KEEPING ALIVE THE SPIRIT OF 1776.

How Sacramento Celebrated the Fourth.

An Imposing Military and Civic Pageant.

Viewed by Thousands of People on the Public Streets.

A Delightful Day Without an Unpleasant Incident or Serious Accident—The Wheelmen's Display—Hon. F. H. Gould's Oration.

Yesterday's Fourth of July celebration in Sacramento was up to the high expectations of the public. It was one of which the city may well feel proud. Nature seemed to have joined hands with the people, for the extreme heat that should be expected at this season of the year was supplanted by a refreshing breeze from the southwest, and at intervals the sky was overcast with fleecy clouds that tempered the sun's rays.

Early in the morning the people were astir, and the roads leading into the city from various portions of the county were well patronized by farmers and others coming to town to witness the celebration. Flags fluttered in the breeze above the housetops, and everywhere the snap of the firecracker and louder reports of exploding bombs was heard. But one sentiment pervaded the hearts and minds of the multitude—love for the old flag and pride in the glory of the nation.

Before the hour for the starting of the parade the strets, sidewalks and balconies along the line of march became thronged with men, women and children, all in appropriate summer attire. There was not much delay, and soon after the appointed time the procession was under way, led by Grand Marshal George C. McMullen, assisted by a long list of aids. The parade embraced many very fine features, and as a whole it gave great satisfaction to those who looked on. The military and civic organizations turned out with well-filled ranks, the elderly Grand Army veterans keeping step to the music of the Union almost as gaily as when thirty years ago they marched to battle under the burning Southern sun to preserve the unity of States.

The men of the new cavalry company, Troop B, were all mounted on gray horses, and they carried themselves in a businesslike manner that reminded one of the regular cavalry seen here two years ago.

The floats were all excellently gotten up and won much praise. There was nothing about them of the style suggestive of cheapness and haste in their preparation.

The floats in the procession represented respectively "The United States, with Goddess of Liberty," "California," and "Fame and George Washington."

But the feature of the parade was the bicycle division. The number of riders was not as large as it might have been, but the wheel decorations were marvels of taste, originality, beauty and uniqueness. The colors generally employed were the national ones, but they were worked into so many designs as to be almost bewildering in their beauty. The one that attracted the most attention, however, was that carrying a float representing a ship. It was not by many thought possible for a wheelman to engineer so large a float on a wheel, especially as there was quite a breeze blowing.

Next to this in interest was a mammoth canopy made to represent a piano lamp shade. Some persons thought it he better of the two, and it certainly was very pretty.

In the wheelmen's division was a delegation from the Lincoln (Placer County) Cycle Club, also members of the Junior Terminal City Wheelmen's Club of Stockton.

At Agricultural Park, at the bicycle races, the award of prizes for the wheel parade was made. The judges were Mrs. Frank Miller, Mrs. B. R. Crocker, Hon. R. D. Stephens and Professor W. F. Jackson. Mr. Stephens was spokesman for the judges. He said they had a difficult task because of the general excellence of the wheel displays—indeed, in some cases the committee could not decide and had to divide prizes. The committee knew none of those competing, indeed had to send to ascertain names.

Mr. Stephens took occasion to compliment the wheelmen and express his opinion that the wheel had come to stay, and that it was a powerful factor in progress and in betterment of conditions personal and in the communities that need betterment. He then announced the awards as follows:

Best decorated men's wheel—First, $10, to William Newbert for the device of a lamp shade canopy; second, $5, to "Uncle Sam's Horseshoer," V. D. Goodrich, but the ship "Independence," by Fred Pearl, the committee decided, should share this prize with Mr. Goodrich, and each will get one-half.

Best lady's decorated wheel—$10, to be divided between Mrs. Sheehan and Mrs. Stevenson; second, $5, to Miss Wallace, for umbrella with ribbons.

Best group—White umbrella, with baby carrier, Mr. Ranlett, $10.

Best tandem—White umbrella, F. W. Jones, $10; second, "Ship," Mr. Morrells, $5.

Best wheel of Capital City Wheelmen—"Club Emblem Wings," F. T. Dwyer, $10; second, L. Payen, $5.

