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INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Dedication of the Washington Statue--The Tribute of the Public School Children to the Municipality which Educates Them--Great Enthusiasm--A Brilliant Festa.

The Soldiers of the War of 1812—The Excursion of the Public Ledger Attaches.

FIRES, ACCIDENTS, INCIDENTS, &c., &c., &c., &c.

The fifth of July this year was a cool, bright and exhilarating day, very rare for the season. It having been determined that the civic part of the observance of our national independence should take place on that date, the occasion was a universal holiday. The principal focus of interest, of course, was the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Washington in front of Independence Hall, the contribution of the school-children of Philadelphia.

THE DEDICATION OF THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

During the short time on Saturday afternoon that the statue was left unveiled, it seemed as if almost everybody took occasion to pass Independence Hall, and, at the same time, to pass an opinion on the work. If the various criticisms made upon Washington's head, hand, calves, ankles and appurtenances generally had each possessed the faculty of leaving a mark upon the stone, the marble would have been entirely obscured, like the canvas of that old Greek painter who inconsiderately left a bit of charcoal beside his picture.

But the crowd who saw it on Saturday was but a select afternoon party compared with the dense throng which boredown upon it yesterday morning. The former was the usual assortment of Chestnut street countenances—men whom it surprised no one to meet. But the assembly of Monday was that astonishing mob of the Unknown which turns up no one can tell whence, on Christmas eve and on Independence Day; the press of myrmidons, with uncouth and unrecognized faces, recruited from workshops and factories, from small genteel streets, from Cottage Rows and Villa Terraces, and from retired Places bearing surprisingly aristocratic names. These good folk bore down upon Washington with such invincible determination that a little after eight there was not a fresh corn or bunion to set a foot on anywhere within sight of where the marble hero awaited them behind his veil. They streamed past, with that set purpose of *getting on* which always inspires a throng who have no reason for getting on anywhere. They brought the baby, they brought the lunch-basket, they wore the linen duster, and they dragged into the worst of the press that damp and exhausted female who is never absent from the thickest part of a crowd—the person with a beaded forehead and face floating down the stream like a tragic mask, who expresses herself sure of doing very well if she can only get into a rather denser part of the mob, but who otherwise will faint relentlessly.

THE MUFFLED MONUMENT.

The cartway from Fifth to Sixth was roped off, forming a parallelogram in which Washington awaited his time like a prize-fighter. His lofty figure was completely covered by a liberal specimen of the national flag, the folds of which were at first adjusted with considerable grace in a kind of spiral upholsterer's arrangement. On the eventful morning, however, the drapery had to be straightened and simplified to allow of its easy lifting; and then it formed a sufficiently commonplace bag, under which the statue presented a vaguely knobby appearance, though the contour of the head and the hollow of the eyes were visible through the blue field of the banner; one of the large white stars was plastered against Washington's left cheek; another sat on the top of his head like a fashionable bonnet; and it was observed that while the First President stood helpless in this muffled condition, with the red stripes puffing around his person in the breeze like the wrappings of a gentleman engaged in the "simmering" portion of a Turkish bath—it was observed that some person behind, blessed with a pair of uncommonly dingy hands, was manipulating the drapery, and in some unknown way grooming and jockeying the Father of his Country. Seen from the front, the operations of these hands resembled nothing so much as the pleasant parlor game of "the dumb orator," in which a mute assistant, concealed in the speaker's cloak, beats that hapless gentleman without remorse, tears his hair for him, gives away his money and scratches his nose, all under pretence of being a part of himself. The prolonged efforts of this anonymous minister, which were much to the taste of the spectators, at length prepared the toilet of the statue for the change, and the veil was allowed to rest in peace. The tackle which connected it with the transverse cable above, passed, however, in perilous proximity to a stuffed eagle, which crooked its rigid wings just over the monument, and to whose tail and pinions the breeze gave an unsuccessful imitation of fluttering. This noble fowl, during the whole performance of the Dumb Orator, constantly had his allegoric head in imminent danger from the swaying of the cords in his vicinity, and was more than once on the point of being caught, neck and crop, and taught posthumous flying lessons, or rather, suspension on the tight-rope, high aloft; to the intense sympathy of the spectators.

THE ROPE.

