion and heroism that should ever keep their memory green. In the darkest hours of the Revolution, when careworn and wearied, with difficulties thickning around him, and darkness hovering over him, Washington never despaired, but was found equal to the occasion. When friends faltered, partisans deserted, demagogues assailed him, and the bad passions of the people were appealed to, the sea but recently so smooth, was lashed into fury and dashed angrily around him. In robes of immortal dignity, with his feet upon the rock of ages, he surveyed the scene, and calm, grand and sublime trod the waters of earthly strife, and stood as firm as the everlasting mountains, whose adamant foundations meet and roll back the advancing waves, and was ever ready to strike the enemy a blow when it could be made effective. At his night crossing of the Delaware, he seemed a storm-god with aerial warriors dashing through the early mists of morning, and lighting upon the Hessians. At the battle of Mont-

mouth, he appeared the white horseman of the Apocalyptic Angel, sweeping over the plains to conquer, meeting Lee's flying battalions, turning them back and rescuing victory from defeat.

The curtain rises, and scenes and battles of the Revolution pass in vision before us. We hear the low mutterings of the rising tempest. The troubled sea is turned into a teapot, and the sons of Liberty are steeping in it whole cargoes of old Mother England's tax-tainted tea. We see the Indian with a stealthy and cat-like tread flitting through darkness; we hear his demoniac yell, and the screams of women and children that make night hideous. We see frontiersmen flying for life, by the light of their burning forest homes. The tomahawk and scalping knife are doing their dreadful work around the fronteer, on the Hudson and Mohawk, at Cherry Valley and at the fearful massacre of Wyoming, where white men become demons and are more brutal and merciless than the savage—the son striking down father, mother, brothers and sisters;

Where infant innocence and decrepitude and age,
Vigorous youth, manhood, matron and maid

perish by the assassin's hand when pleading for mercy. Yet the scene is scarcely more terrific than the British and Tory warfare North and South, where fathers, sons and brothers embue their hands in each other's blood, and ladies of rank and fortune, women and children, are made helpless, homeless, starving wanderers, and the slaves are incited to massacre their master's families, where rapine and murder, the torch, fire and sword, and the indiscriminate slaughter by traitor, tory, savage and brutish butchers mark the pathway of desolation.

We see the cause imperiled by the treason of a son of Lucifer, and the uplifted dagger drop from the assassin grasp of a traitor warrior at the capture of

Andre. And we see the lofty spirit of Washington bending under a weight of grief, at the defection and treason of some of his chosen leaders, and the neglect and want, that engendered mutiny in a suffering, naked, starving army, and the exhibition of moral heroism never equaled in his stern rejection of a royal diadem, and marching on to accomplish his great mission.

A brighter day is dawning. The inspirations of patriotism and humanity are spreading; a light is beaming on the hills of America, and illuminating her valleys, yet a storm is gathering. The angels of death are hovering over those barbaric hells, the prison ships, the tempest is up and a slumbering vengeance is aroused that mounts the whirlwind and rides out the storm. We behold on the foam-crested wave the victories of the champions of freedom, whose triumphs are on the sea. We see the *Bon Homme Richard* in a death grapple with the *Serapis*, a superior, in a combat never equaled, win a victory that is immortal. Then, with tattered sails, shivered mast, broken prow and shattered hull, go down with colors flying, freighted with dead heroes, in a blaze of glory! We hear the war trumpet, the battle horn, the silver notes of the bugle, the spirit-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife. Flying squadrons with prancing war horses are dashing over the plains. We see tented fields, British legions, mercenary hosts, scarlet uniforms and gay paladins in battle array advancing; and ho! the Sons of Liberty, they come! they come! We see them as they come—the dark battalions with glittering arms, nodding plumes and waving banners, marching proudly away to fields of glory. We hear the thunder of cannon, and amid belching fires and volcanic explosions, the whiz of ball and bursting shell; in front and on the skirmishing lines the death rattle of small arms and whistling bullet; flanking parties of plumed warriors meet and

