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ADDRESS
The Battle of Monmouth



AND POEMS

Patriot Sires of Monmouth, and
Starry Banner of the Free.

BY

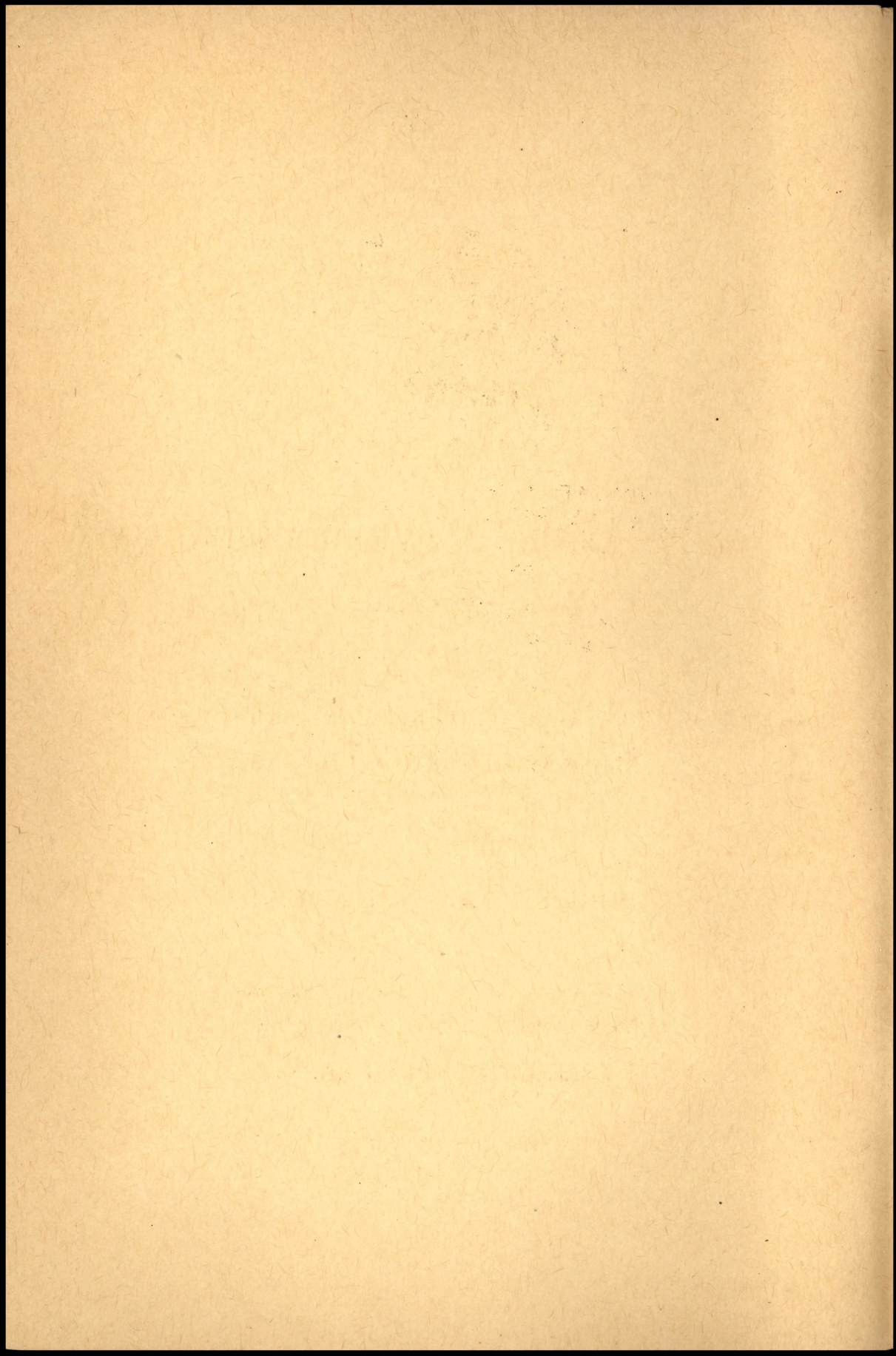
Samuel Craig Cowart

AT

Memorial Ceremonies on the Occasion of Celebration
of Sesqui-Centennial of Battle of Monmouth,

AT FREEHOLD DRIVING PARK,
FREEHOLD, N. J.,

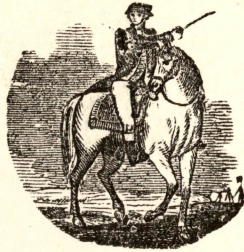
June 28th, 1928.



