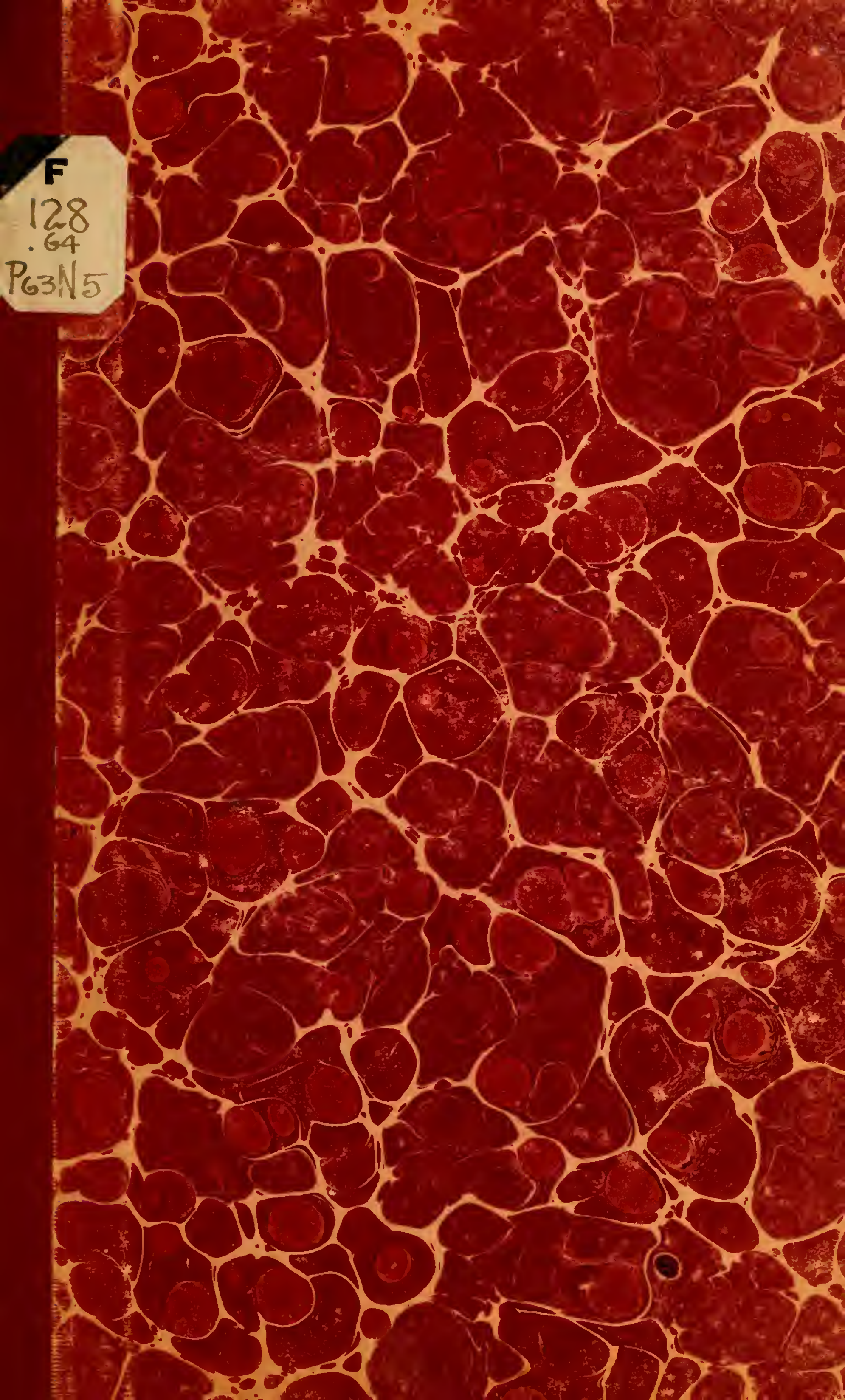
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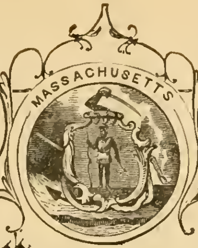
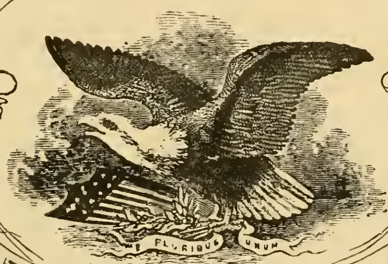



# Unveiling of the Pilgrim Statue

BY THE




# NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AT

# CENTRAL PARK

June. 6, 1885.

John W. Field
from George William Curtis.
17 August 1885

#13084.

Unveiling of the

# Pilgrim Statue

BY THE

# NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AT

# CENTRAL PARK

June. 6, 1885.

MASSACHUSETTS

VERMONT

RHODE-ISLAND

HOPE

E PLURIBUS UNUM

HARLEY SC. 160 FULTON

NEW-HAMPSHIRE

CONNECTICUT

MAINE

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## OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The New England Society in the City of New York was organized May 6, 1805, to commemorate the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock; to promote friendship, charity, and mutual assistance; and for literary purposes.

## TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP.

| | |
|---|---|
| Initiation Fee, . . . . . . . . . . . | $10 |
| Annual Dues, . . . . . . . . . . . . | 5 |
| Life Membership, . . . . . . . . . . | 50 |

(Payable at Election.)

Any descendant of a New-Englander, of good moral character, from and after the age of 18, is eligible.

The widow or child of a member, if in need of it, is entitled to five times as much as he may have paid the Society.

☞ The friends of a deceased member are requested to give the Secretary early information of the time and place of his birth and death, for the obituary list in our annual report. Members who change their address should give the Secretary early notice.

Address

L. P. HUBBARD, *Secretary,*

No. 80 Wall Street.

# OFFICERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY
## FROM ITS ORGANIZATION.

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### Presidents.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| James Watson | 1805 | Henry A. Hurlbut | 1862 |
| Oliver Wolcott | 1807 | William Curtis Noyes | 1864 |
| Amasa Jackson | 1815 | E. D. Morgan | 1865 |
| Ebenezer Stevens | 1817 | Joseph H. Choate | 1867 |
| Lynde Catlin | 1824 | Elliot C. Cowdin | 1871 |
| Henry R. Storrs | 1834 | Isaac H. Bailey | 1873 |
| Joseph Hoxie | 1838 | William Borden | 1875 |
| Moses H. Grinnell | 1843 | Daniel F. Appleton | 1877 |
| Simeon Draper | 1855 | James C. Carter | 1879 |
| Benjamin W. Bonney | 1856 | Josiah M. Fiske | 1880 |
| William M. Evarts | 1858 | Marvelle W. Cooper | 1882 |

Stewart L. Woodford . . 1883.

### Treasurers.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jonathan Burrall | 1805 | Augustus G. Hazard | 1842 |
| Lynde Catlin | 1820 | Joshua L. Pope | 1845 |
| R. H. Nevins | 1824 | Luther B. Wyman | 1854 |
| Ezra Weeks | 1833 | Josiah M. Fiske | 1875 |
| Robert Buloid | 1834 | J. Pierpont Morgan | 1877 |
| Caleb Barstow | 1839 | William Dowd | 1884 |

### Secretaries.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Samuel M. Hopkins | 1805 | Erastus Goodwin | 1822 |
| Benjamin M. Mumford | 1805 | Francis Olmstead | 1824 |
| Peter Hawes | 1807 | William P. Hawes | 1824 |
| Joseph Warren Brackett | 1809 | Levi G. Curtiss | 1829 |
| John Q. Wilson | 1810 | Edward S. Gould | 1829 |
| Tyler Maynard | 1815 | Alfred A. Weeks | 1829 |
| Beza E. Bliss | 1815 | Joseph I. Brewer | 1847 |
| Amherst Wight | 1817 | Ephraim Kingsbury | 1848 |

Luther Prescott Hubbard . . 1854.

## OFFICERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

### IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

### 1884-85.

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**President,**

STEWART L. WOODFORD.

**First Vice-President,**

HORACE RUSSELL.

**Second Vice-President,**

CORNELIUS N. BLISS.

**Directors.**

FOR ONE YEAR.

NOAH BROOKS,
AUGUSTUS G. PAINE,
L. G. WOODHOUSE,
WALTER H. LEWIS.

FOR TWO YEARS.

LEVI M. BATES,
GEORGE W. SMITH,
JAMES H. DUNHAM,
DANIEL G. ROLLINS.

FOR THREE YEARS.

MYLES STANDISH,
WILLIAM A. WHEELOCK,
GRANVILLE P. HAWES,
CHARLES C. BEAMAN.

FOR FOUR YEARS.

SIGOURNEY W. FAY,
CHARLES M. STEAD,
ALFRED C. CHENEY,
HENRY H. ROGERS.

**Treasurer,**

WILLIAM DOWD.

**Secretary,**

L. P. HUBBARD.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE MONUMENT.

At the seventy-third annual meeting of the New England Society, December 11, 1878, as Mr. Daniel F. Appleton was about to retire from the presidency, he suggested the idea of presenting a monument, commemorating the Landing of the Pilgrims, to the city of New York, as follows:

"I avail myself of this occasion to recommend that you inaugurate measures toward the erection of a suitable monument in this city to the memory of our heroic ancestors, and I would suggest that a statue of one of the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth, or of one of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay—some typical historical personage of the earliest period of either of those colonies—would be the most acceptable and convenient form of the monument. The many reasons why we should have such a monument, which would undoubtedly find a proper place in the Central Park, will occur to all of you, and it would seem that this strong and influential Society, composed as it is of more than twelve hundred members, is the proper body to undertake the work, and, without aid from others, to complete it.

"As for the 'ways and means,' I will only suggest that a small contribution might be asked from the members, limited in amount as to each one, to be continued until a sufficient sum would be secured. And I ask that you refer this proposal either to your Board of Officers, or to a special committee, with instructions to begin the work, or to take such other action in the matter as may seem to you best."

## THE PRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENT.

The heroic bronze statue of the Pilgrim, by J. Q. A. Ward, sculptor, was unveiled and presented to the city of New York on Saturday afternoon, June 6, 1885.

It is placed in Central Park upon a gentle eminence, at the junction of the Grand Drive with the entrance from Seventy-second Street, on the east side of the Park. The statue faces the west. It is nine feet high, and stands upon a pedestal of Quincy granite, three feet high, which was designed by Hunt, the architect.

The figure represents a Puritan of the early part of the seventeenth century, dressed in the severe garb of his sect, standing erect and looking off into the distance with earnest, searching gaze. One arm falls at his side; the other rests on the muzzle of his old flint-lock musket. He wears the tall, broad-brimmed Puritan hat, which lends additional austerity to his stern but handsome features. The statue was modelled by J. Q. A. Ward, and cast in bronze by the Henry Bonnard Company of this city.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the members of the New England Society, with their invited guests, met at the Columbia Rink, on the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. The New England Society of Brooklyn, who had been specially invited, were also present in large numbers. Colonel Locke W. Winchester acted as grand marshal of the parade, and was assisted by a number of efficient aides. The Uniformed Battalion of the Seventh Regiment Veterans acted as escort. Music was furnished by the Seventh Regiment Band under the direction of Cappa.