As the hour of nine approached, the crowd, without losing their fine patience and good nature, became a great deal denser, warmer, more eloquent and more sarcastic. It was a special grievance that the cartway was closed to them, while it was opened to the horse-cars—trains of which lumbering Juggernauts rolled frequently through the sacred enclosure, so timed as to intercept the view of the people very neatly whenever any interesting point of the programme was arrived at. "Cut the rope!" was a constant cry, and the white gloves of the police were constantly flung, in the way of gauntlets, into the faces of enterprising individuals who essayed to duck under the tourniquet. "Dan'l, open the door," shouted a tall individual, streaming with perspiration, apostrophizing his Honor the Mayor, "we want to git in!"

MUSIC AND ARTILLERY.

At ten minutes to nine arrived a musical band, a model of disjointed thinking and interjectional ideas; it bore down from the west, playing a series of first lines, so that its performance was like the list of contents in a song-book. The crowd, quite ready for a sensation, was very glad of the music. The band with disconnected ideas, playing a little bit of the "Star Spangled Banner," and a little bit of "Wearing of the Green," marched past Independence Hall, and made as if going to the river, but thought better of it, wheeled, and formed around the statue, still discoursing a disconnected fantasia of first lines whenever it felt like it. The next sensation was the tumbril of a pretty big gun, drawn by gray horses, on one of which rode Mr. Jakey ——, recognized at once from his resemblance to the firemen's lithographs, and whose red shirt, low in the neck, and cigar stump pointing up at the correct angle, were superior charms that did not prevent Jakey from looking very indulgently at Lize and her friends perspiring abundantly in the throng.

THE CEREMONY.

The platform, gaily festooned with bunting, gradually filled with the official and invited participants, near whom the school children, filing in from Independence square, in their uniform of rosy cheeks and white dresses, made an exquisite parterre of blooming American beauty. When the orderly sequence of speaking and singing, as set forth in our programme below, had reached the proper point, two charming little misses, coming to the front of the platform, assumed the task of revealing to the city of Philadelphia the magnificent present which they and their companions had made it. The vast stripes swept from around the hero's limbs; the constellation of our stars, ascending from his head, rode slowly up towards the empyrean and settled again just above the brow, while the whole drapery, developed as a banner of imposing and noble proportions, swung slowly backward and forward over the monument, now covering it with a translucent roseate shade, and now sweeping by to reveal its features to the eastern sun. The statue looked grand, pure and commanding, as the spirit of the great Washington stands enshrined in our imaginations. The people hailed the revelation with a great, hearty burst of enthusiasm; the sweet, piping voices of the children blent in sacred songs with the shouts and tumult of the multitude—and Philadelphia enthusiastically accepted, from the hands of her little ones, a grand lesson and image and effigy of unstained patriotism.

As the great curtain developed, an enormous quantity of miniature flags, which had been concealed in its folds, became disengaged, and fluttered down among the crowd in abundance. These patriotic toys were eagerly seized to be preserved as souvenirs.

THE STATUE.

Bailly's statue of Washington, without being an inspiration, is a dignified and satisfying portrait of the grandest man who ever sanctified our walls by residing within them. Washington, in his conception, is the calm, wise, considerate statesman, strong in his prime of life, as he might have appeared when addressing Congress during his first Presidency. Simple yet decorous, unassuming yet truly noble, wearing the weeds of peace with more pleasure and truer glory than ever the uniform of war, this copy of our best and bravest will be a lasting memento to us of the grandeur, decorum, and peaceableness of right civil government and of the beauty of equipoise and self-control as the highest attribute of liberty.

The face of Bailly's Washington is nearly a copy of that of the statue by the great French sculptor Houdon, also in continental costume, in the Capitol at Richmond, Va. The mask for that portrait was modeled on the face of the President at Mount Vernon, in 1785, the statue having been engaged by Jefferson express for the city of Richmond. The Houdon statue, probably the most reliable portrait of any kind we possess of Washington, if the education and competency of the artist be considered, is one of the first four great works in which sculpture was publicly employed in the United States for the celebration of the hero's memory. The other three are, 2. The statue in Roman costume at Raleigh, N. C. by Canova, the head from Cerachi's Bust.—3. The statue in civic costume in the State House, Boston, by Chantry, the head from Houdon's bust.—And 4, the Colossal figure by Greenough at Washington, in Roman costume, the head from Houdon's bust. It is probable, in fact, that all future statues of the great man will be copied, as Chantry, Greenough, and lastly Bailly, have copied theirs, from the beautiful and placid portrait achieved by Houdon. Since we have mentioned that artist and contributed our mite to sustain his fair fame, we may go out of our way a moment to vindicate his memory from a ridiculous aspersion cast upon it and upon the delicacy of Washington's character, by that reckless declaimer, ex-Gov. Wise, of Virginia. That functionary, in his address on the inauguration of a statue of Washington at the Virginia Military Institute, stated that Houdon, after taking a mould of Washington's face, "persisted to make a cast of his entire person." In opposition to this foolish legend, Rembrandt Peale, while painting in Paris the portrait of Houdon, heard from that artist that he cast the mask alone, not waiting for his workmen, who never joined him: he composed the figure, in Paris, from his own drawings and measurements, and from the picture, in Continental costume (the "Young Washington"), painted by C. W. Peale for that purpose by order of the Virginia Legislature.

