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# SPIRITUAL LIBERTY

NO. 9

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING,

FEBRUARY 18, 1855,

**BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON,**

AT EXETER HALL STRAND.

*“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” - 2 Corinthians 3:17.*

**LIBERTY is the birthright of every man.** He may be born a pauper; he may be a foundling; his parentage may be altogether unknown; but liberty is his inalienable birthright. Black may be his skin; he may live uneducated and untaught; he may be poor as poverty itself; he may never have a foot of land to call his own; he may scarce have a particle of clothing, save a few rags to cover him; but, poor as he is, nature has fashioned him for freedom he has a right to be free, **and if he has not liberty, it is his birthright, and he ought not to be content until he wins it.**

**Liberty is the heirloom of all the sons and daughters of Adam. But where do you find liberty unaccompanied by religion?** True it is that all men have a right to liberty, but it is equally true that you do not meet it in any country save where you find the Spirit of the Lord. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” Thank God, this is a free country. This is a

land where I can breathe the air and say it is untainted by the groan of a single slave; my lungs receive it, and I know there has never been mingled with its vapours the tear of a single slave woman shed over her child which has been sold from her. This land is the home of liberty. But why is it so? I take it, it is not so much because of our institutions as because the Spirit of the Lord is here-the spirit of true and hearty religion. There was a time, remember, when England was no more free than any other country, when men could not speak their sentiments freely, when kings were despots, when Parliaments were but a name. Who won our liberties for us? who have loosed our chains? Under the hand of God, I say, the men of religion- men like the great and glorious Cromwell, who would have liberty of conscience, or die-men who, if they could not reach kings' hearts, because they were unsearchable in cunning, would strike kings low, rather than they would be slaves. We owe our liberty to men of religion to men of the stern Puritanical school-men who scorned to play the craven and yield their principles at the command of man. And if we ever are to maintain our liberty (as God grant we may) it shall be kept in England by religious liberty- by religion. This Bible is the Magna Charta of old Britain; its truths, its doctrines have snapped our fetters, and they never can be rivetted on again, whilst men, with God's Spirit in their hearts, go forth to speak its truths. In no other land, save where the Bible is unclasped-in no other realm, save where the gospel is preached, can you find liberty. Roam

through other countries, and you speak with bated breath; you are afraid; you feel you are under an iron hand; the sword is above you; you are not free. Why? Because you are under the tyranny engendered by a false religion: you have not free Protestantism there, and it is not till Protestantism comes that there can be freedom. It is where the Spirit of the Lord is that there is liberty, and nowhere else. Men talk about being free: they describe model governments, Platonic republics, or Owenite paradises, but they are dreamy theorists; for there can be no freedom in the world, save, “where the spirit of the Lord is.”

I have commenced with this idea, because I think worldly men ought to be told that if religion does not save them, yet it has done much for them-that the influence of religion has won them their liberties.

But the liberty of the text is no such freedom as this: it is an infinitely greater and better one. Great as civil or religious liberty may be, the liberty of my text transcendentally exceeds. There is a liberty, dear friends, which Christian men alone enjoy; for even in Great Britain there are men who taste not the sweet air of liberty. There are some who are afraid to speak as men, who have to cringe and fawn, and bow, and stoop, to any one; who have no will of their own, no principles, no voice, no courage, and who cannot stand erect in conscious independence. But he is the free man, whom the truth makes free. He who has grace in his heart is free, he cares for no one; he has the right upon his side; he has God within him-the in

dwelling Spirit of the Holy Ghost; he is a prince of the blood royal of heaven; he is a noble, having the true patent of nobility; he is one of God's elect, distinguished, chosen children, and he is not the man to bend, or meanly cringe. No!-sooner would he walk the burning furnace with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego-sooner would he be cast into the lion's den with Daniel, than yield a point in principle. He is a free man. "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" in its fullest, highest and widest sense. God give you friends, to have that "Spirit of the Lord;" for without it, in a free country, ye may still be bondsmen; and where there are no serfs in body, ye may be slaves in soul. The text speaks of Spiritual liberty; and now I address the children of God. Spiritual liberty, brethren, you and I enjoy if we have "the Spirit of the Lord" within us. What does this imply; It implies that there was a time when we had not that Spiritual liberty-when we were slaves. But a little while ago all of us who now are free in Christ Jesus, were slaves of the devil: we were led captives at his will. We talked of free-will, but free-will is a slave. We boasted that we could do what we pleased; but oh! what a slavish and dreamy liberty we had. It was a fancied freedom. We were slaves to our lusts and passions -slaves to sin; but now we are freed from sin; we are delivered from our tyrant; a stronger than he has cast out the strong man armed, and we are free.

Let us now examine a little more closely, in what our liberty consists.

1. And first, my friends, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" from the Bondage of Sin. Ah! I know I shall speak feelingly to some of you when I talk about the bondage of sin. You know what that misery means. Of all bondage and slavery in this world, there is none more horrible than the bondage of sin. Tell me of Israel in Egypt preparing their tale of bricks unsupplied with straw; tell me of the negro beneath the lash of his cruel task-master, and I confess it is a bondage fearful to be borne; but there is one far worse-the bondage of a convinced sinner when he is brought to feel the burden of his guilt; the bondage of a man when once his sins are baying him, like hounds about a weary stag; the bondage of a man when the burden of sin is on his shoulder-a burden too heavy for his soul to bear-a burden which will sink him forever in the depths of everlasting torment, unless he doth escape from it. Methinks I see such a person. He hath never a smile upon his face; dark clouds hath gathered on his brow; solemn and serious he stands; his very words are sighs; his songs are groans; his smiles are tears; and when he seems most happy, hot drops of grief roll in burning showers, scalding furrows on his cheek. Ask him what he is, and he tells you he is "a wretch undone." Ask him how he is, and he confesses that he is "misery incarnate." Ask him what he shall be, and he says, "he shall be lost in flames forever, and there is no hope." Behold him alone in his retirement: when he lays his head on his pillow, up he starts again: at night he dreams of torment, and by day he almost feels that of which he

dreamed. Such is the poor convinced sinner under bondage. Such have I been in my days, and such have you been, friends. I speak to those who understand it. You have passed through that gloomy Slough of Despond; you have gone through that dark vale of penitence: you have been made to drink the bitter up of repentance: and I know you will say, "Amen" when I declare that of all bondage this is the most painful-the bondage of the law, the bondage of corruption. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me" from it? But the Christian is free; he can smile now, though he wept before; he can rejoice now, whereas he lamented. "There is," he says, "no sin upon my conscience now, there is no crime upon my breast; I need not walk through the earth fearful of every shadow, and afraid of every man I meet, for; sin is washed away; my spirit is no more guilty; it is pure, it is holy; there no longer resteth the frown of God upon me; but my Father smiles: I see his eyes-they are glancing love: I hear his voice-it is full of sweetness. I am forgiven, I am forgiven, I am forgiven! All hail, thou breaker of fetters! glorious Jesus! Ah! that moment when first the bondage passed away! Methinks I recollect it now. I saw Jesus on his cross before me. I thought on him, and as I mused upon his death and sufferings, methought I saw him cast a look on me; and when he gazed on me, I looked at him, and said,

*"Jesus, lover of my soul,*

*Let me to thy bosom fly."*

He said "come," and I flew to him and clasped him, and when he let me go again, I wondered where my burden was. It was gone! There, in the sepulcher, it lay, and I felt light as air; like a winged sylph, I could fly over mountains of trouble and despair; and oh! what liberty and joy I had! I could leap with ecstasy for I had much forgiven and now I was freed from sin." Beloved, this is the first liberty of the children of God. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty "from the bondage of sin.

2. Liberty from the Penalty of Sin.-What is it? Eternal death-torment for ever-that is the sad penalty of sin. It is no sweet thing to fear that if I died now I might be in hell. It is no pleasant thought for me to stand here and believe that if I dropped down I must sink into the arms of Satan and have him for my tormentor. Why, sirs, it is a thought that would plague me; it is a thought that would be the bitterest curse of my existence. I would fain be dead and rotting in the tomb rather than walk the earth with the thought that I might suffer such a penalty as this. There are some of you here who know right well that if you die hell is your portion. You don't attempt to deny it, you believe the Bible, and there you read your doom, "He that believeth not shall be damned." You cannot put yourselves among believers. You are still without Christ. Have any of you been brought into

such a condition that you believe yourself so full of sin that God could not be just if he did not punish you? Have you not felt that you have so rebelled against God by secret crimes, ay, I say, by secret crimes, and by open transgression, that if he did not punish you he must cease to be God and lay aside his scepter? And then you have trembled, and groaned, and cried out under the fear of the penalty of sin. You thought when you dreamed, that you saw that burning lake whose waves are fire, and whose billows are ever blazing brimstone, and each day you walked the earth it was with fear and dread lest the next step should let you into the pit which is without a bottom. But Christian, Christian, you are free from the penalty of sin. Do you know it? Can you recognize the fact? You are free at this moment from the penalty of sin. Not only are you forgiven; but you never can be punished on account of your sins however great and enormous they may have been.

*“The moment a sinner believes,  
And trusts in his crucified God;  
His pardon at once he receives  
Salvation in full through his blood,”*

and he never can be punished on account of sin. Talk of the punishment of a believer! there is not such a thing. The afflictions of this mortal life are

not punishments for sin to Christians, they are fatherly chastisements, and not the punishments of a judge. For me there is no hell; let it smoke and burn, if I am a believer I shall never have my portion there. For me there are no eternal racks, no torments, for if I am justified, I cannot be condemned. Jesus hath suffered the punishment in my stead, and God would be unjust if he were to punish me again, for Christ has suffered once, and satisfied justice forever. When conscience tells me I am a sinner, I tell conscience I stand in Christ's place, and Christ stands in mine. True, I am a sinner, but Christ died for sinners. True, I deserve punishment, but if my ransom died, will God ask for the debt twice? Impossible! He has cancelled it. There never was, and never shall be one believer in hell. We are free from punishment, and we never need quake on account of it. However horrible it may be-if it is eternal, as we know it is-it is nothing to us, for we never can suffer it. Heaven shall open its pearly portals to admit us; but hell's iron gates are barred for ever against every believer. Glorious liberty of the children of God!

3. But there is one fact more startling than both of these things, and I dare say come of you will demur to it; nevertheless it is God's truth, and if you don't like it, you must leave it! There is liberty from the guilt of sin. This is the wonder of wonders. The Christian is positively not guilty any longer the moment he believes. Now, if Her Majesty in her goodness spares a

murderer by giving him a free pardon, that man cannot be punished: but still he will be a guilty man; she may give him a thousand pardons, and the law cannot touch him, but still he will be guilty; the crime will always be on his head, and he will be branded as a murderer as long as he lives. But the Christian is not only delivered from the bondage and from the punishment, but he is positively absolved from the guilt. Now this is something at which you will stand amazed. You say, "What? is a Christian no more a sinner in God's sight?" I answer, he is a sinner as considered in himself; but in the person of Christ he is no more a sinner than the angel Gabriel; for snowy as are angelic wings, and spotless as are cherubic robes, an angel cannot be more pure than the poor blood-washed sinner when he is made whiter than snow. Do you understand how it is that the very guilt of the sinner is taken away? Here I stand to-day a guilty and condemned traitor, Christ comes for my salvation, he bid me leave my cell, "I will stand where you are; I will be your substitute; I will be the sinner; all your guilt is to be imputed to me; I will die for it, I will suffer for it; I will have your sins." Then stripping himself of his robes, he says, "There, put them on; you shall be considered as if you were Christ; you shall be the righteous one. I will take your place, you take mine." Then he casts around me a glorious robe of perfect righteousness; and when I behold it, I exclaim, "Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed, with my elder brother's garments on." Jesus Christ's crown is on my head, his spotless robes are round my loins, and his golden sandals

**are the shoes of my feet.** And now is there any sin? The sin is on Christ; the righteousness is on me. Ask for the sinner, Justice! Let the voice of Justice cry, "Bring forth the sinner!" The sinner is brought. Who doth the executioner lead forth? It is the incarnate Son of God. True, he did not commit the sin; he was without fault; but it is imputed to him: he stands in the sinner's place. Now Justice cries, "Bring forth the righteous, the perfectly righteous." Whom do I see? Lo, the Church is brought, each believer is brought. Justice says, "Are these perfectly righteous?" "Yes they are. What Christ did is theirs, what they did is laid on Christ; his righteousness is theirs; their sins are his." I appeal to you, ye ungodly. This seems strange and startling, does it not? You have set it down to hyper Calvinism, and you laugh at it. Set it down for what you please, sirs. God has set it up as his truth, he has made us righteous through the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ. And now, if I am a true believer, I stand here freed from every sin. There is not a crime against me in the book of God, it is blotted out for ever; it is cancelled; and not only can I never be punished, but I have nothing to be punished for. Christ has atoned for my sins, and I have received his righteousness, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

4. Furthermore, the Christian man, whilst delivered from the guilt and punishment of sin, is likewise delivered from the dominion of it. Every

living man before he is converted, is a slave to lust. Profane men glory in free living and free thinking. They call this free living-a full glass, a Bacchanalian revel, shouting wantonness, chambering.-Free living, sir! Let the slave hold up his fetters and jingle them in my ears, and say, "This is music, and I am free." The man is a poor maniac. Let the man chained in his cell, the madman of Bethlehem, tell me he is a king, and grin a horrible smile; I say, "Ah, poor wretch, I know wherefore he counteth that he is a king; he is demented, and is mad." So it is with the worldling who says he is free. Free sir! you are a slave. You think you are happy; but at night, when you lay; ourself upon your bed, how many times have you tossed from side to side sleepless and ill at ease, and when you awaked have you not said, "Ah! that yesterday-that yesterday!" And though you plunged into another day of sin, that "yesterday," like a hell-dog, barked at you, and followed at your heels. You know it, sir,-sin is a bondage and a slavery. And have you ever tried to get rid of that slavery? "Yes," you say, "I have." But I will tell you what has been the end of it. When you have tried, you have bound your fetters firmer than ever; you have rivetted your chains. A sinner without grace attempting to reform himself is like Sisiphus rolling the stone up hill, which always comes down with greater force. A man without grace attempting to save himself, is engaged in as hopeless a task as the daughters of Danaus, when they attempted to fill a vast vessel with bottomless buckets. He has a bow without a string, a sword without a

blade a gun without powder. He needs strength. I grant you, he may produce a hollow reformation; he may earth up the volcano, and sow flowers around its crater; but when it once begins to stir again, it shall move the earth away, and the hot lava shall roll over all the fair flowers which he had planted, and devastate both his works and his righteousness. A sinner without grace is a slave: he cannot deliver himself from his sins. But not so the Christian! Is he a slave to his sin? Is a true-born heir of God a slave? Oh, no. He does not sin, because he is born of God; he does not live in uncleanness, because he is an heir of immortality. Ye beggars of the earth may stoop to deeds of wrong, but princes of heaven's blood must follow acts of right. Ye poor worldlings, mean and pitiful wretches in God's sight — ye may live in dishonesty and unrighteousness, but the heir of heaven cannot; he loves his Lord; he is free from the power of sin; his work is righteousness, and his end his everlasting life. We are free from the dominion of sin.

5. Once more: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" in all holy acts of love-liberty from a slavish fear of law. Many people are honest because they are afraid of the policeman. Many are sober because they are afraid of the eye of the public. Many persons are seemingly religious because of their neighbors. There is much virtue which is like the juice of the grape-it has to be squeezed before you get it; it is not like the generous

drop of the honeycomb, distilling willingly and freely. I am bold to say, that if a man be destitute of the grace of God, his works are only works of slavery, he feels forced to do them. I know before I came into the liberty of the children of God, if I went to God's house, I went because I thought I must do it; if I prayed, it was because I feared some misfortune would happen in the day if I did not; if I ever thanked God for a mercy, it was because I thought I should not get another if I were not thankful; if I performed a righteous deed it was with the hope that very likely God would reward me at last, and I should be winning some crown in heaven. A poor slave, a mere Gibeonite, hewing wood and drawing water. If I could have left off doing it, I should have loved to do so. If I could have had my will, there would have been no chapel-going for me, no religion for me-I would have lived in the world and followed the ways of Satan if I could have done as I pleased. As for righteousness, it was slavery; sin would have been my liberty. But now, Christian, what is your liberty? What makes you come to the house of God to day?

*"Love made your willing feet*

*In swift obedience move."*

What makes you bend your knee in prayer? It is because you like to talk with your Father who seeth in secret. What is it that opens your purses,

and makes you give liberally? It is because you love the poor children of God, and you feel, so much being given to you, that it is a privilege to give something back to Christ. What is it that constrains you to live honestly, righteously, and soberly; Is it the fear of the jail? No; you might pull the jail down; you might annihilate the Convict settlements; you might hurl all chains into the sea; and we should be just as holy as we are now. Some people say, "Then, sir, you mean to say that Christians may live as they like." I wish they could, sir. If I could live as I liked, I would, always live holily. If a Christian could live as he liked, he would always live as he ought. It is a slavery to him to sin; righteousness is his delight. Oh! if I could but live as I list, I would list to live as I ought. If I could but live as I would I would live as God commands me. The greatest happiness of a Christian is to be holy. It is no slavery to him. Put him where you will, he will not sin, Expose him to any temptation, if it were not for that evil heart still remaining, you would never find him sinning. Holiness is his pleasure; sin is his slavery. Ah ye poor bondsmen who come to church and chapel because ye must; ah! ye poor slavish moralists that are honest because of the gyves, and sober because of the prison, ah! ye poor slaves! We are not so; we are not under the law, but under grace. Call us Antinomians if you will; we will even glory in the scandalous title; we are freed from the law, but we are freed from it that we may obey it more than ever we did. The true-born child of God serves his Master more than ever he did. As old

Erskine says:-

*“Slight now his loving presence if they can;  
No, no; his conquering kindness leads the van.  
When everlasting love exerts the sway,  
They judge themselves most kindly bound to obey;  
Bound by redeeming love in stricter sense,  
Than ever Adam was in innocence.”*

6. But to conclude, “where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty” from the Fear of Death. O death! how many a sweet cup hast thou made bitter. O death! how many a revel hast thou broken up. O death! how many a gluttonous banquet hast thou spoiled. O death! how many a sinful pleasure hast thou turned into pain. Take ye, my friends, the telescope this morning, and look through the vista of a few years, and what see you? Grim death in the distance grasping his scythe. He is coming, coming, coming; and what is behind him? Ay, that depends upon your own character. If ye are the sons of God, there is the palm-branch; if ye are not, ye know what followeth death-Hell follows him. O death I thy spectre hath haunted many a house where sin otherwise would have rioted O death! thy chilly hand hath touched many a heart that was big with lust, and made it start affrighted from its crime. Oh! how many men are slaves to the fear of death. Half the people in the world are afraid to die. There are some

madmen who can march up to the cannon's mouth, there are some fools who rush with bloody hands before their Maker's tribunal; but most men fear to die. Who is the man that does not fear to die? I will tell you. The man that is a believer. Fear to die! Thank God, I do not. The cholera may come again next summer-I pray God it may not, but if it does, it matters not to me: I will toil and visit the sick by night and by day, until I drop, and if it takes me, sudden death is sudden glory. And so-with the weakest saint in this hall; the prospect of dissolution does not make you tremble.

Sometimes you fear, but oftener you rejoice. You sit down calmly and think of dying. What is death? It is a low porch through which you stoop to enter heaven. What is life? It is a narrow screen that separates us from glory, and death kindly removes it. I recollect a saying of a good old woman, who said, "Afraid to die, sir! I have dipped my foot in Jordan every morning before breakfast for the last fifty years, and do you think I am afraid to die now?" Die! beloved: why we die hundreds of times, we "die daily," we die every morning, we die each night when we sleep, by faith we die, and so dying will be old work when we come to it. We shall say, "Ah, death! you and I have been old acquaintances; I have had thee in my bedroom every night. I have talked with thee each day; I have had the skull upon my dressing table, and I have oft times thought of thee. Death! thou art come at last, but thou art a welcome guest- thou art an angel of light, and the best friend I have had "Why, then, dread death since there is no

fear of God's leaving you when you come to die! Here I must tell you that anecdote of the good Welch lady, who, when she lay a-dying, was visited by her minister. He said to her, "Sister are you sinking?" She answered him not a word, but looked at him with an incredulous eye. He repeated the question, "Sister, are you sinking?" She looked at him again, as if she could not believe that he would ask such a question. At last, rising a little in the bed, she said, "Sinking! Sinking! Did you ever know a sinner sink through a rock? If I had been standing on the sand, I might sink; but, thank God I am on the Rock of Ages, and there is no sinking there." How glorious to die, Oh, angels, come! Oh, cohorts of the Lord of hosts, stretch, stretch your broad wings and lift us up from earth; O, winged seraphs, bear us far above the reach of these interior things; but till ye come, I'll sing,

*"Since Jesus is mine, I'll not fear undressing  
But gladly put off these garments of clay,  
To die in the lord is a covenant blessing;  
Since Jesus to glory, though death lead the way."*

And now, dear friends, I have shown you as briefly as I can the negative side of this liberty. I have tried to tell you, as well as I could put it in a few words, what we are freed from. But there are two sides to such questions as this. There are some glorious things that we are free to. Not only are we

freed from sin in every sense from the law, and from the fear of death; but we are free to do something. I shall not occupy many moments, but shall just run over a few things we are free to; for, my brother Christians, “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;” and that liberty gives us certain rights and privileges.

