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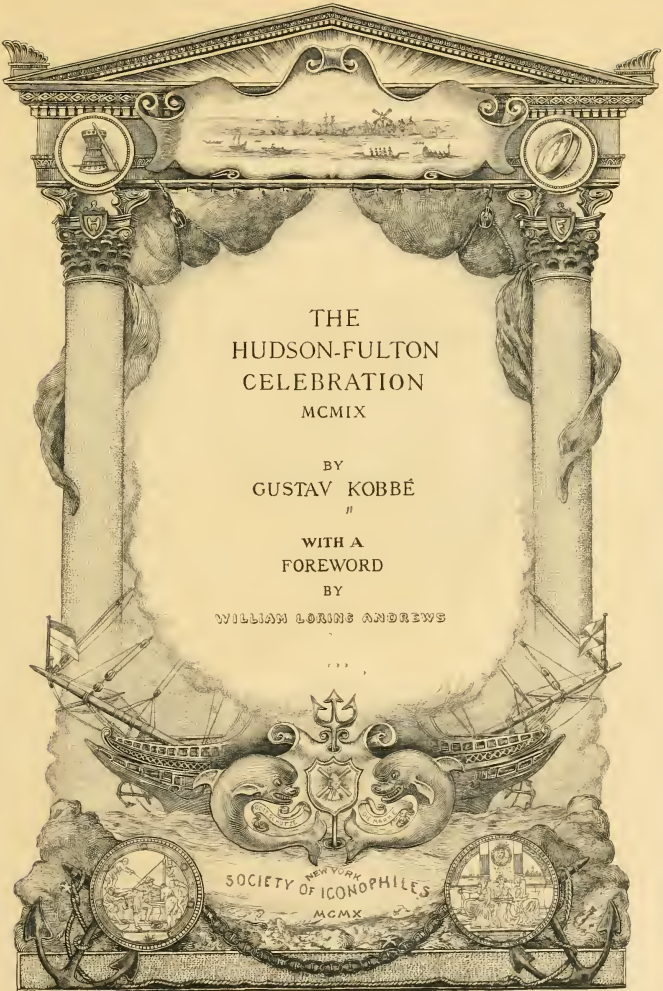
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THE
HUDSON-FULTON
CELEBRATION





THE
HUDSON-FULTON
CELEBRATION
MCMIX

BY
GUSTAV KOBBE
"

WITH A
FOREWORD
BY
WILLIAM LORINE ANDREWS

NEW YORK
SOCIETY OF ICONOPHILES
MCMX

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DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANCIS S. KING

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FOREWORD



FOREWORD

ALTHOUGH bookmaking does not lie strictly within the province of the Society of Iconophiles, its active members, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of its management, feel that no apology is necessary for the appearance under its imprint of the following pages. They assume that the Society is not only justified in issuing this monograph, but that it was incumbent upon it to make a printed note of this, the greatest civic celebration, in some at least of its varied features, that the New or Old World, in Ancient or Modern times, has ever witnessed, and so they commissioned

FOREWORD

Mr. Gustav Kobbé to prepare this succinct but comprehensive account of the monster week-long fête.

To this commemorative celebration we invited the civilized nations of the earth, and when their representatives came in response from the four points of the compass, few if any of them—we venture to say—failed to find someone to welcome them in their native tongues, so strikingly in this respect does New York resemble its foster-mother-city of Amsterdam, which Fénelon thus described two hundred years ago:

“When one beholds this City, one is inclined to believe that it is not the City of a particular people, but the Common city of all the peoples of the earth and the center of their commerce.”

One important feature is lacking in the remembrancer we have made of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration—a portrait of Henry Hudson; but so far as known no authentic picture, either painted or engraved, of the “superb seaman” exists, notwithstanding one, so-called, has been scattered over the length and breadth of the City during these festival days. It was copied from a painting of which the Municipality of the City of New York is the proud possessor, and which has done duty heretofore as a portrait of Christopher Columbus.

The common belief long entertained by collectors of prints relating to the History of the City of New York that no portrait of Henry Hudson exists, is newly confirmed by the thorough investigations made in Holland and elsewhere by the American Numismatic Society in connection with the official medal of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration designed by Emil Fuchs of London, under the direction of that Society. From the interesting de-

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scription of this medal, written by Mr. Edward D. Adams, Chairman of the Society's Committee on the Publication of Medals, we take, by permission, the following paragraphs:

"In portraiture the medal is limited to the bust of Robert Fulton, reproduced by the kind permission of his grandson, from the painting by the American artist, Benjamin West, now in possession of Robert Fulton Ludlow.

"In the case of Henry Hudson, it was concluded after most diligent search and inquiry, at the British Museum and at the museums of Holland, as well as, of course, at the office of the English Muscovy Company and of the Dutch East India Company, former employers of Hudson, that no authentic portrait of Henry Hudson exists. While it would have been easy to appropriate a type of an English seaman of that date for an imaginative portrait, it was thought best, in the interest of permanent historical records, as such a medal must necessarily be, not to introduce into the design anything that required the explanation that it really was not what it pretended to be. The absence of any portrait of Hudson is undoubtedly due to the tragedy of his last voyage and the long concealment of his death."

Within Bishopsgate, London, there stands, surrounded by "parasitic business buildings," a little church, formerly dedicated to the Virgin Daughter of Ethelbert, King of Kent, which is mentioned in English history as early as the XIV century. It shelters to-day an active church organization, whose watchword is "*Christian Charity*" in the broadest sense of the term. Its doors stand open daily from high noon to four o'clock, and this

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cordial and catholic invitation to enter them is extended to the wayfarer and passerby:

“ANY PERSONS, WHO IN THE CLASH OF CREEDS
ARE BEING DRAWN TO THE INNER LIGHT, ARE
INVITED TO JOIN THEIR FELLOWS AT ST. ETHEL-
BURGA’S CHURCH.”

To this diminutive edifice, known in his time as the “Mariner’s Church” and “noted for its short services for city men,” Hudson and his crew, we are told, repaired to partake of the Sacrament before sailing under the direction of the Muscovy Company of London to attempt a passage across the North Pole to the Eastern parts of Asia. Here, if they have not been removed since Augustus Hare took his walks in London and wrote about them so entertainingly, one may look upon the fine fragments of XIII Century stained glass through which the light streamed down upon the kneeling figures of Hudson and his brave men, and this is the nearest approach we can make, it would appear, to the personalities of the Captain and crew of the *Half Moon*.

If Crispin de Passe, the skillful engraver of the portrait of Captain John Smith—Hudson’s contemporary and close friend—had foreseen Hudson’s equal or greater future fame, and realized that his was “One of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die,” then, indeed, we hopefully might search the print shops for a “graven effigy” of the Discoverer of the Grate River of the North, and the man who, moreover, according to John Fiske, started two great industries, the Spitzbergen whale fisheries and the Hudson Bay fur trade.

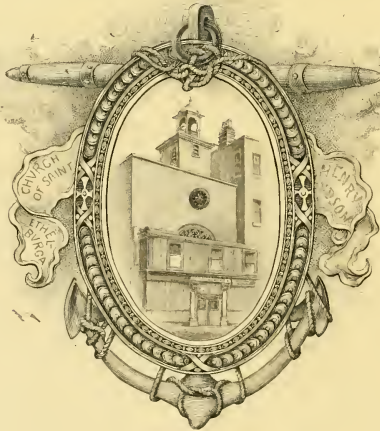
Until the last decade or so, few citizens of New York have displayed an overweening fondness for, or interest in, the history of their City or in the "things that do exalt it." At least they have not shown that practical interest which manifests itself in a search for, and preservation of, memorials of the past of this great Metropolis. Whatever interest has been felt must have been of a dormant nature, which now—in this great celebration with its music, pageantry, millions of electric lights, pyrotechnics, and the booming of great guns—has, like a slumbering volcano, burst all bounds and carried everything before it in its patriotic onward and upward rush.

It was a remarkable spectacle that the streets of New York presented during the week of the never-to-be-forgotten Hudson-Fulton Celebration of the year 1909, and by far the most impressive part of it was, not the show itself, but the dense and orderly throngs of human beings—the sea of human faces—that lined the six-mile route of each day's procession, as it wound its way from 110th Street and Central Park West to the Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue.

