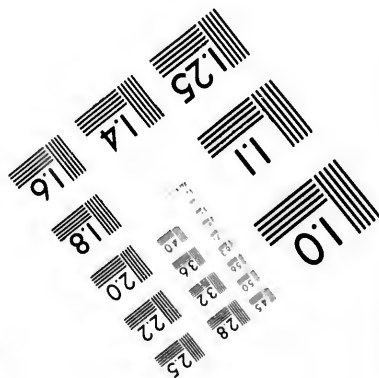
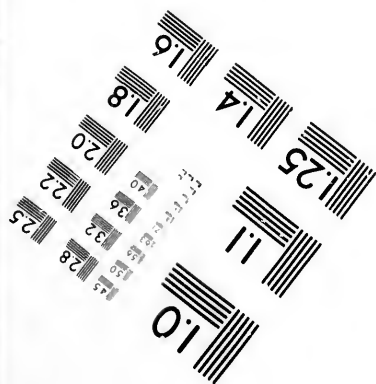
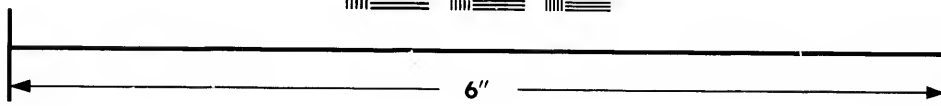
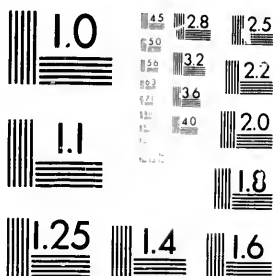


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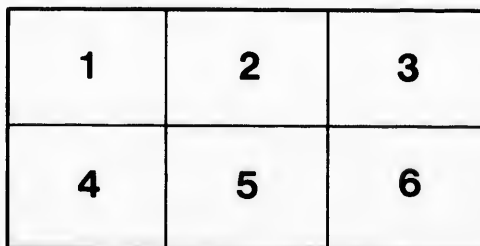
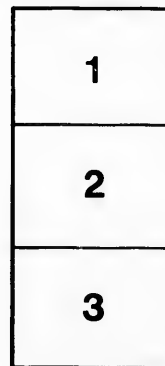
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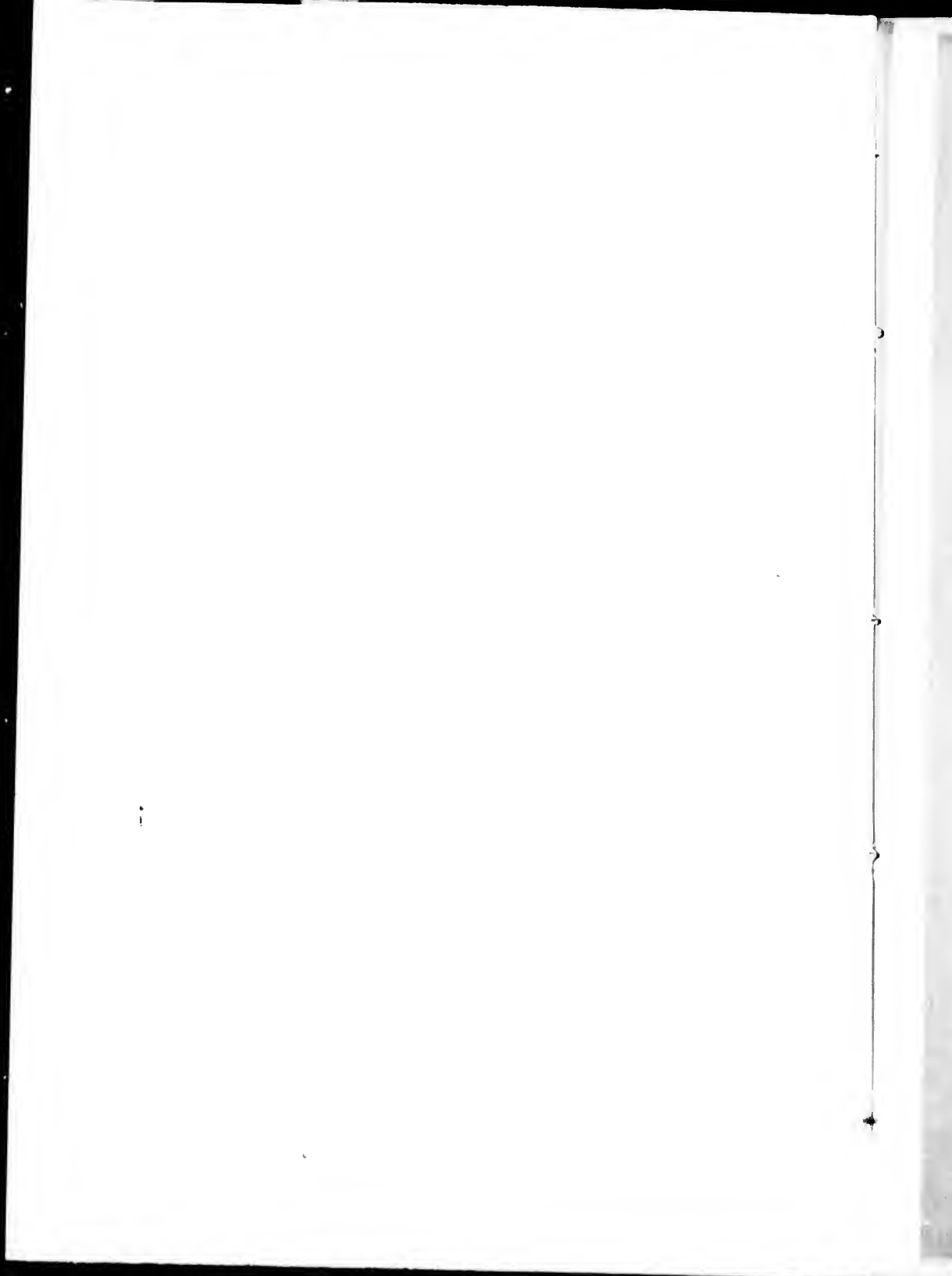
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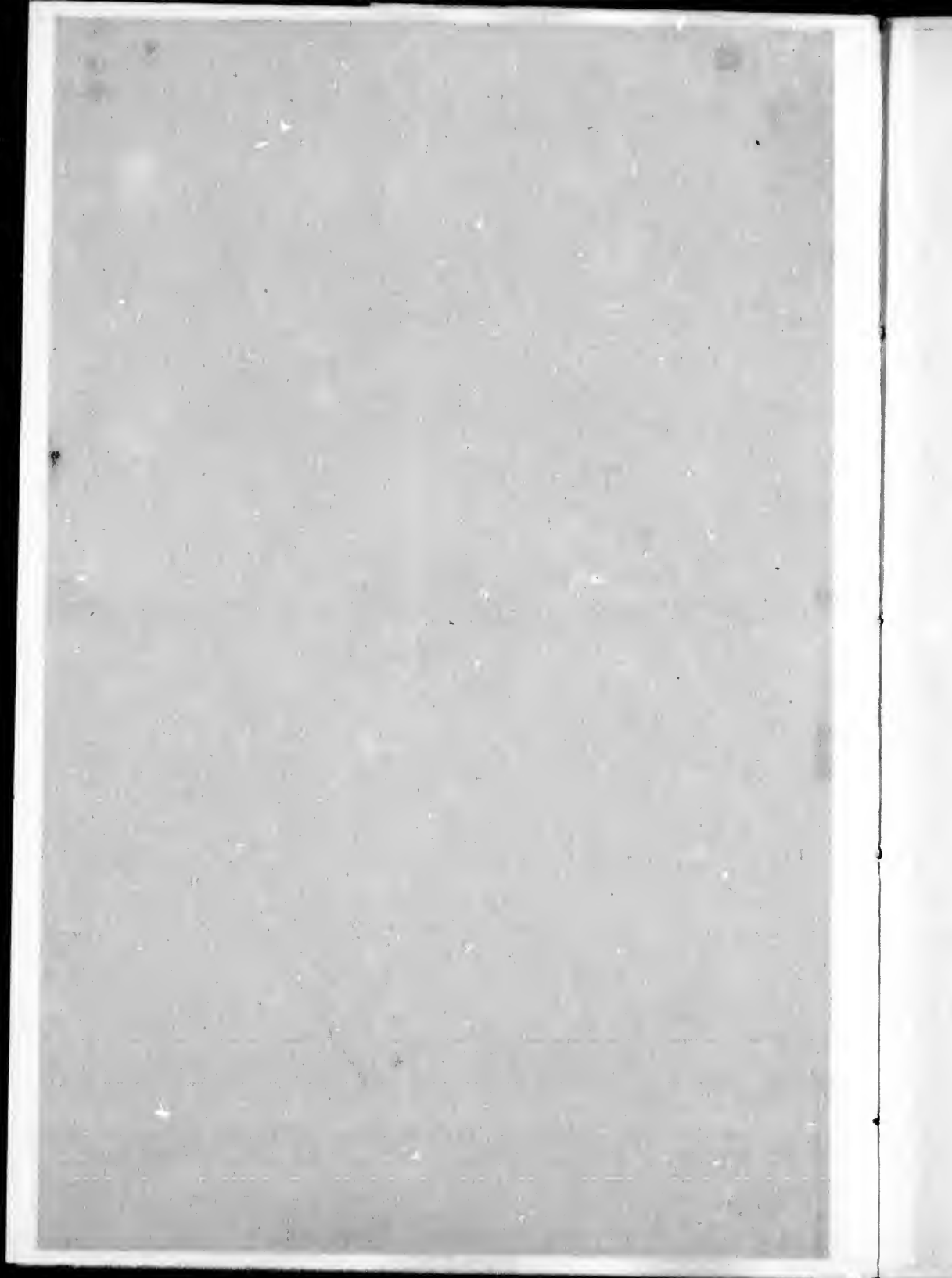
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## A D D R E S S .

