NEW WINDSOR

CENTENNIAL

TEMPLE HILL, JUNE 22D, 1883.

NEWBURGH, N Y.:
E. M. RUTTENBER & SON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
Second Street, corner of Smith Street.
1883

INTRODUCTORY.

EARLY in the winter of 1881-'82, at the request of several gentlemen of Newburgh, the undersigned were appointed a committee, on behalf of the citizens of New Windsor, to act in connection with a similar committee on the part of the citizens of Newburgh, for the purpose of securing national and state aid and making arrangements for a centennial celebration of the closing events of the war of the Revolution at Newburgh and New Windsor. The plan, as agreed upon in petitions to Congress and to the State Legislature, included fitting ceremonies at Head-quarters in Newburgh and on The Temple grounds at New Windsor, and it was especially understood that the latter was to be marked with a monument, or by the rëerection of The Temple building and the securing of suitable grounds in connection therewith for public use, and the protection of the Revolutionary burial ground. The appropriations asked for were granted, and the objects stated were embodied in the acts passed by Congress as well as by the Legislature. The objects stated appealed so forcibly and properly to the patriotic impulses of the people that little or no opposition was raised. During the winter of 1882-'83, however, on representation mainly by the Newburgh committee, the arrangement which had been agreed upon was set aside, and the acts referred to so amended that the appropriations were to be confined to a celebration at Newburgh and the erection at Head-quarters in that city of a commemorative monument. Under the conviction that by this arrangement justice had not been done to New Windsor, and feeling that their constituents demanded that some fitting commemorative record should be made, especially of the Revolutionary localities of the town, the undersigned determined to make an effort for a celebration on or near the site of The Temple, on the 22d of June, and to this end issued the following address:

The "Executive Centennial Committee of New Windsor," appointed for the purpose of uniting with a similar committee representing the city of Newburgh, whose duty it should be to secure such legislation as should be deemed necessary and make suitable arrangements for a centennial celebration at Newburgh and New Windsor during the present year, regret to state that after conference with the Newburgh committee

an agreement was made with them that a joint celebration should be held, which agreement was fully acknowledged in the act appropriating money for such celebration on the part of the State, and also in the act making similar appropriation passed by Congress on behalf of the Nation.

That agreement, however, has been set aside, and the announcement made that there will be no celebration held at New Windsor as agreed upon, but that a celebration will be held at Newburgh under the charge of its own committee, and, inferentially, that if the people of New Windsor desire a centennial commemoration they must rely upon themselves without any share in the appropriations made by Congress and the State Legislature, although such appropriations were obtained upon the joint application of the committee.

Without entering into further detail on this subject—noticing it only as a matter necessary to proper explanation—your committee are as fully persuaded now as they were at the time of their appointment that it is proper and just that a centennial observance should be held in New Windsor, of the events which transpired on its soil in connection with the struggle for independence. "Thou Bethlehem of Judea art not the least among the nations, for unto thee is born a Prince," is a record familliar, and in its spirit we may say that New Windsor, though small in its jurisdiction and limited in its inhabitants, is not the least among the communities with memorable histories. Born and nurtured on its soil, the great leader of the Rebellion of 1776, George Clinton, won the title of the *pater patriæ* of his native State; while to the large views of De Witt Clinton the commonwealth which his relative had successfully launched now bears the banner of Empire. It would have been no mean honor to have honored these illustrious men by recognizing the place of their nativity in a joint centennial celebration; nor is it less the duty of the people of New Windsor to honor them because such joint celebration will not be held. Not less brilliant than their record is that of the spots hallowed to freedom within our limits. Here dwelt the Father of his Country for a period longer than that which he spent at Newburgh, and a period more full of events than those which marked the closing year of the war. It was here that the alliance with France was consummated; here that the siege of Yorktown was planned; here that the army forever dispelled the project of monarchy in their chant, "No king but God." Much stress is laid on "the Newburgh Letters," but it was on the soil of New Windsor they were written and on the soil of New Windsor they were replied to. The Temple in which the army worshiped was here; the parlors in which Washington held his receptions were here; it was at Washington's Head-quarters in New Windsor that Lafayette was an honored guest; here resided the hero of Saratoga and the gallant Knox; here was the army and its officers, its barracks and its hospitals, aye, and the graves of its dead. We might go further and trace the footsteps of Morgan and his riflemen on its soil; might name its heroes who, armed with muskets made by their townsmen, stood with Montgomery at Quebec, and with Clinton in the High-

land forts—who marched and fought the battles of freedom amid the snows of Canada and on the burning plains of Monmouth.

Pointing to these facts, we again express our regret that their commemoration has not been provided for as originally and in good faith contemplated. But as this cannot be, we appeal to the sons of New Windsor to unite for the honor of our town, in an effort to make such a commemoration as the circumstances will permit. In this effort we have the assurance of the co-operation of the veterans in the war for preservation of the Union, who will meet with us on the fields on which the founders of the Union had their tents one hundred years ago. If on that camping ground a monument should be erected "like the pile of stones erected by Joshua on the banks of the Jordan to stand forever as a memorial," though rude that monument may be, it will bear evidence of your sincerity, and carry to other generations your appreciation of the heroic past with which you are peculiarly allied.

A full program of the celebration will be issued at an early day. Meanwhile it may be stated that the celebration will be held on the old camp ground on the 22d of June, the centennial day on which the last remnant of the army of the Revolution broke up its encampment. We invite the co-operation of our sister towns of the county and of patriotic men everywhere, and extend to all a welcome.

The response to this address was a private subscription which, if not ample for all the purposes contemplated, was equal to the arrangements which it was possible to perfect at the late day at which the celebration was undertaken, and fully attests the sincerity of the offering. The proceedings on the occasion are herewith submitted. As will be observed, the exercises were held in connection with the annual reunion of the veterans of the 124th Regiment, N.Y.V., under whose charge the arrangements pertaining to their organization were made and which added interest to the occasion. The thanks of the committee are due to Hon. JAMES G. GRAHAM, of Newburgh, for his kind assistance; to Mr. WM. H. KELLY and the ladies and gentlemen composing the choir under his charge; to the speakers on the occasion, and to all who by their aid or countenance enabled us to carry out the arrangements in a manner so highly satisfactory to the committee and so creditable to the town. To two of their number, Mr. JAMES PATTON and Mr. JOHN R. CALDWELL, for their efficient executive services, the thanks of their associates on the Committee are especially tendered.

The committee can but express the hope that in the immediate future a successful effort will be made to complete, in connection with these grounds, the design originally agreed upon and approved by the Legislature, and that the celebration which has been held will be the

initiative of an organization for that purpose. Places so distinctively associated with the struggle for national existence should be effectually marked that they may become educators for all coming time. How great an educator a restored Temple might become—how instructive a monument, though simple it may be, marking the resting place of the grand army's dead—cannot be overestimated. Local pride not less than patriotic impulses indicate a duty in this matter, which should be a pleasure, and which we believe, if energetically undertaken, will meet with the most gratifying response.

JOSEPH B. BURNET,
JAMES PATTON,
JOHN R. CALDWELL,
FRANKLIN MULLINER,
AYMAR VAN BUREN,
ROBERT R. ELLISON,
S. B. MUSGRAVE,
AUGUSTUS HAVEMEYER,
J. ABNER HARPER,
E. L. FANCHER,
JAS. W. MORRISON,
ROBERT MORRISON,
GEORGE McCARTNEY,
A. D. MARVIN,

Committee.

NEW WINDSOR, July 1883.

PRESS REPORTS.

From the Newburgh Journal, June 22.

The Centennial Celebration under direction of leading and patriotic citizens of the Town of New Windsor and the annual picnic of the veterans of the 124th Regiment, which were held together to-day, in the vicinity of the historic Temple Hill, in New Windsor, three and a half miles from this city, were very successful in every particular. The weather was all that could be desired, being clear and pleasant, and great crowds attended the dual affair. At 2.30 o'clock this afternoon there were over three thousand people on the grounds, and others were constantly arriving from every direction.

The regiment's picnic grounds, which were in Mr. Heron's woods, adjoining Temple Hill, were where the people centered this morning, and they began to arrive there before 9 o'clock. At that hour there were a couple of hundred persons on the scene, and from that time forward every Erie Railroad train, no matter whether from Greycourt, Turners or Newburgh, brought its contribution, while many people also came in wagons. The train from this city at 9.05 a. m. took out Moscow's Newburgh City Band; Ellis Post G. A. R., in a body, about forty strong; other veteran soldiers and citizens—enough in all to require four cars. The 10.50 and 12 o'clock trains from Turners each brought a couple of car-loads, and the 11.20 a. m. train from Newburgh deposited about a hundred and twenty people. The big train, however, was the special run from this city at 1.30 p. m. It consisted of two locomotives and nine closely packed cars, with three conductors to take up the tickets, but then the train could not take the people. They not only filled the seats, but crowded the aisles of the cars and stood on the platforms, the train bearing seven or eight hundred, but so many people were then left at Newburgh that an additional special of five cars was run out for their accommodation at 2.15.

The number of Newburghers present at the grounds at 2.30 probably exceeded a thousand. More than nine hundred had bought railroad tickets and many more had taken other means to reach the scene. Other parts of the county were also well represented—Warwick, Port Jervis, Goshen, Middletown, etc.,—and among the notable gentlemen present were Hon. E. M. Madden, Mr. M. D. Stivers and County Judge Wilkin, of Middletown; State Senator Mackin, the Hon. Hamilton Fish, and Mr. Schuyler, Secretary of the New York Branch of the Society of the Cincinnati. A number of these gentlemen had reached the grounds by the 1.30 train from Newburgh, which also brought General Sharpe, of Kingston; Mr. J. H. H. Chapman and Major E. C. Boynton, of

Newburgh; J. Hervey Cooke, Esq., of Fishkill, and others prominent in centennial affairs. Assemblyman Odell was among the passengers brought by the 2.35 train from Greycourt.

There was an exceptionally good turnout of the survivors of the 124th Regiment, the number present being from a hundred to a hundred and twenty—within fifty of all there are now alive. Among the officers on hand were the veteran Colonel F. M. Cummins and Colonel C. H. Weygant. Also Surgeons Thompson and Montfort; Hon. C. B. Wood, of Middletown, Hon. Thomas W. Bradley of Walden, and County Treasurer Mapes of Goshen, all three of whom were Captains and Brevet Majors in the 124th. Among the other of the vets were Captain Benedict and John Houston, of Warwick; Captain Leander Clark, of Newburgh; Captain L. S. Wisner and T. Ogden, of Middletown; Lieutenant Hotchkiss, and Lieutenant Thomas G. Maybee, of Port Jervis; Lieut. Quick, of Brooklyn; Lieutenant John R. Hayes, Walden, and Lieut. William R. Van Houten, who was Adjutant of the Regiment under Col. Cummins. A considerable number of veterans of other commands were also present, among whom we noticed Capt. Fitch of Fitch's Battery, originally recruited for Col. Van Wyck's 56th regiment.

Mr. Heron's woods, which were devoted to the regiment's picnic, were admirably suited to the purpose, the growth of foliage being thick and the woods extensive. There was a dancing platform in a cleared place, plenty of refreshment stands about, etc. The Centennial exercises were held some distance away to the east, on an eminence of considerable height, commanding an extended view.

The first ceremony of the day took place at about eleven o'clock. A flag-staff was then put up on Temple Hill, near the centennial platform, and an American flag was raised to its top. About four hundred people witnessed the operation. As the flag was slowly raised, Moscow's band played "The Star Spangled Banner." As the music died away Colonel Weygant said, "The stars and stripes now float for the first time on the spot where a hundred years ago Washington refused the crown," and a suggestion for three cheers was responded to with a will, when Ellis Post and the 124th sang "Marching Through Georgia" accompanied by the Post's drum corps.

At about 1 o'clock the members of the 124th, other veteran soldiers, invited guests, etc., to the number of probably three hundred, partook of a lunch which had been specially provided. This was served to them by a corps of lady friends, at a table which ran back and forth in a serpentine form like an S road. The vets and others fell in, and headed by the band marched to places at the table, where they did heroic work to a very substantial repast.