THE PEDESTAL.

One of the first offers which a Paris *bourgeois* makes a country visitor is to show him the interior of the obelisk of Luxor in the Place de la Concorde. "Will you visit the interior of the *obelix?*" is one of the questions in which the wit never loses its salt. No doubt there will be a similar mild hoax rigged up for the pedestal of our Washington; for the stone of which it is composed does not yield to the red granite of Egypt for density and impenetrability. It is serious, compact granite, of a light color and exceedingly firm grain. To penetrate the interior of the principal block, which is a cube four feet three inches high by four feet in breadth, will be a tight job even for gentlemen who can see through a millstone without the slightest difficulty. It is not the coarse and friable granite from Quincy, nor yet the stone from the great beds at Port Deposit in Maryland: it is noble stone from Washington's own soil, the finest piece ever taken from the quarries at Richmond. The squaring and dressing of these blocks is done in the most workmanlike manner, and considered as masonry could not be excelled by any Northern workmen; the only drawback is that the designer of the pedestal did not prepare the shape of the different blocks perfectly for one another, and the result is a slight want of harmony in the outline. The whole pedestal, we desire to explain, was taken from the quarry and dressed completely by Richmond mechanics, both white and colored, who took pride in sending such a big stone up North. Before the war Richmond was noted for its beautiful monumental work. As the largest piece of granite ever taken from there, and in justice to the workmen, the fact should be noted as evidence of their skill and industry in finishing this pedestal within the limited time allowed them.

The laying of the cornerstone took place on Friday without any ceremony, the newspapers of the day and Reports of the Washington Monument Association and of the Board of School Controllers being inserted. The elevation of the blocks forming the pedestal, and the setting up of the statue, were superintended by Mr. William Struthers, in whose establishment Bailly's statue was prepared. The same gentleman, from the inception of the undertaking, has interested himself in its successful completion, and has opened his pocket-book on various occasions when the funds of the young contributors were at extremely low tide.

THE CEREMONY OF CONSECRATION.

Mr. Wm. B. Hanna, Chairman of the Committee of City Councils, called the assemblage to order in a few appropriate remarks.

THE PRAYER.

Rev. Albert Barnes, D.D., then delivered the following prayer:

Almighty God, our Father, and God of our fathers, create within us a sense of our dependence upon Thee, as we recall the great events of the day we celebrate, and for which we thank Thee. Great God, the people of this land would thank Thee for Thy continued favor since, in this place, the Declaration of Independence was announced to the world. We thank Thee for Thy goodness, in presiding over our counsels at that time, and for raising up for us those men of worth and virtue; and we thank Thee, Almighty God, for Thy goodness in following those counsels with success—and especially, on this occasion, do we render Thee thanks for Thy goodness in raising up that great man to be placed at the head of the armies, to conduct them forward that they might fight the battles of the country! We thank Thee, Almighty God, that Thou didst so richly endow him for this work, that Thou didst enable him to guide the country successfully through the trials of the war, and that under him our Independence was achieved. We thank Thee, for Thy goodness, Almighty God, in presiding over the counsels of the nation, in forming the institutions of this country; and we bless Thee for this man, who, after leading the armies of the revolution to victory, became first President of the United States—the man whom we delight to call the Father of his Country. And we thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, that Thou has put if into the hearts of these children to rear this monument to the memory of that great man—that this work has been carried forward, and that now we come to dedicate this monument to the purpose intended. Great God, we pray Thee that this monument may stand here to remind all passers-by of the great events in memory of which this monument is consecrated to-day, and we earnestly pray Thee, Merciful Father, that these children by whom this monument has been erected shall be stimulated by it to live to God as he did whose memory it honors, and shall strive to emulate his private virtues, pure life, integrity of character, and his religion. Oh, God grant that they may ever have his example before their eyes, and may be sensible of the reasonableness and power of religion! And Almighty Father, we pray Thy blessing upon this city; we pray Thy blessing upon the Mayor and Councils and rulers and magistrates of the city; we pray for Thy continued blessing upon the public schools—upon their scholars, their teachers and officers; we bless Thee that the curse of human bondage has passed away from this land, and that now liberty reigns throughout the Union; and we pray Thee that Thou will continue to smile upon this nation. Grant that its rulers may live peaceably and righteously. Bless the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and may he worthily discharge the great duties incumbent on him. Bless the men associated with him in the administration of the government; and bless all the rulers and magistrates of the land. Oh! God, most merciful Father, grant that the hearts of the people of this land may be filled with gratitude as well as joy, to-day. And grant, O! our Father, to raise up a generation of holy men and women, to advance the worship of Him who died to save the whole world. Oh God! Grant that the hearts of the people may be turned unto Thee; that the whole nation may love, honor and worship Thee. And all these mercies we ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

