

FOURTH OF JULY

The Liberty Bell and Independence Hall.



THE famous bell that pealed the tidings of our first Fourth of July now stands, toneless, in the old Independence Hall at Philadelphia, but still honored, as it ever was, after the lapse of a hundred years and more.

Little did its makers realize that the bell they were sending to a mere town hall in the far-off colony would be held in affectionate remembrance by a great Nation a century later, nor was there an inkling of its future fame given the men who ordered the bell, despite the inscription stamped upon it.

Isaac Norris, Thomas Leech and Edward Warner of the Province of Pennsylvania were the men who, act-

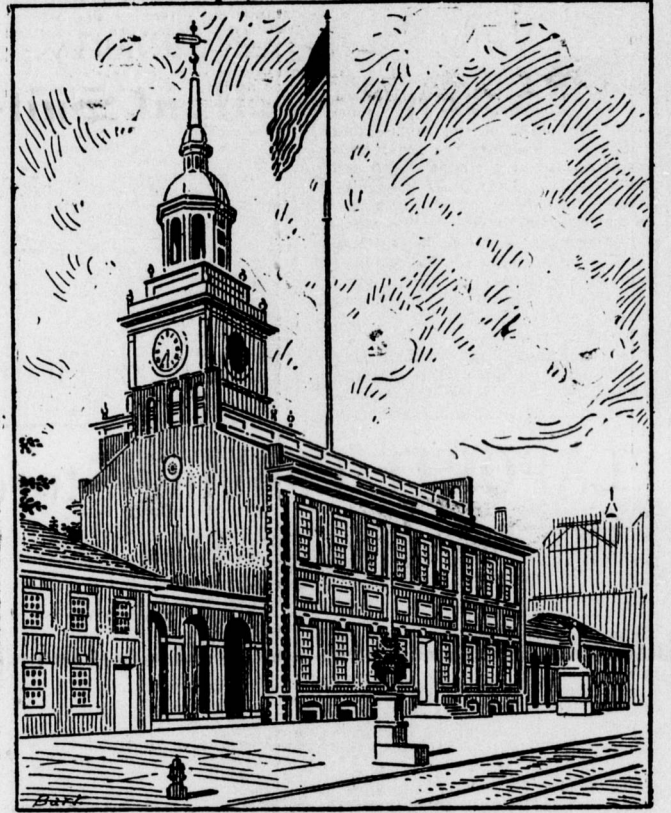
the tower and only rung on special occasions.

It was tolled in rejoicing at the news of the passage by the British Parliament of the act emancipating the Roman Catholics in 1828. It was sounded Feb. 22, 1832, in celebration of the centennial of Washington's birth. It was cracked on July 8, 1835, while tolling in memory of Chief Justice Marshall. On Washington's Birthday, in 1843, the crack was so much larger in size that the bell henceforth was mute forever.

The old Independence Hall itself was built in 1732 on a lot purchased by William Allen. Andrew Hamilton, then Speaker, prepared the plans and was the architect. The building was occupied for the first time by the Assembly in 1735.

Along the sides of the main chamber were erected low wooden sheds of oblong shape, intended for the use of Indian deputations that often visited the city in large numbers. These sheds were pressed into service as storehouses for ammunition, cannon and muskets during the Revolution.

There was originally no tower to the State House, and the appropriation was not made until 1750 for this desir-



FRONT VIEW OF EXTERIOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

ing under the authority vested in them by the Assembly, wrote to Robert Charles of London soliciting his assistance in securing "a good bell of about 2,000 lbs." Above the inscription stating the act from which the bell drew its existence they ordered this inscription:

Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.— Lev. xxv. 10.

The bell was cast in Whitechapel, by whom it is not known, and when brought on shore and hung in the belfry of Independence Hall it was cracked by the first stroke of the clapper. The bell was recast by Pass & Stowe of Philadelphia. The result of their work was more pleasing to the eye than the English model, but it was deficient in tone. The firm thereupon made a new mold of different proportions, and again cast the bell.



LIBERTY BELL AND STAIRWAY TO TOWER.

In 1777, previous to the entry of the British, this bell, since known as Liberty Bell, was removed to a place of safety. The elements had, by 1774, damaged the steeple and roof of Independence Hall, so that the Assembly ordered the former taken down and the latter recovered. The events of the Revolution interfered with this intention until 1781. At that time the bell was brought back from Bethlehem, whither it had been transported, and put up under the roof and suspended in the belfry by four posts.