The procession formed promptly at half-past two o'clock, and marched up Fifty-ninth Street to Fifth Avenue, then up Fifth Avenue to Sixty-fifth Street, then down that street to Madison Avenue, then north to Sixty-sixth Street, and then back through Sixty-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue. The procession passed through Sixty-sixth Street that they might salute General Grant at his residence. He had been told of the intention of the Society to pay him the honor of a marching salute, and as the band turned into Sixth-sixth Street the sick veteran, attended by Dr. Douglas and the Rev. Dr. Newman, stepped into the bow-window of his residence and awaited the procession. At the window of the lower floor Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Frederick Grant, Mrs. Jesse Grant, Mrs. Newman, and several of the little grandchildren of the sick hero were gathered. As the head of the procession reached the house General Grant waved a recognition to the uniformed veterans, who saluted in military style. As the Society marched by, its President, General Woodford, gave the order "Hats off," and as the line swept past General Grant stood, with his skull-cap in his hand, until the last platoon had gone by. He was visibly moved by the affectionate greetings which he received from the members and guests of the Society. He has so often been our guest in other days that our members honored him with the affection of personal friends, as well as with the respect of loyal citizens.

Reaching Fifth Avenue, the column moved quickly along to Seventy-second Street, where it was met by a platoon of park police acting as an escort to Park Commissioners Crimmins, Beekman, Powers, Matthews, and Borden. The procession then passed along the driveway to the knoll on which the statue is erected. Before the arrival of the Society and its escort some three thousand spectators had gathered about the flag-draped statue and were waiting for the presentation exercises. A large stand had been erected, which was

elegantly draped with flags and hangings and on which were gathered the invited guests and the chorus-singers. Among the guests were ex-President Chester A. Arthur; the Rev. Charles S. Vedder, President of the New England Society of Charleston, S. C.; United States Senator William M. Evarts; Mayor Seth Low of Brooklyn; Chief Justice Noah Davis of the New York State Supreme Court; Surrogate Daniel G. Rollins, and very many of the prominent clergymen, professional men, bankers, merchants, and business men of New York and Brooklyn who are of New England birth or descent.

President Stewart L. Woodford called the assembly to order and presented the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York. Bishop Potter offered the following prayer:

Almighty and ever-living God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than we can desire or deserve, we come to-day to ask thy blessing on this our undertaking, and thy presence, as we unveil this statue, commemorating those from whose loins we ourselves have sprung. We bless thee that thou didst put it into their hearts to seek this land of liberty, and that thou didst lead their pilgrim feet across the sea, and didst bring them out at last into a wealthy place. We thank thee for those virtues of courage, heroism, and constancy to duty which their lives illustrated; and that in thine own good time and way thou didst open in this land a refuge for the oppressed of every clime and tongue. Be with us to-day, and always, as we gratefully remember their virtues, and honor their patience and faith; and grant most of all that the spirit of the fathers may not die out in the children, but that, as they did, we may seek more light, and welcome it when it comes to us, being, meantime, faithful, as they were, to such light

and knowledge as we have, and, imperfect though it be, may aim to live in accordance with it. Preserve the strain which has been so potent for good in the fortunes of this people, and grant that, wherever they may go, the Pilgrim sons of Pilgrim fathers may not forget that they are pledged to purity and reverence and law.

Preserve us amid the dangers of prosperity, and save us from the fate of those who, growing in luxury, decay in virtue, and, increasing in the riches of this world, grow poor in character and faith.

Remember our rulers, set in difficult places, amid large and anxious tasks. Give them courage, and constancy to principle, and fearlessness in the face of all ungodly opposition.

Vouchsafe thy blessing to this great city in which we live, and to all who are striving here with its manifold moral and social problems. Make them to begin and continue their endeavors in simple dependence upon thee. Govern us, O God, and so lift us up for ever.

All which we ask in the name and for the sake of Him who hath taught us, when we pray, to say:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

President Woodford then introduced Park Commissioner Henry R. Beekman as the presiding officer of the occasion. Mr. Beekman on taking the chair spoke as follows:

## REMARKS OF HENRY R. BEEKMAN, ESQ.

Gentlemen of the New England Society; Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are here to-day, not to commemorate the greatness or virtues of an individual, but the type of a race which has played an important part in framing the political structure of a great nation, in developing the material resources of a great country, and in establishing as an accomplished fact the great principle that orderly government and national greatness may coexist with the largest measure of personal liberty.

More than two hundred years have elapsed since those days, ever memorable in the annals of this city, when the men of New Amsterdam and the Puritans of New England contended with each other over their boundaries, and looked with distaste upon each other's customs, manners, and habits.

While they were alike in the robustness of their manhood, their revolt against tyranny, and their devotion to principle, they differed so widely in their habits of life and views of social duties that neither could or would recognize the merits of the other.

The Puritan gazed with stern disapproval upon the social pleasures to which the worthy Hollander attached so much importance, while the latter turned with aversion from the joyless face, the austere habits, and what seemed to him the sunless existence of the other.

And so they quarrelled.

Since then, Time, the great refiner, has purged away the dross of each, and the Puritan has been taught that things are not bad because they are pleasant, while the Hollander has learned the sad lesson that ease of life must give place to the restless activities of modern times.

The old jealousies have long since passed away. The de-

scendants of those who stood apart in all the isolation of rival communities now stand together, welded into one people, the same in tastes, aims, pursuits, and habits of life, but not forgetting the ancestors from whom they sprung or failing to commemorate their virtues.

In this spirit New England asks, and New York gladly tenders, the hospitalities of this fair domain, dedicated to all that is gracious in nature and suggestive in art.

We welcome this beautiful memorial of the Puritan not only for itself, but also as a token that in the union of the children sectionalism has disappeared, and the virtues and excellence of the adventurous men who first peopled this country have become a common inheritance.

Mrs. Hemans' well-known hymn of the "Pilgrim Fathers" was then sung in most admirable manner by the choir, composed of the New York Chorus Society and the Amphion Society of Brooklyn, the entire chorus being under the direction of Mr. C. Mortimer Wiske, musical conductor.

As the last strains of the hymn died away, the Seventh Regiment Band began playing, and the sculptor, Mr. Ward, drew the cords which bound the flag about the statue. As its folds fell apart they revealed the heroic bronze figure of the Pilgrim.