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*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: —*

To be invited to address such an audience as this, in the centre of intellectual New England, I regard as a great distinction. Yet the position has its drawbacks. The committee have announced an "Oration;" but a simple and good-humored introduction to the business of the day is all that I shall attempt. If disposed to be more ambitious, and to try a bolder flight, I should be afraid to risk comparisons, that you would not fail to institute, and which I am not vain enough to challenge. You have not forgotten the stately and nervous arguments of Webster, or the polished elocution and silvery voice of Everett; and though those masters of the art have passed away, you can still sit at the feet of Emerson, listen to the fiery declamation of Phillips, wonder at Lowell's marvellous felicity of phrase and luxuriance of illustration, and fold to your hearts, with a love akin to worship, our good friend Oliver Wendell Holmes. Let us thank God for these great lights, which have diffused or are still shedding their radiance over the industrial and intellectual life of a great nation; but this is a family party, and as a member of the family, I throw myself upon your indulgence. We are here not to make a parade of our eloquence, if we have any, but to spend a day in holy brotherhood and sweet communion.

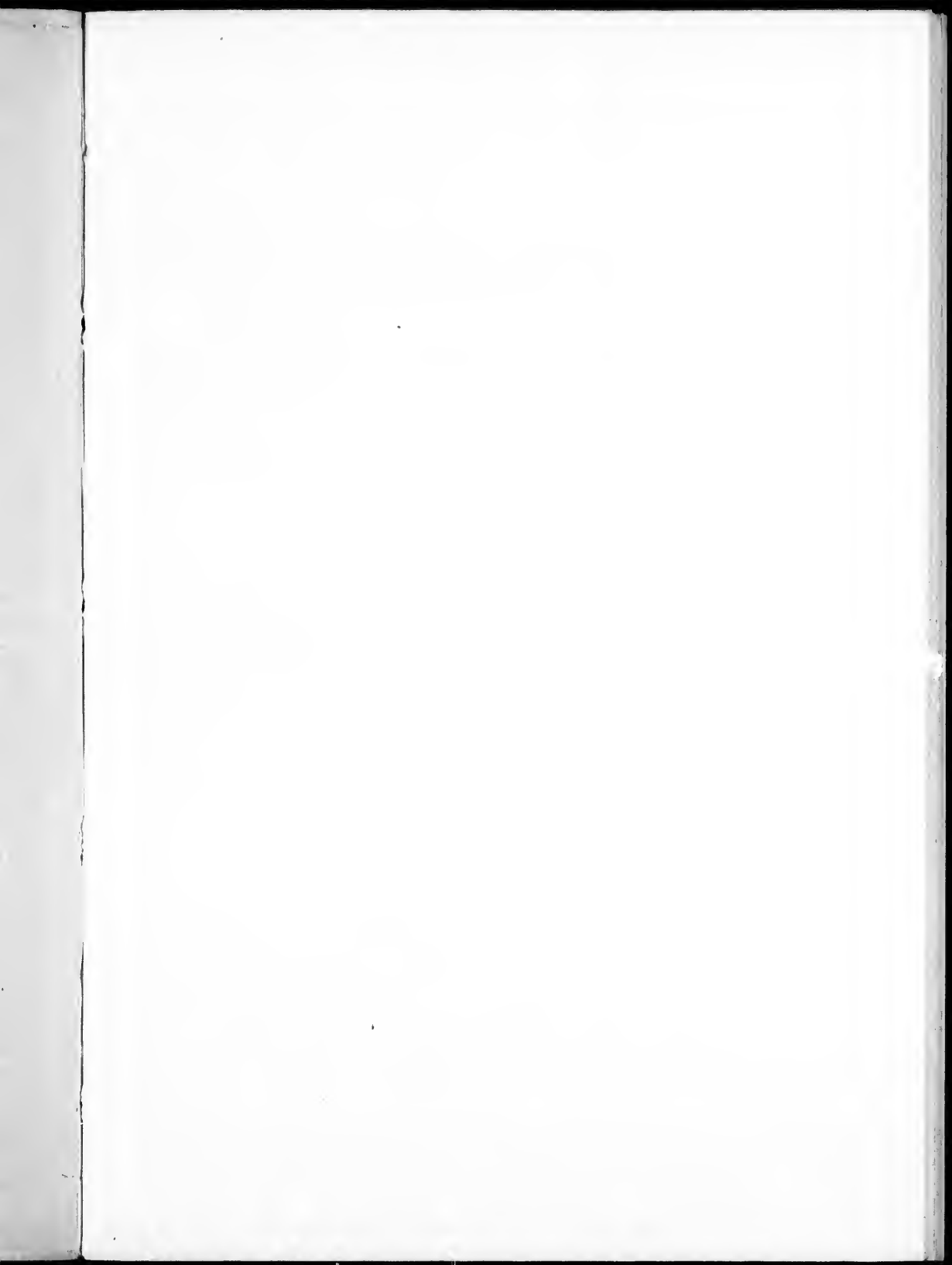
Drawn from many States and Provinces, but springing from a common stock, we meet for peaceful and legitimate