The old bell which, according to the poetic fancy of Isaac Norris, was ordered to be rung on July 4, 1776, in celebration of the Declaration of Independence, which was read on that day, was removed to a lower story of

able addition, together with another "structure on the south side, with a staircase and a suitable place for hanging a bell."

In 1785 Colonel George Morgan presented the State with 100 elms, which were planted in the square occupied by Independence Hall and other buildings. This was the beginning of a series of improvements, and was followed by the erection of a brick wall around the inclosure to protect it from intrusion. The wall had a central iron gate which rose high and proudly, like a grand doorway.

When the seat of the Federal Government was removed to Philadelphia the County Court House portion of the building was given up to Congress. The Senate occupied the second floor, back, and the House of Representatives the first floor, back. The Senate of that day was remarkable for its great gravity and dignity. Senators appeared each morning dressed in richest material. Washington and Adams were inaugurated as President and Vice President in these rooms.

The tribunal occupied the back room on the second floor. The District and the United States Circuit Court also occupied this chamber.

Popular demonstrations naturally sought the State House as an appropriate place for the promulgation of their views. The City Regiment, 1,000 strong, met there in 1748, when trouble threatened between England and France, and elected "Abe" Taylor, Colonel, Thomas Lawrence, Lieutenant Colonel and Samuel McCall Major.

Here also gathered the indignant protesters against the Stamp act in 1765, to deputize James Tilgham, Robert Morris, Charles Thomson, Archibald McCall, John Cox, William Richards and William Bradford to call upon John Hughes, Stamp Collector, to protest against the Stamp act.

On hearing the news of Lexington and Concord, 8,000 persons swarmed to the historic spot to send greetings of encouragement to their New England brethren and to form a battalion of soldiers which they organized by selecting as Colonels John Cadwallader, John Dickinson and Daniel Roberdeau. In 1787 the delegates framed in the famous hall the Constitution of the United States.

It is no wonder, then, that this old hall, the scene of such stirring deeds, is held sacred by all Americans as a possession inexpressibly dear.

When a man grows about the weather it is because of crops or business; with a woman it is bonnets.

Revolutionary Coat Makers.

In the summer of 1775, when the preparations for the War of the Revolution were in a most unsettled and depressing condition, especially the supplies for the Continental army, the Provincial Congress made a demand upon the people for thirteen thousand warm coats, to be ready for the soldiers by cold weather. There were no great contractors, however, to supply the cloth and make the garments, but hundreds of hearthstones throughout the country, wool wheels, and looms were started eagerly to work, and the order was filled by the handiwork of patriotic American women. In the record book of some New England towns may still be found the list of the coat makers. In the inside of each coat was sewed the name of the town and the maker. Every soldier volunteering for eight months' service was given one of these homespun, homemade, all wool coats as a bounty.

A Conclusive Argument.

"Say, paw, can I have a nickel to buy some firecrackers with?"
 "No, Johnny, I don't believe in letting children play with explosives. It is a very dangerous pastime."
 "All the other boys does."
 "That makes no difference. I consider it a foolish waste of money, and I will not allow it."
 "All right, but you'll be sorry some day."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Well, s'posin' I should run for President when I get big, an' s'posin' the people should find out that I didn't celebrate the Fourth when I was a kid, what kind of a show would I stand then. I bet you'd wish you'd given me all the fireworks I wanted."

One Little Firecracker.

One little firecracker, eager for a lark;
 Two little shavings ready for a spark;
 Three little papers in a pretty little blaze;
 Four little flames going all sorts of ways;
 Five little dry sticks just in trim to burn;
 Six old timbers waiting for their turn;
 Seven great stories full of fire and fright;
 Eight burning buildings—such a sorry sight!
 Nine big blocks—up in flames they leap!
 Ten million dollars in a blackened heap!

They Were Carried Away With It.

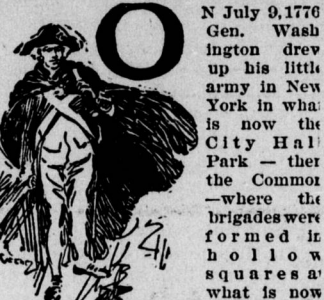


"Now, fellers, wait till yer hear de report dis gun will make."



The report.

READING THE DECLARATION THE FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK.