The veterans of the 124th held their annual business meeting immediately after the dinner. The officers elected for the next year are as follows:

President—Colonel F. M. Cummins,
Vice President—Lieutenant William J. B. Van Houten.
Secretary—Coe L. Reevs.
Treasurer—Lieutenant Lewis S. Wisner.

From the Newburgh Register, June 22.

* * * The flag was hoisted by Miss Laura Rankin, who is a great grand-daughter of Oliver Wolcott, and a great grand-niece of Samuel Huntington, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The 1.30 special train from Newburgh consisted of eight cars which brought 800 people. Among those who arrived on this train were the orators of the day and members of the society of the Cincinnati. These gentlemen had been met in Newburgh by a New Windsor committee and entertained at dinner at the United States Hotel. In the company were ex-Governor Hamilton Fish, President of the Society of the Cincinnati, John Schuyler, Secretary of the same Society, Alexander J. Clinton, Edward M. Tapp, Chas. H. Ward, James J. Logan and Thos. W. Cristie, all members of the Cincinnatian order. The Society of the Cincinnati was organized in the Temple at New Windsor.

Among the older persons seated upon the platform were Robert Phillips, (aged 83,) son of John Phillips, of Washington's Life Guard; James Patton, aged 80; Col. Cummins, a veteran of the Mexican war and Colonel of the 124th Regt. in the Rebellion, aged 70; and ex-Judge George W. Clinton, son of Dewitt Clinton and grand-son of Gen. James Clinton, aged 80.

Great credit is due for the grand success of the celebration to the efforts of John R. Caldwell and James Patton, of the New Windsor Committee, who assumed the greater portion of the labor. They were very efficiently aided by our townsman, the Hon. James G. Graham.

Among the interesting features of the Centennial exercises at Temple Hill was the reception and speech of George W. Clinton. Judge Clinton is about 80 years of age, of vigorous frame and with a powerful voice. When introduced to the audience, the hearty cheers that greeted him echoed through the woods. He is a resident of Buffalo, but is now engaged in arranging the Clinton papers in the State Library.

Alexander J. Clinton, who was present with the delegation from the Cincinnati Society, is a great-grandson of Genl. James, and represents the oldest branch of the family. He resides in New York.

At no time during the afternoon was there less than four thousand people in the grove. Every train that arrived brought large accessions to the crowd, while hundreds of people came to the grounds in carriages. Not less than five thousand people were in attendance during the day.

It was a noticable fact, one which does great credit to the management, that not an intoxicated person was seen on the grounds. Although no intoxicating drink were allowed, there was no scarcity of cool and refreshing beverages. Barrels of ice water were placed at convenient spots throughout the grove, and were replenished whenever empty.

Mr. W. H. Kelly and his choir of ladies and gentlemen, are deserving of special mention. Their rendering of Billings' ode, "No King but God," was received with hearty applause. Though difficult it was given with a fullness and strength of voice which did great justice to

the piece and reflected credit upon all who participated. The choir was composed as follows:

Director—Wm. H. Kelly.

Organist—Joseph Mitchell.

Orchestra—C. E. Moscow, Horatio Finch, William Marsden, A. Emenecker, Geo. Kasel.

Ladies—Mrs. Delia C. Miller, Misses Alice Albertson, Ella Scott, May Moore, Minnie Quick, Emma K. Kelly, Vinnie Wiseman, Emma Taylor, Rachel McMeekin, Hattie Latting, Mrs. Joseph Mitchell, Misses F. A. Ritchie, Ella Bradley, Mattie F. Kelly, Millie Brown, Emily Lozier, Annie Moshier, Annie Miller.

Gentlemen—John J. Matthews, E. B. Westlake, Edward Bradley, W. C. Barratt, John Westlake, L. T. Westlake, George E. Purdy, Frank Woodin, Wm. Todd, W. Perkins, Geo. W. Church, Clarence Olmstead, John Gordon, Jr.

CENTENNIAL CEREMONIES.

The centennial exercises were opened at half-past two o'clock. Joseph B. Burnet, Chairman of the Centennial Committee, being unable by recent ill health to take an active part in the exercises, the senior member of the Committee, James Patton, arose and stated that the Committee had requested Hon. James G. Graham to call the assembly to order, and to present the names which had been agreed upon by them as officers thereof. Mr. Graham then said:

No grounds in all our land are of greater Revolutionary historic interest than those on which we are assembled to-day. All around us were the encampments of the army of the Revolution from the Fall of 1782, until near the close of June, 1783. And in these old woods lies the sacred dust of many of the soldiers who died here—there to remain until the last reveille shall be sounded.

The headquarters of Washington, the great commander, were near by, while in this town were the abodes of his generals except Steuben. On the hill near by stood the Temple where the troops worshiped, where the Society of the Cincinnati was organized, where the pacification of the army was secured and the greatest moral triumph in human records accomplished.

There also by that Temple the announcement of peace was celebrated with prayer and praise and every demonstration of rejoicing.

And a little later on from these encampment grounds, the glorious army of the Continentals broke camp and marched for their homes during the early days of June, and on this day, one hundred years ago, the last of that glorious band departed on their way toward Butter Hill.

By the eye of patriotic faith we may look back through the long sweep of the century and see this shadowy band of war-worn veterans encircled by the glories of that summer day, and the echoes of their departing drum-beat seem even now to float past us on the air. Oh! where in all America shall we find a spot of more thrilling interest and more hallowed associations.

And as a result of this centennial in honor of these noble men, we trust that ere long an association will be formed whose care it shall be to mark this Temple-site and these historic grounds by appropriate memorial structure—and above all to secure the unmarked graves of these dead Continentals from further desecration, and preserve them with tender care as a shrine to which patriot pilgrims may come from every portion of the Republic.

We can never forget that on all important occasions during the war of the Revolution, and at the celebration of the announcement of peace, and at the dissolution of the army, General Washington ordered that the Chaplains should recognize the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Following his example as well as from the impulses of their own hearts, the Committee have selected the Rev. Dr. John Forsyth, a venerable minister of this county, and for many years professor at West Point, to open this celebration with prayer.

PRAYER BY REV. JOHN FORSYTH, D.D.

OUR FATHER who art in heaven, we adore Thee as the centre and source of all being and blessedness,—the King of kings and the Lord of lords, from everlasting to everlasting God. Assembled as we are to-day on this sacred spot, to commemorate one of the grandest events in our life as a nation, we would devoutly recognize Thy guiding and helping hand in all the past periods of our history as a people. "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old how Thou didst drive out their enemies with Thy hand, and plantedst them. For they got not this land in possession by their own sword; neither did their own arm save them, but Thy right hand, and Thine arm, and the light of Thy countenance, because Thou hadst a favor unto them." We thank Thee that Thou didst so strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of our fathers while engaged in their struggle with a mighty foe for their own freedom and for the rights of man. Help us their children to appreciate as we should the priceless heritage which they have bequeathed to us, at the cost of so much toil and treasure and blood. And grant, O Lord! that they may be transmitted undiminished and unimpaired to our children's children, from generation to generation, to the end of time. May the glorious sisterhood of States, whose union has cost so great a price, be maintained through the coming centuries. Save us, we beseech Thee, from all those sins which are the reproach of any people, and enable us to cultivate that righteousness by which alone any nation can be exalted.

And hasten the coming of that promised age when men shall beat their swords into plough shares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and when the divine Prince of Peace shall reign supreme in every land, in every home, and in every human heart. All which we ask in His name who hath taught us to pray—"Our Father who art in heaven," &c. AMEN.

The choir under charge of Wm. H. Kelly, of Newburgh, sang

"OLD HUNDRED."

Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

Mr. Graham:

The committee has selected as President of this meeting one of their most honored citizens, and one who has always taken an interest in the Revolutionary history of the town, Hon. Enoch L. Fancher.

Mr. Fancher was received with much applause. After silence had been secured the gentleman delivered the following scholarly and patriotic address:

ADDRESS OF HON. E. L. FANCHER.

Historic memories gather around this place on this Centennial. We are assembled to commemorate some of the events that closed the war of American Independence—events that stir the patriotic breast though they occurred a hundred years ago.

We stand upon historic ground, sacred to many memories. On this spot was erected a "New Building" where the soldiers of the revolution worshiped, while in the cantonment here; where they assembled to discuss important public questions; where their guests were entertained and their receptions were held; where the proclamation for the cessation of hostilities was published and celebrated, and where the army was disbanded. Near by, at the Ellison house on the river bank, the

Commander-in-chief and his officers planned the siege of Yorktown and other military movements, and at Newburgh he refused a kingly crown by which our free self-government was saved and our glorious Republic was secured.

Hallowed be this spot, oft pressed by the feet of the Father of his Country! Honored be this place, occupied as the cantonment of the soldiers of the revolution! Sacred be this soil in which the bones of their dead repose! Eternal be their fame, who fought for our liberty, and here hailed the consummation of the mighty struggle; who here, amid loud rejoicing, heard the proclamation of peace; and here, with tears, bade adieu to their disbanded comrades of the march, the camp and the battle!

We are here to-day to revive the scenes enacted on these grounds a century ago; to honor the memory of the brave men who imperilled their lives for our cause; and to declare sacred this spot where the bodies of many of them were buried.

It was in the summer of 1779 that Washington established his head-quarters at New Windsor. He occupied the Ellison mansion on the west bank of the Hudson, and a portion of his troops came here in December of the following year.

On the 25th of October, 1782, the troops that were encamped on the east bank of the Hudson, below West Point, were marched to the Highlands; the next day they crossed the river in boats, and took up the line of march over Storm King, then called Butter Hill, passing the night in an open field on its northern slope, in view of the spot where we are now assembled. The next day they reached this place, where they were to pass the winter.

An eminence had been selected as the site for the new building in which to hold public meetings, and to be used as a place for public worship and for other army requirements. There were rooms provided in the building for the officers, for court martial, and for other army purposes. It has been described by Major-General Heath as being "handsomely finished, with a spacious hall, sufficient to contain a brigade of troops on Lord's day, for public worship, with an orchestra at one end; the vault of the hall was arched; at each end of the hall were two rooms conveniently situated for the issuing of general orders, for the sitting of boards of officers, courts martial, etc., and an office and store for the quarter-master and commissary departments. On the top was a cupola and flagstaff, on which a flag was hoisted occasionally for signals." It was called the New Building, to distinguish it, probably, from the one previously erected for a like purpose. It was also called "The Temple." The building was substantial and appropriate.

It was dedicated on the 6th of February, 1783, the anniversary of the alliance with France; and when it was dedicated the Commander-in-Chief attended, at this cantonment, a grand review, while a *feu de joie* was, by his order, given along the whole line. All the officers of the army, with ladies of their acquaintance, and other guests were invited to a reception at the building; a collation was served; and in the evening there were festivites amid a brilliant array of beauty, and a large assemblage of distinguished officers and guests.

The Chaplains of the cantonment held divine service in the building on the Lord's day; the cessation of hostilities between the United States and the King of Great Britain was here publicly proclaimed; and it was in that building that Washington on that memorial Saturday, denounced the proposal to resist the Congress in founding a democratic government, and when he delivered that patriotic address, so touching and effective as to draw tears from the eyes of the officers and soldiers and in response to which there arose to the sky from thousands of voices the chorus, "No king but God!"

Another memorable event afterward took place at the New Windsor cantonment. It was when the proclamation of peace was announced

to the soldiers of the cantonment and to which they responded with loud huzzas. In the evening of that day signal lights flamed on yon mountain; thirteen guns were fired from Fort Putnam, and were responded to from the cantonment; and cannon and muskets were discharged till "the mountain sides resounded like peals of thunder, and thousands of fire arms flashed in the darkness, like lightning."

Another touching scene occurred here as the soldiers were disbanded. Painful was the parting of those patriotic heroes. Their hearts were throbbing with sorrow as they bade each other farewell. They had been companions in arms for seven years. They were poor and war-worn now, but they thought of the victory that had been won, and of the glorious inheritance of freedom to be transmitted to posterity.