In the first place, we are free to heaven’s charter. There is heaven’s charter-the Magna Charta-the Bible; and, my brother, you are free to it. There is a choice passage here: “When thou passest through the river I will be with thee, and the floods shall not overflow thee;” thou art free to that. Here is another: “Mountains may depart, and hills may be removed; but my loving kindness shall not depart:” you are free to that. Here is another “Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end.” You are free to that. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” Here is a chapter touching election: you are free to that if you are elect. Here is another, speaking of the non-condemnation of the righteous, and their justification; you are free to that. You are free to all that is in the Bible. Here is a never failing treasure filled with boundless stores of grace. It is the bank of heaven: you may draw from it as much as you please without let or hindrance. Bring nothing with you, except faith. Bring as much faith as you can get, and you are welcome to all that is in the Bible. There is not a promise, not a word in it, that is not yours. In the depths of tribulation let it

comfort you. Mid waves of distress let it cheer you. When sorrows surround thee, let it be thy helper. This is thy father's love-token: let it never be shut up and covered with dust. Thou art free to it-use, then, thy freedom.

Next, recollect that thou art free to the throne of grace. It is the privilege of Englishmen, that they can always send a petition to Parliament; and it is the privilege of a believer, that he can always send a petition to the throne of God. I am free to God's throne. If I want to talk to God to-morrow morning, I can. If to-night I wish to have conversation with my Master, I can go to him. I have a right to go to his throne. It matters not how much I may have sinned. I go and ask for pardon. It signifies nothing how poor I am-I go and plead his promise that he will provide all things needful. I have a right to go to his throne at all times-in midnight's darkest hour, or in noontide's heat. Wherever I am; if fate command me to the utmost verge of the wide earth, I have still constant admission to his throne. Use that right, beloved-use that right. There is not one of you that lives up to his privilege. Many a gentleman will live beyond his income, spending more than he has coming in; but there is not a Christian that does that-I mean that lives up to his spiritual income. Oh, no! you have an infinite income-an income of promises-an income of grace; and no Christian ever lived up to his income. Some people say, "If I had more money I should have a larger

house, and horses, and carriage, and so on.” Very well and good; but I wish the Christian would do the same. I wish they would set up a larger house, and do greater things for God; look more happy, and take those tears away from their eyes.

*“Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.”*

With such stores in the bank, and so much in hand, that God gives you, you have no right to be poor. Up! rejoice! rejoice! The Christian ought to live up to his income, and not below it.

Then, if you have the “Spirit of the Lord,” dear friends, you have a right to enter into the city. There are many of the freemen of the City of London here, I dare say, and that is a great privilege, very likely. I am not a freeman of London, but I am a freeman of a better city.

*“Savior, if of Zion’s city,  
I, by grace, a member am,  
Let the world revile or pity,  
I will glory in thy name.”*

You have a right to the freedom of Zion's city, and you do not exercise it. I want to have a word with some of you. You are very good Christian people, but you have never joined the church yet. You know it is quite right, that he that believeth should be baptized; but I suppose you are afraid of being drowned, for you never come. Then the Lord's table is spread once every month, and it is free to all God's children, but you never approach it. Why is that? It is your banquet. I do not think if I were an alderman I should omit the city banquet; and being a Christian, I cannot omit the Christian banquet; it is the banquet of the saints.

*“Ne'er did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace and dying love.”*

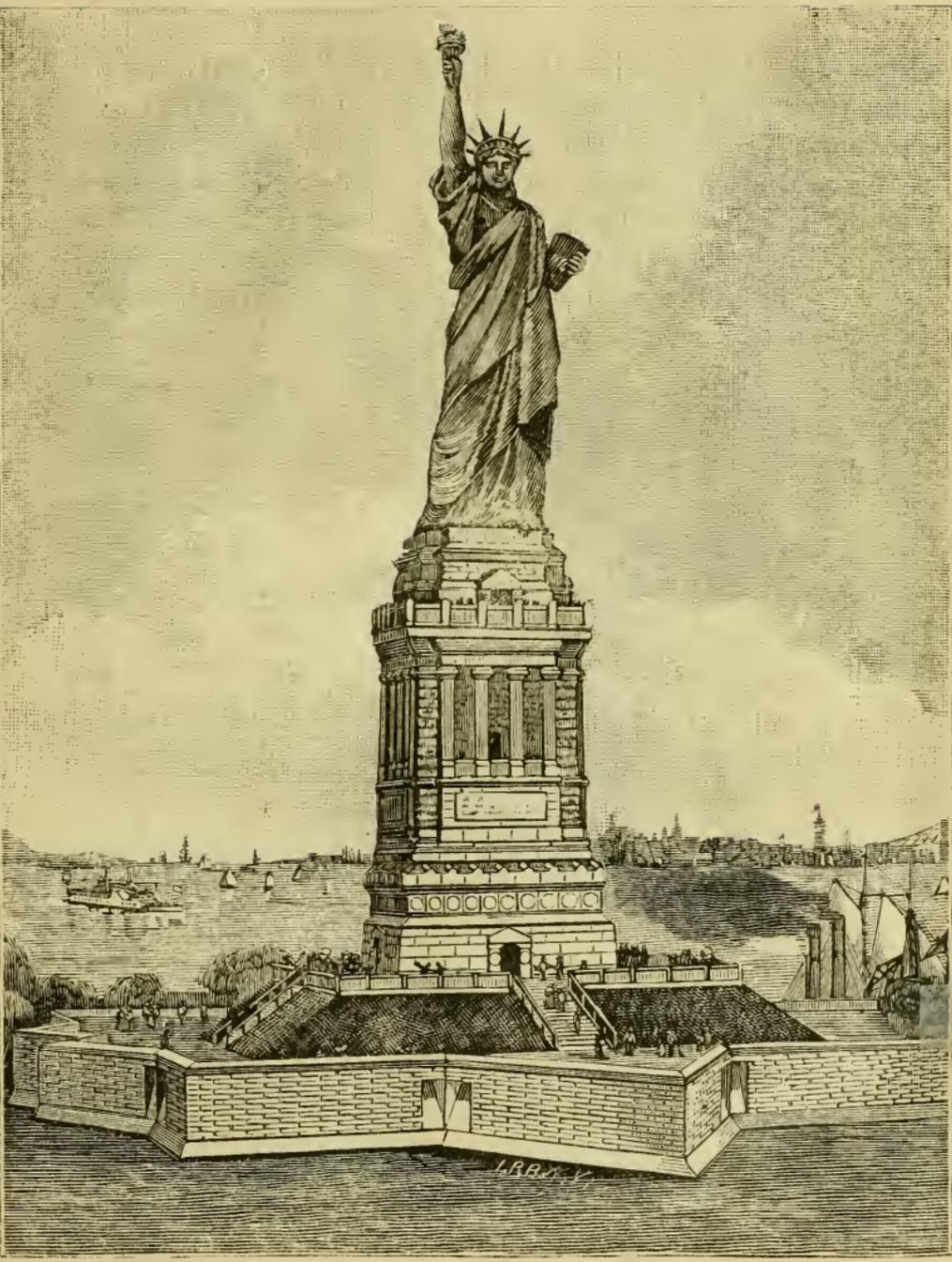
Some of you never come to the Lord's table; you neglect his ordinances. He says, “This do in remembrance of me.” You have obtained the freedom of the city, but you won't take it up. You have a right to enter in through the gates into the city, but you stand outside. Come in brother; I will give you my hand. Don't remain outside the church any longer, for you have a right to come in.

Then, to conclude, you have the freedom of Jerusalem, the mother of us all. That is the best gift. We are free to heaven. When a Christian dies, he

knows the *open sesame* that can open the gates of heaven, he knows the pass-word that can make the gates wide open fly; he has the white stone whereby he shall be known as a ransomed one, and that shall pass him at the barrier, he has the passport that shall let him into the dominions of Jehovah; he has liberty to enter into heaven. Methinks I see you, ye unconverted, in the land of shades, wandering up and down to find your portion. Ye come to the porch of heaven. It is great and lofty. The gate hath written o'er it, "The righteous only are admitted here." As ye stand, ye look for the porter. A tall archangel appeareth from above the gate, and ye say, "Angel, let me in." "Where is thy robe?" Thou searchest, and thou hast none; thou hast only some few rags of thine own spinning, but no wedding garment. "Let me in," sayest thou, "for the fiends are after me to drag me to yonder pit. Oh, let me in." But with a quiet glance the angel lifteth up his finger and saith. "Read up there;" and thou readest, "None but the righteous enter here." Then thou tremblest, thy knees knock together; thy hands shake. Were thy bones of brass they might melt, and were thy ribs of iron they might be dissolved Ah I there thou standest, shivering, quaking, trembling; but not long, for a voice which frights thee from thy feet and lays thee prostrate, cries, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." O dear hearers, shall that be your portion? My friends as I love you,-I do this morning and hope I ever shall,-shall this be your lot? Will you not have freedom to enter into the city? Will

you not seek that Spirit which giveth liberty? Ah! I know ye will not have it if left to yourselves; some of you perhaps never will. O God, grant that that member may be but few, but may the number of the saved be great indeed!

*“Turn, then my soul unto thy rest  
The ransom of thy great High Priest,  
Hath set the captive free.  
Trust to his efficacious blood  
Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
Since Jesus died for thee.”*



L.R.B. V.

## LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

### LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

WARDER at ocean's gate,  
Thy feet on sea and shore,  
Like one the skies await  
When time shall be no more!  
What splendors crown thy brow?  
What bright dread angel Thou,  
Dazzling the waves before  
Thy station great?

“ My name is Liberty !  
From out a mighty land  
I face the ancient sea,  
I lift to God my hand ;  
By day in Heaven's light,  
A pillar of fire by night,  
At ocean's gate I stand  
Nor bend the knee.

“ The dark Earth lay in sleep,  
Her children crouched forlorn,  
Ere on the western steep  
I sprang to height, reborn :  
Then what a joyous shout  
The quickened lands gave out,  
And all the choir of morn  
Sang anthems deep.

“ Beneath yon firmament,  
The New World to the Old  
My sword and summons sent,  
My azure flag unrolled :  
The Old World's hands renew  
Their strength ; the form ye view

## POEMS OF OCCASION

Came from a living mould  
In glory blent.

“ O ye, whose broken spars  
Tell of the storms ye met,  
Enter! fear not the bars  
Across your pathway set ;  
Enter at Freedom’s porch,  
For you I lift my torch,  
For you my coronet  
Is rayed with stars.

“ But ye that hither draw  
To desecrate my fee,  
Nor yet have held in awe  
The justice that makes free,—  
Avaunt, ye darkling brood !  
By Right my house hath stood :  
My name is Liberty,  
My throne is Law.”

O wonderful and bright,  
Immortal Freedom, hail !  
Front, in thy fiery might,  
The midnight and the gale ;  
Undaunted on this base  
Guard well thy dwelling-place :  
Till the last sun grow pale  
Let there be light !

1888.

## INSCRIPTIONS

### I

THAT border land ’twixt Day and Night be mine,  
And choice companions gathered there to dine,  
With talk, song, mirth, soup, salad, bread, and wine.

TWILIGHT CLUB, 1883.

# LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

## LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

Porter (one who assists at the door)

Warder = Porter, one who assists at the door

WARDER at ocean's gate,  
Thy feet on sea and shore,  
Like one the skies await  
When time shall be no more!  
What splendors crown thy brow?  
What bright dread angel Thou,  
Dazzling the waves before  
Thy station great?

our citizenship is in Heaven

"My name is Liberty!  
From out a mighty land  
I face the ancient sea,  
I lift to God my hand;  
By day in Heaven's light,  
A pillar of fire by night,  
At ocean's gate I stand  
Nor bend the knee.

follow (obey) the Lord

the valley of the shadow of death

The valley of the Shadow of death

The Church

new life

"The dark Earth lay in sleep,  
Her children crouched forlorn,  
Ere on the western steep  
I sprang to height, reborn:  
Then what a joyous shout  
The quickened lands gave out,  
And all the choir of morn  
Sang anthems deep.

hopeless

No Hope

Born again

resurrection?

the unclouded sky

"Beneath you firmament,  
The New World to the Old  
My sword and summons sent,  
My azure flag unrolled:  
The Old World's hands renew  
Their strength; the form ye view

sky or heavens

all are invited

The Old Covenant remains for the Jews

Christians strive to be like Christ

the fee is obedience to Christ, and Hosea 6:6, to love mercy, to act justly.

# POEMS OF OCCASION

Came from a living mould  
In glory blent.

"O ye, whose broken spars  
Tell of the storms ye met, — *Trials*  
Enter! fear not the bars  
Across your pathway set; — *Satan's schemes*  
Enter at Freedom's porch, — *Christ*  
For you I lift my torch,  
For you my coronet  
Is rayed with stars. — *the Church*

*Storms of Life*

the seven Churches, one for each spoke on the

*Unbelievers do not understand*

*haven't yet seen*

*AWAY!*

*righteousness free indeed*

"But ye that hither draw — *disrespect*  
To desecrate my fee, *obedience to Christ*  
Nor yet have held in awe *love mercy*  
The justice that makes free, — *act justly*  
Avaunt, ye darkling brood! — *Walk humbly*  
By Right my house hath stood: *is the cross*

God's justice, which is Christ death on the cross, the wages of sin

My name is Liberty,  
My throne is Law." — *fulfilled by Christ*

O wonderful and bright,  
Immortal Freedom, hail!  
Front, in thy fiery might,  
The midnight and the gale;  
Undaunted on this base  
Guard well thy dwelling-place:  
Till the last sun grow pale  
Let there be light!

*Spiritual*

*the Church will stand*

*the gates of Hades will not prevail against it.*

1888.

*Jesus in the light*

*children in the dark  
family together  
Satan's children*

# INSCRIPTIONS

I

THAT border land 'twixt Day and Night be mine,  
And choice companions gathered there to dine,  
With talk, song, mirth, soup, salad, bread, and wine.

TWILIGHT CLUB, 1883.

Fair America  
from "My Book" by James  
Monroe Stewart,  
published 1894

Maiden eyes in light express  
Thoughts which only love should dare ;  
And her lips their sweets confess,  
Like rose-perfume on morning air.  
O! to heart, and soul alone,  
Such revelation, pure and free,  
Shall, when Earth has darker grown,  
Be light and kiss of memory.

Faithful love's benign demand  
Bids the doubt, the fear depart,  
When the pressure soft of hand  
Has lulled to peace the troubled heart.  
That soft touch, as years unfold  
Fate or fortune, still shall be.  
When the hand is growing old.  
The dear caress of memory.

---

*FAIR AMERICA.*

By order of the "Bartholdi Monument" committee, the original copy of this poem was deposited in the corner stone of the pedestal of the statue of "Liberty Lighting the World," on Bedloe's Island, N. Y. Harbor.

Fair America! bright was the morn of thy fame,  
And the sun of thy triumph ascended in light:  
For the fathers then dared by their deeds to proclaim  
That the freedom of man is a God-given right.  
And the voices responsive are echoing still,  
Over Earth where the peoples exult in the thrill.  
As they gaze on thy free-waving banner unfurled,  
With the splendor of stars that illumine the world.

In the perils and woes of thine earliest days,  
O America! strong were thy foemen arrayed;

But thy faith was sublime, and, by marvelous ways,  
Was thy liberty won from the spoiler dismayed.  
And the laurel of glory on Washington's brow,  
By all nations approved, is thine heritage now;  
Saints and sages salute thee with banner unfurled  
With the splendor of stars that illumine the world.

A republic new-born,—France, with histories old,  
Sends a gift unto thee, with fraternal embrace.—  
Hail! thou promise of peace unto millions untold,  
Who shall gaze evermore on thy beautiful face.  
Guide the pilgrim of liberty over the sea,—  
And thou, country, defend him that cometh to thee,  
With the sword and the shield, all thy banners unfurled,  
With the splendor of stars that illumine the world.

O America! God will His blessings bestow,  
And thy triumph secure shall forever prevail;  
If thy garment be white, as in ages ago,  
When Columbus pressed onward his storm-daring  
sail.

Bid thy glad maids to sing of the land of their birth,  
Till the sisters respond from all regions of Earth,  
Where thy chieftains are bearing thy banner unfurled,  
With the splendor of stars that illumine the world.

Fair America! crowned as with radiance divine,  
What the fathers achieved may thy wisdom retain;  
Still the star on thy brow beam with promise benign,  
And prosperity grace all thy favored domain.  
As the years onward move through the ages of time,  
When the free nations march to thy music sublime,

Point thy prestige all-glorious, thy banner unfurled,  
With the splendor of stars that illumine the world.

---

*IF WE HAD KNOWN.*

If we had known, ere we had done  
Some things which we regret too late,  
That threads of evil, blindly spun,  
Might darken through our web of fate;  
Had we more highly prized the gift  
Of life, there might not, could not be,  
These dearest hopes and loves adrift,  
Like flotsam on a restless sea.

Had we been moved by friendship's fears,  
Or touched by love's despairing sigh,  
Perhaps the tempest shocks of years  
Had wrecked us less in passing by.  
How had we striven to subdue  
And banish all alluring foes,  
Remembering that life's evening view  
Of Earth should end in soul-repose.

Yes! had we known—had we been told  
By friend believed, or light within,  
What we should learn while growing old,  
How different might our lives have been.  
False guides would not have led astray,  
Nor snares have tripped our wandering feet,  
Friendship abuse, nor love betray  
With rapture feigned, too dear, too sweet.

To count and measure, one by one,

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE,  
BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE land, that, from the rule of kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our Old World Sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands  
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,  
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands  
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee  
Once more a debt of love we owe:  
In peace beneath thy fleur-de-lis,  
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit  
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!

Reveal the primal mandate still  
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,  
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will  
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,  
A lightning-flash the wretch to smite  
Who shields his license with thy name!





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## John Boyle O'Reilly



John Boyle O'Reilly was an Irish-born poet, journalist and fiction writer. As a youth in Ireland, he was a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, or Fenians, for which he was transported to Western Australia. After escaping to the United States, he became a prominent spokesperson for the Irish community and culture, through his editorship of the Boston newspaper *The Pilot*, his prolific writing, and his lecture tours.

### LIBERTY LIGHTING THE WORLD.

MAJESTIC warder by the Nation's gate,  
Spike-crowned, flame-armed like Agony or Glory,  
Holding the tablets of some unknown law,  
With gesture eloquent and mute as Fate,—  
We stand about thy feet in solemn awe,  
Like desert-tribes who seek their Sphinx's story,  
And question thee in spirit and in speech :  
What art thou ? Whence ? What comest thou to teach I  
What vision hold those introverted eyes  
Of Revolutions framed in centuries ?  
Thy flame — what threat, or guide for sacred way ?  
Thy tablet — what commandment ? What Sinai ?

Lo ! as the waves make murmur at thy base,  
We watch the somber grandeur of thy face,  
And ask thee—what thou art.

I am LIBERTY,—God's daughter!

My symbols—a law and a torch ;  
Not a sword to threaten slaughter,

Nor a flame to dazzle or scorch ;  
But a light that the world may see,  
And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty,

And I am the sister of Faith ;  
To-day, adored for my beauty,

To-morrow, led forth to death.  
I am she whom ages prayed for;  
Heroes suffered undismayed for ;  
Whom the martyrs were betrayed for!