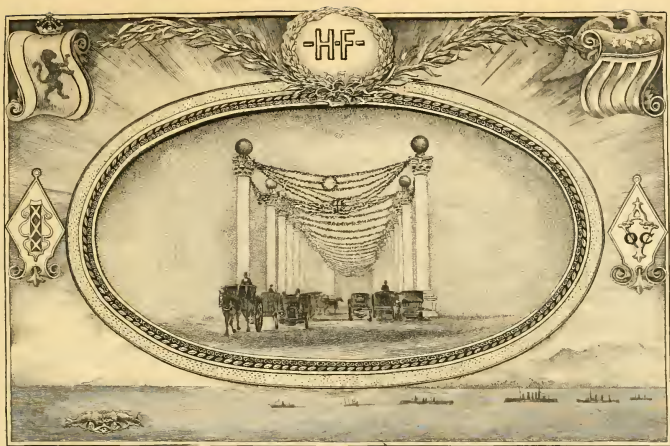
In addition to the remarkable collection of Dutch paintings of the Seventeenth Century, Colonial furniture, silverware, etc., to which Mr. Kobbé refers at length in his account of the Great Celebration, interesting exhibitions were held by a number of other Societies and Institutions—of rare and valuable prints, Maps, Autographs and other objects, animate and inanimate, illustrating New York, its Past and Present, the Discoveries and Explorations of the Continent and the introduction of steam navigation. Among them were the following: American Geographical Society, Museum of Natural History, Society of Mechanical

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Engineers, City History Club of New York, Colonial Dames of the National Society of the State of New York, College of the City of New York, National Arts Club, New York Historical Society, Botanical Garden, Zoölogical Park, Genealogical and Biographical Society, Washington's Headquarters (The Jumel Mansion, Roger Morris Park), The Brooklyn Institute, Long Island Historical Society, and the Staten Island Association of Arts and Sciences Public Museum. The list, if completed, would include about every Association of an Antiquarian, Literary, Artistic, Historical and Scientific character in Greater New York, and conclusively demonstrate the widespread interest evoked throughout the community by the Hudson-Fulton Memorial Celebration.



THE
HUDSON-FULTON
CELEBRATION



I

THE MEANING OF THE WEEK

PEACE hath its pageantry no less than war. Therein lies the deeper significance of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration.

Hudson, an explorer; Fulton, an inventor—yet no triumph to a Caesar returning victorious from war has equalled in magnitude the pageant that for a week unfolded itself before the eyes of the great city on the bank of the river named after the explorer and first navigated by steam through the genius of the inventor.

Before this celebration, America's nearest approach to a Roman triumph was the Dewey parade. But, fine as that was—the forces it marshalled, the crowds that watched it, were insig-

nificant as compared with the plan, scope and execution of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration.

And there is another aspect which gives further significance to it. A triumph, such as Rome gave its victorious generals, is an immediate thing, organized and carried out while the popular imagination still is fired with the greatness of an achievement envired by the pomp, circumstance and panoply of war. A triumph is a thing born of the excitement of the moment, a flash of popular enthusiasm, a flame often fanned by a government seeking to make itself more stable through the public's tribute to the commander of its returning army.

How different this celebration! As different in spirit and conception as are the shallows that murmur from the depths that are dumb. This was no popular acclaim of an achievement of yesterday. It was three hundred years ago that an obscure little vessel turned its prow up the river that now bears the name of its navigator; and it was two years more than a century ago that the country folk, scattered along the banks of that same river, watched, with amazement and fear, a strange craft make its way up stream under the propulsion of steam. Thus New York, and through it the New World, celebrated two peaceful achievements, one of three centuries, the other of a century ago, and celebrated them in a manner that thrust a "triumph" as such, into the background.

Moreover, it was a celebration with which the whole world thrilled in response, for the world appreciates now the bearing that the discovery of the Hudson River and the practical application of steam to navigation have had upon its progress. That progress was emphasized by details of the celebration. In 1609,

when night enveloped the *Half Moon*, a lantern, dimly discernible for a short distance, burned at its masthead. In 1909 a battery of searchlights of more than a million candle power, and capable when united of shooting a ray fifty miles through the night, was a feature of the celebration.

Hudson found an Indian village where to-day the "peaks of Manhattan" pierce the sky. This contrast was shown by floats in the historical pageant, on which tepee and skyscraper, as well as Fulton's steamboat and the swift ocean steamship of to-day, were represented.

In a curiously interesting way the names of Hudson and Fulton were most appropriately linked in this celebration, for while one was an explorer and the other an inventor, both had to do with navigation, and what Fulton achieved can be expressed by stating that while it took Hudson thirty-four days to cross the Atlantic, when he sailed back from Sandy Hook to Dartmouth, it was Fulton's invention that a century later made possible the four-day crossings of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. In fact, during celebration week the *Mauretania* arrived at this port with another clip off her record; while a kind of ship that neither Hudson nor Fulton ever dreamed of, the aeroplane of Wilbur Wright, sailed through the air from Governor's Island to Grant's tomb and back.

And now, just one more, and perhaps the most interesting, general consideration of the subject that the event forces upon the mind. What New York celebrated in Hudson's case absolutely was the triumph of a failure. When Hudson sailed up the Cahohatea, as the Indians called the river which now bears his name, he was in quest of a northwest passage to China. In that

quest he failed wretchedly, and in further pursuing it met a miserable end in Hudson Bay. But mark the triumph that has sprung from failure. His discovery of the river led to the founding at its mouth of the little Dutch trading post from which has grown the greatest city of the New World and one of the great cities—some think the greatest—of the whole world.

Reviewing the celebration in its entirety, it may be said that, with an intelligent grasp of its opportunity deserving of recognition, the Commission sought to accomplish something higher, something more lasting than simply to make a populace stare in open-eyed wonder. It saw a means, through a series of parades and pageants, to furnish New Yorkers, by means of visual instruction, with a great object lesson in the history and development of their city. What that would have meant—if successfully carried out—to the great proportion of New York's foreign-born population is obvious; and it is a question if such instruction is not needed quite as much by the native population of a city which, more than any other probably, is concerned with the present rather than with the past.

The chief public features of the celebration were the naval parade of Saturday, September 25th, when the reproductions of the *Half Moon* and the *Clermont* passed up the river through a lane of saluting warships; the historical pageant of Tuesday, September 28th; the military parade of Thursday, September 30th; and the carnival pageant on the night of Saturday, October 2d. In this series the historical pageant was planned as a great educational feature. It was intended to be observed that as float after float went by, the progression was historical—from the days when the Iroquois had their wigwams on Manhattan to the mid-

dle of the last century. For reasons, which will be stated later, this pageant did not wholly meet expectations. In fact, it may be said, that the otherwise laudable spirit in this country which prompts the subordination of the military to the civic, allowed the civilian element too much scope in the celebration. It marred the historical pageant. The naval parade, too, would have been far more effective if the seventy-eight warships, instead of being at anchor and forming a line for the *Half Moon* and *Clermont* to pass in review—while the actual parade consisting of a numerous and motley array of merchant craft passed around the warship formation—had steamed up the river and, with the exception of the *Half Moon* and *Clermont*, constituted the sole feature of the parade. One does not get seventy-eight warships together every day. It was the greatest fleet of its kind ever assembled, save in the English channel when England herded her own, and the greatest international fleet ever assembled anywhere. Yet this fleet, the possible sight of which steaming up the river almost staggers the imagination (and, unfortunately, still is left to the imagination) lay strung out at anchor, its majesty dissipated, and playing second fiddle to a lot of excursion boats, tugs and lighters!

But those details in which the plans of the Commission failed to come up to expectation, served to bring into greater relief the most conspicuous success of the celebration and its most inspiring feature, which we Americans may well be proud to have seen displayed before our recent visitors from foreign shores. That was the crowd that watched it. Whether solidly massed on the slope of Riverside Park and Drive, or jammed along the line of pageant and parade, its patience often sorely tried yet never giv-

ing way, its behavior was exemplary. Thus, intended to commemorate two triumphs of civilization, the celebration itself produced a third—a triumph thoroughly American and interpretive of the genius of the Republic, which, through its guaranty of personal liberty, also has driven home the lesson of individual responsibility.

II

THE TRYSTING OF THE FLEET

THE celebration was felt in the air for more than a week before it actually began. The building of the Court of Honor at Fifth Avenue from Fortieth to Forty-second streets, and of the Water Gate at 110th Street and the Hudson River, the blossoming out of bunting and festoons of electric lamps on buildings and stands, and the booming of saluting guns from forts and arriving warships, to say nothing of the many evident strangers in town, all tended to key up the interest in events impending. First among the foreign squadrons to draw sightseers to the West Side were the French battle-ships, *La Liberté*, *La Verité* and *La Justice*, all with the low-set, grim, bull-dog look the artistic French know how to impart to their sea-fighters.