On July 9, 1776 Gen. Washington dived up his little army in New York in what is now the City Hall Park—there the brigades were formed in hollow squares what is now the Park Row side and fronting where stands the site of the Franklin statue. A copy of the Declaration of Independence, signed in Philadelphia, had just reached New York City and it was to be read to the Continentals. Washington was on horseback in the center of the brigade squares, where, at 6 p. m. on a delightful summer evening, the Declaration was read to the troops, a large fringe of the populace standing in the rear toward Broadway. Aide-de-Camp Samuel Webb, the grandfather of Major-General Alexander F. Webb, now president of our City College, read the document in a ringing voice.

In the evening many incipient Sons of Liberty who had listened to the reading made an impromptu expedition to Bowling Green in order to vent their pent-up indignation upon the

READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BEFORE THE ARMY IN NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1776.

equestrian statue of gilded lead that had been erected half a dozen years previously in honor of George III. A few of the Continental soldiers, who were afterward reprimanded, aided in pulling the statue from its pedestal. Eventually it was cast into 45,000 bullets, and, as "melted majesty," was fired at the King's troops in the battles that soon followed at Long Island, Harlem, Knight's Bridge and White Plains. The pedestal itself during half a century served as a doorstep for the Van Vorst family in Jersey City. The occupation by the British of New York City from 1777 to 1783 prevented any other reading of the Declaration until July 4, 1784, when it was read again in the park to a great concourse by Alexander Hamilton while standing so as to face a great crowd at where is now seen the park statue of Nathan Hale.

A Victim.

He is minus a piece of his arm.
 For the surgeon found out he must dock it.
 Though he tried to keep out of all harm,
 He lit the wrong end of the rocket.

No Fun For Him.

Biggs—"Are you going to celebrate the Fourth?"
 Boggs—"Not much. That's my busy day. I'm in the fire insurance business, you know."

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Christ Our Refuge—A Message of Comfort, Commending the Behavior of the Disciples to Those Who Are Harassed With Sorrow.

(Copyright 1904.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage, in the following discourse, which he has given for publication this week, gives a prescription for all anxiety and worry, and illustrates the divine sympathy for all who are in any kind of struggle. The text is Matthew xiv, 12. "And his disciples went and told Jesus."

An outrageous assassination had just taken place. To appease a revengeful woman King Herod ordered the death of that noble, self-sacrificing prophet, John the Baptist. The group of the disciples were thrown into grief and dismay. They felt themselves utterly defenseless. They felt no authority to which they could appeal, and yet grief must always find expression. If there be no human ear to hear it, then the agonized soul will cry it aloud to the winds and the woods and the waters. But "here was an ear that was willing to listen. There is a tender pathos and at the same time a most admirable picture in the words of my text. 'They went and told Jesus.' He could understand all their grief, and He immediately soothed it. Our burdens are not more than half so heavy to carry if another shoulder is put under the other end of them. Here we find Christ, His brow shadowed with grief, standing amid the group of disciples, who, with tears and violent gesticulations and wringing of hands and outcry of bereavement, are expressing their woe. Raphael, with his skillful brush, putting upon the wall of a palace some scene of sacred story, gave not so skillful a stroke as when the plain hand of the evangelist writes, 'They went and told Jesus.'

The old Goths and Vandals once came down upon Italy from the north—Europe, and they upset the gardens, and they broke down the statues and swept away everything that was good and beautiful. So there is ever and anon in the history of all the sons and daughters of our race an incursion of rough handed troubles that come to plunder and ransack and put to the torch all that men highly prize. There is no cave so deeply cleft into the mountains as to afford us shelter, and the foot of fleetest course cannot bear us beyond the quick pursuit. The arrows they put to the string with unerring dart until we fall pierced and stunned.

I feel that I bring to you a most appropriate message. I mean to bind up all your griefs into a bundle and set them on fire with a spark from God's altar. The prescription that cured the sorrow of the disciples will cure all your heartaches. I have read that when Godfrey and his army marched out to capture Jerusalem as they came over the hills, at the first flash of the pinnacles of that beautiful city, the army that had marched in silence lifted a shout that made the earth tremble. Oh, you soldiers of Jesus Christ, marching on toward heaven, I would that to-day, by some gleam from the palace of God's mercy and God's strength, you might be lifted into great rejoicing and that as the prospect of its peace breaks or your enraptured gaze you might raise one glad hosanna to the Lord!