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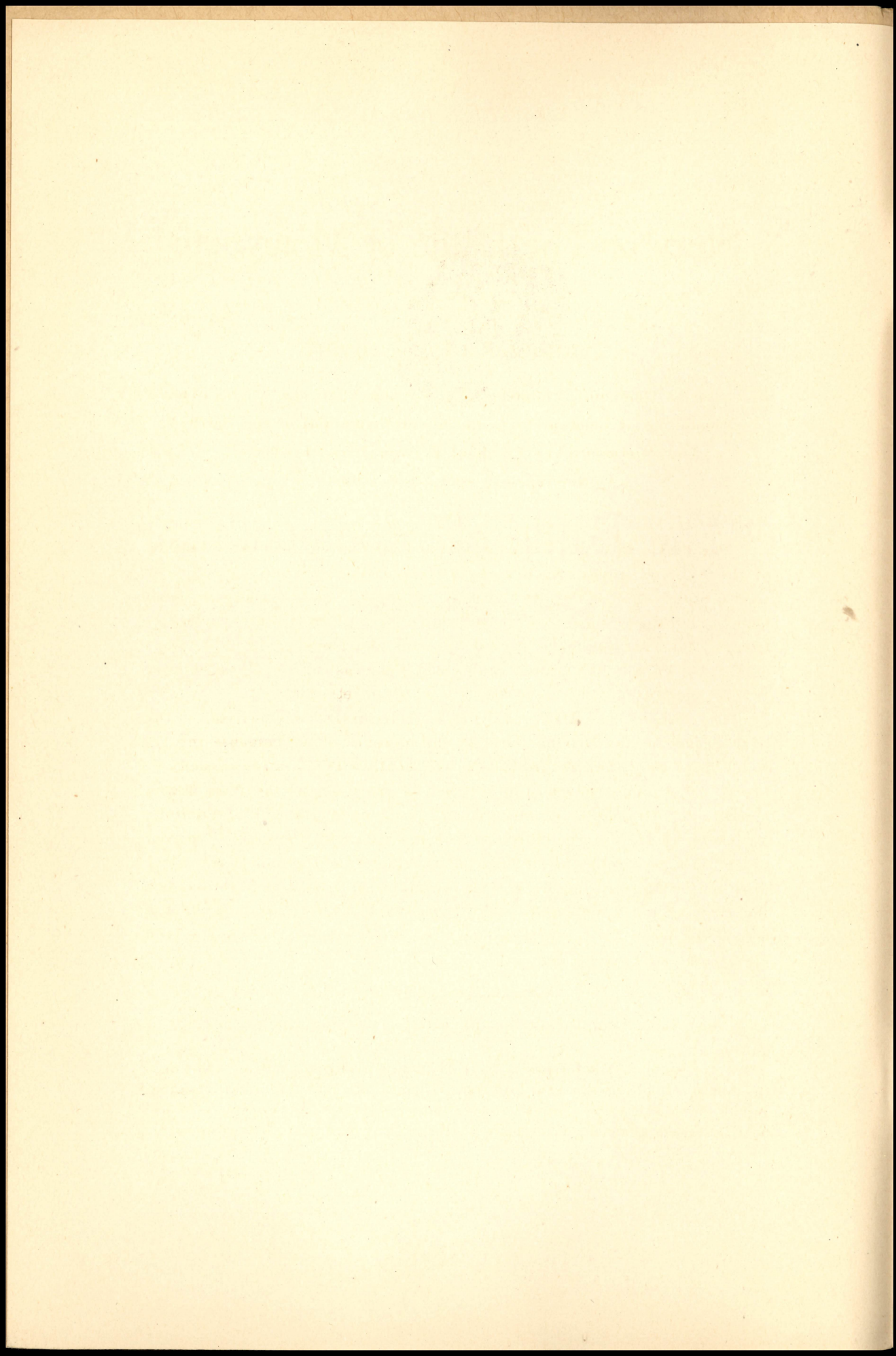
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Story of The Battle of Monmouth

BY

Samuel Craig Cowart

Historian of Monmouth Chapter, S. A. R., and Chairman of the General
Committee at Celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial of the Battle
of Monmouth, at Freehold Driving Park, Freehold,
New Jersey, June 28th, 1928.

The President of the United States and his Cabinet, and other officials of the National Administration, the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Germany, Ireland and Poland, the Governors of all the states of the United States, delegates from all the Patriotic Societies and Veterans and descendants of Veterans of all the Wars in the United States and Veterans of the World War in France, were all invited to participate in the celebration.