Mrs. B. R. Crocker, one of the Board of Judges, feeling that the children who appeared in the line deserved recognition, and because she was so pleased with the effort they made, gave $10 of her own purse to be paid in cash prizes to Master Percy Brown, $2 50; to the two little Misses Farley, $2 50 each; to the little girl who rode alone and was draped in national colors (name unknown), $2 50.

At the head of the procession marched a squad of police, who cleared the street of vehicles and prevented any obstruction of the line of march. While the parade was in progress the good effects of Chief of Police Drew's order prohibiting the explosion of bombs or firing of guns or pistols was apparent.

Complaints deep and loud came from the military, the wheelmen and other organizations against the management of the parade, for the reason that the countermarch, only three blocks long, gave them no opportunity to see who or what was in the parade. They claim that the countermarch should have been down K street until the end of the line was reached, thus affording all those in the parade an opportunity of seeing what it was like, which is the purpose of having the line countermarch.

The trades display was not a varied one, but what there was of it was good. The feature of this portion of the line was the display made by Frank Ruhstaller, proprietor of the Gilt-Edge Brewery. He had several large and handsome wagons and trucks in line, all elegantly decorated and drawn by large, fine teams. In addition to the vehicles a large number of uniformed employes marched, each carrying a wooden shovel bearing the words, "Gilt-Edge."

After countermarching on Tenth street the procession drew up at the Plaza and disbanded.

LITERARY EXERCISES.

A Great Crowd Gathered at the Plaza to Hear Them.

After the procession had disbanded the crowd gathered around the music-stand and in the shade of the trees in the park to the number of about 3,000 to hear the literary exercises. They listened attentively to the exercises and applauded enthusiastically the sentiments uttered by the speakers.

W. D. Lawton called the assembly to order and introduced Mayor C. H. Hubbard, who spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: To-day we meet to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our great nation.

On the 4th of July, 1776, the representatives of the colonies, assembled in Congress at Philadelphia, signed that most important document entitled "Declaration of the Independence of the thirteen United States of North America."

Seven long years of war followed this declaration before England withdrew her armies from our country and acknowledged that we were an independent nation.

At the time this declaration was made there were but thirteen colonies (or States), with a population of some 3,000,000 of people. Now we have forty-five States in the Union, with a population of 70,000,000.

Since July 4, 1776, our Union has grown to be one of the largest and most prosperous nations on the face of the earth. To-day, in every city, in every town and village, in this broad land, all of these seventy millions of people are celebrating this day, because our forefathers one hundred and twenty years ago signed the declaration that brought this great nation of ours into existence.

Rev. T. H. B. Anderson then delivered an eloquent invocation, imploring the blessing of God on our country in its various departments, its educational and religious institutions, and praying that civil and religious liberty may abide with our country to its latest day of existence.

Then followed the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" by a quartet composed of Miss Cady, soprano; Miss Andrews, alto; Mr. Owens, tenor, and Mr. Week, bass, which was received with applause.

The reading of the Declaration of Independence by Charles Reith was excellent, both in the manner of its rendition and the clearness of its enunciation, and roused genuine enthusiasm in his audience. The young man received a number of compliments on the excellence of his performance.

The quartet then sang "Hail, Columbia."

THE POEM.

The following fine original poem was then read by the author, H. H. Richmond, and was received with loud applause:

OUR NATION—WHERE IT WAS PLANTED.

It was planted where the Chesapeake
bends down into the sea,
And the rivers sing from mountain
throats old songs of liberty;
Where Mary and Elizabeth across Potomac's waters
Gave America her mothers in England's
fairest daughters;
Where Baltimore sought refuge from persecution's rage,
And Captain Smith and cavalier wrote
Virginia's glittering page.

It was planted in the forest, with the
pines together bent,
Where the song of bird and leaflet had
for centuries been blent;
Where the rocks had built an egress for
the bay of old Cape Cod,
And our fathers might be hidden from
the face of all but God.

It was planted by De Soto, where the
grand old river runs,
And the North and South together meet
the year's returning suns;
Where the arteries of empire flow out
from one common heart,
And old Nature binds so closely none but
God can tear apart.

It was planted where the Hudson breaks
its trackway to the south,
And an island rears its frontlet to dispute the river's mouth,
And the bay of old Manhattan, like an unread prophecy,
Spreads its silken scroll of waters to the
empire yet to be,
When the forest of its shipping shall outnumber shrub and tree.

