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Address of C.E. Adams before the second flag raising of the Pawnee Republic Historical Society

This item is a draft of C.E. Adams's speech to mark the occasion of the second flag raising of the Pawnee Republic Historical Society in September 1897.

Creator: Adams, C.E.

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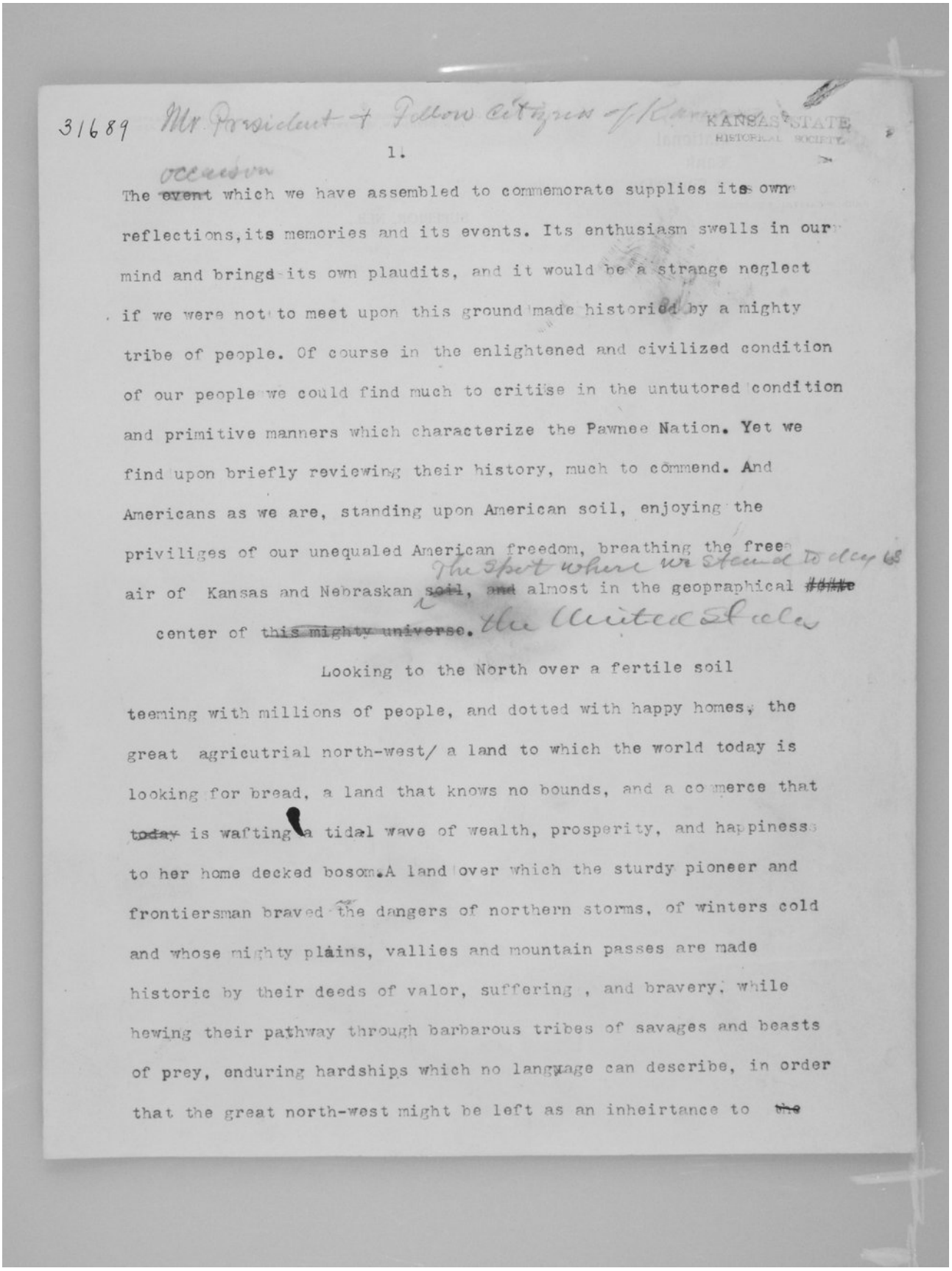
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31689 Mr President & Fellow Citizens of Kansas

KANSAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

occasion

The ~~event~~ which we have assembled to commemorate supplies its own reflections, its memories and its events. Its enthusiasm swells in our mind and brings its own plaudits, and it would be a strange neglect if we were not to meet upon this ground made historied by a mighty tribe of people. Of course in the enlightened and civilized condition of our people we could find much to critise in the untutored condition and primitive manners which characterize the Pawnee Nation. Yet we find upon briefly reviewing their history, much to commend. And Americans as we are, standing upon American soil, enjoying the priviliges of our unequaled American freedom, breathing the free air of Kansas and Nebraskan ~~soil~~, ~~and~~ almost in the geopraphical ~~#####~~ center of ~~this mighty universe~~. The Spot where we Stand To day is the United States

Looking to the North over a fertile soil teeming with millions of people, and dotted with happy homes, the great agricutrial north-west/ a land to which the world today is looking for bread, a land that knows no bounds, and a commerce that ~~today~~ is wafting a tidal wave of wealth, prosperity, and happiness to her home decked bosom. A land over which the sturdy pioneer and frontiersman braved the dangers of northern storms, of winters cold and whose mighty plains, vallies and mountain passes are made historic by their deeds of valor, suffering , and bravery, while hewing their pathway through barbarous tribes of savages and beasts of prey, enduring hardships which no language can describe, in order that the great north-west might be left as an inheirtance to ~~the~~

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the families and flag which we love.

On the west we behold an ~~unbroken~~ extension plain ~~of~~ dotted with farm and ranch, stretching to the mighty Rockies, where the interminable wealth of precious metals lie stored for the use of millions yet to come. And along whose base will grow up many Denvers, yea and Pittsburgs of the East. Thence over mountain and valley to the golden shores of the placid Pacific, and the grandeur of the Sierras. To the west the tide of empire has ever set its pace and almost every citizen of the great state of Kansas can look back to the time when his desire for a home of his own and his love of adventure caused him to leave his eastern home and come west. Hence we find the west peopled with a stern and hardy race, and in whose midsts the percentage of illiteracy is smaller than in any other section of our broad land. She too, has her historical and ever memorable mile stones which mark the bravery of frontier life, and the hardships enduered by our early settlers and travelers in pushing their western way across the continent that was at one time designated as the Great American Desert, and entirely given up to the savage tribes and buffaloes. Now, Kansas is the oasis of the American Continent and which is only equaled by the fertile mountain vallies to her westward. All hail to the West.--