are driven back, cavalry brigades with drawn sabres and armed legions with bristling bayonets are following battle flags and plunging into the thickest of the fight. The field appears one vast volcano wrapped in sheets of battle flame, and the deep-mouthed thundering of artillery shakes the earth. Fortunes are varying; the reserves are ordered up and come quickly into action, and in the deafning roar of cannon, amid whistling balls, bursting shells and blazing rockets the banners of England and the ensigns of the young Republic are moved forward in a lurid light through wreathes of sulphuric fire and clouds of battle smoke, over fields drenched in blood and strewed with wounded and the dead. Rank meets rank in dreadful array, in the death rattle. Amid the bellowings of the fiery tempest, the lightning flashes and the din and clash of arms that resound far and wide, the bugle's sound the charge, and dark clouds of armed horsemen with scarlet hosts, angels of death, rush shouting to the fray. Rank after rank go crushing down before them, glory sabres rise and fall: the horse and their riders career over the living and plunge down among the dying and the dead. The cannoneer is cut down at his gun, the artillerymen is swept away by the fearful avalanche that bears down everything before it, and all seems lost, when signal guns and blazing rockets herald the coming of the Blucher of the fight. We hear bugle notes and the war trumpet; drums are beating, and lo! in the distance an army with banners is flying to the rescue! The earth trembles, as cavalry and batteries of artillery come thundering down like a sweeping tornado, wheel into line, unlimber guns and open a tempest of fire that crashes through and sweeps away resisting ranks, raining all around a hurricane of fire and death, until every hilltop blazes with vengeance, and each mountain peak shouts for liberty, as they echo back the thunders of loud-mouthed cannon, that reverbrate from mountain to mountain,

shaking the earth and making still more terrific the roar of battle, the shouts of combattants, the groans of the wounded, the tempest of fire and the din and clash of arms, while elsewhere on the ensanguined plain, with sabres flashing and cavalry charging, in the smoke, and fire, and blaze of incessant volleys of musketry, long lines of the embattling hosts meet and confront each other; with nerves strung to the utmost tension, and eyes flashing fire, they spring forward, shouting, to the charge—bayonets are crossed. The shock is tremendous. The human wave rolls backwards and forwards like that of the sea. The banners and plumes of kindred, yet opposing warriors, go down in the shock of battle. Ranks thin and disappear; men faint, they fall, they fly. It is the death grapple of young liberty with the mightiest empire upon earth, with death in front and desolation in the rear.

The oppressed of all nations are anxious spectators. The world's last hope of freedom seems dependent upon the triumph of American liberty. Aristides and Cato, Epamanondas, Demosthenes and Cicero, with the champions of freedom of all the heroic ages for thirty centuries, are gazing down upon the closing scenes in the great drama, from pavilions in the skies, and the American people, with the martyred heroes of every battlefield, are watching with intense interest the changing fortunes of the day: some from nearer camping grounds, others from the distance, and some from the Elysian fields beyond the river of death!

A light breaks upon the horizon! Cornwallis and Lord Rawdon—valiant British commanders, with the butcher Tarlton, are overrunning the South. The lightning flashes of victory from King's mountain, the Cowpens, and Entaw Springs, herald their defeat! They are driven back, and the American lines, with the heroic LaFayette among the leaders, are everywhere contracting around the invaders, like the gathering coil of a great boa constrictor. Count De

Grasse, with a French squadron, drives back the British fleet, teaching proud Britannia, the Island Empress of the Seas, that she does not always rule the wave! The veteran Count De Rochambeau, with the Duke De Lauzun, the Marquises De St. Simon, Chattelux and de la Rouerie, (Colonel Armand) Counts De Dumas, Duxponts, De Fersen, and Viscount De Noailles, Baron De Vimenil, the Chevalier De Lameth, and Generals De Choisy, De Bevil and Duportails, with the embryo Marshal Berthier, and other military chieftains—a brilliant cavalcade of plumed warriors, the proud representatives of an empire, young champions of freedom, of the noblest blood of France, with French legions, emblazoned all over with the insignia of glory, under the guidance of Washington, marching side by side, shoulder to shoulder with the sons of liberty, the dark battalions of the young Republic and their chosen leaders,—the peerless La Fayette, the veterans Knox, Steuben and Lincoln, with those young white-plumed warriors, the gallant and heroic leaders of a triumphant assault, Colonels Hamilton, Lawrence, Gimat, and Major Fish, with Baron De Vimenil, Chevalier De Lemeth, Counts De Dumas, Duxponts and Mansfield, Sireuil and Olney, with other brave defenders of a new-born empire, storming batteries and rolling back the waves of British oppression, until the last hostile foot is expelled from our shores, by the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, when Washington, who had been more highly favored by Heaven than the great commander of Israel. He had led his people through the wilderness and across the Jordan, and had placed them in full possession of the promised land, and stood before the world glory-crowned, with humanity, the most beautiful lily blooming in the coronation wreath that entwined his brow. Around him were his companions in arms, heroes of many battles, warworn and bronzed, in faded and tattered uniforms, with arms