The address was delivered from a platform erected in front of the Grand Stand at the Driving Park, in the presence of an immense throng, which filled the Grand Stand, 210 feet in length with a seating capacity of nearly 3,000, and also stood in a roped off space across the Race Track, opposite the Grand Stand, accommodating an equal number of auditors. Mr. Cowart's address was delivered in connection with the other Memorial Ceremonies, of a religious and patriotic character, which took place at the close of the Military Parade of Federal and State troops, and veterans of the Civil, Spanish-American and World Wars, which passed in review before Governor A. Harry Moore of New Jersey, and the executives and representatives of other states.

Mr. Chairman, compatriots, ladies and gentlemen: the General Committee in charge of this Celebration.

It may seem rather strange that Rev. Gill Robb Wilson, National Chaplain of the American Legion, Battle of Monmouth, should have and Mr. Harvey M. Voorhees of the Program Committee, are responsible

for this. They insisted that because of my study of the history of this important battle, I should assume the task of telling the story and they drafted me for that purpose. I could not, as a true patriot, shirk the duty, although I confess, I perform the task, with some trepidation, when I look into the faces of this distinguished audience and realize how many there are who might have told the story with greater accuracy, in its details, and with more eloquence of expression.

Perhaps I am warranted, however, in reviewing the achievements of the heroic men who fought at Monmouth in view of the fact, that I had four great grandfathers who fought in this battle, two on my paternal side, Captain Joe Coward and John Lloyd, and two on my maternal side, Paymaster John Craig and Corporal Joseph Bowne; two grandfathers in the War of 1812, Enoch Coward and Peter Bowne; while my father, Major Enoch L. Cowart, enlisted and served three years in the Civil War, as Quarter Master of the 14th Regiment, New Jersey Volunteers; and I myself, after applying for enlistment in both the Army and Navy, though armed with the recommendation of President Wilson, my college mate in Princeton, was obliged to accept the position of Social Secretary at Pelham Bay Naval Station as a member of the Y. M. C. A. and the American Expeditionary Force in the World War.

We stand on holy ground. No wonder Monmouth's fields are fertile, for her virgin soil has been enriched by the blood and bones of martyrs to the cause of human rights. Here patriots fought and died, that the people of this mighty nation, in all the coming years might enjoy the priceless blessings of "life,

liberty and the pursuit of happiness." It was a stupendous sacrifice, but the altar fires of patriotism, which here were lighted, have brightly burned in all the succeeding years and the blood of human sacrifice, sprinkled upon these altars, has made a mighty nation of virile freemen.

The Battle of Monmouth was fought on the Sabbath Day, June 28, 1778, a holy day on which to fight for a holy cause. The main battle was fought on Tennent Parsonage farm, two miles west of Freehold, N. J. It was holy ground, consecrated by the fervent prayers of John and William Tennent, patriot pastors of this Old Tennent Church, and now about to be consecrated anew to the "God of battles."

During the hard, severe Winter of 1777-78 the British army, quartered in the cozy, comfortable precincts of good old Philadelphia, famous for her Quaker hospitality and brotherly love, did not feel the harsh rigors of the chilling blasts, while a few miles away, at Valley Forge, the noble Washington and his raw, undisciplined recruits were housed in log huts, exposed to wintry blasts and all the privations of camp life in the open field, illy clothed and poorly fed. But, when Spring opened and that skilled warrior, Baron Steuben, broke up his military school, which had transformed those raw, undisciplined military school boys into an invincible fighting machine, the American commander was cheered by the news that the French nation had formed an alliance with the American Colonies on February 6, 1778, and had fitted out a fleet to bottle up Clinton in Philadelphia. The wary Clinton, however, did not enjoy this cheering news and decided to quit his comfortable quarters for

the safer precincts of New York. He failed, however, to give landlord Washington three months notice, or, forsooth, any notice, of his intention to quit the premises; in fact, so far as we can gather, he never yet has paid the rent for those goodly houses which he and his gold-laced officers had enjoyed for those many months, and at the unseemly hour of three o'clock a. m., on June 18th, 1778, he started to march his troops, with all his household goods and camp equipments, across the Jerseys for New York. Washington decided to distrain for rent, the goodly baggage train of General Clinton, which, twelve miles long, presented many tempting articles to the impecunious landlord from Valley Forge.

He first detached General Dickinson, with Maxwell and the Jersey militia, to hang on the flanks of the retreating army and obstruct its passage, so that his main army would overtake them, at some convenient place, to take an inventory of Clinton's goods. These Jersey mosquitoes so pestered Clinton and his troops, by attacks at Crosswicks and other points, by tearing up bridges and putting other obstructions in his way, that Clinton changed his general plan of going to New York via Rahway and the Amboys, and decided to hasten through Monmouth County to Sandy Hook and there take vessel for New York.