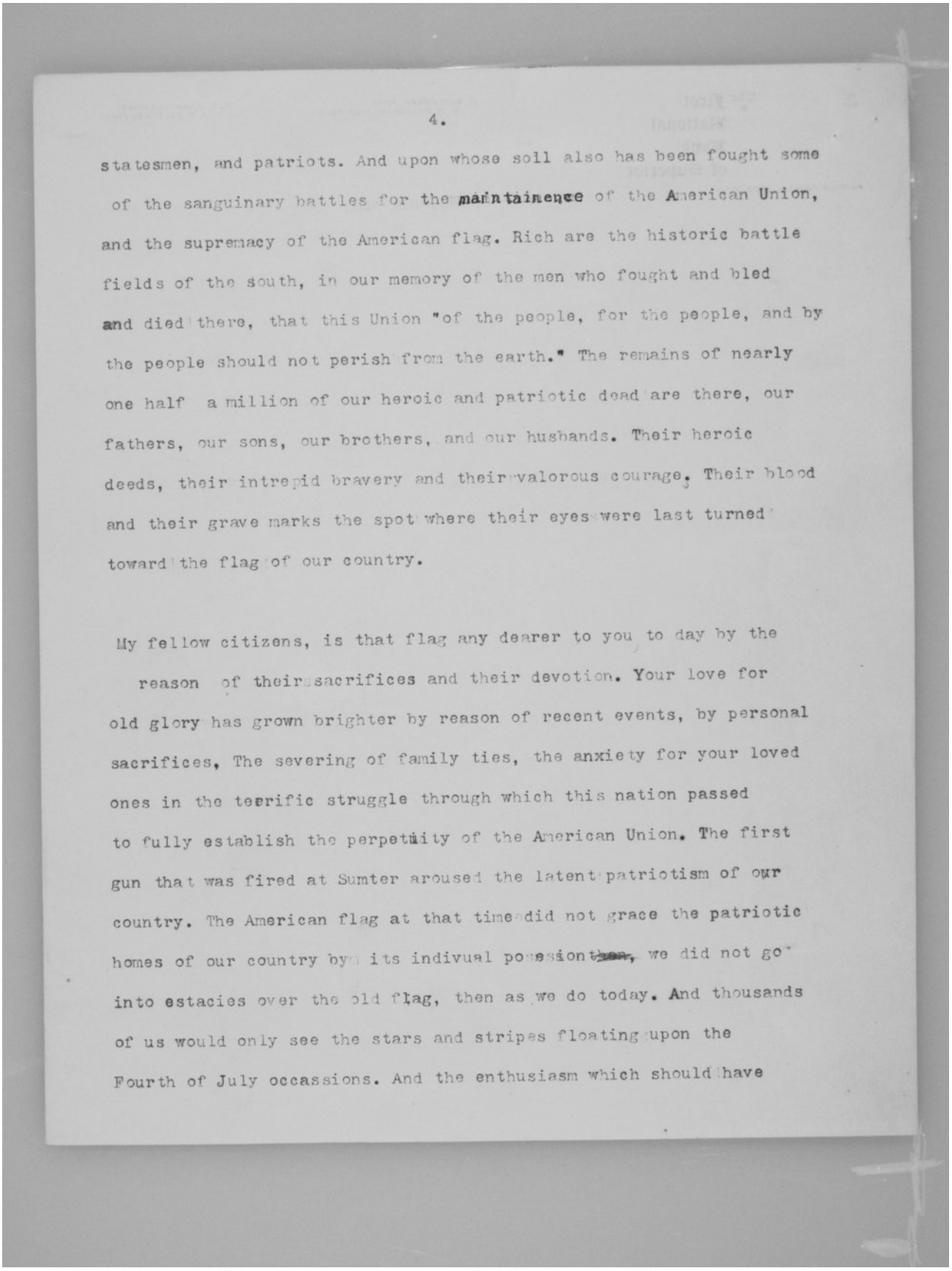
To the East almost equal distant are we from ocean to ocean, the east is the home of our child-hood surrounded with the memory of our early family ties, dotted over with the graves of our ancestory, and endeared to us by our family ~~ties~~ relations and homes built up by ages of

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patient industry, little by little through stern integrity and honesty have they gained the respect of the nation. They are the great sources of our being the Gibraltar of American Commerce. Blessed with her factories, her water ways, and her rail roads, calling annually for more of the product of the American farm, our wheat, our corn, our hogs, and cattle. There too, we find historic fields and places. The home of our Pilgrim fathers, where American liberty first saw the light of day, and from this liberty was it possible for us to have a Bunker Hill, a Laxington, a Trenton, ~~a Yorktown~~, form the light of this liberty sprang the declaration of American Independence. The armies of the American revolution and their historic fields which gave us a Washington, an American flag and an American Union. Our fondest home recollections lie in the East.