It was planted by De Leon on the flower-embroidered coast,
Where another Eden recompensed the
fabled fountain lost;
Where the travail of the nations gave another world in birth,
And the bay of old Mexitla spread her lap
to all the earth.

It was planted where the Delaware
spreads out into the bay,
And the red man met the stranger from
the islands far away,
And the pipe of peace was lighted and
around the circle passed,
And the links of common brotherhood
were welded firm and fast,
And the world received its lesson from
the noble-hearted Penn
That God's glory must be coupled with
the best good will to men.

It was planted by Sir Francis, gazing
where the Golden Gate
Had swung out on silver hinges to admit
the coming State;
Where the Argonauts cast anchor on the
broad Pacific's breast,
And the weary brow of empire felt the
sacred hush of rest.

RETRO AND PROSPECTIVE.

Age followed age till time was ripe,
Full fronded for the better day,
When ermined robe and feudal caste
Should from the earth be swept away;
When liberty wrought into law
Should form the fabric of the State,
And rulers from the masses draw
The only licenses of fate.

Ripe was the age and ripe the land,
Made so at tyranny's behest;
Plain was the index of the hand
That pointed to the star-crowned West.
The heroes of all climes were hers—
The hounded Argonauts of earth,
And all the history they made
Called liberty to second birth.

Come war, come scourge, come all the ills
That stalk with their unga[illegible] train!
Plow bloody furrows on our h[illegible]
Paint crimson o'er the verda[illegible] plain!
Come death when honor swathes the brow
And buoys the soul with high resolve!
The question of all ages comes,
The question that our sires must solve.

Come Lexington and Bunker Hill,
Come Stony Point and Brandywine!
Come Valley Forge, whose bloody prints
Stamp liberty's unfading line!
They came and passed. Our fathers wrote
Such history as never dies—
The unfading Sanscrit of the stars,
The blazoned Scripture of the skies.

One day outmeasures all the rest—
The grandest council of the world
Forged its fire-printed thunderbolt
Which straight at England's throne was
hurled.
One name outshines the galaxy,
One star, the only center sun,
The Sirius of all the sky,
Fame's summit crown—of Washington.

Six scores of years are passed, and we
Stand facing with unflinching eyes
The future's untold destinies—
The passing of a century.

And have we ripened with our years?
Has all our harvesting of grain,
Do all our ministries of pain,
Strike balance as the cycle nears?

Most graciously we have received,
And graciously have heroes given
Their added seraphim to Heaven,
And surely we are not deceived.

The world has been to school with us,
And we, as teachers of the race,
Have all our tutorings to face;
Have we not brought life's overplus?

Our task was hard. 'Twas curs to prove
Great liberty's experiment;
But all the outcasts hither bent
Brought hearts of loyalty and love.

We met all tests that tried the years—
The worst was fratricidal war,
And yet we yoked it to our car,
Through surfeitings of burning tears.

In spite of sneers from feudal States,
We proved our sovereign right to be
A nation still and still be free—
We threw our challenge to the fates
To prove that we could all be kings,
And yet pay tribute to no crown;
That scepters held in hands of brown
Are the most potent of all things.

Great lives went out, new stars were
born,
Burned into baldric of the sky—
Glints of her immortality—
For still the flag remained untorn.

The cost was great—above the flame,
In letters blazed on Heaven's scroll,
Flashed one imponderable soul,
The summit of our later fame.

Great Lincoln, gentlest of the race,
Yet side by side with Washington;
His heavy task as nobly done—
No sculptor's chisel e'er can trace
The deepening lines of his plain face,
But feels the marble whiter grow
With every vain attempt to show
His rounded life, his matchless grace.

Much have we overcome in war—
God grant from all the gains of peace
We reach the ultimate surcease
With added luster to our star.

There still remains, aye, still remains,
The test of our prosperity,
For we are fiated like the sea,
And fat'ning on our hoarded gains;

And Liberty, no longer lean,
Stands forth the opulent of earth,
Antithesis of her hard birth—
God keep her garments ever clean!

We cannot fail. The guiding hand
That rocked our infancy at birth
Marks us the potency of earth—
The all-enduring "Promised Land."

Our centuries shall count as sands,
And we shall stand as others fall,
To answer the archangel's call,
And "fall in line" at God's command.