When the applause which followed the unveiling had subsided, Mr. Daniel F. Appleton, an ex-President of the Society and Chairman of the Committee, presented, in behalf of his associates, the statue to the New England Society. His remarks were as follows:

## REMARKS OF DANIEL F. APPLETON.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society:

It is now more than six years ago since you appointed a committee, of which I have the honor to be president, directing us to erect in the city of New York a monument to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock. Your committee has finished its labors, and we believe that the wisdom of our choice in selecting Mr. Ward as our artist is fully justified by the great excellence of his work, which we now tender to you in the hope that it will be as acceptable to the Society as it is satisfactory to the committee.

President Woodford received the statue on behalf of the New England Society, and then presented it to the city of New York in the following words:

## PRESIDENT WOODFORD'S SPEECH.

To you, Mr. Appleton, and to your fellow-members of the Monument Committee, the New England Society is indebted for the admirable manner in which your task has been performed. To the sculptor our thanks are also due, but while yonder statue stands it will tell better than words of mine can tell how well he has done his work. He has wisely chosen an ideal of the Pilgrim Fathers as his subject—for the Pilgrim was the Puritan of the Puritans.

It is fitting that in this great city, whose population numbers so many of New England's sons, we should raise a memorial to those whose character and principles have so largely made our city what it is. New England men fully recognize and gratefully admit that all nations, all peoples and tongues make up this city of our homes and

love. New York is the product of many forces and many lands. While New-Englanders thus praise the work of others, we should be false to our ancestry and to the memories of Plymouth Rock if we did not modestly, good-naturedly, but positively assert our belief that the work and influence of the Pilgrim and Puritan have done more than all else for this imperial city.

As we look on that solitary figure, standing with far-away gaze, as if those searching eyes could pierce through long generations and catch a glimpse of the golden future beyond, our thoughts turn back to another scene in striking contrast to the one around. What a step across the centuries from the desolation of Plymouth Rock to this Central Park on this glorious June day! We seem for one moment to stand on New England's rugged coast and greet a band of homeless exiles. All honor to our Pilgrim forefathers who, listening to the higher voices, obeyed the commands of conscience, and, leaving home and country for duty's sake, "sailed with God the seas." The past fades, and we are back in this busy, breathing present. New York is around us. Only yonder statue is before us. The art of the sculptor has made those bronze lips speak. They tell of heroic endurance, of obedience to the voice of duty, of loyalty to justice, truth, and right. The shadow of Plymouth Rock steals across the centuries. May it not fall over us in vain! Yonder figure stands as the Pilgrim of old stood, with his back to his friends and flatterers, and with his face to his foes and duty.

We give this statue to the city. Long may the blue skies bend over it, and long may our city prosper and keep its faith in the principles for which the Pilgrim Fathers wrought and lived, suffered and died!

At the close of President Woodford's remarks, Mr. Beekman presented Adolph L. Sanger, President of the Board of Aldermen, who, in the absence of Mayor Grace, received the statue in behalf of New York, in the following words:

### REMARKS OF ADOLPH L. SANGER, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY:

The Pilgrim Fathers have stamped their individuality upon the life and the progress of this nation.

The corner-stone of their faith, religious liberty, has become the corner-stone of the prosperity and the perpetuity of these United States.

I accept this statue in the name and in behalf of the people of the city of New York.

One more beautiful work of art is now added to the numerous monuments which grace this grand park; and to all who shall come to this spot, whether the young or the aged, may the statue of the "Pilgrim" not only remind them of the heroic deeds and the self-denials of these sturdy pioneers, but stimulate them, by the memory of their achievements, to still nobler efforts of patriotism and inspire them with a deeper love of country!

At the conclusion of Mr. Sanger's remarks the choir rendered in an admirable manner the Pilgrim Chorus from I' Lombardi.

George William Curtis, the orator of the day, was then introduced by the Chairman, and was received with long-continued and hearty applause. His address is given herewith in full:

ORATION BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, ESQ.

To-day and here, we, who are children of New England, have but one thought, the Puritan; one pride and joy, the Puritan story. That transcendent story, in its larger relations, involving the whole modern development and diffusion and organization of English liberty, touched into romance by the glowing imagination, is proudly repeated by every successive generation of the English-speaking race, and lives and breathes and burns in legend and in song. In its greatest incident, the Pilgrim emigration to America, it is a story of achievement unparalleled in the annals of the world for the majesty of its purpose and the poverty of its means, the weakness of the beginning and the grandeur of the result. Contemplating the unnoted and hasty flight by night of a few Englishmen from the lonely coast of Lincolnshire to Holland,—the peaceful life in exile,—the perilous ocean-voyage afterward, lest in that friendly land the fervor of the true faith should fail,—the frail settlement at Plymouth, a shred of the most intense and tenacious life in Europe floating over the sea and clinging to the bleak edge of America, harassed by Indians, beset by beasts, by disease, by exposure, by death in every form, beyond civilization and succor, beyond the knowledge or interest of mankind, a thin, thin thread of the Old World by which incalculable destinies of the New World hung, yet taking such vital hold that it swiftly overspreads and dominates a continent covered to-day with a population more industrious, more intelligent, happier, man for man, than any people upon which the sun ever shone—contemplating this spectacle, our exulting hearts break into the language which was most familiar to the lips of the Pilgrims,—a pæan of triumph, a proud prophecy accomplished,—"The desert shall rejoice and

blossom as the rose." "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."