To the south we look over a beautiful plain dotted with happy homes which as the stars that stud the milky way. The land of sun-shine and semi- tropical splendor, with a commerce vieing with that of the north, and with deep water harbors already secured on the gulf, which places us directly tributary to and in close proximity to the mighty water ways of the Atlantic. This south land too, has her historic spots made ever memorable by the progress of civilization which brings with it its ever onward march, its trials, its sufferings, its hardships and its rewards. UFon this soil our forefathers fought many of the battles of the revoluyion and subsequeat wars with foreign foes, and from whose loins have sprung many of our greatest

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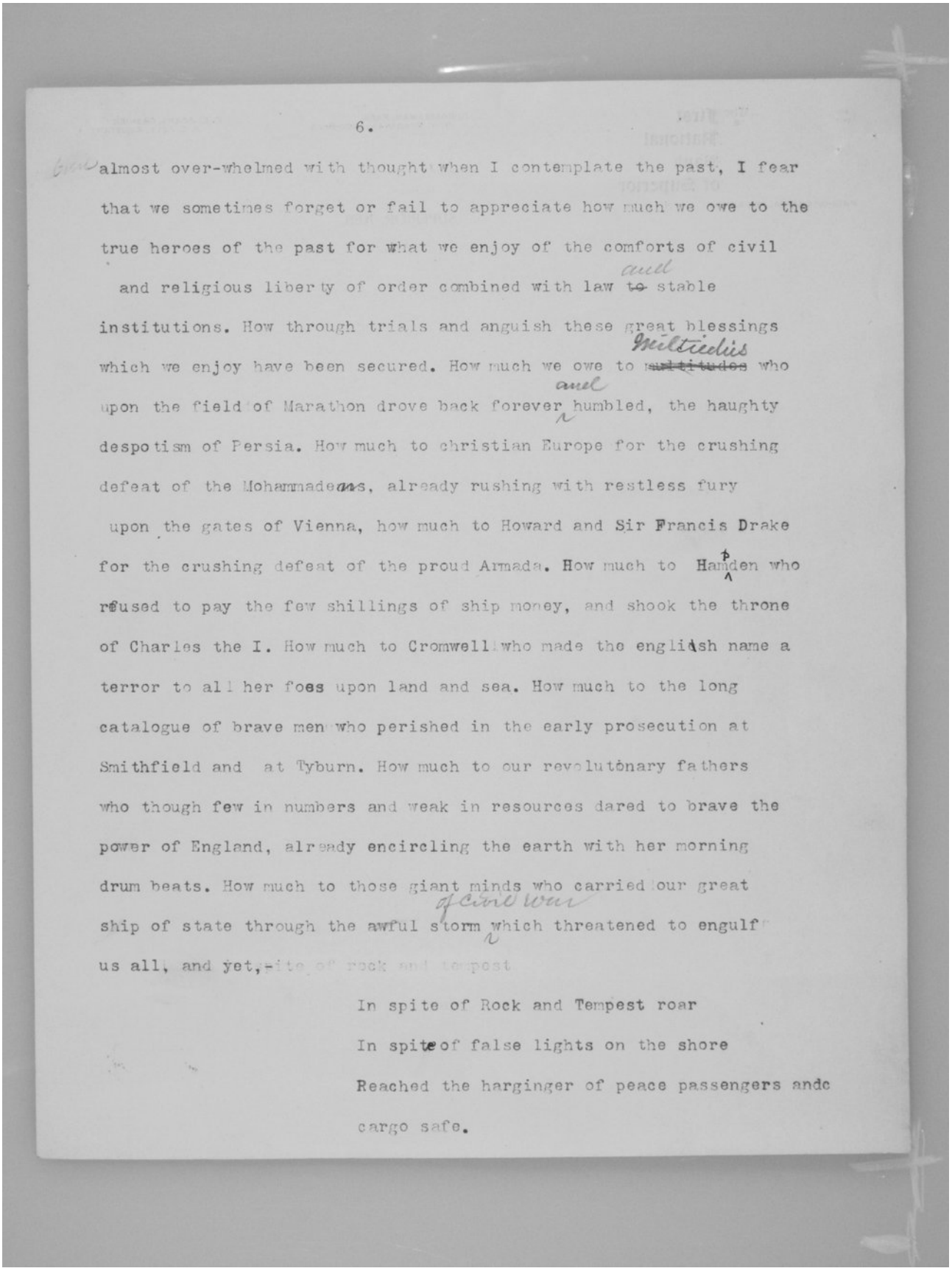
statesmen, and patriots. And upon whose soil also has been fought some of the sanguinary battles for the maintainence of the American Union, and the supremacy of the American flag. Rich are the historic battle fields of the south, in our memory of the men who fought and bled and died there, that this Union "of the people, for the people, and by the people should not perish from the earth." The remains of nearly one half a million of our heroic and patriotic dead are there, our fathers, our sons, our brothers, and our husbands. Their heroic deeds, their intrepid bravery and their valorous courage, Their blood and their grave marks the spot where their eyes were last turned toward the flag of our country.