He therefore, with his fine body of over 10,000 disciplined troops, well equipped with cannon and the accoutrements of war and well supplied with baggage, which was safely guarded by that skillful General, Knyphausen, journeyed leisurely across the Jerseys by way of Bordentown, Allentown, Crosswicks, Imlaystown, toward the good old town of Freehold. He traveled in three

divisions, one by way of Mount Holly, one by way of Columbus, one by way of Bordentown. The first division, commanded by General Knyphausen, at the fording of Crosswicks Creek was attacked by the Jersey militia under General Dickinson, with three regiments commanded by Colonels Frelinghuysen, Van Dyke, and Webster. At Crosswicks an incident occurred which presaged some evil to the British arms. Knyphausen's gallant steed, in crossing the creek, reared and plunged. The redoubtable General lost one of his gold spurs, which years after was found in the stream and was marked with the initial "K." (The speaker learned of this incident from the lips of Mrs. Sarah Waln Hendrickson, whose family owned and occupied Waln's Mills near where Knyphausen forded the Creek at Crosswicks). Clinton moved on to Allentown. On June 24th, Knyphausen encamped with baggage train at Imlaystown; Lord Cornwallis encamped at Allentown. Knyphausen's division was composed of the 17th Regiment Light Dragoons, Second Battalion Light Infantry, Hessian Yagers, First and Second Brigades, (Sterns and Loos) Hessian-Pennsylvania Loyalists, West Jersey Tories and Maryland Loyalists.

The second division under Cornwallis was composed of Sixteenth Regiment Light Dragoons, First and Second Battalions of British Grenadiers, the Queens Guards and Third, Fourth and Fifth Brigades. The balance of the British army was under the immediate command of General Clinton in the Third division. There was a Brigadier General Grant with him but fortunately for the Americans he was not the hero of Appomatox.

Clinton, hearing that Washington

had crossed to the east side of the Delaware and was expecting reinforcements from General Gates with his northern army, abandoned his idea of going to New York via New Brunswick, Rahway, and Amboy, and decided to push for Sandy Hook via Freehold, as above stated. He sent his baggage train forward in the advance and protected it in the rear with his best troops, the flower of the British army. On June 25th, Knyphausen reached the Stone House Farm, on the Monmouth Road, about four miles from Freehold, and Friday, June 26th, the whole army reached Freehold and remained over Saturday, and until early Sunday morning, June 28th. General Clinton's headquarters on Saturday, while at Freehold, were at the William Conover farm house, now owned by Mr. Moreau, on the south side of Freehold near the Freehold Cemetery. The weather was oppressively warm, the roads dusty and heavy with sand, and the weary men enjoyed the needed rest and shade, during the two days and nights spent at Freehold.

When Clinton evacuated Philadelphia, Washington sent General Arnold with a small force to occupy it and ordered the Jersey Militia under General Dickinson to pursue and harass the retreating British. He next detached General Morgan and his select body of six hundred men, called "Morgan's Rangers," to hang on the right flank of the enemy and reinforce General Dickinson and General Maxwell. Morgan took up his quarters at Richmond's Mills (now Hall's Mills) about three miles south of Freehold and occupied that position throughout the whole of the battle of Monmouth, without joining in the action, for the reason that he never received any orders from Lee

to do so. Washington himself marched toward Princeton and halting at Hopewell, remained there until June 25th. Here a council of war was held which is depicted in one of the handsome bronzes on the Monmouth Battle Monument. In this council, Lee opposed a general engagement, but Wayne and Lafayette and Washington himself advocated bringing on a battle at Freehold. While at Hopewell, Washington also detached General Scott and fifteen hundred more troops to reinforce Generals Dickinson, Maxwell and Morgan. On June 25, Washington moved to Kingston and, on that date, sent General Wayne and a select body of 1,000 men as a further reinforcement of the advance attacking party and put the whole under the command of General Lafayette.

June 26th Washington left his baggage at Kingston, where it was most convenient of access and secure from attack, and moved with his main army to Cranbury, reaching there that day. On June 27th Washington ordered General Lee with two Brigades to join Lafayette at Englishtown, about five miles from Freehold and two miles from Tennent church. The advance corps, now consisting of five thousand men, was under command of General Lee, who was second in command to Washington.

The main army moved on towards Englishtown on June 27th, and encamped near that place. Washington decided to attack Clinton as soon as the latter's army commenced to move, on the morning of June 28th, and he ordered General Lee to dispose of his troops accordingly.