Let that memorable day and this sacred spot be consecrated to perpetual remembrance! Let gratitude and patriotism build an altar here, and here, in this centennial year, let a suitable monument arise that will speak to posterity of the memorable events of 1783, and of the brave soldiers who took part in them!

No man can deny that patriotism—the love of country—is one of the highest of human virtues; and no one will assert that there is any country more worthy of a patriot's love than this "land of the free and home of the brave." But it was not bought with money; it was won by the bravery, the endurance, the strife, the toil, the privation, the suffering, the blood, of our forefathers of the Revolution. If monuments are ever erected to commemorate the deeds of heroes, let us build one for those who wintered in the New Windsor cantonment.

The morning star of freedom arose over this Western world when those glorious sentiments of liberty, then so new and daring, but now so familiar to us, were poured into the immortal Declaration of American Independence; and the sun of freedom arose, glorious and bright, over this fair land, when on these hillsides of New Windsor, the sword was sheathed and the tired soldiers of the army of the Revolution unloaded their muskets and broke up their cantonment.

A century and more before that event, Liberty had fled to these shores —a fugitive from royal oppression—and the eyes of two hemispheres have watched her career for two hundred and fifty years. What thrilling events have transpired during that long period, there is not time now to portray; but, in a sentence we may state that the permanent settlement of the Anglo-Saxon race, under a free self-government in this new world, overshadowed as it was by the power of kings, was not an easy task, but was obstructed by many dangers and difficulties.

To build up the social fabric with virtuous families and law-abiding citizens was the chief concern of the Puritans. Yet they were entangled by ancient precedents, and they were misguided by hierarchal antecedents. They sought according to the thought of the times, to commingle ecclesiastical authority with civil power. In those early attempts of the colonists at self-government, it seems not to have been the Divine method, so to over-rule their preposessed opinions, as, at the outset, to secure religious freedom and civil liberty on the best foundation. Their erroneous principle of government was permitted until experience had taught more wisdom; until wiser maxims of civil rule had gained acceptance, and until the men of daring, prudence and discretion had arrived on the scene, who were equal to the emergency.

The trial period of experiment and adversity seems to have been a necessary prelude to the future of liberty; and so great a boon as the permanent establishment of a free government in this new world seems to have required a long period of preparation, of suffering and toil.

Our forefathers were called not only to establish a free Republic in this extended land, but to strike down oppression, as a dominant force for all lands. They lived and labored not alone for themselves and their children, but for all the race of mankind through all the ages to come!

Amid continued complexity of events and frequent shiftings of the scenes they pursued the long and sanguinary struggle, until, at length, was achieved for humanity, a nobler destiny and a better political life than the world had ever known. The founders of our Republic succeeded in reversing the axiom of ages that hitherto had asserted the divine right of kings, and they boldly declared the new doctrine, that the people were the sovereigns and their rulers were only representatives, subject to their will. In other words, that a free self-government had for its true foundation, the consent of the governed.

More and more, as time advances and civilization brightens, does the lustre of their achievement illumine the nations; and though dangers gathered thick around their early fortunes, those dangers are now noticed as the background of a picture of enduring glory. Thousands of them fell in the contest from fatigue and privation, in suffering and battle, yet they have gained more deserved praise and lasting honor than we ever accorded to the much lauded military conquerors of the world.

Statesmen do not cease to remind us of the magnitude of that mighty revolution which changed the destinies of the rising states of this New World; and we are to-day assembled to commemorate events of a hundred years ago, that closed some of the important scenes of that unprecedented revolution. They thrill us yet at the distance of a hundred years.

At the time of the disbandment of the Revolutionary army sagacious men began to predict that an era of unexampled brilliance was about to dawn upon this extended land; but the fulfilment has far exceeded the prophecy, and the pen of the historian has not been sufficiently graphic to trace the rapid and stupendous progress of the nation in its advancement and grandeur. Other nations are looking on with wonder, and the friends of liberty in all lands point to our success with admiration and encouragement.

Never in the history of the world was such an extent of free territory opened to the peaceful pursuits of civilized life as we inherited from our Revolutionary fathers. Never have agriculture, manufactures, and the arts flourished in such vigor over so wide a field as here. Never in any land, were such broad foundations laid of populous and wealthy States as were laid here. All our Eastern ports have long been crowded, forest-like, with the masts of ships of commerce; our Western prairies have developed immeasurable capacity of production, and our mountains on the Pacific slope have poured forth their treasures from their gateways of gold.

While at this our centennial celebration, we note that there has been erected in our land a system of government entirely new, and that it has stood the test of experiment for a century, let us not forget that Providence has been on our side, and has prepared for us a climate and a country of unrivalled excellence.

True, there have been established and maintained among us a society without an aristocracy, and a state without a king; but the God of nations has favored America beyond other lands, for this great empire of freedom had been by nature prepared for its glorious destiny. Doubtless, it was providentially destined to extend its sway from the frozen sea of the North to the tepid Gulf of the South—from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west, over the vast outlying territories of the Northwest, and, as many believe, still further, until the whole western hemisphere shall enjoy the liberty and speak the language of American freemen!

Here, in view of these grand mountains, symbols of the mineral wealth of the land; on these green hills and by these verdant meads, indicative of its rich productions; near yon rolling river—suggestive of the commerce that shall float o'er the waters—did a portion of the army of the Revolution set its last bivouac, and hail with huzzas the dawn of

peace! Here, then, let us, on this centennial day, blest with the victory and peace purchased for us at so costly a price, honor the memory of the brave soldiers who were cantoned here; and praise the Power that has made and preserved us a free nation. Here, to-day, let patriotism revive the recollection of the events we are assembled to commemorate, and, by these graves of the heroic dead let our love of country be rekindled to an undying flame!

At the conclusion of Judge Fancher's address, the choir sang

"AMERICA."

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee.
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our Father's God to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee I sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with Thy might,
Great God, our King.

At the conclusion of the singing Mr. Graham nominated, with the accompanying remarks, the following gentlemen, who had been selected by the committee, as Vice-Presidents:

Hon. HAMILTON FISH, President of the State Society of the Cincinnati, whose father, Major Nicholas Fish, entered the Revolutionary army as Aid to General John Morin Scott, and subsequently attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Mr. Fish has served as Governor of New York, United States Senator and Secretary of State, and has honorably filled all the most eminent public positions except the Presidency, and is well worthy even of that.

Hon. GEORGE W. CLINTON, who has rendered honorable service to the State as a lawyer, as a Judge, and as one of the Regents of the University, is a son of the great Governor, DeWitt Clinton, a grandson of General James Clinton, and a nephew of Governor George Clinton, so eminent by service in the Revolution and in the official service of the State and Nation, and both among the proudest names in the history of New Windsor.

BENSON J. LOSSING, D.D., L.L.D., the most accomplished of the living American historians, and especially the most conversant, through his personal examinations, with the Revolutionary localities of our country.

Hon. DANIEL B. ST JOHN, a descendant of one of New England's early settlers who has honored the State of his adoption by service in Congress, in the Legislature, and in the charge of the Banking Department, and who has won the confidence of men of all classes.

HOMER RAMSDELL, who, springing from the stock of a New England "minute-man," has proved his merit by a long, useful and successful business career.

Hon. JOHN J. MONELL, a native of this county and former County Judge, whose interest in the Revolutionary events of this locality, and

whose regard for the fame of the fathers of the Republic increases with his years.

Hon. T. R. WESTBROOK, a distinguished Justice of the Supreme Court, whose ancestral stock stood companions-in-arms with George Clinton at Kingston.

Hon. LEWIS BEACH, our attentive representative in Congress, who has aided by his pen to preserve the history of many of the localities near us and especially of the town of Cornwall.

Major EDWARD C. BOYNTON, late an officer of the regular army, who rendered valuable service in the war with Mexico, and subsequently as a professor at West Point, and who like so many of his associates who have been named, has honored his New England origin.

J. HERVEY COOK, an accomplished lawyer of Fishkill, an enthusiastic student of Revolutionary history.

ROBERT PHILLIPS, before whose aged-bent form we should all feel like bowing in reverence to-day for the services of his father in the Life-Guard of Washington. He, too, is of New England birth. The coincidence is a happy one that the committee should, without design, in making their selections, have chosen so many sons of New England whose ancestors were so largely represented in the encampment here.

Hon. JOHN G. WILKIN, County Judge, whose ancestry through all its connections was honorably connected with our Revolutionary history.

JAMES J. LOGAN, grandson of Major Logan of New Windsor's "minute-men," who was with Clinton at Quebec and at Fort Mongomery, suffered in the Jersey prison-ship, and joined in the parting triumph of the old army as a member of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Hon. AUGUSTUS DENNISTON, whose New Windsor ancestral record is contemporaneous with that of the Clinton's, and whose personal service in the Legislature as well as the services of his father in the same body and in other positions, is well known to you.

JOHN H. MORRISON, one of New Windsor's sons, whose mercantile career in New York is well-known to many of you, and who honors his native town by his presence to-day.

Major THOMAS MORTON, who, though not "to the manor born," has nevertheless manifested a deep interest in all that pertains to the history of the town in which he has his residence.

The nominations having been approved by the assembly, Major E. C. Boynton submitted the following letters:

LETTER FROM JUDGE MONELL.

FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, June 21, 1883.

Jos. B. Burnet, Esq., Chairman New Windsor Centennial Committtee:

DEAR SIR:—I am greatly indebted to you for the invitation to speak at your celebration, on the 22d inst. The day and place of the meeting are well chosen, as they must necessarily bring to the mind of the people the remarkable historic persons and events which have made ever memorable the soil of New Windsor to every patriotic citizen in the country. These persons and events lead up to the glorious consummation of American Independence, when the last of the revolutionary soldiers left their last camping ground, whose departure you are to commemorate.

I had hoped, until to-day, that I might, at least, be present with you, but even in this I am doomed to be disappointed by continued indisposition.

The events which make New Windsor the most historic ground in the country, to be well understood, should be divided into three periods. The first would include the history of the Clinton family, who had a

controlling influence in the affairs of the State and Nation, from 1731, when Charles Clinton, the pioneer, settled in your town, until the death of Dewitt Clinton, the statesmen, in 1828.

Charles Clinton filled many offices of trust and served in the French and Indian wars of 1759—63. With his son James as Ensign, only twenty years old, he fought at the storming of Fort Frontenac, now Kingston, in Canada. After the battle at Stony Point, James and George established their head-quarters at a place called The Square, adjoining the "Cantonment on the Hudson," and exercised almost unlimited control over the yeomanry of the river counties, who, upon a well-known signal fire, would spring to their muskets and march to the quarters of their Commander, for orders. I will not speak of the statesmanship, bravery and devoted patriotism of James, George and Dewitt Clinton, for they are recorded in the histories and encyclopedias of the country. These remarkable persons, with their eventful lives of three generations, form a part of a band of distinguished statesmen and warriors who appeared at New Windsor during the Revolution.

The second period was in the winter of 1780, until the summer of 1781. In July, 1779, Washington established his head-quarters at West Point, and remained there till the 28th of November following, giving his personal supervision to the completion of the fortifications at that place. He left them in charge of Kosciusko, who finished them and declared them to be impregnable to a force of 20,000 men. After Washington left West Point he established his head-quarters at New Windsor, where he was surrounded by his officers, and where a large portion of the army was quartered under the constant drill of Baron Steuben, the great disciplinarian. Here they remained until they marched on their southern campaign, for the purpose of destroying the army of Cornwallis, which campaign culminated in his surrender on the 19th of Oct. 1781. Lafayette was given the command of 1,200 troops, and at the final review, Baron Steuben declared "the New York line does them the greatest honor." The Marquis de Chastellux visited Washington at New Windsor, and relates that he went with him to the head-quarters of Lafayette, on the Moodna, where the three walked together through the woods, to the head-quarters of General Knox. He speaks of the domestic comfort they there found.

What a galaxy of statesmen and heroes we have here, in which number Hamilton, Greene, Gates and St. Clair, must be included. They are the best representatives of freedom the world has ever known. They were champions of the cause, for its own sake; not only from America, but from France, Prussia and Poland. Well did they plan the eventful campaign, near the very ground upon which you are to assemble to commemorate their noble deeds.