My fellow citizens, is that flag any dearer to you to day by the reason of their sacrifices and their devotion. Your love for old glory has grown brighter by reason of recent events, by personal sacrifices, The severing of family ties, the anxiety for your loved ones in the terrific struggle through which this nation passed to fully establish the perpetuity of the American Union. The first gun that was fired at Sumter aroused the latent patriotism of our country. The American flag at that time did not grace the patriotic homes of our country by its indivual possession, we did not go into estacies over the old flag, then as we do today. And thousands of us would only see the stars and stripes floating upon the Fourth of July occassions. And the enthusiasm which should have

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surrounded every public day was almost lost sight of except upon our Natal Day. Then it was only one flag owned by an entire township placed upon tops pf a high pole, while today its a flag in the hand of every school boy and girl through out our land. When we become enthusiastic over the flag only while talking of Bunker Hill, Lexington and Concord town. But upon this historic spot where we s and today looking over the vast undulations of valley and plain, ever restless to the eye/ but forever motionless, lived a tribe of American Indians, whose untutored conditions was not marked by any of the advantages of civilization. Whose impulses were not prompted by any of the heroic deeds of valor which characterized our enthuiasm for our flag, and in whose mind it was supposed at that time, nothing but savagery could exist. And surrounded and beset as they were by savage tribes, and nothing higher than the indiscriminate savage butchery of men, women and children which was waged by wars of extermination, This tribe, the Pawnee Nation was the firm friend of the white man, and upon this spot and admist such dere surrounding, with nothing to stir them with patriotic enthuiasm, this people sixty years before the period of the Civil War, which brought on our era of patriotic fervor for old glory, fell upon the ground and worshipped the American Flag, raised upon this spot by that intrepid brave leader and adventurer Lieut. Pike, so enthuiastic were they over our flag that they colored the skins of animals in imitation of its glory and waved it in celebration of their victories and furled it in their defeat. My fellow citizens, here is a lesson which we can do well to study. I am sometime

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almost over-whelmed with thought when I contemplate the past, I fear that we sometimes forget or fail to appreciate how much we owe to the true heroes of the past for what we enjoy of the comforts of civil and religious liberty of order combined with law and stable institutions. How through trials and anguish these great blessings which we enjoy have been secured. How much we owe to Miltiedis who upon the field of Marathon drove back forever and humbled, the haughty despotism of Persia. How much to christian Europe for the crushing defeat of the Mohammadeans, already rushing with restless fury upon the gates of Vienna, how much to Howard and Sir Francis Drake for the crushing defeat of the proud Armada. How much to Hamden who refused to pay the few shillings of ship money, and shook the throne of Charles the I. How much to Cromwell who made the english name a terror to all her foes upon land and sea. How much to the long catalogue of brave men who perished in the early prosecution at Smithfield and at Tyburn. How much to our revolutonary fathers who though few in numbers and weak in resources dared to brave the power of England, already encircling the earth with her morning drum beats. How much to those giant minds who carried our great ship of state through the awful storm of civil war which threatened to engulf us all, and yet,

In spite of Rock and Tempest roar
In spite of false lights on the shore
Reached the harginger of peace passengers and
cargo safe.