I am a herald republican from a land grown free under feet  
of kings; My radiance, lighting a century's span, a sister's love to

Columbia brings. I am a beacon to ships at sea, and a warning to watchers  
ashore; In palace and prairie and street, through me, shall be  
heard the ominous ocean-roar. I am a threat to oppression's sin, and a pharos-light to the  
weak endeavor;

Mine is the love that men may win, but lost—

it is lost forever! Mine are the lovers who deepest pain, with weapon and  
word still wounding sore ;

With sanguined hands they caress and chain,  
and crown and trample—and still adore !

Cities have flamed in my name,  
and Death has reaped wild harvest of joy and peace,  
Till mine is a voice that stills the breath,  
my advent an omen that love shall cease !

In My name, timid ones crazed with terror!

In My name, Law with a scourging rod !

In My name, Anarchy, Cruelty, Error! I, who am Liberty,—daughter of God !—

Peace ! Be still! See my torch uplifted,—  
Heedless of Passion or Mammon's cause !  
Round my feet are the ages drifted,  
Under mine eyes are the rulers sifted,—  
Ever, forever, my changeless laws!

I am Liberty! Fame of nation or praise of statute is naught to me;

Freedom is growth and not creation:

one man suffers, one man is free.

One brain forges a constitution;

but how shall the million souls be won ?

Freedom is more than a resolution—

he is not free who is free alone.

Justice is mine, and it grows by loving, changing the world like the circling sun ;

Evil recedes from the spirit's proving as mist from the hollows when night is done.

I am the test, O silent toilers, holding the scales of error and truth;

Proving the heritage held by spoilers from hard hands

empty, and wasted youth. Hither, ye blind, from your futile banding;

know the rights, and the rights are won;

Wrong shall die with the understanding—

one truth clear and the work is done.

Nature is higher than Progress or Knowledge,

whose need is ninety enslaved for ten;

My word shall stand against mart and college:

THE PLANET BELONGS TO ITS LIVING MEN !

And hither, ye weary ones and breathless,

searching the seas for a kindly shore, I am Liberty !

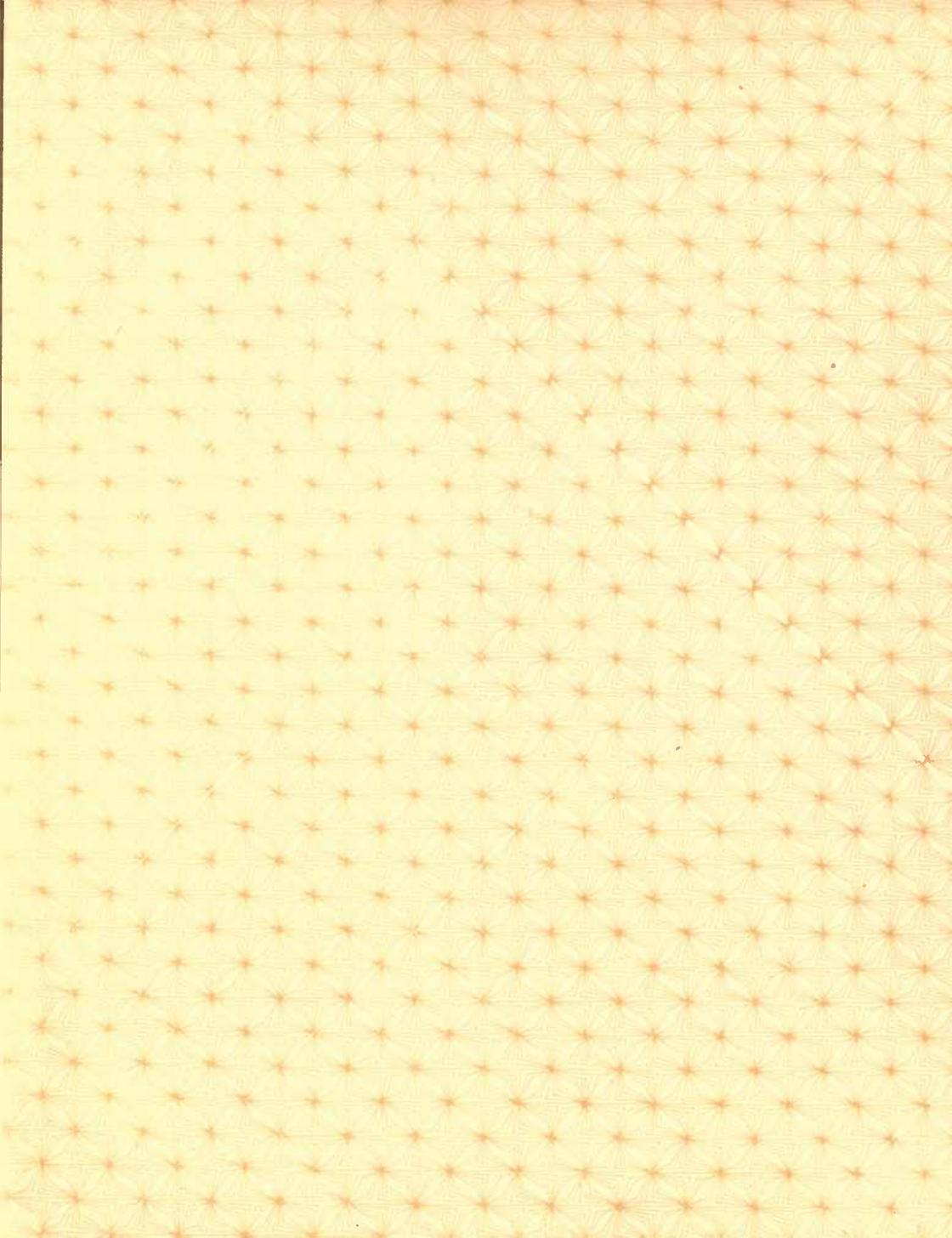
patient, deathless—set by Love at the Nation's door.

# *The Liberty*

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Ethel Leffington James

With great respect

The Author.

Mildred Agnew.

July 16, 1877







"The dawn is on the mountain tops."

39013

# LIBERTY

AS DELIVERED BY

*The Goddess*

AT HER UNVEILING

In the Harbor of New York

*OCTOBER 28, 1886*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Published by the Author, 1248 Bedford Ave.

1886

✠ *The Trade will be supplied from the author's study through  
the American News Company, New York.* ✠

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1886  
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PRESS OF  
THE UNIONIST-GAZETTE ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE OF  
AMERICAN COMMITTEE  
OF THE  
*Statue of Liberty.*

NEW YORK, NOV 6, 1886.

HE following poem was prepared for the Inaugural Ceremony of the Statue of Liberty, with the expectation that after it had been submitted to the Committee it would, in case of its approval, have been delivered by the author on that occasion.

It is at once to be distinguished from all other poems written for the occasion by the fact that it was the only poem out of all that were offered which came before the Committee for consideration.

It gives me great pleasure to state that the judgment of the Committee, as well as that of my own, regarding the literary merits of the poem, has been most gratifyingly confirmed by three of America's greatest poets in their letters of commendation to the Committee.

It has been a source of the deepest regret that in view of

the severe inclemency of the occasion, the extreme length of the programme in spite of its abbreviation in every possible way, coupled with the length of the poem as finally completed, rendered it necessary at the last moment to omit it from the programme in the face of those more imperative obligations that crowded the ceremony.

The commendable behaviour of the poet under this most trying ordeal has won for him so warmly the respect and regard of his friends that I beg to repeat in connection with this publication the request which I made to the *New York World*, but which unfortunately failed to reach its editor in time, viz: that this poem be printed in connection with the Inaugural Ceremony of the Statue of Liberty, in the Harbor of New York, October 28, 1886, to the end that its historic relation to that great event may be preserved beyond peradventure.

RICHARD BUTLER,  
*Secretary American Committee.*

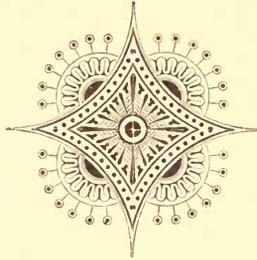
## *Preface.*

**T**AKE off of others all responsibility for any of the sentiments of this poem from which they may dissent and put it solely on myself. I am pure in my purpose, in endeavoring to interpret the idea of Liberty in its genius and integrity for all lands and for all peoples, to bring to it, lest it be belittled in the eyes of men, that breadth of thought and of treatment which seeks not only to trace it in its development from great, inexorable laws of natural growth up through history and humanity to its present stage, but also to perceive the prophetic handwriting which its great Limner-Queen shall throw on the Future in characters of leading light.

I beg to thank most thoroughly the members of the committee for the generous subscriptions which have enabled me to put this print into the hands of my fellow men for the future judgment of mankind, and in thanking them to thank particularly the Secretary of that Committee, with whose noble efforts in its behalf this attempt must ever stand connected.

MILLER HAGEMAN.

*Brooklyn, Nov. 8, 1886.*





Dedicated  
to  
Humanity.



## *Liberty.*



THE dawn is on the mountain tops, the night  
is flying fast,  
The light the world hath waited for so long  
hath come at last ;

That light whose flattery never fell on summit  
or on sea,  
That beaconing light, my countrymen, the light of  
Liberty.

Deep in the caverns of the dark, doubled in gorgeous  
gloom,  
Bound hand and foot, lay Liberty, like morn in mid-  
night's tomb.

Bursting her fetters she came forth with Freedom's  
scroll unfurled,  
And in her tireless hand the torch whose light shines  
round the world.

Lone Goddess of the granite height, with daybreak  
on thy brow,

What royal greeting waits thy grace? whence,  
stranger, camest thou?

Art thou a Persian that thy hand salutes the rising  
sun?

A grave Chaldean signalling the wise stars one by  
one?

Art thou a bright archangel clad in the black robe of  
night,

Who, through thy awful frown of bronze, dost smile  
down on our sight?

Ask of the land beyond the sea toward which thy  
face is set,

The land that saved our liberty, the land of La-  
fayette.

When, for the creed of equal rights, for conscience  
and for thought;

When, for the freedom of her sons, this young Repub-  
lic fought;

When, through the angry gloom she saw the conquering foe advance,  
A light streamed out upon the sky—the oriflamb of France.

Our drooping banner caught that gleam when hope was almost gone,  
While, as it robbed heaven of its first bright colors of the dawn,

Red flamed its stripes of morning light, bright streaked its silver bars,  
And, breaking through the azure blue, shone out the morning stars.

It stirred, it thrilled, it curled, it clomb, it waved away the night,  
And flung o'er Freedom's continent its courier-bird of light.

Wafted from off its wings that light across the water gleamed,  
Till, with twin freedom on its folds, the French tri-color streamed.

Behold ! by thy great sculptor's hand, up to the  
altar led,  
Bless thou with benediction prayer the worlds thy  
light shall wed.

While trails the red arbutus vine across the winter  
snow,  
As if with flowering drops of blood our bleeding  
tracks to show ;

While rolls the sunset-crimsoned Seine into the  
crimsoning sea,  
France and Columbia shall stand forever one in  
thee.

Scarce from the narrow bounds of men, scarce  
had'st thou turned thy face,  
To steep thy chafing soul in all the amplitude of  
space ;

Scarce had'st thou breathed the boundless air and  
heard the north wind blow,  
And felt the billows break against thy massy base  
below ;

Scarce had the lightning leaping down its spirit to  
thee lent,  
Before thy arm was raised to show what all that  
Freedom meant ;

Till, scoffing at the night that came to mock thee  
in the dark,  
Thy heart with one electric throb shot out yon  
quivering spark,

The currents of whose truth shall thrill till all the  
sons of earth  
Shall feel what Liberty hath cost and what its light is  
worth.

Alive—with all thy memories, with all that thou dost  
mean,  
In the great name of Liberty we hail its Linner-  
Queen!

Steal thou, bright maid, the morning's blush, the  
sunset's ruddy glow,  
To greet the nations as they come, to bless them  
as they go.

Thou art as one from out the heavens, whom God  
himself hath sent,  
To seal forever Slavery's tomb as Freedom's monu-  
ment.

Thou art, with thorn-girt crown, that marks man's  
struggle to be free,  
A rapt prophetic seer of all thy glory yet to  
be.

Amid the starry march of worlds, peering with  
breathless pause,  
On that grand vision beyond sight of thy unfinished  
cause,

How dark thy dawning glory soon shall seem as  
ages gone,  
While from far suns across thy face that wave of  
light rolls on.

For well thou know'st, though man hath wrought,  
e're thy long watch was set,  
Great things for human liberty, man hath but  
little yet.

*Whence sprang the light that lit thy torch?*

——— And as

the vision broke,  
Pointing the Prophecy of Time, the silent Goddess  
spoke :

“Shut up within the darkened soul, there yearned  
since Time began

“The light of that immortal truth—the liberty of  
man ;

“Through the long, tortuous labyrinth of ignorance  
and doubt,

“The slow procession of the Past is winding dimly  
out.

“Borne not with outward signs of pomp the warder  
heard or saw,

“That light came forth the latent power of universal  
law ;

“The light that in an opal holds the rainbow in the  
rock,

“That smiles out in its unborn sleep, a cherub in the  
block,

- “ Works in the crucible of earth the chemistry of  
change,
- “ Rends in the nodule of an Alp the ruddy moun-  
tain-range,
- “ Pushes with gentle violence through seed and leaf  
and spray,
- “ Drives on with steady doom of growth and blossoms  
into day,
- “ Opens at morn with noiseless keys the ivory gates  
of night,
- “ Sets its red sandal on the sky, the cloud, the snow-  
capped height,
- “ Steps from the stained crag to the palm, the shrub,  
the daisy’s cup,
- “ Stirs the still couch with unseen hand and lights  
Creation up ;
- “ The light that in the march of mind, from age to  
age, hath wrought
- “ The bright discoveries that have flashed about the  
forge of thought ;

- “ That hews the mountains, climbs the heavens, leaps  
oceans at a bound,  
“ Unveils the future, limns the dead, and speaks with-  
out a sound ;  
“ The light that quickens in the soul, that fires the  
eager face,  
“ Inspires the hope, kindles the truth that thrills from  
race to race ;  
“ The light that warms the Golden Page, that tells men  
they are free,  
“ Gleamed forth on the historic steps of human  
liberty.  
“ It twinkled out, a lonely Star, upon the heavens of  
old,  
“ By whose pale ray of prophecy that light was first  
foretold.  
“ It glimmered on the Orient upon a race of slaves,  
“ It led them forth as conquerors beyond the clos-  
ing waves.

“ It glinted on Phœnicia and at its sail-caught  
smiles

“ The shuttles of her ships knit all her sandal-scented  
isles.

“ It shed a broken gleam on Greece, and, with its glory  
wreathed,

“ She shone with mighty words that burned and mar-  
ble gods that breathed.

“ It cast a beam on Italy and, as its scroll un-  
furled,

“ A power came forth upon the earth that governed  
all the world.

“ It threw a ray on Runnymede from pennon, spear  
and tent,

“ And, born of Magna Charta, bred the Briton’s Parlia-  
ment.

“ It shot a glance on Germany across the Zuyder-  
Zee,

“ Where stamped with brave Reformer’s blood men  
printed—Liberty.

“ It flashed upon the knights of Spain and, on the  
trampled corse,

“ The man on foot, with musket raised, challenged  
the man on horse.

“ It quickened Russia's frozen heart that long refused to  
flow,

“ Till with emancipated serfs it beat from out the  
snow.

“ It dawned upon Columbia and first to freemen  
gave

“ A liberty her Martyr-Chief proclaimed to every  
slave.

“ It fired the peasantry of France weighed down with  
heavy woes,

“ And round a feudal monarchy a free republic  
rose.

“ In every country of the earth since years were in  
their youth,

“ The greatest friend to liberty hath been the light of  
truth.

“In every nation of the past whose glory hath decreased,

“The greatest foe to liberty, the craft of king and priest.

“Bred up by grand, heroic deeds, by agonizing throes,

“By suffering whose lines have wrought this resolute repose :

“Forth with majestic stride from out the dusky files of men,

“On whose great like man ne'er hath looked and ne'er shall look again :

“Behold! great Freedom's *first-born* child, historic heir of Time,

“Whose crown hath caught those scattered rays of every race and clime.

“Behold! my first bright trophy won—the Bastile's flaming key,

“That yet shall open every door to bolted liberty.

“ Freedom, but never for the heart within this bosom  
warm,

“ The anarch brood, that darkly dash against it in  
the storm ;

“ Blind sea birds, saddening stupidly the island with  
their dead,

“ And claiming liberty for that whence all its  
charms were fled.

“ Freedom, but not by demagogues, bred up in  
courts of fools ;

“ Freedom for men to use their powers by right of  
Nature’s rules ;

“ The laws that hold the world in leash, the laws that  
set men free,

“ For, save through knowledge of her laws, there is no  
liberty.

“ Freedom for every living man that stands upon the  
earth,

“ For all that be he black or white belongs to him by  
birth.

- “ Freedom for every man to come and every man to go,
- “ Freedom for every man to reap whatever he can sow.
- “ Freedom from party prejudice, from threat of craft or guild,
- “ Freedom for every man to vote, for every man to build ;
- “ For every man to own himself, to act his manhood out,
- “ Free to believe or disbelieve and doubly free to doubt.
- “ Freedom from aping forms of cant, that snivels drawls and brags,
- “ From fashions that adorn the dust, but leave the soul in rags ;
- “ From sounding titles strung on names, as coins upon a clown:
- “ Put up the eagle at the peak but take the peacock down.

“ Freedom from all alliances between the Church and State.

“ That whelm the body politic with sacerdotal weight.

“ Freedom from old paternal power, drivell of dotard lands,

“ Freedom—for power is only safe in all the people’s hands.

“ Freedom for scholar and for school, for pulpit, press and speech,

“ For creeds that once have ceased to learn have also ceased to teach.

“ Freedom from ignorance whose god is superstition’s ghost,

“ From dogmas that have made the cross a martyr’s pillory-post.

“ Freedom for man to think before tradition’s musty shelf,

“ Once for the text, twice for the gloss, and three times for himself.

- “Freedom in all its shining forms, for science and  
for art,
- “Freedom for all the industries that multiply the  
mart.
- “Freedom from those restrictive laws whose revenues  
have ceased,—
- “Freedom—for the best government is that which  
governs least.
- “There is a law in things themselves that regulates  
their life,
- “That is not quickened or delayed by statute or by  
strife.
- “The greater sphere a law doth fill the greater its con-  
trol;
- “A little liberty is not so safe as is the whole.
- “Where freedom reigns there virtue thrives, there  
truth and justice dwell ;
- “Where freedom sinks there wealth decays, there  
gone is glory’s spell.

“’Tis from the bottom to the top the social fabric  
dies;

“Go to the ground, there, only there, the hope of  
nations lies.

“O many-fountained mother earth! behold, when  
morn hath pressed

“In iris-winking drops of dew the milk-beads from  
thy breast;

“Behold the fainting myriads on that full bosom  
fall,

“While lapt in sated luxury a few men own it  
all.

“Curs’d be the law that grants away horizoned  
leagues of land,

“That reads God’s title to the globe, grasped by a  
dead man’s hand;

“That leaves a scion of the soil in poverty to go

“Without a home above the ground, without a grave  
below.

“Curs'd be that blinding octopus whose phosphorescent charms

“Clutch all the shuddering crafts that come within its spiderous arms ;

“That stares out with its deep red eyes across the rolling sea,

“And cries, ‘Come up, and be ye searched’ and calls that—liberty.

“Cursed be those vast complexities that smuggle fraud and pelf ;

“Take—take the simple way and go straight to the thing itself.

“There's not a handicraft that plumes the marts of foreign powers,

“Worth half so much to us as theirs as 'tis to us as ours :

“There's not a thing that man can give, a thing that man can take,

“But leaves him for its interchange more than its want can make.

“ We want the things that others have, we want  
their very best ;

“ Break off the chains between all lands, nor leave the  
lack confessed.

“ Take off of things the heavy toll, the tariff and the  
tax,

“ Those two great burdens that their dupes hug  
blindly to their backs ;

“ Take off of men the angry wrongs that cry against  
the land,

“ Take—take your thumb off of their throat and take  
them by the hand.

“ Honor the proletariat, but spurn the guilty  
wretch,

“ Who corners Nature's gifts for what the pinch of want  
will fetch.

“ Cursed be the law, aye doubly cursed, that dun-  
geons men for debt,

“ That huddles vice behind its bars and frees it viler  
yet;

“That heaps a treasury for spoils, that seats without rebuke,

“On thrones of corporative power, a coronetted duke;

“The law, high crime at law itself, that says, ‘thou shalt not kill,’

“Yet licenses two murderers, the brothel and the still;

“Feels in its heart the curse of Cain branded upon its face,

“That deep, degenerative taint that rots into the race;

“Reels, staggers, falls, arrests itself, and handcuffed shouts, ‘I’m free,’—

“The dignitary of the ditch—the slave of liberty.