The prayer was followed by singing of "Hail Columbia."

THE UNVEILING.

The statue was then unveiled by Miss Mary McManus, of the Mt. Vernon school, and Miss Josephine Freeborn, of the Northwest school, and a salute was fired by the Keystone Battery, Captain J. V. Creely, commanding.

ADDRESS OF HON. HENRY D. MOORE.

Hon. Henry D. Moore then delivered the following address:

Fellow Citizens: I am truly sensible of the honor of being called upon to preside on this most interesting occasion. The hallowed associations and memories which cluster around the day we celebrate, and which associations belong also to this sacred spot where we are assembled, together with the patriotic work and duty we are here to perform, all combine to impress my mind with a deep and realizing sense of the grandeur, and, I may also add, the solemnity of this occasion. I cannot but feel that any occasion or combination of circumstances and events which truly and forcibly speak to us of the birth, and life and struggles of our nation ought to be regarded by us not only as of patriotic interest and grandeur, but with feelings of solemnity also; and, surely, we have those circumstances and events before us at this time—first, in the day we celebrate, the day on which our nation was declared to be "free and independent;" second, in this hallowed spot where that declaration was first made and given to the world; and third, in this mute but eloquent marble before us, which speaks to us so truthfully and eloquently of him, who, by the blessings of God, gave to our nation the life which has made that Declaration of freedom and independence a living truth for all time to come. We are here today, so consecrated in the history of our country by all the memories of the past, to do for Philadelphia what I am forced to say should have been done long before this; and these children of our public schools are here with the patriotic offering of their fresh young hearts, to teach us a lesson of patriotism and duty which older heads and less patriotic hearts have neglected to learn and perform. We are here to dedicate this statue to the memory of one whose fame is acknowledged and whose name is honored and revered by every civilized nation in the world. And we I may they honor and revere the name of Washington, for never before was there such a combination of military skill and power, with so much goodness, and truth, and virtue, and such an unselfish patriotism and love of country, all combined in one man, as was manifested in his life and character, and in the services he rendered his country and the world! More than a century has elapsed since his birth; more than four score years have passed away since he attained the meridian of his military glory, and more than three-score since his death; and yet his laurels are still flourishing in all the freshness of perpetual spring, and every return of this glorious anniversary revives in the hearts of the patriotic and brave the grateful recollection of his deeds! As a soldier, he fought for his country's rights and the liberty of man, and not for individual glory! He sought not the triumph of fame, yet his brow was entwined with her richest wreath. As a statesman he labored to lay the foundations and establish the principles of a Republican Government in the hearts of a free people, that permanency might be secured to the rights of man; and when this last wish and object of his life was attained, he retired to the quiet and peaceful shades of Mount Vernon, enriched, not with the spoils of war, but with the emoluments of office, but with the fervent love and gratitude of every American heart, and a resplendence of glory which time will never dim. And it seems to me, my fellow-citizens, that it is peculiarly appropriate for us on this national anniversary to dedicate this statue, and to renew our vows of patriotism and love of country and institutions which Washington fought for and secured to us and freedom forever; and to these children, and the committee representing them, are we indebted for the opportunity of doing this work to-day; and to you, children, let me say, you have done a noble and a glorious work, a work of patriotism worthy of older heads and hearts than yours; and, my young friends, I hope and trust that every one of you will strive to emulate the character, and virtues, and goodness of him whose deeds you have sought to perpetuate by this sculptured marble. Many of you are just about to enter upon the active duties of life, and encounter the trials and troubles and temptations of the world; and in that great battle of life you will find that the virtues and goodness and truth which so adorned and beautified the life and character of Washington will be the only sure weapons by which you can successfully fight that battle, and come off victorious and triumphant. You are coming upon the stage of action in the grand drama of life at a period when more important events are culminating than ever before startled the world, at any period of its history, and your own country is the theatre of action where those events are transpiring. Those institutions of your country for which your Washington fought and battled have just been tried and tested as never before were the institutions of any other nation. Their permanency and durability had been doubted and questioned, and their downfall had even been predicted and watched for by other nations; and yet by the blessings of God, who watched over and protected us, we stand to-day before those nations a living evidence that we are the strongest Government among the nations of the earth. Aye, and we can now say that we are not only the strongest, but also the freest nation of the world; for the toiling bondman can now say that he is a bondman no longer, and that the priceless boon of liberty and freedom is his and for him and his children forever! And as a fitting chorus to this glorious song of liberty and freedom for the bondman, there came to us a few days ago by the lightning's flash from the far-off Pacific coast, the glad tidings which were re-echoed by our old Independence bell here, that the mighty Pacific and Atlantic oceans were wedded together by the iron band of commerce and civilization, thus forming for us and our country a perpetual guarantee of an ocean-bound Union forever! Therefore it is that I say to you, children, you are living at one of the grandest epochs in the history of your country, and you ought to thank God in your hearts that you are the children of so grand, glorious and free a country as America is to-day! And now, children, in conclusion, let me congratulate you on this early manifestation in your lives of your patriotic devotion to your country; and may this statue of yours ever stand here a silent but impressive monitor to you and all the people, speaking to us with tongueless but touching power of the countless cost of this glorious Union of ours, and bidding us to stand by that Union at any and all hazards, and under all circumstances.