Knyphausen was an early riser and at daybreak on the morning of the 28th began to move his baggage train towards Middletown and Sandy

Hook. Clinton did not begin to move his division, comprising the rear guard, until about 8 o'clock. Washington had ordered Lee to keep his troops lying on their arms during the night of the 27th, and to attack promptly the moment the British moved. General Dickinson was up bright and early and at 5 o'clock A. M. sent a dispatch to Washington that the British had begun to move. Washington then commanded the main army to advance and ordered Lee to attack the enemy, "unless there were powerful reasons to the contrary." He ordered him to have his men throw off their knapsacks and blankets and other superfluous accoutrements and sent word to him that he was moving to his support.

Lee made the attack but then seemed to find "powerful reasons" why he should retreat and he did retreat. There were three skirmishes before the main battle. Knyphausen with his baggage had passed on the Dutch Lane Road towards Middletown and had gotten beyond the Briar Hill Farm about two miles east of Freehold. In the rear, guarding the baggage, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, Brig. General Grant and other experienced Generals, were the Light Dragoons, the Grenadiers, and other picked troops constituting the flower of the British army, with orders to protect the baggage, at all hazards, and bring on a general engagement, if necessary. The first skirmish was on the Andrew Perrine farm about half a mile northeast of Freehold. General Wayne and Colonel Butler were in the advance and were supported by the troops of Generals Maxwell, Lafayette, Livingston, Varnum, Scott, and Colonels Jackson, Grayson, General Dickinson, Colonel

Stewart, and Colonel Wesson, supported also by Oswald's artillery. In the first skirmish the British Grenadiers and other troops were drawn into action and owing to some confusion in orders from Lee, the American forces were driven back to a point in the rear of the Court House, on the high ground on the Daniel S. Schanck farm, where the Battle Monument now stands. Here a second stand was made by the Americans. The British Light Dragoons charged from the hill on which S. C. Cowart's house now stands, across the low ground up the Monument hill, where they were met by such a galling fire from Colonel Butler's troops that they were driven back through the town of Freehold and past the Court House. If Morgan's picked troops had been brought into action at that point the battle of Monmouth might have ended there. But again there came a confusion of orders and for some unaccountable reason, the Continental troops again began a retreat, in good order, however. Oswald managed to cross a morass and pull his guns to the high ground on the Schanck farm and the Continental troops continued their retreat until they reached the John Craig and Parsonage farms, about two miles west of Freehold. Here a third stand was made, and a sharp skirmish ensued, when Colonel Ramsey and Oswald, with his guns, were ordered by Washington to check the enemy, in the edge of a woods, until the flying troops could be reformed and the main army could be brought into action.

A bronze upon the Battle Monument depicts this scene of brave Colonel Ramsey defending his guns. Ramsey was with his Maryland troops and did splendid service in that critical hour. He is depicted

with his short sword in a hand-to-hand fight with the British troopers and, although met with overpowering numbers, he stood his ground until finally compelled to withdraw his guns from the woods on the west to a higher point of vantage, which had been taken by Lord Sterling and his troops on the westerly part of the John Craig farm (now owned by S. C. Cowart).

Another bronze on the Monument depicts Washington rallying the retreating troops of Lee. He met the first of Lee's retreating troops on the Herbert farm (now owned by Estate of George DuBois) and met Lee himself on the Thompson farm (now owned by Mr. John M. Laird). He was riding on his magnificent white horse, which Governor Livingston had presented to him the day before. He asked Lee what was the meaning of this retreat. Lee seemed confused, and at first made no intelligible answer. Washington then asked what all this confusion was about and why this retreat. Lee said he saw no confusion except what arose from disobedience of his orders. Washington said he was informed it was only a strong covering party. Lee replied that it might be so, but that it was stronger than he was and that he did not think it proper to risk so much. Washington then asked Lee if he would take measures to protect the front while he was reforming the other troops. Lee said his orders would be obeyed and that he would not be the first to leave the field. Various accounts are given of the strong language used on this occasion. One account states that Washington called Lee "a d—n poltroon." But the language used was probably justified by the conduct of Lee. Washington immediately ordered General Sterling to as-

sume the command of the left wing, which took up its position on the high ground on the westerly side of the John Craig farm. In the left wing were the troops of Ramsey and Stewart. He ordered General Greene to take command of the right wing, which stationed itself on the high ground on the south side of the Tenant Parsonage farm. Knox's battery was posted to the southwest of the Parsonage farm on a high piece of ground, called Combs' Hill, which commanded the approaches of the British forces. Washington took command of the center and sent General Wayne ahead to the attack with his supporting columns, consisting of the troops of Generals Poor, Woodward, Varnum and Colonel Livingston.