Here, indeed, we are far from the scenes most familiar to the eyes of the Pilgrims; we are surrounded by other traditions and solicited by other memories. But under these radiant heavens, amid this abounding beauty of summer, our hearts go backward to a winter day. The roaring city sinks to a silent wilderness. These flower-fringed lawns become a barren shore. This animated throng, changed to a grave-faced group in sombre garb, scans wistfully the solitary waste. The contrast is complete. All, all is changed. —But no, not all. Unchanged as the eternal sky above us is the moral law which they revered. Unfailing as the sure succession of the seasons is its operation in the affairs of men. All the prosperity, the power, the permanence of the republic,—more than ever the pride of its children, more than ever the hope of mankind,—rests upon obedience to that unchanged and unchangeable law. The essence of the Fathers' faith is still the elixir of the children's life; and should that faith decay, should the consciousness of a divine energy underlying human society, manifested in just and equal laws, and humanely ordering individual relations, disappear,—the murmur of the ocean rising and falling upon Plymouth Rock would be the endless lament of nature over the baffled hopes of man.

Undoubtedly, New England in all its aspects of scenery and people, in its history and achievement, its energy, intelligence, sagacity, industry, and thrift,—New England of the church, the school, and the town meeting, is still the great, peculiar monument of the Puritan in America. But where beyond its borders more fitly than here, upon this ground settled by children of the hospitable country which was the first refuge of the Puritan, could a memorial statue stand? In England "they had heard that in the Low Countries was freedom of worship for all men," and thither

the Pilgrims first fled; and when from that pleasant haven they resolved to cross the sea, they brought with them from Holland the free church and the free school, and unconsciously, in their principles and the practice of their religious organization, the free state. They were urged by a trading company in Amsterdam to settle under Dutch protection here in New Netherlands. But yet, although they courteously declined, when after sixty-four days' tossing upon the ocean they saw the desolate sands of Cape Cod, they resolved to stand toward the south, "to find some place about the Hudson River for their habitation." They turned again, however, to the bleaker shore. The Fathers did not come. But long afterward the children came, and are continually coming, to renew the ancient friendship.

Well may the statue of the Puritan stand here, for in the mighty miracle of the scene around us his hand, too, has wrought. Here upon this teeming island the children of New Netherlands and of New England have together built the metropolis of the continent, the far-shining monument of their united energy, enterprise, and skill. Together at the head of yonder river, richer in romance and legend than any American stream, the Puritan and the Hollander with their associate colonists meditated the American Union. Together in this city, in the Stamp-Act Congress, they defied the power of Great Britain; and once more, upon the Hudson, the Puritan and the Cavalier and the Hollander, born again as Americans, resistlessly enveloped and overwhelmed the army of Burgoyne, and in his surrender beheld the end of British authority in the Colonies. Here, then, shall the statue stand, imperishable memorial of imperishable friendship; blending the heroic memories of two worlds and two epochs, the soldier of the Netherlands, the soldier of old England and the soldier of New England, at different times and under different conditions, but with the same unconquerable enthusiasm and courage, battling for liberty.

The spirit which is personified in this statue had never a completer expression than in the Puritan, but it is far older than he. Beyond Plymouth and Leyden,—beyond the manor-house of Scrooby and the dim shore of the Humber, —before Wickliffe and the German reformers,—on heaven-kissing pastures of the everlasting Alps,—on the bright shores of the Medicean Arno,—in the Roman forum,—in the golden day of Athens of the violet crown,—wherever the human heart has beat for liberty and the human consciousness has vaguely quickened with its divine birthright,—wherever the instinct of freedom challenges authority and demands the reason no less than the poetry of tradition—there, there, whatever the age, whatever the country, the man, the costume, there is the invincible spirit of the Puritan.

But the vague and general aspiration for liberty took the distinctive form of historical Puritanism only with the Reformation in the sixteenth century. Forerunners, indeed, harbingers of the general awakening, there had been long before Luther, scattered voices as of early-wakening birds in the summer night preluding the full choir of day. The cry of all, the universal cry that rang across Europe from Wickliffe to Savonarola, from John Huss and Jerome of Prague to Zwingli and Erasmus, from the Alpine glaciers to the fiords of Norway, and which broke at last like a thunder clap from the lips of Martin Luther and shook the ancient ecclesiastical system to its foundations, was the demand for reform. To reform in the language of that great century meant to purify, and the Reformation was identical with Purification, with Puritanism.

But the spiritual usurpation intolerable in a pope was insufferable in a king. Henry the Eighth would have made England a newer Rome; and Edmund Burke's stately phrase, studied from the aspect of a milder time, was justified in all its terrible significance in Elizabethan England. The Eng-

lish hierarchy raised its mitred front in Court and Parliament, demanding unquestioning acquiescence and submission. But the conviction that had challenged Rome did not quail: and the spirit of hostility to the English as to the Roman dogma of spiritual supremacy, the unconscious protector of that religious, political, and civil liberty which is the great boon of England to the world, a boon and a glory beyond that of Shakespeare, of Bacon, of Raleigh, of Gresham, of Newton, of Watts, beyond that of all her lofty literature, her endless enterprise, her inventive genius, her material prosperity, her boundless empire, was Puritanism.

If ever England had an heroic age, it was that which began by supporting the Tudor in his rupture with Rome, then asserted his own logical principle against his daughter's claim, and after a tremendous contest ended by seeing the last of the Stuart kings exiled forever, an impotent pensioner of France. This was the age of Puritan England, the England in which liberty finally organized itself in constitutional forms so flexible and enduring that for nearly two centuries the internal peace of the kingdom, however threatened and alarmed, has never been broken. The modern England that we know is the England of the Puritan enlarged, liberalized, graced, adorned—the England which, despite all estrangement and jealousy and misunderstanding, despite the alienation of the Revolution and of the second war, the buzz of cockney gnats, and official indifference in our fierce civil conflict, is still the mother-country of our distinctive America, the mother of our language and its literature, of our characteristic national impulse and of the great muniments of our individual liberty. To what land upon the globe beyond his own shall the countryman of Washington turn with pride and enthusiasm and sympathy, if not to the land of John Selden and John Hampden and John Milton ; and what realm shall touch so deeply the heart of the fellow-citizen of Abraham Lincoln as that

whose soil, and long before our own, was too sacred for the footstep of a slave? She is not the mother of dead empires, but of the greatest political descendant that ever the world knew. Our own revolution was the defence of England against herself. She has sins enough to answer for. But while Greece gave us art and Rome gave us law, in the very blood that beats in our hearts and throbs along our veins England gave us liberty.