The third period extends from the arrival of the troops at New Windsor, under the command of General Heath, until the last of said troops left the cantonment on the 22d of June, 1783. Washington, some months previous, had established his head-quarters at Newburgh, on the line of communication with the eastern States and near the public stores at Fishkill where the central post-office was located. The army came to New Windsor Nov. 2d, after parting with their French allies at Verplanck's Point, on their route East for embarkation. On the arrival of the army at New Windsor they erected on a summit, the "New Building" or Temple so famous in history. It was one story high, gambrel roof, with a cupola and flagstaff, to be used as a signal station. The size was about 80x40 feet, with two rooms at each end. By tradition and the testimony of two witnesses who saw it, it was well built of logs or rather hewn timber. By the orders issued in relation to the building, it was framed of timber, and filled in. The centre or main room was designed for worship on the Lord's Day, but was used for public assemblages of all kinds. Here Washington ordered the celebration of the anniversary of our alliance with France, to be held on the 6th of

February, 1783, at which time he gave a collation and invited the ladies and gentlemen of the neigborhood to be present. Here, also, the meeting of officers was held on Saturday, the 15th of March following, so renowned in history. Here, too, peace was proclaimed on the 19th of April, and the constitution of the Order of the Cincinnati adopted 10th of May, having been previously perfected at the Verplanck house at Fishkill; and on the 19th of June, at the last meeting of officers before their departure, General Washington was elected president of the Order.

I will not speak of the sufferings of the army, nor of their neglected burial ground, nor of the final departure—all of which will be dwelt upon by eloquent speakers. I will, however, refer to two incidents of Washington, which occurred on Temple Hill, and which show the depth of his feelings to be almost divine. When he was informed of the call of the meeting of discontented officers he rode over, at once, to the cantonment. He first saw Colonel Brooks, who was afterwards appointed one of the Committee on Resolutions, and said to him, "Cannot this be stopped?" The Colonel replied, "I am doing all I can;" upon hearing which reply Washington wept, and took him by the hand and said, "I knew I could rely upon you." After the impressive meeting in the Temple, Washington went out alone, and remained until the result was known. From the deep religious fervor of his character, I am impressed with the belief that he went apart for silent prayer.

To revive these memories of the past, your Centennial is held, and I rejoice that in holding the Centennial of Peace at Newburgh and Fishkill on the 19th of April last; and the celebration at Fishkill Village on the 2d of June, 100 years after the order was issued for "the army to return to their States and homes," and that now your Centennial of the closing scenes of that period have been enthusiastically sustained solely by the liberality and patriotism of our citizens. These facts will deepen the effect upon the public mind, and make it as lasting as time itself. I am sincerely yours, JOHN J. MONELL.

LETTER FROM HON. ERASTUS BROOKS.

STATEN ISLAND, June 14th, 1883.

GENTLEMEN:—It would give me very great pleasure to accept your invitation to participate in the Centennial Celebration on the 22d inst., at New Windsor, if engagements previously made did not call me elsewhere.

The day recalls the hundred years past when the last of the soldiers, enlisted for the war of Independence, took their departure from your present farms and homesteads. From 1783 to 1883, even with the hundred years between them, are but brief periods of time in the rise and progress of a nation. England counts her historical life from the reign of William the Conqueror; France, Austria, and Germany, from the reign of Charlemagne, and even Russia dates back three centuries and a half, and yet only the last of these, which count their established existence from three and a half to eleven centuries, exceed the United States in population, and none of them in wealth, thrift, growth and hopeful progress.

The original thirteen colonies have grown to thirty-eight States and ten Territories; the original 820,680 square miles have grown to 3,466,166 square miles, including, by purchase and conquest, Louisiana, Florida, Oregon, Texas, New Mexico, and Alaska. The voting population has multiplied from less than a quarter of a million to ten million, and the whole population from three to at least fifty-three millions. The centre of population, advancing step by step steadily westward from six to seven miles each year, has changed the centre of the people from twenty-three miles east of the Potomac to fifteen or twenty miles west of the Ohio. Literally is it now true that the sun, in the continual motion of the earth, no longer sets upon our territory.

This marvellous progress we chiefly owe to the founders of the Government, and to the liberal principles of Government which distin-

guished the men who created it, fought for it, and gave their lives and fortunes to establish it. The work begun and well done a hundred years since, deserves to be commemorated to the end of time.

It was in 1783 Congress proclaimed the end of hostilities and Washington from his head-quarters, near where you will assemble, caused the proclamation to be read to the army, and the Chaplains of the army were asked by him to render thanks to Almighty God for all his mercies "by causing the rage of war to cease." These religious services were succeeded by a day of jubilee and a night of rejoicing. The Storm King and Beacon-hill tops were lighted with forest fires, and the mountains in a hundred flames gave signs of joy that the war was ended, that independence was secured and the Republic established. The continued roar of cannon, and the fusilades of musketry were louder only than the voices of the New York, New Jersey, Maryland and New England troops who were selected to prepare a fitting commemoration of the great and grand fact that the war had closed.

The associations of Newburgh, New Windsor, Fishkill and West Point, as places of public interest are only eclipsed by the true and brave men who made them distinguished. Here for eight miles from the head-quarters at Newburgh to West Point were the men of Washington's army in long occupation. Here, after discontent, poverty, neglect and real mental and bodily distress had maddened many of the soldiers, Col. Nicola, valiant in service and advanced in years, bore the startling proposal that Washington should cease to be the commander of the Colonial army, and become the Sovereign of a kingdom. Here, in reply to the appeal that "Faith has its limits as well as its temper," and that resistance to more moderation and longer forbearance were now demanded, accompanied by words that spoke of "cowardice and credulity," came the Washingtonian answer of "abhorrence and remonstrance," and "severity" to the unwise and cruel suggestion for supreme power in the person of the chief of the army.

And here, too, before he came to meet the man who suggested treason as the proper remedy for suffering and wrong, he consulted with Greene and Putnam, Knox and Wayne and Steuben, his brothers in arms and his counsellors in peace.

Here, too, were the Clintons—the Governor and General James, his brother—Hamilton, Morris, Jay and Montgomery, the latter born in the neighborhood and who fell at Quebec; Lafayette, Kosciusko, Morgan, Heath, Melancthon Smith, all along the line from Stony Point to Kingston, and the convention at Poughkeepsie, where the Federal constitution, July, 1788, was carried by only three votes (30 to 27) and by only ten the month before in Kingston. Here by birth, association, or by service in war or peace, the scenes and events of the struggle gave a life and character to the Hudson that will make it at least one of the grandest scenes in our American Revolutionary history, as it is the most charming in the scenery of our most beautiful country.

Let the Giver of all blessings be thanked in your celebration for the men, country, examples, and conditions of which, as citizens of this commonwealth, you are now a part.

The Hudson river indeed is more associated with the war of the Revolution, the beginning of the end, and the events leading to the end, than any other part of the land. Though not the scene of any great battle upon its waters, constant watchfulness, diplomacy, and strategy became necessary, with all that makes an army ready for war and effective in the strife of arms.

It was the purpose of Burgoyne in 1777 to unite his own army and that of the British Clinton by a union of forces on the Hudson, and in this he but followed the forecast of Frontenac nearly a century earlier, when war existed on this continent between the French and the English; each striving for supremacy over the country which only the war of the Revolution finally made free and independent.

Trusting that your Centennial celebration may be worthy of the State, the people, and the events which gave independence to the nation, I remain very cordially yours,

ERASTUS BROOKS.

To the Hon. Judge Fancher and J. R. Caldwell, Esq.

LETTER FROM GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, June 21st, 1883.

The Honorable E. L. Fancher and J. R. Caldwell:

GENTLEMEN:—I am very much obliged to you for the invitation to say a few words at the Centennial celebration at New Windsor, of the announcement of peace and the disbandment of the Revolutionary army, and I sincerely regret my inability to accept it.

It is most fitting that the great series of Centennial celebrations of the revolution should end in the shadow of the Highlands, and on the banks of the river which saw so many of the decisive events of the war. Indeed the possession and control of the Hudson was one of the cardinal objects of the contest. For that, Burgoyne swept in splendid array down the lake and pushed along the old warpath of the English and French and Indians until the combined forces of New England, the Middle States, and Virginia forced him to surrender. For that, Arnold at West Point, blasted his name forever; and, against all the long and desperate endeavor, American courage; and sagacity, and tenacity, and patriotism, stood fast at Stony Point, at Forts Clinton and Montgomery, at Bemis's Heights and Saratoga, until among the cantonments at New Windsor the American army caught the tidings of its victory re-echoed from beyond the sea, and upon the very spot on which you will gather, heard for the last time the beloved voice of the great Commander and peacefully and forever dispersed.

The grand and beautiful scene is worthy of its history. The human mind delights to associate heroic deeds and noble men with the sublimity and charm of nature. The three Swiss leaders meeting on the Alpine pasture; Leonidas in the Grecian pass; Washington and his army on the Hudson at its most majestic point; are great men, and great events fitly framed for immortal remembrance. And, as you look around upon the landscape of Newburgh Bay, you may well recall Dr. Johnston's familiar words: "That man is little envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

But your celebration, and that of Newburgh later, will not be quite complete if they do not produce some permanent memorial of the men and events that they commemorate. Why should not the site of the "Temple" at New Windsor be marked by a reproduction of the plain old building, or by some appropriate commemorative structure? Why might not provision be made for the due and reverent care of the graves of the nameless patriots in the revolutionary ranks who were buried here? And why might not some memorial association for this pious purpose be organized in the vicinity? Such movements must spring from the generous inspiration of occasions like this. Now or never is the time. "Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee." With great respect, truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

LETTER FROM BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS P. O., DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

Robert R. Ellison, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you and your associates of the committee for the honor of this invitation; at the same time I most sincerely regret that circumstances beyond my control will compel me to forego the gratification I know I should experience in meeting so many of my fellow citizens on the old camp ground where the latest act of the disbandment of the Continental army occurred.

I honor the wisdom and the patriotism of the citizens of Newburgh

in celebrating the Centennial of the announcement of peace on the 19th of April; of the citizens of Fishkill, in celebrating the Centennial of the issuing of the order for the disbandment of the Continental Army, on the 2d of June, and of the citizens of New Windsor in celebrating the Centennial of the last act in the fulfilment of that order, on the 22d of June.

There remains nothing more to be done in the Centennial Celebration of the two great events of Peace and Disbandment of the Continental Army. When your Celebration shall take place the time and event concur in making it the final one.

Your friend and fellow citizen,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

LETTER FROM HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 16, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR:—My Nephew has sent me your invitation to be with you on the twenty-second. I regret very much that it is impossible for me to be with you as I long ago accepted an invitation to attend the the Centennial celebration of the Phillips Exeter Academy, and moreover agreed to preside at the dinner, which takes place on the twenty-first of June; so that at the time of your celebration I shall be far away in New Hampshire.

With sincerest thanks for the kindness of your invitation, I remain very truly yours, GEORGE BANCROFT.

LETTER FROM HON. J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS.

1,621 H STREET, WASHINGTON. June 13 1883.

DEAR SIR:—I duly received your letter in regard to the New Windsor celebration and ought to have answered it before; but a pressure of business consequent on closing the term of court has prevented. I feel greatly flattered at the desire of the committee that I should be present at the celebration. It will unfortunately be impossible for me to do so. I am going to Europe early in July, and shall be kept here up to the day of sailing. I have forwarded the letter to Mr. Bancroft.

Very truly yours, J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS.

The Honorable Judge Fancher and others.

LETTER FROM JOHN A. C. GRAY, ESQ.

FIFTH AVENUE, June 20, 1883.

Hon. E. L. Fancher and others.

DEAR SIRS:—I am in receipt of your kind favor of yesterday, inviting me on behalf of the New Windsor Centennial Committee to attend the celebration on the 22d, and to act as one of the Vice-Presidents on the occasion. It would give me great pleasure to accept the invitation and be present on such an interesting gathering, but my arrangements are perfected for a somewhat extended tour in the West, leaving on Friday, and so I am compelled to deprive myself of the pleasure and honor your courtesy extended to me.