“Before the law was written down with parchment or with pen,

“Before the law made citizens, the moral law made men.

“ Law stands for human rights, but when it fails those  
rights to give,

“ Then let law die, my brothers, but let human beings  
live.

“ Justice ! O Liberty, to whom the people's rights  
belong,

“ Justice ! lest be in thine own light thou stand a  
brazen wrong :

“ Well have ye made great Themis blind, where Jus-  
tice stands appraised,

“ Lest she have horror of her scales if once those eyes  
were raised.

“ Light for the women of the world that mould the  
mothered age,

“ Light for the eyes pressed down to death with pen-  
ny-weighted wage ;

“ Light for the thrones till kings grow blind, light till  
the sceptre falls,

“ Light for the serfs, the hinds, the slaves, light  
through the dungeon walls ;

“ Light for the lock-step in the mines, the toilers on  
the sea,

“ Light for the poor and the oppressed, light for  
humanity ;

“ Light—never till this lancing light lays bare each  
human woe,

“ Sheathed be its bloodless sword save in the bowels  
of the foe ;

“ Light—and as oft, O Liberty, the world shall lift its  
eye,

“ To watch, through coming centuries, that light  
against the sky ;

“ Let not men see its glory fade upon a ruined  
land,

“ On cities sacked by anarchy or swept by blackened  
brand ;

“ On broken columns, where the owl mopes by the  
mouldering walls,

“ On stony squalors, o'er whose heaps the moony mid-  
night falls ;

“ On streets that mock the traveller’s step, on squares  
whose roar is dumb,

“ On hulls that leave no trails of smoke, no harbored  
clink or hum.

“ O let men rather see that light o’er all this land of  
thine,

“ On flashing forms of industry, with rays reflected  
shine ;

“ On glowing forge, on flying wheel, on snort of iron  
steed ;

“ On ships that pant from port to port with flaming  
manes of speed ;

“ On human homes of happiness, of virtue and of  
health,

“ On hills that break with billowy bloom in golden  
waves of wealth ;

“ On churches, with no sect below, no sect beyond  
the sky,

“ On love, the Maker’s only creed, divinest liberty ;

“ On princely charities that walk through the white  
wards of pain,

“ On broad humanities that bond the common peo-  
ple’s reign ;

“ On states that know no North, no South, whatever  
fate befall,

“ One truth, one law, one heart, one flag, one Union  
for us all.

“ While Truth, in silence from these lips, speaks as if  
thunder spoke,

“ Looks the whole world full in the face, and strikes  
with lightning stroke,

“ Ye need no other arsenal, no navies and no  
forts,

“ No standing armies and no guns to guard your coun-  
try’s ports.

“ Here stack your weapons, sheathe your swords ;  
within the sentried vault,

“ Behold ! I stand ’mid clashing hosts, to call eternal  
halt !

“ Defiant as the stormless truth that guards a nation’s  
trust :

“ Peace is the virtue of a land, and War a palsy-  
ing lust.

“ Ye tyrants scoff, ye war-clouds hurl your bright-  
veined bolts about,

“ Lit at the altar of its God that light shall not go  
out.

“ Go, drape the spangles of the night, go, veil the  
rising dawn,

“ Go, quench the sun, the moon, the stars, go, bid  
them all be gone ;

“ Go, memory, forget the dead,—still round this  
lighted shrine,

“ On Heaven’s sublime Olympus set, Oblivion’s gods  
shall shine.

“ Great Heaven’s Olympus, as of old, spread with  
fresh gods again,

“ Gods, not of marble or of gold, gods of immortal  
men :

“ What gods?—the Lords’ anointed, clothed with a  
divine decree?

“ No!—for at every step they blocked the way to  
liberty.

“ What gods?—the scholars in their stalls, dishonestly  
devout ?

“ No—for they scoured the candlestick, but put the  
candle out.

“ Whence come thy gods, O Liberty, from cloisters,  
senates, thrones ?

“ Answer, ye racks, ye wheels, ye stakes, ye chains, ye  
dungeoned groans.

“ Who are these gods? popes? judges? kings? enshrined  
with storied bust ?

“ Answer, ye waters and ye winds that waft the  
martyrs’ dust :

“ Answer, ye heroes from the flame, ye wild beasts  
from the pit,

“ Be they thy gods, O Liberty, by whom that torch was  
lit.

“Come from your faggots and your fires, come from  
your hunted caves,

“Come from your ratchets and your racks, come from  
your nameless graves ;

“Come curs'd, come bless'd ; the martyrs' smile con-  
quers the monarch's frown,

“The stake becomes the sceptre and the gallows-cap  
the crown.”

So spake the Goddess and from that grand vision  
beyond sight,  
Came martyr-voices crying out of everlasting  
light :

“Smite, toying heaven's bright thunderbolts above  
thy scathless head,

“Smite war, smite wrong, smite tyranny, smite dragon-  
darkness dead ;

“Watch with eternal vigilance, let no man take thy  
crown ;

“Upon thy deep, colossal calm the centuries look  
down.

“ Watch—such a charge as thou dost keep, by all thy  
sons on high,  
“ Brooks not one tremor of the hand, one closing of  
the eye.  
“ By that immortal robe of thine thy form so warmly  
wears,  
“ Welded together with our blood and woven from  
our prayers ;  
“ By every thread, by every fold, by every fila-  
ment,  
“ By every fibre of thy frame through which our life  
is sent ;  
“ By all who suffered for thy sake, by all who died  
for thee,  
“ Hold up that hand for Liberty till all the world is  
free.  
“ And when at length thy lonely task of Prophecy is  
done,  
“ Come up, thou daughter of the dawn, and stand  
within the sun.”

Slowly the dragon crouched away as snatched from  
clutch and jaw,  
Loomed that shrived wonder that the Seer on lonely  
island saw.

Lo! on transfiguration's height, translated from the  
earth,  
A queen cried out before the throne in throes of  
royal birth :

“Call trumpeters,” and lo, they thrilled each strong  
triumphant pang ;

“Call seraphims,” and lo, with song the vast rotunda  
rang ;

“Call worlds,” and lo, with rushing pace through archi-  
trave and arch,  
Came rolling up from cycling orbs the music of  
their march ;

While, as the wheeling planet swung through all the  
heavens of space,  
As He who was the light of men smiled in his  
mother's face :

Trampling the moon beneath her feet, the pale stars  
one by one,

Behold ! in heaven, a woman stood all clothed on  
with the sun :

Still, with apocalyptic hand uplifted to the  
throne ;

Liberty—signalling—lost in light—no light but God  
alone !













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Excerpts from "Paris in America" by  
Édouard René de Laboulaye, 1863

Areas of interested marked in red and highlighted in  
yellow by Karl Burkett

## TO THE READER.



FRIENDLY reader, I offer thee this little book, written for thy pleasure and mine. I dedicate it neither to fortune nor glory; fortune is a damsel that, for six thousand years, has pursued after the young; glory is a vivandière that takes delight only in soldiers. I am old, I have killed no one, therefore I have no longer any wish but to seek the truth in my own guise, and to tell it in my own fashion. If I have not all the gravity of an ox, a goose, or a—(choose whatever name you like), forgive me; the first acts of life make us weep enough to justify us in laughing before the curtain falls. When one has lost his illusions of twenty, he takes neither the comedy nor the comedians in earnest.

If this little book please thee, it is well; if it scandalize thee, it is better; if thou castest it aside, thou art wrong; if thou comprehendest it, thou hast known it longer than Machiavel. Make it the breviary of thy wasted hours; thou wilt not regret it: *Non est hic piscis omnium*. The paradoxes of the eve are the truths of the morrow. A word to the wise is sufficient.

One day, perhaps, by the light of my lamp, thou wilt see all the deformity of the idols which thou adorest to-day; perhaps, too, beyond the decreasing shadows, thou wilt perceive, in all

the charm of her immortal smile, Liberty, the daughter of the Gospel, the sister of justice and pity, the mother of equality, abundance and peace. On that day, friendly reader, do not suffer the flame which I confide to thee to die out; enlighten, enlighten that youth which already presses on our footsteps and urges us forward, while asking us the path of the future. That it may be madder than its fathers, but in a different way, is my prayer and hope.

Upon which, I pray God to preserve thee from ignorant men and fools. As to the wicked, it is thy own affair; life is a *mêlée*: thou art born a soldier, defend thyself; or still better, take back from the Americans the old motto of France, *Forward! always and everywhere, forward!*

Adieu, friend,

RENÉ LEFEBVRE.

NEW LIBERTY (VIRGINIA), July 4, 1862.

"And then?"

"Then, papa, I shall be Secretary of State, like Mr. Seward; or, if I cannot succeed in that, President, like Mr. Lincoln."

"And then," exclaimed I, "you will doubtless take the place of Lucifer; for you have the ambition and pride of a demon!"

"Papa," returned the child, troubled at my vivacity, "all my companions do the same. Our masters have always told us that we are the hope of the country, and that the republic stands in need of us. To enter the political career is not ambition, but a duty. The citizen who advances furthest in it is the one who best serves his country."

"Oh, the heathen! the heathen!" I exclaimed; "behold us returned to the scandals of Athens and Rome! The first duty of a Christian, sir, is to remain in his humility, to shun politics, and never to meddle with the affairs of his country, unless compelled to do so by the sovereign power."

"Papa, this is not what is taught us from the pulpit. Last Sunday, a Pope—Pius VII., I believe—was cited to us, who said—when he was only a bishop, it is true—*'Be good Christians, and you will be good republicans.'* All our liberties come from the Gospel. It is repeated to us without ceasing, that the morality of Christ leads to democracy; that is, to fraternal equality, and respect of the most obscure individual. *Love each other.* What does this mean, if not that the stronger should aid the weaker, with his fortune, counsels, and devotion?"

I seized Henry's arm:

"Poor child, blinded by the folly of thy masters, see," said I, "whither the democracy is going!"

received his theological education I know not. He was a former slave, whom the goodness of God, he said, had ransomed from a servitude less harsh and shameful than that of sin. But this slave had suffered and reflected; he was a man! Life had taught him what is not taught in the schools: his energetic and familiar language went straight to the heart. It was evident from the emotions of the audience.

In the beginning, he eulogized Methodism—a religion blessed of the Lord, he said, judging by the conquests which it made daily. He enumerated at length the number of its believers, and the wealth of its churches. Four million communicants, twelve thousand ministers, sixteen thousand churches, and fifteen million dollars' worth of property—such were the fruits of a zeal that never slumbered. To Old Europe, which subjects the church to the state, and holds it in a perpetual minority, he opposed Young America, which leaves to Christians the care of their worship as of their conscience.

“Liberty,” said he, “when sanctified by religion, works miracles which the Old World, buried in its prejudices, will never witness. England, so proud of its opulence, corrupts its bishops by surrounding them with pagan luxury, and degrades its vicars by condemning them to wretchedness without dignity; while in the live churches of the United States, the generous piety of the members surrounds with comfort and respect a minister who owes nothing except to his flock. A prince believes himself a new Constantine, when by chance he erects and endows a chapel; the Methodists alone of the North built four hundred and fifty churches in 1860. The poor negroes of Acacia Street treat their chaplain better than the kings of the East.

ask the man, who disputes with the usurer the life of his wife and children! These poor victims hate by experience the vice from which they have suffered. Others are happier; they owe to education all their science. The piety of a mother, the devotion of a teacher, have inspired them with the instinct which saves them. Here is again a living truth—a truth which we confess by our remorse, even when we refuse to listen to it.

“In our republic there are patriots who resist the caprices of the crowd. Is this pride? Is it calculation? No. Provided that it can rule, pride adapts itself to every species of baseness; interest finds it to its advantage to bend to the wind. But a pure soul, an enlightened mind, sees higher and further. Man or people, whoever names a despot, names a master whose passions are unchained, and who cannot escape the low appetites of those who surround and deceive him. Criminal wars, foolish expenses, corruption in high places, misery and ignorance among the masses, such are the fruits of all power without control, the scourge of all force which nothing moderates. He who knows this will never descend to the trade of flatterer. Truth stands aloof, and consoles in their solitude minds that cannot debase themselves.

“These are old maxims, you say, which are deduced everywhere. For more than twenty centuries, they have been taught in the schools; the world goes on none the better. Why? Because in the books, where it is left, truth is dead; give it your heart, espouse it, and it will live. It will become your conscience, your honor, your salvation. The mind is like the body; it draws no nourishment from words, it must have the substance of things. To fling liberty to an enslaved people is to entrust children with a weapon which will explode in their hands. Why? Because respect for one's self and others, the feeling of right, the love of justice—these essential conditions of liberty are not articles of the law, they are not decreed; they are virtues which the citizen acquires by dint of patience and practice. So long as liberty does not live in the soul, it is but *a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal*; when once it has

entered into our very essence, all the artifice and fury of tyrants will not wrest it from us.

“There are living truths, therefore, which are at once in things and in us. These put us in communion with Nature and with our fellows. By revealing to us the laws of the moral and physical world, they subject us to it; in every man that thinks like us they reveal to us a friend and brother. But this light which guides us here on earth does not warm our heart. It charms our mind, tempers our passions, enlightens and mitigates our selfishness, it does not give happiness. Man has a thirst for the infinite, an impatience of earth, a need of loving which science cannot satisfy. To procure for ourselves the good after which our soul sighs, a new truth is necessary, which shall put us in communion with God, which is in us and in him. This truth, which can be naught but God himself, it is necessary for us to know and love.

“To love God, and in return to be loved by him is what ancient wisdom was never able to comprehend; modern philosophy perishes through the same powerlessness. In vain the conscience seeks God, in vain it calls on him with the earnestness of the shipwrecked man about to sink; cold reason stands ready to repeat to us that between God and man, between the Infinite and the creature of a day, there is an abyss which nothing can cross. An inflexible nature, a Supreme Being, the slave of his own laws—this is all that the greatest efforts of the greatest minds can offer us. The love of God is an illusion; prayer, the cry of the soul, is a vain murmur dying in a mute sky. Be silent, mortal; stifle thy heart, shut thyself up in a despairing resignation; thou art only an atom, crushed by the wheel of inexorable fatality.

“Well, my brethren, nineteen centuries ago, a man came upon earth to bring *the glad tidings*, to reconcile God and humanity. This prophet called himself the Son of God and the Son of Man, or (which is perhaps but another name of the same mystery) the light and the truth. ‘*I am,*’ said he, ‘*the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father*

*but by me.*' The world listened, the world believed. On the day that the Word was made flesh, that the divine truth put on a body, faith, hope, and love appeared here on earth and entered the heart of man. This problem, which reason declares improbable, in which it sees nothing but contradictory data, Christ has resolved. A living truth, an incarnate truth, which God can love as a son, and which man can love as a Saviour—behold the bond of union which has united heaven and earth, which has given a father to humanity and children to God! Herein is the mystery of his revelation, herein is the proof of his divinity. Never would the mind of man have arisen of itself to this conception which confounds our intellect, and which nevertheless, illumines it with infinite splendor. Yes, if God loves men, it can be only in loving himself, in the contemplation of his eternal truth; yes, if man can render to God a worship which is not an insult, it is when he adores a ray of this highest light which does not disdain to descend even unto him.

"To love Christ is to love truth; to love truth is to love Christ. This is the great secret of the Gospel. He who does not comprehend it is a Christian only in name.

"Now, my brethren, commune with your own hearts and reflect when you love Christ, what is it that you love? Perchance, is it not the martyr who has given his life for his own? Is it not the crucified victim, whose wounds are still bleeding? Beware! this is a human love; all parties, all religions have their martyrs. Christ exacts more, Christ is something else than a worshipped corpse, whose wounds we kiss; Christ is truth; it is by this title that he demands your love. Is it thus that you love him?

"You have faith, doubtless; you believe the Gospel. But is not this a hereditary prejudice, a symbol which you dare not look in the face for fear of finding yourselves infidels. Do you reason on your belief; do you take away from it all Jewish or heathen alloy which lessens its purity? Do you make your faith the rule of your actions? Do you break with the world

and yourselves? Do you say with the prophet and apostle, '*I believe, therefore have I spoken*?' If this be so, you love Christ as he wishes to be loved; you love truth.

"But if religion is to you only a form; if you seek in it only a refuge from the voice of the truth which pursues you; if your faith dies on your lips and is not translated into your actions; if, wholly devoted to your fortune or repose, you fear error less than scandal; if, in your cowardly prudence, you leave to God himself the care of defending his word; if your charity employs itself only in alleviating the miseries of the body, and does not combat ignorance and vice; if you do not feel that your first duty is to snatch immortal souls from the servitude of sin; if you have not the holy madness which braves and treads under foot the wisdom of the age; if, finally, you do not yourselves the works which Christ did here on earth, my brethren, do not delude yourselves—you are, I grant, able, prudent, wise, and feeling, you are not Christians, you do not love truth.

Note:  
"servitude of sin", hence the shackle's meaning.

"'I have doubts,' you say; 'if I believed I should love Christ.' And I tell you, love him, you will then believe in him. Love him as the living truth which leads to God. These ceremonies displease you, leave them alone; these dogmas appal you, cast them aside; perhaps they are human inventions, perhaps you will understand them later. Christ has established neither dogma nor ceremony. Simplify your faith, and, in the words of the most believing and boldest of the apostles: '*Quench not the Spirit, prove all things, hold fast that which is good.*'\* There are passages in the New Testament which trouble you, put them aside. What matters it if the evangelists differ among themselves, so that the Gospel is always in harmony with itself, so that the words of Christ always glow with the flame of the eternal truth?

"Is Christ an object of scandal to you? Do you not yet comprehend that it was necessary that the truth should become incarnate, that it should be living, and that you could love it,

\*1 Thess. v. 19, 21.

Statue of Liberty Flame?

the reason for  
secrecy

Ah, well! Christ himself has pity on your weakness and restores to you your liberty. *'Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, (or, under another name, the Spirit of Truth),\* it shall not be forgiven.†* Seek therefore after truth *for itself*, but seek in good faith: after a long circuit, truth will lead you back to Christ.

"'I seek the truth,' you say, 'but do not find it.' No, my brother, you do not seek it. The pride of your mind, the passions of the flesh, hold you back. Science escapes you, perhaps; but moral truth, religious truth, you know where to find. At your fireside, mute, veiled, like Alcestus escaped from the kingdom of the dead, there Truth awaits you.

"You well know that when you return, wearied of life and of yourselves, it gazes at you there from under its veil, and this gaze judges you. At night, when, in darkness and alone, you dream of the ambitions and, perhaps, crimes of the morrow, it is there, still there. Its eye follows you in the obscurity; its silence chills you. You despise men; you set yourselves up as judges over laws; but you tremble before this spectre, which you can neither corrupt nor slay.

"This guard, which keeps watch over your soul, you will never flee. The hour will come when the hand of death will weigh heavily on your forehead; when you will no longer see, but in a mist, all that you love—your money, your honors, your wife, your children. But, in the midst of despair and tears, it will still be there—that veiled figure ready to receive you and bear you away into the invisible world. Guilty or innocent, you will not escape it: it will be your remorse or your hope.

"Follow it then here on earth; follow it in the midst of your troubles and uncertainties; follow it despite your incredulity. Cling to truth and it will save you. Yes, when you have crossed the threshold of the tomb, the figure will cast aside its veil, and Christ, visible at last in all the splendor of his divine

\* John, xiv. 17.

† Luke, xii. 10.

smile—Christ will say to you, ‘My son, know me, I am the truth.’”

The moment the sermon was ended, I left the assembly and hastened into an adjoining room. I caught Truth in my arms, panting and exhausted. I took his hand: it was burning.

“Unhappy man,” said I, “you are killing yourself!”

“My friend,” murmured he, laying his head on my shoulder, “let us do our duty: the rest is vanity.”

such is the ideal which charms you and inspires us with horror. You reject liberty for the very reason which makes us desire it. We believe in the Gospel, you are afraid of it."

"I am afraid of associations," said I, "not of the Gospel."