It was the day before the celebration opened that a white and a dark gray fleet were added to the long line of warships anchored in the Hudson. It was then that amid firing of cannon the German and British ships passed up bay, harbor and river and swung to their anchors. The *Victoria Louise* came in first, followed by

the *Hertba*, the *Dresden* and the *Bremen*. The *Presidente Sarmiento*, the Argentine training ship, an earlier arrival, saluted the German flag off Tompkinsville and was answered, and off Governor's Island the German squadron fired twenty-one guns as the American flag was run up to the foremast head; and there was more firing up the river before the cruisers anchored.

The first real excitement, however, came with the arrival of the English squadron. It was not more than two hours after the Germans had passed up that England's line of great gray armored cruisers was sighted coming through the Ambrose Channel, led by the *Inflexible*, of 17,250 tons, with the flag of Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, Admiral of the fleet, whipping at the main truck. The *Drake*, of 14,100 tons, bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Frederick T. Hamilton; the *Duke of Edinburgh*, 13,550 tons, and the *Argyll*, 10,850 tons, were the ships that followed.

The long, lean "Dreadnought cruiser," the *Inflexible*, with her eight twelve-inch guns and armored sides, and driving at full speed up the harbor, seemed to have nearly her whole complement of more than seven hundred men on deck, a line of white at attention, as she was saluted and returned the salute of the little Argentine ship. But it was when the crowd that had assembled at the Battery and other shore fronts saw the four ships of the British fleet salute the American flag off Governor's Island that the big Dreadnought cruiser and the ships she led showed "how to do it." Eighty-four guns spoke in unison, and the squadron with the highest ranking officer of the combined fleets in the celebration passed on up the river, receiving salutes from the *Mayflower*, the Mexican, Italian, French, German and Dutch warships, and, finally, from the *Connecticut*. The American fleet

had peculiar reasons for welcoming the British admiral. There must have been officers and men in our fleet who had served under him in 1900, when he led that forlorn hope in the attempt to relieve the Peking legations, a gallant little band made up of complements from warships of several nations that vainly tried to fight its way to the capital. Our own fleet made a fine showing. But although the *Inflexible* technically was only a cruiser, and we had sixteen battleships in line, she was the most powerful ship of war at the celebration.

The line of warships extended from Forty-seventh to 222d Street, and, according to nationalities and the order of anchorage, this great international fleet was made up as follows: *Mayflower* and *Newport*, American; Mexico, *Morelos*; Argentine Republic, *Presidente Sarmiento*; Italy, *Etna* and *Etruria*; France, *La Liberté*, *La Verité* and *La Justice*; Germany, *Bremen*, *Dresden*, *Hertha*, *Victoria Louise*; Holland, *Nieuw Amsterdam* (merchantman) and *Utrecht*; *Portsmouth* (New Jersey Naval Reserve); England, *Argyll*, *Duke of Edinburgh*, *Drake* and *Inflexible*; United States, *Idaho*, *Mississippi*, *New Hampshire*, *Minnesota*, *Louisiana*, *Kansas*, *Vermont*, *Connecticut*, *Ohio*, *Missouri*, *Wisconsin*, *Virginia*, *Rhode Island*, *Nebraska*, *New Jersey*, *Georgia*, *Montana*, *North Carolina*, *New York*, *Birmingham*, *Salem*, *Chester*.

Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, with the *Connecticut* as flagship, commanded the American fleet; Grand Admiral von Koester, with the *Victoria Louise* as flagship, commanded the German squadron; and Admiral Le Pord the French. The United States had many smaller war craft and vessels connected with the Navy and the Revenue Marine acting as escorts and in other capacities.

It was estimated that the combined fleet reached a total of

THE TRYSTING OF THE FLEET

more than 450,000 tons. In the main batteries of the ships there were 4 thirteen-inch, 80 twelve-inch, 10 ten-inch, 8 9.2-inch, 4 8.2-inch, 109 eight-inch, 34 7.5-inch, 83 seven-inch, 21 five-inch, and 54 four-inch guns, making a grand total of 407 guns in the main batteries of these ships alone. With the smaller guns this number was trebled.

The tonnage of the combined fleets was as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|
| Great Britain | 55,750 |
| United States | 301,400 |
| Germany | 12,000 |
| France | 54,000 |
| Austria (estimated) | 15,000 |
| Italy | 5,800 |
| Netherlands | 3,950 |
| Argentina | 2,750 |
| Cuba | 2,500 |
| Mexico | 500 |
| Total | <u>453,650</u> |

From 25,000 to 30,000 officers and men were required to man the fleet.

Such was the line of warships at anchor in the Hudson River Saturday, September 25, 1909, the day of what the Commission termed the naval rendezvous and manœuvre, the word "parade" being reserved to designate the passage of the *Half Moon* and *Clermont* and an escorting fleet to Newburg the following Friday. Whether it was that the *Half Moon* caught the spirit of unrest that pervaded the city or decided to become a warship on her

own account, she suddenly was seized with a fit of cantankerousness on the very morning that opened the celebration, and came very near to spoiling it by her extraordinary exploits.

It had been a question whether the *Half Moon* would use her sails or depend upon towing. The *Clermont*, of course, was to steam under her own power. Two hours before the start up the river, when the two vessels were being escorted to a point off Stapleton, S. I., the Dutch naval officer, Lieutenant Willem Lam, who was made up to impersonate Hudson, "even" as one newspaper writer put it, "to the largest display of unharvested whiskers recently seen in these parts," decided that the stiff breeze from the north warranted his casting off the tow line. This done, the eighteen Dutch sailors on the *Half Moon's* deck, all garbed in the style of two centuries ago, but accustomed to manœuvre on the deck of a modern warship and not on that of a self-improvised seventeenth-century one, laboriously dropped the great square sails of the fore and mizzen masts into position and slapped her full into the wind. The result was that she cut through the water at a rate that surely would have lowered Hudson's record in crossing the Atlantic. It would have been a fine sight, but for the fact that the *Clermont* lay in her path. Henry Hudson, having preceded Robert Fulton by two centuries, never had had any trouble with him, but it seemed as if the *Half Moon*, possibly jealous of the *Clermont's* motor power, was bent upon putting her out of commission. Bearing down upon her and, at this critical moment, failing to obey the tiller, the *Half Moon* crashed into the *Clermont* and shattered about twenty feet of her rail abaft her port paddle wheel and battered her own prow. Fortunately tools and a carpenter were part of the kit and complement of each

vessel, and the damage done at least was masked, if not wholly repaired, in time for the programme of the day to be carried out, although before the *Half Moon* was gotten completely under tow she made another attempt at ramming—this time the U. S. S. *Prairie*.

During the rendezvous down the harbor the Brooklyn, Staten Island and New Jersey shores were lined with a great throng that could look down upon the water as upon an amphitheatre, and behold the thrilling spectacle of the huge fleet of smaller warships and other craft as it rendezvoused and manœuvred and got under way with the *Half Moon* and the *Clermont*. One should try to picture the sight—the bluff along the Brooklyn side of the harbor, the hills of Staten Island, the gentle slope of the Jersey shore, black with people, while the tallest chimney in the world, on Constable Hook, sent forth its smoke, a tribute amid festivity, to the ceaseless toil that has made America what it is. And there, on the floor of the great amphitheatre—that floor the meeting place of the sea that Hudson crossed and the river he ascended, and which, two hundred years later, Fulton navigated with steam—lay the fleet.

Before it got in motion the two wraiths, with their special escort squadron, consisting of torpedo boats, submarines, and other smaller government vessels, manœuvred about the harbor from the Kill von Kull to the Narrows, by the Staten Island shore, and from there across to Fort Hamilton and up the Brooklyn water front to the place of rendezvous, where they joined the fleet. That historical accuracy was observed in manning the *Half Moon* already has been stated. The same accuracy was to be noted on the *Clermont*. Fulton, his financial backer, Chan-

cellor Robert R. Livingston, and Harriet Livingston, who were on the first trip of the real *Clermont*, were impersonated on the so-called "replica."