In the first place I commend the behavior of those disciples to all burdened souls who are unpardoned. There comes a time in almost every man's history when he feels from some source that he has an erring nature. The thought may not have such left as to fell him. It may be only like the flash in an evening cloud just after a very hot summer day. One must get rid of that impression will go to prayer, another will stimulate himself by ardent spirits, and another man will dive deeper in secularities. But sometimes a man cannot get rid of these impressions. The fact remains, they cannot control their sickness is poised upon a perfect uncertainty, and that the next moment his foot may slip, he must do something violent to make himself forget where he stands or else fly for refuge.

Some of you crouch under a yoke, and you bite the dust when this moment you might rise up a crowned conqueror. Driven and perplexed as you have been by sin, go and tell Jesus. To relax the grip of death from your soul and plant your unshackled feet upon the golden road of life, let the tortures of the bloody mount transfix Him. With the beam of His own cross He will break down the door of your dungeon. From the thorns of His own crown He will pick enough gems to make your crown. He will comfort your heart with His tear on His wet cheek, in every gash of His side, in every long, blackening mark of laceration from shoulder to shoulder, in the grave shattering, heaven storming death groan I hear Him say, "He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "Oh," but you say, "instead of curing my wound you want to make another wound—namely, that of conviction!" Have you never known a surgeon to come and find a chronic disease and then with sharp caustic burn it all out? So all grace of God comes to the old sore of sin. It has long been rankling there, but by divine grace, it is burned out through these fires of conviction, "the flesh coming again as the flesh of a little child," "where sin abounded, grace much more abundantly." With the ten thousand imperishable sins of your life, go and tell Jesus.

You will never get rid of your sins in any other way, and remember that the broad invitation which I extend to you will not always be extended. King Alfred, before modern timepieces were invented, used to divide the day into three parts, eight hours each, and then had three wax candles. By the time the first candle had burned to the socket eight hours had gone, and when the second candle had burned to the socket another eight hours had gone, and when all the three candles were gone out then the day had passed. Oh, that some of us, instead of calculating our days and nights and years by any earthly timepiece, might calculate them by the numbers of opportunities and mercies which are burning down and burning out, never to be re-lighted, lest at last we be amid the foolish virgins who cried, "Our lamps have gone out!"

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all who are tempted. I have heard men in mid-life say they had never been led into temptation. If you have not felt temptation, it is because you have not tried to do right. A man hopped and handcuffed, as long as he lies quietly, does not test the power of the chain. When he rises up and with determination resolves to snap the handcuff or break the hoppel then he finds the power of the iron. And there are men who have been for ten and twenty and thirty years bound hand and foot by evil habits who have never felt the power of the chain because they have never tried to break it. It is very easy to go on down with the stream and with the wind lying on your oars, but just turn around and try to go against the wind and the tide, and you will find it is a different matter. As long as we go down the current of our evil habit we seem to get along quite smoothly, but if after a while we turn around and head the other way, toward Christ and pardon and heaven, oh, then how we have to lay to the oars! You will have your temptations. You have one kind, you another, you another, not one person escaping.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all those who are abused and to the slandered and persecuted. When Herod put John to death, the disciples knew that their own heads were not safe. And do you know that every John has a Herod? There are persons in your household not wash you very well. Your misfortunes are honeycombs to them. Misfortunes

teeth they hiss at you, misinterpret your motives, and would be glad to see you up. No man gets through life without having a Pompey. Some slander comes after you horned and lusked and hoofed to gore and trample you, and what are you to do? I tell you plainly that all who serve Christ must suffer persecution. It is the worst sign in the world for you to be able to say, "I have no enemy in the world." A woe is pronounced in the Bible against the one of whom everybody speaks well. If you are at peace with all the world and everybody likes you and approves your work, it is because you are an idler in the Lord's vineyard and are not doing your duty. All those who have served Christ, however eminent, all have been maltreated at some stage of their experience. You know it was so in the time of George Whitefield when he stood and invited men into the kingdom of God. What did the learned Dr. Johnson say of him? He pronounced him a miserable mountebank. How was it when Robert Hall stood and spoke as scarcely any unimpaired man in the world for the glory of heaven? And as he stood Sabbath after Sabbath preaching on these themes his face kindled with the glory. John Foster, a Christian man, said of this man, "Robert Hall is only acting, and the smile on his face is the reflection of his own joy of heaven?" John Wesley turned all England upside down with Christian reform, and yet the punsters were after him, and the meanest jokes in England were perpetrated about John Wesley. What is true of the pulpit is true of the pew; it is true of the street; it is true of the shop and the store. All who live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.