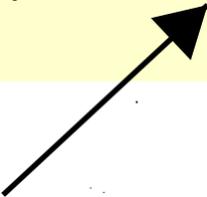
"Yes, because association is the only possible form of liberty. You must have a State whose omnipotence nothing disturbs, and which has naught opposed to it but isolated individuals and mute consciences. This is Roman despotism in all its deformity. We Christians, between the State and the individual, between force and selfishness, place association; that is, love and charity, the true bond of hearts, the true cement of societies. To spread the Bible, to propagate the divine word, to enlighten souls, to succor the wretched, to console the suffering, to raise up the fallen, we need hundreds of associations and thousands of reunions. We wish a Christian people to do good by the free coöperation of all its members, and to remit to no one a duty which it alone can fulfill. But all these companies can exist but on one condition; namely, that the Church, the first and most important of all, shall be absolute ruler in its sphere. It is the Church which, through its liberty, shelters and guaranties all associations; it is through this that religion, far from being dangerous to the State, is the very life of society. This, sir, this is why we need religious liberty; we need it because Christ has given it to us, we need it because it is the parent of all liberties. He who does not know this is neither a Christian nor a citizen."

In reply to this fanatic I was about to silence him, when a little hand took mine; I recognized Susan, and smiled.

and ridiculous into the bargain. You will ere long snuffle like Mr. Brown, and speak the dialect of Canaan better than he. Oh, Frenchmen, everlasting chameleons! Chinese at Canton, Bedouins in Algeria, Puritans in Massachusetts, comedians everywhere, when will you be men? Return to Paris, Daniel: you will leave at the barrier this insipid cant, and this great black book which men of taste respect without touching. A philosopher politely takes off his hat to Christianity; it is unnecessary to be on bad terms with any one; to go further is the weakness of a small mind. The God of the nineteenth century is ancient Pan, too long eclipsed by the suffering figure of Christ. Plunge into the infinite, Daniel; adore your Father, the unfathomable; it is the fashionable mode of worship, the only one that can be acknowledged by the infallible reason of to-day."

"No," exclaimed I, "my eyes are opened; I have shaken off the painful dream which enervates our soul. These children have taught me this morning what a sacred bond unites in a common embrace liberty and the Gospel! If for us all ends with the body, we have neither rights nor duties: we are a mischievous flock, who are to be fed and chastised till death sends it to rot in an eternal grave. He only is a person whom immortality brings into communion with God. He only is a man and a citizen who can hold fast to a living justice, to a truth which knows no death. The poor, the sick, the enslaved, the wretched, the criminal became sacred only on the day that Christ ransomed them with his blood and covered them with his divinity. Adieu, Hegel and Spinoza! Adieu, words put in the place of things! Adieu, divinized matter! I have seen whither these doctrines lead people and men. I desire neither the base

enjoyments of the crowd nor the stoical resignation of wits. I must have something else than drunkenness or despair. I must live! To live is to believe and act. Returned from the illusions of youth and the ambitious schemes of mature age, oh, Christ! my reason calls thee, my experience brings me back to thy feet. After so many deceptions, restore me hope; after so many betrayals, restore me love; and may the happy day dawn ere long when, Old Europe imitating Young America, a single cry will arise from earth to heaven—a saving cry—**GOD AND LIBERTY!**



Old Europe imitating Young America, the Statue looks to the old world. this is why Bartholdi wants the statue in Paris to look back at the statue in America.

Minerva, with spear, casque, and buckler. This will be France, the queen of civilization, the arts, and peace. Around the column I arrange a vast portico, surmounted by explosive grenades and shells; in the interior I place the statues of all our national heroes—Duguesclin, Dunois, Condé, Turenne, Hoche, Kléber, Masséna, Murat, etc. Above, I place symbolic statues, each twenty-five feet in height; on one side, War, protecting Industry and the Arts; on the other, Conquest, bearing Liberty to foreign lands; in the midst, Fortune and Beauty crowning Valor. This will be noble, it will be imposing. Here will be one of those patriotic monuments which immortalize an age and enlarge the mind of twenty generations. Immensity, in uniformity—what an ideal!

“The Greeks, I believe,” replied I, “made beauty consist in proportion and variety.”

“Frenchmen are not Greeks,” exclaimed he; “we are Romans. Nothing pleases us but hugeness and symmetry; the gigantic is the beautiful.”

I sighed, hung my head, and did not answer.

“Well, doctor, here you are, relapsed into your silence. What do you think of my project?”

“I think,” said I, shrugging my shoulders, “that I come from a country which occupies itself in rearing men instead of moving stones and building monuments. Porticos, columns, triumphal arches and statues form beautiful perspectives on the horizon; but there is something nobler and greater, something more living which diffuses in the most narrow street an indescribably happy light, and which makes the most dingy habitation a palace—liberty.”

“Good,” replied he, in the tone of an irritated author;

should do like the shrewd; I should resign myself and shout with the crowd. I will have none of these saddening joys, I like better my prison and my dream.

Every morning, in the silence of my wretched cell, a vision consoles me. I behold in the distance the whitening summits—it is the breaking of the dawn, the dawn of a day which I shall never see, but what matter? What is that luminous point which pierces the horizon and seems to drive away the fleeing shadows? It is the New Jerusalem, the city of the future. There, all is changed; the last vestiges of paganism have disappeared; the individual commands, he is king. Respected by all as he respects others, he is the sole master of his actions, alone responsible for his life, he has nothing to fear from the laws. The Church has reconquered evangelical independence, she has broken that adulterous chain which Constantine imposed on her to the misfortune of the world. Returned to her divine spouse, she is the curb, consolation and hope of souls; the Gospel is the charter of liberty. Scattered broadcast, education opens hearts to the truth; charity, the work of all, gives scope to that instinct of union, that need of common action which makes the greatness of societies. The province has resumed its ancient vigor; the love of the village doubles, while strengthening the love of the whole country. The commune has broken the bonds which hold it; it lives, it acts; it calls and retains its children within its limits. The *Times* is no longer the organ of France; the press is free; every one says what he thinks and thinks what he says. Confined within its bounds, the State is no longer but a blessing. Outside, it is the sword of the country, within it is the law, nothing less, nothing more. Truth, justice, liberty, ye shine in this new sky like

This could have something to do with the meaning of the chain broken, and it fits with the historical Mansons not dispute with the Catholic Church.

pacific stars; before you are eclipsed the scourges of old Europe—despotism, intrigue, and falsehood. France, happy and proud, blossoms out in abundance and peace, it is the example and envy of nations; there it is glorious to live, there it is sweet to die.

Such is my dream; it casts into my prison an indescribable, serene light which warms my heart. How glorious will it be on the day when the masks shall fall and the madmen be the sages, the sages the madmen! Then, about the year 2000, pious pilgrims as numerous as the sands on the seashore will visit the cell where, a new Daniel, I foretold the future. Then, too, some curious men, some antiquarians, laboring continually to do nothing, will seek beneath the rubbish of the past, what certain varieties of Frenchmen of the nineteenth century could have been—varieties disappeared forever, like the carlin, the everlasting regret of porters. It will be asked what was the devourer of Jesuits, the leather breeches, the inventor of centralistic races, the adorer of the God-State. And the father, passing through the halls of the Museum of Natural History, will point out to his astonished children a gigantic bottle where, embalmed in spirits, with his crosses and diplomas, will repose the last of the Olybriuses.

Amen, *amen*, AMEN, AMEN!

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE,  
BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE land, that, from the rule of kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our Old World Sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands  
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,  
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands  
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee  
Once more a debt of love we owe:  
In peace beneath thy fleur-de-lis,  
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit  
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
With watch-fires from thy torch uplit!

Reveal the primal mandate still  
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,  
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will  
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,  
A lightning-flash the wretch to smite  
Who shields his license with thy name!



D19-34.5  
FIP: 05/96

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XR D011023

**DESIGN.**

**A. BARTHOLDI.**  
Statue.

**No. 11,023.**

**Patented Feb. 18, 1879.**



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**LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.**

*C. H. Dick  
J. B. Carpenter.*

*Auguste Bartholdi  
by  
Pollak  
Arch.*

# UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI, OF PARIS, FRANCE.

## DESIGN FOR A STATUE.

Specification forming part of Design No. **11,023**, dated February 18, 1879; application filed January 2, 1879.  
[Term of patent 14 years.]

*To all whom it may concern:*

Be it known that I, AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI, of Paris, in the Republic of France, have originated and produced a Design of a Monumental Statue, representing "Liberty enlightening the world," being intended as a commemorative monument of the independence of the United States; and I hereby declare the following to be a full, clear, and exact description of the same, reference being had to the accompanying illustration, which I submit as part of this specification.

The statue is that of a female figure standing erect upon a pedestal or block, the body being thrown slightly over to the left, so as to gravitate upon the left leg, the whole figure being thus in equilibrium, and symmetrically arranged with respect to a perpendicular line or axis passing through the head and left foot. The right leg, with its lower limb thrown back, is bent, resting upon the bent toe, thus giving grace to the general attitude of the figure. The body is clothed in the classical drapery, being a stola, or mantle gathered in upon the left shoulder and thrown over the skirt or tunic or under-garment, which drops in voluminous folds upon the feet. The right arm is thrown up and stretched out, with a flamboyant torch grasped in the hand. The flame of the torch is thus held high up above the figure. The arm is nude; the drapery of the sleeve is dropping down upon the shoulder in voluminous folds. In the left arm, which is falling against the body, is held a tablet, upon which is inscribed "4th July, 1776." This tab-

let is made to rest against the side of the body, above the hip, and so as to occupy an inclined position with relation thereto, exhibiting the inscription. The left hand clasps the tablet so as to bring the four fingers onto the face thereof. The head, with its classical, yet severe and calm, features, is surmounted by a crown or diadem, from which radiate divergently seven rays, tapering from the crown, and representing a halo. The feet are bare and sandal-strapped.

This design may be carried out in any manner known to the glyptic art in the form of a statue or statuette, or in alto-relievo or bass-relief, in metal, stone, terra-cotta, plaster-of-paris, or other plastic composition. It may also be carried out pictorially in print from engravings on metal, wood, or stone, or by photographing or otherwise.

What I claim as my invention is—

The herein-described design of a statue representing Liberty enlightening the world, the same consisting, essentially, of the draped female figure, with one arm upraised, bearing a torch, while the other holds an inscribed tablet, and having upon the head a diadem, substantially as set forth.

In testimony whereof I have signed this specification in the presence of two subscribing witnesses.

A. BARTHOLDI.

Witnesses:

C. TERINIER,  
COTTIN.

Article from  
The Rotarian  
May 1949  
four pages



Photo: Margaret Bourke-White from *Arizona*

# She's Still

SYMBOL OF FREEDOM, THE  
STATUE OF LIBERTY IS HER COUNTRY'S PRIDE—  
BUT HER WELCOME WAS TARDY!

**D**ID you know that the **Statue of Liberty's** gigantic features were hammered out of bronze sheets and not cast in a mold? Did you know that she towered in a back street in Paris, France, for more than six months before taking up her stand in New York Harbor? And did you know that there's room for 40 people inside her head alone . . . and that she'll be celebrating her 63d birthday in October?

Take that matter of her features having been hammered out: that's the method of metal working known as *repoussé*, in which copper or bronze sheets are pounded into wooden molds. It took 300 sheets, each nine-tenths of an inch thick, to make this best known of world statues. Riveted together, these molded sheets form the figure's "envelope" which is affixed to an ingenious iron skeleton.

Then there's the question of Miss Liberty's six-month stay in Paris: that's where she was built, of course, and, after her official presentation to the United States on July 4, 1884, she remained on exhibition until it was time for her to be taken down, crated, and shipped.

And, as for the vast spaces inside her—well, if you're attending Rotary's Convention in New York City in June—and if you have plenty of wind—you can climb the spiral stairs to the observation room in her diadem and enjoy an unequalled view of Manhattan Island and the Upper Bay. She's 151 feet from toe to torch, stands on a 154-foot pedestal which, you'll be glad to know, has an elevator.

But you can't tell Miss Liberty's story with facts and figures alone, any more than the story of a nation is told by the number of square miles it contains. It's a story of two freedom-loving peoples joined together in a common venture; a story of international goodwill at its best; and it's a story which very nearly didn't have a "happy ending."

No, arriving on her pedestal on Bedloe's Island, New York, wasn't all plain sailing for "the old girl," as many a G. I. Joe called her when she welcomed him home. In fact, it may surprise you to know that 21 years were to pass between the time Sculptor Auguste Bartholdi began to create her in his imagination and the October day in 1886 when President Grover Cleveland accepted her in the name of the people of the United States.

What happened? Well, for one thing, M. Bartholdi thought about his project for nearly five years. "What does freedom look like?" he kept asking. Then came the Franco-Prussian War, in which he fought; and it was not until 1871 that he sailed for the United States to see whether the country itself might inspire him. Furthermore, even when he had

# a Thriller!

returned to France with his plans full-blown, had received the backing of the French-American Union in Paris, and the promise of \$250,000 for the statue's pedestal from the Americans, the task was barely begun. It was not only that the statue must be modelled and made, but that its cost—another \$250,000—must be raised from among the French people.

What followed was, without doubt, one of the most generous and unselfish gestures ever offered to one people by another, for contributions poured in from every Province in France; housewives dug into their thriftily hoarded savings; schoolchildren dropped sous into collection boxes; workmen surrendered their hard-earned francs. There were benefit balls, county fairs, and raffles, until, long before the statue was ready to make its journey across the Atlantic, the people of France could stamp the bill "Paid in Full!"

But what about the Americans and their half of the bargain—the building of the pedestal? Was it ready and waiting? Had the fund-raising committee been overwhelmed with subscriptions, and was the public beside itself with excitement?

Astonishing though it may seem to us now, none of these things was true: 11 years after its promises to Bartholdi, the committee had raised only half the necessary sum, Bedloe's Island was barren, and the citizens of New York showed little or no interest in the project. Even when the giant torch-bearing right arm was put on exhibition, enthusiasm failed to develop; and, for a while, it appeared that the French gift might be refused.

But finally, in 1883, the great publisher Joseph Pulitzer hit on the cause of the Americans' apathy and began to boost the project in his New York World. "We must raise the money!" he wrote. "Let us not wait for the millionaires. Let us hear from the people!"

The directness of this appeal, bolstered by countless editorials and cartoons, roused not only his readers but plain citizens from all over the United States, and now, for the first time, they rushed to contribute their nickels and dimes and dollar bills. Within 11 months the necessary sum had been raised, the 154-foot pedestal completed, and the work of riveting the statue's plates begun.

"Liberty Enlightening the World"—which, of course, is the huge figure's full name—began her long reign on October 28, 1886, when Auguste Bartholdi himself unveiled the great work in a bedlam of whistles, gun salutes, and cheering crowds—the "happy ending," at last!

But Miss Liberty doesn't "end." The words on her pedestal clearly tell her meaning:

*Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore;  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me!*

*I lift my lamp beside the golden door.*



The mammoth Statue of Liberty as it appeared during construction in the yards of Messrs. Gaget, Gauthier & Co. in Paris.

## FROM THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE



Bartholdi

Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, sculptor of the Statue of Liberty, was already famous, at 31, for his monumental statues when the idea for his masterpiece came to him. A chance remark at a dinner party in Paris, in 1865, first set him to thinking of a monument to independence, to be erected in the United States, but it was not for many years that he was able to make his dream come true.

A native of Alsace, Bartholdi served with Garibaldi during the war of 1870, and, the following year, visited the U. S. to gather impressions for the work he had in mind. He met many

famous Americans of the day and returned to France with the promise of their support for his project.

Bartholdi was most noted for understanding the principles and mechanics of colossal sculpture and for the fact that he eliminated all unnecessary details. For Liberty, he first made life-size models of plaster and wood, later multiplied their dimensions, finally built the gigantic wooden molds into which plates of the final statue were carefully hammered.

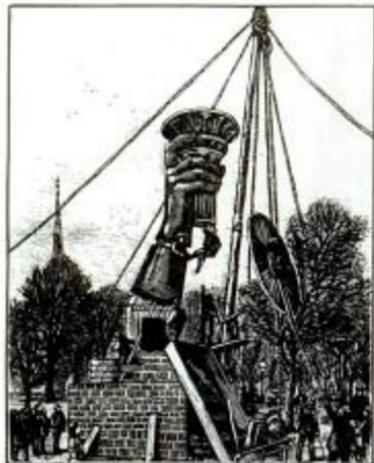
He died October 4, 1904.



Cross section, showing steps.



America Had to Be Roused  
to Provide a **Statue** Base!

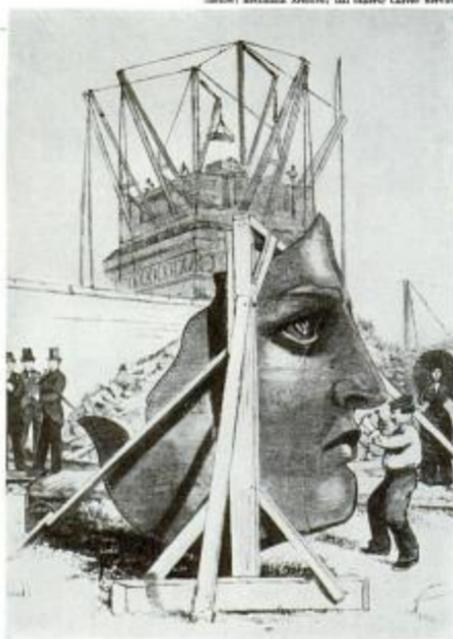


Miss Liberty's right forearm and torch were erected in New York City's Madison Square to rouse interest and increase contributions for her base.

(Below) Bettmann Archives; (all others) Culture Review



It was cartoons like this which Joseph Pulitzer published in the *New York World* to boost the building of the Statue's pedestal. Pulitzer campaigned so effectively that funds were raised in 11 months, and the first plate riveted carried his name.



With the pedestal (shown in the background) nearing completion, the Statue's plates were assembled. Here the face is pushed.



"Can you spare a match, Mister?" might be the title of this drawing—another in the series designed to excite public indignation.



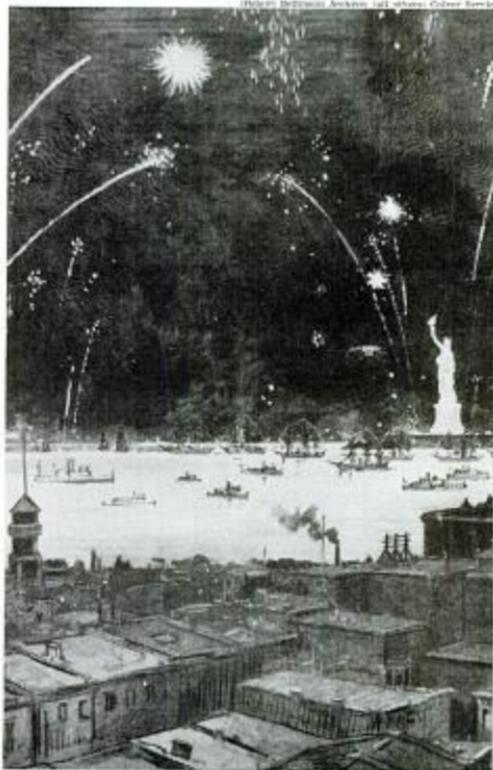
The American people finally respond. Rallies like this one, with banners and drum-and-pipe corps, were held all over the United States after Pulitzer wrote, "We must raise the money! . . . Let us hear from the people!"



Even a downpour couldn't keep the crowds away when the cornerstone of the *potential* their pennies and nickels had paid for was laid. It was a truly thrilling moment for everyone!



In a skyscraperless day the view from the observation platform on the torch was unexcelled. Visitors are now barred from the arm.



"Liberty Day," October 28, 1886. Accepted by President Grover Cleveland, the statue's unveiling was celebrated with a display of fireworks.

### **THREE LADY LIBERTY'S**

Yes. There are three Statues of Liberty - the New York Statue and two sister statues in France. Before brother Bartholdi and brother Eiffel built their full scale statue, two smaller scale models were constructed. The smallest of the two models is the original 'life size' miniature mold for the American statue. It stands fifteen feet tall on a Paris pedestal amongst the flowers and fountains of Luxembourg Gardens, home to the French government's Senate in Paris.

Standing on Swan Ally island in the Seine River stands, yet another, larger statue measuring thirty-five feet in height on its base. This exact replica was inaugurated on November 15, 1889 and given to the French by the Americans to commemorate the Centennial of the French Revolution. The book held by this statue is inscribed with the dates of the US and French revolutions. IV Juillet 1776 and XIV Julliet 1789. When Bartholdi learned that his Swan Alley statue faced the Eiffel Tower, he flew into a rage and demanded that it be turned around to face his American statue.