The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by the children.

THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

Mr. George F. Gordon, President of the Washington Monument Fund, then delivered the following address:

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen of the Select and Common Councils of the city of Philadelphia: We come on this jubilee day of freedom to this sacred place to perform a pleasing and patriotic duty and to finish a sacred trust. That in such a presence as this, on such a day as this, standing amid the joyous smiles of 50,000 children, at the vestibule of our freedom's temple, and on the very spot where the living feet of our beloved Washington have often pressed the sacred soil, every pulsation of my being thrills with intense delight. It is written that "*Those who hold out faithful to the end shall receive a crown of rejoicing!*" This truth has illustration in our association to-day. We emerge from beneath all the clouds which darkened our pathway in the past, and stand forth upon the rock unmoved and triumphant. Our crown of rejoicing, which flashes the splendor of its living jewelry of eye and heart and voice in our presence to-day, is a sweet, loving, and ever-to-be-remembered beauty—a joy that will pulsate with the tidal waves of our being. We do rejoice this day, for ourselves and for all the children of our public schools whom we have patiently and faithfully represented. Their gladness seems to be complete. And the gladness of our association is also complete. With us is the joyful consciousness of having performed a patriotic duty in the faithful execution of a sacred trust, which we preferred to perform now, rather than chill the warm and generous sympathies of the people by foolish, if not criminal, delays for a quarter or half a century.

To commemorate in monumental form, as a physical object-lesson, the goodness and greatness of the life and patriotic services of illustrious Washington, "The Washington Monument Association of the First School District of Pennsylvania" was organized in the year of our Lord, 1858. It has existed these eleven years, and although it has fallen far short of its aspirations, yet the present will show and the future abundantly prove, that it has not lived in vain.