More music by the Foresters' Band followed, and then came an excellent oration delivered by Hon. Frank H. Gould, the Orator of the Day, who succeeded in infusing into a well-worn subject a degree of interest that held his hearers' attention to the last word.

The quartet then sang "America," and the audience joined in swelling the chorus, after which Rev. T. H. B. Anderson delivered the benediction and the assembly dispersed.

THE ORATION.

Delivered at Yesterday's Exercises by Hon. F. H. Gould.

At the exercises yesterday the Orator of the Day was Hon. Frank H. Gould of Stockton. His address, which is published in full below, was delivered with excellent effect and its sentiments frequently applauded. Mr. Gould said:

This is July 4, 1896, and on this day and at this hour 100,000 speakers mounted on rostrums like this, recount the causes of this day of rejoicing, and entertain, instruct, amuse or weary probably 10,000,000 American citizens.

The recurrence of this day for 120 years has borne a like fruit, but of course in a continually lessening degree, so far as numbers go, as we follow backward toward the source of time.

I presume it would be well nigh impossible to estimate with accuracy the number of addresses that have been delivered to the Americans, having as their subject matter the auspicious event this celebration commemorates, and still more impossible for any person at this time and on this subject, to touch upon a chord in history or patriotism that had not thrilled the heart strings of 10,000 listeners at some time in the recent past.

I am therefore confronted, in the natural desire of all mankind, to give birth to some hitherto unsaid thought, with the utter hopelessness of the task set before me, and am stricken with wonder to know what I shall say to you to-day that does not find a fellow recollection or a comrade thought in your own mind, implanted in your earlier teaching or springing from your own patriotic sensibilities.

Why should I speak to you to-day of historical events, a century and more old? Why recount to you the valorous deeds of heroes an hundred years entombed? Why endeavor to find echoing cadences in your breasts with lofty strains that rolled in grandeur generations upon generations past?

We stand here to-day on a virgin soil—unknown, undreamed of—impossible to those whose exploits we now commemorate. This land then yielded to the soft-footed Indian's step alone. Upon this spot they built their lowly dwellings. Here they hunted, fished and dwelt. Here the Indian lover wooed his dusky bride and reared his hapless progeny—but all this is changed. The adventurous priest, eager in his search for human souls to save, and the Mexican Don first invaded the savage solitudes, and then came Captain Sutter. Here in your lovely city, reconstructed and restored by a grateful posterity, stands a fitting monument to his wisdom and courage. There can be no greater monument to the memory of man than his own works, revered by grateful descendants and preserved by appreciative successors as a recognition of his deeds in life.

Then away up in the hills there a lowly workman found a yellow grain of gold. Just a little piece—you could put it in your eye. Yet, in that little yellow seed what splendid fruits reposed. I think I see him now. As he closely scans this little bead prophetic visions pass before his anxious eyes. He sees the exciting bustle in his homeland—the swift gathering caravan that winds its slow, uncertain way. He sees his friends and countrymen, braving the dangers he has braved, breasting the same flood, treading the desert path he trod, scaling the same mountains and entering into his promised land.

He sees the restless, nervous, intense life of early California days—the rapid gathering of crowds of men—the flood of golden treasures, poured as the life-blood of man into languishing commerce and industry. He sees the stealthy knife and the ready pistol sheathed, and law and Christian life triumphant. He sees the fertile plains dotted by a thousand happy homes and diversified by fruitful orchards and fields yellowing to a bounteous harvest.

And here upon this then wilderness he sees a stately city rise—her avenues and streets bordered by imposing edifices and luxurious homes—her lofty spires, like giant hands pointing the way toward heaven—the smoke of a thousand chimneys, staining the continuous blue of Sacramento's cloudless skies, and evidencing the restless hum of industries that busy laboring thousands. He sees schools imparting to poor and rich alike that training so necessary to useful citizenship.

He sees the glistening dome and the magnificent proportions of that Capitol stading there, the pride of Sacramento, in unspeaking, yet eloquent, grandeur—within whose walls the drama of a State's history for glory or for shame shall be enacted. He sees the steady flood of commerce come and go by river and by rail. He glories in that great conception, that mighty accomplishment, that unites hill with plain in sextuple bonds of thrilling, quivering wire, pulsing with electric power, transmitted from eternal floods, pent up to man's needs in ice-bound reservoirs, created by the hand of God.