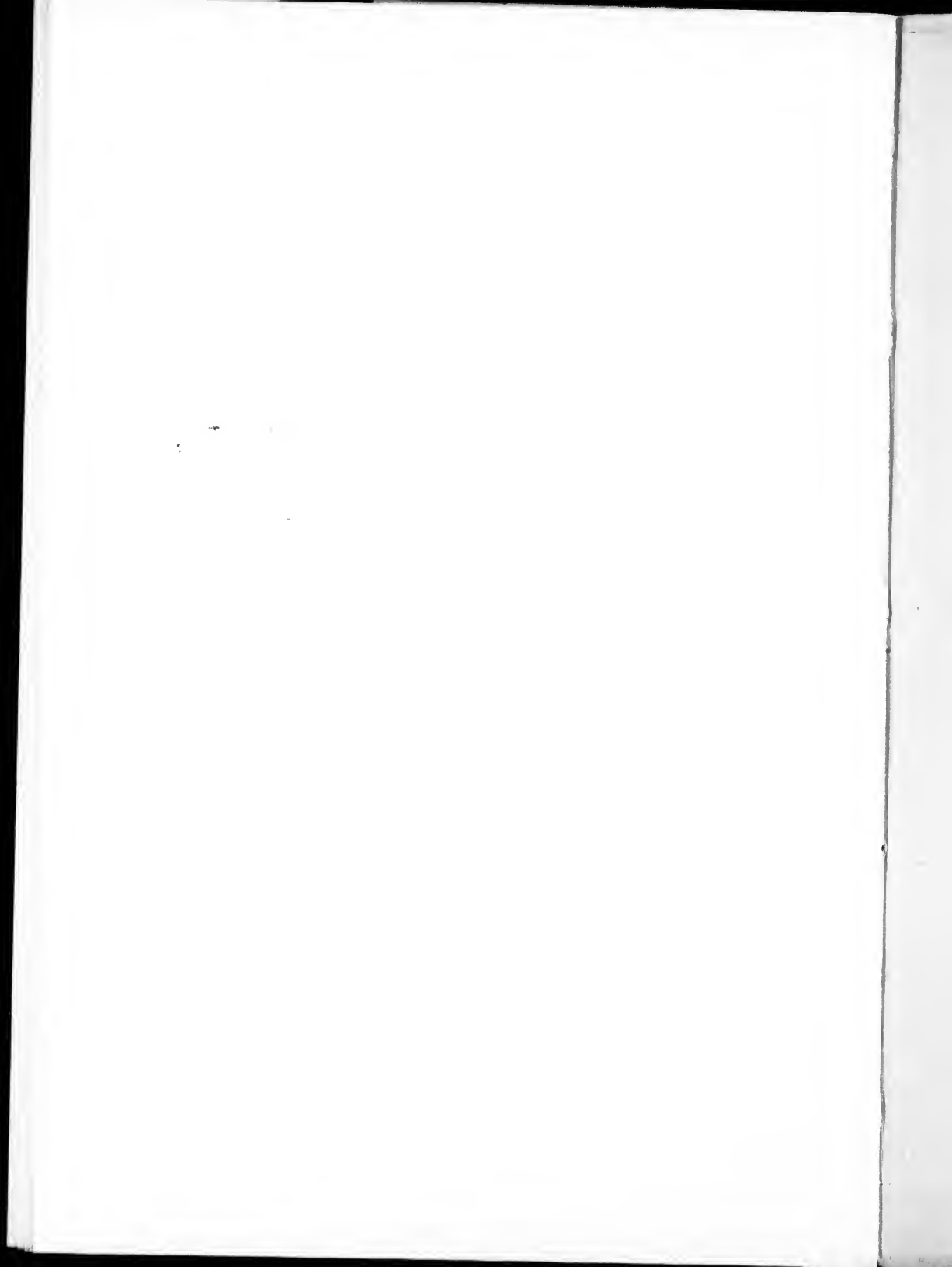
purposes, to grasp each other's hands, to look into each other's faces, to study each other's forms, and to mark how the fine original structure of the race has borne change of aliment, diversity of climate, and the wear and tear of sedentary or active life, amidst the rapid mental and bodily movement of the fast age in which we live.

These family gatherings were, I believe, first suggested in New England, and their success is to be traced to the natural outcrop of feelings that are very rational. A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past. But, divide the nation by households, and under every roof you will find, let national pride be ever so strong, that family pride, the interest in the narrower circle that bears a common name, is quite as active. Our literature is filled with types of the septs, and clans, and families, into which the wide world is divided, and who cling to their old recollections and traditions with marvellous tenacity.

In the British Islands this family sentiment finds vent, and expands itself with great luxuriance and grace, under the shelter of the law of primogeniture. Emerson, in his delightful book on England, tells us that there are "three hundred palaces," scattered all over the face of that country. A great many of these are comparatively modern structures, reared by the merchant princes and great manufacturers of England, who, in comparatively modern times, have been enriched by the abounding commerce and restless industry of a great and prosperous empire.

But by far the larger number are the growth of centuries; "the stately homes of England," where her historic families, many of them older than the Conquest, store up and preserve all that can illustrate the brilliant and heroic qualities of the race, and prompt to the highest order of emulation.





Many of these old structures, such as Warwick Castle, the stronghold of the king-maker, and Alnwick, the seat of "the stout Earls of Northumberland," though converted into luxurious modern residences, and embellished with all that high art in these recent times can furnish, occupy the commanding sites which made them formidable centuries ago, and wear the outward semblance of strong mediæval fortresses, from which a stone has scarcely been removed. In many other cases the stern front of war has been softened and toned down by the gradual process of decay, the luxuriance of vegetation, or by improvements, which have placed modern structures, of vast proportions, upon the old feudal sites, replete with every convenience for ease and comfort, which, from the thickness of the walls, and the defensive character of the design, could not always be commanded in the old feudal castles.

But whether the style of the structure be ancient or modern, it is surrounded by an estate, which, from generation to generation, has belonged to one family, — been known by one name, — and the house, whatever the style of architecture may be, is filled with all that can illustrate the manhood and the intellectual vigor of that family, from its rise, amidst the convulsions of some shadowy by-gone age, down to the hour in which, with mingled wonder and admiration, we survey the marvellous results of a system not recognized by the institutions under which we live.

That those families should desire to preserve their estates intact, and gather around them the evidences of their antiquity and achievements, is not at all surprising, when we reflect, that a very large proportion of them are inseparably interwoven with the great events which have made the history of their country memorable; and the valuable services rendered to the nation by many of these families, not only throw around their country seats and personal relics an indescribable

charm, but give them a strong hold on the affections of the people.

A Stanley won the field of Flodden. One of the Talbots, who led the English forces in France, and fought against Joan of Arc, was the victor in forty-seven battles and dangerous skirmishes. The Percys have seven times driven back the tide of foreign invasion, and for eight hundred years have stood in the front of resistance to regal tyranny: and, say the writers from whom I quote,\* "One Russell has staked his head for the Protestant faith; a second the family estates in successful resistance to a despot; a third has died on the scaffold for the liberties of Englishmen; a fourth has aided materially in the revolution which substituted law for the will of the sovereigns; a fifth spent his life in resisting the attempt of the House of Brunswick to rebuild the power of the throne, and gave one of the first examples of just religious government in Ireland; and a sixth organized and carried through a bloodless but complete transfer of power from his own order to the middle classes."

