

THE BIRTH OF THE NATION

IS REMEMBERED BY THE PEOPLE.

New York's Monster Demonstration a Magnificent Success—Impressive Ceremonies There Yesterday—The Greatest Military Parade.

NEW YORK, April 30.—The town woke up more sleepily this morning than it did yesterday, and with good reason. There was no real necessity for it to get up so early, and besides, its inhabitants, permanent as well as temporary, were tired, the latter even more so than the former. Still, the earliest streaks of dawn found many people in the streets; and these were fortunate, for in all the range of meteorological chances, a more perfect morning could scarce have been found. It was too cold, perhaps, for those who shiver in a light wind, but it was a morning to delight the heart of a soldier who has a long tramp before him. The air was exhilarating in the extreme, and the wind was sharp enough to soon put a tinge of bloom on the cheeks of those who faced it. Many, not already there, in the early hours, wended their way toward the lower end of the city, more resplendent than ever in the early morning light, with the wind stretching every flag and streamer taut and flapping their folds, as though in jubilation.

One of the things which attracted people to the Battery on this second day was the sound of martial music proceeding from a band which preceded Ricker post, G. A. R., to the Battery, where a flag was raised with appropriate ceremonies. This, however, was not the only attraction, for, as the sun rose, the soul-inspiring strains of "Old Hundred" were borne on the breeze to many listening ears, the chimes of Old Trinity furnishing the music. The following program was gone through with: "Old Hundred," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Columbia," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Our Flag Is There," "Auld Lang Syne," "My Country's Flag of Stars."

As the morning wore along the crowds in the streets became even greater than they were on yesterday, and this time the hurry was even greater, for all the points of vantage from which to view the parade at the earliest practicable moment. Then the sound of the bells calling the people to thanksgiving services in the various churches awoke people now to the true solemnity of the occasion. Services were held in all the churches of the city of every denomination, votive masses being offered up in the cathedrals at which special prayers were held.

As a matter of course, the principal services were at St. Paul's, on Broadway, where Washington attended on the morning of his inauguration. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. Henry C. Potter, D. D., LL.D., bishop of New York, as services on the day of Washington's inauguration were conducted by the bishop of New York, the Rev. Dr. St. John. Potter was a member of the committee on states, escorted the president from the Fifth-ave. hotel, accompanied by the chief justice and members of the cabinet, and under an escort of police proceeded to Vice-President Morton's residence. The procession entered President Harrison's carriage, and the procession moved down to St. Paul's. At the Vesey-st. gate the party was met by the committee of the vestry of Trinity church, and the president was conducted to the Washington pew. The cathedral was filled with the most prominent people in the country.

The bishop, after paying a tribute to the memory of Washington, and referring to the fact that he had often knelt in prayer in the very same pew in which President Harrison to-did, said: "The church is here to reward us."

A generation which views its descent from the founders of the republic seems largely to be in danger of forgetting their preeminent distinction. They were not only the fathers of their country, but possessed the sum of the fortune of the richest among them would afford a fine theme for the scions of the plutocrat, who had an invincible confidence in the permanence of the foundations of the republic had been laid, and they had an unselfish purpose to maintain them. The country, during the past century, and concluding as follows:

The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illuminate vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of the descendants of the fathers. The powers of the government and the expansion of the authority of the Federal constitution are so completely settled, and so unanimously accepted, that we may well be assured that the healthy antagonism of parties which is necessary for the preservation of liberty. Our institutions are the result of a wise and judicious combination of the best elements of the various foundations of the republic had been laid, and they had an unselfish purpose to maintain them. The country, during the past century, and concluding as follows:

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He read J. G. Whittier's poem, composed for the occasion.

The Vow of Washington.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The sword was sheathed, in April's sun
Last evening, when the battle was done,
And severed sections, weary of debate,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

City sitting by the sea!

How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought that came to me that day:
The sword's strength a soldier's heart,
The sword's weight a nation's awe,
Held to union liberty and law.

That pledges the heavens also in heart,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world wide wonder listening people bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told,
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful way,
Was that the hour of ages at last?

Thank! the man equal to his trust was just,
One man equal to the world's need, to stand
With all the strength of all the world, to lead
The world to freedom, and to law.

His rule of justice, order, peace;
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

The Empire strong, the world strong;
For, in the law of fraud and selfish greed,
Prudence that turns her hulky truth to lies,
And lawless license masking her base.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's sum of vice has risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove us true to our trust;
Loving our flag with all the added stars,
Unsent by faction and unshamed by wars.

Let's have patient will to be nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to use but the sun,
We'll have the strength of mighty limbs,
The winds of heaven's word sing the praise of him.

Our first and best—he sits his seat,
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forget, forget, O just and true, brave,
The storm that swept away the sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife,
And dark hours of the nation's life,
The heroes turn to us, the world's voice,
To call us to the truth of our cause!

Then let the sovereigns tremble,
In the sharp light of the sun's eye,
No partial interest draws its aimless line
Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubtless;
His name shall be our On-bond;
We'll lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old continental bond.

For rule and strength needs bonds to ours;
One nation, one cause, one heart, one soul,
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of DUDY rests on each and all the same.

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