And yet again and more than that. He sees the Indian and the Spaniard give way before the advancing flood of Anglo-Saxons, and our magnificent Union extend its beneficent sway of justice and equality throughout the land, crowning this queen of all lands with the rare diadem of liberty, and vesting in us the same rights, the same powers, the same independence that Henry, Otis, Adams, Hancock, Jefferson and Washington sought, and for which so many of our progenitors died.

And now I answer you the question that I asked. Why do we love to recall the deeds of heroes in places thousands of miles away and more than a century ago. It is because of this liberty of ours—"ours to enjoy, ours to protect, ours to transmit unimpaired to our posterity." That its luster may not become dimmed or its original purity debased, we teach it to the nurslings on our knee, tell it to the youths in our schools, teach them to love and revere the splendid emblem of our country, and on each anniversary of our independence gladly repeat the story of our country's birth as I do to-day.

In order that we may understand some of the reasons that impelled the earlier settlers in America to leave their homes and the homes of their ancestors for a new and unknown land, it may be useful to examine into the conditions of affairs in Europe even as late as the seventeenth century. The people beyond the Trent in England were in a state of barbarism. Near the sources of the Tyne there were people hardly less savage than the American Indians—their half-naked women chanting wild songs, while the men with brandished knives danced a war-measure.

The only printing press north of the Trent in 1700 was at York. The houses of the rural population were huts covered with straw thatch; the inmates, if able to have fresh meat once a week, were considered very prosperous. One-half the families in England could not do that. Hospitality was displayed among the ruling classes by immoderate eating and the drinking of beer—the guest not having done justice to the occasion unless he rolled under the table drunk.

In London the houses were mostly wood and plaster, and the streets filthy beyond expression. Hardly any person of importance died without suspicion of poison, a certain index of the character of the better classes. The University of Oxford ordered the works of Buchanan, Milton and Baxter to be publicly burned. Bunyan, who wrote "Pilgrim's Progress," had been committed to jail for preaching the way of salvation to common people, and had remained there for twelve years because he refused to promise not to so offend again.

In administering the so-called law, whether in relation to political or religious offenses, there was an incredible atrocity. In London the bridge over the Thames was decorated with grinning, moldering heads of the executed. The intolerance of the times may be understood from a law enacted by the Scotch Parliament May 8, 1685, that whoever preached or heard in a conventicle should be punished with death and confiscation of goods.

Scotch covenanters were submitted to tortures by crushing their knees flat in the boot. Women were mercifully tied to stakes on the sea sand, to be drowned by the slowly advancing tide, or were branded on the cheek and then shipped to America as slaves.

Wounded soldiers were hung in Scotland for fear they would die before reaching England. During Monmouth's rising in 1685 in one county alone 233 were hanged, drawn and quartered, to say nothing of military executions. The soldiers amused themselves by hanging a victim with each toast they drank, making the fife and drum play as they said to his dancing.

Kirk's lambs, with their inhumanities, and Tom Boilman, so called because compelled by these lambs to seethe the remains of his quartered friends in boiling pitch, are historical. Women for idle words were whipped at the cart's-tail. A boy named Tutching was sentenced to be flogged once a fortnight for seven years. Eight hundred and forty-one men and women were judicially condemned to transportation to the West Indies, and while being transported thither in a slave ship were never permitted to go once on deck. In the hold, where they were all kept, was darkness, stench, lamentation, disease and death. One-fifth died and were thrown to the sharks. The court ladies and even the Queen of England joined in this horrid traffic. The Queen was given 100 of the unfortunate wretches, and her profit therefrom was estimated at £1,000.

The darkest and most atrocious of all the horrible persecutions that occurred in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were practiced on those, who, inspired by nature's laws, discovered and taught that the sun instead of the earth was the center of our immediate system of heavenly bodies, the persecutors holding that to assert that the earth was not the center around which the sun revolved was heresy and worthy of death. Thus Bruno, one of the earliest exponents of the Copernican theory, was driven from England, from France and from Germany in succession, and was finally delivered up "to be punished as mercifully as possible and without the shedding of his blood"—the abominable formula for burning a man alive. The immortal Galileo, inventor of the telescope, died in 1642, a prisoner in blindness and disgrace, a martyr to his scientific knowledge and love of truth.