Washington ordered the formation of a second line of defense, on the Sheriff Perrine farm (now owned by William H. Reid). He placed General Lafayette in command there and in this second line were most of the troops which had borne the heat and burden of the first skirmishes, viz: the troops of Maxwell, Dickinson, Butler, Grayson, Jackson, Westons and Scott.

Clinton first attacked the left wing, commanded by Lord Sterling, and was repulsed and then attacked the right wing, commanded by General Greene, and was again repulsed. A final charge was made at the center by the Royal Grenadiers and Light Dragoons and Queen's Rangers, which was met by Wayne and his troops. The Royal Grenadiers and Light Dragoons charged the center over a hedge fence, behind which lay Wayne's troops. Wayne gave orders to pick off the officers and, as the Grenadiers advanced, with Monckton at their head waving his sword and haranguing his troops,

they came on in most beautiful order until close to the hedge fence, when a withering fire was poured into them by Knox's battery and Sterling's artillery, and by the sharpshooters under Wayne. Whole platoons of the British troops were mowed down by the enfilading fire from Knox's battery on Combs Hill and Sterling's artillery on the Craig farm. Many officers were slain. Among them fell the brave Colonel Monckton, mortally wounded. A fierce fight waged over his fallen body, but Wayne's forces finally bore it away in triumph and he was afterwards buried at Tennent church. The British did not again advance beyond the hedge fence, but retreated behind a thick woods protected by a morass on two sides and as night came on the battle ceased, and both armies rested upon their arms. The British used the old John Craig (now Cowart) farm house, as a field hospital, during the battle and also the Court House, St. Peter's church and the Scudder mansion (where the Pennsylvania station stands) in Freehold. Washington used Old Tennent Church and Tennent Parsonage as his field hospitals and afterwards also the Court House. He slept under a tree in front of the house on the Herbert (now Estate of George DuBois) farm the night after the battle. Washington expected to resume the battle next morning, but the wary Clinton decided that it was safer for him to retreat, as he had sufficient taste of Continental steel and courage. He did not take the same leisurely steps, which he had taken in the preceding days, but, resting his troops only about two hours, commenced his retreat, at the early hour of 10 p. m., when the moon was just beginning to wane, as its setting was

at 10:55 that night. He gave as an excuse for retreating so suddenly, that he wished to avail himself of the light of the moon in order to pass out of the surrounding forests, and he certainly hastened his departure most quietly for Washington was not aware of his retreat until early next morning. His weary troops were so fatigued by the extreme heat of the day and the fierceness of the fight, that they did not awaken from their slumbers until Clinton and his gallant troops had nearly reached the Heights of Middletown. Washington determined that it was an unsafe place to bring on another general engagement, and simply contented himself by having Morgan and a brigade of Jersey militia, harass the retreating enemy.

The losses on the American side, as officially reported by Washington were: killed, 8 officers and 61 non-commissioned officers and privates; wounded, 18 officers and 142 privates, total, 229 killed and wounded; missing, five sergeants and 126 privates; total killed, wounded and missing, 360. Many of the missing were afterwards accounted for. The British loss, according to Gen. Clinton's report was: killed, 4 officers and 184 men; wounded, 16 officers, 154 privates; total, 358. Clinton's report, however, is incorrect as 4 British officers and 245 privates were buried in the field of battle by our troops. Clinton showed his consideration for his dead and wounded soldiers by sending a personal note to Washington, committing them to his care.

The bravery of Mollie Pitcher at Monmouth is familiar to every student of Revolutionary history. When her husband fell mortally wounded, while serving one of the cannon, when Ramsey was defending his

guns, the commanding officer directed the cannon to be withdrawn. She at once stepped forward and said she would avenge her husband's death by serving the cannon herself. She seized the ramrod and loaded and fired the gun during the rest of the battle. Her gallantry was an inspiration to the soldiers fighting by her side and was observed and rewarded by Washington himself, who gave her a Lieutenant's commission and she was known thereafter as "Captain Mollie." While her husband was serving as cannonier, the heat being excessive, she is said frequently to have gone to a neighboring spring to get water for him and his comrades. I am satisfied that this spring was in the edge of Gordon's woods near what is known as Gordon's Bridge on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and not where "Mollie Pitcher's Well" is pointed out, for the reason that Ramsey's guns in the third skirmish were near these woods and the well was not dug until long after the battle. Anyhow, it would have been too far away for convenient use on that day. It was an intensely hot day and many soldiers on both sides died from the heat without suffering a single wound.

I do not wish for a moment to dim the glory, or belittle the importance, of the battles of Trenton and Princeton, but in each of those engagements only a small part of each army was engaged, and there was no pitched battle on either field of conflict. Monmouth was the only main battle of the Revolution fought in the open field, and not behind fortified walls, breastworks or trenches.

