

+ vengeance upon England. Thus the capitulation of Saratoga was the pass-key to American victory.

Schuyler forged and fitted the key; inserted it in the lock; and Gates was allowed to turn it; Schnyler, to the last, forgetful of self, and only mindful of his country, assisting Gates to open the door.

A year afterwards, Congress and a court-martial exonerated Schnyler from all blame, and within three years ATE'S sleepless sleuth-hounds tore Gates down from his place of pride, and avenged Schnyler. Unfortunately ATE can only punish, it is not her prerogative to reward.

The speaker's duty to his native State and to his Knickerbocker blood is discharged, but New York, untrue to herself in the present as in the past—as untrue to-day as in 1777—has set up no monument, either to Harkheimer, mortally wounded in body at Oriskany; or to Schnyler, crucified in spirit at Saratoga.

Why? Is it necessary for the speaker to proclaim it? Because Schnyler was not an intriguer nor a politician, a speculator nor a peculator, but a Christian gentleman and a true soldier.

Schnyler in arms never served again. He performed his duty to the letter to the United States and to New York. He inaugurated the system which has made this the "Empire State," and despite the fiercest life-long tortures of disease he did all that any man could do to serve his fellow citizens to the very last. He died full of suffering, affliction, years, and honors conceded too late, on the 18th of November, 1804, realizing "Perfection is the greatest fault the envious man can discover—the first he cannot reach, the last he cannot injure."

"Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
But bright example best instructs the heart;
Then look on FABIVS, let his conduct show,
From active life what various blessings flow.
In him a just ambition stands confessed;
It warms, but *not* inflames his equal breast.
See him in senates act the patriot's part,
Truth on his lips, the *public* at his heart,
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes control
The honest purpose of his steady soul.
No mean attachments e'er seduced his tongue
To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong;
But, deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice
Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.
To one great point his faithful labors tend,
'And all his toil in 'Freedom's' interest end."