Under such circumstances, surrounded by such conditions, it is not strange that America appeared to the oppressed of Europe as a bright, benignant star of hope on earth, and, notwithstanding the perils of the turbulent Atlantic and the danger by savage foes, thousands upon thousands fled from the lands of their birth to seek asylum here. Indeed, the ancestors of Washington, of Lee, of Patrick Henry and of Thomas Jefferson, the future liberators of America, were among those that were driven from their homes by this oppression, through their illustrious descendants, to light the torch of liberty in America.

Thus it was that in 1770 3,000,000 people had found homes in America, and 500,000 able-bodied men stand ready to defend their liberties with their lives. Nor was this people ignorant of war. Constant incursions of Indians had taught the use of arms, and the French and English war then just ended had trained thousands of the colonists into admirable soldiers, had made them conscious of their superiority over British mercenaries, and had developed commanders, though less experienced, of equal skill and valor with the English. It has been well said that the education of the colonists in this war cost England her American colonies.

During all those years the colonists had never forgotten that they were Englishmen, and as such they claimed all the rights wrested by their ancestors from King John at Runnymede and 400 years later from Charles I. in the petition of rights by both Lords and Commoners. America, during her infancy and until the revolution, had been treated as a useful adjunct to the mother country, but at length with the consciousness of strength and right came the resolution of Americans to demand and defend their rights as free men. Their rights were defended even in England. The spirit that animated Raleigh, Hampden, Russell and Sidney and other leaders of liberty in England rushed to the lips of Burke, of Barre and Pitt and Chatham in Parliament.

When the Act imposing taxes on the colonists without their consent came up for passage, in answer to the statement by the ministry, "The colonies were children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence and protected by our arms," Col. Barre said: "They planted by your care. No—your oppression planted them in America. They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! Those noble sons of liberty have nobly taken up arms in your defense. I claim to know more of America than most of you. The people are truly loyal subjects as the King has, but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them should they ever be violated."

And later the magnificent Pitt said in the House of Commons: "The kingdom has no right to levy taxes on the colonies. The Commons in America have invariably exercised the constitutional right of giving and granting their own money. They would be slaves if they had not." And on Lord Granville reproving him for his seditious words, he replied: "We are told that America is obstinate; that America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all feeling of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to enslave all the rest. The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have caused?"

Finally the great fundamental principle that inspired our people was laid down by Lord Camden. He said: "My position is this—I repeat it—I will maintain it till the last hour—taxation and representation are inseparable. It is more. It is an eternal law of nature." But still Parliament and the King persisted. Import duties were laid, but the colonists refused to buy or consume, and the goods rotted in American storehouses. Franklin said to the King: "Americans did take pride in wearing articles of dress made in England, but now they take especial pride in wearing their old clothes till they can manufacture new ones." Americans by agreement refrained from eating mutton or lamb that more wool might be produced.

Finding the colonists still obdurate, the Stamp Act was passed requiring newspapers and all documents to be written or printed on stamped paper furnished by the Crown. Then the "Sons of Liberty" arose. The stamp agents were driven out or intimidated and the stamps destroyed.

Then came the tea tax—it amounted to but little itself, but a mighty principle was involved. Not a pound of tea was sold. In Boston it was thrown overboard by the angry colonists, and in New York and elsewhere rotted in the warehouses. In Wilmington a cargo was burned by the Captain of the ship bringing it over. Then came the law closing the harbor at Boston. This was appointed to take effect June 1, 1774. The sentiment of union had now so grown that at Williamsburg the day was set aside to religious exercises as recommended by the Assembly. At Philadelphia it was solemnized by public testimonials of grief, and all over America it was observed as a day of mourning.

Then came the King's army—then Lexington, and there "that shot that echoed around the world." The revolution was not alone an insurrection against a ruling power. It was the announcement of a sentiment that for generations had sought utterance from the best and purest men of England and America. Jefferson announced it in 1774 in his "Summary View of the Rights of America": "The monarch is no more than the chief officer of the people appointed by the laws and circumscribed with definite powers to assist in working the great machine of government erected for their use and consequently subject to their superintendance. Kings are the servants, not the proprietors of the people, and a nation's rights are derived from the laws of nature, not as the gift of their chief magistrate."

When in the Declaration of Independence he wrote: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed"—it struck a responsive chord in the heart of every thinking man and encouraged Americans to persist in independence.