These are eminent services, and we cannot wonder that the family seats, where such men were bred, are religiously preserved by their descendants, and regarded with deep interest by the nation.

There is no name more familiar to Americans than that of Lord North, who, under George the Third, conducted, for many years, the disastrous war which was only closed by the establishment of the Independence of these United States. How few of all the able and distinguished men, who, on your side, led in that great struggle, have left behind them homes that have been preserved, properties still undivided, or common centres where their pictures, books, and family muniments have been treasured up, to keep alive for succeeding generations the memory of their martial or diplomatic achieve-

\* Sanford and Townshend's *Governing Families of England*.

ments ! By the personal exertions of Everett, Mount Vernon has been preserved ; and, to their honor be it spoken, the Adams family, by a rare exhibition of hereditary qualities, have held their property and maintained their positions in the highest circles of political and social elevation. But nearly all the others, though honorably known to history, have passed away, and have left no property to embellish the scenery, no rallying places for their descendants, no familiar evidences of their existence.

In the heart of Oxfordshire stands Wroxton Abbey, the seat of the Norths. It is an old ecclesiastical structure, turned into a modern residence of surpassing beauty, where all that is antique is preserved with religious care, and gracefully interwoven with whatever can administer to refined luxury and convenience. It is surrounded by forty thousand acres of the best land in England. The outlying farms are cultivated by a prosperous tenantry, whose families have occupied the same lands for centuries, many of whom keep hunters worth five hundred guineas, and pay a thousand sovereigns a year of annual rent. Ancestral trees, older than the abbey, fling their shadows down upon sinuous walks and carriage drives that appear almost endless ; whilst every window in the house looks out upon verdant lawns, well-kept gardens, or clumps of tree roses, interspersed with masses of evergreens, the preservation of which is so much favored by the moist climate of England.

The Baroness North, grand-daughter of Lord North of the Revolutionary War, and her husband, Colonel North, reside on this beautiful estate ; and while distinguished for the largeness of heart and great hospitality which become their stations, are not unmindful of the hereditary obligation which devolves upon them to treasure, to enlarge, and to transmit to their descendants, all that can illustrate the daily life, the personal traits, or the distinguished services of the house to which they belong, in all its branches.



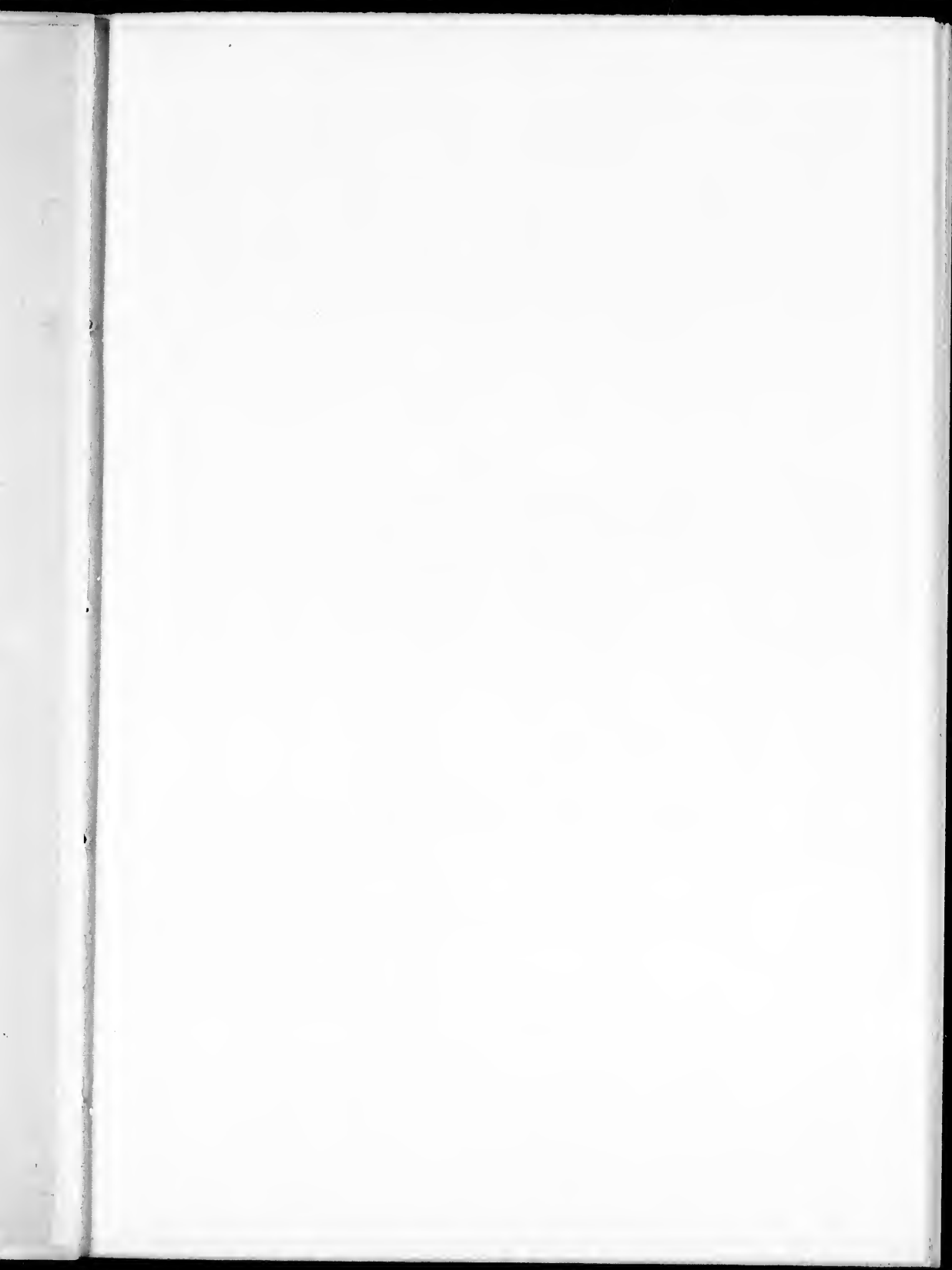
You are aware that the family of the Norths was interwoven with the Guildfords and Greys. The hundred rooms and long corridors of Wroxton tell the family story, from its foundation in 1496 to the present hour. Beautiful women, in the costume of the period in which they flourished — children of all ages — eminent Lawyers, Privy Councillors, Soldiers, Ambassadors and Judges, line the walls of every staircase and of every room.