With my respectful acknowledgement to the committee, I am dear sirs, yours very truly. JNO. A. C. GRAY.

LETTER FROM HON. GEO. M. BEEBE.

MONTICELLO, N. Y., June 18, 1883.

Robert R. Ellison, Esq., Secretary, etc.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours enclosing invitation to attend New Windsor Centennial celebration is received. I very much regret that other engagements make it impossible for me to attend. Yours truly,

G. M. BEEBE.

LETTER FROM GENL. HORACE PORTER.

No. 15 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, June 18, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—As I was compelled to say to you when you were kind

enough to call upon me in New York, it will be impossible for me to accept your very polite invitation to the Centennial celebration at New Windsor on the 22d inst.

Thanking you for the kindness and thoughtfulness in inviting me, I am truly yours,

HORACE PORTER.

John R. Caldwell Esq., Newburgh N.Y.

LETTER FROM GENL. WM. W. BELKNAP.

EVAN'S BUILDING, 1420 NEW YORK AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18, 1883.

John R. Caldwell and others, Newburgh, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIRS:—I find my business so pressing, on my return from the West, that it will not be possible for me to accept the kind invitation of the New Windsor Centennial Committee for June 22d.

You know how sincerely I regret the necessity for this declination. All will appreciate the patriotic purpose of the citizens of that historic locality in doing honor to a spot made sacred by the men of the revolution.

As my early life was passed so near, my regret that I cannot come, is earnest and sincere.

Thanking the Committee for their courtesy, I am yours very truly,

WM. W. BELKNAP.

LETTER FROM CAPT. JAS. T. CHASE.

ARMORY FIFTH SEPARATE COMPANY, INFANTRY,
FIFTH BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, N. G. S. N. Y.

Robert R. Ellison, Esq., Secretary New Windsor Centennial Committee.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to myself and command to participate in the Centennial exercises on the 22d inst., at New Windsor is received. And in the name of the Fifth Separate Company permit me to thank you for the same. It will be impossible for us to unite with you upon this occasion, as we will necessarily be absent in camp on that day. Please accept the best wishes of the Fifth Company for the success of your celebration and allow me to express the hope that the memories aroused by the coming Centennial celebration may cement us together in a more earnest and zealous love for our common country and the principles for which our forefathers suffered and died.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES T. CHASE.
Capt. 5th Sep. Co., Infantry, N. G. S. N. Y.

E. M. Ruttenber was then introduced and delivered the following address:

MR. RUTTENBER'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT: We have assembled to-day on a spot which is not only hallowed by historic associations of thrilling interest, but surrounded by those which have a marked place in the records of our nation—the scenes of stratagems and treason, the abiding places of heroes, the cradling beds of statesmen. On the south, amid the giant hills which mark the northern gateway of the Hudson, the "stars and stripes" float on the breeze as they did one hundred years ago—then over the battlements of the strategic key to the American continent, now the seat of our military college, the right arm of our national strength—West Point, where crumbling ruins mark the sites of revolutionary citadels which were watched and guarded by New Windsor's sons and their adjoining contemporaries, called thither by the boom of cannon by day, and by signal beacon fires flashing from the crest of Butter Hill by night—watched and guarded by Washington from his Head-quarters at the Ellison house in New Windsor and his tattered army whose little "huts" spread over the land from Plum Point to

Woodbury clove and thence wove a serpentine wreath around the base of the hills to the Ramapo pass, during the darkest hours of the struggle for independence. More directly to the eastward the debris of ancient forges recalls the anchorage of Deacon Samuel Brewster and the construction of the famous chain, the massive links of which were stretched across the bosom of the river; while from the headland at Plum Point, the site of the first European dwelling in the district, where may still be traced the embrasures or Machin's battery, was extended that wonderful chevaux-de-frize of cribs and spears to Pallopel's Island. On the north Robert Boyd forged the muskets and bayonets that were borne on many fields where freemen met their foes. Beyond was nothing but a country to be defended, until at a later period when Washington, after sending out his guard in weary search for a dwelling accepted, as the only one that could be found unoccupied, the Hasbrouck house at Newburgh. Not one of his general officers was with him there. Gates, who held command of the right wing, was at the John Ellison house, and Heath, who held the left wing, was in the Highlands. The Gates head-quarters (previously Knox's) remains in its primitive architecture midway to the Hudson. The then stately mansion of Governor Colden was on the northwest, where went the plucky Major Logan and his minute men to arrest the politically truant son of an honored name. On the west the Square—Liberty Square they called it then; the Falls' house, where Daniel Taylor swallowed the silver bullet but could not keep it down; and the homesteads of the Burnets, the Humphreys, the Mulliners, the Dennistons and the Clintons, with whom, politically, "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was" LIBERTY!

Need I note New Windsor's honored sons? Col. Ellison, the pioneer of Orange county's commerce; Admiral William Chambers of the English navy; Chief Justice John Chambers; John Alsop, representative in the Continental Congress and the grandfather of Governor John A. King; Governor George Clinton, for twenty-two years chief executive of the State and for nearly eight years Vice-President of the United States; General James Clinton, for twenty-five years a pioneer soldier, whose name is written with his sword on the battle-fields of his country from Fort Frontenac to Yorktown; Governor DeWitt Clinton, to whose policy the State owes its title of Empire; Charles Beattie, the pioneer minister, from whose loins an army of messengers of God have traversed and are still traversing our country—are names that

> ——"Will not wither, though the earth
> Forget her empires with a just decay."

Finally—for in the ten minutes allotted to me much must necessarily be omitted—finally, the spot on which we are assembled—the soil pressed by the feet of the suffering, triumphant army of the Revolution—shaded by the foliage of trees which have sprung from the ashes of its buried dead—may we not say, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground?"

From the earliest to the latest hour of the revolutionary struggle New Windsor was not without encampments of armed men. We cannot locate them all now, but the record of occupation around the Falls house, and on the uplands immediately west of Silver Stream, is clear and unmistakable. The sites of some of the barracks may still be traced at the latter place, while nearer by unlettered stones mark the narrow beds of men who perilled all, who counted not their lives, and whose ashes mutely appeal to this generation for that memorial tablet which the poverty of the nation in its infancy witheld.

Let us look at the Silver Stream cantonment for a moment. November 2d, 1782, the left wing of the army camped on its open fields, and there, a few days later, it was joined by the right wing, the whole constituting a force of over eight thousand men. Twenty days later Genl. Gates writes: "From the time of our arrival on this side of the moun-

tains we have been constantly employed in hutting, and making every preparation necessary to keep us warm and healthy through the severity of the approaching season. I think another week will complete the business." Genl. Howe writes a few days later: "Our army have been laboring night and day to build their huts, and a wilderness is already changed into a city." Genl. Heath tells us that "the cantonment, for its nature and kind, was regular and beautiful," and Chastellux, more precise than all, writes: "The barracks are spacious, healthy and well built, and consist of a row of log-houses containing two chambers, each inhabited by eight soldiers when complete. A second range of barracks is destined for the non-commissioned officers. These barracks are placed in the middle of the woods, on the slope of the hills and within reach of water, as the object is a healthy and convenient situation. The army are on several lines not exactly parallel with each other." He explains that what he calls barracks "they (the Americans) call huts"—"wooden houses well built and well covered, having garrets and even cellars." There were not less than a thousand of these houses. No wonder it was called a city—it was a city, and not only so but one the counterpart of which has had no existence. Its eight thousand inhabitants were representatives of Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire, nearly all of whom had enlisted "for the war," and on whose arms was written, "Victory or death!" Whatever they were at an earlier period, they were not "ragged Continentals" then, but were well clothed and fed; their arms were burnished, and their banners floated proudly on the breeze.

Let us turn to another part of the field. Genl. Heath writes: "Upon an eminence the troops erected a building, handsomely finished, with a spacious hall, sufficient to contain a brigade of troops on Lord's days, for public worship, with an orchestra (or gallery) at one end; the vault of the roof was arched; at each end of the hall were two rooms conveniently situated for the issuing of the General Orders, for the sittings of Board of Officers, Courts Martial, &c., and an office and store for the Quartermaster and Commissary's departments. On the top was a cupola and flagstaff, on which a flag was hoisted occasionally for signals, &c." I will not discuss the location of this building, further than to say that it stood on an eminence in front of the "regular and beautiful" encampment. We have no pictured representation of it. The cupola was probably on the south end and under it the rooms for officers' meetings with door; the hall in the centre was entered from the west, and the commissary's rooms were on the north and were entered from that end. Inside, the hall was eight feet six inches from floor to plate and the vault of the ceiling perhaps twenty-five feet from the floor in the center. The gallery may have had its place in the vault over the commissary's rooms; and the pulpit or platform for speakers on the south, where side doors communicated with the officers' rooms. Notwithstanding the traditions to the contrary, which some persons are slow to relinquish, Genl. Gates' Orders leave no room for doubting that it was a frame building, boarded outside and lathed and plastered inside. Although not completely finished, it was dedicated or formally opened on the 6th of February, the anniversary of the alliance with France, on which occasion there was a celebration and a collation, and a ball in the evening. From that date the title of the "The Temple" appears, a title which has adhered to it through all the years of the century, though only found officially in the papers of Baron Steuben. The building was probably taken down and its materials removed to West Point after the encampment was broken up, a similar disposition having been made of some of the army buildings at Fishkill at an earlier period.

I have noticed this building particularly because it was the scene of more events than Heath enumerates in the purposes for which it was constructed. It was the heart of the encampment. Whatever there was of society had representation in levees within its walls—whatever

there was of politics had consideration here. It was literally and practically the head-quarters of the army. Here Washington replied to the Armstrong letters—letters which were thought to breath nothing but the darkest mutiny, but which gave him occasion to exclaim: "Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the highest stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining." Following in the order of notable events was the proclamation "declaring the cessation of arms between the United States of America and his Brittanic Majesty, and enjoining the observance thereof," adopted by Congress April 11th, 1783. This proclamation was communicated to the army by Washington on the 18th of April in these words: "The Commander-in-Chief orders the cessation of hostilities between the United States and the King of Great Britain to be publicly proclaimed to-morrow at 12 o'clock at the new building, and that the proclamation which will be communicated herewith be read to-morrow evening at the head of every regiment and corps in the army. After which the chaplains with the several brigades will render thanks to Almighty God for all his mercies, particularly for his overruling the wrath of man to his own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations." * * "The Adjutant-General will have such working parties detailed to assist him in making such preparations for a general rejoicing as the Chief-Engineer with the army shall call for, and the Quartermaster-General will also furnish such materials as he may want. An extra ration of rum will be issued to each man."

Thacher continues the narrative: "On the completion of eight years from the memorable battle of Lexington, the proclamation of congress for a cessation of hostilities was published at the door of the public building, followed by three huzzas; after which a prayer was offered to the Almighty Ruler of the world, by the Rev. Mr. Gano, and an anthem performed by voices and instruments." Heath writes that the anthem was "Independence," from Billings. To many who are present it is known by its ringing defiant line, "No king but God!". Of all that was said or sung on that occasion it alone survives. You will hear it again to-day and probably for the first time that it has been publicly rendered in one hundred years. It was no doubt rendered with more enthusiasm then than it can be now, for it not only requires an army of voices to develop its power, but the circumstances were different. In this encampment and within the walls of this building a conflict had been waged which, though bloodless, was more fraught with consequences than the conflict at Saratoga or at Yorktown. There were those who regarded national independence as but a change from one monarchy to another—men who had at least inferentially tendered a crown to Washington, who refused to yield to their opinions. Nor would the rank and file of the army listen to the proposition. They had fought for freedom, and catching up the notes of the song-maker, rolled their answer bold and strong against the sky, "No king but God!" In this connection the fact should be noticed that the army was entirely familiar with the anthem, and was ready to render it, "with voices and instruments," at an hour's notice, for there was but a few hours at most; it had been rehearsed around the camp-fires since '76; neither the song nor its sentiment were new; the latter had become the political theory of the army, and none knew that it was so better than Washington when he refused the bauble that a mere faction sought but had not the power to confer. No, the liberty which we enjoy came not from that refusal but from this humble chant—this child of the people. I am glad that so many voices have been found willing to sing this song of freedom to-day; I would that the number had been sufficient to give to its notes the sound of many waters; I would that the waves of sound which rolled over these hills one hundred years ago were repeated to-day, and at centennials through the coming ages with increasing force, bearing upon their crests to the Eternal Throne perpetual testimony of the fidelity of the people to civil and religious liberty.