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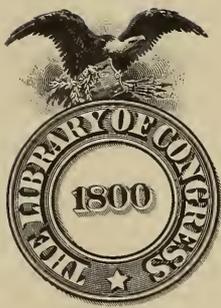
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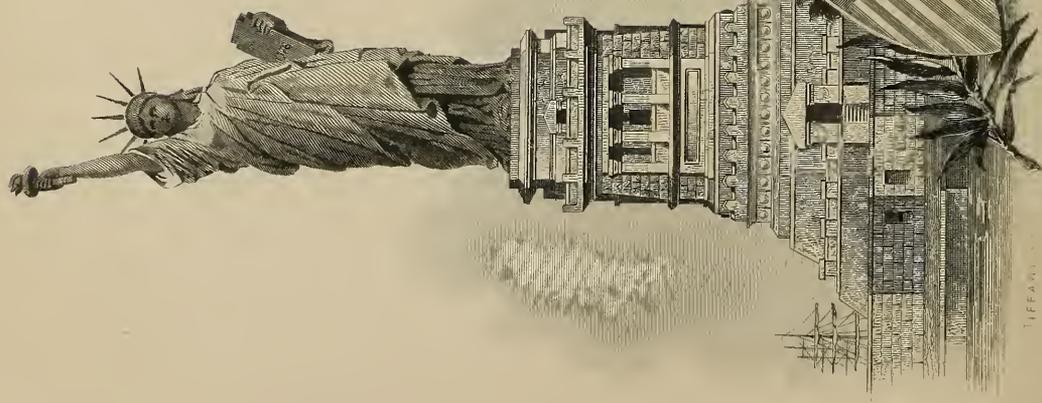
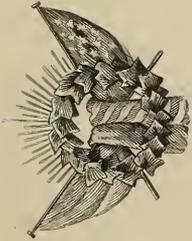












You are invited to be present on the occasion of the  
 inauguration by the President of the United States,  
 of the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World,  
 on Bedloe's Island, New-York Harbor,  
 on Thursday, October 28<sup>th</sup> 1886.

On behalf of  
 The American Committee

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| William. M. Everett, | Chairman.           |
| Richard. Butler,     | Secretary.          |
| Henry. F. Spaulding, | Treasurer.          |
| Joseph W. Drexel,    | Patrick Godwin,     |
| James W. Beecher,    | J. Mansford Moore,  |
|                      | Frederic. A. Potts. |

John. H. Schofield,  
 Major-General U. S. Army  
 Commanding  
 Division of the Atlantic.

American committee of the statue of Liberty

205

INAUGURATION OF  
THE STATUE OF  
LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING  
THE WORLD

BY THE  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

ON BEDLOW'S ISLAND, NEW YORK  
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1886

*Issued under the Authority of the Committee*

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NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY  
1887

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As it would seem that many thousand Americans should wish to possess a memorial of the magnificent ceremonial connected with the unveiling, by the President of the United States, of Bartholdi's famous statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," on Bedlow's Island, Thursday, October 28, 1886, the following account of the proceedings, including the addresses in full, has been prepared under the authority of the American Committee. To the above have been added a brief history of the statue, and the beautiful engraving which was executed as the invitation-card to the historic ceremonial, forming altogether a most attractive souvenir of an event of national importance, and one tending to form an enduring bond between the two great sister republics, France and the United States.

NEW YORK, *November, 1886.*



LIBERTY  
ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

JOINT RESOLUTION AUTHORIZING THE PRESIDENT TO DESIGNATE AND SET APART A SITE FOR THE COLOSSAL STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD," AND TO PROVIDE FOR THE PERMANENT MAINTENANCE AND PRESERVATION THEREOF.

*Whereas*, The President has communicated to Congress the information that citizens of the French Republic propose to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of our independence by erecting, at their own cost, a colossal bronze statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," upon a pedestal of suitable proportions, to be built by private subscriptions, upon one of the islands belonging to the United States, in the harbor of New York; and

*Whereas*, It is proper to provide for the care and preservation of this grand monument of art,

and of the abiding friendship of our ancient ally ;  
therefore

*Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized and directed to accept the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," when presented by citizens of the French Republic, and to designate and set apart for the erection thereof a suitable site upon either Governor's or Bedlow's Island, in the harbor of New York, and upon the completion thereof shall cause the same to be inaugurated with such ceremonies as will serve to testify the gratitude of our people for this expressive and felicitous memorial of the sympathy of the citizens of our sister Republic; and he is hereby authorized to cause suitable regulations to be made for its future maintenance as a beacon, and for the permanent care and preservation thereof as a monument of art, and of the continued good will of the great nation which aided us in our struggle for freedom.

Approved March 3, 1877.

## PROCEEDINGS IN PARIS.

Americans who were so fortunate as to be in Paris on the 4th of July, 1884, witnessed perhaps the most notable celebration of the day that has ever been held in the Old World. The statue of "Liberty," by Bartholdi, certainly had much to do with the greatness of the occasion. Appropriate addresses were made by M. de Lesseps and Levi P. Morton, the American Minister, and the following letter was read :

PRÉSIDENCE DU CONSEIL,

PARIS, *Friday, July 4.*

MY DEAR MR. MORTON: I have been, as perhaps you know, seriously indisposed, and in order to be equal to all my duties am obliged to care for myself to an extent to which I have not been accustomed. My labors of yesterday fatigued me much, and I am recommended to take to-day the most absolute repose.

The Government of the Republic will be represented to-day in your presence by several ministers. For me will remain all the regret of not

being able to be present in person at this festival in honor of the fraternity of two great republics; but you are assured that I shall be there in spirit, heart, and soul.

Accept, my dear Mr. Morton, my entire devotion.

JULES FERRY.

#### THE PROCÈS-VERBAL.

The following is a translation of the *procès-verbal* of the proceedings at the presentation, which was contained in a box, in itself a marvelous specimen of the French goldsmith's art.

The 4th of July, 1884, anniversary day of American Independence.

In the presence of M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, and President of the Council of Ministers.

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, in the name of the Committee of the Franco-American Union, and of the national manifestation of which that committee has been the organ, has presented the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the

World," the work of the sculptor Bartholdi, to his Excellency Mr. Morton, United States Minister at Paris, praying him to be the interpreter of the national sentiment of which this work is the expression.

Mr. Morton, in the name of his compatriots, thanks the French-American Union for this testimony of sympathy from the French people; he declares that in virtue of the powers conferred upon him by the President of the United States, and the committee of the work in America, represented by its honorable President, Mr. William M. Evarts, he accepts the statue, and that it shall be erected in conformity with the vote of Congress of the 22d of February, 1877, in the harbor of New York as a souvenir of the unalterable friendship of two nations.

In faith of which there have signed:

In the name of France,

M. JULES FERRY,

*Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

In the name of the United States,

MR. MORTON,

*Minister of the United States.*

In the name of the French-American Committee,

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

This *procès-verbal* was taken to M. Jules Ferry in order to obtain his signature, he, as previously stated, being unable to be present.

The French frigate *Isère* arrived in the Lower Bay of New York, on Wednesday, June 17, 1885, and two days later she was escorted, with imposing ceremonies, by a large American squadron, to Bedlow's Island, where Bartholdi's famous statue of Liberty was safely landed on the afternoon of June 19th. The naval display, with the advantage of perfect weather, was brilliant and successful. Admiral Lacombe and his staff witnessed a fine military and civic procession in honor of the occasion, and were officially received by the mayor of the city of New York.

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WAR DEPARTMENT, }  
WASHINGTON CITY, *September 27, 1886.* }

GENERAL: Among the requirements of the Joint Resolution of Congress, approved March 3, 1877, authorizing the President to assign and set apart a site on which to erect the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," is one that, after the completion of certain preliminaries, the President shall cause the statue to be inaugurated with such ceremonies "as will serve to testify the gratitude of our people," etc.

As the proper performance of this duty would require of the President frequent personal conferences with the Committee charged with making arrangements for the inauguration of the statue, of which the conveniences of the public business requiring his personal attention would not admit, he has designated you to represent him on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue, and desires you to consult freely with the Committee having charge of the ceremonies, and act in accord with their views and wishes in carrying out the programme which that Committee may agree upon.

As the use of the military force in the harbor of New York may be asked to take part in the ceremonies of the occasion, you are at liberty to give

orders to all troops, whether under your command as Division Commander or not, to participate to the extent required of them.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

R. C. DRUM,

*Acting Secretary of War.*

MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD,

*Commanding Division of the Atlantic,*

*Governor's Island, New York Harbor.*

#### INAUGURATION CEREMONIES.

The following general outline of a plan for the ceremonies attending the inauguration of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" has been approved by Major-General Schofield, to take place Thursday, October 28, 1886:

*First.*—A military, naval, and civic parade in New York City. The march of the column to terminate at the Battery, and at other piers in the lower part of the city, where steamers will be taken for Bedlow's Island. The positions of the various organizations in the column will be such that, in turning off to the piers from which they are to em-

bark, there will be no crossing of columns or delay in the march.

*Second.*—At a given signal the steamers, preceded by such ships of war as may be present, will move in a prescribed order to Bedlow's Island, and will occupy their designated positions.

NOTE.—The limited area and wharfage of the island will only permit of the landing of a comparatively small proportion of those who may wish to take part in the ceremonies. Hence, the leading steamers only will touch at the wharf, while all the others will be assigned positions from which the ceremonies may be seen.

*Third.*—Appropriate ceremonies at the base of the statue to be concluded near the hour of sunset.

*Fourth.*—A national salute from all the batteries in the harbor, ashore and afloat. During the salute the guests and others on the island will re-embark, and the vessels of the fleet will return to their wharves.

*Fifth.*—The ceremonies will be concluded by the illumination of the statue.

All military, naval, and civic societies and organizations which desire to take part in the parade will make early application to the American Committee, at No. 33 Mercer Street, New York City, or to the Grand Marshal, No. 1 Broadway, so that places may be assigned them in the column, and

the detailed programme of the parade made public in due time.

The Committee will furnish transportation only for those who are to take part in the ceremonies at the statue, and those guests who are provided with tickets admitting them to seats upon the platform. All others who may wish to take passage upon the bay will provide their own transportation.

Approved :

(Signed)

J. M. SCHOFIELD,

*Major-General.*

Published by order of the American Committee of the Statue of Liberty.

(Signed)

RICHARD BUTLER,

*Secretary.*

General Charles P. Stone has been appointed Grand Marshal of the parade to take place in the City of New York.

The senior officer of the U. S. Navy who may be present is expected to act as Admiral of the Fleet, and direct the movements of all vessels taking part in the parade upon the bay.

Official :

J. P. SANGER,

*Brevet Major U. S. Army,  
Aide-de-Camp.*

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH DELEGATION  
PRESENT AT THE CEREMONIES.

- Mr. le Comte FERDINAND DE LESSEPS,  
*Président du Comité de l'Union Franco-Américaine.*
- Mr. and Mme. AUG. BARTHOLDI.
- Mr. l'Amiral JAURES, Sénateur,
- Mr. le Général PELISSIER, Sénateur,  
*Délégués par le Sénat.*
- Mr. E. SPULLER, Député,
- Mr. DESMONS, Député,  
*Délégués par la Chambre des Députés.*
- Mr. VILLEGENTE, Lieut. de Vaisseau,  
*Aide-de-camp du Ministre de la Marine.*
- Mr. le Colonel BUREAU DE PUSY,  
*Délégué par le Ministre de la Guerre.*
- Mr. le Colonel LAUSSEDAT,  
*Directeur de l'Ecole des Arts et Métiers.*
- Mr. LÉON ROBERT,  
*Chef de Cabinet du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.*
- Mr. DESCHAMPS,  
*Vice-Président du Conseil Municipal de Paris.*
- Mr. HIÉLARD,  
*Membre délégué de la Chambre de Commerce de Paris.*

Mr. GIROUD,

*Ancien Député, délégué du Ministre du Commerce.*

Mr. CHARLES BIGOT,

*Délégué par la presse de Paris.*

Mr. NAPOLÉON NEY,

*Président de la Société de Géographie Commerciale.*

Mr. LÉON MEUNIER,

*Membre correspondant de l'Union Franco-Américaine.*

ORDER OF EXERCISES, ON BEDLOW'S ISLAND,  
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1886.

- I. Music during the landing and seating of the assembly.
- II. Signal-gun.
- III. Prayer by Rev. RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D.
- IV. Count FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, on behalf of Franco-American Union.
- V. Presentation Address, Hon. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.
- VI. Unveiling.
- VII. Salute. A salvo from all the guns in the harbor.
- VIII. Music.

- IX. Acceptance of the Statue by the President.
- X. Representative on behalf of the Republic of France, le Ministre Plénipotentiaire, Délégué Extraordinaire, A. LEFAIVRE.
- XI. Music.
- XII. Commemorative Address, Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.
- XIII. Music. Doxology—*Tune, Old Hundred*—in which the assembly is invited to join.
- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—*Amen.*
- XIV. Benediction, Right Rev. HENRY C. POTTER, D. D.
- The assembly upon the island will be dismissed with the Benediction, and will re-embark upon the steamers, which will return to their piers in the city, joining with the batteries in the general salute.
- XV. National salute. To be fired simultaneously from all the batteries in the harbor, ashore and afloat.
- XVI. Illumination of the Statue, with fireworks on Bedlow's and Governor's Islands, and the Battery.

The music by Gilmore's Twenty-second Regiment Band. P. S. GILMORE, *Musical Director.*

After the arrival of the President of the United States, accompanied by Hon. T. F. Bayard, Secretary of State, Hon. William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, Hon. William C. Endicott, Secretary of War, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, and the French visitors and other distinguished guests, the meeting was called to order by General Schofield, who presided during the ceremonial. This was followed by the

PRAYER OF REV. RICHARD S. STORRS, D. D.

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who art of an infinite majesty and mercy, by whose counsel and might the courses of the worlds are wisely ordained and irresistibly established, yet who takest thought of the children of men, and to whom our homage in all our works is justly due: We bless and praise Thee for the knowledge and understanding which Thou bestowest upon man, and for the spirit of constancy and courage born within him of Thy inspiration. We glorify Thee for the command which Thou dost give him over treasures of the mine and the strength of the hills, that

he may make them the ministers of lessons of a gracious significance; and we humbly and gratefully recognize Thy presence in all which he achieves of beauty and power. The mind to devise, and the will to accomplish, both are of Thee. From Thee cometh the artificer's skill; and to Thee the patience of faithful workmen, in whatever dexterous labor of the hands, equally renders laud and praise.

It is in Thy favor, and through the operation of the Gospel of Thy grace, that cities stand in quiet prosperity; that peaceful commerce covers the seas; that peoples and nations separated by oceans are not severed in spirit, but continue allied, in common desire and in mutual regard, with happy recollections and with happier hopes. It is in the benign appointment of Thy will that Liberty and Light, attending each other, advance always to a surer supremacy, amid the manifold tumult of the world, and that the time comes constantly nearer when the earth shall rest in righteousness and peace.

We give Thee thanks and praise this day for the lofty memorial here set up of the kindly affection of one great people for another; for the sympathies which prompted, and the skill which has wrought it, and for all which it signifies of remem-

brance and of promise. We pray that Thou, who enablest man to mold the metal and make lightnings his servants, wilt accept the dedication of this monument to Thee; and that here it may abide, undisturbed by tempest, its munition of rocks not shaken by earthquake, while waters encircle it, and the light of the morning returns to greet it.

We pray that the Liberty which it represents may continue to enlighten with beneficent instruction, and to bless with majestic and wide benediction, the nations which have part in this work of renown; that it may stand a symbol of perpetual concord between them; and that walking in the paths of knowledge and freedom they may constantly advance in the wisdom of their councils, in magnanimous enterprise, and in the noble and salutary arts which are cherished by peace.

We pray for those who bear office in these nations; that ruling in Thy faith and fear they may partake of the fullness of Thy favor; that in all things personal, prosperity may attend them; and that whatsoever in public affairs they do or design may be so guided and furthered in Thy providence that what before has been beautiful and fruitful in the history of these nations, while joyfully remembered, shall be also continually surpassed.

We pray for all the nations of the earth ; that in equity and charity their sure foundations may be established ; that in piety and wisdom they may find a true welfare, in obedience to Thee glory and praise ; and that, in all the enlargements of their power, they may be ever the joyful servants of Him to whose holy dominion and kingdom shall be no end.

Finally, be pleased, we humbly beseech Thee, to grant Thy blessing unto the cities, with the multitudes of their households, before which arises this monument of peace ; and unto us, from different lands and of various tongues, who are here gathered ; that all our doings, being moved by Thy spirit and submitted to Thy governance, may be crowned with Thy favor ; and that, having walked in gladness and faithfulness in the light which Thou givest, through nature and art and man's device, and most of all through the Word of Thy truth, we may come in Thy grace to the perfect light and the glorious liberty of the Heavenly estate.

We offer all praises, and seek all blessings, with contrite confession of our sins and shortcomings, in the Name of Him who loved us and sought us, and who Himself hath taught us to pray, saying :

Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever and ever, AMEN.

COUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, ON BEHALF OF  
FRANCO-AMERICAN UNION.

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was then presented to the audience, and was received with great enthusiasm. As the venerable but alert and handsome old man, with head uncovered, although raining, stepped forward to address the vast assemblage, the noise of whistles increased and became deafening. M. de Lesseps waved his hand as if to stop the noise, and laughingly remarked, "Steam was invented as a benefit, and its progress is wonderful, but at present it is an evil and retards the progress of my speech." Great applause followed this

*mot*, and as soon as the steam-whistles of the tugs and steamers had subsided, M. de Lesseps said :

Citizens of America ! I have hastened to accept the gracious invitation accorded me by the Government of the great American Republic, to be present to-day. It was a generous thought of those who presided at the erection of the Statue of Liberty. She has honored equally those who have conceived this spirit of hospitality and those who took great pleasure in accepting it. "Liberty Enlightening the World !" A grand beacon raised in the midst of the waves at the threshold of free America !

In landing under the rays of her kindly light we know that we have reached the country where the individual initiative is developed in all its power ; where progress is religion ; where large fortunes become the property of the people, to endow charities, to encourage education, to develop science, and to sow for the future seeds of greater benefit.

You have reason, citizens of America, to be proud of your "go ahead." (Applause.) You have made great headway during one hundred years. All honor to this motto of yours, because you

have been invincible in your intrepidity! In speaking to you thus of the sympathy that France feels for you, I am expressing the sentiments of each and every one of my compatriots. There are no disagreeable or sorrowful recollections between the two nations. They have but one rivalry—that is, progress. We accept your inventions as you accept ours, without envy.

The men who deserve and who persevere are to your heart. I say, like you—go ahead. (Applause.) We understand each other when we speak in this language. I feel that I am in my own family when I am among you. (Applause.) Illustrious descendants of French nobility who crossed the Atlantic a century ago in the dawn of your independence, the ambassadors of our sympathy and regard for you in that noble struggle, had bright visions of your great future. Their dreams have come to pass. (Applause.) At the lapse of a century our feelings for you remain the same. The representatives of France deem America powerful and free to-day, and present to her this emblem to proclaim that she is now the personification of liberty. Hepworth Dixon, an English historian, in his work on the “New America,” after saying that your Constitution is neither native, nor does it owe its origin to Eng-

land, adds, "It is an exotic, born in the atmosphere of France." Notwithstanding this opinion of Dixon, I believe that your laws are exclusively American, though I should be proud to trace their origin to France. It is a pleasure for me to speak to you thus openly, and to feel that my words are received as those of an old and tried friend.

At no distant occasion, gentlemen, we will meet to celebrate a new conquest and one of peace. Farewell until we meet at Panama, where the flag bearing the thirty-eight stars of the United States shall float next to the banners of the republics of South America, and beget in this New World, for the good of humanity, an eternal friendship between the Franco-Latin and the Anglo-Saxon races.

PRESENTATION ADDRESS,

BY HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

MR. PRESIDENT: The scene upon which this vast assemblage is collected displays a transaction in human affairs which finds no precedent or record in the past, nor in the long future, we may feel assured, will it ever confront its own counterpart or parallel. How can we fitly frame in words the sen-

timents, the motives, the emotions which have filled and moved the hearts and minds of two great nations, in the birth of the noble conception, the grand embodiment, the complete execution of this stupendous monument, now unveiled to the admiring gaze of men, and emblazoned, in its coronation of the finished work, with the plaudits of the world? What ornaments of speech, what eloquence of human voice, what costly gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh of our hearts' tribute can we bring to the celebration of this consummate triumph of genius, of skill, of labor, which speaks to-day, and will speak forever, the thoughts, the feelings, the friendships of these two populous, powerful, and free republics, knit together in their pride and joy at their own established freedom and in their hope and purpose that the glad Light of Liberty shall Enlighten the World?