Fresh with the vigor of youth, and fired with high hopes to do a great thing for our city and the memory of Washington, our first thought and effort was to erect in Fairmount Park, on a summit overlooking the whole city, a colossal monument of towering height and architectural beauty, to be unequalled in artistic taste and the magnificence of its design and finish, with the gentle flowing and rippling waters of our Schuylkill singing perpetual music at its base. True, we reluctantly abandoned the idea of erecting in our city a grand and towering monumental pile; but, in determining to erect a statue only, we are not without cause of glad gratulations, for we shall be the first in this old city of Penn, and of Sylvania, to erect a public statue of any kind. We have cleared some of the rough, fossilized fogyism out of the ancient paths where cultured taste and national munificence, enwrought with the sculptor's transforming genius, have immortalized the ages on tablets and niches lustred with the undying glories of art, and column still plumb in the midst of earthquake, ruin, and the sweep of the scythe of time. Our association has passed through eleven years of varied trials. We have walked on foot all the wilderness way; for as yet monument building, statue erecting, American design and sculpturing, and almost every variety of American art has been at a discount. Especially is the memory of the hero-father of the American republic covered with the dust of a fast and irreverent age. If these be neglected and forgotten, it is no marvel that these American artists at home are slighted and passed by by the sham aristocracy of a foreign sentiment. Our work, as an association of citizens, in erecting a statue to the memory of Washington, is something more than the empty honor of a cold marble statue. It is that, from this statue as a great object-lesson, the present and future generations may read his wisdom and devotion as a patriot, his unwearied vigilance and heroism as a soldier for constitutional liberty, and his profound counsels as a statesman. Let these qualities be the model for our youth. Let Washington's nationality intensify ours, until our whole educational system, pouring its lifessues into our youth, shall evolve the multiplied grandeurs of American nationality. Let all the grand actions and examples of Washington's life penetrate the national heart and will, and very soon the national wounds will be bound up and healed. And, instead of bitterness and hatred, and unsanctified partisanship, there shall go forth, over all the land, as this day there do, songs of peace and joy and fraternal brotherhood from where the sun gilds the sky in his morning march up the eastern archway to meridian splendor, to where he dips the golden fringes of his evening robes on western slopes, and mirrors the glories of his evening beauties in Pacific waters, one glad voice of multiplied million harmonies shall swell the glad refrain of Peace! Union! Liberty!

But let me pass our association in quick review before you. On the 30th of August, 1858, a circular proposing organization was issued to the several school sections. On the 5th of October, in the same year, the first meeting was held. On the 15th of the same month a plan was prepared and adopted, and on the 17th of November, in the same year, the association was fully organized. On the 22d of February, 1859, the first address was issued to the public. Also, on the 22d of February, 1859, the great fair of the public schools was organized, opened and continued for three weeks in National Hall, Market street. Here the most of the money of our association was made. Advertisements for plans were issued on the 8th of April. On the 14th of April, same year, a charter was obtained from the State of Pennsylvania. On the 20th day of June, 1859, a grand floral fair was opened in Jayne's Hall. On the 18th of October, same year, after some delay and some feeling, the location of the proposed monument was fixed by a decided vote at Fairmount Park. On the 1st of December, 1859, the three premiums for best designs were awarded, amounting to six hundred dollars. On the 8th of December application was formally made to the City Councils, and had they then acted, as did the City Councils the other day (February 16, 1869), instead of a statue on the pavement in front of Independence Hall, a monument of colossal dimensions, from the highest summit in Fairmount Park, would have lifted its ornate peak to the sky. From February 22, 1860 until 1867, may be termed the transition period of our association. This period was not without an effort, in lectures and other ways, and especially in an effort to unite the funds of other associations in the city whose objects were similar to our own. But this we failed to do. Our work will bring them to the light.

During this period a change came and troubled our councils. Death looked on several of our members and claimed them. "The Great Rebellion" came and draped the North with mourning and the South with flame, desolation and woe. Peace came—liberty triumphant! human slavery crushed beneath the chariot-wheels of freedom! And now, in the clear sunlight of peace stands the union of States, "one and inseperable, now and forever!

All hope of erecting a monument as at first proposed being reluctantly abandoned, it was determined to be true to the trust reposed in us by expending the moneys in our hands for a statue of Washington. At a meeting of the association held May 16, 1867, a committee was appointed to receive plans and estimates. On the 13th of December, 1867, a contract was entered into with J. A. Bailly, an eminent artist of this city, to model and cut in white marble the beautiful statue to-day unveiled in your presence. On the 10th of Feb., 1869, the City Councils, in answer to a request from our association, passed "an ordinance to locate the statue of Washington in front of Independence Hall." In May, 1869, circulars printed in proper form to receive the names of all the children and teachers in our public schools were issued; these papers were to have been returned to be placed in the base of the statue, and such of them as were returned have been so placed. On the 9th of June, 1869, a grand entertainment was given in the Academy of Music by the pupils of thirteen grammar schools, also, the Girls' and Boys' High Schools, to aid in completing the base of the statue. Subscriptions have also been received from a number of citizens, which are recorded elsewhere. On the 2d of July, 1860, the material for the granite base was delivered on the ground, and on the next day both base and statue were set in place. And so our long and arduous labors draw to a close—not in sorrow and sadness, but in joy and gladness. We have done it! Our statue of Washington is finished! The first in the city! And now, on this, our glorious old, yet ever new, "Independence Day," "The Washington Monument Association of the First School District of Pennsylvania," representing the children and teachers of our public schools, presents to the city authorities this finished and beautiful statue.