Details of the "general rejoicing" which Washington ordered have not been preserved; further than the notes of Thacher and Heath and a subsequent order by Washington, we have nothing. That it was no mean affair may be inferred from the fact that the order was unlimited, and from the fact that three hundred and fifty feet of seven-inch timber was required for a frame for the fire-works at the new building. Probably the celebration extended over three days. No doubt is there that cannons blazed and trumpets sounded and that the heavens glowed with fire, for where else in all the world's history, unless with the Israelites on the banks of the Red Sea, was there ever occasion for greater joy—where else could the shout have been more appropriate, "Jehovah has triumphed; His people are free!"

One other event should be noted—the first meeting of delegates for the organization of The Society of the Cincinnati was held "in the new public building" on Tuesday, May 8th. A committee then appointed prepared its constitution at the head-quarters of Steuben, at Fishkill, and it was reported and adopted here on the 10th, from which day the Society dates its formation. Time will not permit more than the statement of these facts. The purpose of the organization was to perpetuate the friendships which the officers had formed during the long and eventful struggle and carry the memory of those events through representative links to their posterity. Its organization was the prelude to the disbandment of the army by furloughs, and the almost tragic separations of comrades which occurred here under the resolution of Congress, and the communicating order of Washington of June 2d. Steuben had endeavored to make the disbandment formal and impressive, and to this end suggested that the men entitled to furlough "be marched to the Temple in regiments or battalions" and so dimissed "that they might return to their States with that honor and dignity which their services" merited. But the inability of Congress to provide money for the payment of the men made a different mode necessary. The men were literally hurried away—were literally poor and without where to lay their heads. No wonder that, under the circumstances regiment after regiment moved from these grounds with aching hearts—no wonder that Heath's statement that "the roads were filled with veterans returning to their homes crowned with well earned laurels," is marred by North's testimony that those veterans were "poor and friendless and alone." Though endeavoring to avoid it, and characteristically cynical in his description, Steuben admits that he "had to hear the sad farewells of the officers and soldiers." Thacher and North and Humphries have left more sympathetic accounts. Writes North: "The inmates of the same tent, or hut, for seven long years, grasped each others hands in silent agony! How many hearts were wrung! I saw it all, nor will the scene be ever blurred or blotted from my view." And Humphries adds:

> "Once friendship made their cup of sufferings sweet—
> The dregs how bitter, now those bands must part—
> Ah! never, never more on earth to meet.
> Distill'd from gall that inundates the heart,
> What tears from heroes' eyes are seen to start."

The men entitled to furlough having departed, Washington, on the 20th of June, ordered: "The troops of this cantonment will march on Monday morning, 5 o'clock, by the left. The senior Brigadier of the Massachusetts Line will conduct the column over Butter Hill to West Point." The army of eight thousand men who came hither in November had dwindled to about eight hundred, who had but few months longer to wait. With the gathering twilight of this day one hundred years ago, the curtain closes around the "regular and beautiful" encampment and shuts it from our view. "Out of mortal sight, but into immortal history" those who were its occupants have long since passed. We come here to-day to honor them in centennial memorial—to lift our voices where they lifted theirs—to rejoice where they rejoiced

over the triumph which they had won—to press the soil which they baptized with their parting tears. Well will it be if thereby we learn to emulate their example, and thus

"Augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom."

At the conclusion of Mr. Ruttenber's address, the choir sang Billings' anthem

"INDEPENDENCE."

The States, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in Thy strength rejoice,
And blest with Thy salvation raise
To Heaven their cheerful voice.
To the King they shall sing: Halleluiah!
Thy goodness and Thy tender care
Have all our foes destroyed;
A covenant of peace Thou mad'st with us,
Confirmed by Thy word;
A covenant Thou mad'st with us,
And sealed it with Thy blood.
To the King they shall sing: Halleluiah!
And all the continent shall sing:
God is our rightful King! Halleluiah!
And all the continent shall sing:
Down with this earthly king!
No king but God!
To the King they shall sing: Halleluiah!
And the continent shall sing:
God is our gracious king! Halleluiah!
They shall sing to the King: Halleluiah!
Let us sing to the King: Halleluiah!
God is the king: Amen.
The Lord is his name! Amen.

May his blessing descend,
World without end,
On every part of this continent.
May harmony and peace
Begin and never cease,
And may the strength increase
Of the continent.
May American wilds
Be filled with His smiles,
And may the nations bow
To our royal King.
May Rome, France and Spain,
And all the world proclaim,
The glory and the fame,
Of our royal King.
God is the king! Amen.
The Lord is His name. Amen.
Loud, loudly sing,
That God is the King!
May his reign be glorious;
America victorious;
And may the earth acknowledge
God is the King!
Amen. Amen. Amen.

The singing of the anthem was succeeded by the reading of the following original poem, by Clarence F. Buhler, author of the prize poem on the battle of Antietam:

POEM.

I.

On this historic spot to-day,
With reverence we assemble;
With whispers from the storied Past
The Highland breezes tremble.
Legends to every rock and tree
Are like the mosses clinging,
And all along these mountain paths
Like wayside flowers are springing.

A "cloud of witnesses" are here
In tattered regimentals,
A shadowy host is mustered round
Of brave old continentals.
From yonder grove, a viewless band
Of heroes rise before us,
And Clinton's shade and Washington's
Are proudly bending o'er us.

And here to-day in martial garb,
Are gathered their descendants,
Worthy to be the sons of those
Who fought for Independence.
If any stranger here, would know
In what a gallant manner

They bore the flag to victory,
  Look at their riddled banner!

The fame of Lafayette has lent
  A charm to yonder valley;
Steuben and Knox are honored names
  Wherever freemen rally;
And there is yet another name
  To be forever cherished,
For Campbell sang how "Freedom shrieked,"
  When Kosciusko perished.

And though a traitor broke the oath
  He took at Freedom's altar,
We "hold the fort" in Arnold's spite—
  West Point was our Gibraltar.
And now we meet on Temple Hill,
  Whose fame shall be perennial
As Liberty's Olympian height,
  To keep its first Centennial.

II.

The eye of fancy backward looks
  Across a hundred years,
And lo! on Snake Hill's southern slope.
  The Temple reappears.

With firm built walls, and barrack roof,
  The signal flag above,
It stands the object of our pride.
  The object of our love.

No pomp of architecture there,
  But where beneath the skies
Is any Temple "made with hands"
  So dear to patriot eyes?

Here men who would not bend the knee
  At any monarch's nod,
Knelt to the Lord of Sabaoth,
  And sang "No King but God."

And as we turn the pictures o'er
  Within the book of Time,
We view the glorious scenes that made
  The Temple walls sublime.

Blush, blush ye potentates with shame!
  Blush for your mean renown!
Here Washington, with proud disdain,
  Refused the offered crown.

Ye modern Cæsars, who would "wade
  Through slaughter to the throne,"
Upon a grander sight than this
  The sun has never shone.

Not one of ye are worthy
  To touch his garment's hem,
For he who has a royal soul
  Needs not a diadem.

Immortal were the words he spake

On that momentous day,
But his indignant tears were still
More eloquent than they.

III.

Let us view another picture—
Calmly in the Temple door
Stands the Father of his Country,
To Proclaim the struggle o'er.

There he stands in sunny April,
"First in war and first in peace,"
Bringing to his war-worn army
Tidings of their glad release.

Eight long years of toil and warfare
In the gloomy background rise,
But a rainbow spans the future—
There the land of Promise lies.

As they think of wife and children
Rings their jubilant shout in air,
And when night is on the mountains
See the blaze of glory there!

IV.

'Twas in "the leafy month of June,"
A century to-day,
The last remaining soldier went
Upon his homeward way.

And as he marched o'er Butter Hill,
His eyes were moist and dim
To think of those in yonder grove
Who could not march with him.

V.

O, my friends, when the fame of the temples of old
Has faded away "like a tale that is told,"
The name of *this* Temple in letters of gold
Shall sparkle on history's pages;
And shall we, in whose veins the same crimson is found,
That made Saratoga and Monmouth renowned,
Leave this old temple site and this burial ground,
Unmarked and unknown through the ages?

No! lift the right hand to the heavens above,
And swear by the God and the country we love,
That we to our trust will not recreant prove,
And by this magnificent river,
A column shall tell to the listening skies
That here the old Life-guard of Liberty lies,
A shrine for all patriots forever.

At this point the exercises were more especially connected with the rëunion of the 124th Regiment, and were introduced by an address of welcome to the veterans by Genl. George H. Sharpe, of Kingston, a full report of whose remarks the committee have been unable to obtain. The synopsis of his as well as of Judge Clinton's remarks are from the Press Reports.

GENERAL SHARPE'S ADDRESS.

After Mr. Buhler's poem, there was an address and welcome to the veteran soldiers by General George H. Sharpe, of Kingston. His remarks were brief. He said that when Judge Graham asked him to make a speech, he said he would not know what to say, and the Judge had replied, "Don't you know something about the Clintons?" Yes, he was familiar with the lives of the Clintons, and he had come from the home of George Clinton to that of James Clinton, and here as well as there they were all Clintonians, he believed; there were no "Bucktails" remaining. The program, however, announced that was to deliver an address of welcome to the veterans, and taking it altogether he was a little mixed. He would, therefore, take the skirmish line with the veterans in full confidence that his friend Winfield would sustain his advance and maintain the honor of the day.

He said during the war Lord John Russell predicted that when the war was over republican institutions would have been destroyed. He said there would be left a standing army in the field, but when that standing army was dissolved into its original elements, and the farmer went back to the farm, the lawyer to his brief, and the artisan to his workshop, and when on their way home the 124th and the other great regiments had marched through Washington, they had established that the strongest form of government was the Republican form. Our veterans are entitled to this credit.

He said he had come to speak to them of James and George Clinton, but he did not intend to enter into a lengthy discussion. He paid a glowing tribute to the noble representative of the Clinton family who was present with them that day—George W. Clinton, who was at present engaged at Albany in the compiling of a record of the Clinton papers. It had been well said that the seven years war was the preparation of all the great soldiers of the Revolution. It was there that Washington was prepared and likewise James and George Clinton. The Clintons came from a soldiery family. Their great grand-father was a soldier under Charles the First. It was not generally known that James was the elder of the two brothers. He was three years older than George. They took part in the earliest movements of the Revolutionary war. George was a member of the first Congress which prepared the Declaration of Indepedence. Because of their knowledge of the mountain passes they were called upon to command the troops between Westchester and Albany Counties, and defend these mountain passes. For eighteen years George was Governor of the State, running through the war and the settlement of peace afterward. Their story was a part of the history of the country.

Addressing the veterans of the 124th, General Sharpe said that they could not have chosen a better place or time for their annual gathering. Their names would always be mentioned in connection with the Clintons and the events of this day. The Clintons were among the honored founders of the nation while the veterans were honored as its preservers. He congratulated them on the memories of the day. He ad-

vised them not to disband their regiment and counseled them to learn lessons of fidelity and patriotism from the example of James Clinton and his brother George.

JUDGE CLINTON'S ADDRESS.