At the time of the passing of the Stamp Act, Franklin, then in London, wrote to Charles Thompson in Philadelphia: "The sun of liberty is set. You must light up the candles of industry and economy." Thompson replied: "We shall light up torches of quite another kind," and then we lighted those torches of liberty that ever since have shed benignant rays over all the world, giving courage and steadfastness to England in her struggle for more enlarged constitutional liberty, and illuminating the structure of constitutional liberty in France that has overthrown the absolutism of Bourbon and Napoleonic dynasties and founded a republic on the ruins of a fallen monarchy. And France has not forgotten her debt to us. She has become a partaker in the liberty she so nobly succored, and basking in the light of that liberty in her gratitude she raised aloft upon our gateway at New York a towering colossus, "Liberty Enlightening the World"—what a magnificent acknowledgment.

May each rising sun throughout all time shed its benignant rays upon her—grand as her chivalry—noble as her generosity, and free as the spirit of that idol of two hemispheres—beloved Lafayette.

That was not an ordinary concourse of men whose meeting and whose devotion we commemorate to-day. No stained windows mellowed the light for them—no armorial bearings or tapestried walls were there—the faces of no departed heroes looked approvingly from painted canvas on the barren walls of their meeting place. No titles were worn by these plain men, but there had not been one knightly soldier or one patriotic statesman standing for liberty in the splendid centuries of English growth who did not touch them with an unseen acolade and bid them to be faithful.

There was Roger Sherman, the "Old Puritan," "as honest as an angel, and firm in the cause of America as Mount Atlas"; and John Adams, who, in a letter to his wife, July 3, 1776, made that prophecy of the greatness of this day that, revivified by the eloquence of Webster, will live while liberty is dear to man. "I am apt to believe," he said, "that this day will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward for ever more."

There is Benjamin Franklin, wise, sagacious, prudent, yet brave and patriotic. You would know him among the group of fifty men, as he dryly remarks, "Yes, we must all hang together, or we will each hang separately." Patrick Henry was there; his keen gray eyes, slight, strong, vigorous, active, alert, aggressive and valiant.

John Hancock was President of the Congress. He sat in that chair, emblazoned on whose back Franklin later on descried "a rising not a setting sun." He was placed there bodily by grand old Benjamin Harrison, when a year before Hancock was selected to take the place of Peyton Randolph, and modestly hesitated to take the seat in the presence of so many older men. His name was the first upon that roll of honor. What a responsibility to him! For nearly a month his name and the name of Charles Thompson, Secretary, the one who promised Franklin that America would light a different kind of torch, were the only names signed to that historical document. Alone he stood, wealth, honor, life cast in the balance with the success of the revolution.

Yet calmly, steadily he writes that name; bold, clear-cut as cameo it stands as eternal and imperishable a monument to his fidelity and courage, as though in Webster's words: "It was written in stars between Orion and the Pleiades." With that declaration a new era on earth had dawned. In the words of Burke: "A great revolution has happened. A revolution not made by chopping and changing of power in any of the existing States, but by the appearance of a new State, of a new species, in a new part of the globe.

It has made as great a change in all the relations and balances and gravitations of power as the appearance of a new planet would in the solar system." Grandly did our fathers accomplish their work and nobly did they fulfill the duties cast upon them by the accumulated wrongs and prayers of a thousand generations of suffering men and women.

I do not apprehend that when John Adams prophesied the glorious future of this memorial he deemed that with its celebration alone the duties of American citizenship were fulfilled. Could he to-day, viewing the magnificent proportions which his country has attained, admonish his successors, there is no duty he would so solemnly impose as conscientious patriotism. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," but it is not the vigilance of the watchman on the tower. It is the vigilance of each sovereign man. By assuming the right and power to control the laws by which we are governed, we also assume an obligation to our fellow citizens, our posterity and our God, to as justly and as wisely use that power as within us lies. When in the past, kings have neglected their kingdoms, or wronged their subjects, history has held their names up to public detestation and their subjects have deposed or killed them. But every American is a sovereign in himself. That power he cannot justly shirk. What will history say of us, if having been given the exercise of every God-given right, cowardly, lazily, or corruptly we fritter them away and either supinely sleep while avarice and greed seize the reins of Government and drive us on to ruin, or for some paltry honor or reward we lend our assistance to this fatal work.