We must not think of Puritanism as mere acrid defiance and sanctimonious sectarianism, nor of the Puritans as a band of ignorant and half-crazy zealots. Yet mainly from the vindictive caricature of a voluptuous court and a servile age is derived the popular conception of the Puritan. He was only slandered by Ben Jonson's Tribulation Wholesome and Zeal-of-the-land Busy. The Puritan of whom Macaulay, following Hume, said that he hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectator, was the Puritan of the plays of Charles the Second, when Shakespeare had been replaced by Aphra Behn, and the object of the acted drama was to stimulate a passion palled by excess and a taste brutalized by debauchery. The literature that travestied the Puritan sprang from the same impotent hate which scattered the ashes of Wickliffe upon the Severn and disinterred the dead Cromwell and hung the body in chains at Tyburn, insulting the dust of the hero who living had made England great, and to whose policy, after the effeminate and treacherous Stuart reaction, England returned. The Cavaliers ridiculed the Puritan as Burgoyne and the idle British officers in Boston burlesqued the Yankee patriot. They had their laugh, their jest, their gibe. But it is not to the rollicking masqueraders of the British barracks, to the scarlet soldiers of the crown, that we look to see the living picture of our Washington and Hamilton, our Jay and Adams, who plucked from the crown its brighest gem. It is not the

futile ribaldry of fops and fribbles, of courtiers and courtesans, of religious slavery and political despotism, whose fatal spell over England the Puritan had broken forever, which can truly portray the Puritan.

When Elizabeth died, the country gentlemen, the great traders in the towns, the sturdy steadfast middle class, the class from which English character and strength have sprung, were chiefly Puritans. Puritans taught in the universities and sat on the thrones of bishops. They were Peers in Parliament, they were Ambassadors and Secretaries of State. Hutchinson, graced with every accomplishment of the English gentleman, was a Puritan. Sir Henry Vane, by whose side sat justice, was a Puritan. John Hampden, purest of patriots, was a Puritan. John Pym, greatest of Parliamentary leaders, was a Puritan.—A fanatic? Yes, in the high sense of unchangeable fidelity to a sublime idea;—a fanatic like Columbus sure of a western passage to India over a mysterious ocean which no mariner had ever sailed;—a fanatic like Galileo who marked the courses of the stars and saw, despite the jargon of authority, that still the earth moved;—a fanatic like Joseph Warren whom the glory of patriotism transfigures upon Bunker Hill. This was the fanatic who read the Bible to the English people and quickened English life with the fire of the primeval faith; who smote the Spaniard and swept the pirates from the sea, and rode with Cromwell and the Ironsides, praising God; who to the utmost shores of the Mediterranean, and in the shuddering valleys of Piedmont, to every religious oppressor and foe of England made the name of England terrible. This was the fanatic, soft as sunshine in the young Milton, blasting in Cromwell as the thunder-bolt, in Endicott austere as Calvin, in Roger Williams benign as Melanchthon, in John Robinson foreseeing more truth to break forth from God's word. In all history do you see a nobler figure? Forth from the morning of Greece, come, Leonidas, with your bravest of the

brave,—in the rapt city plead, Demosthenes, your country's cause,—pluck, Gracchus, from aristocratic Rome its crown; speak, Cicero, your magic word; lift, Cato, your admonishing hand,—and you, patriots of modern Europe, be all gratefully remembered;—but where in the earlier ages, in the later day, in lands remote or near, shall we find loftier self-sacrifice, more unstained devotion to worthier ends, issuing in happier results to the highest interests of man, than in the English Puritan?

He apprehended his own principle, indeed, often blindly, often narrowly, never in its utmost amplitude and splendor. The historic Puritan was a man of the seventeenth century, not of the nineteenth. He saw through a glass darkly, but he saw. The acorn is not yet the oak, the well-spring is not yet the river. But as the harvest is folded in the seed, so the largest freedom political and religious,—liberty, not toleration, not permission, not endurance—in yonder heaven Cassiopeia does not tolerate Arcturus nor the clustered Pleiades permit Orion to shine—the right of absolute individual liberty, subject only to the equal right of others, is the ripened fruit of the Puritan principle.

It is this fact, none the less majestic because he was unconscious of it, which invests the emigration of the Puritan to this country with a dignity and grandeur that belong to no other colonization. In unfurling his sail for that momentous voyage he was impelled by no passion of discovery, no greed of trade, no purpose of conquest. He was the most practical, the least romantic of men, but he was allured by no vision of worldly success. The winds that blew the Mayflower over the sea were not more truly airs from heaven than the moral impulse and moral heroism which inspired her voyage. Sebastian Cabot, Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Drake and Frobisher, Cortez and Ponce de Leon, Champlain, bearing southward from the St. Lawrence the lilies of France, Henry Hudson pressing northward from

Sandy Hook with the flag of Holland, sought mines of gold, a profitable trade, the fountain of youth, colonial empire, the north-western passage, a shorter channel to Cathay. But the Puritan obeyed solely the highest of all human motives. He dared all that men have ever dared, seeking only freedom to worship God. Had the story of the Puritan ended with the landing upon Plymouth Rock,—had the rigors of that first winter which swept away half of the Pilgrims obliterated every trace of the settlement,—had the unnoted Mayflower sunk at sea,—still the Puritan story would have been one of the noblest in the annals of the human race. But it was happily developed into larger results, and the Puritan, changed with the changing time, adding sweetness to strength, and a broader humanity to moral conviction and religious earnestness, was reserved for a grander destiny.