And I set it down as the very worst sign in all your Christian experience that you are any of you at peace with all the world. The religion of Christ is war. It is a challenge to "the world, the flesh and the devil," and if you will buckle on the whole armor of God you will find a great host disputing your path between this and heaven.

Again, I commend the behavior of the disciples to all the bereaved. How many in garb of mourning! How many emblems of sorrow you behold everywhere. God has His own way of taking apart a family. We must get out of the way for coming generations. We must get off the stage that others may come on, and for this reason there is a long procession reaching down all the time into the valley of shadows. This emigration from time into eternity is so vast an enterprise that we cannot understand it. Every hour we hear the clang of the sepulchral gate. The sod must be broken. The ground must be plowed for resurrection harvest. Eternity must be peopled. The dust must press out eyelids. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." This emigration from time into eternity keeps three-fourths of the families of the earth in desolation. The air is rent with farewells, and the black tattered vehicles of death rattle through every street. The body of the child that was folded so closely to the mother's heart is put away in the cold and the darkness. The laughter freezes to the girl's lip, and the rose scatters. The boy in the harvest field of Shunem says, "My head, my head!" and they carry the body to die on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the palor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and mother. Oh, the grave is cruel! With teeth of stone it clutches for its eyelids. Between the closing gates of the sepulcher our hearts are mangled and crushed.

But Christ is always near—before you, behind you, within you. No mother ever threw her arms around her child with such warmth and ecstasy of affection as Christ has shown toward you. He came to die on the lap of his mother. Widowhood stands with tragedies of woe struck into the palor of the cheek. Orphanage cries in vain for father and mother. Oh, the grave is cruel! With teeth of stone it clutches for its eyelids. Between the closing gates of the sepulcher our hearts are mangled and crushed.

Close at hand, nearer than the staff upon which you lean, nearer than the cup you put to your lip, nearer than the handkerchief with which you wipe away your tears, I preach Him an ever present, all sympathizing, compassionate Jesus. Can you stay away one moment from Him with your griefs? Go now, Go and tell Jesus. It is often that friends have no power to relieve us. They would very much like to do it, but they cannot disentangle our finances, they cannot cure our sickness and raise our dead, but glory be to God that He to whom the disciples went has all power in heaven and on earth, and at our call He will walk our calamities and at just the right time, in the presence of an applauding earth and rejoicing heaven, will raise our dead. He is mightier than Herod. He is swifter than the storm. He is grander than the sea. He is vaster than eternity. And every sword of God's omnipotence will leap from its scabbard and the resources of infinity be exhausted. Greater than that God child shall not be delivered when he cries to Him for rescue. Suppose your child was in trouble. How much would you endure to get him out? You would say, "I don't care what it will cost. I must get him out of that trouble. Do you think God not care for the corner as you? Seeing you are in trouble and having all power, will He not stretch out His arm and deliver you? He will. He is mighty to save. He can level the mountain and divide the sea, and can extinguish the fire and save the soul." "It is all right, for father's on deck." "It's all right, for father's on deck."

Ye who are tossed and driven in this world, up by the mountains and down by the valleys and at your feet winds, I want you to know the Lord God is guiding the ship. Your Father is on deck. He will bring you through the darkness into the harbor. Trust in the Lord. Go and tell Jesus.

If you go to Him for pardon and sympathy, all is well. Everything will brighten up, and you will come to the harbor of sorrow will depart, your sins will be forgiven, and your foot will touch the upward path, and the shining messengers that report above what is done here will tell it until the great arches of God respond with glad thrills, if now with contrition and full trustfulness of soul you will only go and tell Jesus.

But I am oppressed as I think of those who may not take this counsel and may remain unblessed. I cannot help asking what will be the destiny of these people. Xerxes looked off on his army. There were 2,000,000, perhaps the finest army ever marshaled. Xerxes rode along the lines, reviewed them, came back, and stood on some high point, looked off upon the 2,000,000 men and burst into tears. At that moment, when every one supposed he would be in the greatest exultation, he broke down in grief. They asked him why he wept. "Ah," he said, "I weep at the thought that so soon all this host will be dead." So I think of these vast populations of immortal men and women and realize the fact that soon the places which know them now will know them no more, and they will be gone—whither, whither? There is a stirring of the wind, if now poet put in very peculiar verse when he said: "Tis not for man to trifle; life is brief, And sin is here; Our age is but the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear. Not many lives, but only one have we—How sacred should that one life ever be—That narrow space!"