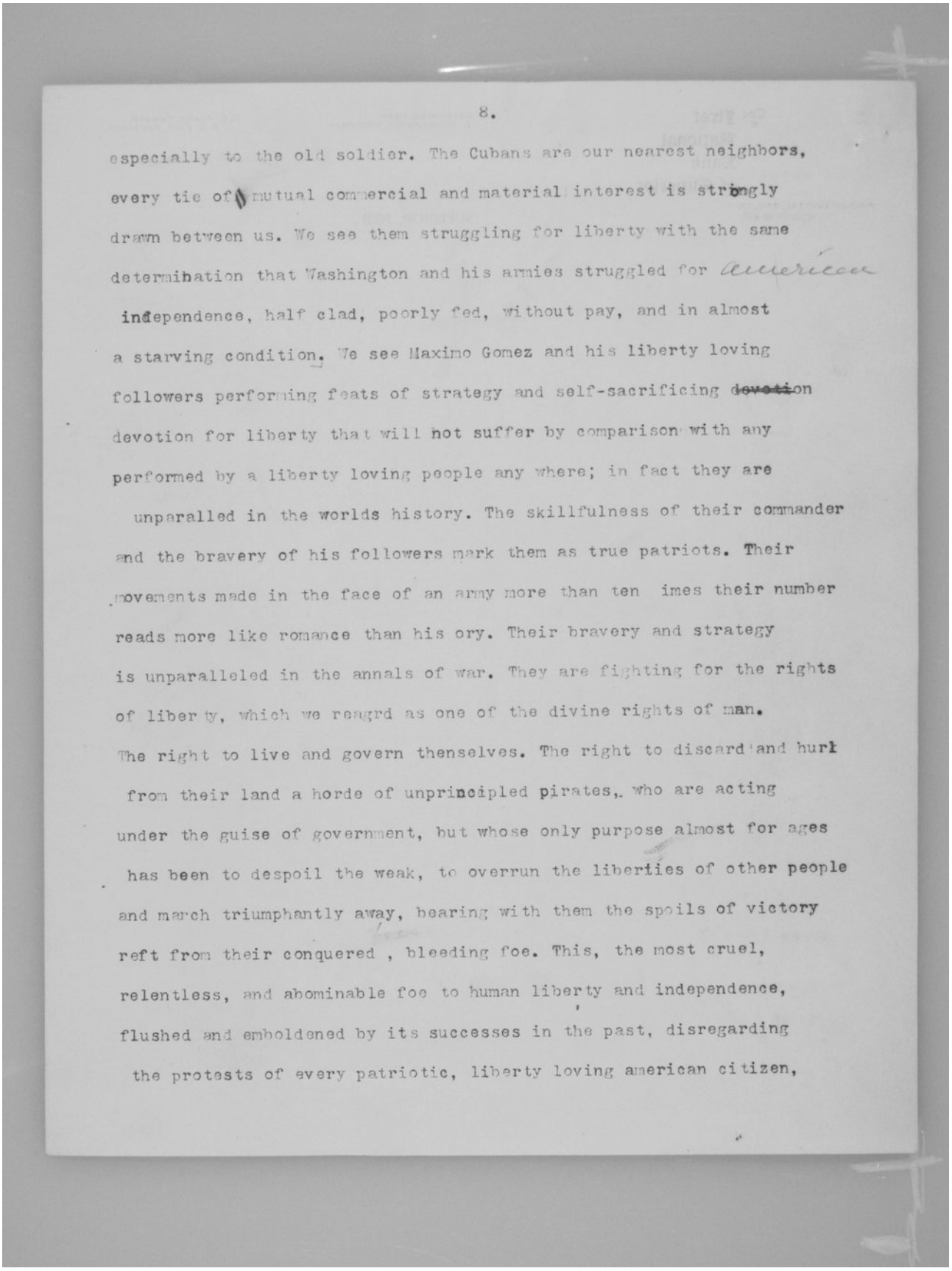
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Not a bolt sprung, not a spar broken
Canvass all swelling to the breeze
The colors at the mast head
And the Master at his post.