Judge George W. Clinton was introduced by ex-Senator E. M. Madden. He was received with cheering, and seemed to be much impressed with his hearty reception. He said he was delighted to be present, and was grateful for his kind reception. He said addressing the throng, he had inspected their faces, and that of their fathers before them; and their mothers before them he knew. The warmth of their greeting made him feel he was born in New Windsor, whose people he respected and loved, and he would be thankful if he could carry away with him some portion of their regard. He said that Temple Hill was the most hallowed spot in the country. No monument that could be raised could be too sacred or grand to commemorate the great events that took place there, and the men of Orange, Ulster, Dutchess and Westchester who held these mountain passes secure. He spoke many glowing words of praise for the wives of the patriots. Who was it that came to the fields and to the forges and warned men of the approach of the tories? Who tended the crops while the men were at war? He was glad that there stood before him descendants of those who valued chivalry more than self. Once, he trembled for the fate of his country, yea, wept as it were, tears of blood, and for a long time it seemed as though there was no hope but the country would be shivered in atoms by a foul rebellion. "I never had any other name for it"—remarked the speaker. For a time he could speak to no man. He was at war with the world, and it seemed as though his very friends were enemies. At length he saw the country reunited, and at peace. He concluded by paying a glowing tribute to woman. Said he, "Cherish your women; they are your noblest inspiration," and so long as women are honored would the country be honored and prosperous.

Judge Clinton's speech was followed by the singing of

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Bring the good old bugle boys, we'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound—
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When the saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and t'was a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot alas! to reckon with the host,

While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Hon. Charles H. Winfield then delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. CHARLES H. WINFIELD.

Gentlemen of the New Windsor Centennial Committee:

On behalf of the spared and faithful few of the 124th Regiment, who remain to unite with you, in the ceremonies of this hallowed occasion, I thank you for having so kindly remembered them, and they thank you and the organ chosen to speak for you, for the beautiful tribute to the living and to the memories of the dead, which has been paid, in the offer of your generous hospitalities.

In the "breathing thoughts" and "burning words" of your orator, we learn afresh, how much, and often, the success of eloquence is born of sympathy between orator and hearer.

With every other qualification of genius and learning, and intellect, to justify the selection of its author, the tribute just closed has gone still deeper into the souls of the gallant veterans to whom it was addressed, because it swelled up from a soldier's sympathizing heart, and because the speaker, and the little band of hearers he addressed had shared in presence of each other the perils of battle and the glories of victory, and each had cheered the other, in laying their offerings and sacrifices upon the altar of a common country.

It now seems to me, that the part I have consented to take, in the most interesting exercises of this occasion, should be allotted to some other friend of the Regiment, of whom they have so many, more fit for this duty than myself; and if for no other reason than because I have so often had occasion to canvass the claims of the 124th Regiment, upon the gratitude of the citizens of their county and country, that I now feel at loss to utter an appropriate sentiment which I have not expressed on some former occasion, and, which you, my fellow citizens, have not before heard or read. The brave, true men for whom I speak, have not asked, perhaps will not expect of me, an allusion to-day to their achievements, sacrifices, courage or patriotism, but how well does every individual who now listens know how vain would be any attempt of him who responds here for these scarred veterans to stifle the promptings of the heart, or crowd back the sad, but precious memories which demand utterance by him who would assign to the returned soldier his fiting place amid these Centennial ceremonies, and his just desert in the estimate of men; and it is not the claim alone of the surviving defenders of a nation's existence and honor upon a nation's gratitude, which demands fresh recognition on such a day as this, but to-day if ever, we are reminded that to cherish the memories and praise the virtues of those who have died for us, was ever an incentive to courage and patriotism, and is the only chaplet we can weave for the graves of our buried heroes, and therefore, even at the hazard of repeating myself, I must, for there seems no choice otherwise, turn back the tide of twenty-one years in our later history and refer to a few of the stirring events of camp and field, which have made the Orange Blossoms objects of most precious interest to us all.

It were unprofitable to recall here the fact that upon the first call this organization was full and perfect, with almost magic alacrity and promptness; so let our first contemplation of its strength and perfections relate to that memorable morning when with ranks filled and "souls eager for the fray," Colonel Ellis and the brave boys who were his pride and joy, were about to bid good bye, and how many of them

forever, to their homes and march beneath the striped and starry emblem of their nation's unity and honor to the bloody ground, where both were at stake.

Incidentally I have introduced the name of Colonel Ellis, the heroic and chivalrous first commander of this regiment. This feeble tribute to the achievements of the living and the dead must not be invidious. But standing amidst the men and women of New Windsor to-day, addressing you who gave this gallant spirit to the war, and who were well nigh heart-broken over his early fall, how shall I restrain my tribute of sorrow that your hopes in his dawning fame were so soon crushed, and that he whose ceaseless energy enlisted this regiment, and disciplined it for its career of glory, and was its guiding and animating star in the fore front of every battle he lived to fight with it, was stricken down at the very dawning of his blood-bought fame, and that ye who loved him have only his ashes and his pure name to venerate and cherish.

Yes there was a flag there bathing in the soft light and fluttering in the gentle wind of that early Autumn day, and its precious beauties, dear almost as their hearts' blood, to these its veteran guardians, are again unfolded to us, and, thanks to the courage of its keepers and their compatriots, it is yet, to-day, the flag of our whole Union.

"You all do know this banner." Once I held it in my grasp, and unfurled it in your presence; and will you, who never allowed foemen's hand to wrest or clutch it, give it to my keeping for a moment, and, doubtless, for the last time.

So rapidly have the years come and gone, that it seems but yesterday since the ladies of Orange County placed in these hands this beautiful standard for presentation to you, that it might float above and before you, lighting and cheering the pathway of your march, to your country's succor, and nerve you amid the flame and roar of battle.

I was bidden by the donors to say to you how well they knew that no stain would be allowed to mar or dishonor it while you had hearts to cherish or hands to save or rescue it; and they said, "tell them more, "that as they look upon it, by fading twilight or at the morning's dawn, "they must not forget that, at those precious hours, the orisons of the "the givers will always be offered to the God of battles for their success, "their welfare, the preservation of their lives, and their safe return, "and that wherever the exigencies of the war may cast their soldier lot "thither our love and affection and gratitude will follow them and care "for them."

Thus commissioned I weakly tendered you the beautiful offering in terms poorly comparing with the precious worth of the gift, and with the interest of the occasion.

In your acceptance, most beautifully expressed by Judge Gedney, eloquent always, and ever a loving and faithful friend of your regiment, you promised that honor and bravery should mark your possession of this dear treasure, and that if human courage would serve to preserve it we should look upon its pure fair folds again, perhaps torn and worn by battle, but never stained by cowardice, or dishonored by treason.

On the green hillside where, twenty-one years ago, this solemn pledge was given, with a sobbing multitude for its witnesses, there were present, the most cheering auguries, that every word of it would be fulfilled.

The qualities of this untried regiment might surely be relied upon as guaranteeing for its every promise. There were virtue and heroism, beaming from almost its every face, and the manly form and brave mien of every soldier gave best assurance that his hand dared all which his breast thought right.

And *this* was a parting pledge, made amid the sorrows of a separation, which, in so many instances, could end only with the roll call of the resurrection morning; and tears were falling there which would not stain the cheek of matron, maiden or soldier. Promises made in the presence of a sorrow as chaste and as holy as this could not fail; and

how often it is our blessed experience that tears, whether of penitence or grief, are harbingers of hope and deliverence, for

> "Hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,
> May be born, like the rainbow, in tears."

And so it was, that when the last adieu had been said, and the last soldier's form had faded from our sight, we knew that by the tidings of our brave boys' first engagement we should learn that they had borne their colors safely, from the smoke and carnage of the battle, and that not a heart had faltered in the fight.

Even at this remote period it is a painful memory to recall how many lives were lost, that this gift might be unfurled once more in the presence of the givers.

From Fredericksburgh to the Wilderness and in all the score of battles which intervened the brave hearts and strong arms which kept this trust were at the post of extreme danger, "even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered." There sank the fallen, and the last fire of the fading eye, rekindled at beholding once more this floating standard, yet bravely borne by friendly hands. To such hands I recommit it; and may it remain your just pride till the last survivor shall fold his "silent tent" and enter upon that life which ends not with death and whose honors never fade.

Allusion has been before made, to the time when the 124th Regiment was recruited, and took its place among the citizen soldiery of the Union. It was in the Summer of 1862. It was the year and the season, when there could be no mistaking the object, or motive of the volunteer, who asked that a place be assigned him in the Union ranks. It had grown too late to hope that the revolt was not serious and deadly, or that only a holiday service would be expected of those who were being mustered "to put rebellion down."

If there had ever in some minds existed a doubt of the deeply settled purpose of the Confederacy to establish a government of its own, and maintain it, at the hazard of brave blood, that doubt had vanished, and to that purpose every Northerner had witnessed, in the Confederate soldier, a skill and courage which attested his revolutionary lineage, and would have shed lustre upon a cause that did not involve the destruction of a government, which was the legacy of revolutionary fathers. And while it was too late to hope for a peaceful solution of our country's troubles it was yet too early to hope that a peace had been conquered, or that the arms of a powerful adversary were to be yielded up without further resistance and bloodshed. The great heart of the North was still treasuring our wise and blessed institutions with the fond exclamation, "How can I give ye up!" But the most hopeful patriotism would sometimes despond at the decimation of our ranks, and the skill and confidence of our too often successful adversaries. There was yet hope for the cause, but it was manifest that the perils of the republic could be "swallowed up in victory" only when the best blood of the union States should be offered and poured to resist the strongest arms and the bravest hearts in the world excepting, always, those of our own North.

It was there and thus that this regiment came forth from homes of plenty and happiness and affection, and scouting danger and braving death almost as phantoms of fancy, stalked into the bloody field where those who escaped death could well nigh be hailed as exceptions in a general carnage and where the "death shots" were the "deadliest," either of ancient or modern warfare.

Well might its brave commander exclaim, as he received the colors before referred to, "The Regiment was raised to fight," and well did each officer and soldier at his command realize the stern significance of such a declared purpose; and what wonder is it that with duty so clearly revealed and entered upon without one lingering regret, there is not a record of weakness or failure.

A word has been said as to the individual qualities of the men of the

124th. Let it be added, that the intrinsic worth of that gift of your county to the Union army, and the cause it guarded and saved, glorious as was the reputation or the regiment, has never been and cannot be overestimated.

Most of the one thousand men I speak for (and the living answer for the dead to-day) enlisted in the very prime and vigor of their young manhood, at a time when of all periods of life home offers most attractions, and when *their* presence offered to home's circles one of the dearest and choicest springs of its hope and protection. The hands of parental affection did not wave adieu to the Orange Blossoms because father and mother had no desire in them here, or because dawning depravity threatened to transform them into outcasts or outlaws. Society afforded no fairer patterns of moral culture or intellectual progress than were culled for this regiment; and few transfers from the abodes of peace, to the battle field, and the grave beyond, could have created "a ghastlier gap in his own kind and kindred," than was left by each brave heart, who perished in the fight. The bereaved at home are yet learning, day by day, by their disconsolate loneliness, and their need of the lost, the extent and value of their offering to their country. A new generation, reared with the same example and the same careful culture may supply yeomanry, and citizens who will serve their country with equal credit, whether in times of peace or war; but, is the contingency reasonably certain?

There are two sources of danger to our expectations. There is truth as well as poetry, in the lines which teach, that

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

and the patriot may well become anxious that this age of gold gathering may be less fruitful of true manhood and sterling virtue than the years which first succeeded our early national trials, when simple manners, and habits, and few and humble wants, left leisure and inclination for the cultivation of the mind and heart. It is indeed hard to tell whether this generation possesses time or taste to make men good and useful, rather than rich and pretentious. "It were a consummation devoutly to be wished" if even the mother of the period could again be seen, folding to her aged honest heart, the sturdy son of her hope and pride, clad in the garments which, perhaps, her own fingers have spun and woven, and storing his willing mind with precepts of integrity and truth, and imparting the sense of duty to God and his country.

But if every added year of our nation's history finds this people drifting wider from the safe and simple paths by which our fathers led us; if to the exclusion of the higher objects of philanthropy and statesmanship the mind of this century will grapple only with the baser problems as to the best means of achieving and displaying wealth, a nation of sharpers we may become; but by and by, when there is need, in the cabinet and on the field, of such statecraft and heroism as saved us from wreck when the rebellion overtook us, there is danger that there shall be neither wisdom, or courage, or virtue, to save us.