Behold it—colossal!—grand! But a moment ago it was wrapped in the folds of the starry banner; now its beauty is unveiled. Admire it as a work of art. Nay, more, admire it as a work of *American* art. Every mallet, every chisel and hammer, and square and compass, and the mechanical heads and hands and genius, *all American!*

The artist and sculptor, Mr. J. A. Bailly, a citizen of Philadelphia, is here beside me on this platform to-day. Modest in person, unassuming in manner, how must his soul kindle as he looks on his finished statue and on these admiring thousands, and listens to the songs of thrilling hearts gushing from lips of innocent sweetness attuned to the divine harmonies of music! This, too, is his hour of triumph; and let all accord to him due praise for this masterpiece of sculpture. Genius has its triumphs, and her heroes are crowned with the laurels of all ages.

In the centre of the foundation is placed a box containing the names of children and teachers, Directors and Board of Controllers, Mayor and City Councils, heads of departments, records of the association, etc., and a copy of the Holy Bible. The base of the statue is of Virginia granite, from the Richmond quarries, and is in four pieces, weighing about twenty tons. The statue is of white marble, 8 feet 6 inches high. The left hand of Washington rests on the hilt of his sword, sheathed in peace; his right hand rests on the Bible, the Bible on the Constitution and American flag which drapes the supporting column on the right of the figure. The weight of the figure is about six tons. The whole height of base and statue is 18 feet 6 inches, and was erected under the superintendence of Struthers & Son, of this city. On the north front the base will bear the name WASHINGTON; on the south this inscription:

ERECTED
BY THE
WASHINGTON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION
OF THE
FIRST SCHOOL DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The total cost, including a railing, will be about $6,500.

Our work is done at last. Our history and our actions are before the people for their judgment. It may be said that this is a small affair in this day of mighty achievements, when iron ways sweep over plains and span rivers and climb the summits of highest mountains; binding with golden spikes the geographical extremes of our Republic; linking the great oceans by canal; circling the earth and plowing the oceans with electric messengers, in preparation of the day when the hosannas of liberty shall sweep from pole to pole. Great as these things are, physically considered, they are but small when compared with the astounding results which will flow from them. Although our statue is but small, yet, if it opens wide the pearly gates of art culture in our city; if it promotes refinement in the public taste; if it tends in the least to develop and intensify American nationality; if it be the precursor of statues to Penn and Franklin and other Americans of real worth, it will have circled some of the objects contemplated by its projectors.

As I look on this one, there rises within me a secret joy which, like a divine charm, rushes through all my nature. It is this. The statue will speak! Yes, the silent, cold, beautiful marble will utter a perpetual voice. It will teach American patriot hearts the grand lessons of Washington's pure character. It will speak to the patriot pilgrims who, from all nations, visit the shrine of American independence. It will be to our dear children also an object lesson of perennial beauty and gracefulness.

Suffer me to say a few words as to the day—the place, and Washington.

Yesterday was the Sabbath of the Lord, as well as the Sabbath of patriotism. Sublime spectacle! By common consent, the result of our Christian civilization, the Sabbath of the Lord had precedence. This was right—God first; Liberty next.

Though the shout of jubilant mirth was not heard in all our streets, nor the booming of cannon, nor the rattle of musketry, nor any of the usual outward demonstrations of a nation's joy, yet the nation was not without its joys, peerless and grand. American patriotism and Christianity—twin brothers as they are—met, embraced, and knelt around thrice ten thousand altars, and arose, strengthened by the act, to bless God for Liberty! All over our beloved land Christianity gave to patriotism the pledges of immortality, and flung around the hallowed memories of the Revolution the flowerage and fragrance of heaven.

To-day we meet amid the glad tumult of a nation's jubilee. The sovereign symbols of American nationality begin again to look up from beneath the blood-fringed clouds of a fratricidal strife. The genius of American constitutional liberty once more soars on seraph wings of peace, seeking the altitudes of new, higher, and more vigorous and harmonious nationhood. And so, from ocean-lashed margins of Atlantic coasts east to the golden-plains and serene waters of the lovely Pacific on the west, and from where liberty is whispering in Cuban waters which sweetly margin the orange groves of Florida, on the south, to the snow-clad cliffs of Canada and Alaska on the north, a reviving and uniting people sing hosannas of praise to the Jehovah of Washington, "who has made and preserves us a nation."