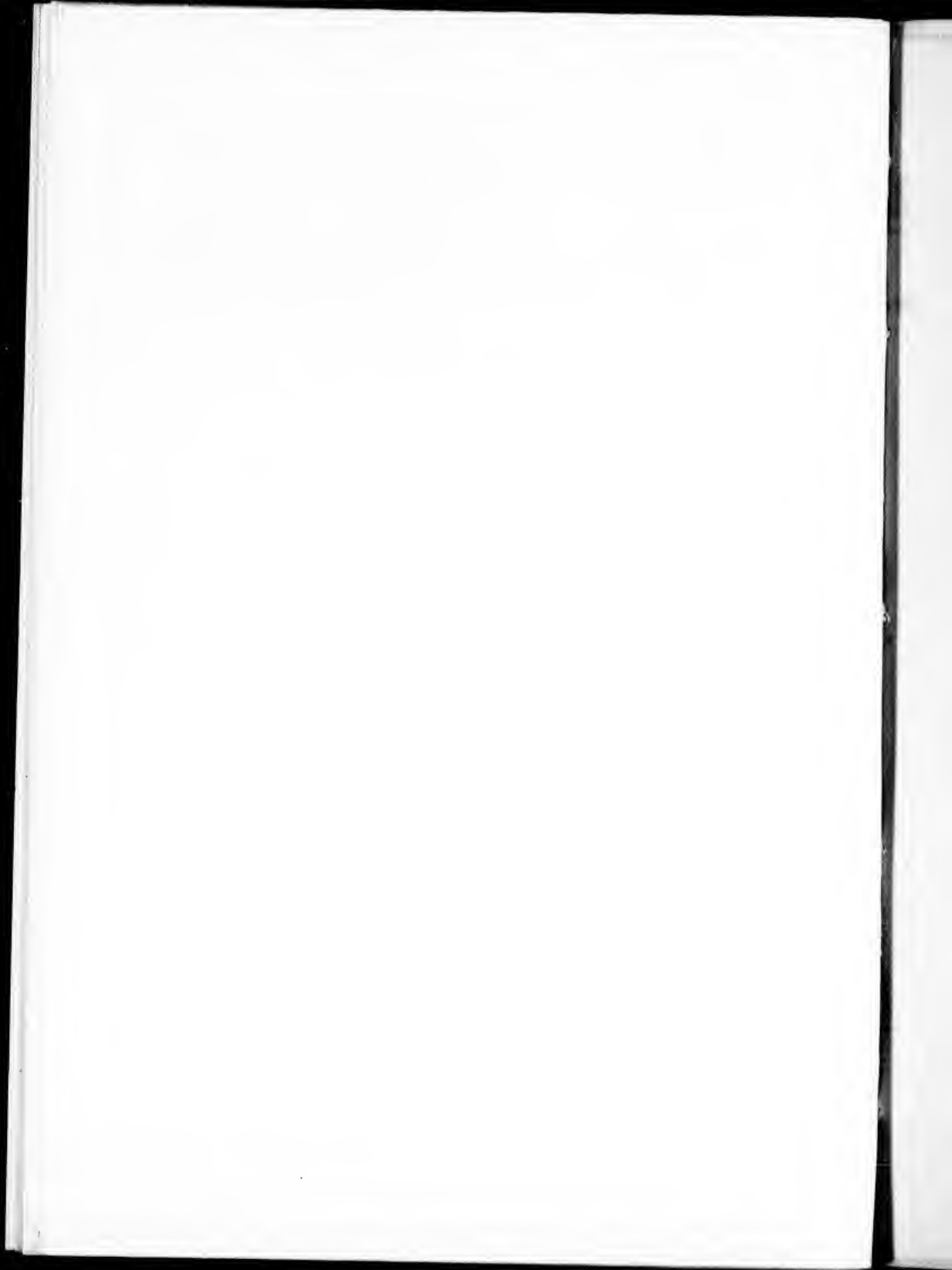
Many of these pictures are valuable as works of art, but their chief value is in the record they supply of forms long passed away, — of features that cannot be reproduced, and for the facilities they afford to every rising generation to study and transmit the family story, by the aid of authentic materials, which in our countries, and under our systems, we can very rarely supply.

Two or three rooms in this old house deeply interested me. One was Lord North's Library, in which every book that he had ever owned or handled has been preserved. Though unsuccessful as a War Minister, he was a scholar and a wit, and many of the volumes are rare editions, or presentation copies, enriched by autographs or annotations.

A small room, opening from the library, was Lord North's study. A very remarkable likeness of him overhangs and looks down on the table at which he wrote his despatches. The inkstand, and I might almost add the pens with which they were written, have been preserved.

A bedroom in this fine old edifice interested me even more deeply. I slept one night in it without knowing to whom it had belonged. It was a stately chamber, hung with arras, greatly faded, with quaint old andirons in an open fireplace, a low bedstead with high posts; and all the furniture, though admirably preserved, bearing the unmistakable impress of antiquity. To my great surprise I was told, on coming down to breakfast on the following morning, that I had occupied the apartment of Lady Jane Grey, and slept in her bed,





nothing having been changed in the room, since her death, but the bed-linen, which had worn out. I am not quite sure that I ever slept so soundly in the same apartment a second night as I did the first. Visions of the beautiful martyr to misplaced ambition seemed ever flitting round me, and I sometimes fancied that the grim headsman, with his axe, was lingering in the long shadows flung out by the massive walls.

A volume might be written descriptive of the beauties of Wroxton, and of the treasures of art and of biography which it contains, and yet it is a comparatively modern edifice, nor do the Norths trace back their lineage nearly so far as many of the great historic families of England.

But I have taken this single house to show you how strong is the family sentiment in our mother country, and to answer, in advance, those who would smile at our humble endeavors to engraft upon our democratic institutions some graceful forms of development for a yearning that is universal, and for the outcrop of feelings as old as history.

Neither in the United States, nor in Canada, is any provision made for this development. By our old laws two-thirds of the real estate were given to the eldest son, but modern legislation has swept this provision away, and property is now equally divided in all our States and Provinces. The universal feeling sustains this condition of the law; entails are discouraged, and fortunes are earned only to be distributed, often with a rapidity that far outruns the process of accumulation. A spendthrift is too apt to follow a miser, and the thriftless, bred in luxurious homes, often seem to have come into the world for no other purpose than to scatter what the industrious have earned, and to disperse, without a thought of name or race, all that their fathers prized, and in which their descendants, if not below the ordinary scale of humanity, would be sure to take an interest.

The democratic system, which prevails all over this continent, cannot be changed. It has its advantages, and the

evils arising from the law of primogeniture cannot be veiled, even by the graceful surroundings to which I have referred; and the practical question which we have met here to endeavor to solve is this, — Can we, without disturbing the law, or disregarding the common sentiment of the continent, keep alive our family name — trace back our family story, and while dividing our property among our children, divide with them also all that we have been able to learn, to authenticate, and to transmit, of the family from which they have sprung?

May we not do more? May we not so pass this day as to make it a festival in the finest sense of the term — to the repetition of which the thousands who bear our name will look forward with intense delight?

In England the Howes have lived and flourished for centuries. The Howe banner hangs as high, in Henry 7th's chapel, as any other evidence of honorable service, and the battle of the first of June will be remembered so long as the naval annals of England last. In the old French wars, for the possession of this continent, one Howe fell at Ticonderoga, and another was killed on the Nova Scotia frontier. In the Revolutionary War the Howes were not fortunate. I have heard my father describe Sir William, as he saw him leading up the British forces at the battle of Bunker Hill, with the bullets flying like hail around him. But I am apprehensive that in that old war God was not "on the side of the strongest columns," and that the time had arrived when the peopling and development of a continent could not be postponed by the agencies of fleets and armies.

The Howes, who have been enabled, trace their family back to the reign of Henry 8th, and seem to have held estates in Somersetshire, Gloucester, Wiltshire, Nottingham, and Fermanagh in Ireland. Jack Howe, as he was familiarly called, who was a member of Parliament in the reigns of William and Anne, was a fluent speaker, and, like a good many other people in those days, had a great dislike to stand-

ing armies. His son, who sat for Nottingham in the Convention Parliament, was one of those who established the liberties of England, in 1688.

But many branches of the family are scattered all about England. I found three Howes, bearing my own family Christian names, lying side by side in the church-yard at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and I learned that in the western end of the Island a family of honest farmers, who are all Howes, have been living there on the same land, beyond the memory of man.