In this hour of our great temptation to lay aside the virtues of those who builded so wisely for us, and choose, as our chief good, the pursuits and luxuries which have so disastrously affected other times and peoples, there is still hope of our escape in the precepts and examples of the incomparable men to whom we owe all that bears the dear appellation, Our Country; but as those lights begin to pale on our pathway; as intervening time bedims and unsteadies them, we realize a new danger in the fact which many a child has wept over, that when trial and temptation came, the parent's admonitions and advice were wanting and forgotten.

We may trust that this rock of peril lies far ahead of us, and many centennials may come and go before our pilots shall miss the lights they steer by; for how redolent are all things and all places here of the

blessed memories of the revolutionary era. I will not call up particular events, but the shores of this river and other parts of our county have indeed been hallowed as the scenes of the sorest trials and grandest plans of the age we celebrate, and when we review the history and traits of the people of Orange County, who then kept watch and ward at the cradle of the young republic; when we give thought to the fact that the men and women of to-day are prominently of revolutionary stock, and that patriotism has been their birthright, their example, and their inspiration; that the story of the long dreary years of want and suffering which our republic cost, has enlivened the tales of their childhood, and that they have lingered with breathless interest over the record in the bloom of life, let us cease to wonder that from such a parentage, at the first call of duty, a recruit for our army to fight for the Union emerged from every farm house and every workshop.

But will it always be thus? Shall we always walk by faith, without sight, in the pathway of traditional virtue and patriotism? One hundred years have elasped since on the very spot our eyes now behold, our Cincinnatus, nay greater, and better, our matchless Washington, with that righteous indignation of which his mighty soul was supremely capable, refused to become a despot over the new born liberties which he and his glorious compeers had just wrung from tyrany's stifling grasp. Does self-sacrifice need no later exemplar? Shall the rich spoils of our now magnificent empire, daze the eye or coax the grasp of no patricide, so long as the effulgent example of his country's Father shall shine upon the coming ages? So long as this great memory is cherished as now, we have hope of such a history.

So long as the American pilgrim seeks new inspiration amid the silent shades of Mount Vernon, and drops "the pearl distilled from affection's eye" upon the slab which covers the dust of the great and good dead, our liberties and our institutions must be safe in his keeping. It is thus that dead heroes yet live. We cannot venerate their memories, and yet despise their example.

"Virtue and liberty never cease,
Once having been to be; but from the tomb
Their radiance streams along the gloom of ages,
Evermore, without decrease."

When Mr. Winfield had ceased speaking the choir sang

"TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND."

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of the days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good bye."
(Chorus.)

We're tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.
(Chorus.)

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;

Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night, dying on the old camp ground.

The last address was by William Vanamee, Esq., of Middletown, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM VANAMEE, ESQ.

The soldier fights, not because he revels in war, but because he sighs for peace—sighs for it, oh, so strongly; sighs for it as no other can sigh, for no one knows as he knows the horrors and the agonies of war; no one feels as he feels the blessings of home and friends and rest, and gentle, gladsome peace. Thus it is that no one hails the advent of peace, no one welcomes the termination of hostilities with that keen, eager joy which fills the soldier's breast. To the civilian at home it means the resumption of trade; the restoration of values; the hum of industry; the sparing of property. But to the soldier honorably discharged from service, and breaking camp for the last time, it is the supreme, the supernal moment of his life; for it means to him the proud consciousness of duty done, of patriotic devotion rewarded; it means deep gratitude for life preserved and the promise of bright days to come among the friends so loved and longed for amid the hardships of field and camp. Such were the emotions that filled the hearts of those who one hundred years ago broke camp upon this spot. Such were the emotions with which you, soldiers of the last great war, heard the glad news of coming peace. We live in moments, not in months. Sometimes the ecstacy of a single hour will outweigh the pain, the bitterness of years. These are the moments that give answer to the question, now so much mooted, "Is life worth living?" These are the moments that lift the soul into an experience of repose and rapture that makes life seem all glorious and beautiful. To pass through such an hour is to taste the fullness of human life—to test the capacities of the human soul.

Such is the experience of the soldier to whom on field or camp is brought the message of sweet peace restored to his land and his life. Only those who have passed through the dangers and the toils of war can know the full rich measure of that moment's experience. It is well, therefore, that in commemorating the event which took place upon this spot a century ago, and in seeking to fathom the thoughts and the emotions of those who participated in that historic action, it is well, I say, that there should gather here those who, having passed through the same experiences of war and peace, can the better reproduce and represent to us all the varied emotions which filled that hour and which sanctify this spot.

To us who live in this age, even more than to those who lived a hundred ago is peace made precious by the thought that the demon of sacrifice and slaughter is chained. For growing, steadily growing, thro'out every age since the benediction, "Peace on earth, good will to men," fell upon the startled ear of mankind, has been the thought of the transcendent, the sublime, the awful sacredness of human life. Why, that conception has kept pace in its growth, with the advance of the Christain era. That thought embodies and embalms all of progress that marks the difference between this age and those dark ages when life was cheap and blood flowed free.

And then when standing in the presence of this great thought which broods over the mighty heart of mankind, we begin to think what war is—when we think what war means; when we realize that it means more than anything else the ruthless destruction of human life, oh, how our hearts are prepared to enter into the joy of those to whom the glad tidings "peace on earth" comes at last as a personal message of salvation and release. Why, I have lain awake at times all night, while my busy brain was conjuring up the scenes of conflict—the horrid din

of battle; the piercing shriek of the wounded; the gasp and rattle of the dying; the agonies of despair and death; the mangled heaps of dead; the fierce passion that turns men into fiends; the rushing on to certain fate; the wail of widows and orphans made, hundreds of them, in the bloody business of a single day; and oh, it has seemed to me as if my brain would fly apart; as if my tongue would parch; as if my panting breath would stifle me; as if my very soul would shrivel up; and I have cried in very agony of spirit, "Great God! can such things be!"

Yes, such things can be. Too fresh are these sights and sounds in the memory of some of you to justify the hope that they will ever wholly cease to be. But one thing at least is settled—settled by the unappealable, the irreversible, the unalterable arbitrament of war—and that is that this nation, now one and indivisible, is forever consecrated to those doctrines of universal liberty and human equality by which alone the gentle sway of peace can be spread abroad over the face of the earth.

And now the waiting souls of heroes attend us here. Up from the grave of the past we summon the spirits of the mighty dead. Before us moves in stately procession the patriot phalanx. Traveling upon the wings of thought and transfiguring into form and shape the influences of the hour, we marshal before us now the very hosts of heaven. Do you not feel their presence, oh my brothers? Does not each breath that is borne upon the breeze seem articulate with the murmur of their greeting—seem surcharged with the fragrance of their coming!

Stern and hard, and practical are we in this age of ours. It is an age in which sentiment is discouraged, in which earnestness is smiled at, in which enthusiasm is sneered at, in which it is esteemed to be ill-bred to have either emotions or principles. We live in an age in which on the surface of things self-repression and self-possession are cultivated as the basis of character. But below all this beat ever the elemental tides of human feeling and human passion and human aspiration bearing down, when aroused, with resistless force all the superficial characteristics of age, or land, or institutions. Thus it was that in an age religiously dead the heart of all Europe responded to the crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre. Thus it was that in the most corrupt and profligate period of English history the graceful, dainty courtiers of Charles attested on well-fought fields their splendid courage. Thus it was that over one hundred years ago, when every consideration of interest and prudence counseled submission, the infant colonies, rather than incur dishonor, dared to defy the proudest power that ruled on land and sea. Thus it was that in our own day, when we were immersed in money getting and money saving, when every principle of selfishness counseled compromise—when Boston had as much interest in perpetuating slavery as Charleston—when northern mills must stop unless southern cotton could supply them, when northern merchants must fail unless southern debts could be collected—thus and then it was that even in this cold, calculating, commercial age, an all-mastering enthusiasm and patriotism outran and overthrew every suggestion of selfishness and bathed this land in the best blood of its sons.

And so we learn that enthusiasm is not dead; that we live yet in our affections and our emotions and our principles—that these need but to be stirred to action to give to us to-day the grandest and most sublime exhibitions of human character that can thrill the heart of mankind to reverence and emulation. The heroic age never passes away. The laws of physics do not always hold good in the realm of character and soul. The strength of a chain is only equal to its weakest link; but the strength of human nature is everywhere and in all ages equal to the strongest exhibition that has ever been made of the nobility, the grandeur, and the glory of true manhood. The measure of the world's life to-day is the highest point to which any soul has reached in its struggle to elevate and bless mankind. Thus we see that you and I, my friends, and all the countless hosts of dead and living are but the different units

and expressions of that one great human life that throbs and pulses through the cycles of time.

We do feel something of this truth to-day, do we not? We do feel by the power of these associations, which to-day we summon to our aid to quicken our perceptions, that we are lifted out of the narrow, petty paths in which we tread to those serener heights from which we can survey man in his universal experience—from which we can see that all that the fathers fought for in those brave days of the Revolution; that all that you and your comrades accomplished, soldiers of the last great war, are linked indissolubly together in the one grand onsweep of those moral and spiritual forces which upbear the hopes, the aspirations and the destiny of mankind. It is by the power of this principle that we are here to-day. It is because we recognize the kinship of human nature under every exercise and manifestation of its laws that these, the heroes of the war to preserve this union, gather upon the spot hallowed by the memory of those who fought to found it.

Oh, it is well to bring back to our minds, by occasions such as this, the vision of those heroic and unselfish souls that made these days possible, that planted upon this soil the seeds of liberty and equality, that established here for all time (as we fondly hope) those principles of government and those doctrines of domestic and social morality by which alone any people can be blessed and prospered. Oh, those days of the past, we *do* live in them *yet*. We live in them through all those mighty influences that pulsate through the century. We live in them yet through all those noble lives that left an impress upon their age—through all those lofty characters that in their day bore the weight of the world's woe and wrought out its need. We live in them yet through all the statesmen and sages who voiced the struggles and the aspirations of humanity—through all the heroes who struck a blow for human rights and who swayed the destinies of the race. Yes, the past with all its generous largess lies within the lap of the world's life to-day. The past and the present are one—one through the operation of that universal law—that indestructible principle—the unity of human nature—the absolute sameness, in spite of all superficial surroundings seeming changes,—the absolute sameness of human life, and human love, and human hopes, and human experience, ever since the world began.

Oh, my friends, will it be said that thoughts like these are too solemn to befit this joyous occasion? Will it be said that a lighter vein would be more in harmony with these provisions for festivity and gladness which we see about us? No, there is no incongruity. This is the law and the order of nature. Ever do the most momentous themes touch the hidden springs of social joy. The heavy burden of the world's grief, the sweet, pure joys of friendship and social re-union, these flow into each other as the river into the sea. Love of country and love of friends, why these are but the varied expressions of the same great principle that underlies the fabric of society and the state, That battle which you remember so well to-day—that battle in which your ears were pierced with the shrieks and the groans of your dying comrades; that battle in which you wondered how many widows and orphans had been made, at home that day; this peaceful, happy scene; why they are but the natural complement and supplement, the one of the other. You fought to make scenes like these possible. You fought to give to every social institution that security by which alone the fond sweet ties of family and home and friend can be promoted and perpetuated.

Rejoice, then, heroes. Enjoy your well earned peace. Enjoy the grasp of friendly hands stretched out to meet a patriot's palm. Mingle your cheerful accents with the happy voices that shall never tire of sounding the praises of your glorious work. Let the music that once summoned you to the conflict, that fired your blood and inflamed your zeal, now soothe your soul with sweetest, softest symphonies and lead

you in those peaceful measured steps from which the holy presence of gentle womanhood need not be banished. And when the joys of day are done take with you to your several homes that which shall outlast the day—yes, affection, gratitude, the everlasting remembrance of your country and your countrymen.

Mr. Vanamee's address was followed by the singing of

"GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND."

God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise,
To God above the skies,
On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

The exercises were concluded with the benediction by the Rev. O. Applegate, of Newburgh.

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