The Puritan came to America seeking freedom to worship God. He meant only freedom to worship God in his own way, not in the Quaker way, not in the Baptist way, not in the Church of England way. But the seed that he brought was immortal. His purpose was to feed with it his own barnyard fowl, but it quickened into an illimitable forest covering a continent with grateful shade, the home of every bird that flies. Freedom to worship God is universal freedom, a free state as well as a free church, and that was the inexorable but unconscious logic of Puritanism. Holding that the true rule of religious faith and worship was written in the Bible, and that every man must read and judge for himself, the Puritan conceived the church as a body of independent seekers and interpreters of the truth, dispensing with priests and priestly orders and functions; organizing itself and calling no man master. But this sense of equality before God and toward each other in the religious congregation, affecting and adjusting the highest and most eternal of all human relations, that of man to his

Maker, applied itself instinctively to the relation of man to man in human society, and thus popular government flowed out of the Reformation, and the Republic became the natural political expression of Puritanism.

See, also, how the course and circumstance of the Puritan story had confirmed this tendency. The earliest English reformers, flying from the fierce reaction of Mary, sought freedom in the immemorial abode of freedom, Switzerland, whose singing waterfalls and *ranz des vaches* echoing among peaks of eternal ice and shadowy valleys of gentleness and repose, murmured ever the story of Morgarten and Sempach, the oath of the men of Rütli, the daring of William Tell, the greater revolt of Zwingli. There was Geneva, the stern republic of the Reformation, and every Alpine canton was a republican community lifted high for all men to see, a light set upon a hill. How beautiful upon the mountains were the heralds of glad tidings! This vision of the free state lingered in the Puritan mind. It passed in tradition from sire to son, and the dwellers in Amsterdam and Leyden, maintaining a republican church, unconsciously became that republican state whose living beauty their fathers had beheld, and which they saw glorified, dimly and afar, in the old Alpine vision.

Banished, moreover, by the pitiless English persecution, the Puritans, exiles and poor in a foreign land, a colony in Holland before they were a colony in America, were compelled to self-government, to a common sympathy and support, to bearing one another's burdens; and so, by the stern experience of actual life, they were trained in the virtues most essential for the fulfilment of their august but unimagined destiny. The patriots of the Continental Congress seemed to Lord Chatham imposing beyond the law-givers of Greece and Rome. The Constitutional Convention a hundred years ago was an assembly so wise that its accomplished work is reverently received by continuous generations, as the

children of Israel received the tables of the law which Moses brought down from the Holy Mount. Happy, thrice happy the people which to such scenes in their history can add the simple grandeur of the spectacle in the cabin of the May-flower, the Puritans signing the compact which was but the formal expression of the government that voluntarily they had established—the scene which makes Plymouth Rock a stepping-stone from the freedom of the solitary Alps and the disputed liberties of England to the fully developed constitutional and well-ordered republic of the United States.

The history of colonial New England and of New England in the Union is the story of the influence of the Puritan in America. That is a theme too alluring to neglect, too vast to be attempted now. But even in passing I must not urge a claim too broad. Even in the pride of this hour, and with the consent of your approving conviction and sympathy, I must not proclaim that the republic like a conquering goddess sprang from the head fully armed, and that the head was New England. Yet the imperial commonwealth of which we are citizens, and every sister-State, will agree that in the two great periods of our history, the colonial epoch and that of the national union, the influence of New England has not been the least of all influences in the formative and achieving processes toward the great and common result. The fondly cherished tradition of Hadley may be doubted and disproved, but like the legends of the old mythology it will live on, glowing and palpitating with essential truth. It may be that we must surrender the story of the villagers upon the Connecticut sorely beset by Indians at mid-day and about to yield; perhaps no actual, venerable form appears with flowing hair,—like that white plume of conquering Navarre,—and with martial mien and voice of command rallies the despairing band, cheering them on to victory, then vanishing in air. The heroic legend may be a fable, but none the less it is the Puritan who marches in the

van of our characteristic history, it is the subtle and penetrating influence of New England which has been felt in every part of our national life, as the cool wind blowing from her pine-clad mountains breathes a loftier inspiration, a health more vigorous, a fresher impulse, upon her own green valleys and happy fields.

See how she has diffused her population. Like the old statues of the Danube and the Nile, figures reclining upon a reedy shore and from exhaustless urns pouring water which flows abroad in a thousand streams of benediction, so has New England sent forth her children. Following the sun westward, across the Hudson and the Mohawk and the Susquehanna, over the Alleghanies into the valley of the Mississippi, over the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific Ocean, the endless procession from New England has moved for a century, bearing everywhere Puritan principle, Puritan enterprise, and Puritan thrift. A hundred years ago New-Englanders passed beyond the calm Dutch Arcadia upon the Mohawk, and striking into the primeval forest of the ancient Iroquois domain began the settlement of central New York. A little later, upon the Genesee, settlers from Maryland and Pennsylvania met, but the pioneers from New England took the firmest hold and left the deepest and most permanent impression. A hundred years ago there was no white settlement in Ohio. But in 1789 the seed of Ohio was carried from Massachusetts, and from the loins of the great eastern commonwealth sprang the first great commonwealth of the West. Early in the century a score of settlements beyond the Alleghanies bore the name of Salem, the spot where first in America the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay set foot; and in the dawn of the Revolution the hunters in the remote valley of the Elkhorn, hearing the news of the 19th of April, called their camp Lexington, and thus, in the response of their heroic sympathy, the Puritan of New England named the early capital of Kentucky. But happier still, while yet

the great region of the Northwest lay in primeval wilderness awaiting the creative touch that should lift it into civilization, it was the Puritan instinct which fulfilled the aspiration of Jefferson, and by the Ordinance of 1787 consecrated the Northwest to freedom. So in the civilization of the country has New England been a pioneer, and so deeply upon American life and institutions has the genius of New England impressed itself, that in the great Civil War the peculiar name of the New Englander, the Yankee, became the distinguishing title of the soldier of the Union; the national cause was the Yankee cause; and a son of the West, born in Kentucky and a citizen of Illinois, who had never seen New England twice in his life, became the chief representative Yankee, and with his hand, strong with the will of the people, the Puritan principle of liberty and equal rights broke the chains of a race. New England characteristics have become national qualities. The blood of New England flows with energizing, modifying, progressive power in the veins of every State; and the undaunted spirit of the Puritan, *sic semper tyrannis*, animates the continent from sea to sea.