I found three others, all males, lying just inside the graveyard at Berwick on Tweed. I could not hear of any Howes in the neighborhood, and I took it for granted that they must have been killed in some old border fight, which is not at all improbable if they came from the south side of the stream.

But, passing over the nobles and the plebeians of England, I must confess that there is one Howe of whom we may all be proud. This is John Howe, who was Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and whose fine form and noble features are preserved in some of the old engravings. He must have been an eloquent preacher, for he won his place by a sermon which the Protector happened to hear. That he was a fine scholar, and learned theologian, is proved by the body of divinity, written in classic English, which he has left behind him. That he was a noble man is proved, also, by a single anecdote which is preserved to us. On one occasion he was soliciting aid or patronage for some person whom he thought deserving, when Cromwell turned sharply round, and, by a single question, let a flood of light in upon the disinterestedness and amiability of his character, which will illuminate it in all time to come. "John," said the Protector, "you are always asking something for some poor fellow; why do you never ask anything for yourself?" My father's name was John, and I have often tried to trace him back to this good Christian, whose character in many points his own so much resembled.

I may hazard one observation, before passing from the English Howes, and it is this, that the present possessor of the peerage had better bestir himself, and do something to add lustre to his coronet, or else we Howes in America will begin to think it has dropped on an inactive brain. He fights no battles — he writes no books — he makes no speeches, and although I believe he is a very amiable person, and was a great friend of the late Queen Dowager, I beg to enter my protest against the apparent want of patriotism, or mental activity, which this very supine recipient of hereditary rank seems to display.

But, passing over the Howes who have figured, or still dwell, on the other side of the Atlantic, I take it for granted that the whole of this vast audience are descended from those who settled in New England between 1630 and 1637. It would appear, by the circular kindly sent to me by your secretary, that there were seven of these, although my father used to tell me that there were but four. Two of them, Joseph of Boston, and Abraham of Watertown, may have been sons of some of the others, if they married early, which is probable; but I take the list as I find it, and to me it is full of interest. What was the Old World about when these men came to America? Why did they come? are questions that naturally occur to us. In 1629, Charles the First dissolved his Parliament, and no other was called in England till the Long Parliament met in 1640. During the eleven years which intervened, we all know what was going on in England. Laud was Archbishop of Canterbury, Strafford was first Minister, and that hopeful experiment was being tried of ruling without Parliaments, which ended in the wreck and ruin of the monarchy. Within these eleven years five of the seven Howes were settled in New England, and the reasonable presumption is that they found old England too hot for them.

They had no fancy for paying ship money on compulsion, for having their ears cropped, or for standing in the pillory

for the free expression of opinions ; and, perhaps foreseeing what was coming, they accomplished what it is said Cromwell, Hampden, and others at one time meditated, and reached America before the Civil War began. The earlier battles of Worcester and Edgehill were fought in 1642, and before this five of the Howes had made good their lodgment in America. If the two who date from 1652 and 1657 were not born in this country, they may have taken the field ; but of the fact we have no authentic record.

It is enough for us to know that these ancestors of ours were God-fearing, worthy men, sprung from the sturdy middle class of English civic and rural life, who left their native country, not because they did not love it, but because they could not stay there without mean compliance and tame submission to usurped authority. We would perhaps have been just as well pleased had they remained behind, and struck a few manful blows for the liberties of England ; but we must accept the record as we find it, with this source of consolation, that no brother's blood was upon their hands when they landed in America.

That they were men of worth and intelligence, there is proof enough. They were freemen, and proprietors, in the townships where they settled ; select men, representatives, officers, Indian commissioners, and seem to have brought from the old country, in fair measure, the common sense, industry and thrift, so much needed by the emigrant. That they were men of fine proportions and of sound constitutions, I may infer from the audience before me, and from the fact, which your secretary has recorded, that five of these old worthies left forty-four children behind them.

That those "forefathers of our hamlets" set us a good example, their simple records prove. That the Howe women have been fruitful, and the men vigorous, is consistent with all I know of their descendants on this continent, and this vast audience, where forms of manly beauty



and female loveliness abound, shows me that in physical proportions and feminine attraction the race has been well preserved.

But in these sound bodies are there sound minds? What of the intellectual qualities and mental development of the family? Have our women been born "to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer"? Have the men displayed the energy and capacity for affairs demanded of them by the free and rapidly expanding communities in which they lived? It is only by the mutual interchange of fact and thought, at such a gathering as this, that we can answer these questions to our own satisfaction. But if I were challenged by the transatlantic branches of the family to bear testimony upon these points, I think, even with my limited knowledge of your country, I could produce a group of eloquent senators, eminent soldiers, distinguished philanthropists, and successful business men, to prove conclusively that, in these United States, the race has not declined.

In turning to the Provinces it must be borne in mind that but one of all the Howes in these States took the British side in the Revolutionary War. Of my father I spoke, some years ago, at Faneuil Hall, and my good friend Lorenzo Sabine (one of the best writers and most accomplished statesmen produced in the Eastern States) has kindly embodied what was said in the second edition of his *Lives of the Loyalists*, to which I must refer those who take interest in the British American branch of the family. To-day I have leisure to say only this, that if it be permitted to the saints in Heaven to revisit the scenes they loved, and to hover over the innocent reunions of their kindred, my father's spirit will be here gratified to see that the family, divided by the Revolution, is again united, and that his son, to use the language which Burns puts into the mouth of the peasant woman in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, is "respected like the lave."

Of the past history of the family, on both sides of the

Atlantic, we may be justly proud. That the present is full of hope and promise this great festival assures us. For the future I have no fears. We meet to gather up the fragmentary biographies of the family, and to encourage each other in well-doing, that the family may not decline. By honest industry and manly exercises we must see to it that the race is well preserved, and by careful cultivation that the brain is well developed. Savage, in his Genealogical Dictionary, tells us that seven of the Howes, prior to 1834, had graduated at Harvard University, and twenty-three at other colleges in New England. Nearly all the Howes, that I have ever known, were dear lovers of books, and reasonably intelligent. To keep abreast with the active intellect of the age we must be students still. We inherit a rich and noble language. We are the "heirs," says Professor Greenwood, "of all the ages in the foremost files of time." "Knowledge," Disraeli tells us, "is like the mystic ladder in the Patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primeval earth—its crest is lost in the shadowy splendor of the empyrean; while the great authors, who, for traditionary ages, have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and Heaven."

But we must not be mere students. This is not an age wherein people should be content to see visions and dream dreams. The work of the world is before us, and on this continent there is work enough and to spare for centuries to come. We must do our share of it, and the family will be judged by the style and manner in which it is done. The Scotch have a familiar phrase, "Put a stout heart to a stiff brae;" and Goethe tells us, "All I had to do I have done in kingly fashion. I let tongues wag. What I saw to be the right thing that I did." May your hearts be "stout" when the "braes" are "stiff." Let the world take note of you that you are good husbands, good fathers, good citizens, and