For this arduous theme the American Committee has had the good fortune to present an eminent citizen and accomplished orator, from grateful and pleased attention to whose eloquence the simple office the committee has asked me to discharge will not long detain this expectant multitude.

In the conflict which agitated and divided the people of the United States, and aroused the loyalty and patriotism of the country to the maintenance

of our constituted liberties, the liberty-loving people of France felt an intense and solicitous interest. When the issue of the struggle upheld and confirmed the Government, maintained its unbroken unity, and made all its people equal and free, the liberty-loving people of France hailed the triumph with an immense and vivid enthusiasm. Nor was this enthusiasm to be satisfied, but by some adequate and permanent expression of their sympathy in our fiery trial, and congratulations at the absolute supremacy of the principles and institutions which had been put in peril and had come out from it without the smell of fire upon their garments. To this energetic movement of the French people there was added their historic and momentous friendship in securing our independence, and the reciprocal influences which had shaped and confirmed the free and equal institutions of the two countries; and to the working of all these motives and sentiments of an ardent and generous people, we owe, the world owes, this visible and perpetual embodiment of the love of liberty animating the two nations which stands before us and the world to-day.

To this realization the people of France brought the fervor and inspiration of Laboulaye and Henri Martin, the Lafayettes and their illustrious com-

panions, to spread abroad in all intelligent and upright minds the zeal of their own high purposes. They drew from the well-furnished numbers of their accomplished and distinguished artists the genius, the courage, the devotion of spirit, the indomitable will of the great sculptor, Bartholdi, whose well-earned fame justified the trust committed to him, and whose work covers with its splendors the gifted artist; his illustrious art, and the happy country which gave him and his labors to this work. They furnished the exquisite artisanship and the constructive skill and scientific training and honest and hearty labor which have together wrought out, in stubborn brass and iron, the artist's dream, the airy conception of his mind, the shapely sculpture of his cunning hand, till here it stands upon its firm base as if a natural playmate of the elements, fearing no harm from all the winds that blow. This people of France, too, contributed from many slender means, and of their free-will, the aggregated wealth demanded for so vast an undertaking, all from their hearts as well as from their purses, and all for love of liberty at home and love of liberty abroad, and in hearty homage to the friendship of these great republics.

The committee have no occasion to insist upon the share which the people of the United States

have taken in the humbler office of furnishing a pedestal not unworthy of the statue, nor unworthy of our grateful acceptance of this noble gift and appreciation of the generous disposition which prompted it. In the perfected and completed work of the pedestal, the genius of the architect; the sagacity, the varied scientific and practical accomplishments of the engineer-in-chief; the constructive faculty and experience of the builder; and the manifold and masterly performances of the skilled workmen upon this prodigious structure, and in the elevation and security of the statue, have all been combined to set out the statue for the admiration of our own people and of all comers to our shores.

As with the French people, so with our own, the whole means for the great expenditures of the work have come from the free contributions of the people themselves, and thus the common people of both nations may justly point to a greater, a nobler monument, in and of the history and progress and welfare of the human race than emperors or kings or governments have ever raised.

MR. PRESIDENT: Upon the recommendation of the President of the United States, Congress authorized and directed the President "to accept the colossal statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the

World' when presented by citizens of the French Republic, and to designate and set apart for the erection thereof a suitable site upon either Governor's or Bedlow's Island, in the harbor of New York; and upon the completion thereof shall cause the same to be inaugurated with such ceremonies as will serve to testify the gratitude of our people for the expressive and felicitous memorial of the sympathy of the citizens of our sister republic."

The statue on the 4th of July, 1884, in Paris, was delivered to and accepted by this Government, by the authority of the President of the United States, delegated to and executed by Minister Morton. To-day, in the name of the citizens of the United States, who have completed the pedestal and raised thereon the statue, and of the voluntary committee who have executed the will of their fellow-citizens, I declare, in your presence, and in the presence of these distinguished guests from France, and of this august assemblage of the honorable and honored men of our land, and of this countless multitude, that this pedestal, and the united work of the two republics, is completed, and surrendered to the care and keeping of the Government and the people of the United States.

At the close of Mr. Evarts's speech, M. Bartholdi, assisted by Mr. D. H. King, Jr., removed the French flag, which had covered the face of the statue, which was the signal for another enthusiastic outburst of the steam-whistles from the flotilla anchored in front of the island, and a national salute from the ships of war, drowning completely, by the volume of sound, the strains of the Marseillaise from the band. It was full fifteen minutes before there was sufficient silence to permit of any more speaking, and then repeated rounds of cheering, as President Cleveland came forward, prevented his being heard at the beginning of his remarks.

ACCEPTED BY THE PRESIDENT.

He waited quietly with a smile on his countenance, until the enthusiasm of the audience had spent itself, and then accepted, on behalf of the nation, the completed statue in the following words:

The people of the United States accept with gratitude from their brethren of the French Republic the grand and completed work of art we here inaugurate. ✓ This token of the affection and consideration of the people of France demonstrates the kinship of republics, and conveys to us the assurance that in our efforts to commend to mankind the excellence of a government resting upon popular will, we still have beyond the American continent a steadfast ally. We are not here to-day to bow before the representation of a fierce and warlike god, filled with wrath and vengeance, but we joyously contemplate instead our own deity keeping watch and ward before the open gates of America, and greater than all that have been celebrated in ancient song. ✓ Instead of grasping in her hand thunderbolts of terror and of death, she holds aloft the light which illumines the way to man's enfranchisement. We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home; nor shall her chosen altar be neglected. Willing votaries will constantly keep alive its fires, and these shall gleam upon the shores of our sister republic in the East. Reflected thence, and joined with answering rays, a stream of light shall pierce the darkness of ignorance and man's oppression, until liberty enlightens the world.

## A WORD FROM THE FRENCH NATION.

The President was followed on behalf of the Republic of France by W. A. LEFAIVRE, the accredited representative of the French nation, who spoke in English as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE GREAT AMERICAN REPUBLIC: In presence of so imposing an assembly, and as a prelude of a ceremony which consolidates the secular friendship of two great nations, it is an honor and a hearty pleasure to present to you, in the name of the French Government and of the entire French nation, the sincere and warm assurance of a sympathetic participation. The inauguration of to-day is one attended with solemn and impressive import, for it is one of those which form an epoch in history. To the American nation it is the crowning work of a century of noble efforts and glorious triumphs. To other nations it eloquently affirms human dignity. For the friends of progress and science and justice it justifies the most sanguine ambitions. This colossal statue of Liberty, molded by a great artist, would

anywhere attract attention and deference. But here on American soil it evinces special significance, symbolizing the existence and development of your nation during more than one hundred years. It embodies the merits you have displayed before the world during that long period in the achievement of liberty.

Impressed by this great fact and in remembrance of the same, a committee of French citizens conceived the idea of embodying under this striking form the beneficial work your republic has accomplished in modern society, and of erecting at the entrance of this magnificent harbor this emblem of progress for the instruction of the world. To us, Americans and Frenchmen, liberty is not only a common doctrine, it is also a family tie. From the alliance between the two nations sprang forth its most dazzling manifestation, its expansion and radiance through the universe. It will be an eternal honor to France to have seconded the effort of your heroism, and to have understood in the first dawn the sublime prospects which were promised to mankind by your generous ardor. The whole French nation five years ago associated herself with your glorious Yorktown Centennial, and with deep emotion the grandsons of Lafayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse,

and other illustrious warriors, gazed upon the portraits of their ancestors on the commemorative pictures of your glory, and read their names inscribed among the heroes and founders of your national independence. Before such images every French heart is moved by the same feeling, for these are not merely historical and matter-of-fact exhibitions—there is the assertion of brotherhood, formed on the battle-field and strengthened by the conformity of institutions, by the communion of faith in the same principle. But more powerful than mere monuments and inscriptions will be this majestic statue, which symbolizes the principle itself, and which not only recalls a glorious past, but spreads its luminous light upon the present and over the future.

The republics of the past were debased by hostility toward foreigners, by arbitrary and brutal power, and by slavery. Even in the modern world, liberty was during long ages the monopoly of privileged castes or races. Far different is our liberty, which relies upon the equality of rights and duties for all citizens, which secures for each the same protection and extends to all a maternal solicitude without distinction of birth, wealth, opinion, or color. Consequently, this symbol which we inaugurate to-day is not a

chimeric allegory. Pledge of a fraternal union between the two greatest republics of the world, it is greeted simultaneously by more than one hundred millions of free men who tender friendly hands to each other across the ocean. Admirable spectacle which appeals to the meditation of thinkers, because it means the triumph of reason and of justice over the material dominion! It means, in brief, the extinction of bloody struggles and the union of all peoples, through the study of science, the respect of the law, and sympathy for the weak. Yes, such are the truths which our statue of Liberty is proclaiming. Such are the rays which beam from her torch to illuminate the whole world. Among the thousands of Europeans who are daily conveyed to these hospitable shores, no one will pass before this glorious emblem without immediately perceiving its moral greatness, and without greeting it with respect and thankfulness.

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS,  
BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

We dedicate this statue to the friendship of nations and the peace of the world. The spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence can not be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion, and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity. The marvelous development and progress of this republic are due to the fact that, in rigidly adhering to the advice of Washington for absolute neutrality and non-interference in the politics and policies of other governments, we have avoided the necessity of depleting our industries to feed our armies, of taxing and impoverishing our resources to carry on war, and of limiting our liberties to concentrate power in our government. Our great civil strife, with

all its expenditure of blood and treasure, was a terrible sacrifice for freedom. The results are so immeasurably great that, by comparison, the cost is insignificant. The development of Liberty was impossible while she was shackled to the slave. The divine thought which intrusted to the conquered the full measure of home rule, and accorded to them an equal share of imperial power, was the inspiration of God. With sublime trust it left to liberty the elevation of the freedmen to political rights and the conversion of the rebel to patriotic citizenship. The rays from this torch illuminate a century of unbroken friendship between France and the United States.

Peace, and its opportunities for material progress and the expansion of popular liberties, sends from here a fruitful and noble lesson to all the world. It will teach the peoples of all countries that in curbing the ambitions and dynastic purposes of princes and privileged classes, and in cultivating the brotherhood of man, lie the true road to their enfranchisement. The friendship of individuals, their unselfish devotion to each other, their willingness to die in each other's stead, are the most tender and touching of human records; they are the inspiration of youth and the solace of age; but nothing human is so beautiful and sublime as

two great peoples of alien race and language transmitting down the ages a love begotten in gratitude, and strengthening as they increase in power and assimilate in their institutions and liberties.

The French alliance which enabled us to win our independence is the romance of history. It overcame improbabilities impossible in fiction, and its results surpass the dreams of imagination. The most despotic of kings, surrounded by the most exclusive of feudal aristocracies, sending fleets and armies officered by the scions of the proudest of nobilities, to fight for subjects in revolt and the liberties of the common people, is a paradox beyond the power of mere human energy to have wrought or solved. The march of this mediæval chivalry across our States, respecting persons and property as soldiers never had before, never taking an apple or touching a fence-rail without permission and payment, treating the ragged Continentals as if they were knights in armor and of noble ancestry, captivating our grandmothers by their courtesy and our grandfathers by their courage, remains unequalled in the poetry of war. It is the most magnificent tribute in history to the volcanic force of ideas and the dynamitic power of truth, though the crust of the globe imprison them. In the same ignorance and fearlessness with which a

savage plays about a powder-magazine with a torch, the Bourbon king and his court, buttressed by the consent of centuries and the unquestioned possession of every power of the state, sought relief from cloying pleasures and vigor for enervated minds, in permitting and encouraging the loftiest genius and the most impassioned eloquence of the time to discuss the rights and liberties of man. With the orator the themes were theories which fired only his imagination, and with the courtiers they were pastimes or jests. Neither speakers nor listeners saw any application of these ennobling sentiments to the common mass and groveling herd, whose industries they squandered in riot and debauch, and whose bodies they hurled against battlement and battery to gratify ambition or caprice. But these revelations illuminated many an ingenuous soul among the young aristocracy, and with distorted rays penetrated the Cimmerian darkness which enveloped the people. They bore fruit in the heart and mind of one youth to whom America owes much and France everything—the Marquis de Lafayette.

As the centuries roll by, and in the fullness of time the rays of Liberty's torch are the beacon-lights of the world, the central niches in the earth's Pantheon of Freedom will be filled by the

figures of Washington and Lafayette. The story of this young French noble's life is the history of the time which made possible this statue, and his spirit is the very soul of this celebration. He was the heir of one of the most ancient and noble families of France; he had inherited a fortune which made him one of the richest men in his country, and he had enlarged and strengthened his aristocratic position by marriage, at the early age of sixteen, with a daughter of the ducal house of Noailles. Before him were pleasure and promotion at court and the most brilliant opportunities in the army, the state, and the diplomatic service. He was a young officer of nineteen, stationed at Metz, when he met at the table of his commander the Duke of Gloucester, the brother of George III. The Duke brought news of an insurrection which had broken out in the American colonies, and read to the amazement of his hearers the strange dogmas and fantastic theories which these "insurgents," as he called them, had put forth in what they styled their Declaration of Independence. That document put in practice the theories which Jefferson had studied with the French philosophers. It fired at once the train which they had laid in the mind of this young nobleman of France. Henceforth his life was

dedicated to "Liberty Enlightening the World." The American Commissioners at Paris tried to dissuade this volunteer by telling him that their credit was gone, that they could not furnish him transportation, and by handing him the dispatches announcing the reverses which had befallen Washington, the retreat of his disheartened and broken army across New Jersey, and the almost hopeless condition of their cause. But he replied in these memorable words: "Thus far you have seen my zeal only; now it shall be something more. I will purchase and equip a vessel myself. It is while danger presses that I wish to join your fortunes." The King prohibits his sailing; he eludes the guards sent for his arrest; his family interpose every obstacle, and only his heroic young wife shares his enthusiasm and seconds his resolution to give his life and fortune to liberty. When on the ocean, battling with the captain, who fears to take him to America, and pursued by British cruisers specially instructed for his capture, he writes to her this loving and pathetic letter: "I hope, for my sake, you will become a good American. This is a sentiment proper for virtuous hearts. Intimately allied to the happiness of the whole human family is that of America, destined to become the respectable and sure asylum of

virtue, honesty, toleration, equality, and of tranquil liberty." Except the Mayflower, no ship ever sailed across the ocean from the Old World to the New carrying passengers of such moment to the future of mankind.

It is idle now to speculate whether our fathers could have succeeded without the French alliance. The struggle would undoubtedly have been indefinitely prolonged and probably compromised. But the alliance assured our triumph, and Lafayette secured the alliance. The fabled argosies of ancient and the armadas and fleets of modern times were commonplace voyages compared with the mission enshrined in this inspired boy. He stood before the Continental Congress and said, "I wish to serve you as a volunteer and without pay," and at twenty took his place with Gates and Greene and Lincoln as a major-general in the Continental Army. As a member of Washington's military family, sharing with that incomparable man his board and bed and blanket, Lafayette won his first and greatest distinction in receiving from the American chief a friendship which was closer than that bestowed upon any other of his compatriots, and which ended only in death. The great commander saw in the reckless daring with which he carried his wound to rally the flying troops at

Brandywine, the steady nerve with which he held the column wavering under a faithless general at Monmouth, the wisdom and caution with which he manœuvred inferior forces in the face of the enemy, his willingness to share every privation of the ill-clad and starving soldiery, and to pledge his fortune and credit to relieve their privations—a commander upon whom he could rely, a patriot he could trust, a man he could love.

The surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga was the first decisive event of the war. It defeated the British plan to divide the country by a chain of forts up the Hudson and conquer it in detail. It inspired hope at home and confidence abroad. It seconded the passionate appeals of Lafayette and the marvelous diplomacy of Benjamin Franklin; it overcame the prudent counsels of Necker, warning the king against this experiment, and won the Treaty of Alliance between the old monarchy and the young republic. Lafayette now saw that his mission was in France. He said, "I can help the cause more at home than here," and asked for leave of absence. Congress voted him a sword, and presented it with a resolution of gratitude, and he returned, bearing this letter from that convention of patriots to his king: "We recommend this young nobleman to your Majesty's notice, as one

whom we know to be wise in council, gallant in the field, and patient under the hardships of war." It was a certificate which Marlborough might have coveted, and Gustavus might have worn as the proudest of his decorations. But though king and court vied with each other in doing him honor, though he was welcomed as no Frenchman had ever been by triumphant processions in cities and *fêtes* in villages, by addresses and popular applause, he reckoned them of value only in the power they gave him to procure aid for Liberty's fight in America. "France is now committed to war," he argued, "and her enemy's weak point for attack is in America. Send there your money and men," and he returned with the army of Rochambeau and the fleet of De Grasse.

"It is fortunate," said De Maurepas, the Prime Minister, "that Lafayette did not want to strip Versailles of its furniture for his dear Americans, for nobody could withstand his ardor." None too soon did this assistance arrive, for Washington's letter to the American Commissioners in Paris passed it on the way, in which he made this urgent appeal: "If France denies a timely and powerful aid in the critical posture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance.

In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and now or never deliverance must come." General Washington saw in the allied forces now at his disposal that the triumph of independence was assured. The long, dark night of doubt and despair was illuminated by the dawn of a hope. The material was at hand to carry out the comprehensive plans so long matured, so long deferred, so patiently kept. That majestic dignity which had never bent to adversity, that lofty and awe-inspiring reserve which presented an impenetrable barrier to familiarity, either in council or at the festive board, so dissolved in the welcome of these decisive visitors that the delighted French and astounded American soldiers saw Washington for the first and only time in his life express his happiness with all the joyous effervescence of hilarious youth.

The flower of the young aristocracy of France in their brilliant uniforms, and the farmers and frontiersmen of America in their faded Continentals, bound by a common baptism of blood, became brothers in the knighthood of Liberty. With emulous eagerness to be first in at the death, while they shared the glory, they stormed the redoubts at Yorktown and compelled the surrender of Cornwallis and his army. While this practically ended

the war, it strengthened the alliance and cemented the friendship between the two great peoples. The mutual confidence and chivalric courtesy which characterized their relations has no like example in international comity. When an officer from General Carleton, the British commander-in-chief, came to headquarters with an offer of peace and independence, if the Americans would renounce the French alliance, Washington refused to receive him; Congress spurned Carleton's secretary, bearing a like message; and the States, led by Maryland, denounced all who entertained propositions of peace which were not approved by France, as public enemies. And peace with independence meant prosperity and happiness to a people in the very depths of poverty and despair. France, on the other hand, though sorely pressed for money, said in the romantic spirit which permeated this wonderful Union: "Of the twenty-seven million livres we have loaned you, we forgive you nine millions as a gift of friendship; and when with years there comes prosperity, you can pay the balance without interest."

With the fall of Yorktown Lafayette felt that he could do more for peace and independence in the diplomacy of Europe than in the war in America. His arrival in France shook the Continent.

Though one of the most practical and self-poised of men, his romantic career in the New World had captivated courts and peoples. In the formidable league which he had quickly formed with Spain and France, England saw humiliation and defeat, and made a treaty of peace, by which she recognized the independence of the Republic of the United States.

In this treaty were laid the deep, broad, and indestructible foundations for the great statue we this day dedicate. It left to the American people the working out of the problem of self-government. Without king to rule or class to follow, they were to try the experiment of building a nation upon the sovereignty of the individual and the equality of all men before the law. Their only guide and trust and hope were God and Liberty. In the fraternal greetings of this hour sixty millions of witnesses bear testimony to their wisdom, and the foremost and freest Government in the world is their monument.