At Monmouth, the main British army, under command of General Clinton, with his ablest Generals, and with its strongest and best trained troops, met, for the first time, the

main army of the Colonies, commanded by General Washington, assisted by his ablest and most skillful officers. The British regulars had a chance to try the metal of those hardened soldiers from Valley Forge and they found them foemen worthy of their steel. And when Monckton made his bayonet charge with the trained veterans of old England, he found those sturdy yeomen never flinched, but gave blow for blow with those sinews and bones of iron which had been toughened and hardened at Valley Forge.

The pale moon faded and left the bloody field in darkness. The hiring of a King and Son of Liberty lay side by side in death's embrace, the one, an unholy sacrifice to despotism, the other, a consecrated offering on his country's altar. And so, a great battle was fought and won and the sunrise of Freedom rose on Monmouth's battle plain, gladdening the hearts and homes of the patriots of '76.

My compatriots, in the long lapse of ages, there may be need of other Monmouths, of other Waynes and Washingtons on fields of battle; need also of other Washingtons and Lincolns in the Presidential chair. In the history of our nation there have been only eighteen years of war—but over a century and a quarter of peace.

War is destructive, Peace is constructive.

The victories of Peace are greater than those of war.

War is a necessary evil, only to be engaged in for the protection or assertion of human rights.

Peace is necessary for the happiness, prosperity and upbuilding of a nation.

The Demon of War brings death and destruction to countless homes,

but the Dove of Peace brings the olive branch of love and fraternity and prosperity to countless firesides.

War is Hell in embryo. Peace is Heaven in Prospecto. Let us then, as true patriots, emulate our ancestors, not only by bravery, if need be, in any war for human rights, but also by fearless defense of those rights, when assailed on the great battle fields of civil life. Let courage, self sacrifice and intense devotion to the highest welfare of country and countrymen mark your conduct in the great conflict of life, which is constantly waging against those baleful, insidious influences, in political and social life, which tend to enslave your fellowmen and deprive them of those sweet gifts and blessings which are the precious heritage of the human race, according to the will of Him, who controls the destinies of men.

Who won the battle of Monmouth? Clinton claimed he won. Washington said his army won it, and "he never told a lie." I am satisfied Washington was right. How do I prove it? In this way. It took Clinton and his red coats from June 18th to June 27th to travel sixty

miles from Philadelphia to Freehold, nine days—less than seven miles a day—but after the battle of Monmouth was fought on the 28th of June it took him one day to reach Sandy Hook, which was twenty-four miles away. In one day he traveled nearly half as far as in the nine preceding days.

You can draw your own conclusions. Here was a chance to break the back bone of the rebellious Colonies by annihilating their main army, but he didn't DARE TAKE THE CHANCE.

Compatriots, ye do well to celebrate this Battle and honor General Washington, the victorious Commander of the Colonial Army. His lofty patriotism, his courage in the midst of danger, his endurance of privation, his self sacrifice, his complete devotion to his country's welfare, his splendid service in the Presidential chair will ever make his name illustrious in the annals of mankind. To his courageous leadership, in war, and wise statesmanship, in civil life, more than to any other man living or dead, our country owes her priceless heritage of civil and religious liberty.

Patriot Sires of Monmouth

<p>Patriot pilgrims, you are treading In the paths your fathers trod, When the morning light of Freedom Gilded Monmouth's sacred sod.</p> <p>Meet ye, now on this hallowed spot, Beneath this ancient shade, To honor the Great Commander, And the heroes Monmouth made.</p> <p>O, Patriot Sires of Monmouth, 'Ere fell the shades of night, You made the British line to reel, And crushed the tyrant's might.</p> <p>Above the clang and crash of steel, Above the cannon's roar, Rose Washington's commanding voice, Good Heavens! How he swore!</p> <p>But 'twas the oath of righteous wrath, When traitor in the fight Would rob our land of Freedom, Her boon of dearest right.</p> <p>O, Patriot Sires of Monmouth, You stood the musket rattle, Until Mad Anth'ny's gallant charge Ended the shock of battle.</p> <p>And then, when noble Monckton fell, Best and bravest of his line, You fought, like Spartans, for his corse, And laid it at Tennent Shrine.</p> <p>You laid him in a soldier's grave, With martial cloak around him, And gave him honors due the brave, When cherished friends surround him.</p> <p>O, Patriot Sires of Monmouth, Rest in your green sward bed, Till the trumpet call of duty Wakens the quick and dead.</p>	<p>Then rise in your might and power, And with the Angels fight To free the world of Satan's night, And bring eternal light.</p> <p>Ye sons of Sires, whose heritage Is Freedom's brightest day, May ev'ry star in Glory's crown Illumine your pathway.</p> <p>O, Halcyon heights of Monmouth, Sacred in song and story, E'er will the name of Washington Surround your fields with glory.</p> <p>O, Washington, thy deathless fame, Through all the ages won, Shall ever shine on hist'ry's page, As Monmouth's bravest son.</p> <p>And when, on Heaven's Heroic roll, Thy honored name is shown, Seraphic praises will extol And the Master say, "Well Done."</p> <p>In ending this story of the Battle of Monmouth, I wish to close with a few lines composed by me, and (with the exception of the added verse on Lafayette) was recited by me at the unveiling of the portrait of Francis Scott Key in the Munic- ipal Building at Baltimore, Mary- land, in September, 1914, when, by appointment of former Governor James F. Fielder, I represented our beloved State of New Jersey, as a delegate to the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the writing of that immortal song, "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key, lawyer, poet and soldier of the War of 1812, while held on board a British War vessel, during the battle of North Point, near Bal- timore, Maryland, September 12, 1814.</p>
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THE STARRY BANNER OF THE FREE.