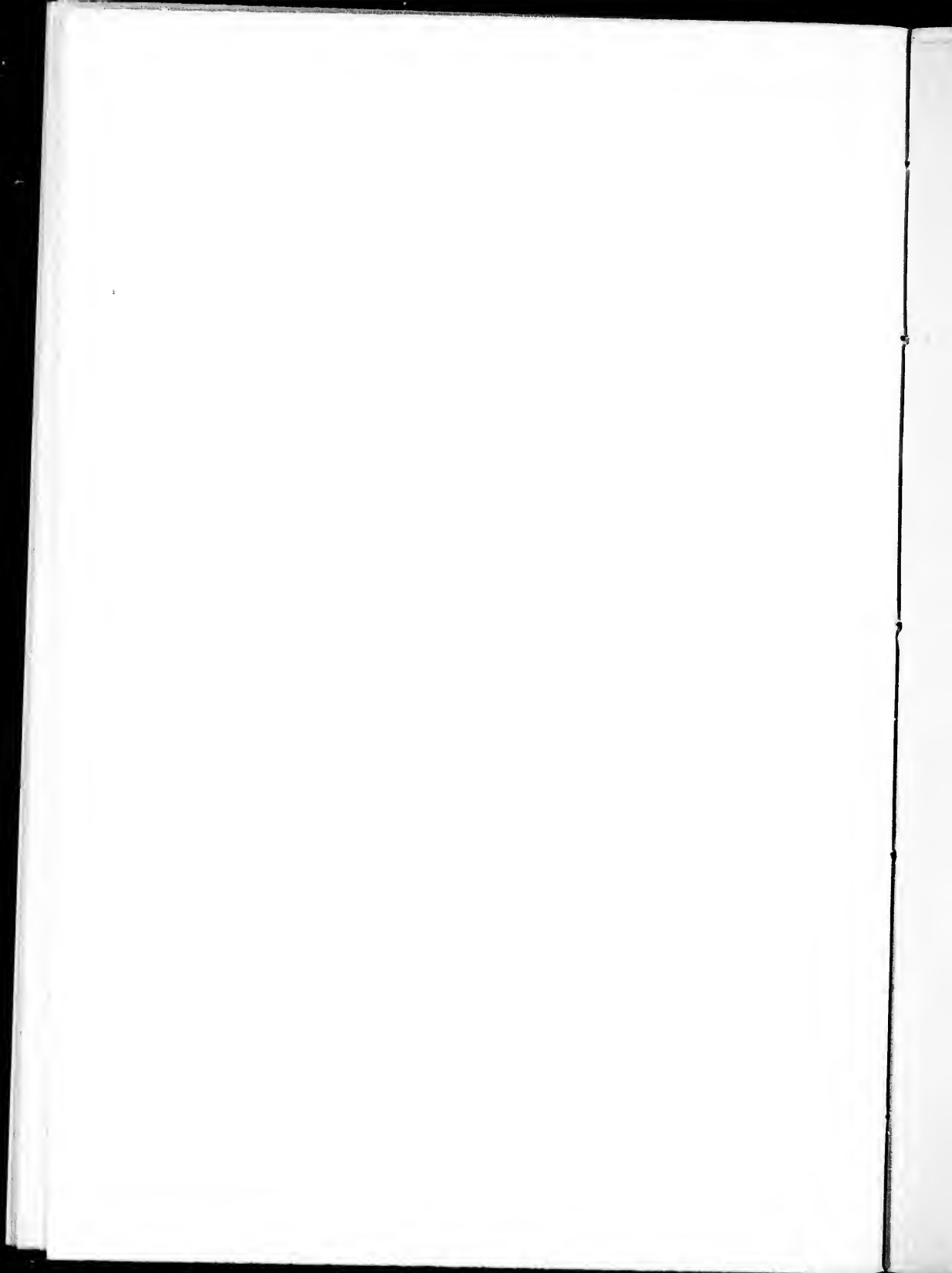
true and honorable men ; that your descendants may come up here to Framingham, looking back at this festival as though from its fruits it were worth a repetition ; and come, not to glorify a mere name, that has no significance, but to see that an honorable name, which they inherit, is kept untarnished, and transmitted with new lustre to their children.

But let us hope that these family meetings may be made to subserve a higher purpose than the mere renewal of broken ties of relationship in limited circles. May they not embrace a wider range, ascend to a higher elevation, and have a tendency to draw together, not only single families, but that great family that the unhappy events which led to the Revolutionary War divided into three branches ?

Germany had its Seven Years' War, and its Thirty Years' War, to say nothing of centuries of rivalries and divisions, and yet a common sentiment, "the Fatherland," is rapidly uniting all who speak its language, love its literature, and are proud of its martial achievements. The Civil Wars of France have been endless, and yet the common ties of literature and language, however rudely those of brotherhood are broken at times, draw the whole people together ; and, though kings and emperors, republics and communes, pass away, under them all the common sentiment is, "Vive la France !" and this is the cry of a united people, when each system in its turn has been overthrown.

Great Britain and the United States have had eleven years of war, eight at the Revolution and three in the foolish struggle which lasted from 1812 to 1815. What are eleven years in history ? Your own Civil War lasted nearly four, and more men were killed in it than Great Britain and the United States could ever put into the field in those old contests which sensible men everywhere remember only to regret. You hope to be, and I trust the hope may be realized, a united people. Why should not the three great branches of the British family unite, our old wars and divisions to the contrary notwith-





standing ? This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Ocean steamers, railroads, cheap postage and telegraphs, make a union possible ; and gatherings such as this may hasten on the time, when, living under different forms of government, and each loyal to the institutions it prefers, the three great branches of the British family may not only live in perpetual amity, but combine to develop free institutions everywhere and to keep the peace of the world.

Such a union, to be permanent, must be based on mutual respect, and on a just appreciation of the position and resources of each branch of the Great Family. The marvellous growth and vast resources of these United States are frankly acknowledged by every rational English and British American man that I know. That your country contains nearly forty millions of people, as intelligent, industrious, inventive, and martial, as any other equal number on the face of the earth, we frankly admit ; but I am often amused at the style of exaggeration adopted in this country, and at the mode in which we Britishers are talked of on platforms, and in circles not over well informed. Four millions of freemen on the other side of the line, who govern themselves, and who can change their rulers when Parliament sits, any night of the year, by a simple resolution ; who could declare their independence to-morrow, or join these United States, if so inclined, are often spoken of as serfs and bondmen, because they do not care to rupture old relations, and go in search of political guaranties, which, by their own firmness and practical sagacity, they have already secured. That we are not laggards and idlers over the border may be gathered from the growth of our cities, and from the rapid development of our industry in all its branches. Though but a handful of people commenced to clear up our country at the close of the Revolutionary War, we have already a population more numerous than Scotland, and have peacefully organized into provinces a territory more extensive than the United States, larger than

the whole Empire of Brazil; the volume of our trade has increased to \$120,000,000; and the mercantile marine of the Northern Provinces places them in the rank of the fourth maritime country in the world. My own native Province, I am proud to say, takes the lead in this honorable form of enterprise. Nova Scotia owns more than a ton of shipping for every man, woman, and child on her soil. The babe that was born yesterday is represented by a ton of shipping that was built before it was born.

But are the British Islands so decrepit and effete as we sometimes hear in this country? Is the empire which is sustained by the two other branches of the family, unworthy of the friendship of these United States? Would it not bring its share of everything that constitutes national greatness into the union of which I have spoken? Republican America, impoverished by the war of Independence, loaded with debt, having a great country to explore, finances to reorganize, institutions to consolidate, and a navy to create, has done her work in the face of the world in a manner that challenges its respect and admiration. Her contributions to literature, her able judges, sagacious statesmen, eloquent orators, acute diplomatists, and eminent soldiers and sailors have won for her a place in civilization and history which all British Americans and Englishmen proudly acknowledge. You are "bone of our bone," and as one of your Commodores exclaimed, when lending a helping hand to Englishmen in the Chinese rivers, "blood is thicker than water," and the laurels you win, and the triumphs you achieve, even at our expense, but illustrate the versatility and vigor of the life-currents which we share.