How much to that master Abraham Lincoln, greatest and best, who in the full flash of victory was struck down by the assasins hand. Gallantly and patrioticaly did we see him ascend the ladder of fame until standing upon the topmost round he poised a moment and struck the fetters of bondage from a race and while standing there the admiration and glory of the civilized world, we suddenly saw him taken away to Heaven.

How much to Lieutenant Pike for lowering the Spanish flag, and raising the Stars and Stripes upon this spot. Oh how we have needed the spirit of Pike in the past few years. I refer to the struggle of the Cuban revolutionists against the powers of Spain and her piratical demands upon a liberty loving people, who are closely allied to this country, in fact Cuba is universally regarded as a part of the continental system of America, which fact alone allies its people in close political and commercial bonds with the United States. And in all its struggles heretofore this government has maintained strictly the neutrality treaties with the Spanish government. The liberty loving people of not only this nation but of the civilized world, are demanding the rights of self government for the Cubans. Their cause appeals with peculiar force to the American people, and

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especially to the old soldier. The Cubans are our nearest neighbors, every tie of mutual commercial and material interest is strongly drawn between us. We see them struggling for liberty with the same determination that Washington and his armies struggled for American independence, half clad, poorly fed, without pay, and in almost a starving condition. We see Maximo Gomez and his liberty loving followers performing feats of strategy and self-sacrificing ~~devoti~~on devotion for liberty that will not suffer by comparison with any performed by a liberty loving people any where; in fact they are unparalled in the worlds history. The skillfulness of their commander and the bravery of his followers mark them as true patriots. Their movements made in the face of an army more than ten imes their number reads more like romance than his ory. Their bravery and strategy is unparalleled in the annals of war. They are fighting for the rights of liber ty, which we reagrd as one of the divine rights of man. The right to live and govern thenselves. The right to discard and hurl from their land a horde of unprincipled pirates, who are acting under the guise of government, but whose only purpose almost for ages has been to despoil the weak, to overrun the liberties of other people and march triumphantly away, bearing with them the spoils of victory reft from their conquered , bleeding foe. This, the most cruel, relentless, and abominable foe to human liberty and independence, flushed and emboldened by its successes in the past, disregarding the protests of every patriotic, liberty loving american citizen,

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plants the black flag upon the island of Cuba, disregarding the rules of war, and butchering their conquered foes, disregarding the ~~#####~~ demands for hospitals in caring for the sick and wounded, even overriding the rights of the American people living upon an island which is so close to us in point of distance that the breath of freedom arising from its struggling patriots catches the folds of Old Glory and causes our blood to boil with sympathy and fervor for our neighbor in his desire to throw off the yoke of despotism, which has long been one of the most tyrannical that has ben handed down from the world's dark ages. If any humble counsel of mine would go beyond the moment of its utterance and reach the ears of of congress and the president of the United States: if I could weild the pen of Thomas Jefferson and produce words that would partake of the immortality of those which he wrote; if I couls command the tongue of his near assosiate John Adams/ and produce words that would settle the destinies of a struggling people; or if I could but catch a single spark of those patriotic fires which actuated Lieut. Pike in tearing down the Spanish flag upon this spot/ and flash down a word , a phrase, along the magic chords that bind us to the liberty loving people of the future, what would I ~~say~~, what could I say? I ~~could~~ certainly could not omit to say, Take hands from the Cubans throats sail back, ye Spanish cohorts and pirates, never again to intrude your presence of despotism upon Cuban soil. And this demand even would not be commensurate with American liberties did I not say

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Never again do you allow the foul breath of your tyranny and despotism to to pollute the air in which the flag of freedom waves. And let here reverently resolve with the poet-

When freedom from her mountain heights,
Unfurled her banner to the air
She tore the azures robe of night
And set the star of Glory there."