I have mentioned the two cardinal periods of our history, the colonial epoch and the epoch of the Union. In all exclusively material aspects our colonial annals are perhaps singularly barren of the interest which makes history attractive. Straggling and desultory Indian warfare,—the transformation of wild forest land to fertile fields,—marches to the frontier to repel the French,—the establishment of peaceful industries,—the opening of prosperous trade,—a vast contest with nature, and incessant devotion to material circumstance and condition, but with no soft and humanizing light of native literature shining upon the hard life, no refining art, no great controversies of statesmanship in which the genius of the English-speaking race delights,—these, with a rigid and sombre theology overshadowing all, compose the colonial story. Yet the colonial epoch was the heroic period

of our annals. For beneath all these earnest and engrossing activities of colonial life, its unwasting central fire was the sensitive jealousy of the constant encroachment of the home government against which the Puritan instinct and the Puritan practice furnished the impregnable defence. The free church, the free school, the town meeting, institutions of a community which not only loves liberty but comprehends the conditions under which liberty ceases to be merely the aspiration of hope, and becomes an actual possession and an organized power,—these were the practical schools of American independence, and these were the distinctive institutions of New England. Without the training of such institutions successful colonial resistance would have been impossible, but without New England this training would not have been.

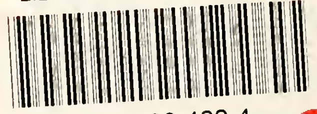
Nay, more; I can conceive that New England, planted by a hundred men who were selected by the heroic struggle for freedom of two hundred years,—New England, of a homogeneous population and common religious faith, cherishing the proud tradition of her origin, and during the long virtual isolation from Europe of a hundred and forty years successfully governing herself, might, even alone, with sublime temerity and without the co-operation of other colonies, have defied the unjust mother-country, and with the unappalled devotion of the Swiss cantons which the early Puritans knew, and with all the instinct of a true national life, have sought its independence. This I can conceive. But the preliminary movement, the nascent sentiment of independence deepening into conviction and ripening into revolution, the assured consciousness of ability to cope with every circumstance and to command every event, that supreme, sovereign, absolute absorption and purpose which interpret the truth that "one with God is a majority,"—all this in colonial America without New England I cannot, at that time, conceive. I do not say, of course, that except for New England America would have remained always colonial and

subject to Great Britain. Not that at all; but only this, that for every great movement of change and progress, of research and discovery, of protest and revolution, there must be a pioneer. Who supposes that except for Columbus the western continent would have remained hidden always and unknown to the eastern world? But who can doubt that except for the perpetual brooding vision which filled the soul of the Genoese and bound him fast to the mysterious quest, the awed Indians of San Salvador would not have seen the forerunner of civilization on that October morning four centuries ago, and that except for Columbus, America would not then have been discovered? So in the colonial epoch, doubtless the same general feeling prevailed through all the colonies, the same great principles were cherished, the same motives stirred the united colonial heart. The cry was not Virginia nor Massachusetts, it was continental America. But none the less, on the transplanted sapling of the English oak that drew its sustenance from the common American soil, the one spot most sensitive, most swelling, from which the vigorous new growth was sure to spring, was Puritan New England.

In our second historical epoch, that of the Union, the essential controversy, under whatever plea and disguise, was that of the fundamental principle of free government with a social, political, and industrial system to which that principle was absolutely hostile. Tariffs, banks, fiscal schemes, internal policy, foreign policy, state sovereignty, the limitations of national authority,—these were the counters with which the momentous game was played. I speak to those in whose memories still echo the thunders and flash the lightnings of that awful tempest in the forum and the field. I accuse no section of the country. I arraign no party. I denounce no man. I speak of forces greater than men, forces deep as human nature, forces that make and unmake nations; that threw Hampden with the Parliament and Falkland with the king. It was a controversy whose first

menace was heard in the first Congress, and which swelled constantly louder and more threatening to the end. A house divided against itself cannot stand, said the beloved patriot who was to be the national martyr of the strife. The conflict is irrepressible, answered the statesman who was to share with him the conduct of the country through the storm. Who could doubt that it was irrepressible who knew the American heart, but who could doubt also that it would be tremendous, appalling, unyielding, who knew the resources of the foe? American slavery was so strong in tradition, in sentiment, in commercial interest, in political power, in constitutional theory, in the timidity of trade, in the passion for Union, in dogged and unreasoning sectional hatred; it so pleaded a religious sanction, the patriarchal relation, even a certain romance of childlike dependence and the extension of Christian grace to the heathen, that like an unassailable fortress upon heights inaccessible it frowned in gloomy sovereignty over a subject land.

There was but one force which could oppose the vast and accumulated power of slavery in this country, and that was the force which in other years and lands had withstood the consuming terrors of the hierarchy and the crushing despotism of the crown—the conscience of the people; a moral conviction so undaunted and uncompromising that endurance could not exhaust it, nor suffering nor wounds nor death appal. The great service of the Puritan in the second epoch was the appeal to this conscience which prepared it for the conflict. Its key-note was the immortal declaration of Garrison, in which the trumpet-voice of the spirit that has made New England rang out once more, clear and unmistakable, awaking at last the reluctant echoes of the continent: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." There were other voices, indeed, voices everywhere, harmonious and historic voices, swelling the chorus; but chiefly from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