This is our country and these are our liberties, yet not altogether ours. You owe a duty to me and I to you, and we each owe a grave duty not only to our own sons, but to the sons of others and to future unborn millions. We assert that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. We demand the right to make that Government conform to what we deem just and right. We acknowledge the obligations we owe to ourselves, to our neighbors, to our posterity and to God, and yet the great mass of responsible, respectable, honorable and educated men devote to the government of their country just enough time every two years to stamp a cross upon a ballot opposite a name, placed there perhaps by some indecent wretch whose hand they would not take and whose acquaintance they would not form.

When I recall the blood these privileges have cost, the agonies that purchased them, and when I contemplate the lofty grandeur of those heroic men who secured and preserved them, and when I see their descendants—men in whose veins the very blood of Hancock, of Lee, of Henry, of Adams, of Sherman and of Jefferson flow, so regardless of the priceless heritage their ancestors bled for as to be unwilling to devote an hour for two or three days during each year necessary to keep their Government in clean and decent hands, I almost shudder to think what will befall my children and their sons.

In the past our country has been blessed with unexampled prosperity, and our citizens, engrossed with the allurements of business and social life, have paid but little atention to the needs of our Government, so smoothly has it run. In the meantime, designing persons, recognizing the vast advantages to be derived from laws calculated to subserve their special ends, have, by the assistance of national and municipal patronage, fostered a species of practical politics that has, through our inattention, resulted in securing to the unworthy valuable privileges that should always have been in the hands of our people, and vast advantages over others that have enabled these people to so far outstrip all others in the pursuit of gain as to leave them in positions apparently impregnable either at the hands of the law or by competition.

Vast aggregations of wealth in the hands of a few people, either as individual or incorporated, cannot but be a menace to the well-being of our liberal institutions. The influence of these vast interests, by the use of money, directly and indircetly, in our legislative bodies and our courts, is so great as to arouse well-grounded fears in the minds of patriotic citizens for the stability of our institutions.

It cannot be maintained that such binding force attaches to laws enacted through malign and corrupt influences on our representatives as appertains to the free expression of the legislative will, and the time may come with the development of this vicious system, if it do develop, when the American citizen of the twentieth century will deem it his God-given right and duty to bar the execution of laws so enacted and in such an interest as did his forefathers in 1776.

I hope that day may never come, that our people, waking to a realizing sense of the dangers that confront them, by patriotism and by fidelity to their sacred duties will post such sentinels on guard that the allurements of vice or the temptations of avarice may not betray them. That our Government may become not merely a protector of gain whether well or ill-gotten alone, but will continue to develop into the higher function of a government of what is noblest and truest of the people, a Government for the heart, the mind, the soul, the true liberties of the people themselves and not merely their chattels—and a Government by a people uplifted from the sordid plane of mere material protection and development to a true conception and ample acquaintance of the duties they owe to man, to their country and their God—that at the end they may achieve that form of government which shall have for its end and aim the most perfect development of all that is good and true in man.

THE FIREWORKS.

A Fine Display Witnessed by Many Thousand People.

The fireworks exhibition as a closing feature of the Fourth of July celebration took place in the extreme north end of Agricultural Park. The Park paddock never contained so many people before. It was impossible to estimate the numbers in the dim light, but it is safe to say that 20,000 human beings were on the grounds.

The fireworks were good; mainly of aerial character, they were thrown very high, not one failed to burn, and all were handsome. Several new rocket and bomb features were introduced that were very handsome, notably the release from rockets and shells at great hight of many parachutes strung together, and each bearing a brilliant colored light. An especially handsome feature was a burst in sheaf form of hundreds of serpent rockets, which rose in a golden mass in a way to form a sheaf, or a basket one could easily fancy, filled with wheat in the stalk and head. There were but few set pieces and none were pretentious. The display was all that was promised we should judge, gave the people satisfaction evidently, and certainly were well-managed. The people, however, who left a band of loose horses in the paddock ought to be called to account. The fireworks frightened the animals, and of a sudden they came, a host of them apparently, charging through the vast crowd. Such a scattering and screaming and falling and tumbling has not been known in a long time. That no one was killed seems miraculous, for the animals dashed through a place where fully 2,000 men, women and children were standing, or reclining on the grass and in closely gathered groups.

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