Starlit Banner of Freedom,
 Float over land and sea,
 Red with the blood of patriots,
 Emblem of Liberty;
 Blazing the path of victory,
 In ev'ry war that's past,
 A beacon light to guide us on,
 Long as the world shall last.

O, Starry Banner of the Free,
 Floating the wide world round,
 E'er shall the words of Francis Key
 Thy highest praises sound,
 Men of Northland, Men of South-
 land,
 Men of the Western sea,
 Honor the flag where e'er you stand
 The Banner of the Free.

Divinely blest her loyal heart,
 Who first, in stars of gold
 And blood-red stripes, did inter-
 wrought
 "Old Glory's" silken fold
 And when, on Fort McHenry's wall,
 Thy stars and stripes were waving,
 And shot and shell around thee fall,
 And Patriots' hopes were waning.

Yet, when amid the battle's glare,
 And storm of shot and shell,
 Thy Stars and Stripes still floated
 there,

In triumph o'er War's hell,
 The sunrise on the Eastern lea,
 With radiant shafts of light,
 Burst on the eyes of Francis Key,
 An awe-inspiring sight.

For there against the azure sky,
 Amid the drifting smoke,
 Old Glory's stars and stripes still fly,
 And Patriots' hopes awoke,
 Awoke to a new and brighter day,
 As the smoking clouds of war
 Lifted from Maryland's beauteous
 bay
 And Columbia's shining shore.

Ye sturdy men of Maryland,
 You fought the Nelson crew
 And many men from Albion's land,
 Who fought at Waterloo.
 Oh, Patriot Sires of Maryland,
 You waged a gallant fight,
 And won the victor's laurel wreath,
 In darkness of the night.

Then ever may the Stars and Stripes
 Float o'er McHenry's walls,
 And be the signal fire to light
 Where e'er our Country calls.
 May Stars and Stripes and Union
 Jack
 For aye united be,
 As Johnny Bull and Uncle Sam
 Clasp hands across the sea.

O Lafayette, thou Frenchman born,
 Brave Crusader to our Shore,
 Thy name shall shine illustrious
 'Mong Heroes, evermore,
 May Stars and Stripes and Fleur de
 lis
 For aye united be,
 As both in friendship clasp the hand
 Of dear old Germany.

And when, on Heaven's Battlements,
 The Banner of the Cross
 Shall float in starry splendor
 O'er worlds redeemed from loss,
 Methinks, perchance, beside it there,
 The Banner of the Free
 Will float amid the ambient air,
 Beside the crystal sea.

And when, upon that farther shore,
 Our Ship of State shall anchor,
 And War shall cease forevermore,
 And all its deadly rancor,
 God grant that all her shining folds
 Shall free from tarnish be
 And ev'ry star in Glory's crown
 Shall shine in purity.

And when angelic hosts acclaim	And, as we climb the heights of time
The blood red Banner of the	And catch the distant view,
Cross,	Where starry worlds, in splendor
May patriot hearts with honor name	shine,
The Starry flag of Betsy Ross.	Amid the Heaven's blue,
Columbia, thou gem and crown	May God, in His abounding grace,
Of all the nations born,	Through all the realms of space,
May ev'ry star, that decks thy brow,	Bestow on all the human race
Be free from cruel thorn.	The blessing of His Peace.

SAMUEL CRAIG COWART.

Freehold, N. J.,

June 28, 1928.