broken and defaced—they were endeared to him by long service. They had passed with him through those scenes that tried men's souls. He had cared for them, and watched over them until his locks were wet with the dews of night, and they were ready to follow his lead, if to traverse volcanic fires.

Since which a hundred years have chased each other in swift pursuit, to join the years beyond the flood, until the Centennial Year of Jubilee has come, and not one of the great actors in that eventful drama are here to join in the exultations of an enfranchised people. It matters not! The seed time has passed and the harvest has come: the abundant harvest, not only to their children, but to their children's children, and many a stranger race. And faith's transpiercing eye will behold them through time's shadowy night, as they walked the earth in robes of immortal dignity, with their lives in their hands, fearless of the gibbet that was frowning upon them, ready to go bound to the altar, to secure institutions the best adapted to the condition of man, in a perfected state, that would elevate the human race.

“They are not here!”

“They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,”
And no sound but the last Jubilee trump can awake them to
glory again.

No, they are not here, for each at the appointed time was dismissed from his earthly watch, and they have gone to join our Washington, and those other stars that revolve around a common centre in the clear upper sky, where in the constellation of glory, and in the freshness of immortal bloom, they will shine brighter and brighter through the added dusk of each succeeding year, as long as time continues to endure. Rear high, then, ye descendants of the mighty dead, the Centennial Monument of Glory to their memory, and place the last stone in its sea-built tower, if it costs years and years of toil to rear, that

passing mariners of all nations may behold it far out at sea, and the sun greet it with its first morning ray, as it comes wheeling up from the eastern abyss upon its gorgeous chariot—wheels of fire, and linger last around it with its evening beams, as if reluctant to leave it, until it shall sink to fade no more behind the blue west.

The tree of liberty planted by the Pilgrims, watched over and watered with their tears, and guarded by the Revolutionary Fathers, as the tree of life, with a two-edged sword, that cleaved the four winds of Heaven, was slow of growth, sending broad and deep its roots into the earth, and raising its massive and majestic trunk in all the beauty of its fair proportions, high above all the monarch of the forest, bearing the buddings of an immortal fruit, and shooting abroad its branches of flame to light the nations. In view of which the down-trodden and oppressed took hope, and other nations are slipping their moorings and sailing out from among the despotisms of the earth, to follow us in a bright career.

The noblest spirits of Great Britain opposed the iron rule of the colonies, and subsequent generations of her people have repudiated it, and England, once our cruel and oppressive, but now fond mother, proud of her illustrious daughter with freer institutions that are fast perfecting, has taken up her position on the side of the more equal rights of man; and France, Imperial France, once our great ally, so long enchained by the dazzling glories of the Empire, has broken her chains and come to the front in robes of glory, to join the illustrious convoy. The Lions of England, the Stars and Stripes, the Eagles and Lilies of France, are in line, with America, the world's vanguard of freedom, with the flag of the tree, the Star Spangled Banner, in advance. And may He who rules in Heaven spirit them on, hand in hand, down the track of time, with a tread that shall shake the earth, upon an immortal

and evangelizing march, never to be checked until through the instrumentality of their birds of commerce, whose spread wings are whitening every sea, they have engrafted free institutions and one language upon every land beneath the sun, and unveiled the star of redemption upon earth's utmost verge, when the millennial glory will fill the earth, with God's legions, and old Gabriel with the army of the blessed and angel hosts rallying around the victorious banners of a triumphant cross, as they deploy before the great white throne, amid loud hosannas and the joyous echoings of the thunder-guns of Heaven, with the merry Christmas bells ringing out everywhere, when the morning drum will beat an endless Jubilee around the world, whose inspiring notes will come echoing back with the celestial music of the spheres, as when the "Morning stars sang together and all the Sons of God shouted for joy!"



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