The fight for liberty in America was won. Its future here was threatened with but one danger, the slavery of the negro. The soul of Lafayette, purified by battle and suffering, saw the inconsistency and the peril, and he returned to this country to plead with State Legislatures and with Con-

gress for the liberation of what he termed "my brethren, the blacks." But now the hundred years' war for liberty in France was to begin. America was its inspiration, Lafayette its apostle, and the returning French army its emissaries. Beneath the trees by day and in the halls at night, at Mount Vernon, Lafayette gathered from Washington the gospel of freedom. It was to sustain and guide him in after-years against the temptations of power and the despair of the dungeon. He carried the lessons and the grand example through all the trials and tribulations of his desperate struggle and partial victory for the enfranchisement of his country. From the ship on departing he wrote to his great chief, whom he was never to see again, this touching good-by: "You are the most beloved of all the friends I ever had or shall have anywhere. I regret that I can not have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing you in my own house, and welcoming you in a family where your name is adored. Everything that admiration, respect, gratitude, friendship, and filial love can inspire is combined in my affectionate heart to devote me most tenderly to you. In your friendship I find a delight which no words can express." His farewell to Congress was a trumpet-blast which resounded round a world then bound in

the chains of despotism and caste. Every government on the Continent was an absolute monarchy, and no language can describe the poverty and wretchedness of the people. Taxes levied without law exhausted their property, they were arrested without warrant and rotted in the Bastille without trial, and they were shot at as game and tortured without redress, at the caprice or pleasure of their feudal lords. Into court and camp this message came like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. Hear his words: "May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind, and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their Government, and for ages to come rejoice the departed souls of its founders!" Well might Louis XVI, more far-sighted than his ministers, exclaim, "After fourteen hundred years of power the old monarchy is doomed!"

While the principles of the American Revolution were fermenting in France, Lafayette, the hero and favorite of the hour, was an honored guest at royal tables and royal camps. The proud Spaniard and Great Frederick of Germany alike welcomed him, and everywhere he announced his

faith in government founded on the American idea. The financial crisis in the affairs of King Louis on the one hand, and the rising tide of popular passion on the other, compelled the summons of the Assembly of Notables at Versailles. All the great officers of state, the aristocracy, the titled clergy, the royal princes were there, but no representative of the people. Lafayette spoke for them, and, fearless of the effort of the brother of the King to put him down, he demanded religious toleration, equal taxes, just and equal administration of the laws, and the reduction of royal expenditures to fixed and reasonable limits. This overturned the whole feudal fabric which had been in course of construction for a thousand years. To make effectual and permanent this tremendous stride toward the American experiment, he paralyzed the Court and Cabinet by the call for a National Assembly, an assembly of the people. Through that Assembly he carried a Declaration of Rights, founded upon the natural liberties of man, a concession of popular privilege never before secured in the modern history of Europe, and, going as far as he believed the times would admit toward his idea of an American Republic, he builded upon the ruins of absolutism a constitutional monarchy.

But French democracy had not been trained and educated in the schools of the Puritan or the colonist. Ages of tyranny, of suppression, repression, and torture, had developed the tiger and dwarfed the man. Democracy had not learned the first rudiments of liberty, self-restraint and self-government. It beheaded king and queen, it drenched the land with the blood of the noblest and best, in its indiscriminate frenzy and madness it spared neither age nor sex, virtue nor merit, and drove its benefactor, because he denounced its excesses and tried to stem them, into exile and the dungeon of Olmütz. Thus ended, in the horrors of the French Revolution, Lafayette's first fight for liberty at home. After five years of untold sufferings, spurning release at the price of his allegiance to monarchy, holding with sublime faith, amid the most disheartening and discouraging surroundings, to the principles of freedom for all, he was released by the sword of Napoleon Bonaparte, to find that the untamed ferocity of the Revolution had been trained to the service of the most brilliant, captivating, and resistless of military despotisms by the mighty genius of the great Dictator. He only was neither dazzled nor dismayed, and, when he had rejected every offer of recognition and honor, Napoleon said: "Lafayette alone in France holds fast to

his original idea of liberty. Though tranquil now, he will reappear if occasion offers." Against the First Consulate of Bonaparte he voted "No, unless with guarantees of freedom." When Europe lay helpless at the feet of the conqueror, and in the frenzy of military glory France neither saw nor felt the chains he was forging upon her, Lafayette, from his retirement of Lagrange, pleaded with the Emperor for republican principles, holding up to him the retributions always meted out to tyrants, and the pure, undying fame of the immortal few who patriotically decide, when upon them alone rests the awful verdict, whether they shall be the enslavers or the saviors of their country.

The sun of Austerlitz set in blood at Waterloo, the swords of allied kings placed the Bourbon once more on the throne of France. In the popular tempest of July the nation rose against the intolerable tyranny of the King, and, calling upon this unfaltering friend of liberty, said with one voice: "You alone can save France from despotism on the one hand and the orgies of the Jacobin mob on the other; take absolute power, be marshal, general, dictator if you will!" But in assuming command of the National Guard the old soldier and patriot answered amid the hail of shot and shell,

“Liberty shall triumph, or we all perish together!” He dethroned and drove out Charles X, and France, contented with any destiny he might accord to her, with unquestioning faith left her future in his hands. He knew that the French people were not yet ready to take and faithfully keep American liberty. He believed that in the school of constitutional government they would rapidly learn, and in the fullness of time adopt its principles, and he gave them a King who was the popular choice, and surrounded him with the restraints of charter and an Assembly of the people. And now this friend of mankind, expressing with his last breath a fervent prayer that his beloved France might speedily enjoy the liberty and equality and the republican institutions of his adored America, entered peacefully into rest. United in a common sorrow and a common sentiment, the people of France and the people of the United States watered his grave with their tears and wafted his soul to God with their gratitude.

To-day, in the gift by the one, and the acceptance by the other, of this colossal statue, the people of the two countries celebrate their unity in republican institutions, in government founded upon the American idea, and in their devotion to liberty. Together they rejoice that its spirit has penetrated

all lands and is the hopeful future of all peoples. American liberty has been for a century a beacon-light for the nations. Under its teachings and by the force of its example, the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings, and united under a parliamentary government; the gloomy despotism of Spain has been dispelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race have demonstrated their power for empire and their ability to govern themselves. The Austrian monarch, who when a hundred years ago Washington pleaded with him across the seas for the release of Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmütz, replied that "he had not the power," because the safety of his throne and his pledges to his royal brethren of Europe compelled him to keep confined the one man who represented the enfranchisement of the people of every race and country, is to-day, in the person of his successor, rejoicing with his subjects in the limitations of a Constitution which guarantees liberties, and a Congress which protects and enlarges them. Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developing into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother-country to bear fruit in an open Parliament, a free press, the loss of

royal prerogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses.

The sentiment is sublime which moves the people of France and America, the blood of whose fathers, commingling upon the battle-fields of the Revolution, made possible this magnificent march of liberty, and their own republics, to commemorate the results of the past and typify the hopes of the future in this noble work of art. The descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse, who fought for us in our first struggle, and Laboulaye, Henri Martin, De Lesseps, and other grand and brilliant men, whose eloquent voices and powerful sympathies were with us in our last, conceived the idea, and it has received majestic form and expression through the genius of Bartholdi.

In all ages the achievements of man and his aspirations have been represented in symbols. Races have disappeared, and no record remains of their rise or fall, but by their monuments we know of their history. The huge monoliths of the Assyrians and the obelisks of the Egyptians tell their stories of forgotten civilizations, but the sole purpose of their erection was to glorify rulers and preserve the boasts of conquerors. They teach sad lessons of the vanity of ambition, the cruelty of

arbitrary power, and the miseries of mankind. The Olympian Jupiter enthroned in the Parthenon expressed in ivory and gold the awful majesty of the Greek idea of the King of the gods; the bronze statue of Minerva on the Acropolis offered the protection of the patron goddess of Athens to the mariners who steered their ships by her helmet and spear; and in the Colossus of Rhodes, famed as one of the wonders of the world, the Lord of the Sun welcomed the commerce of the East to the city of his worship. But they were all dwarfs in size and pygmies in spirit beside this mighty structure and its inspiring thought. Higher than the monument in Trafalgar Square which commemorates the victories of Nelson on the sea; higher than the Column Vendôme which perpetuates the triumphs of Napoleon on the land; higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which exhibit the latest and grandest results of science, invention, and industrial progress, this statue of Liberty rises toward the heavens to illustrate an idea which nerved the three hundred at Thermopylæ and armed the ten thousand at Marathon, which drove Tarquin from Rome and aimed the arrow of Tell, which charged with Cromwell and his Ironsides and accompanied Sidney to the block, which fired the farmer's gun at Lexington and razed the Bas

tile in Paris, which inspired the charter in the cabin of the Mayflower and the Declaration of Independence from the Continental Congress.

It means that with the abolition of privileges to the few and the enfranchisement of the individual, the equality of all men before the law, and universal suffrage, the ballot secure from fraud and the voter from intimidation, the press free and education furnished by the state for all, liberty of worship and free speech, the right to rise, and an equal opportunity for honor and fortune, the problems of labor and capital, of social regeneration and moral growth, of property and poverty, will work themselves out under the benign influence of enlightened law-making and law-abiding liberty, without the aid of kings and armies, or of anarchists and bombs.

Through the Obelisk, so strangely recalling to us of yesterday the past of twenty centuries, a forgotten monarch says, "I am the Great King, the Conqueror, the Chastiser of Nations," and I expect, as a monument of antiquity, it conveys no meaning and touches no chord of human sympathy. But for unnumbered centuries to come, as Liberty levels up the people to higher standards and a broader life, this statue will grow in the admiration and affection of mankind. When Frank-

lin drew the lightning from the clouds, he little dreamed that in the evolution of science his discovery would illuminate the torch of Liberty for France and America. The rays from this beacon, lighting this gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and the persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there are room and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever. I devoutly believe that from the unseen and the unknown two great souls have come to participate in this celebration. The faith in which they died fulfilled, the cause for which they battled triumphant, the people they loved in the full enjoyment of the rights for which they labored and fought and suffered, the spirit-voices of Washington and Lafayette join in the glad acclaim of France and the United States to Liberty Enlightening the World.

At the close of Mr. Depew's address, the whole audience rose and sang the Doxology, with the accompaniment of the band, which was very effective, and the exercises were concluded with a benediction by the Right Rev.

Henry C. Potter, D. D. As the President and party embarked from the island, the yards of the men-of-war were again manned, while once more the guns thundered forth a national salute, which was returned from all the harbor batteries.

The embarkation from the island of the vast crowd there assembled was happily accomplished with but slight confusion, the arrangements of the committee being excellent, and they were ably seconded by the police force. The only thing that at all marred the entire success of the occasion was the disagreeable weather, which was an insuperable obstacle to the completion of the programme, that was to terminate with a brilliant display of fireworks on the Battery, Bedlow's and Governor's Islands. These were witnessed a few evenings later by a large assemblage of many thousands.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE,  
BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE land, that, from the rule of kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our Old World Sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty:

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands  
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,  
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands  
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful! to thee  
Once more a debt of love we owe:  
In peace beneath thy fleur-de-lis,  
We hail a later Rochambeau!

Rise, stately Symbol! holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit  
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
With watch-fires from thy torch uplift!

Reveal the primal mandate still  
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,  
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal Will  
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,  
A lightning-flash the wretch to smite  
Who shields his license with thy name!

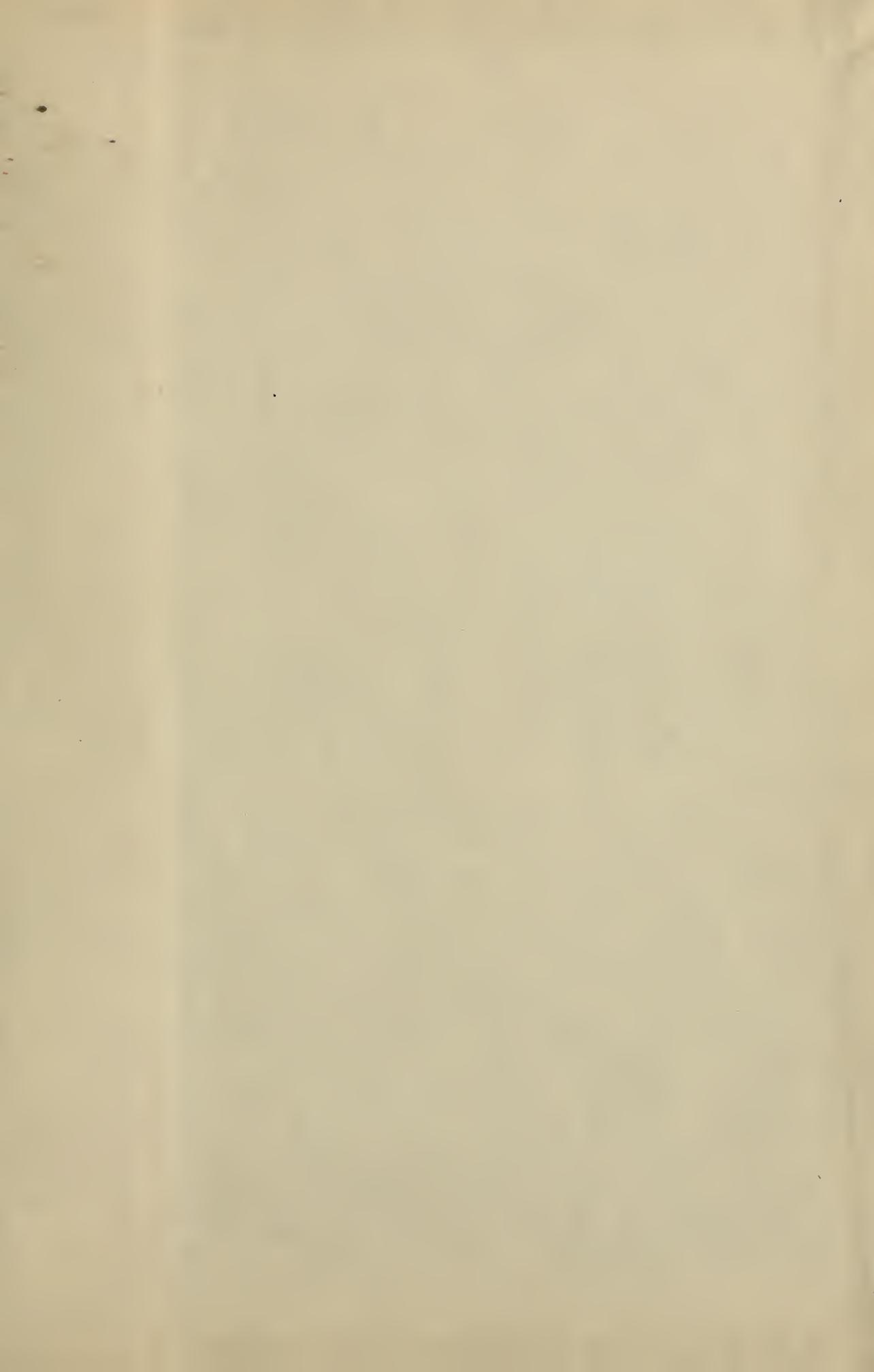














# LIBERTY'S PLACE OF REST

## LAYING 'THE CORNERSTONE OF THE BARTHOLDI PEDESTAL.

EXERCISES HELD IN A POURING RAIN AND COMPARATIVELY FEW PRESENT—THE ORATION OF MR. BUTLER.

While the rain was pouring down in torrents yesterday afternoon the cornerstone of the pedestal of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" was laid, and services commemorative of the event were conducted on Bedloe's Island. Hundreds who had received invitations were kept away by the storm, and there were only about 1,500 persons altogether on the island, of whom 600 or 700, including a score of ladies, held tickets entitling them to ascend to the top of the concrete foundation. Nearly one-half of the gathering was made up of Frenchmen.

The steamer Bay Ridge, decorated with the tricolors of France and the Stars and Stripes, was tendered to take the guests, but its capacity received no test. Gen. Hancock and his staff came over in a launch from Governor's Island, and a cutter brought over the staff of Commodore Fillebrowne from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Commodore Fillebrowne himself was unable to accompany his staff. Of the American Committee of the Statue of Liberty there were present Frederick A. Potts, V. Mumford Moore, J. W. Pinchot, Cortlandt Parker, Richard Butler, the Secretary, and H. F. Spaulding, the Treasurer. Among the others on the foundation were Gen. Charles P. Stone, the chief engineer; Richard M. Hunt, the architect, and D. H. King, Jr., the builder of the pedestal; ex-Mayor Gunther, S. B. Chittenden, Cyrus W. Field, Thomas McElrath, A. M. Kirby, James M. Ware, Eugene Kelly, Congressman John Keane, ex-Congressman Burrows, the Rev. Henry M. Field, Benjamin H. Field, Senator Joseph T. Moore, of Maryland; the Mayors of New-Haven, New-Bedford, and Newark; Albert Lefavre, Minister Plenipotentiary in charge of the French Consulate in New-York; M. Truy, Acting Consul; the Presidents of the different French societies, the Grenadiers Rochambeau and the Guards Lafayette in uniform. Mayor Edson, of New-York, and Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, sent letters of regret, as did also M. de Roustan, the French Minister, who sails for France to-day.

The place for the cornerstone was on the northeast corner of the foundation. There was a square hole in the concrete for the copper box containing the articles to be deposited. The cornerstone itself was an immense block of Leetes Island granite, 6 feet 10 inches long, 3 feet 8 inches wide, and 2 feet 6 inches high, weighing six tons. Tackle managed by steam ran down from the stout beams of the huge derrick, which was hidden in the American and French colors. The cornerstone fitted in and completed the first course of masonry in the pedestal. The David's Island Government Band played the "Marseillaise" and "Hail Columbia" at 2 o'clock, which was the signal for the beginning of the exercises. Gen. Stone, in a swallowtail coat and black silk hat, and wearing his French and Egyptian decorations, opened the box to receive the cards of the people present, which were showered in. Copies of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, a number of medals, a list of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State, the daily papers, and other articles deemed appropriate had already been placed in it.

On one coin in the box were inscribed Gen. Dix's words: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot." The lid was soldered fast and the box placed in its place and the stone lowered over it. This operation was not intrusted to the laborers, but was done by Mr. King and his Superintendents, G. R. A. Ricketts, Col. J. M. Morgan, William Kennedy, and the Superintending Foreman, Michael Byrne, under direction of Gen. Stone. The services were conducted by Grand Master William A. Brodle and the officers of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New-York. Deputy Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence, after a salute of 21 guns from the battery of old Fort Wood, delivered a Masonic address.

M. Lefavre was then introduced by Gen. Stone. He wore a suit trimmed with gold lace, and upon his breast was the insignia of an officer of the Legion of Honor. Three cheers were given for him. Immediately three cheers were proposed for Gen. Hancock, who was standing back in the crowd, and they were given with a will. Both gentlemen took off their hats and bowed. M. Lefavre, who spoke in English, said that the statue of Liberty would be a fitting embodiment of the leading virtue of the American people—their faith in liberty. This was a better protection than guns and fortresses.

William Allen Butler delivered the oration of the day, and among other things he said:

"The friendship of France for the American colonies in their struggle for independence and the gratitude which her timely intervention and succor have evoked are the source and ground of this truly international effort to give a suitable and permanent expression to both these sentiments. Below the crust and craft of diplomacy and statesmanship there exists a genuine sympathy on the part of every people toward every other people suffering under burdens too grievous to be borne. Such was the friendship of the people of France to the American colonists. No allusion, however brief or casual, to this part of our history as a nation, can fail to bring before us the one bright, central figure, in whom, as always in every great movement of a people or an age, the spirit which inspires it seems embodied and incarnate. To speak of the friendship of France is to utter, in another form, the name of Lafayette. France, after many years of change and struggle, is a free republic. The ancient tie between her people and our people is thus made closer, and the renewed feeling of fraternity based on this near approach to unity in the methods of free government between France and our own country enters largely into the work whose completion we are now aiding.

"The movement was commenced nine years ago on the eve of our great Centennial celebration by prominent citizens of France, whose ancestors had taken part in our Revolutionary war, or who had themselves been identified with the progress of free government, to mark the close of the first century of the American Republic by a grand monumental work of art to be erected in the midst of this imperial harbor. The genius of Bartholdi has created and his skill has wrought to completion a colossal statue worthy in design and execution of the purpose it is to serve."

Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter then delivered the benediction. The rain did not slacken once during the exercises, and toward the last it grew heavier. A soldier held an umbrella over Gen. Hancock. A workman, who mixed the cement, got under the umbrella and the General generously moved over to give him half. The water dripped down. The workman stood it for a while and then sought a more protected place.

The foundation for the pedestal is 91 feet square at the base, 67 square at the top, and rises 52 feet and 10 inches above the surface of the ground. The material weighs 23,500 tons. The stone work will be 114 feet high, and the statue will rise 145 feet above that. A little over \$150,000 has been raised, of which \$145,000 was secured in New-York. About \$100,000 more is needed. There is money enough to lay nine courses, or 20 feet, of stone, which will be done by Aug. 30. Gen. Stone said the builder had been notified to stop then if funds were not forthcoming. The committee hoped it would not be necessary to cease operations. If the work is not interrupted it will be entirely completed and ready for the statue Nov. 1.