How much we owe to thw Pawnee Nation for their friendship to the white settlers and reverenve for old glory, the flag of our Union. Time will fail to tell the debt of gratitude we owe to the memory of these people, in particular as welll to all the heroes who lie sleeping in graves which billow our land from the surging waters of the Atlantic to where the sun sinks to its evening rest in the peaceful waters of the Western Sea. As to the data which surroundes the once proud existence of this historic Pawnee villiage, I leave it to the pen of the historians to determine. It is enough for an American ~~and especially an old soldier~~ to know that here upon a time lived a race of people who loved and worshipped old Glory.

~~The~~ Their irreverence to our flag was one of the greatest characteristices of this great race and that act alone should endear them to the memory of our people and build ~~get them~~ a monument that would stand sentinel to their extinct villiage and which should command the respect and glory of our whole people. See to it

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it patriotic Kansans that this place is marked by monument and terrace by park and shade, and were I to write the inscripton upon the monument it would contain patriotic sentiment to the American Flag, such as I think sh uld spring up from the ashes of this villiage, and which would kindle anew the fires of patriotism upon every home altar through out this land and which would be embalmed upon every true Americans heart. These people were patriotic heroes, and it is proper for us to repeat over the ashes of their onee prairie city

"And to the heroes when thy sword
Has won the battles of the free
Thy voice sounds like the porphets word
And in ite hallowed tones are ~~were~~ heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."

I cannot close without a tribute to Old Glory, our Nations pride and boast the emblem of our American Nationality, and the record of our glory. It is the same flag that was torn at Bunker's Hill, bathed in blood at Lexington, trailed in the dust at Saratoga riven at Brandy wine, frozen up at Valley Forge, ere it smote the Hessians at Trenton, as birds are swept by the storm from the sky. Triumphant at Yorktown, ever victorious over the foreign foes to this country. It is the same flag that we followed in the toilsome marches of Kentucky and Tennessee to the sanguinary battle of Shilo. The terrible contest at Stone River thence through the preciptious heights and passes of the Cumberland Mountains to the bloody battle of Chicamaugua. The Storming of the heights of Lookout Mountain, the

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taking of Mission Ridge, the closely contested grounds of Buzzards Roos Resacca, Dalton, Dallas, KenesawMountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta Jonesboro, Thence with Gen. Sherman through the state of Georgia via Millesgeville to the sea, thence through South Carolina via Columbia and North Carolina, via Fayetteville, Bentonville, and Rollen to the surrender of Joe Johnstons army, thnce through the bloody soil of old Virginia with her hundreds of battle fields, and in the pure sweeterstrains of the dying soldier upon the battle field, who while carrying the flag at the head of his charging regiment was struck down by a musket ball, and as his lifes blood was fast ebbing away and his eyes caught sight of the flag as it was being carried forward by his comrades, when he says,-

"Wave on yet noble banner,
Crimsoned with my hearts best blood,
Emblem of that freedom given to us
By a riteous God

Wave on proudly others fingers
Soon shall hold thy standard high
Others eyes shall gaze as fondly
Where you flash against the sky."

My friends as you go forth from this place to-day take with you the patriotic fires kindled by Lieut. Pike and rekindle them upon your own home altars, see that no portion of your patriotic duties

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shall be obscured by the faintest shadow of darkness. May the patriotism kindled by your action be ~~emboldened~~ emblazoned upon the hearts of all with whom you associate, remembering that your influence for good or evil, for good government or bad government, for Anarchy or for Law lives through all life, extends through all extent, spreads undivided, operates unspent. The principles for which that flag waves are as old as Time itself, and when the last wrinkle shall be added upon the brow of time, when his wings shall refuse their office and his scythe lie broken, and rusting at her side, when he shall be stripped of his identity and buried with the past of eternity, the principles upon which the American freedom are founded will continue to bud and to to bloom perpetual and unfading ~~ain~~ in the sky.