Motionless lay the fleet—as motionless as the *Half Moon* at anchor three hundred years ago. Then suddenly, at the discharge of a gun signal, it thrilled with life. Like a Titanic sea serpent, clad in scales of steel, belching smoke and hissing steam, it unwound its folds of half a thousand ships, headed for the Hudson, and proceeded up the river, until abreast of the chain of warships, effulgent with armor, bristling with guns, marking the latest floating achievement of man for the killing of man, there drew—what? Two tiny craft of ancient and, from the standpoint of to-day, useless model—craft that a shot would have sunk, a blow from the bow of any one of these ships of war have cut in two like paper. And yet, as the reproductions passed in review, battleship after battleship, cruiser after cruiser, gunboat after gunboat, thundered out its tribute to these symbols of peaceful conquest. Perhaps during the entire week that followed there was no moment so charged as this with the deeper significance of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration. Well might the wind, as the smoke from the guns rose upward, have twisted and shaped it into huge letters until there floated upon the air, as upon a pennant flung out high above the river, the legend with which this account of the celebration opened: "Peace hath its pageantry no less than war."

To relate some of the details in these happenings, it was a trifle past one o'clock when a puff of smoke and a report from the bows of the U. S. S. *Gloucester* followed by twenty more guns, started the scout and escort squadrons attending the *Half Moon*

and the *Clermont* on their progress up the river toward the fleet of anchored warships. The "mounted police" of the occasion was a flotilla of revenue cutters. Then came the black hulls of eight torpedo boats, behind which the flagship of the commander of the parade, the *Gloucester*, fell into position. The escort squadron next joined the column; and then, like so many porpoises, came the submarines with a "mother ship" in attendance. The *Half Moon* followed and then the sputtering *Clermont*, dense smoke, due to her wood fuel, issuing from her stack.

A blanket of humanity spread itself over the land; and in the various pier slips vessels that had found moorings there were black with people. So were the roofs of skyscrapers, even of those many blocks from the river. The flag of the American Peace Society flew from the roof of the Hudson Terminal building, and the *Gloucester*—which had sunk the Spanish torpedo boat destroyers at Santiago—gave the peace flag a salute of twenty-one guns. In quaint contrast was the salute the *Half Moon* gave the *Lusitania* as she passed the Cunard pier. The *Half Moon* carried two guns of seventeenth-century type, and each gave a bark, the modern leviathan of the sea acknowledging the salute with a gun, while the crowd that massed her deck cheered. In fact, unintentionally, the progress up the river was a triumph for the *Half Moon*. The chugging, splashing paddle-wheels of the *Clermont* sent her through the water at the rate of only four miles an hour; and when the *Half Moon* came abreast the U. S. S. *Mayflower*, off the foot of West Forty-seventh Street, and with her popguns answered the *Mayflower's* salute, the *Clermont* had dropped back seemingly about a quarter of a mile.

The *Mayflower* was the beginning of a lane formed by the war-

ships on the west and the shores of Manhattan on the east, into which the *Half Moon* and *Clermont* entered.

The Mexican gunboat took up the salute, its blue-clad sailors dressing the ship while the band played. Before its guns had run the full gamut of the salute, the training ship of the Argentine Republic had joined in the chorus. *Etna* and *Etruria* for Italy caught up the refrain as the *Half Moon* came abreast of their gray hulls. The fighting tops of the French battleships let loose their racket, the sailors on each dressing ship while the bands tried to make themselves heard above the din made by the guns, the cheering throngs ashore and the screech of whistles. The gauntlet run of the German cruisers, and the *Half Moon*, with a little later the *Clermont*, came to anchor between the Dutch cruiser *Utrecht* and the *Water Gate* and *Grand Stand* at 110th Street, the queer little guns of the *Half Moon* again distinguishing themselves by a salute of five barks, in honor of this crucial moment.

For it was now that from this point in the river to Spuyten Duyvil, far to the north, the shores of the Hudson shook to the reverberations of a salute fired by the English ships and the entire American fleet, while from what seemed a million throats on land, came cheer after cheer. Boats were lowered from the *Half Moon* and the *Clermont*, and Henry Hudson in one, Robert Fulton and his distinguished passengers in the other, were put ashore at the *Water Gate* and received by the president of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, the Governor of the State, the Vice-President of the United States, and other American and foreign officials. There were presentations and speeches, which latter, like all the speeches during the celebration, do not appear to have contained any especially noteworthy utterances.

For all practical purposes the ceremony for the first day now was concluded. The incongruous gathering of merchant and pleasure craft was supposed to be on parade, but, in point of fact, it was a straggling line of sight-seers afloat that went up the river outside the warships, turned the stakeboat at 222d Street, and came down again between the warships and the Manhattan shore. What might have been a very fine feature and of genuine interest, not only to the spectators on shore but to the officers and crews of the fighting ships—the superb fleet of steam yachts, marshalled by the New York Yacht Club—had, by an unfortunate error of judgment, been assigned to the end of the line, and, if it got up the river at all, it was lost in the confusion. This fleet, which said the latest word on the marine architecture of its class, which had been made ready for the review with infinite care and at great expense, and which was well officered and manned, certainly would have been second in interest only to the *Half Moon* and *Clermont*, and, had it come immediately after these, would have kept the parade from petering out so soon.

Altogether, in the fleet of merchant and pleasure craft that was to have joined in the celebration there were about five hundred vessels. Only seventy had passed the Water Gate in review when the reviewing stand began to empty itself and the crowd on the Riverside slope to disintegrate. The vessels were to have come up the river again at night, but as many of them did not succeed in getting up at all, the night parade was called off. I have twice remarked that peace hath its pageantry no less than war. Here, I add, that the forces of war always should be relied upon to furnish the pageantry.

However, it was a characteristic of Hudson-Fulton week that

each failure was swallowed up in some great success that followed, and so the night made good all that had gone wrong that day.

For with the night of the first day began a feature of the celebration that would have been impossible, but for one of the marvels of the modern world—a marvel so intimately associated with daily use that the wonder of it is lost sight of. This is man's yoking of electricity to the service of light. It made night as bright as day; it shot great rays of light up into the sky and over the river; it gave to the celebration a touch of magic that none who witnessed it will forget. Seemingly a modern Joshua, electricity, had bade the sun stand still.

Those who watched the approach of night from a vantage point on one of the great skyscrapers, saw across the western sky the last streak of crimson and orange melt into the clouds of dusk, while the moon swung in the eastward haze. Suddenly through the deepening shadows a slender shaft flashed into life. It was the tower of the Metropolitan Building on Madison Square. Almost simultaneously, in the lower part of the city, the tower of the Singer Building was outlined with incandescent candles, and the base of the Statue of Liberty glowed with light. The bridges, that had been invisible in the mist of twilight, became things of delicate tracery, pencilled by electricity in what seemed innumerable dots of gold against the night. As one writer put it, they came into view as quickly and as sharply as if some master hand had slashed the sombre background of the East River with a searing knife point. The illumination thus started, broke in billows over the whole city. Rivers and shore pulsed like one great sea of light the light of 600,000 electric lamps, giving, approximately, 4,800,000 candle power, with the added 1,500,000

candle power of the searchlight battery at the high point of Manhattan, above the Hudson at 153d Street.

Every moment the eye caught new details of the picture. Every line, every ledge of the City Hall, was studded with jewels, the whole a jewelled casket. Chimneys became pillars of fire, while flares of real flame from the gas works at various points in the city added an impromptu element of weirdness to the general well-worked-out scheme of illumination. Fifth Avenue was festooned on either side with strings of electric lamps carried from pillar to pillar. The illumination of the houses and the gay advertising signs, which gave color to the scene, and hence were not out of place, made the avenue a glowing, sentient thing, an effect to which the fluttering decorations—American and Hudson-Fulton flags, as plainly visible as by daylight—added not a little.

And the river! Every vessel that was under way had its festoons of light strung from masts and rigging. Searchlights swept fanlike across the sky. Eight miles of battleships glowed like live coals. Fireworks soared and burst in air.

So thrilled were the spectators they forgot to cheer. There could have been no greater tribute than their silence.

III

A CITY'S HISTORY RETOLD

FOR two days following the naval demonstration New York had a chance to draw a long breath and watch the strangers within its gates who thronged the streets, took possession of the seats on top of the Fifth Avenue busses, and were the joy of the cheaper department stores and res-

taurants and the despair of the high-class ones. Then, on Tuesday, September 28th, through six miles of flag-draped streets, or, to be more precise, through a lane densely packed on either side with humanity—a crowd estimated at two and a half millions—fifty-four pages of New York City's history passed in review.