The place where the statue stands. 'Tis sacred ground! Just at the vestibule of Liberty's temple! Just by the steps from which was first proclaimed the Declaration of Independence! On the very spot often pressed by the living feet of Washington! Just in the shade, too, of old Independence Hall!

As Philadelphians, what a treasure is in our midst to guard and love—the greatest place on earth save Calvary. The place where the giants of the Revolution assembled—master-men of the olden time and of all time are they—model revolutionists of this day, and all days to come are they. "Independence Hall!" how we ought to love and cherish thee with ceaseless vigilance and gratitude, thy memories, and the shining record of sacrifice, of matchless eloquence, and unsurpassed courage! The place where Patrick Henry cleft the thunder-cloud of British oppression with the lightning of free speech! and sent flying over the colonies brave words of cheer to the trembling, yet marshaling revolutionists, thrilling them with the immortality of invincibility! The place where Richard Henry Lee poured forth on willing ears and warm hearts the rushing floods of his polished eloquence, bursting the chains and fetters of monarchy forever! The place where Adams, the elder, tore away the scarlet drapery from proud England's throne, breaking the sceptre, and trampling under foot the royal insignia of kingly despotism, and driving the last nail in the coffin of dethroned monarchy! Such is the place from whence the statue of our Washington looks out upon the passing millions.

Washington! beloved, heroic, unequaled George Washington! His praise is on every lip; his life is mirrored in every patriot heart; his wisdom, prudence and virtue illumine the vision of statesmanship; and his full-orbed character inbreathes the issues of a higher life into the patriot brotherhood of the nations. It is a wise and beautiful Providence which elevates and crowns the good in man, and sets great characters like stars in the skies of national and moral history. And so the fame of our peerless statesman, like a star of first magnitude, shall shine and sparkle through all the ages which may yet belong to the prophetic destiny of earth.

To every great character there is a vitalizing and crowning element. In my humble judgment, the grand and distinctive feature in the character of Washington has been veiled from public view by the writers and book-makers of the past. Let me humbly unveil to-day that feature which illumed his inner nature and moulded into symmetrical strength and beauty his whole character.

Washington was a Christian. It was his faith in the Bible as a Divine revelation, and his faith in and practice of the truths of the Gospel of Jesus-Messiah, which girdled and guided him. It was Christianity which nerved his heroism and made him invincible. It was Christianity which breathed its spirit-power into his patriotism, and made him faithful and persevering. It was Christianity which fired his impulses, and made them noble and irresistible. It was Christianity which gave momentum strength to his integrity, and made him honest, pure, and wise. It was the Divine principle of Christianity circling his inner nature as with Pentecostal flame, which gave to his character the characteristics of wisdom, strength and beauty, and presented him to the world as the model of American Christian manhood. The charms and glories of matchless character have drawn the pen of every writer, whose name I would gladly record, if I knew it, this majestic eulogy: "Of merciful Scipio was content, Hannibal patient, but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one; and like the great sculptures of the Grecian artist, to exhibit the glow of associated beauty the perfect model, the perfection of every man." In general, he marshaled the peasantry of a nation, and supplied by disciplined experience; as a statesman, he [illegible] policy of the Cabinet into the [illegible] hensive system of general administration; such were the wisdom of the statesman and the philosophy of his counsels; and to the soldier and statesman was added the sage. A conqueror, but unstained with the crime of blood; a triumphant patriotist, he was free from any ambition for aggression commenced the war when his country called him to it, and when liberty unsheathed his sword he threw away the scabbard. It was his last act, victory, triumphant victory. Had he stopped here, history would have left us in doubt what station to assign him. But his last glorious act crowns his name and establishes all hesitation. With the sword in his hand after having emancipated his country and his sphere, resigned his command, and preferred the retirement of his farm and the duties of a citizen to the pomps and [illegible]

"First in war, [illegible]
Not worlds to conquer [illegible]
When peace and freedom [illegible]
Resigned his power [illegible]

"Illustrious man! [illegible]
Tempt thee to [illegible]
Thy victor's sword [illegible]
And [illegible]

"Ah, [illegible]
Pure and [illegible]
Freedom [illegible]
Illumes [illegible]

[illegible]