Now let us see what the elder branch of the family has been about for the last eighty years, and whether, as we approach the fountain-head, the stream shows less animation. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, all London was built of wood, and thirty years after the Howes

settled in New England, four hundred streets and thirteen thousand houses were consumed in the great fire. In 1783, the population did not exceed six hundred thousand, and the docks were not yet constructed. By the time I saw London first, in 1839, the population had increased to a million and a half; but within the last third of a century the numbers have swelled to about four millions, so that the metropolis of our empire is nearly as large as the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Buffalo, all put together.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the British Empire was assumed to be on the decline. Thirteen noble provinces had just been lost. She had been humiliated by land and sea. Her power on the American Continent had been shaken to its foundations. Her great rival had defeated and triumphed over her; and, with her capital imperilled by mobs, and her treasury loaded down with debt, she had but a grim outlook for the future, at that disastrous period. But the people round the old homestead were not discouraged. The brain power was not exhausted, nor the physical forces spent. They went on thinking, working, and fighting, as though, like Antæus, they gathered strength from their fall; and now, at the end of four-fifths of a century, let us see what they have accomplished. On this continent, profiting by the lessons of the past, and learning the science of colonial government, they have planted and fostered great provinces as populous as those they lost. They have explored and planted Australia and New Zealand, conquered an empire in the East, taken Singapore, the Mauritius, British Guiana, and Hong Kong, and now, instead of the few feeble colonies left to them in 1783, when this country broke away, they have nearly seventy great provinces and dependencies, scattered all over the world, to whom Webster's drum-beat is familiar; which contains a



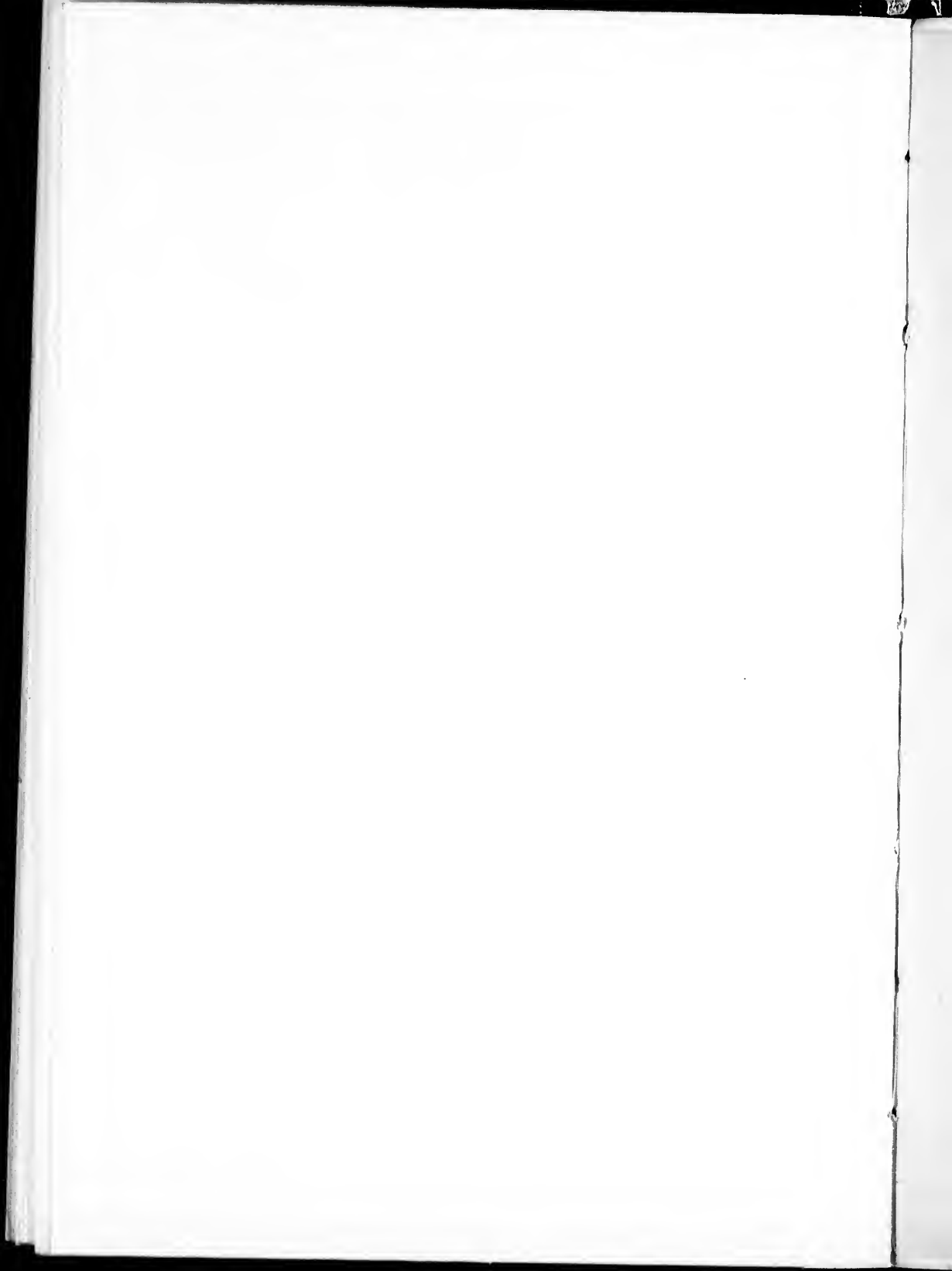
population of hundreds of millions, and secure to the mother islands an abounding commerce, independent of all the rest of the world; but which they throw open to free competition, with a somewhat chivalrous confidence in their own resources.

Of the men produced in these modern days, why should I weary you with a bead-roll? Nelson and Wellington, Clive and Napier, stand in the front of a noble army of warriors, who have carried the Red Cross Flag by land and sea; and under its ample folds great statesmen have remodelled their institutions, reformed their laws, enlarged the franchise, limited the prerogative, and laid the foundations of civil and religious liberty broad and deep. Nor have the Mother Islands hung their harps upon the willows; while their engineers have covered the ocean with lines of steamships, and their architects have embellished the scenery with noble structures, their great writers have remodelled history, and the melodious strains of Scott and Byron, of Hemans and Campbell, have been heard above the din of workshops that never tire, the ebb and flow of capital enlarging with each pulsation, and the gradual unfolding of that marvellous web and woof of finance, whose meshes envelop the world.

I have but little more to say. If it be wise to gather the Howes together, and renew old family ties, how much more important will it be to bring together the three great branches of the British family, and unite them in a common policy, as indestructible as their language, as enduring as the literature they cannot divide!

Out of such a union would flow the blessings of perpetual peace, for no foreign power would venture to assail us, and we would be sufficiently strong to be magnanimous when international difficulties arose. Ships enough to keep the peace of the seas would be all we should require. With a landwehr of millions in reserve, our standing armies might be reduced to the minimum of cost. Capital would ebb and





flow freely over the whole confederacy; our transports, instead of carrying war material, might carry the surplus population to the regions where labor was wanting and land was cheap; ocean telegrams would come down to a penny rate; and our national debts would disappear, by the gradual increase of the population, and the growth of the general prosperity. May the great Father of mercies hear our prayers, and so overrule our national counsels, that we may come to be one people, living under different forms of government it may be, but knit together by a common policy, based upon an enlightened appreciation of each other's strength, and on a sentiment of mutual esteem.