This was the historical pageant, a series of fifty-four floats retelling the story of New York from the days of the Iroquois to the middle of the last century. Unwittingly, however, the pageant produced another and more eloquent culmination to the events it illustrated in the multitude that witnessed it, and was the real success of the occasion. The pageant itself has been stigmatized as a failure. But this is unjust, for, although owing to that lack of discipline which seems inseparable from great civilian demonstrations, the pageant as a whole was not as impressive as it should have been, it served two purposes. Those parts of it that were carried out successfully were watched with deep interest; while those parts too obviously devoid of merit were accepted by participants and spectators alike as touches of comedy to be enjoyed and laughed at—bits of unalloyed diversion in what had been intended for a very serious function. Thus, with the American crowd's unique capacity for adapting itself to circumstances, it was impressed when others might have yawned, it laughed when others might have growled. It was there to enjoy itself and it did.

Had the pageant been carried out as planned, it would have been, besides illustrating the history of New York, itself one of the most noteworthy events in the history of the city. Some of the floats were thirty-two feet long and fourteen feet wide, and so high that the line of march had to avoid the elevated railway

structures because these floats could not have passed under them. It started at Central Park West and 110th Street; proceeded to Fifty-ninth Street and then east to Fifth Avenue; and down Fifth Avenue, through the Court of Honor, to Washington Square and Fourth Street. In justice to the Commission I shall first describe this historical pageant as if it had been carried out exactly in accordance with the comprehensive plan of its projectors; then state some of the circumstances that were against its eventuation as planned, and show the disarrangement that resulted. It is only fair that the commission's purpose should be included in this record.

Taking it for granted, then, that everything went as was intended, the pageant, marching in four divisions, was a visual unfolding of four periods of New York history. The grand divisions in the order of march were the Indian, with ten floats; the Dutch, with twelve; the English and Colonial, with eighteen, and the United States, with thirteen; each division preceded by a title car, and one grand title car preceding the whole.

As the pageant progressed down the line of march this huge float, called "The New York Title Car," and summing up in a single picture the progress of the city during three hundred years of history, was the first object to greet the eye. It showed the Goddess of Liberty seated with the record book on her lap. Perched on the back of her chair were the owls of knowledge. Before her were the Indian canoe and the ocean greyhound, and back of the chair the Indian wigwam and the skyscraper. This was followed by the Indian title car, its most conspicuous feature, an immense Indian headdress of eagle feathers. There were also on this float a necklace of bears' teeth, great trophies of corn,

tobacco and other products of Indian field cultivation, and in front a large bear holding up a shield containing implements of agriculture and war and surrounded by the totems of the Five Nations—deer, snake, tortoise, beaver and otter. Other Indian floats illustrated the Indian seasons, the legend of Hiawatha and various Indian dances.

Next came the Dutch division, preceded by the Dutch title car. This car was fashioned after ancient Dutch naval architecture, the bow decorated with pelts and surmounted by an immense Dutch shield, supported by two lions, the background formed by two large Dutch flags. One of the Dutch floats, called "A Dutch Doorway," showed a Dutchman standing in a half door, smoking his pipe and contemplating the peaceful scene about his house—a woman milking a cow, another feeding the chickens, and two children at work.

This float was manned by one Dutch family—husband, wife, sister and children. The other Dutch floats included "Henry Hudson and the *Half Moon*," "The Purchase of Manhattan Island from the Indians," "Bowling on Bowling Green," "The Reception to Stuyvesant," "Bronck's Treaty with the Indians," and "The Huguenots Receiving their Title Deeds from Leisler." The Dutch division had for its finale a car representing the legend of St. Nicholas, and followed by one hundred and fifty Dutch children carrying toys.

After this came the English and Colonial title car, heading that division of the procession. In front of the car was a roaring English lion, surrounded by cannon and with the flag and seal of England. Back of it was a Liberty Temple, and on the rear of the car an immense British flag was draped around cases of tea

and bales of stamps. Such subjects as, "Old Time Punishments," with a man in the stocks, another in the pillory, and a witch in a ducking stool; the "Old Manor Hall in Yonkers," "The Trial of John and Peter Zenger," "Governor Dongan Giving to the City Its First Charter," "The Exploit of Marinus Willetts," "Pulling Down the Statue of George III, on Bowling Green," "Nathan Hale," "Hamilton's Harangue," "Washington Taking the Oath of Office," "Washington's Coach," "Publishing the Constitution of the State of New York," and, in conclusion, the "Legend of Ichabod Crane," were features of this division. The United States title car bore an immense American eagle. It measured eighteen feet from tip to tip. In the foreground was a pedestal on which burned the "Fire of Knowledge," and which was surrounded by the shields of the thirteen original States. This division included the *Clermont* float and such floats as "The Erie Canal," "The Introduction of Croton Water," "An Old Time Broadway Sleigh," "The Old Volunteer Fire Department," the division, and with it the pageant itself, ending with a car on which a huge figure of Father Knickerbocker was receiving the nations of the earth.

As to the manning of the floats, Iroquois Indians had been obtained for the Indian division, while the Dutch division was manned by members of the various Holland societies of the city. The Huguenot Society, Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, Patriotic Order of the Sons of America and Founders and Patriots were recruited for the Colonial division. The float showing the storming of Stony Point was manned by Colonel Tyler's American Continentals in uniform, and the float depicting the capture of André,

by descendants of John Paulding. Students from Columbia University manned the Hamilton float, and students from the College of the City of New York the Nathan Hale car. Many foreign societies acted as escorting bodies in the march of the United States division.

So far so good; and it is a pity that the pageant could not have been carried out exactly as planned. But the weather early in the morning was threatening, and not until ten o'clock was it decided definitely to hold the parade. As a result of the short time left in which to get it under way, there were several disarrangements in the order of the floats, and in which the escorting societies fell into line. In her hurry the *Half Moon*, true to the ill luck of her floating prototype on Saturday, promptly collided with a lamp post, and proceeded on her course minus part of her canvas sea; and the Statue of Liberty ceased to enlighten the world since, through a similar casualty she lost her torch.

More serious to the object the Commission had had in view was the disarrangement of the order in which the floats should have come. Thus the "Erie Canal" and "Fulton Ferry" were in line with "The Destruction of the Statue of George III" and "The Capture of Stony Point"; while Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States seven blocks ahead of Henry Hudson discovering the Hudson River.

Some of the escorting societies also became sadly mixed. The St. Nicholas float was escorted by members of a Syrian organization in red fezes, and the escort of the old Dutchmen playing the first game of bowls on Bowling Green was a French Society enthusiastically shouting "The Marseillaise."

The Croton Water float had become tangled up in the Colon-

ial division, and was just ahead of the float on which Nathan Hale was being brought before a British General, who, seated in front of his tent, was having a nice bottle of wine. Fortunately, the crowd enjoyed the mistake. It cheered the girls on the Croton float, and commented facetiously on the suggestion of "wine and water mixed" conveyed by the proximity of these features.

Yet there were in the pageant features that impressed the spectators, and especially the many children, who recognized scenes of which they had read in their history books, were deeply interested, and pointed them out to their elders. Moreover, as the pageant approached the Court of Honor the scene was unique. The crowd on either side of the Avenue made it seem like a deep but narrow stream, down which, slowly but irresistibly, came the flood of marchers, the floats showing above them like ships on the billows of a black sea. Over all, in the gay sunlight that had succeeded to threatening clouds, flags and streamers snapped in bright profusion. The procession was led by the Mayor of the City and the presiding Vice-president of the Commission, both of whom covered the entire line of march on foot. On the reviewing stand in the Court of Honor were the officials and guests, the only woman among the guests of honor being Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The disarrangement in the order of floats was, of course, noticeable, but in front of each float marched two men bearing a standard with its number on the programme. Comment was passed, but not among the foreigners on the reviewing stand, on the prominence of certain societies in ~~the~~ parade. But, as one commentator jocosely remarked the next day, "more Irishmen have discovered America than Dutchmen." Furthermore these very societies were among the few that had the gumption, in spite

of the confusion at the start, to get into their proper places in the line; and even that newspaper from which it might least have been expected, the *Evening Post*, spoke admiringly of "the serried ranks of shining top hats that marked Tammany's irresistible advance."

And this brings me to the point of criticism that a costume pageant would have been far more effective than the procession of floats, which, in broad daylight, were more or less theatrical, in the tawdry sense, and perhaps could not have been otherwise; and which would have been well enough for a carnival or "veiled prophet" procession, in cities where such childish things are admired, but were not of sufficient dignity or other merit as features in a great celebration. The epochs in the city's history could have been suggested, artistically and beautifully, by people in costume. The attempt to reproduce, realistically, the actual scenes failed, because such realism is impossible save on the stage of a theatre.

"The floats yesterday," said the *Evening Post* in an editorial from which the brief quotation above came, "were fearfully unreal. A glaringly twentieth-century Peter Stuyvesant on a precarious balcony, a benevolent gentleman in spectacles storming Stony Point, are obviously not conducive to the development of the historical imagination. As against the bulky and incongruous float, we cast our vote for costume in parades and pageantry. Yesterday, the mummers in colonial costume pleased whenever they could be disassociated from the 'scenery.' The Knickerbocker group in front of Washington's balcony was charming; so was the handful of passengers on the ridiculous canal boat; so was Martha Washington in her coach. Clothes, after all, appeal

to a very fundamental passion in us, and when you put pretty clothes on animated beings, and place the wearers in a living posture, you have as elemental and as sure an appeal as a brass band, a fire, or a twelve-inch gun. A mass of men in orderly advance is impressive; add fife, drum and bugle and the effect is increased; add uniform or costume, and the full effect of pageantry is realized. Yesterday, the loudest applause was for the Scotchmen in their plaids and kilts, the college boys in cap and gown, the Garibaldians, the serried ranks of shining top hats that marked Tammany's irresistible advance. That is pageantry; but for the several dozen ambulatory specimens of Coney Island sculpture we have, with a few exceptions, little to say."

Nevertheless the day of the pageant was one of the greatest in the city's history. But it was not the pageant; it was the crowd that watched it that made it so.

IV

THE PASSING OF ARMED MEN

THEY started promptly at one o'clock. "At 1 P.M., sharp." The terse colloquialism really expresses it better—the promptness of the professionally trained armed man. This was a fighting force taught to obey orders. The order was for the head of the parade to swing into line at one o'clock; and at one o'clock into line it swung. For three hours thereafter, while the sun flashed on six miles of steel-glinted city streets and shone on the colors of four kingdoms and three republics, a mass of human beings, standing still, was held,

psychically, in the grip of another mass of human beings steadily, rhythmically moving forward. It was said that there were twenty-five thousand sailors and soldiers in line. Each nation represented had its traditions of warfare and discipline behind its men. They marched with the ease of custom to the cadence of command. When the drum major at the head of the first band thrust his right leg forward, the last soldier, bringing up the rear of twenty-five thousand marching men, also, and at the same instant, thrust his right leg forward. With every step twenty-five thousand feet beat tattoo in unison on the city streets. The tongues of a thousand orators could not have brought home to the multitude more eloquently the power that lies behind discipline.

When the head of the line swung out of 110th Street into Central Park West, word of the start of the parade passed by telephone down to the reviewing stand at the Court of Honor. It would be an hour and a half before the parade would reach there, but gold lace by the yard and cocked hats by the store full, already were arriving in "autos" and "taxis" and making their way to the stand. It was an interesting prelude to the real event of the day, for the crowd to observe the arrival of the British Admiral, the German Grossadmiral, and the other commanders and their staffs; and their reception, with all the formality prescribed by military and naval etiquette. There was constant bobbing up and down of men in the full dress uniform of their rank, from the doyen of the fleet, the British admiral, to the commander of the Argentine training ship. It required eight automobiles to convey the Governor of the State of New York and his gold-laced staff to the reviewing stand, and every commotion of this sort, even the arrival of the mayor with the city flag

and an escort of mounted police, was a tidbit for those who had stood in place since early morning in order to be able to see the parade from a point of vantage.

Fifth Avenue, from curb to curb and clear to the Plaza, was a clean path of asphalt. It might have been the smooth surface of a frozen river between two evenly levelled banks packed with men, women and children.

It was, perhaps, a little after two o'clock, when suddenly a black line was silhouetted against the horizon at the Plaza end of the reach. Apparently it was coming very slowly—so slowly, one discerned it was moving only by the way it filled up from behind—filled up steadily, until, instead of a mere silhouetted line, a black mass was in sight; not marching or even gliding, but just slowly oozing down the hill. And as it drew nearer it seemed to come faster. The ooze changed to a flow, the flow became pervaded with a suggestion of set undulation, which in turn became charged with a rhythmic rise and fall, not yet as of separate atoms, but as of one huge mass being shoved steadily forward by an unseen force from the rear. At last—it was half-past two—it took on the shape, color and throb of a marching army, its banners flung to the wind, its bayonets glistening in the sun.

First came the platoon of lean, sinewy troopers of the mounted police force. Following this platoon, and well in advance of his escort, the Grand Marshal of the parade, Major General Charles F. Roe, rode his horse directly up in front of the place where stood the Governor surrounded by the foreign officers and other guests, saluted, received the Governor's acknowledgment—and the review was on. Squadron A, uniform sky blue with blue-topped astrakhan shakos, preceded by its mounted band and acting as the grand marshal's escort, were the first to pass.

Then necks were craned. For the second time only, since Evacuation Day, 1783, fighting men of England were marching through New York streets.

First came a giant—a drum-major who, with his huge bearskin shako, and dexterously manipulating a staff proportionate to his height, appeared all of eight feet. There followed after “as nifty a marine band as ever pushed wind through reed and brass.” Its coats were red, and it blew a tune familiar to the seven seas but strange to Fifth Avenue. The sailor and the horse are not supposed to stay long together; but the commanders of the *Inflexible*, *Drake*, *Argyll* and *Duke of Edinburgh*, were mounted and rode their mounts as well as any colonel. Against the bayonets of the King’s men flapped the British ensign. Company after company of sailors swung past, the deep blue of their service uniforms setting off the brighter blue of their wide collars. Trousers tucked into brown canvas leggings and straw hats with curled up rims that made them look like inverted chopping bowls, completed the uniform. Onlookers were interested, in the midshipmen, one of whom marched with a lieutenant, in front of each company and held a little sword straight up before his chest.

Kipling has told of the “jollies”—

. . . her Majesty’s jollies;
Soldier and sailor too,

and they passed after the sailors. Brilliant in their red coats, helmets of spotless white, cartridge-belt stays that showed the result of assiduous application of pipe clay, they were a lusty looking lot of men.

There was cheering, plenty of it, for the men and the flag.

Then the unexpected happened. Naturally there was a gap between the divisions, and the cheering for the British force died away as the Germans approached. At that moment one saw not so much the men of the German ships as a flag held high and well to the fore in the division. As the column neared Forty-second Street the shrill music of a fife and drum corps pierced the air. But at the precise moment the head of the column had crossed Forty-second Street and entered the Court of Honor, down swept the drum-major's baton and *crash!* came the opening chords of "America."

What was it that suddenly caught the crowd?

Here were five hundred men marching past. At every step five hundred sturdy legs shot out with the precision of a piston rod, feet touched the ground at the same fraction of a second, and swung back again. Ahead of them—a color sergeant, bearded like another Wotan, bore the flag of the Hohenzollerns, with its black fighting eagles, all the fight in them showing out from the white ground on which they were charged. Generations of blood and iron had made it what it stands for—the symbol of the greatest fighting force in the modern world.

Then there was that wonderful burst of music, at the precise instant the division had entered the Court of Honor—those crashing chords, like a salvo of artillery, from brass instruments whose huge bells looked like the muzzles of cannon.

It was all this that caught the crowd—caught it in one of those moments of inspiration that sometimes come to a crowd tense with an emotion suddenly understood. The reviewing stand sprang to its feet, and the Court of Honor re-echoed with cheer after cheer, as that imperturbable body of fighting men, led by the

flag of the fighting eagles, went by. It was the psychical moment of the day—a frenzy of enthusiasm, as spontaneous as sudden.

Although the passage of the Germans made the climax of the day come too early, there still was plenty that was interesting to follow. The sailors of the Third Republic, the Dutchmen from the Utrecht, with their broad-brimmed, wide-spreading leghorn hats and their guns slung in comfortable fashion over their shoulders, and then the Italians, went by in the order named.

There was another outburst of enthusiasm, second only to the greeting given the Germans, when company after company of West Point cadets marched past with perfect alignment. The coast artillery in their uniforms with red facing—their insignia, a red flag with the eagle perched on crossed cannon, waving over the ranks—made a fine showing. Then came the Argentines, and after them three long divisions of American bluejackets swung past the reviewing stand. The New York and Brooklyn regiments, followed by veteran organizations and the Irish volunteers, completed the parade—a military pageant carried out in flawless style, a fact of which future celebration committees might well take notice.

V

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRD MAN

CONSPICUOUS as was the contrast between the *Half Moon* and the modern battleship, or between the *Clermont* and the ocean greyhound, nothing so firmly pressed the seal of the twentieth century upon the celebration as the aeroplane flights of Wilbur Wright. Glenn H.

Curtiss, another American aviator who had been engaged by the Commission, unfortunately was unable to make more than one short "jump," remaining in the air but half a minute.

Wright made his flights from Governor's Island. In the first of these he flew around the island; in the second, made on the same day, Wednesday, September 29th, he circled the Statue of Liberty; in the third, Monday, October 4th, he flew from Governor's Island to Grant's tomb and back. This was his finest performance, but the flight around the Statue of Liberty also was watched with intense interest. In that flight he rose easily from the monorail, along which his aeroplane was run for the start, to a height of about twenty feet, then headed straight toward St. George, Staten Island, the propeller blades "churning" the air at tremendous speed and leaving behind them a trail of noise that aptly has been compared with the whirr of a giant locust.

Gradually soaring upward to about one hundred feet above the water, Wright made a pretty swerve to the westward and headed for Communipaw, on the New Jersey shore, the two long white canvas planes cleanly silhouetted against the dark blue haze beyond.

"I believe he's off for Philadelphia!" exclaimed someone in the crowd that had been left wide-eyed and staring on Governor's Island during the few minutes that had elapsed since the start. These were the first words to break the tense silence of wonderment. There were one or two titters, and then Taylor, Wright's usually uncommunicative assistant, said quietly, and more as if he were speaking to himself:

"No, he will round the Statue of Liberty."

The aeroplane, which now was well to the south of Bedloe's Island suddenly came around with another curve, and catching the wind flashed past the "Liberty," and bore down upon Governor's Island at a racing clip.

Slowly Wright let the aeroplane drop in a series of glides until, crossing the breakwater, he was only twenty-five feet in the air. Describing a circle he passed behind the group around the starting rail, glided by a line of soldiers at drill, then settled lightly upon the ground, and stepped quietly out of the machine.

Wright informed the aeronautics committee on Sunday night, October 3d, that he would fly over the battleships the following morning, but there was not sufficient time to spread the news, and so it was a small crowd for the event that saw what many consider the greatest feat of aviation thus far recorded. In fact, when Wright arrived on the Island at eight o'clock, there were so few spectators that he had to call upon some of the soldiers to assist him and Taylor in hauling the machine out of the shed and over the sand to the monorail. As usual both aviator and assistant were silent as they looked the 'plane over, here and there tightening a screw or tuning up some obscure part of the apparatus; and both appeared wholly oblivious to the crowd which, now, was increasing; until by a quarter before ten o'clock there were about a hundred persons in the little enclosure near the aeroplane, and about a thousand back of the sentry line.

At seven minutes of ten Wright glanced at his watch and he and Taylor, after starting the engine, put their weight on the propeller blades to set them in motion. Suddenly and with the crackling sound of a mowing machine they whirled into action. Wright buttoned the coat of his light suit, pulled his cap a little

closer to his head, put a pocket handkerchief where he could reach it easily, and stepped to his seat. He carefully looked along the rail, which was set directly into the wind as in his previous flight, glanced about the harbor, then turned quietly to Taylor and said: "I'll land right there by the end of the rail. Have the soldiers keep the crowd away from there. I'll be back in thirty minutes—let 'er go, Charlie."

He grasped the controlling levers and was ready. As he sat there, eyes straight ahead, chin squared, lips firmly pressed together, and every muscle in his body taut as the wire in the rigging of the 'plane, he was a picture that stamped itself upon the onlookers' memory. More than one person has pointed out that Wilbur Wright's profile is that of an Indian, an impression that is confirmed by a grim determination of feature, and his lithe, rangy figure. And indeed, as he sat bronzed, rigid and determined in the aeroplane, he might have been a statue of an aboriginal American.

The machine stirred. It ran down the monorail like a truck, with Taylor at one end of the 'plane pushing to add momentum. At the terminus of the rail the forward end of the machine tilted upward and the aeroplane rose with a graceful sweep about twenty feet in air. Slowly it rose higher and higher taking as direct a course up the river as if it had been a motor boat. It had just left the island when a ferry-boat came puffing out of its slip with great volumes of black smoke. It looked as if the 'plane surely would be obliged to pass through it, but just as easily as that same motor boat would have circled the ferry-boat, so Wright veered his 'plane just enough to keep in the clear atmosphere.

Within a couple of minutes after leaving the rail the machine had passed out of sight in the mist beyond the high wall of skyscrapers. It was then at a height of about two hundred feet above the water.

There was silence on Governor's Island. "O wad some power the giftie gi'e us!" For the expression on the faces in the crowd would have conveyed to Wright better than words or cheer the awe and wonder of those whom he had just left. Even army officers stared open-mouthed at the sky from which the aeroplane had just disappeared.

Twice thereafter those on the island heard choruses of whistles and surmised that Wright was passing over groups of boats; and each time the tense silence, thus broken, fell more heavily again. Then, suddenly and about seventeen minutes after the start, there came echoing down the river and out into the harbor a great din of whistles, and the crowd knew that Wright had reached Grant's Tomb, and had turned, and that the whole fleet of warships was screeching its tribute. Another long wait. More pressure of suspense, with, however, Taylor's confident expression not changed a whit. It was just as the half hour was announced that, rushing out of the haze on the Jersey side, the aeroplane shot into view. Again Wright was flying at a racing clip and making right for the island. On came the graceful white aeroplane, steadily gliding downward as it approached the island where the crowd still was watching in silent wonder. The aviator alighted at the end of the rail, just as he had indicated he would, before he started, and within three minutes and thirty-three seconds of the time he had stated to Taylor the flight would occupy. And he came down as a bird on its perch—so lightly it seemed

that, had a full glass of water been standing on top of one of the 'planes, not a drop would have spilled.

Experts in matters of aviation regard Wright's flight up the Hudson as one of the greatest feats of its kind. Blériot, they point out, when he flew over the English Channel, had a clear sheet of water below him and a comparatively steady wind. Wright flew twenty miles over a river crowded with all manner of craft, and encountered, as he himself said, many changing currents caused by the high buildings of Manhattan. Whatever flying may become to succeeding generations, Wright's performance was a marvel to those who witnessed it.

VI

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE OLD MASTERS

ART survives when temporal glory has perished. Long after the color and sound of pageantry attending the celebration have become faint memories, the exhibition of Dutch masters of Hudson's period held in the Metropolitan Museum of Art still will exert a potent influence. Exhibitions, noteworthy of their kind, also were held in the American Museum of Natural History, New York Historical Society, and elsewhere, but the assembling of the Dutch old masters in the art museum, might be called epoch-making since it opened the eyes, not only of this country but of Europe as well, to what may be described as the "collected" art of America.

The committee on art exhibits for the celebration consisted of J. Pierpont Morgan, as general chairman of the art and his-

torical committee; Robert W. de Forest, chairman of the special committee on art exhibits; and Sir Purdon Clarke, George A. Hearn, George F. Kunz and Edward Robinson. So far as concerned the Metropolitan exhibition, it was decided, wisely, to confine it to art, and not to attempt an historical or biographical display. The celebration being a twofold one, the problem of honoring Fulton in the exhibition also had to be considered. It was solved in the best possible manner by bringing together, under the general supervision of Henry W. Kent, the museum's assistant secretary, a representative collection of the fine arts in America, from the colonial period to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. This feature of the exhibition was surprising for its variety, beauty and charm, both in what was shown and the manner of its display.

Regarding the Hudson end of the Metropolitan exhibition it constituted a loan collection of Dutch old masters that would have been noteworthy for any country. It was commented on in Europe even before the event, and the fact deplored that Europe had sustained the loss of so many art treasures through the wealth, enterprise and taste of American collectors. It did not take the public long to appreciate that what was Europe's loss was its gain, and for weeks the sturdy Dutchmen of the seventeenth century looked down from their frames upon a throng of visitors, and perhaps wondered why they had become objects of such importance.

The exhibition was, in fact, a liberal education in the Dutch art of Hudson's period. Fortunately this period—if not too strictly limited—covers the golden era of Dutch painting, between 1625 and 1670, although, as Dr. William Valentiner has

pointed out in his preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, lustre was lent to it by three generations of masters. These were Frans Hals, born in 1584; Rembrandt, born in 1606; and Jan Vermeer, born in 1632. As these artists were represented in the display, and notably, it will be observed that what was denominated the "Hudson period" was liberally interpreted. The exhibition was especially fortunate in its superb assemblage of Rembrandt's works—no less than thirty-seven—since "Rembrandt's productive era embraces almost completely that of the three generations, whose art, but for his influence, could never have attained so rich a development." The two artists mentioned besides Rembrandt as the most noteworthy figures of this era, also were admirably represented, there being in the exhibition twenty works by Frans Hals, and five Vermeers, the last a very fair proportion, considering that there are only seven canvases by this master in America, and only between thirty and forty known.

It has seemed to me not inappropriate, both as a matter of record and as an acknowledgment to at least some of those who placed part of their collections at the disposal of the committee arranging this public exhibition, and—inasmuch as the Rembrandts were its chief glory—to give the titles of the thirty-seven pictures by this master that were in the show, together with the names of those who contributed them. They follow here:

REMBRANDT, VAN RIJN

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Portrait of Himself, c. 1628 | Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, New York |
| Portrait of Himself, 1631 | Mr. E. D. Libbey, Toledo |
| Portrait of Himself, 1631 | Mr. Frank G. Logan, Chicago |

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|--|-------------------------------------|
| Nicolaes Ruts, 1631 | Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, New York |
| Portrait of a Man, 1632 | Anonymous |
| The Noble Slav, 1632 | Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, New York |
| St. John the Baptist, 1632 | Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, New York |
| Saskia, c. 1633 | Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia |
| Portrait of a Young Man, c. 1633 | Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, New York |
| Portrait of a Young Woman, c. 1633 | Mrs. Morris K. Jesup, New York |
| Portrait of a Man, c. 1633 | New York Historical Society |
| The Marquis d' Andelot, c. 1634 | Mr. Richard Mortimer, New York |
| The Finding of Moses, c. 1635 | Mr. John G. Johnson, Philadelphia |
| Slaughtered Ox, 1637 | Mr. John G. Johnson, Philadelphia |
| The Gilder Herman Doomer, 1640 | Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York |
| Portrait of an Old Woman, 1640 | Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, New York |
| Portrait of Himself, c. 1645 | Mr. Herbert S. Terrell, New York |
| Portrait of a Girl, 1645 | |
| (Hendrickje Stoffels?) | Art Institute, Chicago |
| Portrait of a Young Man, 1647 | Mr. Henry C. Frick, New York |
| A Young Painter, 1648 | |
| (Jan van de Capelle?) | Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, New York |
| Portrait of Himself, 1650 | Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia |
| Study of an Old Man, c. 1650 | Mr. George J. Gould, New York |
| The Philosopher, c. 1650 | Mr. P. A. B. Widener, Philadelphia |
| The Savant, 1653 | Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, New York |
| The Standard-Bearer, 1654 | Mr. George J. Gould, New York |
| Portrait of a Man, 1655 | Mr. James Ross, Montreal |
| Portrait of an Old Man, c. 1655 | Mr. W. A. Slater, Washington |
| The Sibyl, c. 1656 | Mr. Theo. M. Davis, Newport |
| Portrait of Himself, 1658 | Mr. Henry C. Frick, New York |
| Hendrickje Stoffels, 1660 | Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, New York |
| The Accountant | Mr. Charles M. Schwab, New York |
| Lucretia, 1664 | Mr. M. C. D. Borden, New York |

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE OLD MASTERS

| | |
|---|----------------------------|
| Portrait of a Man, 1665 | Metropolitan Museum of Art |
| Portrait of a Man, c. 1665 | Metropolitan Museum of Art |
| Portrait of a Young Man (called "Thomas Jacobsz Haring") | Mr. B. Altman, New York |
| Titus, the Son of Rembrandt ("The Man with a Magnifying Glass") | Mr. B. Altman, New York |
| Magdalena van Loo, Wife of Rem- brandt's Son Titus ("The Lady with a Pink") | Mr. B. Altman, New York |

There are more famous Rembrandts than any comprised in the list given above. The "Night Watch," the "Lesson in Anatomy," readily come to mind. Yet it seemed as if, within the range of these thirty-seven paintings, he had run the gamut of his powers—for the ultimate benefit of a young and, as a whole, artistically crude nation. It is hardly necessary to do more than mention the large self-portrait from the Frick collection, the wonderful "Savant" contributed by Mrs. C. P. Huntington, and that speaking canvas, from the Chicago Art Institute, "Portrait of a Girl," very likely a portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels. As stated, there are Rembrandts more famous than these, but it seems as if these three, in their wide differentiation of subject, subtle lighting and depth of feeling, and in the possession of all those qualities that combine to make what is called a "great" picture, present a complete summary of the master's art; while the whole array of Rembrandts made it seem as if Dr. Bode's panegyric on his favorite among all masters had come to life to restate its own postulates.

It will be admitted that this is no place for a critical review of an art exhibition. Only its significance can be pointed out,

and this has been done. It remains to add, however, that remarkable as this loan collection appeared even in the eyes of Europe, several of the great American collections were drawn on for only a portion of their wealth, and two of the finest private collections in America did not contribute at all.

The author of the preface made an interesting deduction from the experience of those who had the assembling of the collection in charge. It proved that American collectors have a marked preference for certain masters and for certain classes of paintings—portraits especially; Rembrandt and Hals being almost exclusively represented by portraits. Among Dutch landscape painters the preference was for Hobbema and Cuyp. Biblical subjects seem to be little sought for, and it is instanced that of the seventy Rembrandts in America only four deal with such. To still life, typical Dutch genre, and animal subjects also, the American collector appears to have remained somewhat indifferent.

VII

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART

INCIDENTS of the celebration were the banquet to the Commission's guests at the Hotel Astor, with covers for 2,100 people; public school exercises; rowing races between crews from the warships; a naval parade of divisions on Friday, October 1st, one division starting from New York and escorting the *Half Moon* and *Clermont* to Newburg, where it was met by the second division that had started from

Albany; and the carnival pageant of many floats on the night of Saturday, October 2d.

The second week celebrations took place in cities along the Hudson River, and the festivities had already closed so far as New York City was concerned. The week in the city had been entirely free from serious accidents, although every precaution had been taken to meet emergencies of this kind by the establishment of a sufficient number of field hospitals. According to the official report of the Interborough road, that system carried 15,124,141 during celebration week in the city.

A medal designed by Emil Fuchs, an Austrian painter and sculptor residing in London, but maintaining a winter studio in New York, was issued by the Commission and the American Numismatic Society. As it represented a scene on the *Half Moon* on one face and an allegorical design in honor of Fulton on the other, it was a medal without a reverse—practically two medals in one. The United States issued an oblong Hudson-Fulton two-cent postage stamp.

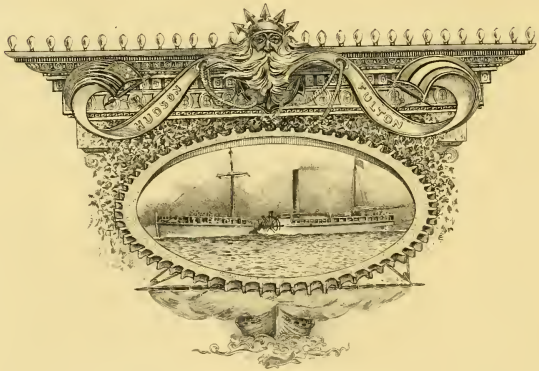
Even with the beginning of festivities up the river the celebration in the city was not quite over. There was a final sputter on the night of Saturday, October 9th, when a chain of beacon fires, each composed of Irish peat and thirty feet high, and extending at high points from Staten Island to Newburg, was lighted. This, too, was the last night of the illumination.

It was a misty night, and the celebration did not go out in the blaze that had been expected. But really nobody cared—that is, nobody in the city. Of the captains and the kings some had departed, others were preparing to, no doubt bearing away with them the impression that, in spite of some rough edges in their

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entertainment, this was a good land to fall in with and a pleasant land to see.

When, at last, the beacons had burned themselves out—when on dune and headland had sunk the fires—the Hudson-Fulton Celebration was over. The city had had its fun, paid the piper, and closed the account, and—with something that sounded very much like a sigh of relief—became itself again.



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FORTY-SEVEN OF WHOM WERE
MAYORS OF CITIES IN
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